AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

Scabby Pigs.

Pigs are much given to skin disases because of the prevalent custom of keeping them in filth and of overfeeding them with sour or putrid food. If a pig is kept in a clean meadow or pen and is provided with clean litter, or even clean dry boards, and sound food, it will not suffer from any skin diseases, unless these are inherited. To cure scab on the skin the skin should be well washed with water and carbolic soap—the scabs being broken up with a corn cob and the soap being well rubbed in the diseased parts. After wiping the animal dry the diseased parts may be dressed with a mixture of eight parts of lard, two parts of sulphur, and one part of calomel, well rubbed together. A dose of one tablespoonful of a mixture of four ounces of powdered charcoal and one ounce each of sulphur and cream of tartar should be given daily. No sour or fermented fool should be given .- New York Times.

Composition of Soils.

A writer in the Country Gentleman uents vary greatly in their proportions. A strong clay soil has five to fifteen per cent. of silicious sand. Clay loam has fifteen to thirty per cent. of fine sand. A loamy soil has thirty to sixty per cent. of sand; a sandy loim, sixty to ninety per cent., and a sandy soil has no more than ten per cent. of clay, and often less, as it becomes more barren. A strong clay soil, by constant cropping, is robbed of its accumulations of vegetable matter, and soon becomes too compact for the roots of plants to penetrate freely. Its improvement is much quicker and more certain that the other extremes of sand, but the same process must be employed. The roots of clover, in penetrating, open and loosen the stiff clay, diffusing them-selves everywhere. They gradually raise by increasing the bulk of the surface soil This upper soil is thus converted into a mixture of clay and decayed roots, and is necessarily more loose and friable than before. This admixture of roots affects the chemical composition as well as the physical condition of the soil. saline-matter, which is gathered from below, wherever the roots penetrate, and duct of both top and root equals four hilling also saves labor. After potato which, if purchased in the open market, ering many leaves, which late in the would amount to \$10 per acre; Much of season seriously injures the crop. this is doubtless washed back again into the earth, or eaten and carried away by

Stripping Folder from Corn.

improve heavy clay."

ising to those who are endeavoring to

of this practice is considered doubtful by progressive farmers. To test the adtil the crop is made, experiments in this refuse their new home. line were made at the Georgia Experiment Station under the direction of Com- as will a calf, if from any cause it cannot missioner J. T. Henderson. Two plots get a sufficient supply from its dam.
of land—upland—one-half acre each, Many sows have more pigs than they contiguous and similar in position and have tents, hence feeding one or more previous treatment, were similarly pre- becomes a necessity. It will be best to pared, planted and cultivated. In a feed several times a day, and only a little word the treatment of the two plats were at a time at first. If the sow is confined dentical.

curately weighed. From the other plat the fodder was not pulled at all. Corn was gathered from both plats on October

Plat 1. Fodder pulled one-half acre:

rodder	193.1
Shucks	
Corn (ear)	
Which, on selling, gave shelled corn	
Cob	
Plat 2. Fodder not pulled, one-half	acre:
Shuck	125.1
Ear corn	
Which shelled gave shelled corn	729.2
Cob	

than was yielded by the plat from which saw that a terrible combat and folder was pulled. The loss, 158.15 between monsters of the deep. The sea folder was pulled. The loss, 158.15 between monsters of the deep. It pounds of fodder, was attended by a was lashed into a seething pared financially, assuming (which is approximately true in this locality) fodder Moving closely up and slowly down they pound (\$1 per 100), there was lost by pulling fodder, \$2.50 per acre, in addition to the cost of gathering the fodder. Incidentally, I may mention that certain the broad-backed sperm, which, wheeling cars from plat 2, which appeared to the round and round as if working on a eye to be among the largest, were hastily selected and exhib ted at the Northeast Georgia fair in November. Fifty-nine and received the first premium over six competitors .- New York World.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Waldo F. Brown says the best Lima bean-poles are cut of the osage orange. Other adventages besides keeping down the weeds follow faithful hoeing. The soil of a rich, well-tilled farm is always "pay-dirt," to use a miner's

Clover growth is helped by lime and plaster. Clover absorbs nitrogen more than most plants do.

Mulch the soil lightly with straw, between pea rows, and retard attacks of mildew, a lvises Dr. Sturtevant.

made into a heap now where you can a lifeless mass. throw kitchen slops will make an excellent compost for your flower pots next

Watch young melon plants as they make their appearance, and if insects trouble them, dust th m freely with ashes, soot or tobacco dust when wet with dew.

The Crange County (N. Y.) Farmer thinks farmers do too much guessing in their business, trust too much to chance, luck, and the moon, and do too little

Crops are generally reported fair throughout this country. In France and | and it is generally conceded that the at in England a shortage is held to be imminent. Both these countries will need

to buy wheat largely.

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 tassel shows the chances for a full crop will be much greater than when cultiva tion waits for a convenient season, allowing weeds to gain a supremacy.

The importance of lime as a plant food, to be supplied by its use as a fertilizer, may be perceived by the following fig urcs: In twenty-five bushels of oats there are nine pounds of lime; in thirtyeight bushels of barely, nine pounds; in two tons of clover hay, thirty-five pounds; in twenty-five tons of turnips, 140 pounds; in 250 bushels of potatoes,

270 pounds. 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. In fattening the process is much hastened by its use, and we think the meat much more palatable. There are many epicures who would will ngly pay a larger price for poultry fattened by the use of

charred corn. Rank-flavored foods make rank-flavored meat. Whatever you give your hogs-and they are expected to devour all kinds of refuse-be sure it is clean gives the following timely statement on and not putrid. The finishing off when this subject: "Every farmer knows that fattening, should be with the sweetest the fundamental character of good soil is and nicest feed that is ever given to sand, clay and decayed vegetable mat- hogs. Corn meal and the refuse of the ter, or humus. These important constit- dairy are good. Good, sweet, wholesome pork is the product of cleanliness and sound, clean feed.

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 yield is generally more than that of potatoes on similar soil, and the price averages higher, making it a profitable crop to grow.

Market gardeners and others who manure heavily find it pays to seed clover frequently. Some of the excess of manure necessarily used is leached into the sub-soil, and the clover roots better than any other reach this, and not only save it from loss, but bring it in reach of other crops that feed near the surface. Potash and phosphate naturally sink in the soil, and when it is cropped with only surface feeding plants, these valuable fertilizers are wasted.

The roots and stems of plants and grasses on the almost universal practice is to contain much inorganic—earthy and make some sort of a hill about potato plants. It at least saves the tubers from becoming sunburnt, which makes them is by them sent upward to the surface. worthless for cooking. The hilling A ton of clover hay contains about 150 should be done before the tubers have pounds of this inorganic matter. Sup- set, as breaking the roots after this may pose the roots to contain as much (and cause a second crop to form, and neither they doubtless contain more); if the protons to the acre, we have 600 pounds of vines begin to fall down, the cultivator inorganic matter added yearly to the soil, cannot be got through them without cov-

Old beekeepers learn to handle bees without fear, and more especially at stock, but the possibilities are very prom- 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 timid, ner ous person soon enrages The practice prevails in many sections the bees by parrying fancied assaults, of pulling fodder from corn before com- while one who keeps cool soon learns plete maturity of the ear. The economy that the thousands of bees buzzing around him are not on hostile bent intent. If a new, or at least clean, hive is offered vantage of pulling fodder and of allow- the bees, and the swarm shaken down in ing the blades to remain on the stock un- front of the entrance, few swarms will

A pig will learn to drink milk as early in the pen she should be liberally fed From one of the plats fod ler was and with a large proportion of skim milk. pulled in the usual munner on August 24, When the pigs are two weeks old they and when pronounced cured was acmay be fed a little milk in a yard adjoining the pen, where they can eat by Throw a few handfuls of themselves. oats for the sow. The pigs will soon 14, and was shucked and weighed on learn from her to pick up the grains, October 21. The following results were which will be excellent for making strong, healthy growth, and the oats are probably the best grain feed to make the sow give an abundance of milk.

Marine Monsters Fighting.

The crew of the British ship Humboldt, from Rio de Janeiro for New Orleans, were witnesses of a remarkable combat 20 during their last voyage. The vessel In summing up conclusions on this Brazil, when the attention of officers and test, Commissioner Henderson says: "The crew was attracted by a furious complat from which fodder was not pulled motion of the waters a short distance yielded 215.90 pounds ear corn more shead. As they neared the spot they than was yielded by the plat from which saw that a terrible combat was going on gain of 285.90 pounds of ear corn, or fairly boiled within a circumference of 224.97 pounds of shelled corn. Com- 100 yards, and myriads of mad whitecaps floated away beyond this circle. and corn to sell for the same price per stopped to watch the battle. It was one to the death. A swordfish and a thrasher had attacked a tremendous sperm-whale. The strength, size and force were with swivel, swung its huge tail with mighty rower. It would raise itself aloft, clear out of the water, blow spray through its ears were found to weigh seventy pounds, nostrils and make frantic efforts to ann hilate its foes; but science, skill and manauvring were on the side of its enem'es. 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 s me time lashing the unfortunate creature with its tail, actually whipping it to death. The great sea animal, with its most gigantic efforts, was not able to east it off. There it held and lashed, while the swordfish drove his sword time after time into the side of their big antagonist. The waters were dyed with the blood of the leviathan. and in the course of a short time he had su cumbed to the effects of the beating A few sods and a little cow manure and the stabbing, and floated on the ses

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 knew it. "It was though. It contains at least one of the most neauseat ing drugs known, assafætida, and the original formula was evolved by a noted physician for a noble patient, whose high living had impaired his digestion. An effort was made to disguise the drugs, tempt was successful, but they are there all the same." And the stream of information was interrupted while the drug-It is known that if growing timber or underbrush is cut during the latter part of August or early in September there of appetite following the revelation.

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?

What is the little brook saying To the bluebird hovering near In the emerald willow bending Just o'er its waters clear?

What is the little brook saying? Mat is the little brook saying:
Ah! 'tis singing a temperance song.
Little bird, always drink cold water
If you would be well and strong.
Ella M. Truesdell, in Temperance Banner

Inemperance in Relation to the La-

bor Question. George Frederic Parsons says in the Atlantic Monthly: The organization of labor has hitherto been in the hands of unfit men, with too 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. By no other means have great nations ever been formed. An association, the effective strength of which depends upon the surrender of the rights and liberties of its members, may be a dangerous instrument for the use of adventurers and d magogues, but it cannot advance the interests of the men themselves. The most urgent want of labor to-day is selfcontrol. In this free country no man endowed with average abilities need remain all his life poor. If he has thrift, self-restraint, perseverance, he will pass from the ranks of labor to the ranks of capital. It is the saving man who becomes the capitalist-the man who has force to deny himself indulgences. What a lesson lies in the drink-bill of the American workingmen, for instance! At a moderate estimate, it amounts to between four and five hundred million dollars a year. While labor is throwing away that eno mous sum annually, with what show of consistency can it 1 ment its conditon? One year's remission of that destructive self-indulgeance would solve every labor problem extant; would provide a fund for the establishment of cooperative works, for the sustenance of the sick and ag:d, for the maintenance and education of orphans, for libraries and scientific schools, for all manner of helps.

At present the workingman can hardly make both ends meet. It is not because he insists on creating capitalists out of the saloon-keepers, and, not content with that, on submitting all his rights of citizenship to the same object of worship ?- The saloon in politics is the most hideous abuse of the day, but where would it be if the workingmen withdrew their support from it? It keeps them poor. It keeps our politics corrupt. It supplies a constant stream of base adventurers, who disgrace the American name at home and abroad. It makes the terms "public office" and "public plunder" synonymous. It stifles progress, fosters pauperism, brutalizes husbands and fathers, breaks women's hearts, puts rags on the workingman's back, disease in his body, and shame and despair in his heart. Yet when labor is most disturbed, when the demand for advanced wages is loudest, when strikes are most frequent, when hunger and misery are most rife in the homes of the poor, the saloon flouri hes There may be no bread at home, but there is always beer and whisky at the bar, and the men who consider them. selves the victims of circumstances or the "thralls" of capital squander their earnings, spend their savings, in these dens. Can there be a serious labor question while this state of things continues? Can workingmen talk gravely of their wrongs while it is plain to all the world that if they only saved the capital they earn they would be com-

fortable? This aspect of the case has not been sufficiently examined, and for reasons which will probably occur readily to the reader. But it is really the key to the situation. When we see on the one side a yearly waste of between four and five hundred millions of dollars, and on the other side a body of men, the squanderers of this vast fund, complaining that they have not sufficient opportunities we cannot long be at a loss to comprehend the true nature of the existing dissatisfaction. It is clear that labor has been incited to seek from without the relief which ought to be sought from within. The socialist theory of a paternal state system which provides everybody with work and wages is a mischievous fallacy. It simply encourages indolence and dependence. The first duty of labor is to demonstrate its capacity for self-government. At this moment its drink-bill is an impeachment of that capacity. No man who spends half his earnings at a saloon can get on in the world, or has the least right to expect to get on. Nor can any body of men follow the same course with better results. Prosperity is the reward of persevering, temperate, ungrudging work. In these days there is, however, a great wind of new doctrine. We are asked to believe that it is possible to succeed in very different ways; that the less a man works, for example, the more he ought to receive: that national prosperity can be advanced by diminishing production; and many other equally hard sayings. But it may be confidently affirmed that these new theories are destined to be short-lived, and that the world will have to be managed eventually upon pretty much the old lines .- Atlantic.

Philadelphia has 648 churches, or one for every 270 voters; 245 public schools, or one for ever 714; 1,095 bakeries, or one for every 160; 3,454 retail groceries, or one for every fifty-one; and 5,959 liquor saloons, or one for every twentynine voters.

Mr. Arthur, Secretary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, says: "If I could, I would inaugurate a strike which would drive the liquor traffic from the face of the earth."

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."

So each day I've waited, dreaming Of some work to do for Thee: Waiting still, but never seeking Thinking it would come to me.

So I failed to see the chances That each day contained for me, Where a kindly word or action Would be work if done for Thee.

But, dear Jesus, Thou hast shown me, How the love of each You test; That they who watch for little chances, Are the ones who serve You best. -The Sheltering Arms.

Gather them In,

In every Sunday-school there are a number of young people whom the teacher would recognize as properly disposed toward religious influences. They are attentive, thoughtful. They seem not to be offended, but to take pleasure, when general instructions are given bearing on Christian life. They are faithful to their religious duties. They are regular attendants at church and Sundayschool. They are evidently trying, in a considerable measure, to do what is right. They never fail of their form of prayer on retiring to sleep. They say, or would say, they want to be Christians. Of many such the pastor or superintendent would say that he hopes they were already Christians. Now, it is a wicked shame to the church that it should allow such souls to drift along year after year, wait-ing for a revival, without gathering them into its communion. Gather them in. They are waiting to be gathered into the church. They are in danger while left outside; in danger of relapsing, through your neglect, into heedlessness and sin .--

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 songs are work-songs. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" is a favorite text for sermons. Men are continually exhorted to go into the harvest-field and gather sheaves for the Master. To secure a proper measure of external activity amongst the people is the aim of most pastors. Now, this is all right if care be taken

that behind the external expression there is spiritual power and life. We by no means wish to depreciate the use of any external agency by which men may be reached and won to Christ. In this stirring age a church whose members do not work for the Master is, to say the least, an anachronism. Anybody who has come into real fellowship with the Lord Jesus will want to bring others into the same blessed experience, and will, or should ever be ready to lay himself, his time, energies and money on the altar of Christian service. What we need everywhere is more workers-more men who will devote themselves as energetically and continuously to spiritual affairs as they are accustomed to do to the acquisition of pleasure or honor or wealth. It deserves also to be said that work is itself a means of grace. There are many professing Christians living joyless and upsatisfactory lives who would be made vastly more happy if they would strive to do something for others. The unused heart no less than the idle mind is the devil's workshop. Work

pel of work which needs continually to be preached. But, while we are perfectly willing to tus 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 notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. Many 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

for Christ often scatters doubt and fills

the life with brightness. There is a gos-

"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 young woman was very ill, and asked me to call and see her, adding, "She is passing into eternity, I fear, without Christ.'

During the afternoon I called. A very kindly welcome was given by both the invalid and her mother.

The poor sufferer was just twenty-one: had been married about a year; but was now evidently in the last stage of consumption, apparently with only a few days to live.

waiting a little while, asked: "Are you happy?" "I am waiting for the angels to take

I took a seat by her bedside, and after

me to heaven," she replied. "What about your sins?"

Looking at me surprised, and evidentv alarmed, she said, "I never thought of them!"

"Heaven is a holy place," I added, and God is a holy God, and you can never go to heaven unless your sins are washed away. No angel can take you there; there is but one way. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth

trom all sin." Gazing at me with the earnestness of a oul on the confines of eternity, only just wakened to the fact that she was a siner, she asked, "Is that true?"

I replied, "It is the Word of God, and will read it to you of His own Book." Turning to I. John i., 7, I read, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." She said, "Will you read it again, and

ead it slowly?" I read it again and slowly. "Blessed Jesus! precious blood!" she

exclaimed. The Holy Spirit, when "her sins" were mentioned, had shown her guilt, and reached her conscience, and without hesitation she owned her lost state. Then the "Blood" and the One who shed it, relieved her conscience of its load of guilt, and instead of trusting to an angel to carry her to Heaven, from that after-noon until she departed to be with Christ, four words constantly fell from her lips-"Blessed Jesus," "Precious

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."

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

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT, RELIGIOUS READING. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE GARDEN OF THE CHURCH.

Text: "I am come into my garden."-Solonon'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 psalm; thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montgomery; e bold than that of Milton: more terrible than that of Dante; more natural than of Wordsworth; more impassioned than that of Pollok; more tender than that of Cowper; more weird 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 harmonies into its rhythm. Everything this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer threshing floor to the daugh'ers of Nahor filling the trough for the camels, and the fish-pools of Heshbon up to the Psa'mist praising God with diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job leading forth

Orion, Arctures and the Pleiades.

My text leads us into a scene of summer redolence. The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne the glory of his reign by decreeing that they the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—deciding even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV., at Montpelier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Slenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world, but his garden, The Seasons, will be immortal. To ne, the poet. His writings have made garden, The Seasons, will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their riche-t foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence, and genius he brought to the adornment of genius he brought to the adornment of genius he brought to the adornment of that one trensured spot. He gave £300 for it; he sold it for £17,000. And yet I am to tell you to-day of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the church which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He-bought it, He planted it, He owns it, and He shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune, and now, in the crimson flowers of tune, and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last £100,-600 pounds sacrificed him. But I have left to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's b) 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. Oh, how many sighs, and tears, and pangs, and agonics! Tell me, ye women who saw Him hang. Tell me, ye executioners who lifted Him and let him down. Tell me, thou sun that didst hide, ye rocks that fell. "Christ loved the Church and gave himself for it." If the garden of the church belongs to Christ, certainly He has a right to walk in it. Come then. Oh blessed Jesus, to-day. in it. Come then, Oh blessed Jesus, to-day, walk up and down these aisles, and pluck what Thou wilt of sweetness for Thysell

what Thou wilt of sweetness for Thyself.

The church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irrigation. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they would be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be the old-fashioned hollyhock, or dallia, or daffodii, or coreorsis; but if there he larger means, then coreopsis; but if there be larger means, then you will find the Mexican cactus, and dark veined arbutelion, and blazing a alea, and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ come to his garden and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, unconspic-uous, but sweet as heaven. You have to search and find them. You do not see them very often, perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightened face of the inhave been by the brightened face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand, and the new window curtains keeping out the glare of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for sting, and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble, have found that they have covered it all over with flowery iessamine running in and out with flowery jessamine running in and out amid the crevices. These Christians in Christ's garden are not like the sunflower,

gaudy in the light, but whenever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted there they stand—night-blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cac-tus—thorns without; loveliness within—men with sharp points of character. They wound almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them a man has had a very hard ground to culti a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through severe trial he has raised even the smallest crop of grace. A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister: "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder. "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." It is harder for some men to do right than for harder for some men to do right than for other men to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and down. I had a friend who came to me and said: "I dare not join the church." I said: "Why?" "Oh," he said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry and

saw a milkman pour a large amount of water into the milk can and I said to him, 'I think that will do, and he insulted me and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the church!" Nevertheless, that very same man who was so harsh in his behavior loved Christ, and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without but sweetness within
—the best specimen of Mexican cactus I ever

saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive more like the roses of deep bue that we occasionally find, called "giants of battle"
the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Crysostoms,
Wickliffes, Latimers and Samuel Ruther-Wickliffes, Latimers and Samuel Rutherfords. What in other men is a spark, in them is conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach it is a Pentecost. When they fight it is a Thermopylæ. When they die it is a martyrdom. You find a great many rosss in the gardens, but only a few "giants of battle." Men say: "Why don't you have more of them in the church!" I say, "Why don't you have in the world more Humboldts an! Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents; to others, one.

talents: to others, one.

In this garden of the church which Christ has planted I also find the snowdrop; beauhas planted I also find the showdrop, beau-tiful but cold-looking, seemingly another phase of winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpas-sioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears, they never get excite i, they never say anything rashly, they never do anything pre-ipitately. Their pulses never flutter, their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people; but their life is a minor key. They never run up to C above the staff. In their music of life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the church and they must be of some service or they would not be there; snowdrops, al-

ways snowdrops.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower in all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a "century" plant your emotions are started. You say: "Why, this emotions are started. You say, flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years and the will come out." But now before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that 1900 years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion-plant of the cross! Prophets foretold it. Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud; the rocks shook at its bursting, and the dead got up in all their winding shoots to we its full bloom. It is a bursting, and the dead got up in all their winding sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its breath is heaven. Come, oh winds from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and bear to all the earth the sweet-smelling savor of Christ, my Lord-

His worth if all the nations knew re the whole earth would love Him too. Again, the church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of select fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums or peaches or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard, or they are set out on

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, gener osity, integrity, but he intends the choices fruits to be in the garden, and if they are fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is 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? and your hospitals? and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them; He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus He When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus He laid the corner-stone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Ga'ilee He laid the corner-stone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man: "Take up thy bed and walk," He laid the corner-stone of every hospital the world has ever seen. 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 over the fence. I know 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 gnarled frult? You will find worm-eaten leaves in Fontainobleau 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 the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there a e men and women in the church who ought not to be there; but let us be just as frank and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of glori-ous Christian men and women—holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians. There are Christian men in this house whose religion is not a matter of psalm-singing and church-going. To-morrow morning that reli-gion will keep them just as consistent and consecrated in their worldly occupation as and consecrated in their worldly occupation as it ever kept them at the communion table. There are women here to-day of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work that she may sit theretoo. There is a woman who has a drunken husband who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage than Ridley in the fire. He was consumed in twenty minutes. Her's has been a twenty years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who have see fiften years on his back un. who has been fifteen years on his back, un-able even to feed himself, yet calmand peace-ful as though he lay on one of the green banks that the street was the street with the street was the street with the street was the street w of heaven, watching the carsmen dip their paddles in the crystal river. Why, it seems to me this moment as if St. Paul threw to us a pomologist's catalogue of the fruits growing in this great garden of Christ—love, joy,

a pomologists catalogue of the truits growing in this great garden of Christ—love, joy,
peace, patience, charity, brotherly kindness,
gentleness, mercy—glorious fruit, enough to
ill all the baskets of earth and heaven.

I have not told you of the better tree in
this garden and of the better fruit. It was
planted just outside Jerusalem, a good while
ago. When that tree was planted it was so
split and bruised and barked men said nothing would ever grow when it; but no sconer ing would ever grow upon it; but no sooner had that tree been planted than it budded and blostomed and fruited, and the soldiers' spears were only the clubs that struck down that fruit and it fell into the lap of the nations, and men began to pick it up and eat it, and they found in it an antidote to all thirst, to all poison, to all sin, to all death—the smallest cluster larger than the famous one of Eshcol, which two men carried on a staff between them. If the apple in Eden killed the race, this one cluster of mercy shall re-

Again, the church in my text is appropri-Again, the church limy text is appropriately called a garden because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper long without plenty of water. I have seen a garden in the midst of a desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. All around was dearth and parrenness; but there were pipes and aqueducts reaching from this garden up to the mountains, and through those aqueducts the water came streaming down and tossing up into beautiful fountains until every root and leaf and flower were saturated. That is like the church. The church is a garden in the midst of a great desart of sin and suffering. and barrenness; but there were pipes and aque midst of a great desert of sin and suffering; but it is well irrigated, for "our eyes are unto the hills from whence cometh our help." From the mountains of God's strength there flow down rivers of gladness. There is a river the stream whereof shall make glad the city of our God. Preaching the gospel is one of these aqueducts. The Bible is an-other. Baptism and the Lord's Supper are aqueducts Water to slake the thirst, water to restore the faint, water to wash the unclean, water tossed high up in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, showing the rainbow around the throne.

Oh, was there ever a garden so thoroughly reignted! You know that the beauty Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the great supply of water. I came to the latter place, Chatsworth, one day when strangers are not to be admitted; but ov an inducement which always seemed as applicable to an Englishman as an Ameriapplicable to an Englishman as an Ameri-an, I got in, and then the gardener went far an above the stairs of stone and turned on the water. I saw it gleaming on the dry pavement, coming down from step to step until it came so near I could hear the musical rush, and all over the high, broad stain it came forming, flashing, roaring down until sunlight and wave in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. So it is with the church of God. Everything comes from above, joy from above, adoption from above, satisfac tion from above. Oh, that now God would turn on the waters of salvation, that they might flow down through this heritage, and that to-day we might find this place to be "Elim, with twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm trees."

Hark! I hear the latch of the garden gate, and I look to see who is coming. I hear the voice of Christ: "I am come into my garden" I say: "Come in, O Jesus, we have been waiting for Thee; walk all through the paths. Look at the flowers, look at the truit. pluck that which Thou wilt for Thyself.' Jesus comes into the garden and up to that old man and touches him and says: "Almos old man and touches him and says: "Almost home, father, not many more aches for thee: I will never forsake thee; take courage a little longer and I will steady thy tottering steps and I will soothe thy troubles and give thee rest; courage, old man." Then Christ goes up another garden path and He comes to a soul in trouble and he says: "Peace! all is well. I have seen thy tears; I have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve the soul. Courage, O troubled shall preserve thee from all evil. He will preserve thy soul. Courage, O troubled spirit!" Then I see Jesus going up another garden path and I see great excitement among the leaves, and I hasten up that garden path to see what Jesus is doing there, and lo! He is breaking off flowers sharp and clean from the stem, and I sav: "Stong clean from the stem, and I say: "Stop Jesus, don't kill those beautiful flowers." He turns to me and says: "I have come into my garden to gather lilies, and I mean to take these up to a higher terrare and for the garden around my palace, and there I will plant them, and in better soil and better air they shall put forth brighter leaves and sweeter redolence, and no frost shall touch them for ever." And I looked up into His face and said: "Well, it is His garden, and He has right to do what He will with it. Thy will be done."—the hardest prayer a man even

It has seemed as if Jesus Christ took the best; from many of your households the best one is gone. You knew that she was too good for this world; she was the gentlest in one is gone. You knew that all with a good for this world; she was the gentlest in her ways, the deepest in her affections; and when at last the sickness came you had a faith in medicines. You knew that Jesu was coming over the doorsill. You knew the hour of parting had come, and when through the rich grace of the Lord Jesus Christ you surrendered that treasure you said: "Lord Jesus, take it—it is the best we have—take it. Thou art worthy." The others in the household may have been of grosser mould. She was of the finest. One day a man was taking me from the depot to a village. He was very rough and coarse, and very hlasphemous; but after awhile he mellowed down as he began to talk of his little son whom he had lost. "Oh! sir," he said, "that boy was different from the rest of us. He never used

had lost. "Oh! sir," he said, "that boy was different from the rest of us. He never used any bad language; no sir, I never heard him use a bad word in my life. He used to say his prayers and we laughed at him, but he would keep on saying his prayers. I often thought, 'I can't keep that child,' and I said to my wife: 'Mother, we can't keep that child.' But, sir, the day he was drowned, and they

But, sir, the day he was drowned, and they brought him in and laid him on the carpet, so white and so beautiful, my heart broke, sir; I knew we couldn't keep him."

The heaven of your little ones will not be fairly begun until you get there. All the kindnesses shown them by immortals will not make them forget you. There they are, the redient throngs that went out from your radiant throngs that went out from your homes. I throw a kiss to the sweet darlings. They are all well now in the palace, The

crippled child has a sound foot now. A littly lame child says: "Ma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No, my darling, you won't be lame in heaven." A little sick child says: "Ma, will I be sick in heaven." "No, my dear. you won't be sick in heaven." "No, my dear. you won't be sick in heaven." "No, my dear. you won't be blind child says: "Ma, will I be blind in heaven." "No, my dear, you won't be blind in heaven. They are all well there."

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them and I cannot get in. It is so with a King's garden. The only glimpse you ever get of such a garden is when the King rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden, this King's garden. I throw wide open the gate and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whosoever will may choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was, with Theodore Hook. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems; but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities he confronted a looking-glass and he saw himself and said: "Thera that is true. I look just as I am. midst of his festivities he confronted a looking-glass and he saw himself and said:
"There, that is true. I look just as I am,
done up in body, mind and purse." So it
was of Shenstone, of whose garden I told
you at the beginning of my sermon. He sat
down amid those bowers and said; "I have
lost my road to happlness. I am angry and
envious and frantic, and despise everything
around me just as it becomes a madman to
do." Oh ye weary souls, come into Christ's
graden't roday and pluck a little hearts. do." Oh ye weary souls, come into Christ's garden to-day and pluck a little hearte-ea-e. Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting year after year for some good oportunity in which to accept Christ, but have postoned it five, ten, twenty, thirty years, do you not feel as if now your hour of deliverance and pardon and salvation had come? Oh man, what grudge hast thou against thy poor soul that thou wilt not let it be saved? I feel as if salvation must come to-day in some of your hearts. some of your hearts.

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had only one lifeboat. In that liferocks, they had only one nietoat. In that life-boat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The vessel had foundered and was sinking deeper and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck waiting for her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went, came and went, but her turn did not seem to come. After awhile she could wait no longer and sha leaned on the taffrail and and she leaped on the taffrail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boat-men: "Save me next! Save me next!" Oh, men: "Save me next!" Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin. Others have accepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not, this moment, make a rush for your immortal rescue, crying until Jesus shall hear you and heaven and earth ring with the cry: "Save me next! Save me next!" Now is the day of salvation! Now! Now!

ow! Now! This Sabbath is the last for some of you. This Sabbath is the last for some of you. It is about to sail away forever. Her bell tolls. The planks thunder back in the gangway. She shoves off, she floats toward the great ocean of eternity. Wave farewell to your last chance for heaven. Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings and ye would not. Behold the state of the same state of the same state of the same state. under her wings and ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate. Invited to revel in a garden, you die in a desert. May God Almighty, before it is too late, break that infatuation.

THERE have been introduced in Congress this session about 12,000 bills, over 9,000 of them in the House, writes a Washington correspondent. Of these less than 4,000 have been or will be passed by the end of the session; so that the second session of the Forty-ninth Congress will convene with twice as much business before it as it has been able to transact in this long session. The list of bills introduced in the Senate shows fewer small jobs and unimportant measures, and embraces fully as many measures of public importance as the list of House bills. The Senators who seem to do the most business are those who are on the Pension Committee, as, for instance, Blair of New Hampshire has introduced 447 bills, resolutions, and reports, and Sawyer of Wisconsin 418. Jones of Florida, who has not been present during the session, takes the cake at the smallest end of the list, as he has introduced no bills at all. Next to him comes Kenna of West Virginia, who has introduced two bills only during the session, one of them for a light-house in his district. Saulsbury of Delaware comes next with three, Ransom of North Carolina follows with five, and Eustis of Louisiana comes next with eight. Up to date the different Senators are credited each with the following number of bills and resolutions:

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y	Aldrich 84	Jones (Ark.)
-	Allison 28	Kenna
d	Beck 61	Logan
y	Berry 18	McMillan
á	Blackburn 30	McPherson
	Blair477	Mahone
0	Bowen 61	Manderson
0	Brown	Maxley
	Butler 26	Miller (Cal.)
٠.	Cali126	Miller (N. Y.)
8	Camden 20	Mitchell (Pa)
-	Cameron 88	Witchell (Oregon)
-	Chace 15	Morgan
	Cockrell132	Morrill
0	Coke 22	Palmar
:	Colquitt 15	Parne
17	Colquitt 13	Dike
t	Conger	Diett
	Cull m 75	Plane
st	Dawes	Plumo
9:	Dolph130	Pugn
0	Edmunds 24	Ransom
11		Riddleberger
10		Sabin
ď		Saulsbury
-		Sawyer4
n		Sewell2
d	Olopom	Sherman
y		Spooner
n		Stanford
r		Teller
d		Vance
		Van Wyck2
11	Harrison 86	Vest
d	Hawley 24	Voorhees
r	Hoor100	Walthail
at	Ingalls151	Wilson (Md.)

Blair, of New Hampshire, introduces such bills as female suffrage, prohibition for the District of Columbia, national savings banks, and others. Edmunds runs postal-telegraph schemes, Mormon bills, and the like. Wade Hampton distinguishes himself by introducing bills making it a penal offense for Congressmen to solicit appointments under the administration. Stanford is famous for introducing desert-land and Indian bills; Harris. measures to exempt peach brandy from taxation, while Frye attends to the fishery bills. Spooner, of Wisconsin, alternates with bills in the interest of farmers with others in the interest of railroads. Evarts has offered nothing more important than bills for the sale of the New York Produce Exchange, and to erect a public building in Newburgh and a revolutionary monument

at Stony Point. SHORT-SIGHTED.

We take the compass of a will To guide us through life's unknown seas And wonder when our sails o'erfill With stormy passions' fitful

Or, on the pinion of a thought, From earth to heavenly spaces bound, To find our garments, fancy-wrought, Were never meant for holy ground.

Short-sighted! reaching for the gems Our earth-stained souls so highly prize, The blaze of heaven's own diadems Unseen before our blinded eyes.