

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

Scabby Pigs. Pigs are much given to skin diseases because of the prevalent custom of keeping them in filth and overfeeding...

Composition of Soils.

A writer in the Country Gentleman gives the following timely statement on this subject: "Every farmer knows that the fundamental character of good soil is sand, clay and decayed vegetable matter..."

Stripping Fodder from Corn.

The practice prevails in many sections of pulling fodder from corn before complete maturity of the ear. The economy of this practice is considered doubtful by progressive farmers...

Marine Monsters Fighting.

The crew of the British ship Humboldt, from Rio de Janeiro for New Orleans, were witnesses of a remarkable combat during their last voyage. The vessel was plowing ahead off San Salvador, Brazil...

Farm and Garden Notes.

Waldo F. Brown says the best Lima bean-poles are cut of the orange orange. Other advantages besides keeping down the weeds follow faithful hoeing...

will be less liability of sprouting from the roots than if cut at any other time of year.

If corn is cultivated once a week from the time the blades first appear until the tassels show the chances for a full crop will be much greater than when cultivation waits for a convenient season...

Charcoal is appreciated by fowls of all kinds. The very best is found in charred grain. Corn roasted like coffee and fed once a day, would no doubt pay for the trouble in the increased product of eggs...

The tomato is almost the only garden vegetable that succeeds better without the richness of soil of the garden. Too large growth of vine makes the fruit later and more liable to rot. In field culture the fertility sufficient to grow a good crop of corn or potatoes is ample for this crop...

The almost universal practice is to plant some sort of a hill about potato plants. It at least saves the tubers from becoming sunburnt, which makes them worthless for cooking. The hilling should be done before the tubers have set, as breaking the roots after this may cause a second crop to form...

Old beehives learn to handle bees without fear, and more especially at swarming time, when the bees are engorged with honey, and not likely to sting unless attacked. The avoidance of fear is the best means of avoiding danger.

A pig will learn to drink milk as early as will a calf, if from any cause it cannot get a sufficient supply from its dam. Many sows have more pigs that they have teats, hence feeding one or more becomes a necessity. It will be best to feed several times a day, and only a little at a time at first...

The crew of the British ship Humboldt, from Rio de Janeiro for New Orleans, were witnesses of a remarkable combat during their last voyage. The vessel was plowing ahead off San Salvador, Brazil...

The thrasher is supplied with a "sucker" that enables it to stick to whatever it attacks. The tactics adopted by the pair were successful. The thrasher, springing upon the back of the whale, clung there, at the same time lashing the unfortunate creature with its tail, actually whipping it to death...

Worcestershire Sauce.

"Do you know," said a bon vivant as he poured a liberal supply of Worcester sauce upon his chop at the club this morning, "that this relish was first introduced as a medicine? The club man didn't know it. 'It was though. It contains at least one of the most nauseating drugs known, arsenic, and the original formula was evolved by a noted physician for a noble patient, whose high living had impaired his digestion..."

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

What the Little Brook is Saying. What is the little brook saying, As it ripples on its way, Reflecting a thousand sunbeams In its merry, silvery play?

Imperence in Relation to the Labor Question.

George Frederic Parsons says in the Atlantic Monthly: The organization of labor has hitherto been in the hands of untrained men, with few exceptions. The leaders have been selfish, narrow-minded, or ignorant. The true way to utilize the strength of united labor is to develop the individual power of the members...

The Still Hour.

The Religious Herald remarks that it is to be feared that a great many Christian people now-a-days are forgetting the importance and value of secret meditation and prayer. Very much is made of what is called work. Our most popular here all the day-ide?" is a favorite text for sermons. Men are continually exhorted to go into the harvest-field and gather sheaves for the Master...

But, while we are perfectly willing to admit all this, and even disposed to insist upon it, it is nevertheless true that in order to secure a truly Christ-like life and character, and make work what it may and should be, there is a profound necessity for personal devotion—such devotion as can only be gained and cultivated in still hours spent alone with God.

What About Your Sins?

Passing down a street in the north of London, a friend with whom I was walking, pointed to a house opposite, in which a young woman was very ill, and asked me to call and see her, adding, "She is passing into eternity, I fear, without Christ."

"I am waiting for the angels to take me to heaven," she replied. "What about your sins?" Looking at me surprised, and evidently alarmed, she said, "I never thought of them!"

A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day. The man earned good wages, but the most of it went down his throat. In a few weeks his master inquired how much money he had saved. "Faith, none at all," said he. "It rained yesterday, and it all went."

RELIGIOUS READING.

For Thee. Dear Savior, I have often asked Thee, "Tell me what to do to-day, Show me how I best can serve Thee, Show me some great work, I pray."

THE GARDEN OF THE CHURCH.

The Bible is a great poem; we have in it faultless rhythm, and bold imagery, and startling antithesis, and rapturous lyric, and sweet pastoral, and instructive narrative, and devotional passion; all of which, expressed in the most sublime and noble language, more bold than that of Milton; more terrible than that of Dante; more natural than that of Wordsworth; more impassioned than that of Coleridge; more tender than that of Cowper; more beautiful than that of Spenser. This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment into its garlands, and pours eternal fire from its windows.

The church, in my text, is appropriately called a garden because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of fragrant incense. It is a garden in which there were no flowers. If anywhere else, they would be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be the old-fashioned hollyhock, the purple pansy, the carnation, or the poppy. But I have left to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the church of which my text speaks.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giant's hand" and "Maria Theresa's." Paul, Crispinus, Wickliffe, Latimer and Samuel Rutherford. When in other men is a spark, in them is conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they cry, they cry with a shout. When they breathe it is a Pentecost. When they fight it is a Thermopylae. When they die it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but I have seen only one. Christ and he could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without bud and sweetness without seed.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giant's hand" and "Maria Theresa's." Paul, Crispinus, Wickliffe, Latimer and Samuel Rutherford. When in other men is a spark, in them is conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they cry, they cry with a shout. When they breathe it is a Pentecost. When they fight it is a Thermopylae. When they die it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but I have seen only one. Christ and he could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without bud and sweetness without seed.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giant's hand" and "Maria Theresa's." Paul, Crispinus, Wickliffe, Latimer and Samuel Rutherford. When in other men is a spark, in them is conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they cry, they cry with a shout. When they breathe it is a Pentecost. When they fight it is a Thermopylae. When they die it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but I have seen only one. Christ and he could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without bud and sweetness without seed.

The Star of Bethlehem of temperance reform stands over the schoolhouse," remarks Mrs. H. Hunt in the Educational Courant.

DR. T. MAGEE'S SERMON.

Text: "I am come into my garden."—Solomon's Song, v. 1.

The Bible is a great poem; we have in it faultless rhythm, and bold imagery, and startling antithesis, and rapturous lyric, and sweet pastoral, and instructive narrative, and devotional passion; all of which, expressed in the most sublime and noble language, more bold than that of Milton; more terrible than that of Dante; more natural than that of Wordsworth; more impassioned than that of Coleridge; more tender than that of Cowper; more beautiful than that of Spenser. This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment into its garlands, and pours eternal fire from its windows.

The church, in my text, is appropriately called a garden because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of fragrant incense. It is a garden in which there were no flowers. If anywhere else, they would be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be the old-fashioned hollyhock, the purple pansy, the carnation, or the poppy. But I have left to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the church of which my text speaks.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giant's hand" and "Maria Theresa's." Paul, Crispinus, Wickliffe, Latimer and Samuel Rutherford. When in other men is a spark, in them is conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they cry, they cry with a shout. When they breathe it is a Pentecost. When they fight it is a Thermopylae. When they die it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but I have seen only one. Christ and he could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without bud and sweetness without seed.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giant's hand" and "Maria Theresa's." Paul, Crispinus, Wickliffe, Latimer and Samuel Rutherford. When in other men is a spark, in them is conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they cry, they cry with a shout. When they breathe it is a Pentecost. When they fight it is a Thermopylae. When they die it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but I have seen only one. Christ and he could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without bud and sweetness without seed.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giant's hand" and "Maria Theresa's." Paul, Crispinus, Wickliffe, Latimer and Samuel Rutherford. When in other men is a spark, in them is conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they cry, they cry with a shout. When they breathe it is a Pentecost. When they fight it is a Thermopylae. When they die it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but I have seen only one. Christ and he could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without bud and sweetness without seed.

The Star of Bethlehem of temperance reform stands over the schoolhouse," remarks Mrs. H. Hunt in the Educational Courant.

The sunny hillside; but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the church Christ had planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity, but he tended the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality, but a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit, not posies, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the church has yielded." Where did your asylums come from? Your benevolent societies? Your charities of mercy? Christ planted every one of them; He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus He laid the corner-stone of the asylum for the blind. He ever been built. When He smothered the demoniac of Galilee He laid the corner-stone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the man who was blind from birth, "Thou shalt see," He laid the corner-stone of every hospital that has ever been established. When Christ said: "I was in prison and ye visited me," He laid the corner-stone of every prison reform association that has ever been formed. The church of Christ is a glorious garden and it is full of fruit.

I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to be thrown away. The fence is high; there are some crabapple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted; but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little bad fruit? You are to pull up the weeds and leaves in Fontainebleau and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few bad apples. You are to pull up the weeds and leaves in Fontainebleau and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few bad apples. You are to pull up the weeds and leaves in Fontainebleau and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giant's hand" and "Maria Theresa's." Paul, Crispinus, Wickliffe, Latimer and Samuel Rutherford. When in other men is a spark, in them is conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they cry, they cry with a shout. When they breathe it is a Pentecost. When they fight it is a Thermopylae. When they die it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but I have seen only one. Christ and he could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without bud and sweetness without seed.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giant's hand" and "Maria Theresa's." Paul, Crispinus, Wickliffe, Latimer and Samuel Rutherford. When in other men is a spark, in them is conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they cry, they cry with a shout. When they breathe it is a Pentecost. When they fight it is a Thermopylae. When they die it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but I have seen only one. Christ and he could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without bud and sweetness without seed.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giant's hand" and "Maria Theresa's." Paul, Crispinus, Wickliffe, Latimer and Samuel Rutherford. When in other men is a spark, in them is conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they cry, they cry with a shout. When they breathe it is a Pentecost. When they fight it is a Thermopylae. When they die it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but I have seen only one. Christ and he could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without bud and sweetness without seed.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giant's hand" and "Maria Theresa's." Paul, Crispinus, Wickliffe, Latimer and Samuel Rutherford. When in other men is a spark, in them is conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they cry, they cry with a shout. When they breathe it is a Pentecost. When they fight it is a Thermopylae. When they die it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but I have seen only one. Christ and he could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without bud and sweetness without seed.

The Star of Bethlehem of temperance reform stands over the schoolhouse," remarks Mrs. H. Hunt in the Educational Courant.

crippled child has a sound foot now. A little child says: "Ma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No, my darling, you won't be lame in heaven. You'll be healthy, happy, generous, integrity, but he tends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality, but a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit, not posies, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the church has yielded." Where did your asylums come from? Your benevolent societies? Your charities of mercy? Christ planted every one of them; He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus He laid the corner-stone of the asylum for the blind. He ever been built. When He smothered the demoniac of Galilee He laid the corner-stone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the man who was blind from birth, "Thou shalt see," He laid the corner-stone of every hospital that has ever been established. When Christ said: "I was in prison and ye visited me," He laid the corner-stone of every prison reform association that has ever been formed. The church of Christ is a glorious garden and it is full of fruit.

I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to be thrown away. The fence is high; there are some crabapple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted; but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little bad fruit? You are to pull up the weeds and leaves in Fontainebleau and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few bad apples. You are to pull up the weeds and leaves in Fontainebleau and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few bad apples. You are to pull up the weeds and leaves in Fontainebleau and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giant's hand" and "Maria Theresa's." Paul, Crispinus, Wickliffe, Latimer and Samuel Rutherford. When in other men is a spark, in them is conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they cry, they cry with a shout. When they breathe it is a Pentecost. When they fight it is a Thermopylae. When they die it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but I have seen only one. Christ and he could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without bud and sweetness without seed.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giant's hand" and "Maria Theresa's." Paul, Crispinus, Wickliffe, Latimer and Samuel Rutherford. When in other men is a spark, in them is conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they cry, they cry with a shout. When they breathe it is a Pentecost. When they fight it is a Thermopylae. When they die it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but I have seen only one. Christ and he could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without bud and sweetness without seed.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giant's hand" and "Maria Theresa's." Paul, Crispinus, Wickliffe, Latimer and Samuel Rutherford. When in other men is a spark, in them is conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they cry, they cry with a shout. When they breathe it is a Pentecost. When they fight it is a Thermopylae. When they die it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but I have seen only one. Christ and he could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without bud and sweetness without seed.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giant's hand" and "Maria Theresa's." Paul, Crispinus, Wickliffe, Latimer and Samuel Rutherford. When in other men is a spark, in them is conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they cry, they cry with a shout. When they breathe it is a Pentecost. When they fight it is a Thermopylae. When they die it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but I have seen only one. Christ and he could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without bud and sweetness without seed.

The Star of Bethlehem of temperance reform stands over the schoolhouse," remarks Mrs. H. Hunt in the Educational Courant.