REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN DAY SERMON.

Subject: "An Obnoxious Diet."

TEXT: "*And these are they which ye shal have in abomination among the fowls: the owl, the vulture and the bat. These also shall be unclean to you among the creeping things that creep upon the earth; the chameleon and the snail.*"—Leviticus xi., 13-30.

The Bible offers every possible variety of theme, of argument, and of illustration. We care not much in what kind of a pitcher the water of life is brought, if it is only the clear, pure water. God gave the ancients a list of the animals they might eat, and a list of animals that they might not eat. These people lived in a hot climate, and certain forms of animal food corrupted their blood, and disposed them to scrofulous disorders, depraved their appetites, and bemeaned their souls. A man's food, when he has the means and opportunity of selecting it, suggests his moral nature. The reason the wild Indian is as cruel as the lion is because he has food that gives him the blood of the lion. A missionary among the Indians says that, by changing his style of food to correspond with theirs, his temperament was entirely changed. There are certain forms of food that have a tendency to affect the moral nature. Many a Christian is trying to do by prayer that which cannot be done except through corrected diet. For instance, he who uses swine's flesh for constant diet will be diseased in body and polluted of soul—all his liturgies and catechisms notwithstanding. The Gadarene swine were possessed of the devil and ran down a steep place into the sea, and all the swine ever since seem to have been similarly possessed. In Leviticus, God struck this meat off the table of His people, and placed before them a bill of fare at once healthful, nutritious and generous.

But, higher than this physical reason, there was a spiritual reason why God chose certain forms of food for the ancients. God gave a peculiar diet to his people, not only because he wanted them to be distinguished from the surrounding nations, but because certain birds and animals, by reason of their habits, have always been suggestive of moral qualities. By the list of things from which they were to abstain, God wished to prejudice their minds against certain evils; and in the list of lawful things given, he wished to suggest certain forms of good. When God solemnly forbade His people to eat the owl, the vulture, the bat, the chameleon, and the snail, He meant to drive out of His people all the sins that were thus emblemized.

I take the suggestion of the text, and say that one of the first unclean things the Christian needs to drive out of his soul is the owl. The owl is the melancholy bird of night. It hatches out whole broods of superstitions. It is doleful and hideous. When it sings, it sings through its nose. It loves the gloom of night better than the brightness of the day. Who has not slept in the cabin near the woods, and been awakened in the night by the dismal "too-hoo" of the owl? Melancholy is the owl that is perched in many a Christian soul. It is an unclean bird, and needs to be driven away. A man whose sins are pardoned, and who is on the road to heaven, has no right to be gloomy. He says: "I have so many doubts," That is because "you are lazy." Go actively to work in Christ's cause, and your doubts will vanish. You say: "I have lost my property;" but I reply: "You have infinite treasures laid up in Heaven." You say: "I am weak and sickly, and going to die." Then be congratulated that you are so near eternal health and perpetual gladness. Catch a few morning larks for your soul, and stone this owl off your premises.

As a little girl was eating, the sun dashed upon her spoon, and she cried: "O, mamma, I have swallowed a spoonful of sunshine!" Would God that we might all indulge in the same beverage! Cheerfulness; it makes the homeliest face handsome: it makes the hardest mattress soft; it runs the loom that weaves buttercups, and rainbows, and auroras. God made the grass black? No; that would be too sombre. God made the grass red? No, that would be too gaudy. God made the grass green, that by this parable all the world might be led to a subdued cheerfulness. Read your Bible in the sunshine. Remember that your physical health is closely allied to your spiritual. The heart and the liver are only a few inches apart, and what affects one affects the other. A historian records that by the sounds of great laughter in Rome, Hannibal's assaulting army was frightened away in retreat. And there is in the great outbursting joy of a Christian soul that which can drive back any infernal besiegement. Rats love dark closets, and Satan loves to burrow in a gloomy soul. "Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous! and again I say, rejoice!"

Hoist the window of your soul in this the twelve o'clock of your spiritual night. Put the gun to your shoulder, and aim at the black jungle from which the hooting comes, pull the trigger, and drop that croaking, loathsome, hideous owl of religious melancholy into the bushes.

Again: taking the suggestion of the text, drive out the vulture from your soul. God would not allow the Jews to eat it. It lives on carcasses; it fattens among the dead: with leaden wing it circles about battle-fields. Wilson, the American ornithologist, counted two hundred and thirty-seven vultures around one carcass. If crossing the desert when there is no sign of wing in the air, a camel perish out of the caravan, immediately the air begins to darken with vultures. There are many professed Christians who have a vulture in their souls. They prey upon the character and feelings of others. A doubtful reputation is a banquet for them. Some rival in trade or profession falls, and the vulture puts out his head. These people revel in the details of a man's ruin. They say: "I told you so." They rush into some store, and say: "Have you heard the news? Just as I expected! Our neighbor has gone all to pieces! Good for him!"

That professedly Christian woman, having heard of the wrong-doing of some sister in the church, instead of hiding the sin with a mantle of charity, peddles it all along the streets. She takes the afternoon to make her long-neglected calls. She tells the story ten times before sundown, and every time tells it larger. She rushes into the parlors to tell it, and into the nursery to tell it, and into the kitchen to tell it. She says: "Would you have thought it? Well, I always said there was something wrong about her. Why, I should not speak to her if I saw her in the street. Is it not horrible? But better not say any thing about it, because there may be some mistake. I do not want my name involved in the matter. I guess I will just go over and ask them at No. 263 whether they have heard it. Guess it must be so, for Mary Ann says that her husband saw a man who heard from his business partner that his blind old grandmother had seen something that looked very suspicious!"

The most loathsome, miserable, God-forsaken wretch on earth is a gossip. I can tell her on the street, though I have never seen her before. She walks fast, and has her bonnet-strings loose, for she has not had time to tie them since she heard that last scandal. She looks both ways as she passes hoping to see new evidences of depravity in the windows. I think that when Satan has a job so infinitely mean that in all the pit he cannot find a devil mean enough to do it, and all bribes and threats have failed to get one willing for the informal crusade, he says to one of his sergeants: "Go up to Brooklyn, and in such a street, on such a corner, get that gossiping woman, and she will be glad to do it." And sure enough, like a hungry fish, she takes the hook in her mouth, and Satan slackens the line, and lets her run out farther and farther, until after awhile he says: "It is time to haul in that line," and with a few strong pulls, he brings her to the beach of fire. What do you say? That she was a member of the church? I can not help that. When Satan goes a-fishing, he does not care what school the fish belongs to, whether it is a Presbyterian mackerel or an Episcopalian salmon. Amidst the thunder crash of Sinai, God said: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." And in Leviticus he says: "Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer." Take not into your ear that scum of hell that people call tittle-tattle. Whosoever willingly listens to a slander is equally guilty with the one who tells it, and an old writer says they ought both to be hung, the one by the tongue and the other by the ear. Do not smile upon such a spaniel, lest, like a pleased dog, he put his dirty paw upon you. Throw back the shutter of your soul, oh, Christian man and women, and see if there be within you a vulture with filthy talons and cruel beak. Let not this unclean thing roost in your soul, for my text says: "Ye shall hold in abomination among the fowls, the vulture."

Again: taking the suggestion of the text, drive out the bat from your soul. No wonder God set this bird among the unclean. It is an offense to every one. Let it fly into the window of a summer night, and all the hands, young and old, are against it. It is half bird and half mouse. It seems made partly to walk and partly to fly, and does neither well; and becomes an emblem of those Christians who try to cling to earth and heaven at the same time. They want to walk on earth in worldliness, and yet fly toward heaven in spirituality: and their soul, between feet and wings, is perplexed. Oh, my brethren, be one thing or the other! Choose the world, if you prefer it; and see how many dollars you can win, and how much applause you can gain, and how large a business you can establish, and how grand a house you can build, and how fast a span of horses you can drive. You may be prospered until you can fail for five hundred thousand dollars, instead of having the disgrace of failing for only ten thousand as some unenterprising people do. It is quite a reward to be able for ten or twenty years to be called one of the solid men of Brooklyn or Boston: and then, to make your fortune last as long as possible, we will give you a splendid funeral, and you shall have twenty-five carriages following you, with somebody in the most of them, and your coffin shall have silver handles on the sides, and we will mourn for you in splendid pocket-handkerchiefs bound with crape, and bombazine twenty full yards long, trailing half across the parlor, so that all the company may stand upon it, and we will write our letters for the next six months on paper edged with black. But my friends, your worldly fortunes will not last. I will buy out now all that you will be worth in worldly estate seventy-five years from now. I have the money in my pocket with which to do it. Here it is! Two cents! It is a large sum to offer for all you will possess at the close of seventy-five years. Choose the world, if you want to; but, if not, then choose heaven. That estate lies partly on this side of the river, but mostly on the other. It is ever accumulating. The prospect of it makes one independent of earthly misfortunes, so that Rogers, the martyr, slept so soundly the night before his burning, they violently shook him in order to get him awake in time for the execution; and Paul exults at the thought of the "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Oh, choose earth or Heaven! Make up your mind whether you will walk in earthly joys, or fly with heavenly expectations. Be not a bat, fit neither to walk nor fly, having just enough of heaven to spoil the world, and so much of the world as to spoil heaven. Christ says that your present condition nauseates him to positive sickness: "Because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth!" In the ruins of Pompeii there was found a petrified woman, who, instead of trying to fly from the destroyed city, had spent her time in gathering up her jewels. She saved neither her life nor her jewels. There are multitudes making the same mistake. In trying to get earth and heaven they lose both. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Be one thing or the other. Tread the earth like a lion, or mount the air like the eagle; for my text says: "Ye shall have in abomination among the fowls, the bat."

Again: taking the suggestion of the text, drive out the chameleon from your soul. There is some difference among good men as to the name of this creeping thing which God pronounced unclean, but I shall take the opinion which seems best suited to my purpose. The chameleon is a reptile, chiefly known by its changeableness of color, taking the color of the thing next to it, sometimes brown, sometimes red, and sometimes gray, but always the color of its surroundings, a type of that class of Christians who are now one thing in religious faith, and now another, just to suit circumstances, always taking their color of religious belief from the man they are talking to. They go to one place, and are first-rate Unitarians. "Jesus was a good man, but nothing more." They go to Princeton, and they are Trinitarians, almost willing to die for the divinity of Jesus. Among the Universalists they refuse the idea of future punishment; and going among those of opposite belief, announce that there is a hell with a gusto that makes you think they are glad of it. Drive out that unclean chameleon from your soul. Do not be ever changing the color of your faith. My friends, liberal Christianity, falsely so-called, believes in nothing. God is anything you want to make Him. The Bible to be believed in so far as you like it. Heaven a grand mixing up of Neros and Pauls. The man who dies by suicide in his right mind in 1888, beating into glory by ten years the Christian man who dies a Christian death in 1898; the suicide proving himself wiser than the Christian. Oh, my friends, let us try to believe in something. An infidel was called to the bedside of his daughter. The daughter said: "Father, which shall I believe, you or mother? Mother took the religion of Christ, and died in its embrace. You say that religion is a humbug. Now I am going to die, and I am very much perplexed; shall I believe you, or take the belief of my mother?" The father said: "Choose yourself." She said: "No; I am too weak to choose for myself; I want you to choose for me." "Well," said the father, after much hesitation and embarrassment: "Mary, I think you had better take the religion of your mother." The time will come when we shall have to believe something. We can not afford to be on the fence in religion. Truth and error are set opposite to each other. The one is infinitely right, and the other infinitely wrong. On the judgment-day we must give an account of what we believed as well as for what we acted. The difference between believing truth and believing error is the difference between paradise and perdition. I beg you, in the light of the Bible, and on your knees before God, to form your religious opinion and then stick to it, though business companions scoff, and wits caricature, and the air crackles with the fires of martyrdom. Surely truths in behalf of which Christ died, and angels of God trooped forth, and the whole universe is marshaled, are worth living for and worth dying for. Amidst the most unclean things is this everchanging chameleon of religious theory. Away with the reptile! God abhors it with an all-consuming abhorrence.

Once more: take the suggestion of the text, and drive out the snail from your soul. God has declared it unclean. It is an animal to be found everywhere between the coldest north and the hottest south. There are fifteen hundred species of the snail. They have no backbone, and they are so slow that their movement is almost imperceptible. You see a snail in one place to-day; go to-morrow and you will find it has advanced only a few inches. It becomes an emblem of that large class of Christian people who go to work with a slowness and sluggishness that is wonderful. They are stopped by every little obstacle, because, like the snail, they have no backbone. Others mount up on eagle's wings but they go at a snail's pace.

O, child of God, arouse! We have apotheosized Prudence and Caution long enough. Prudence is a beautiful grace, but of all the family of Christian graces I like her the least, for she has been married so often to Laziness, and Sloth, and Stupidity. We have a million idlers in the Lord's vineyard who pride themselves on their prudence. "Be prudent," said the disciples to Christ, "and stay away from Jerusalem;" but He went. "Be prudent," said Paul's friends, "and look out for what you say to Felix," but he thundered away until the ruler's knees knocked together. In the eyes of the world, the most imprudent men that ever lived were Martin Luther, and John Oldcastle, and Wesley, and Knox. My opinion is that the most imprudent and reckless thing is to stand still. It is well to hear our Commander's voice when He says "Halt!" but quite as important to hear it when he says "Forward!" This Gospel ship made to plow the sea at fifteen knots an hour is not making three. Sometimes it is most prudent to ride your horse slowly and pick out the way for his feet, and not strike him with the spurs; but when a band of Shoshonee Indians are after you in full tilt, the most prudent thing for you to do is to plunge in the rowels and put your horse to a full run, shouting: "Go long!" until the Rocky Mountains echo it. The foes of God are pursuing us. The world, the flesh, and the devil are after us; and our wisest course is to go ahead at swiftest speed.

When the Church of God gets to advancing too fast, it will be time enough to use caution. No need of putting on the brakes while going up hill. Do not let us sit down waiting for something "to turn up," but go ahead in the name of God, and turn it up. The great danger to the church now is not sensation, but stagnation. Oh that the Lord God would send a host of aroused and consecrated men to set the Church on fire, and to turn the world upside down. Let us go to work and catch the last snail in our souls. With Divine vehemence let us stamp its life out; for my text declares: "These also shall be unclean to you among the creeping things that creep upon the earth; the chameleon and the snail." I have thus tried to prejudice these Christian men and women against gloominess, and slander, and half-and-half experiences, and changeableness, and sloth. Our opportunities for getting better are being rapidly swallowed up in the remorseless past. This golden Sabbath is about to drop out of the calendar. This moment we may drive out all the unclean things from our souls—the vulture, and the bat, and the owl, and the chameleon, and the snail; and in place thereof bring in the Lamb of God, and the Dove of the Spirit! The case is urgent. Arouse! before it be eternally too late! "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it!"

TEMPERANCE.

Liquor Adulteration.

In an official report to the editor of the *Christian Union* from the laboratory of Ledoux & Co., chemists and assayers, New York City, some interesting facts are presented with regard to the adulteration of liquor. Samples were taken from second and third class saloons in New York City and carefully analyzed. Mr. Ledoux concludes that the "flavors and colors used at the present day are either harmless or employed in such small quantity as to be fairly left out of consideration," and that "when the mechanic on the Bowery or the sailor on Water street is crazed by drink, it matters little whether he bought a pint of pure forty per cent. alcohol brandy at ninety cents, or a quart of twenty-five per cent. flavored and diluted at fifty cents; it is the alcohol he craved and that which produces the effect."

A Partial Record of Three Days' Doings of the Liquor Traffic.

Wm. Moylan, an insurance agent of Brooklyn, fell into the river while intoxicated, and was drowned.

Mary Maher, thirty-eight years old, was stabbed in the right breast with a pocket penknife, in the hallway of her residence, by John Dunn. Dunn was drunk.

Bernard Hueckman, a feed salesman of Cincinnati, drank himself insane and then requested Officer Louis Becker to shoot him in the street. He was taken to the station-house.

Charles Compton, of Buffalo, who had been on a prolonged spree, turned up at Niagara Falls. He bought two glasses of beer and then committed suicide by jumping over the Falls.

Matthew Ash, of Paterson, N. J., showed a pocket full of money in his brother's liquor store. Becoming intoxicated he started for home, and was found in the Passaic River next day, apparently murdered.

John Kelly, a hired man in the employ of farmer Geo. Kippen, went to Geneva, N. Y., got drunk, came home and without a word of warning or provocation struck Ellen O'Shea, in the employ of Kippen, on the head with a club, killing her.

Henry Koehler, a saloon-keeper of Chicago, while under the influence of delirium tremens, threw himself into the North branch of the Chicago River. His wife tried to draw him out, but was herself dragged into the river. Both were drowned,

William Brown, a grocer and butcher of Callamer, Ohio, went into his store in a state of frenzy brought on by drink, and undertook to blow up his store and kill himself. Not succeeding in his attempt he took a butcher's knife and cut his own throat.

As Joseph Kroger, an old market gardener of College Point, Long Island, was quietly crossing the road opposite his house, six drunken men with a cowboy leader swooped down the road on horseback, hooting like Indians. With a terrible scream, old Kroger tried to escape, but in an instant was trampled to death. The men rode on unheeding.

Thomas Conway, aged 26, a telegraph lineman of Greenwich street in New York, was a passenger from Staten Island. He had been drinking. When the ferry-boat was off Robbin's Reef Lighthouse, Conway staggered from the forward cabin to the deck rail and sprang overboard. The boat was stopped and the man picked up. He is now in the Chambers Street Hospital.

A drunken young Indian of the Winnebago Reservation, Wis., murdered a helpless girl at an annual hunting orgy. While some of the older men were excitedly discussing what should be done to propitiate the Great Spirit and thus get better hunting, this young buck jumped into a circle of dancers, seized a young girl by her hair and stabbed her several times. He then bathed his hands in the blood which gushed from her wounds and smeared it over his face.

Yellow Fever and Drink.

About the middle of August, when the yellow fever epidemic was at its height, a statement appeared in the papers quoting Mayor Archibald, of Jacksonville, Fla., as saying that "the yellow fever is the best temperance lecture the city ever had." Two-thirds of the fatal cases, he said, had been among persons addicted to drink, while total abstainers had been comparatively free.

The New York *Voice* wrote to Mayor Archibald to know if these statements were true, and received the following answer:

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
D. T. GEROW, ACTING MAYOR,
JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Oct. 16, 1888.

"*Editor The Voice—Dear Sir:* Replying to your communication of 13th inst., I may say that Mr. Archibald, who was for a time acting mayor of this city, left sometime ago, during the present epidemic. The statements made by Mr. Archibald are substantially correct with reference to the early part of the epidemic. At the time of his departure scarcely any colored people had taken the disease, and the mortality among the whites was probably 15 per cent. Since then a large proportion of negroes have been sick, and as they appear to be constitutionally better able to withstand yellow fever than Caucasians, the percentage of deaths to cases reported has dropped to about nine.

"But doubtless your inquiry points to the effect of the drink habit upon the mortality among the yellow fever cases. In regard to this my observation agrees with that of Mr. Archibald. While it is by no means the case that men who abstain from intoxicants invariably recover, as we have had the sad experience of losing several of our citizens of undoubtedly correct habits in every respect, yet the fact of the greater liability to die on the part of those who were accustomed to the use of alcoholic stimulants was very noticeable and the source of constant remark. It has been almost invariably the case that when a person of drinking habits has been attacked by the fever, he has either succumbed to the disease or has experienced a very narrow escape. Conclusions readily follow. Yours very truly,

"DR T. GEROW, Acting Mayor."

Who is Responsible?

The husband of a loving wife; the father of two beautiful children; the son of a highly respected father and mother; this son lying on a lounge awaiting death as the result of having swallowed morphine with suicidal intent. At the side of the man there kneels a loving sister pouring out her grief and praying God to save her brother. In answer to her query: "Why did you do it?" hear his answer: "I want to die! I cannot bear the shame of living a drunkard, and I cannot resist the temptation to which I am exposed. Oh, pray for my soul! Pray God to save my soul, but don't let me live. I want to die! I want to die! I cannot live a drunkard! Good-bye!" What a scene! What a spectacle for God, angels, and man! Who is responsible?—*Atlanta (Ga.) Southern Star.*

Temperance News and Notes.

The next annual convention of the National W. C. T. U. will be held in San Francisco.

Of the new Board of Aldermen of New York, eleven are saloon keepers and one is a brewer.

Miss Frances E. Willard recently addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting of representative women from the various philanthropic societies of Philadelphia.

One of the W. C. T. U. text-books, "Intoxicants and Their Bad Effects," has been translated into the Hindoostani language, and is taught in Christian schools in India.

The Free Church Temperance Society claims to be the largest temperance organization in Scotland, having about 650 abstaining ministers, over 600 congregational societies and Bands of Hope, and a constantly increasing membership. Some encouraging features mark the report, especially the fact that plow lads are joining in increasing numbers.

Fenelon: Wine is the source of the greatest evils among communities. It causes disease, quarrels, seditions, idleness, aversion to labor, and family disorders. It is a species of poison that causes madness. It does not make a man die, but it degrades him into a brute. Men may preserve their health and vigor without wine; with wine they run the risk of ruining their health and losing their morals.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Despair is the gateway to insanity.

Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.

Study well the human body, the mind is not far off.

Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

We never thoroughly know a man until we hear him laugh.

Passionate expressions and vehement assertions are no arguments.

Originality is the faculty of adapting an old idea to a new occasion.

Fame, like lightning, generally strikes the man who is not expecting it.

A Prince has, in reality, need but of eyes and ears; his mouth only serves him for smiling.

Princes are brought up to live with all the world—all the world ought to be brought up to live with Princes.

Argument will pull a wise man down to the level of a fool, but it never raises a fool up to the plane of a wise man.

To be the friend of a sovereign, one must be without passion, without ambition, without selfishness—foreseeing and clearseeing—in short, not a man.

Life is not dated merely by years. Events are sometimes the best calendars. There are epochs in our existence which cannot be ascertained by a formal appeal to the registry.

A happiness that is quite undisturbed becomes tiresome. We must have ups and downs. The difficulties which are mingled with love awaken passion and increase pleasure.

A moderate understanding, with diligent and well directed application, will go much farther than a more lively genius attended with that impatience and inattention which too often accompany quick parts.

There's no coming back on the impetuous stream of life. And we must all set our pocket watches by the clock of fate. There is a headlong, forthright tide that bears away a man with his fancies like a straw, and runs fast in time and space.

Ambition is full of distraction; it teems with stratagems, and is swelled with expectations as with a tympany. It sleeps sometimes as the wind in a storm, still and quiet for a minute, that it may burst out into an impetuous blast till the cordage of its heart strings crack.

Snakes are Rough on Rats.

"What are you going to do with that snake?" I asked a man who was dragging a four-foot specimen of the reptile along a dusty road just above Engelwood, N. J.

"Going to keep him," he replied, as he stopped and looked down at the slimy creature at his feet with an expression of mingled admiration and satisfaction.

"He isn't a—a—alive?" I ventured rather suspiciously, as I beheld, or thought I beheld, a certain movement in the animal and drew away a few paces in order to get out of range.

"Certainly, he is," answered the man with a snicker, which assertion caused me to draw away further still.

"What use do you make of them?" I inquired with a shudder, while I backed off a few feet more as a simple matter of precaution.

"I intend to keep him at home, where I've got several others of the same kind."

"Oh, come off! You're not going to keep that snake in your house?" I responded, rather incredulously, as the reptile made an unsuccessful effort to disengage his tail from the grip of his captor, at observing which, on the ground of personal safety, I lengthened the distance a little more between us.

"I do, for a fact!" said the fellow. "I keep them in the cellar to kill rats. Rats are a nuisance, but snakes are by no means bad company. I prefer the snake every time, as long as he does his duty."

"Do you seriously mean to tell me that that creature will hunt vermin?" I asked, raising my voice, for I was now about twenty feet away from the snake and his friend, and getting farther off every moment.

"Of course he will; unless he's different from any of his kind I ever see," shouted the man, so that I might hear him plainly at a distance.—*New York News.*

Vaccination.

That smallpox has greatly declined in England during the past fifty years is apparent from figures which have been published by Dr. Henry Thorne. From 1838 to 1842 the deaths from smallpox in England amounted to 47.2 per 100,000; in 1880–84 the death rate was 6.5 per 100,000. He thinks that vaccination has not only a direct influence in causing this reduction in the number of victims to smallpox, but that it has also a tendency to decrease the liability to the disease of children of vaccinated parents. In this connection it is interesting to note, the *Medical Press* states, that out of the five thousand children born every month in Paris only a thousand are vaccinated by the medical officers appointed for that purpose. The remaining four thousand infants are, therefore, either vaccinated by private practitioners or not at all. Seeing, however, that more than half the population apply for and receive gratuitous medical attendance, and that half the burials are gratuitous, it is very unlikely that all of the four thousand are vaccinated at the cost of the parents. It may fairly be assumed that a large proportion are not vaccinated at all, and that is why smallpox exists as an endemic disease at Paris, and does not disappear, as it has done, to a great extent, in Germany.

A Horse With Eight Feet.

James McCloud, of Lodi, owns a horse on his Dakota farm which has eight feet. It is perfectly formed in all respects, except that he has eight feet. Not until the pastern or fetlock joint is reached in the descent from the shoulder to the foot is there any apparent difference between this horse and any other. But at the pastern joint, or lower end of the skin bone, the branch begins, and two perfectly formed feet are found, one on each of the four legs. The horse runs on the range the same as any, and is as fast as most of them, and all eight feet are shod, or may be if desired. McCloud has refused $2500 for a half interest in the curiosity, but he wants $5000 outright for the whole animal.—*Madison (Wis.) Journal.*

A Famous Almanac.

The Liegeois is one of the most famous almanacs in the world. It is published at Liege, where the first edition was issued in 1636, and it is distinctly the almanac of the peasants and others who cannot read. Its instructions are followed by means of certain symbols in connection with certain dates. Thus a pair of scissors indicates the proper time for cutting the hair. A vial denotes the right season for medicine in liquid form. A pill box the season thought best to take pills. The almanac is purchased by many as a book of advice, dates being regarded by them as of secondary importance.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

A FLOWER THAT HAS BECOME ALL THE RAGE IN AMERICA.

Its Possibilities and Endless Varieties—Methods of Its Cultivation and Propagation—Antiquity of Its Culture.

The culture of the chrysanthemum, says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, has reached a point in this country from which it seems as if it could not recede, as it has done in the past. Eight years ago, says an authority on the subject, there were sold in this country not more than 5000 plants. This year it is estimated that not less than 1,000,000 plants have been grown by florists and sold.

The general impression was that this flower was a pretty object for borders in the fall of the year, that it needed but little care and attention and would produce an abundant bloom of pleasing color when nature was about to don its more severe and melancholy look. Little they could have dreamed of its possibilities as we see them to-day. Certainly no flower has yet been found which produces at once such a profuse, delicate and vari-formed bloom. The possibilities it has shown in the direction of color alone should win for it an esteem which no other flower can share. From the deepest of crimsons it may be followed through every known shade of reds, yellows and browns to the purest and snowiest of white. In shape it gives suggestions of form and line quite unapproached by anything else in floricultural art. Granted that its growth is often irregular, there is in most of the finer specimens the evidence of a design embodying elements of singular beauty. Nothing certainly could surpass the symmetry of some of these gorgeous Chinese varieties with their conically disposed petals, while for gracefulness of line some of the Japanese varieties with their multiplicity of radiating petals waving from large golden centers and rounding at their tips in graceful curves towards their centres again, there exists nothing more artistic or beautiful.

The varieties of the chrysanthemum, too, are endless. One flower sends out a multitude of quilled petals of varying length that looks like rays of light spreading from a common centre; others, contrary to all laws of symmetry, form a tumbling mass of feathery down: others again show balls of incurved petals that seem to be guarding the blush of delicate colors that hide below the surface; while others still spread out in bold and certain curves, in spiral twirls, or hug a central disk with close tenacity.

It can be readily imagined what a mass of varieties there may be to speak of; what shades, and half shades of color, what changes of form, when it is known that there are in existence more than 6000 distinct varieties of the flower, which have sprung from three modest and original species that resemble our common field daisy. Each of the 6000 differs from its fellow in color or in form. The only characteristic they all have in common is that they have not a sweet odor, though what they have is not an unpleasant one.

In the original form of the flower there is a yellow centre and radial petals about it in a single row. It grows wild in this way in three Asiatic countries, in Japan, in China and in India. In China the species is divided again into flowers of three different colors—yellow, white and lilac. The Japanese flower is the same, but with one or two other shades of colors added, while the Indian possesses the deep crimsons and bronzes. From these few plants assiduous care and attention have developed the thousands of varieties we know, by peculiarities of inter-breeding and propagation.

Some of the exhibition plants now measure three feet in circumference.

When the planet was first introduced into this country it was propagated for its medicinal qualities, as a febrifuge. It had a bitter taste and a slightly disagreeable odor. As early as 1820 some Chinese varieties were first introduced and cultivated as ornamental plants. For centuries it has been so regarded in China and Japan, the cultivation of the flower in Japan being so old and so extended that it has become a national emblem in the nation, and has a festival day set apart in its honor. On some ancient Japanese embroideries of the fourteenth century the flower figures prominently. It was not until the end of the last century that it found its way to England. In 1820 there were only twelve sorts known in that country. In 1834 new varieties had been propagated. A list made at the time mentions as many as sixty kinds. In this country it was not until 1860 or thereabouts that John Beach and Robert Fortune gave an impulse to their cultivation. In less than thirty years the fondness for them has grown almost to a craze.

Varieties, as we have said, are brought about by crosses of various kinds. Many flowers are difficult to cross with others of their own species, but the chrysanthemum is not. The pollen of one kind will fertilize another as readily as it will one of its own kind. Starting with the three original varieties, and these each divided again into different colors, it is easy to see that their cultivation is simply endless. It is a mere matter of arithmetical progression.

Though originally from a temperate climate the chrysanthemum is a hardy plant. It will stand several degrees of frost without injury, though a sharp frost will often wilt the bloom. On this account florists generally protect the plant in this country. In warm weather, however, it thrives in the open air. The cutting practised seems to have the same effect on it which inter-breeding has on animals. It renders it delicate, not so much to the air as to its mode of life. To grow the best varieties chrysanthemums need a rich soil, and just the right quantity of water. Too much surfeits them; too little starves them. Therefore they need watching. Again, their growth must be carefully attended to. At certain times they must be pinched to give them strength; at others the laterals must be cut out, the buds carefully thinned down or manures of different kinds given. The first pinching is generally done soon after the plant gets well under way in the spring. If the growth is strong then it may be left to take its course. Those plants which are least interfered with will give the best bloom in the fall. The first pinchings have a tendency to make a plant bushy. Sometimes the plant is grown as a standard—that is, one stalk alone is allowed to grow to a certain height when it is pinched, and all laterals below the top removed. The shoots thrown out at the top are then bent down and woven about a circular hoop, and the blossoms disposed at will in due season, as they appear.

The finest flowers of all, the large ones which are displayed with such taste in the exhibitions, are not grown with very much more care than the others. They are generally in pots and short, though the nature of the chrysanthemum is to grow long and lanky. The reason is this: That these plants are grown almost entirely from cuttings made in July and August. At that time the tops of plants are cut and planted at once. They strike root within a few days, and from then until they bloom at the end of October they are well nourished, all lateral branches cut off, and only one or two buds at most allowed to appear. The result is a grand flower like the Mrs. Carnegie—a bouquet in itself, rich or delicate in color, as the case may be, and a perfect mass of large spreading petals.

To obtain new varieties we must operate with the seed. Cultivation has gradually made this more and more difficult, for the iris which appears in the original flower is often almost lost in highly cultivated varieties. This iris, composed of stamens and pistils, through constant encouragment now gradually throws out petals in place of the yellow mass of generative parts. Having selected two fine specimens the pollen is transferred with a brush from one plant to the other, and thus an artificial fertilization is made. It is a curious fact, however, that out of 100 seedlings propagated one-third at least will revert to one of the original types and be worthless, a second 33 per cent. will show marks of progress, and of the remaining 33 there are not likely to be more than two or three new varieties of any value. For this reason it is always best to grow the chrysanthemums from cuttings. It is a waste of money for any but fanciers to buy seed. Good cuttings will not revert, though they will often show inferior qualities during the first year of their growth. A weak cutting will give a poor flower, and even a strong cutting will show poor results if its food supply is neglected, or it is subjected to too great heat or cold.

The chrysanthemum will thrive—even the finest varieties—out of doors, but they should be carefully protected from frost as the time for blooming approaches. In winter the branches are cut down after flowering, and the plants placed in a cellar, cold frame, or under a heavy bed of leaves. When growing there is no plant easier to propagate. For this reason great care is taken by florists to obtain new varieties which they will not sell until they have abundantly supplied themselves with young plants for the market. These plants bring everywhere from fifty cents each to $1. A single plant started in the spring will soon grow and put out a half dozen leaves. Each leaf and an eye of the stalk can then be planted and will soon produce another plant, which will grow and soon furnish material for another half-dozen. By forcing the plant through the winter a large demand can be supplied at rates which certainly look remunerative. Once the plant is out of the hands of the sole owner, however, he can no longer protect himself against competition. For this reason the greatest circumspection must be employed to guard against the loss or straying of a single plant.

A Horse Causes Amazement in Africa.

Several incidents of recent African exploration call to mind the stories that were told of the early travels of white men in this country. A white man on horseback is a very unusual spectacle in tropical Africa, and the animal Mr. Hodister rode a few months ago made almost as much of a sensation as the horses that Cortez introduced into Mexico. Hodister's journey was a short one, extending only from Landana, on the coast, to Boma, on the Congo, but it led the traveler through a densely peopled region of which little is yet known.

"My horse," he writes, "made a great sensation. At sight of him all the women in the villages were at first petrified with astonishment. They stood motionless with their eyes fixed on the strange animal. Coming to themselves at last, with their hands raised above their heads, they raised their cry of "Ho, ho, ho?" expressive of boundless astonishment. Some of them threw themselves upon the ground, smiting their breasts. Could it be, they said, that such a great beast, with a white man above him, was harmless? Such an animal must certainly eat black people.

"When we convinced them at last that the horse was harmless and that he was a very useful animal they ventured nearer. They had no eyes for anything but the horse. As we passed through the villages many of the inhabitants followed us. The men turned back after a mile or so, but many of the women, who showed the greatest interest and curiosity, followed us for three miles. When my horse trotted they trotted, too, their eyes fixed on the beast. Unmindful of where they were stepping they fell into the furrows of the manioc fields, and tumbled down in the tall grass. They kept pointing the animals out to the babies that were fastened on their backs. From some of the villages deputations came to me asking me to stop a while in their towns that they might have time to admire the prodigy."

A whole menagery of African curiosities would not excite so much attention in the civilized world as this horse aroused in a part of Africa where the zebra never roams and no species of the horse family is known.—*New York Sun.*

Old Shoes for Decorative Purposes.

The journal of the Constantinople Chamber of Commerce describes the industrial uses of old boots and shoes which are thrown out into the streets or into ash pits. After being collected they are ripped open and the leather is subjected to a treatment which renders it a pliable mass, from which a kind of artistic leather is derived. This in appearance resembles the finest Cardova leather. In the United States patterns are stamped on this, while in France it is used to cover trunks and boxes. The old boots and shoes are also treated in another way, by which they are converted into new ones. The prisoners in Central France are employed in this way, the old shoes coming chiefly from Spain. They are taken to pieces as before, the nails being all removed, and the leather is soaked in water to soften it. The uppers for children's shoes are then cut from it. The soles are also used, for from the smaller pieces of the leather of the old shoes the so-called Louis XV. heels for ladies' shoes are made, while the soles of children's shoes are made from the larger and thicker pieces, the old nails are also put to use, for by means of magnets the iron nails and the tacks and brads are separated and sold. The contractors of the military prison at Montpelier say that these nails alone pay for the old shoes. Nothing now remains but the scraps, and these have also their value, for they are much sought after by certain specialists for agricultural purposes.

Comparative Animal Longevity.

Attention given to the study of animal lifetime has evoked this formula from Flemish folklore, a "town" or inclosure being supposed to last three years:

A town lives three years,
A dog lives three towns,
A horse lives three dogs,
Man lives three horses,
An ass lives three men,
A wild goose lives three asses,
A crow lives three wild geese,
A stag lives three crows,
A raven lives three stags,
And the bird phœnix lives three ravens.

RELIGIOUS READING.

Striving.

There is no rest without the toil,
The patient, strong endeavor;
'Tis he who wins divides the spoil
The coward takes it, never.

We cannot all the prizes take;
We cannot all be thriving;
We can our evil self forsake—
We always can be striving.

To dare is better than to doubt,
For doubt is always grieving;
'Tis faith that finds the riddles out,
The price is for believing.

To do is better than to dream;
Life has enough of sleepers;
To be is better than to seem—
The sowers are the reapers.
—[Rev. Henry Burton.

A Common Christian Thought.

Christians remembering their sainted kindred dead, and hoping that they also are remembered by them, may look forward to the time of their own departure from earth, when the present suspension of intercourse between them will come to an end, and will when social relations sundered by death will be re-established, not in the form and with all the circumstances marking them in this world, but in a sense that will involve mutual recognition and reunion in a better world, and be a source of heavenly pleasure. This is a common Christian thought, affording delightful anticipation in this earthly scene, and somewhat mitigating the griefs of bereavement; and though not a matter of direct and positive revelation, it is not without a rational probability in its favor. It is a much better thought than the horrid creed of the skeptical materialist, who sees nothing in death but an absolute extinction of our conscious being. The instincts of our nature welcome the thought, and are quite willing to regard it as true, even without a positive and explicit revelation affirming its truth. Sad to affection and sad to hope, would it be if earth's farewell was final. God be praised that better possibilities and better probabilities are within the reach of our faith and commend themselves to our acceptance.—[Independent.

National Enthusiasm.

One cannot contemplate without deep interest the enthusiasm of a great nation, and it is well worth while to study the progress of a general election canvass in the United States. One subject absorbs the attention of the entire land. Everywhere there are clubs, meetings, processions badges and banners