# AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

## A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

**No Way to Overcome the Side Draft—How to Improve the Soil—Box for Holding Seed Potatoes—To Prevent Peach Rot—Cheap Fruit Evaporator.**

### Three-Horse Evener.

There is no possible way to hitch a three-horse team to a center pole or tongue, whether on wagon, harrow, plow or whatever it may be, and have the rig work right, that is, have no side draft, says a Farm and Home correspondent. The customary way, Fig. 1, of using a short arm, fastened

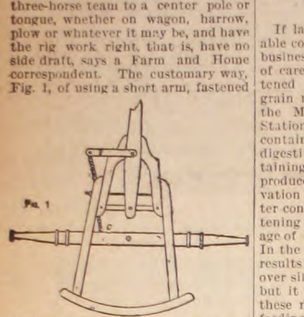


Fig. 1

to the drawbolt in the tongue on one end, A, and by a chain on the other, B, to the axle, C, to receive the three-horse evener at B, may at first sight look plausible, but the principle of this arrangement is wrong. It is nature's law, that the center of the motive power must be attached to the center of the object to be moved, hence the middle horse and tongue must occupy the same place, but as two things cannot at the same time be in the same place, the tongue must be moved. To overcome this difficulty a pair of heavy thills are commonly used; the three-horse evener and whiffletrees that are well

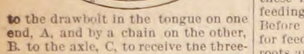


Fig. 2

adapted for these are shown in Fig. 2. An almost direct or straight draft can also be secured by moving the tongue about one-half of the width of the horse to one side of the center. I have for the last ten or fifteen years used, and use to this day, a rig shown in Fig. 3. This is simply an ash pole, cut in the woods, with a natural crook to fit to the hound on one side, A, bob-sleigh runner on the other, B, framed into the tongue at C; the drawbolt and hammer strap is shown at D. The three-horse evener with full set of whiffletrees, which we use with this arrangement, is shown in Fig. 4. We use for the double or two horse evener with whiffletrees a light and short

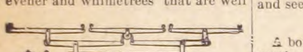


Fig. 4

set of mowing-machine whiffletrees, with staple in center and a common clevis to attach to long evener; the singletree on off-side is aiso short, such as we use for cultivating, shovel-plowing, etc., attached to the long evener in the same way, by a common clevis. To have the whole thing work even, the traces of the off-horse must be made correspondingly longer than those of the other two.

### Improvement of the Soil.

The foundation of good farming lies in the constant improvement of the soil; there is no theory that can take the place of this. While it may appear satisfactory to secure good crops, if it is done at the cost of fertility, or drawing from the soil more than is applied, it is what might be called personal robbery. The work upon the farm should be planned with reference to bettering the condition of the land while at the same time crops are being yielded. Manure is the strong hold for the farmer, and if he is without this, and dependent upon commercial fertilizers, he has an uphill road to travel. The necessity of stable manure as a divisor of the soil by its mechanical influence cannot be overestimated, and in case this cannot be employed, the next best thing will be to make use of green crops as the nearest substitute. If a soil is poor at the start, by judicious rotation of crops and green crop manuring, the soil may be improved, crops secured, fed, and manure secured, so that after a time a change may be effected in the system and a general improvement secured.

### The Tainted Cow Stable.

The taint of the stable that sometimes gets into some dairymen's clothes is not a sign of cleanliness. It is a sign that the stable is not properly attended to. Cows that breathe a tainted atmosphere day and night can hardly give first quality milk. The probabilities are that such a stable is not well arranged for cleanliness, or else that the owner neglects his duty. The most common neglect is not to provide sufficient deodorizing material for the manure pile.

### Keeping Apples.

To preserve freshness in apples and to prevent decay, keep them uniformly cool, not more than 2 degrees or 3 degrees above freezing. To effect this requirement various means are resorted to. One method, strongly recommended and possessing much merit when it can be adopted, is to embed them in perfectly dry sand, by first covering the bottom of the barrel holding them with about two inches of the dry sand; on this carefully place a layer of apples; then alternately with sand and apples till within an inch or two of the top, and then finish with the sand. Probably baked or kilndried sawdust would do nearly as well, if of some wood like the sugar maple, which has no offensive odor. Pine sawdust spoils the flavor of the fruit. Sand, however, will fill better in the interstices of the apples. We find no difficulty in keeping winter apples well into July. But none but good, well ripened, sound apples should be selected.—Country Gentleman.

### For Fattening Lambs.

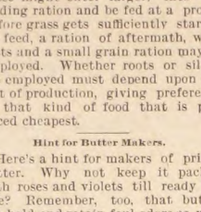
If lambs are fattened under favorable conditions it becomes a profitable business, and for that reason is worthy of careful study. Lambs may be fattened without the use of a heavy grain ration. From experiments at the Michigan Agricultural College Station, it is found that the ration containing the greatest per cent. of digestible albumoids, or the one containing the narrower nutritive ratio, produced the best results. Our observation has been that there are no better conditions for the growth and fattening of lambs than the rich pasturage of warm hillsides in early spring. In the experiments before alluded to, results indicated a superiority of roots over silage for the fattening purpose, but it was observed that either of these might enter largely into the feeding ration and be fed at a profit. Before grass gets sufficiently started for feed, a ration of aftermath, with roots and a small grain ration may be employed. Whether roots or silage are employed must depend upon the sort of production, giving preference to that kind of food that is produced cheapest.

### Hint for Butter Makers.

Here's a hint for makers of prime butter. Why not keep it packed with roses and violets till ready for sale? Remember, too, that butter can hold and retain foul odors as well as sweet ones. Pack an onion with it and see.—Rural New Yorker.

### Simple and Convenient.

A box for holding potatoes when cutting for seed, is made by taking a common shoe box and cutting out lower half of one end and putting a projection on as shown in design.



Nail on legs to make a convenient height when you are sitting down. The hind legs should be 12 inches the longest to make the potatoes roll down to the narrow board in front. One can cut a third more with this arrangement than by cutting out of a basket or crate. Put cut ones in bags, one bushel in each, and without tying. This is the handiest shape you can have them in to handle in the field.—Practical Farmer.

### The House Cellar.

The cellar should be dry, well lighted and ventilated, non-freezing, and at least seven and a half feet in height. A basket carried on the shoulders should not strike the ceiling. An outside cellar door is useful for carrying down milk, fruit, and vegetables. It saves tracking dirt through the house. A narrow trench fifteen inches deep around the cellar floor, close to the wall, filled nearly full with coarse gravel or broken stone, and covered with earth, will catch all water oozing in, which should then be carried away by a tile-drain. Double windows will keep out the cold and let in the light. Use wire screens instead of winoows during the summer, trailing some morning glories, or other quick-growing vines on the outside for shade.

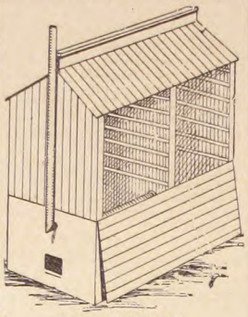
### Bees and Bee Hives.

While movable-frame hives have revolutionized bee-keeping in the hands of those who learn how to use them, says a writer, I believe that, to the masses of farmers who have tried them, they have been an injury rather than a benefit. In those parts of our country where they have been most largely introduced, the number of farmers who keep bees has most largely decreased. At the same time the important services which the bees perform make it very desirable that a few hives, at least, should be kept on almost every farm.

I believe that most farmers would have better success with their bees if they used only the old straw or box hives. A simple tool in the hand of one who knows how to use it will turn out much better work than an improved implement whose proper use has never been learned. The old straw hive is the simple tool. Before the advent of the bee-moth, with such hives nearly every farmer kept bees: and as the introduction of the Italian bee has done away with all serious trouble from the moth, there is nothing to prevent them from doing so now. With these old-fashioned hives, the women and the children can do most of the work, and bee-keeping, like poultry-raising, will be their special province and profit. Aside from learning how to hive the new swarms, little knowledge is needed. After the honey-gathering is over, all the hives were carefully "hefted;" the extra light ones were condemned to be "taken up," as not having stores enough to winter; the extra heavy ones also, for the value of their honey, while a sufficient number of well-provisioned stocks were kept for seed. It was easy to show that, to allow the light stocks to die of starvation, as is now practiced by the common bee-keeper, is far more cruel than to kill them at once; but there will be no necessity of killing any bees. The skilled apiarian, who, of course, uses movable frame hives, will be glad for the value of the condemned bees, to drive them from their combs; and with his honey-emptier to give the farmer the honey from the bees in its purest form, and leave him the empty combs to be rendered into wax.—Stockman.

### A Cheap Fruit Evaporator.

The simplest and cheapest evaporators are the most suitable to the circumstances of the majority of the people, especially in a new country. The illustration shows a cheap and handy evaporator. The furnace and heating flues of this machine are of cast iron. The flues traverse the heating chamber twice, and end as seen in the smoke stack. The length of the evaporator is 9 feet, the width 5 feet, and the height to the ridge pole is 9 feet. For the accommodation of the drying trays the evaporator is divided into two or three compartments, according



FRUIT EVAPORATOR.

to the size required. When the trays are placed in position the flap door is raised, and the drying allowed to proceed. An evaporator on this principle is within the means of any fruit grower. It will dry two or three tons of fruit per day, according to the economy with which it is used.

For drying apples an apple parer is almost indispensable. One that will peel, core and slice at the same time is very convenient and inexpensive. Many machines slice the fruit too thin for the best results. After slicing when the fruit is spread out on the trays, it is customary to subject it to the fumes of sulphur for a time. This is done to preserve the green color of the fruit and to prevent the oxidization of its cut surfaces. When sulphur is used it should be applied sparingly, for much damage to the flavor of the fruit may result from over-sulphuring.—Farm and Home.

### Clean Up.

It is a wise plan to go over the fields after corn is "laid by" with the hoe and cut down all straggling weeds that remain. Clean up the fence corners, too, while you are about it. It will save time and labor next year and the years to come.—Indiana Farmer.

### Miscellaneous Recipes.

SPICED BLACKBERRIES are appetizing with meat. With nine pounds of berries use three of sugar, one pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful cinnamon, and one of cloves. Cook half an hour.

BLACKBERRY PIE. — A blackberry pie which can be enjoyed even by a dyspeptic is made as follows: Fill a large pudding dish with berries which have been carefully looked over. Add a cupful of granulated sugar, and a gill of water, then sprinkle flour over the top. Cover with a thin, delicate crust and bake one hour.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.—A blackberry cordial which will keep sweet without brandy or wine is made in this way: simmer the berries until they break. Strain, and to each pint of juice add a pound of white sugar, one-half ounce cinnamon, one-fourth ounce mace, two teaspoonfuls extract cloves. Boil twenty minutes, and do not bottle until cool.

BREAKFAST CAKES WITHOUT MILK.—Take two teacupfuls each of flour and water, two eggs and a saltspoonful of salt. Mix half of the flour in half of the water, and when smooth or free from lumps, add the remaining flour and water, and lastly the well beaten eggs. Have gem pans greased and heated, fill at once and bake in a quick oven. Eat hot.

BREAKFAST CAKE.—One egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of cream, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda or two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add milk to make it the consistency of plain cake. Bake in a quick oven, cut with a hot knife into squares and serve with whipped cream.

CORN MUFFINS.—One-half pint of flour one-half pint of Indian meal, a tablespoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one egg, one-half pint of milk, and a teaspoonful of melted butter. The dry ingredients are mixed together and sifted. The milk is added to the beaten egg and stirred into the other. Twenty minutes in hot oven will bake them.

FRIED CUCUMBERS.—These are nice with cold meat or with cold or fried beefsteak. Slice large cucumbers that will not do for pickling, in slices about a quarter of an inch thick; roll them in flour and fry in hot butter; season with salt and pepper. Sometimes in the winter I take the largest ones I can find in the brine, soak in water until the salt is nearly gone from them, then fry as you would the fresh cucumber

# DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## MANUFACTURING IN TOWNS OF MIDDLE ENGLAND.

**The Seraph Covered His Face When He Approached the Throne of God—This Seems to Be an Age of Irreverence—Fools Make a Mock of Sin.**

### The Seraph Wings.

During the past week Dr. Talmage has been preaching to enormous audiences in the great manufacturing towns of the English midland counties. In Birmingham, in spite of the great size of the churches placed at his disposal, it was necessary to engage the town hall, the spacious building in which John Bright delivered his famous speeches to the electors, and even this edifice would not contain half the people who tried to get entrance. At Leicester, Cardiff and Swansea there was the same eagerness to hear him and he was received with unbounded enthusiasm. The sermon selected for publication this week is on Isaiah vi, 2, "With twain he covered his face, with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."

In a hospital of leprosy good King Uzziah had died and the whole land was shadowed with solemnity, and theological and prophetic Isaiah was thinking about religious things, as one is apt to do in time of great national bereavement, and forgetting the presence of his wife and two sons, who made up his family, he has a dream, not like the dreams of ordinary character which generally come from indigestion, but a vision most instructive and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The place, the ancient temple; building, grand, awful, majestic. Within that temple a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any czar or sultan or emperor. On that throne, the eternal Christ. In lines surrounding that throne the brightest celestials, not the cherubim, but higher than they; the most exquisite and radient of the heavenly inhabitants, the seraphim. They are called burners, because they look like fire. Lips of fire, eyes of fire, feet of fire. In addition to the features and the limbs which suggest a human being there are pinions which suggest the lithest, the swiftest, the most buoyant and most inspiring of all intelligent creation—a bird. Each seraph had six wings, each two of the wings for a different purpose. Isaiah's dream quivers and flashes with these pinions. Now folded, now spread, now beaten in locomotion. "With twain he covered his feet, with twain he covered his face, and with twain he did fly."

The probability is that these wings were not all used at once. The seraph standing there near the throne, overwhelmed at the insignificance of the paths his feet have trodden as compared with the paths trodden by the feet of God, and with the lameness of his locomotion, amounting almost to decrepitude as compared with the divine velocity, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides the feet. "With twain he did cover the feet."

Standing there overpowered by the overmatching splendors of God's glory, and unable longer with the eyes to look upon them, and wishing those eyes shaded from the insufferable glory, the pinions gather over the countenance. "With twain He did cover the face." Then as God tells this seraph to go to the farthest outpost of immensity on message of light and love and joy, and get back before the first anthem, it does not take the seraph a great while to spread himself upon the air with unimagined celerity, one stroke of the wing equal to 10,000 leagues of air. "With twain he did fly."

The most practical and useful lesson for you and me, when we see the seraph spreading his wings to fly, is the lesson of humility at imperfection. The brightest angels of God are so far beneath God that He charges them with folly. The seraph so far beneath God, and we so far beneath the seraph in service, we ought to be plunged in humility, utter and complete. Our feet, how laggard they have been in the divine service! Our feet, how many missteps they have taken! Our feet, in how many paths of worldliness and folly they have walked!

Neither God nor seraph intended to put any dishonor upon that which is one of the masterpieces of Almighty God—the human foot. Physiologist and anatomist are overwhelmed at the wonders of its organization. The "Bridgewater Treatise," written by Sir Charles Bell, on the wisdom and goodness of God as illustrated in the human hand, was a result of the $40,000 bequeathed in the last will and testament of the Earl of Bridgewater for the encouragement of Christian literature. The world can afford to forgive his eccentricities, though he had two dogs seated at his table, and though he put six dogs alone in an equipage drawn by four horses and attended by two footmen. With his large bequest inducing Sir Charles Bell to write so valuable a book on the wisdom of God in the structure of the human hand, the world could afford to forgive his oddities.

And the world could now afford to have another Earl of Bridgewater, however idiosyncratic, if he would induce some other Sir Charles Bell to write a book on the wisdom and goodness of God in the construction of the human foot. The articulation of its bones, the lubrication of its joints, the gracefulness of its lines, the ingenuity of its cartilages, the delicacy of its veins, the rapidity of its muscular contraction, the sensitiveness of its nerves, I sound the praise of the human foot. With that we halt or climb or march. It is the foundation of the physical fabric. It is the base of a God poised column. With it the warrior braces himself for battle. With it the orator plants himself for eulogium. With it the toiler reaches his work. With it the outraged stamps his indignation. Its loss an irreparable disaster. Its health an invaluable equity. If you want to know its value ask the man whose foot paralysis hath shriveled, or machinery hath crushed, or surgeon's knife hath amputated. The Bible honors it. Especial care, "Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone;" "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;" "thy foot shall not stumble." Especial charge, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God." Especial peril, "Their feet shall slide in due time." Connected with the world's dissolution, "He shall set one foot on the sea and the other upon the earth."

Give me the history of your foot, and I will give you a history of your lifetime. Tell me up what steps it hath gone, down what declivities and in what roads and in what directions, and I will know more about you than I want to know. None of us could endure the scrutiny. Our feet not always in paths of God. Sometimes in paths of worldiness. Our feet, a divine and glorious machinery for usefulness and work, so often making missteps, so often going in the wrong direction. God knows every step, the patriarch saying: "Thou scrutiest a print on the heels of my feet." Crimes of the hand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the ear not worse than crimes of the foot. Oh, we want the wings of humility to cover the feet. Ought we not to go into self-abnegation before the all-searching, all-scrutinizing, all-trying eye of God? The seraphs do. How much more we. "With twain he covered the feet."

All this talk about the dignity of human nature is braggadocio and a sin. Our nature started at the hand of God right, but it has been overturned. There is a well in Belgium which once had very pure water, and it was stoutly masoned with stone and brick, but that well afterward became the centre of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers with their sabers compelled the gardner, William Von Kylsom, to draw water out of the well for them, and it was very pure water. But the battle raged, and three hundred dead and half dead were flung into the well for quick and easy burial, so that the well of refreshment became the well of death, and long after people looked down into the well and they saw the bleached skulls, but no water. So the human soul was a well of good, but the armies of sin have fought around it and fought across it and been slain, and it has become a well of skeletons. Dead hopes, dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead ambitions. An abandoned well unless Christ shall reopen it and purify and clean it as the well of Belgium never was. Unclean, unclean!

Another seraphic posture in the text, "With twain He covered the face." That means reverence Godward. Never so much irreverence abroad in the world as to-day. You see it in defaced statuary, in the cutting out of figures from fine paintings, in the chipping of monuments for a memento, in the fact that military guard must stand at the graves of Grant and Garfield, and that old shade trees must be cut down for firewood, though fifty George P. Morrises beg the woodmen to spare the tree, and that calls a corpse a cadaver, and that speaks of death as going over to the majority, and substitutes for real reverent terms, father and mother, "the old man" and "old woman," and finds nothing impressive in the ruins of Baalbec or the columns of Karnac, and sees no difference in the Sabtath from other days except it allows more dissipation, and reads the Bible in what is called higher criticism, making it not the Word of God, but a good book with some fine things in it.

Irreverence never so much abroad. How many take the name of God in vain, how many trivial things said about the Almighty! Not willing to have God in the world, they roll up an idea of sentimentality and humanitarianism and impudence and imbecility, and call it God. No wings of reverence over the face, no taking off of shoes on holy ground. You can tell from the way they talk they could have made a better world than this, and that the God of the Bible shocks every sense of propriety. They talk of the love of God in a way that shows you they believe it does not make any difference how bad a man is here he will come in at the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in such a way which shows you they think it is a general jail delivery for all the abandoned and the scoundrelism of the universe. No punishment hereafter for any wrong done here.

The Bible gives us two descriptions of God, and they are just opposite, and they are both true. In one place the Bible says God is love. In another place the Bible says God is a consuming fire. The explanation is plain as plain can be. God through Christ is love. God out of Christ is fire. To win the one and to escape the other we have only to throw ourselves—body, mind and soul—into Christ's keeping. "No," says irreverence, "I want no atonement, I want no pardon, I want no intervention; I will go up and face God, and I will challenge Him, and I will defy Him, and I will ask Him what He wants to do with me." So the finite confronts the infinite, so a tack hammer tries to break a thunderbolt, so the breath of human nostrils defies the everlasting God, while the hierarchies of heaven bow the head and bend the knee as the King's chariot goes by, and the arch-angel turns away because he cannot endure the splendor, and the chorus of all the empires of heaven comes in with full diapason, "Holy, holy, holy!"

Reverence for sham, reverence for the old merely because it is old, reverence for sanctity however learned, reverence for incapacity however finely inaugurated; I have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the sacraments, more reverence for the Bible, more reverence for the pure, more reverence for the good. Reverence a characteristic of all great natures. You hear it in the roll of the master orators. You see it in the Raphaels and Titians and Ghirlandijos. You study it in the architecture of the Aholiabs and Christopher Wrens. Do not be flippant about God. Do not joke about death. Do not make fun of the Bible. Do not deride the eternal. The brightest and mightiest seraph cannot look unabashed upon him. Involuntarily the wings come up. "With twain he covered his face."

Who is this God before whom the arrogant and intractable refuse reverence? There was an engineer of the name of Strasicrates who was in the employ of Alexander the Great, and he offered to hew a mountain in the shape of his master, the Emperor, the enormous figure to hold in the left hand a city of ten thousand inhabitants, while with the right hand it was to hold a basin large enough to collect all the mountain torrents. Alexander applauded him for his ingenuity, but forbade the enterprise because of its costliness. Yet I tell you that our King holds in one hand all the cities of the earth and all the oceans, while he has the stars of Heaven for his tiara.

Earthly power goes from hand to hand — from Henry I to Henry II and Henry III, from Charles I to Charles II, from Louis I to Louis II and Louis III; but from everlasting to everlasting is God. God the first, God the last, God the only. He has one telescope with which He sees everything — His omniscience. He has one bridge with which He crosses everything — His omnipresence. He has one hammer with which He builds everything—His omnipotence. Put two tablespoonfuls of water in the palm of your hand and it will overflow; but Isaiah indicates that God puts the Atlantic, and the Pacific, and the Arctic, and the Antarctic, and the Mediterranean, and the Black sea, and all the waters of the earth in the hollow of His hand. The fingers the beach on one side, the wrist the beach on the other. "He holdeth the water in the hollow of His hand."

As you take a pinch of salt or powder between your thumb and two fingers, so Isaiah indicates God takes up the earth. He measures the dust of the earth, the original there indicating that God takes all the dust of all the continents between the thumb and two fingers. You wrap around your hand a blue ribbon five times, ten times. You say it is five hand breadths, or it is ten hand breadths. So indicates the prophet, God winds the blue ribbon of the sky around his hand. "He meteth out the heavens with a span."

You know that balances are made of a beam suspended in the middle with two basins at the extremity of equal heft. In that way what vast heft has been weighed! But what are all the balances of earthly manipulation compared with the balances that Isaiah saw suspended when he saw God putting into the scales the Alps, and the Apennines, and Mount Washington, and the Sierra Nevadas? You see the earth had to be ballasted. It would not do to have too much weight in Europe, or too much weight in Asia, or too much weight in Africa or in America; so when God made the mountains He weighed them. The Bible distinctly says so.

God knows the weight of the great ranges that cross the continents—the tons, the pounds avoirdupois, the ounces, the grains, the milligrams—just how much they weighed then and just how much they weigh now. "He weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance." Oh, what a God to run against; oh, what a God to disobey; oh, what a God to dishonor; oh, what a God to defy! The brightest, the mightiest angel takes no familiarity with God. The wings of reverence are lifted. "With twain he covered the face."

Another seraphic posture in the text. The seraph must not always stand still. He must move, and it must be without clumsiness. There must be celerity and beauty in the movement. "With twain he did fly." Correction, exhilaration. Correction at our slow gait, for we only crawl in the service when we ought to fly at the divine bidding. Exhilaration in the fact that the soul has wings as the seraphs have wings. What is a wing? An instrument of locomotion. They may not be like seraph's wing, they may not be like bird's wing, but the soul has wings. God says so. "He shall mount up on wings as eagles." We are made in the divine image, and God has wings. The Bible says so. "Healing in His wings." "Under the shadow of His wings." "Under whose wings thou hast come to trust." We have folded wing now, wounded wing, broken wing, bleeding wing, caged wing. Aye! I have it now. Caged within bars of bone and under curtains of flesh, but one day to be free. I hear the rustle of pinions in Seagrave's poem which we often sing:

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.

I hear the rustle of pinions in Alexander Pope's stanza, which says:

I mount, I fly,
O Death, where is thy victory?

A dying Christian long ago cried out, "Wings, wings, wings!" The air is full of them, coming and going, coming and going. You have seen how the dull, sluggish chrysalid becomes the bright butterfly; the dull and the stupid and the lethargic turn into the alert and the beautiful. Well, my friends, in this world we are in a chrysalid state. Death will unfuri the wings. Oh, if we could only realize what a grand thing it will be to get rid of this old clod of the body and mount the heavens, neither seagull nor lark nor albatross nor falcon nor condor pitching from highest range of Andes so buoyant or so majestic of stroke.

See that eagle in the mountain nest. It looks so sick, so ragged feathered, so worn out and so half asleep. Is that eagle dying? No. The ornithologist will tell you it is molting season with that bird. Not dying, but molting. You see that Christian sick and weary and worn out and seeming about to expire on what is called his deathbed. The world says he is dying. I say it is the molting season for his soul—the body dropping away, the celestial pinions coming on. Not dying, but molting. Molting out of darkness and sin and struggle into glory and into God. Why do you not shout? Why do you sit shivering at the thought of death and trying to hold the body and wishing you could stay here forever, and speak of departure as though the subject were filled with skeletons and the varnish of coffins, and as though you preferred lame foot to swift wing?

O people of God, let us stop playing the fool and prepare for rapturous flight. When your soul stands on the verge of this life, and there are vast precipices beneath, and sapphired domes above, which way will you fly? Will you swoop or will you soar? Will you fly downward or will you fly upward? Everything on the wing this morning bidding us aspire. Holy Spirit on the wing. Angel of the new covenant on the wing. Time on the wing, flying away from us. Eternity on the wing, flying toward us. Wings, wings, wings!

Live so near to Christ that when you are dead people standing by your lifeless body will not soliloquize, saying, "What a disappointment life was to him; how averse he was to departure; what a pity it was he had to die; what an awful calamity!" Rather standing there may they see a sign more vivid on your still face than the vestiges of pain, something that will indicate that it was a happy exit — the clearance from oppressive quarantine, the castoff chrysalid, the molting of the faded and useless, and the ascent from malarial valleys to bright, shining mountain tops, and be led to say, as they stand there contemplating your humility and your reverence in life and your happiness in death, "With twain He covered the feet, with twain He covered the face, and with twain he did fly." Wings! Wings! Wings!

### Destroying Cannibalism.

"Fifty years ago," said Earl Cairns, at a meeting of the Church Missionary Society, "if a man had been shipwrecked on some of the islands of the Pacific, he would have been killed, cooked, and eaten; whereas, if a man were shipwrecked there now, he would receive Christian hospitality. Miss Gordon Cumming, who was not a missionary, and who did not write for the purpose of crying up missions, declared that, while in 1835 the people of Fiji were cannibals, there are now 400 churches and 1,400 schools there. Lady Brassey writes that anybody who wants to see the last traces of heathenism in Japan had better go soon, as they are rapidly giving place to Christianity