

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Dr. Talmage's text was II. Chronicles ix. 9: "Of spices great abundance; neither was there any such spice as the queen of Sheba gave Solomon."

What is that building out yonder, glittering in the sun? It is the house of the forest of Lebanon. King Solomon has just taken to it his bride, the princess of Egypt. You see the pillars of the portico, and a great tower adorned with 1,000 shields of gold, hung on the outside of the tower—500 of the shields of gold manufactured at Solomon's order, 500 were captured by David, his father, in battle. See how they blaze in the noonday sun!

Solomon goes up the ivory stairs of his throne between twelve lions in statuary, and sits down on the back of the golden bull, the head of the bronze beast turned toward the people. The family and attendants of the king are so many that the caterers of the palace have to provide every day 100 sheep and thirteen oxen, besides the birds and the venison. I hear the stamping and the pawing of 4,000 fine horses in the royal stables. There were important officials who had charge of the work of gathering the straw and the barley for these horses. King Solomon was an early riser, tradition says, and used to take a ride out at daybreak; and when, in his white apparel, behind the swiftest horses in the realm, and followed by mounted archers in purple as the cavalcade dashed through the streets of Jerusalem, I suppose it was something worth getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning to look at.

Solomon was not like some of the kings of the present day—crowned imbecility. All the splendor of his palace and retinue were eclipsed by his intellectual power. Why, he seemed to know everything. He was the first great naturalist the world ever saw. Peacocks from India strutted the basaltic walk, and apes chattered in the trees, and deer stalked in the parks and there were aquariums with foreign fish and aviaries with foreign birds; and tradition says these birds were so well tamed that Solomon might walk clear across the city under the shadow of their wings as they hovered and fitted about him.

More than this, he had a great reputation for the conundrums and riddles that he made and guessed. Queen Balkis was so pleased with the acuteness of Solomon, that she said: "I'll just go and see him for myself."—Yonder it comes—the cavalcade—horses and dromedaries, chariots and charioteers, glistening harness and clattering hoofs, and blazing shields, and flying ensigns, and clapping cymbals. The place is saturated with perfume. She brings cinnamon, and saffron, and calamus, and frankincense, and all manner of sweet spices. As the retinue sweeps through the gate the armed guard inhale the aroma. "Halt!" cry the charioteers, as the wheels grind the gravel in front of the pillared portico of the king. Queen Balkis alights in an atmosphere bewitched with perfume. As the dromedaries are driven up to the king's storehouse, and the bundles of camphor are unloaded, and the sacks of cinnamon, and the boxes of spices are opened, the purveyors of the palace discover what my text announces: "Of spices, great abundance; neither was there any such spice as the queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

Well, my friends, you know that all theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ, and making the queen of Sheba a type of every truth seeker; and I shall take the responsibility of saying that all the spikenard, and cassia, and frankincense which the queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon are mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities, and angular facts, and chronological tables, and dry statistics. Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, but never to a night shade. It is a bundle of myrrh. It is a dash of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of opaline gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking the spices to the earthly Solomon! What many of us most need is to have the humdrum driven out of our life and the humdrum out of our religion. The American, and English, and Scotch church will die of humdrum unless there be a change. An editor from San Francisco a few weeks ago wrote me saying he was getting up for his paper a symposium from many clergymen discussing among other things "Why do not people go to church?" and he wanted my opinion and I gave it in one sentence: "People do not go to church because they cannot stand the humdrum. The fact is that most people have so much humdrum in their worldly calling that they do not want to have to add the humdrum of religion. We need all our earnestness and subscriptions and songs and prayers more of what Queen Balkis brought to Solomon, namely, more spice."

I must mention that a great deal of religion of this day is utterly insipid. All the insipid books that have been written, from Voltaire down to Herbert Spencer, have not done so much damage to our Christianity as insipid religious tracts. Who needs a religion of this kind?

Why go growling on your way to celestial enthronement? Come out of that cave and sit down in the warm light of sun of righteousness. Away with your odors of melancholy and Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs."

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

I have to say, also, that we need to put more spice and enlivenment in our religious teaching; whether it be in our prayer meeting, or in the Sabbath school, or in the church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in our lungs, and our heart, and our head.

Why did you look so sad today when you came in? Alas! for the loneliness and the heartbreak, and the load that is never lifted from your soul. Some of you go about feeling like Macaulay when he wrote: "If I had another month of such days as I have been spending, I would be impatient to get down into my little narrow crib in the ground like a weary factory child."

And there have been times in your life when you wished you could get out of this life. You have said: "Oh, how sweet to my lips would be the dust of the valley," and wished you could pull over you in your last slumber the coverlet of green grass and daisies. You have said: "Oh, how beautifully quiet it must be in the tomb. I wish I was there." I see all around about me widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness; sadness, disappointment, perplexity. If I could ask all those to rise in this audience who have felt no sorrow, and been buffeted by no disappointment—if I could ask all such to rise, how many would rise? Not one.

A widowed mother with her little child went west, hoping to get better wages there, and was taken sick and died. The overseer of the poor got her body and put it in a wagon and started down the street toward the cemetery at full trot. The little child—the only child—ran after it through the streets bare headed, crying: "Bring me back me back my mother! bring me back my mother!" And it is said that as the people looked on and saw her crying after that which lay in the box in the wagon—all she loved on earth—it is said that the whole village was in tears. And that is what a great many of you are doing—chasing the dead. Dear Lord, is there no appeasement for all this sorrow that I see about me? Yes, the thought of resurrection and reunion far beyond this scene of struggle and tears. "They shall hunger no 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 your eyes." Across the couches of your sick and across the graves of your dead, I fling this shower of sweet spices. Queen Balkis, driving up to the pillared portico of the house of cedar, carried no such pungency of perfume as exhales today from the Lord's garden. It is peace; it is sweetness; it is comfort; it is infinite satisfaction, this Gospel I commend to you. Some one could not understand why an old German Christian scholar used to be always so happy and hopeful when he had so many trials and sicknesses and ailments. A man secreted himself in the house. He said: "I mean to watch this old scholar and Christian." And he saw the old Christian man go to his room and sit down on the chair beside the stand and open the Bible and begin to read. He read on and on, chapter after chapter, hour after hour, until his face was all aglow with the tidings from heaven, and when the clock struck 12 he arose and shut his Bible and said: "Blessed Lord, we are on the same old terms yet. Good night; good night." Oh, you sin-parched and you troubled-pounded, here is satisfaction. Will you come and get it? I cannot tell you what the Lord offers you hereafter so well as I can tell you now. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Have you read of the Taj Mahal in India in some respects the most majestic building on earth? Twenty thousand men were twenty years in building it. It cost about \$16,000,000. The walls are of marble, inlaid with cornelian from Bagdad, and turquoise from Thibet, and jasper from the Punjab, and amethyst from Persia, and all manner of precious stones. A traveler says that it seems to him like the shining of an enchanted castle of burnished silver. The walls are 245 feet high, and from the top of these springs a dome thirty more feet high, that dome containing the most wonderful echo the world has ever known; so that ever and anon travelers standing below with flutes, and drums, and harps, are testing that echo, and the sounds from below strike up and then come down as it were the voice of angels all around about the building. There is around it a garden of tamarind, and banyan, and palm, and all the floral glories of the remotest earth. But that is only a tomb of a dead emperor, and is tame compared with the grandeur which God has builded for your living and immortal spirit. Oh! home of the blessed! Foundations of gold! Arches of victory! Cupolas of paradise! And a dome in which there are nothing and nothing like the hollow jingles of the spade. And around about that mosque is a garden—the garden of God—and all the opening fountains are the best of the world, and the waters are the best of the world.

the deep hue that was caught up from the carnage of earthly martyrdoms and the fragrance is the prayer of all the saints, and the aroma puts into utter forgetfulness the cassia and the spikenard, and the frankincense, and the world renowned spices.

When shall these eyes thy heaven built walls
And peering gaze behold,
Thy bulwarks with entrance strong,
An' streets of hining gold?

Through obduracy on our part, and through the rejection of that Christ who makes heaven possible, I wonder if any of us will miss that spectacle? I fear! I fear! The queen of the south will rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it, because she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold, a greater than Solomon is here! May God grant that through your own practical experience you may find that religion's ways are more of pleasantness, and that all her paths are paths of peace—that it is perfume now and perfume forever. And there was an abundance of spice; neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon.

Good Advice.

Never take into your confidence, or admit often into your company, any man who does not know, on some important subject, more than you do. Be his rank, be his virtues what they may, he will be a hindrance to your greatness. If indeed, the greatest were such as courts can bestow, and such as can be laid on the shoulders of a groom and make him look like the rest of the company, my advice would be misplaced; but since all transcendence, all true and genuine greatness must be of a man's own raising, and only on the foundation that the hand of God has laid, do not let any touch it; keep them off civilly, but keep them off. Affect no stoicism; display no indifference; let their coin pass current; but do not exchange it for the purer ore your carry, nor think the milling pays for the alloy. Greatly favored and blessed by providence will you be, if you should in your lifetime be known what you are; the contrary, if you should be transformed.—Walter Savage Landor.

Senator Hearst's Men in Buckram.
One day while the late Senator Hearst was a young man and yet had his fortune to make he and a few companions were on a prospecting tour. Along in the afternoon they sighted a band of Indians, and, as in those days all Indians were hostile, Mr. Hearst and his friends naturally wanted to get away from there. All the prospectors, except the future senator, were mounted on horses. He was on a retired army mule, and soon found himself left in the rear. The Indians were on his trail and things began to look serious, when he called out to his rapidly disappearing companions: "Hold on, boys; there's only a few of them. We needn't be afraid."

Just then the mule scented the approaching Indians, and with a wild snort started out at a gallop that soon left the horsemen far behind. When Hearst was about a quarter of a mile in advance he turned in his saddle and yelled at the top of his voice: "Hurry up, boys; you'll get scalped. There's more'n a hundred of them."—Chicago Post.

Queer Postures of Women.
Have you ever seen a girl sit on her foot? I heard at Miss Creelman's class the other day. Cousin Madge tells London Truth, that it is a favorite attitude of the young women of the period. She puts her foot upon the seat of a chair and immediately sits down on it, the other serving as a prop and balance, being firmly planted on the floor. When you come to think of it very wonderful are the attitudes in which girls often sit.

Sometimes they will screw up their knees until they almost touch their noses, holding them tightly around with clasped hands, while they devour a book perched upon the knees. The position is highly irreligious. The slightest touch would knock them over.

Lived on \$9 a Year.
The Widow Paret, 75 years old, starved to death in Lisle four weeks ago. She left a fortune of \$175,000. As a thoroughbred miser she was without a rival. Twelve years ago, when her husband died, she had only a few hundred dollars. She invested her money judiciously, and set about getting more with unsurpassed energy. She sewed, begged, and did the hardest manual labor whenever an opportunity was offered to her.

Her savings were almost identical with her earnings, for her living cost her only \$9 annually. She got her food from the refuse heaps at vegetable markets and from the garbage of hotels and restaurants. She gathered the coals for her fire usually at the docks where freight ships were loaded and emptied. Every morning, rain or sun, she appeared at the wharves with her coal basket on her arm. When unable to fill her basket there she pilfered the desired supply from neighboring coal yards, and by this practice got herself several times in the Lisle police courts.

Last fall her only son, an unsuccessful miser, died of hunger, leaving one child, a girl of sixteen years. This young woman is the sole heir of the fortune. She is one of the frivolous creatures of Lisle, and is said to be making great preparations for the speedy disposition of her grandfather's hoard.

OUR FARM DEPARTMENT.

Creamery Butter.

After all that can be said for creamery butter it is not always perfect. Increasing numbers note its poor keeping quality, because imperfectly freed from caseous matter; also the fact that it does not go so far, pound for pound, as dairy butter, more solid from careful making. Families are discarding it, while they desire the best, because needing to practice economy. But all creameries do not turn out "spongy butter." Here and there one equals dairy butter in solidity. Cream gathering creameries are prone to let cream sour too much. Of course oversouring, even in the dairy, will produce the same sorry result. The creamery or dairy coming nearest to the manufacture of sweet cream butter, provided it is properly washed and packed, will make the most solid and best keeping article.—New York Tribune.

Honey Plants.

A. I. Root, authority on all subjects pertaining to bee culture, says: "Past experience seems to have taught us that not only is it true that no plant bears honey invariably, but it is also true that a great many plants may now and then give quite a yield of honey. Doolittle got quite a crop of very nice honey from teasel. Dr. Miller had quite a little honey yield from cucumbers, where they were raised for pickle factories. Spanish needle from the swamps sometimes gives large quantities of very rich amber honey. Last season Dr. Miller had a yield of very nice honey right along for months, and if I am correct he does not know yet where it came from. When I visited him he asked me if I could see enough white clover, or clover of any kind, to account for the amount of honey that was then coming in. I could not. And yet there was nothing else visible to us in our miles of travel that should furnish it. Rape sometimes gives quite a flow of beautiful honey in localities where the plant is raised largely for seed. Mustard fields also furnish more or less.

Farm Hints.

The borer which attacks the currant stems may be kept in subjection, says the Michigan Farmer, by cutting and burning all the infected stems. It stems that cannot be spared go for the borer with a knitting needle.

This season there is more water in the soil than has been the case for years. Cellars that have always been dry, in some sections, are now partly filled with water. This will probably not be lessened, as we are to have the usual spring rains.

Michigan has a cow insurance club. On joining, each person pays into the treasury 75 cents for each cow in his possession, and when a cow belonging dies, an assessment is made and \$40 is paid to the loser. After the initiation fee the members are required to pay nothing except the assessment.

Range cattle are rapidly becoming a thing of the past, and the stock farmer may breathe easier. With the constant encroachment of the homestead and the farm, the almost boundless range and the days of the vast herds are surely numbered. Like the Indian and the Buffalo, they will soon become a thing of the past.

Young chicks will become afflicted with lice as soon as hatched. The lice leave the few and go to the chicks. As soon as a hen comes off with a brood and a few drops of melted lard or oil on the skin of the head and neck of the hen, and dust the chicks well with Dalsatian insect powder.

No breeder or farmer should believe or accept as a fact that any breed of swine or any individual animal is perfect, says the National Stockman. The force or strength of the meaning of the word "thorough-bred" increases with the improvement of the quality of the animals. No one realizes the worth of the adage that "the best is none too good" with more force than the true fancier and breeder. He is always looking for his ideal higher type and when found will pay fabulous for it.

Good Haying.

A sowing in shallow drills, 9 in. apart of French horn or early Nantes carrots, should be made on the south border. In preparing the ground, take advantage of a fine day, so that the surface soil may become somewhat dry before sowing the seed, and a dressing of wood ashes may be applied before the drills are closed, as a manure, and remedy against wire-worms. Early Milan turnip seed should be sown in drills 1 foot apart. A small sowing only should now be made, and again in three weeks. Large breadth are undesirable at this early date, as the plants run to seed rapidly. Radishes should be sown on the south border, the turnip-rooted varieties being employed. Cover the radish beds with dry litter until the seeds come up, when it should be taken off in the day and replaced at night.

The Common Level.

"Suppose one anarchist rails against wealth and claims that the rich won't let the poor live. And suppose another finds a five dollar bill. Now one, as it were, being a capitalist, what common level can they find? Where will they meet?"

"In the bar saloon."

Farm, Field, Garden.

Many of our progressive cultivators have left off old methods for the newer one of drilling in the seed, surface mowing and level or shallow cultivation. Other good farmers still cling to old ways, while others again strike a medium between the old and new systems. Following is what Southern Cultivator has to say on the subject of planting corn:

The first plowing may and should be deep and close on all soils that are stiff or inclined to run together, and we know of nothing better for the sowing furrow than a moderately long square or diamond pointed scooter. It is not necessary to plow out the entire middle at once; on the contrary, we have found it generally expedient to run round the entire crop, or as much of it as may be ready for the operation, and then returned and plow the middles out. On mellow, soft clean lands deep plowing is not at all necessary if the ground was well plowed before planting. Indeed, in our own practice we adopted the general rule that wherever a sweep, scrape, or other wide expanding cultivator will do good work, no other implement or deeper plowing is required. It is a pretty safe rule all through the cultivation of any crop, thus always giving the preference to the implement that will do satisfactory work at the time, and the largest amount (acres per day) with the least labor.

The first plowing of corn should be done so carefully as to obviate the necessity for hand hoe work, which may be easily done on smooth, well prepared land. It is not a bad rule to require every plowman on such land to stop and remove, or cover with his hands, or a paddle kept at hand for the purpose, every bunch or sprig of grass that might have been destroyed by the plow. Under such a rule greater care and skill will be exercised by the plowman, for no man liked to stop to uncover or cover anything.

If the plants are healthy and vigorous, and the land not especially infested by bud worms, we greatly prefer thinning out by hand or by means of a narrow paddle in advance of the plow. It may be done when the ground is too wet to plow or hoe, each hand being armed with a stick or paddle three or four feet long, and carrying two rows at a time.

Give Calves Some New Milk.
A Canadian describes a plan by which he gives his calves new milk and yet manages to have a good supply of butter from his milk. The idea is simple enough and well worth consideration. The plan adopted is as follows. At milking time two large vessels are put outside the barn door, one marked "dairy" and the other "calves." One-half of the milk given by each cow—viz, that drawn first—is put into the vessel marked "calves," and the other half—viz, that last drawn—is put into the vessel marked "dairy." This latter half is found on being tested to contain from two-thirds to three-fourths of the cream. The calves have the advantage of being fed with milk warm from the cow; at the same time they are reared at a moderate cost, as their allowance of milk does not contain much cream.—Exchange.

The Inadequacy of Criticism.
The critical kodak has not yet been invented; there is no little instrument that promises to do the rest in reviewing if you press the button; and in the meantime there is the chance of giving only a glimpse of the work that comes before one. One aspect is seized, and a moment only of that; a few traits are grouped about this general look of an author—a nose here, a mouth there, an eye or two, a chin—and then the whole must be intrusted to the intelligence of the reader, with a suggestion that he had better go to the book for a right conception of it.—W. D. Howells in Harper's.

How Spools are Made.
Birch wood is preferred. The wood is first sawed into sticks four or five feet long and seven-eighths of an inch to 3 inches square; according to the size of the spool to be produced. These sticks are thoroughly seasoned. They are cut into short blocks and dried in a hot-air kiln. At the time they are sawed holes are bored perpendicularly through each block which is set on end under a rapidly revolving long-shanked auger. Next one whirl of each little block against some little knives that are turning at lightning speed, fashions it into a spool according to the pattern desired, and that, too, at the rate of one a second for each set of knives. A row of small boys feed the spool-making machines by simply placing the blocks in a spout, selecting the best and throwing out the knotty and defective stock. The machine is "automatic," but there are some things which it cannot do, hence the employment of the small boys above mentioned. After the spools are turned they are placed in a large drum and revolved rapidly until they have taken on a fine polish. For some special purposes they are dyed yellow, black or red, according to taste. When one sees a spool of thread marked "300" or "200" yards, it does not signify that the thread has been measured, but that the spool has been gauged, and is supposed to have that amount of thread upon it.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Household Hints.

Dull headache is quickly relieved by iodine of potassium. A glass of water with a glassful of iodine to be taken in little sips all day.

When making white wash use half teaspoon more of soda than usual, as this extra amount of cream of tartar makes the wash stiffer.

For a cough, boil one ounce of licorice in a pint of water, add a little honey, one ounce of lemon juice and the juice of three lemons. Boil well; drink as hot as you can stand.

If the globes on a gasolene lamp get much stained on the outside, soak them in a tub of water, which a little washing with soda, and the juice of three lemons will remove. Then put a little powdered ammonia in a warm water and with a scrub the globes until the stain disappears. Rinse in clean water. They will be as white as if new.

Eggs in an emergency will seal letters. Will seal the glass covers. Will remove sublimate harmless, if left given after an emetic. Will burn, if several applied. Whites be put in to seal the mustard be mixed with water. Will remove a burn from the throat, if the white is given at once.

New York's Free Art School.
Just at the beginning of the Bowery stands the big building dedicated to science and art. Cooper, who has a museum heart of every New Yorker, is the one in the city of his kind. During the lifetime of the man, there was no drawing nude done at Cooper Institute, a very intelligible old-fashioned against it. Now, however, fallen into line with the sciences that crowning glory of school, a life class.

Unlike the League of the Cooper is for women only. Instruction is free to all who make a profession of art. In usual studies it has classes in painting, photography, crayon portraiture, engraving, remunerative employments, and the new which young women are teachers. This course only a year. To appreciate the may be obtained in that she must see the fine work entered for the prizes of education, such as designs in stained glass, for wall paper, etc.

There is little discipline, familiarity about art schools. Cooper has a slight flavor of the usually inseparable from the school. I do not know what because of this fact or in Cooper is perhaps the pleasant for a young girl to pursue her. At the other schools no case is over the students in other hours, and not much then. Creative employment is far advice given as to board or. The students come and go please—no one takes any of them. If they come, the gain if they stay away, it is their. It is taken for granted that chosen their career they every opportunity for progress. Isabel McDougall in Democrat.

A tortoise shell hairpin is adorned with a bow knot of gold.

A silver brooch has a bow forget-me-not, within which is a moonstone heart.

Dorquette handles are still tortoise shell elaborately carved of them being profusely set with diamonds.

A brooch is in the form of a white enamel, about which is a coil of a serpent formed of diamonds.

A Broadway jeweler has a ring in the form of a curb chain, sapphire and two diamonds, square setting.

A candlestick recently shown pretty. The foot is of silver and candle is set in the center of a water lily. A shade accompanying is in the form of an inverted vase.

A costly pair of opera glasses in gold and black enamel. The eled portion is covered with a trefles outlined with small diamonds alternating with single rubies. Each of the lenses is surrounded by a row of small diamonds. There are all 1,182 stones.

An odd case for a manure recently placed on exhibition prominent silver ware house. A design on the cover shows five forming what is known among players as "a straight flush." The cards in the inscription, "A good hand."

New forms of the bow brooches are constantly appearing every possible combination of a gold and pearl brooch in the form of a lyre, and another showing a stone heart set in silver, are two attractive pieces of jewelry.—New York Herald.