

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CONSOLATION IN TROUBLE" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Subjoined Text: "And the Lord brought an East Wind Upon the Land on that Day and all That Night"—
Ex 10:30.



THE reference here is not to a cyclone but to the long-continued blowing of the wind from an unhealthy quarter. The north wind is bracing, the south wind is relaxing, but the east wind is irritating and full of threat. Eighteen times does the Bible speak against the East wind. Moses describes the thin cars blasted by the east wind. The Psalmist describes the breaking of the ships of Tarshish by the east wind. The locusts that plagued Egypt were borne in on the east wind. The gourd that sheltered Jonah was shattered by the east wind; and in all the six thousand summers, autumns, winters, springs, of the world's existence, the worst wind that ever blew is the east wind. Now, if God would only give us a climate of perpetual north-wester, how genial and kind and glad and industrious Christians we would all be! But it takes almighty grace to be what we ought to be under the east wind. Under the chilling and wet wing of the east wind the most of the earth's villainies, frauds, outrages, suicides, and murders have been hatched out. I think if you should keep a meteorological history of the days of the year, and put right beside it the criminal record of the country, you would find that those were the best days for public morals which were under the north or west wind, and that those were the worst days for public morals which were under the east wind. The points of the compass have more to do with the world's morals and the church's plety than you have yet suspected. Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, eminent for learning and for consecration, when asked by one of his students at Princeton whether he always had full assurance of faith, replied, "Yes, except when the wind blows from the east." Dr. Franca, Dictator of Paraguay, when the wind was from the east, made oppressive enactments for the people; but when the weather changed, repented him of the cruelties, repealed the enactments, and was in good humor with all the world.

Before I overtake the main thought of my subject, I want to tell Christian people they ought to be observant of climatical changes. Be on your guard when the wind blows from the east. There are certain styles of temptations that you cannot endure under certain styles of weather. When the wind blows from the east, if you are of a nervous temperament, go not among exasperating people, try not to settle bad debts, do not try to settle old disputes, do not talk with a bigot on religion, do not go among those people who delight in saying irritating things, do not try to collect funds for a charitable institution, do not try to answer an insulting letter. If these things must be done, do them when the wind is from the north, or the south, or the west, but not when the wind is from the east.

You say that men and women ought not to be so sensitive and nervous. I admit it, but I am not talking about what the world ought to be; I am talking about what the world is. While there are persons whose disposition does not seem to be affected by changes in the atmosphere, nine out of every ten are mightily played upon by such influences. O Christian man! under such circumstances do not write hard things against yourself, do not get worried about your fluctuating experience. You are to remember that the barometer in your soul is only answering the barometer of the weather. Instead of sitting down and being discouraged and saying: "I am not a Christian because I don't feel exhilarated," get up and look out of the window and see the weather vane pointing in the wrong quarter, and then say, "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou prince of the power of the air; get out of my house! get out of my heart, thou demon of darkness hovers on the east wind. Away!" However good and great you may be in the Christian life, your soul will never be independent of physical condition. I feel I am uttering a most practical, useful truth here, one that may give relief to a great many Christians who are worried and despondent at times.

Dr. Rush, a monarch in medicine, after curing hundreds of cases of mental depression, himself fell sick and lost his religious hope, and he would not believe his pastor when the pastor told him that his spiritual depression was only a consequence of physical depression. Andrew Fuller, Thomas Scott, William Cowper, Thomas Boston, David Brainerd, Philip Melancthon were mighty men of God, but all of them illustrations of the fact that a man's soul is not independent of his physical health. An eminent physician gave as his opinion that no man ever died a greatly triumphant death whose disease was below the diaphragm. Stackhouse, the learned Christian commentator, says he does not think Saul was insane when David played the harp before him, but it was a hypochondria coming from inflammation of the liver. Oh, how many good people have been mistaken in regard to their religious hope, not taking these things into consideration! The Dean of Carlisle, one of the best men that ever lived, and one of the most useful, sat

down and wrote: "Though I have endeavored to discharge my duty as well as I could, yet sadness and melancholy of heart stick close by and increase upon me. I tell nobody, but I am very much sunk indeed, and I wish I could have the relief of weeping as I used to. My days are exceedingly dark and distressing. In a word, Almighty God seems to hide his face, and I intrust the secret hardly to any earthly being. I know not what will become of me. There is doubtless a good deal of bodily affliction mingled with this, but it is not all so. I bless God, however, that I never lose sight of the cross, and though I should die without seeing any personal interest in the Redeemer's merits, I hope that I shall be found at his feet. I will thank you for a word at your leisure. My door is bolted at the time I am writing this, for I am full of tears."

What was the matter with the Dean of Carlisle? Had he got to be a worse man? No. The physician said that the state of his pulse would warrant his living a minute. Oh, if the east wind affects the spleen, and affects the lungs, and affects the liver, it will affect your immortal soul. Appealing to God for help, brace yourself against these withering blasts and destroying influences, lest that which the Psalmist said broke the ships of Tarshish, shipwreck you.

But notice in my text that the Lord controls the east wind: "The Lord brought the east wind." He brings it for special purpose; it must sometimes blow from that quarter; the east wind is just as important as the north wind, or the south wind, or the west wind, but not so pleasant. Trial must come. The text does not say you will escape the cutting blast. Whoever did escape it? I was in the pulpit of John Wesley, in London, a pulpit where he stood one day and said: "I have been charged with all the crimes in the catalogue except one—that of drunkenness," and a woman arose in the audience and said: "John, you were drunk last night." So John Wesley passed under the fall. I saw in a foreign journal a report of one of George Whitefield's sermons—a sermon preached a hundred and twenty or thirty years ago. It seemed that the reporter stood to take the sermon, and his chief idea was to caricature it; and these are some of the reportorial interlinings of the sermon of George Whitefield. After calling him by a nickname indicative of a physical defect in the eye, it goes on to say: "Here the preacher clasps his chin on the pulpit cushion. Here he elevates his voice. Here he lowers his voice. Holds his arms extended. Bawls aloud. Stands trembling. Makes a frightful face. Turns up the whites of his eyes. Clasps his hands behind him. Clasps his arms around him, and hugs himself. Roars aloud. Hollas. Jumps. Cries. Changes from crying. Hollas and jumps again." Well, my brother, if that good man went through all that process, in your occupation, in your profession, in your store, in your shop, at the bar, in the sick room, in the editorial chair, somewhere, you will have to go through a similar process; you cannot escape it.

When the French marquis went down into Egypt under Napoleon, an engineer, in digging for a fortress, came across a tablet which has been called the Rosetta stone. There were inscriptions in three or four languages on that Rosetta stone. Scholars studying out the alphabet of hieroglyphics from that stone were enabled to read ancient inscriptions on monuments and on tombstones. Well, many of the handwritings of God in our life are indecipherable hieroglyphics; we cannot understand them until we take up the Rosetta stone of divine inspiration, and the explanation all comes out, and the mysteries all vanish, and what was before beyond our understanding now is plain in its meaning, as we read, "All things work together for good to those who love God." So we decipher the hieroglyphics. Oh, my friends! have you ever calculated what trouble did David? It made him the sacred minstrel for all ages. What did trouble do for Joseph? Made him the keeper of the corncribs of Egypt. What did it do for Paul? Made him the great apostle to the Gentiles. What did it do for Samuel Rutherford? Made his invalidism more illustrious than robust health. What did it do for Richard Baxter? Gave him capacity to write of "Saint's Everlasting Rest." What did it do for John Bunyan? Showed him the shining gates of the city. What has it done for you? Since the loss of that child your spirit has been purer. Since the loss of that property, you have found out that earthly investments are insecure. Since you lost your health, you feel as never before a rapt anticipation of eternal release. Trouble has humbled you, has enlarged you, has multiplied your resources, has equipped you, has loosened your grasp from this world and tightened your grip on the next. Oh! bless God for the east wind. It has driven you into the harbor of God's sympathy.

Nothing like trouble to show us that this world is an insufficient portion. Hogarth was about done with life, and he wanted to paint the end of all things. He put on canvas a shattered bottle; a cracked bell; an unstrung harp; a sign-board of a tavern called "The World's End" falling down; a shipwreck; the horses of Pharaoh lying dead in the clouds; the moon in her last quarter; the world on fire. "One thing more," said Hogarth, "and my picture is done." Then he added the broken palette of a painter. Then he died. But trouble, with hard mightier and more skillful than Hogarth's, pictures the falling, falling, mouldering, dying world. And we want something permanent to lay hold of, and

we grasp with both hands after God, and say, "The Lord is my light, the Lord is my love, the Lord is my fortress, the Lord is my sacrifice, the Lord, the Lord is my God."

ness God for your trials. Oh, my Christian friend! keep your spirits up by the power of Christ's Gospel. Do not surrender. Do you not know that when you give up, others will give up? You have courage, and others will have courage. The Romans went into the battle, and by some accident there was an inclination of the standard. The standard upright meant forward march; the inclination of the standard meant surrender. Through the negligence of the man who carried the standard, and the inclination of it, the army surrendered. Oh! let us keep the standard up, whether it be blown down by the east wind, or the north wind, or the south wind. No inclination to surrender. Forward into the conflict.

There is near Bombay a tree that they call the "sorrowing tree," the peculiarity of which is it never puts forth any bloom in the daytime, but in the night puts out all its bloom and all its redolence. And I have to tell you that though Christian character puts forth its sweetest blossom in the darkness of sickness, the darkness of financial distress, the darkness of bereavement, the darkness of death, "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Across the harsh discords of this world rolls the music of the skies—music that breaks from the lips, music that breaks from the harp and rustles from the palms, music like falling water over rocks, music like wandering winds among leaves, music like carolling birds among forests, music like ocean billows storming the Atlantic beach: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I see a great Christian fleet approaching that harbor. Some of the ships come in with sails rent and bulwarks knocked away, but still afloat. Nearer and nearer eternal anchorage. Haul away, my lads! haul away! Some of the ships had mighty tonnage, and others were shallops easily lifted of the wind and wave. Some were men-of-war and armed of the thunders of Christian battle, and others were unpretending tugs taking others through the "Narrows," and some were coasters that never ventured out into the deep seas of Christian experience; but they are all coming nearer the wharf—brigs, galleons, line-of-battle ships, long-boats, pinnaces, war-frigates—and as they come into the harbor I find that they are driven by the long, loud, terrific blast of the east wind. It is through much tribulation that you are to enter into the kingdom of God.

You have blessed God for the north wind, and blessed him for the south wind; can you not in the light of this subject bless him for the east wind? Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee. Even though it be a cross That raises me, still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

THE QUESTION OF RELIGION.

Matthew Arnold Criticizes a Brilliant Skeptic.

We find a brilliant mathematician, Prof. Clifford, launching invectives, which, if they were just, would prove either that no religion at all has any right to mankind's regard or that the Christian religion, at all events, has none, says one of Matthew Arnold's letters. He calls Christianity "that awful plague which has destroyed two civilizations and but barely failed to slay such promise of good as is now struggling to live among men." He warns his fellow-men against showing any tenderness to "the slender remnant of a system which has made its red mark on history and still lives to threaten mankind." "The grotesque forms of its intellectual belief," he scornfully adds, by way of finish, "have survived the discredit of its moral teaching." But these are merely the crackling fireworks of youthful paradox. One reads it all, half-sighing, half-smiling, as the declamation of a clever and confident youth, with the hopeless inexperience, irredeemable by any cleverness, of his age.

Only when one is young and headstrong can one thus prefer bravado to experience, can one stand by the Sea of Time, and, instead of listening to the solemn and rhythmical beat of its waves, choose to fill the air with one's own whoopings to start the talk. But the mass of plain people hear such talk with impatient indignation and flock all the more eagerly to Messrs. Moody and Sankey. They feel that the brilliant free-thinker and revolutionist talks about their religion and yet is all abroad in it—does not know either that or the great facts of human life—and they go to those who know them better. And the plain people are not wrong. Compared with Prof. Clifford, Messrs. Moody and Sankey are masters of the philosophy of history.

Men are not mistaken in thinking that Christianity has done them good, in loving it, in wishing to listen to those who will talk to them about what they love and will talk of it with admiration and gratitude, not contempt and hatred. Christianity is truly, as in "Literature and Dogma" I have called it, "the greatest and happiest stroke ever yet made for human perfection." Men do not err; they are on firm ground of experience when they say that they have practically found Christianity to be something incomparably beneficent. Where they err is in their way of accounting for this and of assigning its cause.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof— Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.



G. HARRISON, in Journal of Agriculture, says: The veil that has so long enshrouded in mystery the growing of ginseng by artificial means has at last been torn asunder, and its dazzling possibilities laid bare. Like many other supposed mysteries, when learned and fully understood it is not at all difficult. In this connection I wish to quote the botanist in his letter of transmittal of report to the United States Department of Agriculture. He says: "The report brings out the fact that the wholesale price of American ginseng has steadily increased from 52 cents per pound in 1858 to somewhat more than \$3 per pound in 1893, and that the value of the export for the past decade has amounted to between \$600,000 and \$1,000,000 per year. The report also points out the fact that the natural supply is now rapidly decreasing and that its extermination, if present conditions continue, is inevitable. At the same time, there can be no question but that the cultivation of ginseng is entirely practicable. Enough has been achieved in various parts of America to fully demonstrate the truth of the botanist's statement in regard to the practicability of its culture. The following statement is from a Chicago farm paper: Ginseng is scarce this year in the Big Sandy Valley, Ky., from where much of the ginseng produced in this country comes. For some reason the mountaineers have neglected the industry during the last year or so. Ginseng is now worth \$3.50 per pound, but the price is likely to increase considerably very soon." I have studied the habits and growth of this plant from boyhood, and am now growing it successfully in the garden. It can be grown in the garden, orchard or forest. It can be grown in the garden with very little attention and no expense after plantation is started, and where the plant grows wild, this expense can be saved. Every person owning a few rods of land should engage in this pleasant and highly lucrative industry. A few beds in a farmer's garden will more than pay the farm expenses each year.

Gypsum for Alkali Soils.

Robert H. Forbes, chemist of the Arizona experiment station makes the following statement in bulletin 18 of that station respecting the use of GYPSUM on alkali land:

- 1.—The cost of gypsum depends largely upon freight rates. It may be gotten as low as two cents a pound. Arizona contains undeveloped supplies of gypsum.
- 2.—It is said that a surface dressing of gypsum will enable tender plants to make a start in alkaline soils. When the crop is large enough to shade the ground, evaporation and rise of alkali is retarded and the crop may be safely matured.
- 3.—In the case of fruit trees as with annual plants injury most usually results from the corrosive action of the alkali just at the surface of the ground. The soil, however, and its bottom waters, may be so salty as to injure the trees through its roots.
- 4.—Gypsum improves the tilth of alkaline soils by acting upon and changing the sodium carbonate to which the lumpy character of these soils is largely due.
- 5.—The water of Salt river contains small amounts of gypsum in solution. The use of this water for irrigation ought therefore to result in a gradual disappearance of black alkali wherever it is applied.
- 6.—Wood ashes contain considerable amount of potassium carbonate, a substance having properties similar to those of sodium carbonate. The use of ashes on land already afflicted with alkali is therefore not advisable.

Prune Growing in Oregon.

The prune industry has grown to be one of the most important interests in the state. Already it has assumed greater proportions than all other orchard industries. As the favorite fruit crop of Oregon, it has much in its favor; the trees are sure to bear, there are no climatic conditions to overcome, the finished product is not perishable, and its insect pests and fungous diseases are less numerous than other fruits. The trees suffer, it is true, from several pests, but they are slight afflictions in comparison to the codlin moth and apple scab of the apple and pear, and until we have curculio and black knot, which render plum growing in the east almost impossible, we can say that prunes are free from diseases. Moreover, there is a growing demand for the product, dried and green, which promises well for the industry. There are about 26,000 acres devoted to prune growing in Oregon. Prunes are grown throughout the western part of the state and along the Columbia and its tributaries in northern and eastern Oregon, but the major part of the industry is comprised in the Willamette and Umpqua river valleys. In the Willamette Valley, there are about 15,000 acres of prune orchards. As yet most of these orchards are on the black alluvial soil near the river, and have not to any appreciable extent encroached upon the red soil farther away, though that red soil will produce prunes in certain. The second largest prune district is the Umpqua River Valley. Here there are about 6,500 acres of prune orchards. The valley of the Umpqua seems to be the most favored region

for prunes, trees and fruit reaching their highest perfection there. The Petite or French prune especially seems to thrive; the Italian can be as well, and perhaps better, grown in the Willamette Valley. The Petite prune, and the Italian more or less, are grown very successfully in the Rogue River Valley also, where there are approximately 1,500 acres. Attempts are being made to grow prunes in Hood River Valley and along the Columbia in eastern Oregon, but experienced orchardists say that these sections cannot well compete with the more favored prune localities, and that their splendid fruit resources can be used to better advantage in growing other fruits. In these districts there are about 2,500 acres.—U. P. Hedrick.

Profit in Tree Planting.

In an address upon "Farming," published in bulletin 17 of the Arizona experiment station, Tucson, Ariz., Governor Hughes is reported as having said, most pertinently for Arizona: "There is profit in tree-planting. Nearly every farm has little nooks which cannot be utilized for farming. The ash, cottonwood, perhaps the eucalyptus, and other fuel-growing trees ought to be cultivated on the borders of canals, and the main laterals might be planted with one or more rows of trees; they would grow here without irrigation, and would serve as a wind-break, and thus aid in preventing the moisture of the field from being absorbed by hot winds sweeping over them. They would have a tendency to check evaporation from canals and laterals by shutting out the rays of the sun, and at the same time it would provide homes for thousands of the feathered tribe who would pay for their lodging many times in the destruction of insects, as well as by providing free concerts for the farmer's family."

Reseeding Clover Meadows.

The Ohio Experiment Station is now planning some experiments in attempting to get a stand of clover on fields sown last spring, but which failed to make a perfect stand, owing to the drought. The bare spots in these fields will first be gone over with a sharp spike harrow, or with a disk harrow; crimson clover and common clover will then be sown side by side, and lightly covered in with smoothing harrow. A light seeding of oats as a nurse crop may be added on part of the land, for comparison, but we expect the best results from seeding the clover alone. Last season's experience demonstrated that the nurse crop may prove a robber instead of a nurse, by taking all the water from the soil and leaving none for the clover.

Botany at Champaign.

The University of Illinois has recently been making extended improvements in its botanical department. Among these are substantial additions to the herbarium, which has, for the first time, been placed in a room by itself, and the erection of a building for the cultivation of plants needed in the laboratory. Arrangements have been made for the cultivation of aquatic plants, and for carrying on various kinds of experiments, both by students in their regular practice, and by investigators endeavoring to make contributions to knowledge in a most interesting but not sufficiently explored field of science.

Preparation of Spraying Mixtures.

Too much care cannot be taken in preparing any mixture to be used on trees and fruits. If not properly prepared, injury may follow. Bordeaux mixture, if properly prepared, will not injure the apple; but if there is not a sufficient amount of lime, injury may follow, causing the surface of the apple to be russeted and rough. Also damage to foliage may result. Other fruits are susceptible to injury from the mixture, if carelessly prepared. This mixture is one of the most effective fungicides in use.

Soil for Strawberries.

The ideal soil is where a clover sod has been manured and a crop of potatoes raised the previous year. Corn stubble under same conditions is good if the strawberry rows are run between the old corn rows. If they are run on the top, the old corn hills are apt to be caught by the cultivator and the plants loosened. Clover sod is very good, but liable to be infested with grub worms; besides, if there are any clover seeds left in the ground they are likely to grow and prove troublesome. Whatever ground is used, it must be well manured and made ready to set in good mechanical condition. If manure is used, it should be well rotted and cultivated in the ground after plowing.—Ex.

Chinch Bug Eggs and Young.

Each female deposits about 500 eggs, usually placing them about the surface of the ground on stems of grass, grains and in rare cases other plants. The young are at first of a red color, later changing to brown-black, while the adult is black with white wings. The wings are not obtained until full development has been reached, and hence in the most destructive period the insects crawl instead of fly, and the true cause of injury is less on account of numbers than of the habit of clustering in myriads on the plant attacked.

Burning Potatoes.

The report comes from some parts of the country that farmers have been burning their potatoes for fuel, the tubers being worth only about \$2 per ton. On the other hand, there are thousands of families in the great cities who are paying five and six times that price for the few potatoes they are able to buy. When will we learn that general prosperity is impossible so long as we have such a crude system of distributing the necessities of life?—Ex.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, JUNE 21—JESUS. ARISES FROM THE DEAD.

Golden Text: "The Lord is Risen Indeed"—Luke 24:34—The Minds of the Disciples of the Savior Opened to Scriptures.



E have but one lesson upon the resurrection, and it is well, in order that we may bring the whole story into one picture, and may see the portions which we have studied in other years, in their relations as component parts of one great and glorious fact.

Time—Jesus rose from the dead Sunday morning, April 6, A. D. 30, and ascended 40 days later, May 18.

Place.—Jesus showed himself to his disciples near the tomb in the garden of Calvary, in Jerusalem, at Emmaus, in Galilee, and lastly on the Mount of Olives, near Bethany, whence he ascended.

Today's lesson includes Luke 24: 36-53. The explanations are as follows:

36. "As they thus spake," the two from Emmaus, who had seen and talked with Jesus. "Peace be unto you." The beautiful, common Jewish salutation.
37. "Terrified," as was natural in the sudden presence of a mysterious power.
38. "Why do thoughts arise," reasonings, questionings? Why do you not perceive that I am here as the fulfillment of my oft-repeated promise to rise again on the third day?
39. "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself." The same Jesus who had been their teacher and friend, and they had crucified. "A spirit hath not flesh and bones." He was no specter. He had assumed no spiritual and heavenly body, such as belongs to the glorified after their resurrection, but a body like that which had been his during life. "He showed them his hands and his feet," marked and scarred by the crucifixion. It was not till his ascension that his body was changed into the spiritual resurrection body.
40. "And while they believed not for joy." It was too good to be true, and they had their teacher and friend restored to them. They were terrified at first, but glad when they were convinced that they saw their Lord. "Have ye here any meat (food)?" This was to remove the last doubt that he was the same Jesus, with the same body, whom they had crucified.
41. "And he took it and did eat before them." We note how the apostles dwelt afterward on what now occurred as a proof of their Lord's resurrection.
42. "Which I spake unto you." Written in the law of Moses." See the promise to Eve (Genesis 3: 6); the promise to Abraham (Genesis 22: 18); the paschal lamb (Exodus 12); the brazen serpent (Numbers 21: 9); the greater prophet (Deuteronomy 18: 15); the star and scepter (Numbers 24: 17).
43. "In the prophets." See Isaiah 7: 14; 9: 6; Immanuel, Isaiah 53 and Zachariah 12: 10, the suffering Savior. Ezekiel 34: 23, the heir of David. Jeremiah 23: 5, 14; 23; Zachariah 6: 12, the branch. "The psalms." The third division of the scriptures. (Psalms 2, 72, etc.).
44. "Then opened he their understanding," which had been closed by prejudice, by wrong teaching, by meager experience and observation. Many things could not be understood till after his death.
45. "Behoved," was fitting. "Suffer, and to rise from the dead." The foundation truths of the Christian religion.
46. "Among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." They were to begin at home, but by no means remain there.
47. "And ye are witnesses." They had been with Jesus throughout his ministry.
48. "And behold I send the promise of my Father upon you." The promise of the gift of another comforter contained in Christ's last conversation with the eleven. "Tarry ye in the city," do not go out to the work I have set you. They remained praying, conversing, studying the scriptures. "Endued," clothed, "with power." This was fulfilled ten days later at Pentecost.
49. "And he led them out of the city," where he had been giving his last instructions. "As far as," until they were over against Bethany. Blessed them." No mere form, but a real, enduring blessing.
50. "He was parted from them." By beginning to ascend upward. "And carried up into heaven." The sense of the original is picturesque, and indicates a continued action, a gradual going up out of their sight. Compare the more detailed account.
51. "And they worshipped him." They gave him the religious worship due only to God. "And returned to Jerusalem with great joy." Every sorrow had been turned into joy.
52. "And were continually in the temple," at the hours of worship. They were regular in attendance.

The temple was the visible symbol of worship.

Stone Forests of Arizona.

The regions of the Little Colorado river in Arizona abound in wonderful vegetable petrifications, whole forests being found in some places which are as hard as flint but which look as if but recently stripped of their foliage. Some of these stone trees are standing just as natural as life, while others are piled across each other just like the fallen monarchs of a real wood forest. Geologists say that these stone trees were once covered to a depth of 1,000 feet with marl, which transformed them from wood to solid rock. The marl, after the lapse of ages, washed out, leaving some of the trees standing in an upright position. The majority of them, however, are piled helter-skelter in all directions, thousands of cords being sometimes piled up on an acre of ground.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

How Girls Choose Novels.

A writer lets out a secret regarding the way in which young women read novels. It was in the tramcar, and two girls were talking of what they read. "O, I choose a novel easily enough," one said. "I go to the circulating library and look at the last chapters. If I find the rain softly and sadly dropping over one or two lonely graves I don't have it; but if the morning sun is glimmering over bridal robes of white satin I know it's all right and take it, and start to buy sweets to eat while I read it."

SHORT AND SWEET.

The ghost of a show—Hamlet's father.

A great drawing card—the porous plaster.

On everybody's tongue—the postage stamp.

Central Park and postal cards are open to all.

The best way to preserve a piano—keep it locked.

Every dime museum proprietor favors freak commerce.