

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Acts xxii: 3: "When we had discovered Cyprus we left it on the left hand," and Revelation i: 9, "John" was in the isle that is called Patmos."

Good-by, Egypt! Alas! interesting and instructive beyond any country in all the world, excepting the Holy Land Egypt was to me somewhat depressing. It was a post-mortem examination of cities that died 4,000 years ago. The mummies, or wrapped up bodies of the dead were prepared with reference to the Resurrection day, the Egyptians departing this life wanting their bodies to be kept in as good condition as possible so that they would be presentable when they were called again to occupy them. But if when Pharaoh comes to the resurrection he finds his body looking as I saw his mummy in the museum at Bonaparte his soul will become an unwilling tenant. The sphinx also was to me a stern monstrosity carved out of rock of red granite 60 feet high and about 143 feet long, and having the head of a man and the body of a lion. We sat down in the sand of the African desert to study it. With a cold smile it has looked down upon thousands of years of earthly history; Egyptian civilization, Grecian civilization, Roman civilization; upon the rise and fall of thrones; upon the victory and defeat of the armies of centuries. It took 3,000 years to make one wrinkle in its red cheek, it is dreadful in its stolidity. Its eyes have never wept a tear. Its cold ears have not listened to the groans of the Egyptian nation the burden of which I tried to weigh last Sabbath. Its heart is stone. It cared not for Pharaoh when he measured it in the first century. It will care nothing for the man who looks into its imperturbable countenance in the last century.

Night came down on land and sea and the voyage became to me more and more suggestive and solemn. I was alone on ship's deck in the Gospel sloop, and do you wonder that the sea was populous with the past and that down the rathines bible memories descended? Our friends had all gone to their births. "Captain," I said, "when will you arrive at the Island of Rhodes?" Looking out from under his glazed cap he responded in sepulchral voice, "About midnight." Though it would be keeping unreasonable hours, I concluded to stay on deck for I must see Rhodes, one of the islands associated with the name of the greatest missionary the world ever saw or ever will see. Paul landed there, and that was enough to make it famous while the world stands and famous in heaven when the world has become a charred wreck.

This island has had a wonderful history. With 6,000 knights of St. John it at one time stood out against 200,000 warriors under the Sultan the Magnificent. The city had 3,000 statues and a statue to Apollo called Colossus which has always since been considered one of the seven wonders of the world. It was twelve years in building and was seventy cubits high and had a winding stairs to the top. It stood fifty-six years and then was prostrated by an earthquake. After lying in ruins for 900 years it was purchased to be converted to other purposes and the meta weighing 720,000 pounds was put on 900 camels and carried away. As I stood there on the deck of the Minerva looking out upon the place where the Colossus once stood I thought myself of the fact that the world must have a God of some kind. It is to me an infinite pathos—this Colossus not only of Rhodes but the colossi in many parts of the earth. This is only the world's blind reaching up and feeling after God. Founded human nature must have a supernatural arm to help it ashore. All the statues and images of heathendom are attempts to bring celestial forces down into human affairs. Blessed be our ears that we have heard of an ever-present God, and that through Jesus Christ he comes into our hearts and our homes and with more than fatherly and motherly interest and affection he is with us in all our struggles and bereavements and vicissitudes. Rhodes needs something higher than the Colossus and the day will come when the Christ, whom Paul was serving when he sailed into this harbor of Rhodes shall take possession of that island.

But there is one island that I longed to see more than any other. I can afford to miss the princes among the islands, but I must see the king of the Archipelago. The one I longed to see is not so many miles in circumference as Cyprus or Crete or Laros or Naxos or Seio or Mitlene, but I had rather in this sail through the Grecian Archipelago see that than all the others; for more of the glories of heaven landed there than on all the islands and continents since the world stood. As we come toward it I feel my pulses quicken. "I, John, was in the island that is called Patmos." It is a pile of rocks twenty-eight miles in circumference. A few spruces and inferior olives pump a living out of the earth, and one palm tree spreads its foliage. But the barrenness and gloom and loneliness of the island made it a prison for the banished evangelist. Domitian could not stand his ministry and one day, under armed guard, that minister of the gospel stepped from a fishing boat to these dismal

rocks, and walked up to the dismal cavern which was to be his home, and the place where should pass before him all the conflicts of coming time and all the raptures of a coming eternity.

So Patmos, wild, cliff and bleak and terrible was the best island in all the Archipelago, the best place in all the earth for divine revelations. Before a panorama can be successfully seen, the room in which you sit must be darkened and the presence of John was to pass such a panorama as no man ever before nor ever will see in this world, and hence the gloom of his surroundings was a help rather than a hindrance. All the surroundings of the place affected St. John's imagery when he speaks of heaven. St. John, hungry for food except that at which his appetite revolted, thinks of heaven; and as the furnished man is apt to dream of bountiful tables covered with luxuries, so St. John says of the inhabitants of heaven, "They shall hunger no more." Scarcity of fresh water on Patmos and the hot tongue of St. John's thirst leads him to admire heaven as he says, "They shall thirst no more." St. John hears the waves of the sea wildly dashing against the rocks and each wave has a voice and all the waves together make a chorus and they remind him of the multitudinous anthems of heaven, and he says, "They are like the voice of many waters." One day, as he looked off upon the sea, the waters were very smooth, as it is today while we sail them in the Minerva and they were like glass and the sunlight seemed to set them on fire, and there was a mingling of white light and intense flame, and as St. John looked out from his cavern home upon that brilliant sea, he thought of the splendors of heaven and describes them "as a sea of glass mingled with fire." Yes, seated in the dark cavern of Patmos, though homeless and hungry and loaded with Domitian's anathemas, St. John was the most fortunate man on earth because of the panorama that passed before the mouth of that cavern.

Turn down all the lights that we may better see it. The panorama passes, and lo! the conquering Christ, robed, girdled, armed, the flash of golden candlesticks and seven stars in his right hand, candlesticks and stars meaning light held up, and light scattered. And there passed a throne and Christ on it, and the seals broken, and the woes sounded, and a dragon slain, and seven last plague swoop, and seven vials are poured out, and the vision vanishes. And we halt a moment to rest from the exciting spectacle. Again the panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees a great city representing all abominations, Babylon towered, palaced, templed, fountained, foliaged, sculptured, hanging gardens, suddenly going crash! crash! and the pipers cease to pipe, and the trumpets cease to trumpet, and the dust and the smoke and the horror fill the canvas, while from above and beneath are voices announcing: "Babylon is fallen, is fallen!" And we halt again to rest from the spectacle. Again the panorama passes before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees great thrones lifted, thrones of martyrs, thrones of apostles, thrones of prophets, thrones of patriarchs, and a throne higher than all, on which Jesus sits, and ponderous books are opened, their leaves turned over, revealing the names of all that have ever lived, the good and the bad, the renowned and the humble, the mighty and weak, and at the turn of every leaf the universe is in rapture or fright, and the sea empties its sarcophagus of all dead of the sunken shipping, and the earth gives way, and the heavens vanish. Again we rest a moment from the spectacle. The panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile beholds a city of gold, and a river more bountiful than the Rhine or the Hudson rolls through it and fruit trees bend their burdens on either bank, and all is surrounded by walls in which the upholstery of autumn forest and the sunrise and sunset of all the ages, and the glory of burning worlds seem to be commingled. And the inhabitants never breathe a sigh, or utter a groan, or discuss a difference, or frown a dislike, or weep a tear. The fashion they wear is pure white, and their foreheads are encircled by garlands and they who were sick are well, and they who were old are young, and they who were bereft are reunited. And as the last figure of that panorama rolled out of sight, I think that John must have fallen back into his cavern, neverless and exhausted. Too much was it for naked eyes to look at. Too much was it for human strength to experience.

It is no delirium, no delusion but a supernatural fact. Your glorified loved ones will hear that you are about to come and they will say in heaven, "May I go down to show that soul the way up? May I be the celestial escort? May I wait for that soul at the edge of the pillow?" And the Lord will say, "Yes, You may go down on that mission." And I think all your glorified kindred will come down and they will be in the room, and although those in health standing round you may hear no voice

and see no arrival from the heavenly world, you will see and hear. And the moment the fleshly bond of the soul shall break, the cry will be, "Follow me! Up this way! By this gilded cloud amidst these stars, straight for home, straight for glory, straight for God!" As on that day in the Grecian Archipelago, Patmos began to fade out of sight, I walked to the stern of the ship that I might keep my eye on the enchantment as long as I could and the voice that sounded out of heaven to John the exile in the cavern on Patmos seemed sounding in the waters that dashed against the side of our ship. "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them and they shall be his people and God himself shall be with them and be their God, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

Life in Elizabeth's Time

In Elizabeth's time the ordering of the household was strict. Servants and apprentices were up at 6 in the summer; and at seven in the winter. No one on any pretence, except that of illness, was to absent himself from morning and evening prayers; there was to be no striking, no profane language. Sunday was clean shirt day. Dinner was at 11, supper at 6. There was no public or private office which was not provided with a Bible. In the bet-ter classes there was a general enthusiasm for learning of all kinds. The ladies, imitating the example of the queen, practical embroidery, wrote beautifully, played curious instruments, knew how to sing in parts, dressed with as much magnificence as they could afford, danced the coranto and the lavolta as well as the simple hey, and studied languages—Latin, Greek and Italian.

The last was the favorite language. Many collected books. Dr. John Dee had as many as 6,000 of which 1,000 were manuscripts. They were arranged on the shelves with the leaves turned outward, not the backs. This was to show the gilding, the gold clasps and the silken strings. The books were bound with great care and cost; everybody knows the beauty of the type used in the printing—Walter Besant in Harper's.

Where Steel is Made.

The general aspect of the interior of a converting house at night is at once startling and grandly impressive. Here heat, flame and liquid metal are ever present; locomotives whistle and puff, dragging with clatter and clang huge ladles of molten iron; the lurid light, flashing and flaming, that illuminates the scene, throws shadows so intensely black that they suggest the "black fire" of Milton, for in such a place it is impossible for a shadow to be cool; half naked, muscular men, begrimed with sweat and dust, flit about; clouds of steam arise from attempts to cool in some degree the roasting earth of the floor, converters roar, vibrate and vomit flames mingled with splashes of metal from their white hot throats; at intervals the scorching air is filled with a rain of coruscating burning iron.

Ingot molds lift molten parcels with a thrust that can only be appraised for a short time by streams of liquid steel that run gurgling into them; the stewart cranes rise, swing and fall, loading scores of tons of red hot steel upon cars of iron; all these conditions and circumstances combine to make an igneous total more suggestive of the realms of Pluto than any other in the whole range of metallurgy.—W. F. Durfee in Popular Science Monthly.

How the Pyramids Were Built.

A moneyed man, who was looking at the process of laying an artificial stone pavement in front of one of his many properties, startled the friends who were standing about him by remarking, "I believe that the Egyptian pyramids were built in just that way." Pressed for an explanation, he said that while he had never been in Egypt he had read the works of all Egyptologists, including Brugsch and Piazza Smyth, and had never found in any of them a theory which would satisfactorily account for the manner in which the pyramids were constructed. "Now," he said, "you must remember that that pyramids are built of stone which bears no resemblance to anything found within 500 miles of their location. It is incredible that the Egyptians of four or five thousand years ago should have possessed the mechanical ingenuity to move these enormous blocks of stone from the granite quarries of Abyssinia or Syria to the pyramids. Is it not much more natural to suppose that the ancient Egyptians possessed the secret of making artificial stone, and that the pyramids were constructed by layer upon layer of Nile river mud, hardened by just such processes as we employ to make artificial stone?"

"It is a much more plausible explanation of their construction than the laborious and unintelligent suppositions that the stones were carried across the desert to from the foundation and base of the pyramids. I firmly believe that the Egyptians of the ante-Christian era understood the manufacture of artificial stone, and that they built the pyramids out of it."—Philadelphia Press.

OUR FARM DEPARTMENT.

Home Hints.

Never leave vegetables in the water after they are cooked.

The juice of half a lemon in half a glass of water is a safe remedy for headache.

An oyster shell in the teakettle will prevent the formation of crust on the inside.

To keep salt dry for table use mix one teaspoonful of corn starch with one cupful of salt.

Equal parts of sweet oil and vinegar and a little gum arabic make an excellent furniture polish.

Rubbed with a woolen rag saturated with kerosene a kettle of coffee pot becomes as bright as new.

A gargle of salt and water before retiring at night will strengthen the throat and keep off bronchial attacks.

Thick sweet cream sweetened and flavored and thickened with a little flour or cornstarch and baked between two crusts is excellent.

A skilful cook may not be made by a book but almost anybody can make a good pudding by observing carefully a few simple rules.

Powdered flint glass ground to an impalpable powder and mixed with the white of an egg makes one of the strongest cements known.

It is claimed by physicians that few men are killed by hard work; it is to irregularities of modern social life that high death rate is due.

Ribbons and other silks should be put away for preservation in brown paper, as the chloride of lime used in manufacturing white paper frequently produces discoloration.

Beware of that common practice of dipping the comb in water when arranging the hair. It promotes a decomposition and rancidity of the natural oil, and so leads to rotting.

To remove paper labels from old bottles wet the face of the label with water and hold it for an instant over any convenient flame. The steam penetrates the label at once and softens the paste.

Roasts that should be juicy come to the table as dry as pasteboard because the oven was not hot enough at first to instantly harden the outer surface and prevent the escape of its juice.

Most vegetables are better cooked fast excepting potatoes, beans, peas, cauliflower and others which contain starch. Cabbage should be boiled rapidly in plenty of water, so should emons young beets and turnips.

Doughs that stick to rolling pin board and hands in a hot kitchen should be set away till thoroughly cooled but all trouble might have been saved by using cold fat, flour and liquid at first and the texture of the dough would have been better.

Twelve Years With Easting.

In 1890 I built a 300 ton stone silo in two compartments and afterward a smaller one of wood. As a result of my experience have reached the following conclusions: That stone, for a permanent silo where the conditions are such that the cost is not excessive is the more economical. That in a stone cement-lined silo not a pound of ensilage need waste or deteriorate. That a covering of trash closely packed deep enough to take up the mold, i. e., as deep as the air penetrates is better than weighing; I discontinued weighing years ago. That be the time for growth long or short, southern white is the best corn to plant because of its quick growth and great productiveness. That if cut at an early stage of growth the ensilage is more acid but is relished by cattle and is excellent food. That the best period for cutting is the roasting-ear stage. Last year much of my corn stood until the kernel shrunk and hardened with the result that a large proportion of the kernel were voided whole and reasoning from analogy I think it a fair inference that the stalk is less digestible after hardening than when in its more succulent state. That the best distance for planting are about four feet apart for the rows and one foot for kernels in the row. This will give full-sized stalks and ears; many of the ears stand nine feet from the ground where I have been cutting. That it is dangerous to feed finely-cut cornstalks whether dry-cured or ensiled to horses or mules.—A. J. Coe in the Country Gentleman.

The difference between the weight of milk from a scrub cow and one of the best of the improved breeds is the difference between 4,000 pounds and 16,000 pounds.

It is poor economy to keep a cow and allow her to be dry six months out of the year. The treatment given the heifers largely determines the length of time they can be milked.

Partridge Cochins are favorite among farmers keeping Cochins and who want large fowls and eggs. They are by many considered the best of the Cochins family. They are good fowls and winter layers too.

No fear need to be had of over-production in wool or mutton. New mills are constantly springing up for manufacturing the fibre into wools of all kinds and the demand for choice mutton is greater than the supply by fully 100 per cent.

Whenever a farmer sends the heifer calf of a good cow to the butcher he is killing the hen that lays the golden egg. A farmer can raise his own cows far better than he can buy them and he knows what he has got when he has them, too.

A farmer in Jefferson county, Wis., dislodged a huge rock at the bottom of his well when it sank out of sight, revealing a subterranean lake.

Farm Notes.

If the parents are bad the chances are that the offspring will be worse.

You cannot develop a new quality in the next generation by a female devoid of that quality.

Cross-breeding is the pairing of animals not allied. Continued in-and-in breeding develops weak constitutions.

The form of the animal depends largely upon the breed but the growth and development secured depend very largely upon the feed.

Cross bred animal may under some conditions be better for feeding but never so for breeding and especially so with the sires.

Butchers and dealers have a partiality for choice handy carcasses. Size is only a secondary consideration provided the animal is fat, smooth and trim.

Clover For Hogs.

Stephen Faville in Farm and Home makes the following statements regarding the use of clover as food for hogs. It is not extravagant to say that more pounds of pork can be made from one acre of clover than from the same acre of corn. The average yield of shelled corn per acre isn't over fifty bushels and twelve pounds of pork per bushel of corn is good production. This would make 600 pounds of pork per acre. One acre of fair clover will pasture eight hogs from the time of starting in the spring until the fall. A hog weighing 100 pounds when turned out will double his weight by fall with no other feed. This means 800 pounds of pork against the 600 made by the acre of corn. Whether it is best to feed hogs when they are running to grass isn't yet decided. Some good farmers claim it is better to give no other food furnishing the stock with plenty of water and salt. I feed a little corn every day and think it best. I do not give enough to make the hogs depend on it but to neutralize to some extent the gas in the stomach caused by eating clover. It should be fed regularly the first thing in the morning one or two pounds per day. Many make a mistake in letting clover get too large before turning in the hogs. The swine should be placed in a field as soon as the clover shows a fair bite. If not it will outgrow them and become too old to suit them. They should have free access to salt and ashes mixed and kept under cover. I consider clover the sheet anchor of the dairyman and hay raiser.

Lake Winnipeg Wolves.

In the winter of 1890 deer were unusually scarce in the forests east of Lake Winnipeg. A wet cold summer had destroyed an uncommon large proportion of fawns. Consequently wolves were without their accustomed food supply. Their distress made them forget their fear of human beings.

One morning in January news reached Winnipeg City that a band numbering 100 wolves had slain many Indian hunters along the east shore. This turned out to be true.

Several of the men were caught on foot. One climbed a tree and shot twelve wolves. Another clubbed a dozen to death before they pulled him down. One hunter mounted a platform erected on poles for the purpose of keeping skins above the reach of wild beasts and vermin. He had hardly begun firing when the wolves pressed and leaped about the posts in such numbers that they threw down the platform and tore the man to pieces.

The same band had visited other camps. How many Indians in all were devoured could not be exactly ascertained as more than one hunting party was said to have been completely wiped out.—Youth's Companion.

Buried in Silver.

William L. Scott was buried in a magnificent coffin, the manufacture of which required seventy-six pounds of solid silver besides quantities of silk and broadcloth. The undertakers say that within their recollection only one other American, Samuel J. Tilden ever had his mortal clay housed so elaborately. The use of gold bars and solid gold plates on expensive caskets is not unusual but so lavish a use of solid silver is unprecedented.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A St. Louis physician recalls the case of a young man who had been dumb for five years but who while out hunting one day began, in the excitement of the chase, to yell at the top of his lungs. Afterward he was able to speak with perfect articulation.

A clever woman has converted the unsightly, but, alas! immovable steam heaters of her home into summer things of beauty by having long, low boxes made to stand upon them. These she keeps filled with a few low growing, bright hued plants and several vine roots whose reaching tendrils of green hang far toward the floor in a graceful swaying fringe.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Hints to Housekeepers.

For cracking ice on the table are silver mallets and picks capable of giving a smart blow.

To have blue hydrangeas water the plant with alum water, especially after the flower buds appear.

To raise the pile on velvet cover a hot iron with a wet cloth and hold the velvet over it. Brush the velvet quickly while damp.

Clover tea is admirable for purifying the blood, for removing pimples and whitening the complexion and has also good repute as a sleep inducing draught.

There is a decided tendency shown to return to the higher and more massive type of table decorations instead of the low, flat style which has been so long in favor.

Flower curtains are used for bridal pairs to stand before while receiving congratulations. The are of some dull neutral tint, upon which flowers are thickly strewn.

Plaster casts which are properly waxed may be wiped off with a damp cloth, and will last for years without being injured, while an unwaxed one soon becomes soiled and it is practically impossible to clean it.

There are a number of ways for preparing beef for mince-meat, and several different cuts are used. The most common cut is a piece of the round, which is boiled till tender. This makes very good mince-meat. Cook books sometimes recommend the use of beef tongue or the inside of a roasted sirloin, but this is so expensive that these pieces are seldom if ever made use of for this purpose.

"When I came home last week," says a housekeeper, "my piano, which had been covered with a cambric cover, was loaded with dust that had sifted through the sleazy cloth. The dust was too thick to be wiped off; it could have been blown and lightly whisked off first; but this my maid did not do, and in consequence, the grim was wiped in, for all I know, with a damp cloth. At all events, the polished surface was clouded almost to a gray, and I was in despair, until a friend suggested a remedy. She advised me to wring as dry as I could a piece of chamamois from out a basin of water and rub the piano until the chamamois was bone dry. This I have done and completely restored the polish."

Queen Victoria in Love Affairs.

The good old Queen Victoria has a weakness for affairs of the heart and they say that just now her sympathetic soul is all aglow over the visit of the crown prince of Italy to England. Which one of her grand-daughters is the possible bride-elect we are not informed. But the queen, dear woman, will probably bring out some of her old treasures in the way of lace or trinket and give the bride a blessing with them, and a tear, as well we know, for that happy past of hers she has never forgotten and of which these tokens from a part. It would be nice to know how she keeps them, these treasures. Has she anything so prosaic, yet so full of sentiment, as a bureau drawer, we wonder? A drawer with a perfume of lavender about it, like those of our dear old grand-mothers? Or a trunk in the garret? How much she misses if that right is denied her! An old trunk, with faded stuffs and brocades and heaviest satin slippers so small that the daintiest of grandchildren could not get their inside. And the gloves! So queer and old, so yellow too. The queen we are sure must have such a trunk. Every woman of sentiment has one she cries over silently sometimes when she has crept away from an inquisitive household. Perhaps the queen has only a chest, sealed with royal arms. But we do not believe it.—Exchange.

Running for Exercise.

A gentleman spending the night with a friend on the Chelton Hills arose early the other day to catch a train for New York, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. While driving to the station he passed the former place of Jay Dooke, now a school for young women, and looking at the grounds he saw fourteen young women running in Indian file up a driveway. Each young woman wore a loose bodice and short skirt of dark blue, black stockings and low flexible shoes. They had their heads up, their shoulders down and back, and kept their mouths closed. On they ran, rapidly, following an instructor, who led the way along the winding road until they disappeared.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the astonished New Yorker. "Who and what are they?"

"That's the Ogontz running class," replied his host with a smile. "Almost any fine spring morning you can see these girls start out for a mile and a half spin. The teacher of gymnastics is always with them and sees that none overtaxes herself."

The running class was organized a year ago and is one of the features of Ogontz gymnastics.

The Chillian war has had a very serious effect on the English hat-makers who supply the majority of Chilians. The latter have been so busy fighting that they have had no time to attend to their hats.