

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The text of Dr. Talmage's discourse was taken from Exodus viii, 6-7: "And the frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt. And the magicians did so with their enchantments, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt."

There is almost a universal aversion to frogs and yet with the Egyptian they were honored, they were sacred, and they were objects of worship while alive, and after death they were embalmed, and today their remains may be found among the sepulchres of Thebes.

After Moses had thrown down his staff and by miracle it became a serpent, and then he took hold of it and by miracle it again became a staff, the serpent charmers imitated the same thing, and knowing that there were serpents in Egypt which by a peculiar pressure on the neck would become as rigid as a stick of wood, they seemed to change the serpent into the staff, and then, throwing it down, the staff became the serpent. So likewise these magicians tried to imitate the plague of frogs, and perhaps by smell of food attracted a great number of them to a certain point, or by shaking them out from a hidden place, the magicians sometimes seemed to accomplish the same miracle. While these magicians made the plague worse, none of them tried to make it better. "Frogs came up and covered the land with their enchantment, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt."

Now that plague of frogs has come back upon the earth. It is abroad today. It is smiting this nation. It comes in the shape of corrupt literature.

In the possession of these dealers in bad literature were found 300,000 names and postoffice addresses to whom it was thought it might be profitable to send these corrupt things. In the year 1873 there were 165 establishments engaged in publishing cheap, corrupt literature. From one publishing house there went out twenty different styles of corrupt books. All though over thirty tons of vile literature have been destroyed by the society for the suppression of vice, still there is enough of it left in this country to bring down upon us the thunderbolts of an incensed God.

Now my friends, how are we to war against this corrupt literature, and how are the frogs of this Egyptian plague to be slain? First of all, by the prompt and inexorable execution of the law. Let all good postmasters and United States district attorneys and detectives and reformers concert in their action to stop this plague. When Sir Rowland Hill spent his life in trying to secure cheap postage not only for England, but for all the world, and to open the blessing of the postoffice to all honest business, and to all messages of charity and kindness and affection, for all healthful intercommunication, he did not mean to make vice easy or to fill the mail bags of the United States with the scabs of such a leprosy.

How have so many of the news stands of our great cities been purified? How has so much of this iniquity been balked? By moral suasion? Oh, no. You might as well go into a jungle of the East Indies and put a cobra on the neck, and with profound argument try to persuade it that it is morally wrong to bite and to sting and to poison anything. The only answer to your argument would be an uplifted head and a hiss, and a sharp reeking tooth struck into your arteries. The only argument for a cobra is a shotgun, and the only argument for these dealers in impure literature is the clutch of the police and bean soup in a penitentiary. The law! The law! I invoke to consume the work so grandly begun!

Another way in which we are to drive back this plague of Egyptian frogs is by filling the minds of our young people with a healthful literature. I do not mean to say that all the books and newspapers in our families ought to be religious books and newspapers, or that every song ought to be sung to the tune of "Old Hundred." I have no sympathy with the attempt to make the young old. I would rather join in a crusade to keep the young young. Boyhood and girlhood must not be abbreviated. But there are good books, good histories, good biographies, good works of fiction, good books of all styles with which we are to fill the minds of the young, so that there will be no room for the useless and the vicious than there is room for chaff in a bushel measure which is already filled with Michigan wheat.

Why are 50 per cent of the criminals in the jails and penitentiaries of the United States today under 21 years of age? Many of them under 17, under 14, and under 13 under 14, under 13. Walk along one of the corridors of the Tombs prison in New York and look for you news. Bad books, bad newspapers, bewitched them as soon as they got out of the cradle. Beware of all these stories which end wrong. Beware of all these books which make the road which ends in perdition seem to end in paradise. Do not glorify the drink and the pistol. Do not sail the desperate brave or the libertine gallant. Teach our young people that if they go down into the swamp and murder to watch the last-limbering down on the swamp and wilderness,

they will catch the malaria and death. "Oh!" says someone. "I'm a business man and I have no time to examine what my children read. I have no time to inspect the books that come into my household." If your children were threatened with typhoid fever, would they not have time to go for the doctor? Would you have time to watch the progress of the disease? Would you have time for the funeral? In the presence of God I warn you of the fact that your children are threatened with moral and spiritual typhoid and that unless the thing be stopped it will be to them funeral of body, funeral of mind, funeral of soul. Three funerals in one day.

My word to this vast multitude of young people: Do not touch, do not borrow, do not buy a corrupt book or a corrupt picture. A book will decide a man's destiny for good or for evil. The book you read yesterday may have decided you for time and eternity, or it may be a book that comes into your possession tomorrow.

A good book—who can exaggerate its power? Benjamin Franklin said that his reading of Cotton Mather's "Essays to Do Good" in childhood gave him holy aspirations for all the rest of his life. George Law declared that a biography he read in childhood gave him all his subsequent prosperities. A clergyman, many years ago, passing to the far west, stopped at a hotel. He saw a woman copying something from Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." It seemed that she had borrowed the book, and there were some things she wanted especially to remember. The clergyman had in his satchel a copy of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," and so he made her a present of it. Thirty years passed on. The clergyman came that way and he asked where the woman was, whom he had seen long ago. They said: "She lives yonder in that beautiful house." He went there and said to her: "Do you remember me?" "No, I do not." He said: "Do you remember a man who gave you Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress' thirty years ago?" "Oh, yes; I remember. That book saved my soul. I lent the book to all my neighbors, and they read it and were converted to God, and we had a revival of religion which swept through the whole community. We built a church and called a pastor. You see that spire yonder, don't you? The church was built as the result of that book you gave me thirty years ago." "Oh, the power of a good book! But, alas! for the influence of a bad book. John Angel James, than whom England never had a holier minister, stood in his pulpit at Birmingham and said: Twenty-five years ago a lad loaned to me an infamous book. He would loan it only fifteen minutes and then I had to give it back; but that book has haunted me like a spectre ever since. I have in agony of soul, on my knees before God prayed that He would obliterate from my soul the memory of it; but I shall carry the damage of it until the day of my death." The assassin of Sir William Russell declared that he got the inspiration for his crime by reading what was then a new and popular novel, Jack Sheppard. Homer's Iliad made Alexander the warrior. Alexander said so. The story of Alexander made Julius Caesar and Charles XII both men of blood. Have you in your pocket, or in your trunk, or in your desk at business a bad book, a bad picture, a bad pamphlet? In God's name I warn you to destroy it.

Another way in which we shall fight back this corrupt literature and kill the frogs of Egypt is by rolling over them the Christian printing press, which shall give plenty of healthful reading to all adults. All these men and women are reading men and women. What are you reading? Abstain from all those books, while they have some good things about them, have also an admixture of evil. You have read books that had two elements in them—the good and the bad, which stuck to you? The bad! The heart of most people is like a sieve, which lets the small particles of gold fall through but keeps the great cinders. Once in a while there is a mind like a loadstone, which plunged amid steel and brass filings, gathers up the steel and repels the brass. But it is generally just the opposite. If you attempt to plunge through a fence of burrs to get one blackberry, you will get more burrs than blackberries. You cannot afford to read a bad book, however good you are. You say: "The influence is insignificant." I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced the lock-jaw. Alas, if through curiosity, as may do, you pry into an evil book, your curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who would take a torch into a gunpowder mill merely to see whether it would really blow up or not. In a menagerie, a man puts his arm through the bars of a black leopard's cage. The animal's hide looked so sleek, and bright and beautiful. He just struck it once. The monster seized him, and he drew forth a hand torn and mangled and bleeding. O, touch not evil even with the faintest stroke! Though it may be glossy and beautiful, touch it not, but you pull forth you soul torn and bleeding under the touch of the black leopard. "But," you say, "how can I find out whether a book is good or bad without reading it?" There is always

something suspicious about a bad book. I never knew an exception—something suspicious in the index or style of illustration. This venomous reptile almost always carries a warning rattle.

The clock strikes midnight. A fair form bends over a romance. The eyes flash fire. The breath is quick and irregular. Occasionally the color dashes to the cheek, and then dies out. The hands tremble as though a guardian spirit were trying to shake the deadly book out of the grasp. Hot tears fall. She laughs with a shrill voice that drops dead at its own sound. The sweat on her brow is the spray dashed up from the river of death.

The clock strikes 4, and the rosy dawn soon after begins to look through the lattice upon the pale form, that pale form that looks like a detained specter of the night. Soon in a mad-house she will mistake her ringlets for curling serpents, and thrust her white hands through the bars of the prison and smite her head, rubbing it back as though to push the scalp from the skull, shrieking: "My brain! my brain! Oh, stand off from that! Why will you go sounding your way amid the reefs and warning buoys, when there is such a vast ocean in which you may voyage, all sail set?"

We see so many books we do not understand what a book is. Stand it on end. Measure it, the height of it, the breadth of it. You cannot do it. Examine the paper and estimate the progress made from the time of the impressions on clay, and then on the bark of trees, and from the bark of trees to papyrus, and from papyrus to the hide of wild beasts, and from the hide of wild beasts on down until the miracles of our modern manufactories, and then see the paper white and pure as an infant's soul waiting for God's inscription. A book! Examine the type of it. Examine the printing of it, and see the progress from the time when Solon's laws were written on oak planks and Hesiod's poems were on tablets of lead, and the Sinitic commands were written on tablets of stone, on down to Hoe's perfecting printing press. A book! It took all the universities of the past, all the martyr fires, all the civilizations, all the battles, all the victories, all the defeats, all the gloom, all the brightness, all the centuries, to make it possible. A book! It is the chorus of the ages—it is the drawing room in which kings and queens and orators and poets and historians and philosophers come out to greet you. If I worshipped anything on earth I would worship that. If I burned incense to any idol, I would build an altar to that. Thank God for good books, healthful books, inspiring books, Christian books, books of men, books of women, Book of God. It is with these good books we overcome corrupt literature. I depend much for the overthrow of iniquitous literature upon the mortality of books. Even good books have a hard struggle to live. Polybus wrote forty books; only five of them left. Thirty books of Tacitus have perished. Twenty books of Pliny have perished. Livy wrote 140 books; only thirty five of them remain. Aeschylus wrote 100 dramas; only seven remain. Euripides wrote over 100; only nineteen remain. Varro wrote the biographies of over 700 great Romans. All that wealth of biography has perished. If good and valuable books have such a struggle to live, what must be the fate of those that are diseased and corrupt and blasted at the very start? They will die as the frogs when the Lord turned back the plague. The work of Christianization will go on until there will be nothing left but good books, and they will take the supremacy of the world. May you and I live to see the illustrious day!

Lady Hester Stanhope was the daughter of the third Earl of Stanhope, and after her nearest friends had died she went to the far east, took possession of a deserted convent, threw up fortresses amid the mountains of Lebanon, opened the castle to the poor and the wretched and the sick who would come in. She made her castle a home for the unfortunate. She was a devout Christian woman. She was waiting for the coming of the Lord. She expected that the Lord would descend in person and she thought upon it until it was too much for her reason. In the magnificent stables of her palace she had two horses groomed and bridled and saddled and caparisoned, and all ready for the day in which her Lord should descend, and He on one of them and she on the other should start for Jerusalem, the city of the Great King. It was a fanaticism and a delusion, but there was romance, and there was splendor, and there was thrilling expectation in the dream! Ah! my friends we need no earthly palfrays groomed and saddled and bridled and caparisoned for our Lord when He shall come. The horse is ready in the quarry of heaven, and the imperial rider is ready to mount. "And I saw, and behold a white horse, and He that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto Him; and He went forth conquering and to conquer. And the armies which were in heaven followed Him on white horses, and on his vesture and on his thigh were written, King of kings, and Lord of lords." Horsemen of heaven, mount! Cavalrymen of God, ride on! Charge! Charge! until they shall be hurled back on their haunches—the black horse of famine, and the red horse of carnage, and the pale horse of death. Jesus forever!

OUR FARM DEPARTMENT.

Profits in Small Produce.

Good management produces better results than hard labor, although they are often required to go hand in hand on the farm in order to bring out the greatest possible gain. The farmer who has the assistance and co-operation of his family in managing his farm affairs need not expend much ready money for the maintenance of living expenses. There are so many opportunities for profit in small produce on the farm that it at once places the farmer and his family at an advantage over all other classes of laborers or producers in securing a good, healthy, independent living. Of course the main profit on the farm is expected to come from the field crops and growing stock, and to these the great effort must be given. But while this is being carried forward there are many helpers in way of small produce that can be successfully managed.

The poultry department of the farm will not occupy much time, requires no expense to signify, and will go a long way towards keeping up the living expenses of the family in the egg produce and sale of surplus stock. The milk cows may be made an additional help in this particular line of profit. A few pounds of butter, nicely moulded into neat, attractive packages, will exchange readily for groceries at the top price in the market for the dairy product. A few early potatoes will always find a ready sale with your groceryman; he will be glad to give you in exchange the best he has in stock for them. A small berry garden will provide the family with a much-needed article of diet and a surplus that will bring ready cash in the neighboring town.

There are many other articles of small produce on the farm that may be added to these, but this is sufficient to illustrate the value of small produce. The care and cultivation necessary to grow and produce these little things on the farm may be taken from odd bits of time that are often squandered on farms where not systematized in being taken up in the little details of economical management. It is just as honorable and deserving of public approval to raise a good patch of sweet corn as to raise a good ten acres of field corn.

The false idea that gets possession of some people that it is not creditable to produce little things or deal in small produce is simply an evidence that the person is becoming unfit for the business of farming. It is a privilege, however, that every one enjoys, to raise all corn, or all wheat, or all oats, or all potatoes. But the farmer who looks well to that little produce and to having a great variety will make the most out of farming and be provided at all times with a comfortable living.—World-Herald.

Live-Stock and Farm Notes.

Keeping fowls in a dark place to fatten is unnecessary.

Feed the soil, the soil will feed the crops, and the crops will feed you.

Burn out the chimneys while the roofs of dwellings are covered with snow.

It pays to keep the wheels of your wagon well covered with a coat of paint.

Many a horse is seriously injured by hard driving on the road, and then cooling off too quick.

Judicious, feeding pure air and water, and regular work are necessary to keep horses in good condition.

Hogs of all animals on the farm, need clean quarters if the best success with breeding and feeding them is secured.

If it pays to raise fowls for market, it pays to fatten well before selling. Early in the fall or in the middle or latter part of winter in the best time to market poultry.

All the rubbish in gardens, whether weeds, brush or other materials, should be raked up and burned early in the winter, or at least before warm weather comes. The squash bugs and other insects that most plague the gardener hide themselves or deposit their eggs on or under this rubbish. Removing and burning it assures their destruction.

Do not attempt to cultivate too much land. In trying to do this many farmers fail. Half cultivated lands wear out much faster than those well cultivated. A farm of twenty acres with all the means for the best cultivation, will yield better returns than one of 100 acres, without intelligent culture, properly directed labor, and capital to correspond. In all building on the farm, study utility, convenience, harmony and elegance. Always building as substantially as means will allow.

Before the commencement of what is termed the spring's work, everything that is likely to be needed either for the farm or household should be provided, so that in the event of a late spring, which is a common occurrence in this climate, not a day would be lost in the forwarding of the work on hand. The waste of material is perhaps the greatest waste with which we have to contend. Carelessness in regard to this has had more to do to-

ward making farmers unsuccessful than any other one thing in the whole routine of farm life.—American Cultivator.

Carrots contain a smaller proportion of moisture and more nutriment than most other roots. They are good for cows or horses, but seem to be especially adapted for the latter. Horse owners who can do so should grow carrots, and those who have not the proper land should buy enough carrots to give a ration every day through the winter. Give half as many oats as usual, and make up the deficiency with equal bulk of carrots, and most horses during winter will improve in appearance. The carrots give the animals a sleek coat, probably by helping the digestion. It is a diet of exclusively dry feed that makes the hair of many idle horses in winter dry and harsh. If the horse is working he will need the full rations of oats, but should be given a ration of carrots besides each day.—American Cultivator.

Poultry Notes.

Sawdust is an excellent litter for duck coops.

Overcrowding is a fertile cause of the breeder's worst enemy—roup.

Choose, if possible, for a poultry ranch a slope to the south or south-east.

The daily consumption of eggs in the United States is estimated at 45,000,000.

Cool, sweet water is one of the most important factors in the health of the flock.

There is nothing better for your turkeys than curds squeezed dry and crumbled.

A small lump of pine tar in the drinking water supplied to the fowls will be found beneficial.

Better throw the grand feed among straw or leaves and make the fowls scratch for a living.

It is a bad plan to clean out the poultry houses and throw the refuse just outside the door. Barrel it once and put under cover.

Eggs are the most marketable product that the farm yields. They are ready for the market the minute they are laid, and the sooner they are gotten to market the better.

Commencing to breed high class fowls, solely with the object of making money from them, is the rock on which many an enthusiastic beginner has split. Profit must always be a secondary consideration at the outset. It means hard work and plenty of it for a year or more; the profit comes later if you only stick.

Small potatoes make excellent chicken feed if properly fed. Boil, and while hot, mash with cornmeal and bran feed warm. Give only what they will eat up clean and not oftener than every other day. The trouble which follows from feeding potatoes is due to over feeding when the birds are hungry and without mixing the potatoes with meal and bran.

You cannot keep the chickens coops too clean, and even after they leave the hens and cluster nightly by themselves see that their shelter is dry and clean and avoid crowding. Divide the flock in lots of a dozen, they will be healthier and grow faster for this attention. Every day clean up the droppings and scatter sand about the floor, consequently the air is pure at night.

One Reporter's "Copy."

The writer is tempted to tell a story at the expense of a lovely and gifted lady who began a few years ago a career as a society reporter. Every week her copy went to the editor beautifully written and faultless, considered as copy from the printer's point of view. But any little suggestion she wanted to make she ran along with the article in the following fashion:

"Mr. and Mrs. Brown-Smyth gave on Monday an elegant blue dinner of fourteen covers. (For goodness sake, spell her name Smy—last week it went in Smi, and she was as mad as hops about it.) Mrs. Indigo Blueblood has sent out cards for a ball, at which she will introduce into society her lovely daughter. (This is all right. This Mrs. Blueblood has some sense, and doesn't in the least mind seeing her name in print. It's the other Mrs. Blueblood we had the fuss with.) Mrs. Uptown gives a pink tea as soon as Lent is over (Don't stick her down at the tail end of the column, whatever you do. I want to please her anyhow, because last week she just went in as one of the 'many others'.")

If it had not been for the discriminating editorial blue pencil that fashion and society column would have been very delicious reading on Sunday morning—since a printer follows copy, and a parenthesis on the paragraph's brins a plain parenthesis is to him, and it is nothing more.—Baltimore American.

Misjudged His Man.

Number one—"No gentleman? Take those words back, sir!"

Number two (sternly)—"Sir, I never take back what I have said!"

Number one (proud but diplomatically)—"You don't? Well, I am sure, I beg your pardon then. I had no means of knowing that."

WOMEN'S

A new silk cravat lengthwise folds. Spots on every "proper caper" this season is used in trims and draped. An odd garter buttons resists a broad band of it.

Leather flowers are used on the bosom of Kid gloves will be spring in longer lines. A book mark is a woman's trowel, of a handle.

The miniature in ornament cuff is a class.

The imported hats and loops of velvet and colors.

The gazer fan will be, either plain or with lace tops.

A small dog affords material for not string just about this time.

If it were not for there would not be a womanly apparel worn.

Among the neckties will furnish the material.

A married woman's rather large, not quite stiff and dead white.

The ostrich feathers gray chiefly, or lace will be the proper style.

Velvet basquines and skirted in the Parisian.

One of the neatest printed silks has stripes violets on a cream or white.

A mantle has cap and over-shoulders of body with over a silk and pearls.

White and metal some quality arms Louis Quinze jackets sometimes gauntlet.

"Le Boquet" (Opal) given to a capote rhododendron, coral, held with coquetism.

Crowns of ladies' hats season will be lower ladies always wear hats after the theater.

Dark silk, plain stripe stockings are stockings are embroidered and Spanish stockings with gold.

Evening weddings gone out of fashion. The latest, 4 o'clock, is the to the close of the day is permitted.

A striking corsage dressed kid. The are of black velvet. is a corselet of jeweled embroidered with jet.

Silver brooches and rated in enamel. The shapes are and in no wise all but the enameled is pretty and sometimes.

In black garments with cap sleeves, beaded or trimmed or stones are noticeable are also half dull trim embroidery and pearls.

A rich trimming is of tions of passementerie with jet. The insertion is worn over a light-colored may also be of gold. The inner side of the with feathers.

Old buckles, and new on old designs, are mand in the spring. play an all important military, just as to seem to be complete woven bow in the design.

As latest novelties with lace volants are with lace rouche at the shoulder cove of point with hangers of pearl. self reaches down in capes have no silk lining.

Some new ribbon and lace. The are, however, not joined along their width. On front, ribbon ends are so that the satin face of the ribbon shows always.

Many dress bouffant crowns which show the small space in the with such a crown of of velvet, over which is in front. Small head and a jet butterfly.

A stylish jacket is of fawn-colored cloth of that. The high decorated with gold and silver embroidery in brown and a compressant gold case is sparingly used. The are iridescent golden lights.