REV. DR. TALMAGE.

SUNDAY'S SERMON IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Subject: "Shamgar's Oxgoad."

TEXT: "After him was Shamgar, which slew of the Philistines 600 men with an oxgoad."—Judges iii., 31.

One day while Shamgar, the farmer, was plowing with a yoke of oxen, his command of whoa haw gee was changed to the shout of battle. Philistines, always ready to make trouble, march up with sword and spear. Shamgar, the plowman, had no sword and would not probably have known how to wield it if he had possessed one. But fight he must or go down under the stroke of the Philistines. He had an oxgoad—a weapon used to urge on the lazy team; a weapon about eight feet long, with a sharp iron at one end to puncture the beast and a wide iron chisel or shovel at the other end with which to scrape the clumps of soil from the plowshare. Yet with the iron prong at one end of the oxgoad and the iron scraper at the other it was not such a weapon as one would desire to use in battle with armed Philistines. But God helped the farmer, and leaving the oxen to look after themselves he charged upon the invaders of his homestead.

Some of the commentaries, to make it easier for Shamgar, suggest that perhaps he led a regiment of farmers into the combat, his oxgoad only one of many oxgoads. But the Lord does not need any of you to help in making the Scriptures, and Shamgar, with the Lord on his side, was mightier than 600 Philistines with the Lord against them. The battle opened. Shamgar, with muscle strengthened by open air and plowman's and reaper's and thrasher's toil, uses the only weapon at hand and he swings the oxgoad up and down and this way and that, now stabbing with the iron prong at one end of it and now thrusting with the iron scraper at the other, and now bringing down the whole weight of the instrument upon the heads of the enemy. The Philistines are in a panic and the supernatural forces come in and a blow that would not under other circumstances have prostrated or slain left its victim lifeless, until, when Shamgar walked over the field he counted 100 dead, 200 dead, 300 dead, 400 dead, 500 dead, 600 dead—all the work done by an oxgoad with iron prong at one end and an iron shovel at the other. The fame of this achievement by this farmer with an awkward weapon of war spread abroad and lionized him, until he was hoisted into the highest place of power and became the third of the mighty judges of Israel. So you see that Cincinnatus was not the only man lifted from plow to throne.

For what reason was this unprecedented and unparalleled victory of a farmer's oxgoad put into this Bible, where there was no spare room for the unimportant and the trivial?

It was, first of all, to teach you and to teach me and to teach all past ages since then, and to teach all ages to come, that in the war for God and against sin we ought to put to the best use the weapon we happen to have on hand. Why did not Shamgar wait until he could get a war charger, with neck arched and back comparisoned and nostrils sniffing the battle afar off, or until he could get war equipment or could drill a regiment, and wheeling them into line command them forward to the charge? To wait for that would have been defeat and annihilation. So he takes the best weapon he could lay hold of, and that is an oxgoad. We are called into the battle for the right and against wrong, and many of us have not just the kind of weapon we would prefer. It may not be a sword of argument. It may not be the spear of sharp, thrusting wit. It may not be the battering ram of denunciation.

But there is something we can do and some forces we can wield. Do not wait for what you have not, but use what you have. Perhaps you have not eloquence, but you have a smile. Well, a smile of encouragement has changed the behavior of tens of thousands of wanderers and brought them back to God and enthroned them in heaven. You cannot make a persuasive appeal, but you can set an example, and a good example has saved more souls than you could count in a year if you counted all the time. You cannot give $10,000, but you can give as much as the widow of the gospel, whose two mites, the smallest coins of the Hebrews, were bestowed in such a spirit as to make her more famous than all the contributions that ever endowed all the hospitals and universities of all Christendom, of all time. You have very limited vocabulary, but you can say "yes" or "no," and a firm "yes" or an emphatic "no" has traversed the centuries, and will traverse all eternity, with good influence. You may not have the courage to confront a large assemblage, but you can tell a Sunday-school class of two—a boy and a girl—how to find Christ, and one of them may become a William Carey, to start influences that will redeem India, and the other a Florence Nightingale, who will illumine battlefields covered with the dying and the dead.

Again, my subject springs upon us the thought that in calculating the prospects of religious attempt we must take omnipotence and omniscience and omnipresence and all the other attributes of God into the calculation. Whom do you see on that plowed field of my text? One hearer says, "I see Shamgar." Another nearer says, "I see 600 Philistines." My hearer, you have missed the chief personage on that battlefield of plowed ground. I also see Shamgar and 600 Philistines; but, more than all and mightier than all and more overwhelming than all, I see God. Shamgar with his unaided arm, however muscular, and with that humble instrument made for agricultural purposes and never constructed for combat, could not have wrought such a victory. It was omnipotence above and beneath and back of and at the point of the oxgoad. Before that battle was over the plowman realized this, and all the 600 Philistines realized it, and all who visited the battlefield afterward appreciated it. I want in heaven to hear the story, for it can never be fully told on earth—perhaps some day may be set apart for the rehearsal, while all heaven listens—the story of how God blessed awkward and humble instrumentalities. Many an evangelist has come into a town given up to worldliness. The pastors say to the evangelist: "We are glad you have come, but it is a hard field, and we feel sorry for you. The members of our churches play progressive euchre and go to the theatre and bet at the horse races, and gayety and fashion have taken possession of the town. We have advertised your meetings, but are not very hopeful. God bless you." This evangelist takes his place on platform or pulpit. He never graduated at college, and there are before him twenty graduates of the best universities. He never took one lesson in elocution, and there are before him twenty trained orators. Many of the ladies present are graduates of the highest female seminaries, and one slip in grammar or one mispronunciation will result in suppressed giggle. Amid the general chill that pervades the house the unpretending evangelist opens his Bible and takes for his text, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." Opera glasses in the gallery curiously scrutinize the speaker. He tells in a plain way the story of the blind man, tells two or three touching anecdotes, and the general chill gives way before a strange warmth.

A classical hearer who took the first honor at Yale and who is a prince of proprieties finds his spectacles becoming dim with a moisture suggestive of tears. A worldly mother, who had been bringing up her sons and daughters in utter godlessness, puts her handkerchief to her eyes and begins to weep. Highly educated men who came to criticise and pick to pieces and find fault bow on their gold-headed canes. What is that sound from under the gallery? It is a sob, and sobs are catching, and all along the wall and all up and down the audience there is deep emotion, so that when at the close of the service anxious souls are invited to especial seats or the inquiry room, they come up by scores and kneel and repent and rise up pardoned; the whole town is shaken and places of evil amusement are sparsely attended and rum holes lose their patrons, and the churches are thronged, and the whole community is cleansed and elevated and rejoiced. What power did the evangelist bring to bear to capture that town for righteousness? Not one brilliant epigram did he utter. Not one graceful gesture did he make. Not one rhetorical climax did he pile up. But there was something about him that people had not taken in the estimate when they prophesied the failure of that work. They had not taken into the calculation the omnipotence of the Holy Ghost. It was not the flash of a Damascus blade. It was God, before and behind and all around the oxgoad. When people say that crime will triumph and the world will never be converted because of the seeming insufficiency of the means employed, they count the 600 armed Philistines on one side and Shamgar, the farmer, awkwardly equipped, on the other side, not realizing that the chariots of God are 30,000 and that all heaven, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, deific, is on what otherwise would be the weak side. Napoleon, the author of the saying, "God is on the side of the heaviest artillery," lived to find out his mistake, for at Waterloo the 160 guns of the English overcame the 250 guns of the French. God is on the side of the right, and one man in the right will eventually be found stronger than 600 men in the wrong. In all estimates of any kind of Christian work do not make the mistake every day made of leaving out the head of the universe.

Again, my subject springs upon us the thought that in God's service it is best to use weapons that are particularly suited to us. Shamgar had, like many of us, been brought up on a farm. He knew nothing about javelins and bucklers and helmets and breastplates and greaves of brass and catapults and ballistæ and iron scythes fastened to the axles of chariots. But he was familiar with the flail of the thrashing floor and knew how to pound with that, and the ax of the woods and knew how to hew with that, and the oxgoad of the plowman and knew how to thrust with that. And you and I will do best to use those means that we can best handle; those weapons with which we can make the most execution. Some in God's service will do best with the pen; some with the voice; some by extemporaneous speech, for they have the whole vocabulary of the English language half way between their brain and tongue, and others will do best with manuscript spread out before them. Some will serve God by the plow, raising wheat and corn and giving liberally of what they sell to churches and missions; some as merchants, and out of their profits will dedicate a tenth to the Lord; some as physicians, prescribing for the world's ailments; and some as attorneys, defending innocence and obtaining rights that otherwise would not be recognized; and some as sailors, helping bridge the seas; and some as teachers and pastors. The kingdom of God is dreadfully retarded by so many of us attempting to do that which we cannot do; reaching up for broadsword or falchion or bayonet or scimeter or Enfield rifle or Paixhan's gun, while we ought to be content with an oxgoad. I thank God that there are tens of thousands of Christians whom you never heard of and never will hear of until you see them in the high places of heaven, who are now in a quiet way in homes and schoolhouses and in praying circles and by sick beds and up dark alleys saying the saving word and doing the saving deed, the aggregation of their work overpowering the most ambitious statistics.

In the grand review of heaven, when the regiments pass the Lord of Hosts, there will be whole regiments of nurses and Sabbath-school teachers and tract distributors and unpretending workers, before whom as they pass the kings and queens of God and the Lamb will lift flashing coronet and bow down in recognition and reverence. The most of the Christian work for the world's reclamation and salvation will be done by people of one talent and two talents, while the ten talent people are up in the astronomical observatories studying other worlds, though they do little or nothing for the redemption of this world, or are up in the rarefied realms of "higher criticism" trying to find out that Moses did not write the Pentateuch or to prove that the throat of the whale was not large enough to swallow the minister who declined the call to Nineveh and apologizing for the Almighty for certain inexplicable things they have found in the Scriptures. It will be found out at the last that the Krupp guns have not done so much to capture this world for God as the oxgoads.

Years ago I was to summer in the Adirondacks, and my wealthy friend, who was a great hunter and fisherman, said, "I am not going to the Adirondacks this season, and you can take my equipment and I will send it up to Paul Smith's." Well, it was there when I arrived in the Adirondacks, a splendid outfit, that cost many hundreds of dollars, a gorgeous tent, and such elaborate fishing apparatus; such guns of all styles of exquisite make and reels and pouches and bait and torches and lunch baskets and many more things that I could not even guess the use of. And my friend of the big soul had even written on and engaged men who should accompany me into the forest and carry home the deer and the trout. If the mountains could have seen and understood it at the time there would have been panic among the antlers and the fins through all the "John Brown's Tract." Well, I am no hunter, and not a roebuck or a game fish did I injure. But there were hunters there that season who had nothing but a plain gun and a rug to sleep on and a coil of fishing line and a box of ammunition and bait, who came in ever and anon with as many of the captives of forest and stream as they and two or three attendants could carry. Now, I fear that many Christian workers who have most elaborate educational and theological and professional equipment, and most wonderful weaponry, sufficient, you would think, to capture a whole community or a whole Nation for God, will in the last day have but little except their fine tackling to show, while some who had no advantage except that which they got in prayer and consecration will, by the souls they have brought to the shore of eternal safety, prove that they have been gloriously successful as fishers of men, and in taking many who, like the hart, were panting after the water brooks.

What made the Amalekites run before Gideon's army? Each one of the army knew how much racket the breaking of one pitcher would make. So 300 men that night took 300 pitchers and a lamp inside the pitcher, and at a given signal the lamps were lifted and the pitchers were violently dashed down. The flash of light and the racket of the 300 demolished pitchers sent the enemy into wild flight. Not much of a weapon, you would say, is a broken pitcher, but the Lord made that awful crash of crockery the means of triumph for His people. And there is yet to be a battle with the pitchers. The night of the world's dissipation may get darker and darker, but after awhile, in what watch of the night I know not, all the ale pitchers, and the wine pitchers, and the beer pitchers, and the whisky pitchers of the earth will be hurled into demolition by converted inebriates and Christian reformers, and at that awful crash of infernal crockery the Amalekitish host of pauperism and loaferdom and domestic quarrel and cruelty and assassination will fly the earth. Take the first weapon you can lay your hands on. Why did David choose the sling when he went at Goliath and Goliath went at him? Brought up in the country, like every other boy, he knew how to manage a sling. Saul's armor was first put on him, but the giant's armor was too heavy. The helmet was clapped on him as an extinguisher, and David said, "I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them." And the first wise thing David did after putting on Saul's armor was to put it off. Then the brook Elah, the bed of which was dry when I saw it and one vast reach of pebbles, furnished the five smooth stones of the brook with which Goliath was prostrated. Whether it be a boy's sling or a broken pitcher or an oxgoad, take that which you can manage, and ask God for help, and no power on earth or in hell can stand before you.

Go out, then, I charge you, against the Philistines. We must admit the odds are against us—600 to one. In the matter of dollars, those devoted to worldliness and sin and dissipation, when compared with the dollars devoted to holiness and virtue—600 to one. The houses set apart for vice and despoliation and ruin, as compared with those dedicated to good—600 to one. Of printed newspaper sheets scattered abroad from day to day, those depraving as compared with those elevating are 600 to one. The agencies for making the world worse compared with the agencies for making the world better, 600 to one. But Moses in his song, chants, "How should one chase a thousand, and two put 10,000 to flight?" and in my text one oxgoad conquers 600 uplifted battle-axes, and the day of universal victory is coming, unless the Bible be a fabrication and eternity a myth and the chariots of God are unwheeled on the golden streets, and the last regiment of the celestial hosts lies dead on the plains of heaven. With us or without us the work will be done. Oh, get into the ranks somewhere, armed somehow; you with a needle, you with a pen, you with a good book, you with a loaf of bread for the hungry, you with a vial of medicine for the sick, you with a pair of shoes for the barefooted, you with word of encouragement for the young man trying to get back from evil ways, you with some story of the Christ who came to heal the worst wounds and pardon the blackest guilt, and call the farthest wanderer home. I say to you as the watchman of London used to say at night to the householders before the time of street lamps came: "Hang out your light!" "Hang out your light!"

RELIGIOUS READING.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE SPIRIT.

The phrase "the Bible is simply literature" which some are using today, as a suggestion against bibliolatry, is not true. Literature is the letter; Scripture is the letter inspired by the Spirit. What Jesus said in justification of his doctrine of the new birth is equally applicable to the doctrine of inspiration: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Educate, develop and refine the natural man to the highest possible point, and yet he is not a spiritual man, till through the new birth, the Holy Ghost renews and indwells him. So of literature, however elevated its tone, however lofty its thought, it is not Scripture. Scripture is literature indwelt by the Spirit of God. The absence of the Holy Ghost from any writing constitutes the impassable gulf between it and Scripture. Our Lord in speaking of his own doctrine uses the same language to show its separateness from common teaching which he employs above to mark the distinction of the new man. He says: "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I have spoken unto you are spirit and are life" (John 6:63, R.V.). Words they were, and in that respect literature; but words divinely imbreathed, and therefore Scripture. In fine, the one fact which makes the Word of God a unique book, standing apart in solitary separateness from all other writings, is that which also parts off the man of God from common men—the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. Therefore we may say truly of the Bible, not merely that it was inspired, but it is inspired; that the Holy Ghost breathes within it, making it not only authoritative in its doctrine, but life-giving in its substance, so that they who receive its promises by faith have "been begotten again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, through the Word of God, which liveth and abideth" (1 Peter 1:23, R.V.).—From the "Ministry of the Spirit."

A DREAM.

The following day I strove to make amends for the lost time, but in vain. The deep peace and renewed power for service yesterday was scattered. Another and another day passed, and I did not realize that this solitary way sprang from the faithlessness and disobedience which had grieved my loving Lord. Then cold settled on my lungs, and I lay down for suffering work—which is still service, though it does not challenge the envy or admiration of men; but these services remained veiled save in the results until "the day shall declare it." One night in my sleep I seemed to wander in a dark pine wood; the branches, interlaced above me, left the midnight sky visible at intervals as the wind swept through them. The depth of the forest was illumined by a lamp, suspended from the sky between two golden chains; it oscillated with the exactitude of the pendulum of a clock above a white marble monument. The light gleamed brighter in the darkness, and I approached it and read in large black characters: "To the Memory of Wasted Hours." Years have gone by, but I have never forgotten the sepulchre of the departed minutes, nor the sense of loss I experienced in that midnight dream. I was restored to peace ere I was laid down to suffer. I knew whom I had believed; but oh, how I longed for the restoration of those wasted hours that the canker-worm and the palmer-worm had eaten!—Anna Shipton, in "The Hearing Heart."

GET OUT THE GOOD.

Are there not some in your circle to whom you naturally betake yourself in times of trial and sorrow? They always seem to speak the right word, to give the very counsel you are longing for; you do not realize, however, the cost which they had to pay ere they became so skillful in binding up gaping wounds and drying tears. But if you were to investigate their past history you would find that they have suffered more than most. They have watched the slow, untwisting of some silver cord on which the lamp of life hung. They have seen the golden bowl of joy dashed to their feet and its contents spilt. They have stood by ebbing tides, and drooping gourds, and noon sunsets: but all this has been necessary to make them the nurses, the physicians, the priests of men. The boxes that come from foreign climes are clumsy enough; but they contain spices which scent the air with the fragrance of the Orient. So suffering is rough and hard to bear; but it hides beneath it discipline, education, possibilities which not only leave us nobler, but perfect us to help others. Do not fret, or set your teeth, or wait doggedly for the suffering to pass; but get out of it all you can, both for yourself and for your service to your generation, according to the will of God.—Rev. F. B. Meyer

VICTORIES OF LIFE.

When a man conquers his adversaries and his difficulties it is not as if he never had encountered them. Their power, still kept, is in all his future life. They are not only events in his past history, they are elements in all his present character. His victory is colored with the hard struggle that won it. His sea of glass is always mingled with fire, just as this peaceful crust of the earth on which we live, with its wheat fields and vineyards and orchards and flower beds is full still of the power of the convulsion that wrought it into its present shape, of the floods and volcanoes and glaciers which have rent it or drowned it, or tortured it. Just as the whole fruitful earth, deep in its heart, is still mingled with the ever-burning fire that is working out its chemical fitness for its work, just so the life that has been overturned and overturned by the strong hand of God, filled with the deep revolutionary forces of suffering, purified by the strong fires of temptation, keeps strong discipline forever, and roots in that discipline the deepest growths of the most sunny and luxuriant spiritual life that it is ever able to attain—Phillips Brooks.

"TO DO GOOD."

This was the practical creed of Thomas Paine, who was falsely accused by all "truly good people" of his time with doing only evil. Let us all go forward in imitating his noble example. Our sphere may be a very restricted one, but it is always large enough to contain holy thoughts and noble actions. It is possible for us every day to live to help some one in need, to comfort the despondent and downcast. There is trouble enough everywhere around us to give us an opportunity to lend some forlorn spirit a helping hand. Encouragement is needed by somebody all the time. Trouble is all about us all the time. But what we do is not to be done for the sake of being seen of men. That is a selfish spirit rather than one of self-sacrifice. We are to do good by word or deed continually and when we are done with the activities of this world we shall receive a kindly welcome from the All-Father, who is only love. It is an error to declare that a good deed is not acceptable to Him as well as commendatory to the sense of mankind. It will never be disapproved on high, provided it is done from a pure motive.

VISITANTS FROM THE DEAD.

That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent testimony of all ages and all nations. There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence, and some who deny it with their tongues confess it with their fears.—Dr. Johnson.

Earthquakes in the natural world, commotions in the social, religious and political world, all betoken the rapid approach of the end of the age.

Horse Meat Not Labeled.

Dr. Salmon, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Agricultural Department, speaking of the report that a large horse slaughtering and packing industry had been started in Portland, Oregon, said that there was no law compelling such meats to be labeled, as in casee of oleomargarine when sold as butter. Dr. Salmon says that the department had endeavored to secure legislation similar to the oleomargarine law, which will compel dealers in horse meat to have it labeled so that consumers need not be deceived.

Eating Song Birds.

Dunstable larks are thought to be the best for eating in England, and 48,000 of the song birds are sent to London yearly for that purpose. At Leipsic it is said half a million larks a year are killed.

TEMPERANCE.

THE WORK OF INTEMPERANCE.

The following graphic portrayal of the evils wrought by alcohol was drawn by the Rev. Lawrence Murphy, of Canada, in a temperance address delivered by him. "Alcohol," said Father Murphy, "is the stumbling-block of youth, the wreck of manhood, the despair of old age. It crowds the prisons, populates the asylums and poorhouses and fills the untimely grave. It silvers prematurely the hairs of fathers and mothers, breaks the hearts of loving wives, cruelly outrages the innocence of childhood, while it banishes God and the angels from the sacred precincts of the soul. Show me poverty, show me crime, show me anguish of soul and body and I will show you that three-fourths of it comes directly or indirectly out of the whisky bottle.

"It is the cause of three-fourths of our spiritual ailments and physical diseases. It keeps the doctor busy in his office, the priest weary in the confessional. It is darkness in the home, a cloud in the church and night in the heart of man. It blights the sweet roses of charity, withers the adorable blossoms of love, darkens the sublime radiance of the intellect, chases every sunbeam of happiness from the human heart, extinguishes every lamp of holiness in the lighthouse of the human conscience and makes of the soul a sovereign in prison, Napoleon looking out on the sad and solemn sea. It is the giant evil of all evils, the greatest force out of hell, the greatest enemy of humanity, the greatest desecrator of godliness and of God. It wastes God's gifts to man."

Surely, as Father Murphy said at the conclusion of his address, it behoves the entire community to do all it possibly can to lessen the power and influence of an agency capable of generating such deep and widespread evils.

ALCOHOL AS MEDICINE.

Decided change of opinion has taken place of late years regarding the medicinal properties of alcohol. Says Doctor James R. Nichols on this subject:

"As regards the medicinal value of any of the spirituous liquors which are known in commerce, very much may be said. If all the brandies, whiskys, wines and malt liquors which now exist were suddenly destroyed, and there could be no further production, no class but dipsomaniacs would suffer any pain or distress for a single hour.

"In all cases of disease where an alcoholic seems to be indicated, science presents non-alcoholics that may serve an equally useful purpose. The alcohol question as related to medicine may be summed up in a few words. In no instances of disease of any form is it a medicine which might not be dispensed with, and other agents substituted.

"This view of the chemical and therapeutical needs and uses of alcohol, as related to the human family, is not presented from the standpoint of the temperance orator, but from that of the scientific investigator."

A SENSIBLE PLEDGE.

There is in Danville, Conn., a society of young women, numbering already four hundred, who have individually pledged themselves not to marry drinking men. It is a very sensible pledge. There are some men who can use liquor in moderation without any danger of becoming drunkards, but with most men the danger is very great, and many a man who is quite sure of himself is in fact on the verge of ruin.

But that is not all. Even if the man himself could be depended upon with safety, he could not by any possibility guarantee his sons against yielding to the temptation which would beset them from their very infancy by reason of his use of liquor. The woman who does not want to be either the wife of a drunkard or the mother of a drunkard has therefore only one way of escape from that danger, and that is to turn a deaf ear to any suitor who uses liquor at all; even if he does promise to give it up for her. If he only gives it up to get her he will probably take it up again after he has gained his end.—New York Witness.

TWO HUNDRED INDIANS DRUNK.

Two hundred Omaha Indians, who received their annuity of $25,000, went to Pender, Neb., and began drinking freely. It was not long before drunken Indians, women as well as men, were thick in the streets. Depredations of all kinds were committed. Drunken women paraded the streets, howling and acting as if bedlam had broken loose. Some threw their arms around white men's necks and asked for a kiss. Some of the bucks, when completely overcome with liquor, fell in the road and were picked up later by friends and carried out of town. Several wagon loads were disposed of in this manner. Knives, pistols and all sorts of deadly weapons were displayed, but no one was seriously injured.

About twenty citizens held a meeting at noon, and if the word had only been said, a lynching would soon have been in progress, and the saloon-keepers would have been the victims.—Vineland Outlook.

AN EMINENT JUDGE'S EVIDENCE.

Lord Justice Denman, of England, has recently given this evidence against the drink: "Intemperance is the greatest curse and the most potent cause of misery from which this Nation suffers. Twenty years of judicial life, and forty-six years of constant attendance in the criminal courts as an advocate or judge are enough to enable any man to form an opinion as to the extent of the mischief caused by drunkenness. Not a day passes in the criminal courts without some evidence of it. I suppose that between 1872 and 1893 I must have tried many thousands of cases of violence and cruelty—murders, manslaughters, murderous and savage woundings, kickings and assaults. Of these, I am sure, I speak well within the mark when I say that more than one-half were directly connected with excessive drinking."

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

The drunkard in his bed tossing and moaning, with throat that cracks with its grasping thirst, and blood that crawls like a migration of maggots along the flaccid veins, and breath that sickens and stinks and makes one look for red crested grave worms to crawl out of lips and eyes and nostrils and burrow into the puffy cheeks of the cadaver, sloughing visibly. * * * Still the same scene, the night wears on; children sit up in bed and mock the lone, sleepless watcher by crying, "Drink, mamma, drink." The lamp burns low—goes out. The darkness turns gray. The hot evening horror has boiled down, and the tortured ones are still at last, like flies in tar. Out of the shadow a form stoops and searches for live coals in the ashes vainly. It is the drunkard's wife. God pity her.

DIFFERENT NAMES.

Death from drinking intoxicants is given different names, about as follows: If the unfortunate victim is worth—

$1,000,000	Nervous chill
500,000	Nervous prostration
200,000	Congestive chill
100,000	Rheumatism
50,000	Stomach complaint
Speaker of the House	Overwork
Poor but respectable	Alcoholic poison
Poor laborer	Delirium tremens
Tramp	Jim-jams

—The Banner.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

Canada's annual liquor bill is $134,785,400.

The consumption of intoxicating liquors in New Zealand is decreasing year by year.

The National W. C. T. U. will conduct summer meetings at Chautauqua and Mountain Lake Park.

It takes 9000 breweries to supply England with beer, and during the past year some 900 have been closed.

Governor Sheakley, of Alaska, refuses to issue the necessary permits for the establishment of breweries in that Territory.

Mrs. Willis Davis, a bride, killed herself in Warren County, Kentucky, on seeing her husband under the influence of liquor.

The Duke of Connaught declares that total abstinence is absolutely necessary to a ripe old age. His mother, Queen Victoria, is seventy-six.

Belgium's revenue from the drink habit has grown in forty years from 4,000,000 to 33,000,000 francs, crime increasing 200 per cent. at the same time and insanity 128 per cent.

Finland has demonstrated that spirits are not necessary in cold countries, having become practically a total abstinence country. This change has been effected under local option and woman suffrage.

A new law for the better observance of Sunday in Russia will probably close all the dram shops throughout the Empire on that day. An effort is being made to have them keep open one hour of the day.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JUNE 23.

Lesson Text: "Saviour's Parting Words," Luke xxiv., 44-53 (Missionary Lesson)—Golden Text: Matt. xxviii., 19—Commentary.

"Go Ye."—This is the genius of the gospel. This its missionary spirit. Begin at Jerusalem, it is true, but with their faces turned from it. Start from the centre, but go to the circumference. The command was imperative. They were not to linger, or to exercise their discretion as to whither they were to go, but to go in obedience to His command. It was as abiding as the time was to be long in which the work was to be done. When one set of workers fell, another set were to spring into their places. The command was a living present, as the Lord was a living and present Lord. Moreover, it included not only the eleven apostles, but the whole company of disciples. Every Christian has some part and some responsibility in connection with this commission. Some are evangelists, some pastors and teachers, some prayers, some private witnesses, some givers of money—all earnestly engaged, each according to his ability and according to his talent, in winning men from sin to salvation, from the power of satan unto God. So long as there is an unsaved man, woman or child in the world, this commission is an force; this command is upon every disciple of Jesus Christ.—Pentecost.

THE FINAL CHARGE.

44. In these first six verses Luke gives a brief summary of Christ's teachings after the resurrection. Jesus speaks as though He were not now with His disciples. In the old form of existence He is not. He participates more in the heavenly than in the earthly life. 45. Jesus was in condition now, by His words and very presence, to open their minds. Now that the Scriptures had been fulfilled, and with the cross behind, the mind would readily open to truth to which it had been closed before. 46. There could have been no gospel if there had been no cross; but the death, even of Jesus, would have had no efficacy for the removal of human guilt if He had not risen from the grave. The one fact is invariably connected with the other in the epistles (Taylor). 47. Repentance here, as everywhere, means the change of mind and purpose. It is an antecedent condition of the remission of sins. It is the change realized when the man first exercises faith. The two things move together (Dwight). 48. An apostle must be one who has seen Christ, Acts i., 21, 22. The Christian system rests upon facts, to which the testimony of those who are eye-witnesses is given. The fundamental facts are the death, resurrection and ascension of Jesus. These are the basis of Christian preaching; and if they are removed the Christian preaching is emptiness, and so is the Christian faith (Dwight). 49. The promise of the Father here means the sending of the Spirit, which occurred on the day of Pentecost (see Acts ii.), ten days later. Extraordinary powers were theirs: 1. Gift of tongues. 2. Illumination of minds. 3. Unusual power of speech. 4. Miracles of healing. 5. Discernment of spirits (Watson).

THE FINAL DEPARTURE.

50. It would seem that Jesus had been with them once more in the old familiar upper room at Jerusalem; at least He walked some little way with His disciples along an old and familiar path. Probably the day of ascension was just six weeks after that on which the last supper had been celebrated, and several of those present would well remember the walk of that day. 51. The ascension seems to have been slow and gentle. The apostles could therefore view it distinctly and deliberately, so that they might be assured of its reality. No chariot nor horses of fire were seen like those which wafted the prophet Elijah to heaven; no violent whirlwind agitated the air, no blaze of glory dazzled the eyes or overpowered the feelings of the anxious spectators. Every part of the scene accorded with the character of the mild and benevolent Master. Though a parting scene, there was in it nothing to terrify or depress the minds of the apostles. Filled with an abiding awe, and yet with a great and abiding joy, they returned to Jerusalem (Thompson).

THE LIGHT-WHEEL CRAZE.

The Thoroughgoing Wheelman Sacrifices Everything to Lightness.

Regarding the craze for light wheels which is now being so much discussed among wheelmen, a writer has the following to say on the subject: A few years ago when the lightest wheel weighed some fifty pounds, and weight of machine was regarded as essential to steadiness and safety, all wheel riders voluntarily carried bells and lanterns and mud shields and guards for the trousers, and various other things. With the advent of the pneumatic tire came the mania for light machines. The common bicycle weighs now about thirty-two pounds. Most members of the L. A. W. have road wheels that weigh ten or fifteen pounds less. The reduction of every pound is hailed with delight.

The thoroughgoing wheelman sacrifices everything to lightness. His flannel suit weighs but a few ounces. When he is particularly enthusiastic he discards hose and has his head shaved. Any man on a wheel who has whiskers is not an enthusiast. If Senator Peffer should ever be lured into cycling by Jerry Simpson the Senate would lose the adornment of his flowing whiskers.

Except where the law imposes a penalty, the wheel has no lantern, no bell, no mud guards, no anything but a small tool box, and in that the oil can is only half filled to the saving of a few grains of weight. When a man will sacrifice his mustache and have his head shaved to resemble a Sing Sing convict, and, as in the case of one wheel maniac, will have a few teeth drawn to lighten the load—when he will smoke a cigarette rather than a cigar because it is lighter—can we expect him to submit to bell and lantern unless he is powerless to control legislation? An occasional pedestrian overthrown, or a baby carriage smashed, children run down or a fat woman rolled over, he regards as unimportant compared with the reduction of his machine's weight a few ounces. When a man is so enslaved by the bicycle habit as to take anti-fat nostrums to lighten his weight, his opinions as to safeguards for the public are not worth legislative consideration.

What Fighting Means in Kentucky.

An old woman living some distance from Manchester, Ky., was summoned as a witness to tell what she knew about a fight at her house several nights before in which three or four people were killed. She mounted the stand with evident reluctance and many misgivings, and when questioned by the court as to what she knew about the matter said: "Well, Jedge, the fust I knowed about it was when Bill Sanders called Tom Smith a liar en' Tom knocked him down with a stick of wood. One of Bill's frieuds then hit Tom with a knife, slicin' a big piece out of him. Sam Jones, who was a friend of Tom's, then shot the other fellow, en' two more shot him, en' three or four others got cut right smart by somebody. That naturally caused some excitement, Jedge, en' then they commenced fitin'."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

HARROWING PASTURES.

There are many pastures which can be much improved by harrowing with a forty-tooth drag that will cut into the surface soil. This will admit air to places covered by moss, and enable the grass to grow more vigorously. Of course some of the roots of the grass will be destroyed; but the stirring of the soil will make more grow in their place. If there is much moss on the surface it will require under draining to remove surplus water to make a permanent improvement. — Boston Cultivator.

FEEDING EWES WITH LAMBS.

If the pasture is good, the safest grain to feed the ewes is a mixture of oats and buckwheat, of which one pound a day may be given with profit. This food is excellent for making milk, which should be the principal object of the feeding at this period. At the same time, this mixed grain may be ground finely and given to the lambs in a small quantity, in a separate pan with narrow openings to let in the lambs and keep out the ewes. It should be spread in rather broad, flat troughs, so that too much may not be eaten at once. An ounce or two a day may be given after the lambs are four weeks old and have begun to pick grass, increasing with the age and growth.—New York Times.

SETTING ASPARAGUS.

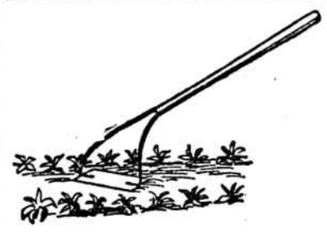
It is not yet too late to set out a bed of asparagus this spring, and those who have one will agree with us that every farm garden ought to have a liberal supply of this toothsome vegetable. A bin eight by thirty feet will supply any ordinary family and often more, and once established it will last a lifetime. The best variety is Conover colossal, and if strong one year old plants can be got, they are as good as any. These can be bought of any seedsmen at a low price. The ground should be dug over deeply, and manure mixed with it in a very liberal manner. There is no danger of digging too deeply nor manuring too free. Set the plant four feet apart each way and they will grow together soon enough. Once the bed is established it should be dug over each spring with a garden fork and manure worked in and a little salt scattered over it, and that is all the attention it will ever require. It is a very wholesome vegetable and comes before almost anything else in spring, and there is no cause for not having it in plenty.—Atlanta Journal.

PROTECT SHEEP AGAINST GRUB IN THE HEAD.

Many American shepherds advise smearing the salt trough with tar, but this is seldom thorough enough. A practice to be recommended, where the flock is not too large, is to smear the noses of the sheep periodically, at least once a week, during the season of greatest activity of the fly, with a mixture of equal parts of tar and grease, or of tar and fish oil, or of tar and whale oil. Some have used whale oil alone with good results. A brush will be found convenient to apply these mixtures. A reliable authority speaks in flattering terms of the use of an ointment made as follows: Beeswax, one pound; linseed oil, one pint; carbolic acid, four ounces. Melt the wax and oil together, adding two ounces of rosin to give body, then, as it is cooking, stir in the carbolic acid. The same authority mentions the use by some breeders of choice stock of a canvas face cover smeared with this mixture, or with one of asafetida and tallow, which may be adjusted in such a fashion as not to interfere with the sight or with grazing, and yet protect the lamb against the fly that lays the egg from which the grub hatches. Some farmers plow a few furrows in the pasture so the sheep may put their noses in the fresh earth and thus keep the fly away.—New England Homestead.

A SCUFFLE HOE.

Several correspondents have sent me sketches of a home-made scuffle hoe or hand weeder. It is here illustrated. Any flat piece of steel, piece of drawing knife, old scythe, etc., may be used for the blade, and this is



HOME-MADE SCUFFLE HOE.

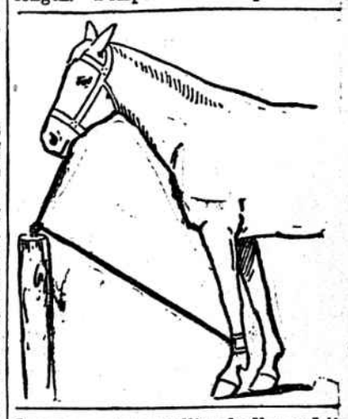
attached to a hoe or similar handle of hard wood by means of two iron rivets rivited on the blade and fastened to the handle with bolts or nails. Used between the rows it loosens the soil without moving it, and cuts off all weeds.—Nebraska Farmer.

MANAGEMENT OF YOUNG TURKEYS.

The critical period in the life of the domesticated turkey is the first three or four weeks of its life. The young chicks are exceedingly tender, and require close attention to prevent disease and other natural enemies getting in among them. When the young first come off the nest they should be confined in pens or small yards for a few days, or until they are strong enough to jump or fly over a board twelve to eighteen inches high, after which they may be allowed more liberty, but not to wander far away into the fields and wet grass early in the morning; and they should also be housed during long, cold spring rains. To prevent wandering, see that they are bountifully supplied with nutritious and agreeable food near their roosting places. For the first few weeks the chicks should have coarse corn meal and sour milk, or, what is better, baked corn bread and curdled milk. There is danger of overfeeding with raw corn meal, as this will sometimes harden in the crop, especially if the supply of sour milk is not sufficient. Scraps of meat and animal meal, as it is termed, may be given after the chicks are two weeks old. When a month old, if the weather has become warm, as it is usually in June, the chicks may be allowed to go into the fields, where they will find insects and worms and other natural and healthful food, but be sure and feed them and have some sour milk and clean water ready for them when they come up at night; and then you can count the flock and see how many, if any, are being killed during their wanderings.—New York Sun.

HALTER-PULLING PREVENTED.

To break a horse of halter-pulling, use a strong halter and run the tie through the ring in a post or manger and tie to one fore foot at suitable length. I improvised this plan when



I saw a mustang pulling badly, and it broke him in a short time. The strap around the leg should not be sharp or stiff and the limb should be protected by a piece of thick wool or cloth.—H. B. Frink, in Farm and Home.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

See that the brood mares are in thrif