in Experiment to Be Made in Florida to Raise These Mirds

mid Mr. H. J. Tiffin, "that if ostrich farming could be successfuly carried on in California, the same might be done here, especially if it were simply a question of climatic adaptability, for the climate of east Florida is more similar to that of South Africa, the habitat of the bird, then is that of California. I have closely watched the progress of these latter farms, becoming more interested yearly, so that last fall, when, in Atalanta, I had an opportunity to purchase some ostriches, I secured two, male and female, and brought them to my Indian River place on Merritt Island, which is about latitude 28. These birds did so well, seeming so perfectly at home and well adapted to the conditions, that I went back to Atlanta and bought the lot, fifteen in all, some of them very large and valuable, and I now have them all at home. Most of them were raised on a Los Angeles farm, but a few are native African birds.

"The value of an ostrich in South Africa is about \$500. I bought mine for little more than \$100 apiece, so that I may be said to have made quite a bargain. The birds seem to be perfectly at home, and feed upon the grass which grows plentifully upon my place. I also give them large quantities of corn and other grain, and occasionally try them with a little meat of some kind, of which they est sparingly, for the ostrich is strictly a graminivorous feeder. When I first brought them down they are little, and I concluded I must give them an appetizer, which I did. each one, in the shape of a good-sized asafoetida pill. Since that time they have eaten ravenously.

"Ostriches are like qualls, in that they pair off, and need a run to themselves, separated from other pairs. At present mine are all together, as I have not had time to arrange their quarters. In Africa on the large farms a pair has about forty acres to run in. I shall give mine only about two acres, which may be small for them at first, but to which I am sure they will readily adapt themselves in time. My birds have already begun laying. I have gathered about six eggs, and the season is just beginning. Fifty eggs are laid during the season, one laying season to the year. The average weight of an ostrich egg is thirty-four ounces, some, of course, much larger, and it has the appearance of a ball of ivory. The shell is thin and delicate, and smashes easily if dropped when containing the yelk, but if the yelk is removed the shell is durable as china, and is largely used among natives as a drinking cup.

"Ancients used them commonly, and the famous draught of the pearl dissolved in vinegar is supposed to have been taken from an ostrich egg. The female sits on the eggs during the day, the male at night. This seems to be nature, but most ostrich farmers now use incubators, especially as the male bird manifests an unaccountable grudge against the young one, and kills it if possible. I shall introduce the incubator when I begin raising birds. Ostrich eggs sell for \$20 apiece, so fifty eggs a year makes a bird very profitable about \$600 per year. The finest feathers grow under the wings. Those of the male are usually black, and are the finest of all; the female plumes are lighter in color, and permit dyeing. Tail and breast feathers are also valuable. The finest feathers produced by the ostrich are the three plumes used as a head dress by the ladies of the court of St. James, and those who are present ed to the Queen. Certain feathers are in demand for this, the finest on the bird, and they bring, of course, the highest prices."-Jacksonville Citizen.

On the Wheel.

The bicycle grows in favor; its sphere of usefulness is being almost daily enlarged. In the smaller towns in France, when a fire breaks out, a messenger has to make the rounds of the town summoning the firemen from their work. These messengers are now mounted on bleycles, and are able to summon the firemen in a much shorter time than formerly. A New York magistrate has decided that the repairing of a punctured tire is a necessity. Wheelmen have long held this idea. but it was not until a man was arrested for violating the Sunday law by repairing a puncture that the court finally rendered judgment on this important question. In Jersey City an ordinance has been passed which provides for the imposition of a twenty five dollar fine on any person who throws tacks, pieces of glass or other like material in the public highways. The object of the ordinance is to prevent the puncturing of bicycle tires. The Board of Education of Montclair, N. J., has taken formal recognition of bicycles as a means of going to and from school. At a recent meeting the fact that between seventy-five and one hundred children rode to school every morning on bleycles and that some ac commodation should be provided for the wheels was considered. The board then ordered that racks for the wheels be put in the different schools.

Uneducated persons, and some who are educated, when asked for an expla nation of something of which they are ignorant, seldom say, "I don't know." On the contrary, they are apt to extem porise the sert of explanation that was given to account for the working of the electric telegraph when it was first

sage to the operator at the place where it was to be delivered. Beeing that the man waited, he said, "It has gone."

"Gone!" said be. "Why, it's the still! Put it in the machine and send it off properly, man!"

"Oh, very well; if you prefer it that way, here goes!" answered the operator. not ashamed to counter ignorance with deceit. He unfastened the back of the instrument, put in the paper, shut up the apparatus, rang the bell, and nodded to the man, who went away with a satisfied smile at having made the ope rator telegraph properly.

Forty years later an old woman, see ing men erecting telegraph wires in the village, exclaimed, "Well, I expect I'd have to watch them a long time before I saw a telegraph message come along My eyesight is getting so bad!"

Another good woman, after writing a message, asked for an envelope in which to inclose her telegram, so that no prying eyes might read it during its transmission over the wire. A work ingwoman, on arriving by rail at a town some distance from her home. discovered that she had brought the house key instead of leaving it behind for her husband's use. Going to the telegraph office, she desired that the key might be sent to her house. When told that it was impossible, she, with no little irritation, exclaimed, "What then, is the use of the telegraph? That's what I'd like to know!"

Bulle Without Legs.

Recently in England a prize was of fered for the best "bull" made of laugh ter-provoking words, and the Outlook publishes a selection from those submitted.

Extract from a speech made at a meeting to promote total abstinence The glorious work will never be accomplished until the good ship Temperance shall sail from one end of the land to the other, and with a cry of 'Victory! at each step she takes, shall plant her banner in every city, town and village in the United Kingdom."

"We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves the ashes in our

An orator at one of the university unions bore off the palm when he de clared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns nor retire into its

A certain politician, lately condemn ing the Government for its policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

The controversy going on in recent magazine numbers, over the stylistic defect in writing caused by the improper use of "shall" and "will," has been rather confusing to the ordinary mind.

But at last they have fallen back upon the rule given in the old school grammar, prescribed anew by a prominent literary critic, and which, if followed will prevent further mishau-

I shall, thou wilt, he will, we shall you will, they will, expresses futurity. I will, thou shalt, he shall, we will, you shall, they shall, expresses volition.

pleased to see you," for you will thereby proclaim your literary inexperience. Write, "I shall be glad to see you," and even if they do not detect the nicety of your taste, the expression will seem more euphonious, and be comfort ing to their unconscious linguistic

Mall-Protected Monarchs. From 1885 to the time of his death the late Czar of Rusia never appeared outside his bed-room and study without a fine steel suit of mail, which would protect his body from the dagger of the assassin. Excepting his valet and his wife nobody had seen his suit of mail but the Czar's unwillingness to go even to a cabinet council without it was an open secret in all the courts of Europe. Bismarck at one dime wore such a coat, as did also Stambouloff and Crispi. The Italian ex-premier, indeed, still wears, for protection from the assassin's bullet or knife, a light shirt of mail of double thickness over the heart. None of these men, how ever, resorted to such precautions until repeated attempts at assassination had been made. Nicholas II. of Russia has waited for no such attempt on his life. Ever since the last arrests of nihilist students at Odessa be has worn a shirt of nickel and steel.

Easily Managed. Sheep are not commonly regarded as beasts of burden, but in a large part of Northwest India thousands of sheep carry for many miles the commodities purchased by the sale of their own wool. The load for each sheep is from sixteen to twenty pounds. The sheep are driven from village to village with the wool still growing, and in each town the farmer shears as much wool as he can sell there, and loads the sheep with the grain which he receives in ex change. After his whole flock has been sheared he turns it towards home, each sheep having on its back a small bag containing the purchased grain.

Better than "Keep Off the Grass." "I should think the tourists coming to this place would destroy this lovely park of yours," said the Northerner to

the Floridian. "Well, they used to pick up the olean-ders and steal my coconnuts, but I put up that sign over there, and since that time they've respected my rights."

The Northerner walked over to the sign and read as follows: "Please do not irritate the rattlemakes."

Never read a book that refers to oman as "a piece of delicate Dresden nina." This is the stamp of a trashy

ers compliments ago!

THE LION'S SHARE.

Mappily This Kind of Marite Chivalry le Scorce.

A well-dressed, respectable-looking man we will not mention his nationality-traveling with his wife in a remote quarter of England, was delayed by defective rallway service, and was un able to reach his destination until 10 clock in the evening. He had left the railway train at a small station where there was no restaurant, and had hired coach to carry him with his wife and his baggage to the little village where he was to spend the night.

When the travelers drew up at the old-fashioned inn in the village street they were very weary and faint with hunger. They had eaten nothing since their early breakfast.

As soon as the rooms had been en gaged and the baggage properly stowed, the husband sent for the portly landford and said:

"We are the hungriest pair you ever saw. We have lost our train connections, and been delayed at stations where food was not served. For this reason we have had neither luncheon nor dinner. Now you must do your best for us. We want a hearty supper."

The landlord murmured that it was very late, and he had not been expecting any one to arrive, but that he would go down and talk with the cook. He returned in ten minutes with a troubled

"You have taken us by surprise," he said with an apologetic air. "The market stalls are closed and nothing can be had in the shops at this hour. This is only a modest, quiet country inn. I have been talking with the cook and find that the pantries are quite empty." "Have you no mest?" asked the anx-

lous husband in a tone of irritation. "I regret to say," answered the landlord, "that there is only one muttonchop in the house, but I think that is a good-sized one."

The husband glanced at his wife and then stared at the landlord. "What is my wife to have?" he asked

grimly after an awkward pause. The matter-of-fact way in which this lord of creation appropriated for his exclusive use the only chop, revealed his idea of the relations of the sexes. The stronger half of the family was to be served first, whatever might be the

necessities of the weaker half. Of course, the affectionate wife protested that she was not very hungry and would be satisfied with a little toast and tea, as she needed sleep more than nny thing else.

The brute are the chop and grumbled when he finished it because his hunger was not satisfied.

This true incident makes a very un satisfactory study of the kind of marital chivalry that is sometimes found in this closing decade of the nineteenth century.

Not New.

Much of the slang considered new by those who depend upon current chat rather than books for information, is in reality old. A young man was showing his country cousin around the city. He told him all the latest stories, had generation. Subtract 1865, when the war sprung all the latest gags, had shown interest the bucolic visitor, and in the born since the war or were so young as neantime was dropping all of the latest slang phrases. He emphasized each and repeated it a time or two, in order to impress it upon the listener. who presently observed that city people seemed to use a great many old slang phrases. "Well." said the other, in surprise, "you're a good thing, I don't think. We are—" "There you go again. If that expression isn't an old chestnut, I don't know what is. Why, Dickens were those out half a century ago. Noddy Biffin regarded himself as a good thing, and Tom Pinch, quoting John Westlock, said: 'I am a nice man, I don't think." strikes me you are a few years behind the times." The young man de cided to read Dickens and find some thing new.

An American Dodo.

She was an extremely pretty young woman and distinctly undomestic in her tastes; she consequently found the baby very wearing.

Her husband's finances made it im possible to have a nurse, but she did not propose to stop at home just for that baby!

A bright idea came to her. She put the infant in a bureau drawer, leaving a crack open to give it air, and sallied gayly forth.

She has been divorced twice since then. The baby, strange to relate, still survives.-New York Journal.

Sunflowers.

As a plant the sunflower has no supe rior for vigor, rapid growth and prolific yield of seed, leaves and stalk, all of which can be utilized. In China a valuable fiber, used in silk weaving, is obtained from the stalk, and they are of service as fuel and a source of potash. The Orientals mix their tobacco with cured sunflower leaves, and make a yellow dye from the flowers, which are also rich in honey and wax. The sunflower grows riotously in the United States, and stands all extremes of weather well. It is worthy of general cultivation.

Tying the Knot.

At a Babylonish wedding ceremony the priest, it is said, took a thread from the garment of the bride and an other from the garment of the bride groom, and tied them into a knot, which he gave to the bride. This is probanly the origin of the modern saying about tying the knot with regard to marriage.

The Cat Came Back.

A man near Newkirk, Ok., took his peighbor's cat, saturated its tall in kerosene, and set it on fire, thinking it would run home and burn the neighbor out. Instead, it turned and jumped into the torturer's own barn and bu

HE DELIVERS AN ELOQUENT MEMORIAL DAY DISCOURSE.

ogs from the Four Tours' War of the Rebellion-The Spirit of Treaty and the Spirit of War-Self-Defence and Its Duties.

Mounds of the Dead.

What could be more appropriate or stir-ring than this discourse by the Rev. Dr. Talmage at the time of year when the friends of those who wore the blue and the gray have decorated the mounds of fallen? The text was Solomon's song, iv., 4, "The tower of David builded for an armory, whereon there hang a thou-and bucklers, all shields of mighty men." The church is here compared to an ar-

mory, the walls hung with trophies of dead heroes. Walk all about this tower of David, and see the dented shields, and the twisted swords, and the rusted helmets of terrible battle. So at this senlater at the North, the American churches are turned into armories adorned with memories of departed braves. Blosson and bloom, O walls, with stories of selfsacrifice and patriotism and prowess!

By unanimous decree of the people of the United States of America the graves of all the Northern and Southern dead are every year decorated. All acerbity and, bitterness have gone out of the na tional solemnity, and as the men and women of the South one month ago floral ized the cemeteries and graveyards, so yesterday we, the men and women of th North, put upon the tombs of our dead the kiss of patriotic affection. Bravery always appreciates bravery, though fight on the other side, and if a soldier of the Federal army had been a month ago at Savannah he would not have been ashamed to march in the floral processions to the cemetery. And if yesterday a Confederate soldier was at Arlington he was glad to put a sprig of heartsease on the silent heart of our dead.

Brave Generosity.

In a battle during our last war the Confederates were driving back the Federals who were in swift retreat, when a Federal officer dropped wounded. One of his men stopped at the risk of his life and put his arms around the officer to carry him from the field. Fifty Confederate muskets were aimed at the roung man who was picking up the officer. But the Confeder-ate captain shouted: "Hold! Don't fire. That fellow is too brave to be shot." And as the Federal officer, held up by his private soldier, went limping slowly off the field the Confederates gave three cheers for the brave private, and just before the two disappeared behind a barn both the wounded officer and the brave private lifted their caps in gratitude to the Confederate captain.

Shall the gospel be less generous than the world? We stack arms, the bayonet of our Northern gun facing this way, the bayonet of the Southern gun facing the other way, and as the gray of the morning melts into the blue of noon so the typical gray and blue of old war times have blended at last, and they quote in the language of King James' translation without any revision, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to Now, what do we mean by this

great observance? ended, from our 1896, and you will realhim all the sights that are supposed to lize what a vast number of people were to have no vivid appreciation. under 41 years of age has any adequate memory of that prolonged horror, you remember it? "Well," you say, only remember that mother swooned away while she was reading the newspaper, and that they brought my father home wrapped in the flag, and that a good many people came in the house to pray, and mother faded away after that until again there were many people in

iouse, and they told me she was dead." There are others who cannot remember the roll of a drum or the tramp of a regiment or a sigh or a tear of that tor nado of woe that swept the nation again and again until there was one dead in each house. Now it is the religious duty of those who do remember it to tell thos who do not. My young friends, there were such partings at rail car windows and steamboat wharfs, at front doors of comfortable homes as I pray God you may never witness. Oh, what a time it was, when fathers and mothers gave up their sons, never expecting to see them again and never did see them again until they came back mutilated and crushed

A Glance at the Past.

Four years of blood. Four years of hos tile experiences. Four years of ghastli-Four years of grave-digging. Four ness. years of funerals, coffins, shrouds, hearses, dirges. Mourning, mourning, mourning! It was hell let loose. What a time of waiting for news! Morning paper and evening paper scrutinized for intelligence from the boys at the front. First, anpouncement that the battle must the next day. Then the news of the battle going on. On the following day still going on. Then news of 30,000 slain and of the names of the great generals who and fallen, but no news about the private soldiers. Waiting for news! After many days a load of wounded going through the town or city, but no news from our boy. Then a long list of wounded and a long ing. And among the last list our boy.

saw him last? Missing! Missing! he in the woods or by the stream? How was he burt? Missing! Missing! What burning prayers that he may yet be heard from. In that awful waiting for news many a life perished. The strain of anxety was too great. That wife's brain gave way that first week after the battle, and ever and anon she walks the floor of the asylum or looks out of the window as though she expected some one to come along the path and up the steps as she

sollloquises: "Missing: missing." What made matters worse, all this might have been avoided. There was no more need of that war than at this mo I should plunge a dagger through pour heart. There were a few Christian philanthropists in those days, scoffed at both by North and South, who had the right of it. If they had been heard on both sides, we should have had no war and no slavery. It was advised by those

TALMAGE'S SEBMON. | the North did pay in war expenses enough to purchase the slaves, and the South was compelled to give up slavery anyhow. Might not the North better have paid the money and saved the lives of 500,000 beave men, and might not the South bet-ter have sold out slavery and saved her 500,000 brave men? I swear you by ions to a new hatred for the champion curse of the universe war. O Lord God with the hottest bolt of thine omnipotent ladignation strike that monster down forever and ever. Imprison it in the deepest dungeon of the eternal penitentiary. Bolt it in with all the iron ever forged in cannon or molded into howitzers. Cleave it with all the sabers that ever glittered in battle and wring its soul with all the pangs which it ever caused. Let it feel all the configrations of the homesteads it has ever destroyed. Deeper down let it burn till it has gathered into its heart all the suffering of eternity as well as time. In the name of the millions of graves of its victims, I denounce it. The ations need more the spirit of treaty and

less of the spirit of war Why War Is Detestable.

War is more ghastly now than once, no only because of the greater destructive ess of its weaponry, but because now i takes down the best men, whereas once t chiefly took down the worst. Bruce, in 1717, in his "Institutions of Military .aw," said of the European armies of his as have committed capital crimes, her-etics, atheists and all dastardly feminine men, were weeded out of the army, it would soon be reduced to a pretty moder ate number." Flogging and mean pay made them still more ignoble. Officers were appointed to see that each soldier drank his ration of a pint of spirits a day There were noble men in battle, but the moral character of the army then was 95 per cent lower than the moral character of an army to-day. By so much is war now the more detestable because it de stroys the picked men of the nations.

Again by this national ceremony mean to honor courage. Many of these departed soldiers were volunteers, not conscripts, and many of those who were drafted might have provided a substitute or got off on furlough or have deserted. The fact that they lie in their graves is proof of their bravery. Brave at the front, brave at the cannon's mouth, brave on lonely picket duty, brave in cavalry charge, brave before the surgeon, brave in the dying message to the home circle We yesterday put a garland on the brow

of courage. The world wants more of it.

The church of God is in weeful need of men who can stand under fire. The lion of worldly derision roars and the sheep tremble. In great reformatory move-ments at the first shot how many fall back. The great obstacle to the church's advancement is the inanity, the vacuity the soft prettiness, the namby pambyisn of professed Christians. Great on a parade, cowards in battle. Afraid of get ting their plumes ruffled, they carry a par asol over their belinet. They go battle not with warriors' gauntlet but with kid gloves, not clutching the sword hilt too tight lest the glove split at the

back. In all our reformatory and Christian work the great want is more backbone, more mettle, more daring, more prowess We would in all our churches like to trade off a hundred do nothings for one do ev-"Quit yourselves like men; be

Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, though they die. They see the triumph from afar

And seize it with their eye. Self Sacrifice.

Again we mean by this national observance to honor self-sacrifice for others. To all these departed men home and kindred were as dear as our home and kindred are to us. Do you know how they felt? Just as you and I would feel starting out to morrow morning with nine chances out of ten against our returning alive, for the intelligent soldier sees not only battle ahead, but malarial sickness and exhaustion. Had these men chosen, they could have spent last night in their homes and to-day have been seated where you are They chose the camp, not because they liked it better than their own house, and followed the drum and fife, not because they were better music than the voices of the domestic circle. South Mountain and Murfreesboro and the swamps of Chickahominy were not playgrounds.

These heroes risked and lost all for others. There is no higher sublimity than that. To keep three-quarters for our selves and give one-quarter to others is honorable. To divide even with others is generous. To keep nothing for our selves and give all for others is mag nanimity Christ-like. Put a girdle around your body and then measure the girdle and see if you are fifty or sixty inches round. And is that the circle of your sympathies—the size of yourself? Or, to measure you around the heart, would it take a girdle large enough to encircle the land and encircle the world? You want to know what we dry theologians mean when we talk of vicarious suffering. Look at the soldiers' graves and find out. rious! pangs for others, wounds for oth ers, homesickness for others, blood for

Those who visited the national ce teries at Arlington Heights and at Rich mond and Gettysburg saw one inscription on soldiers' tombs oftener repeated than any other-"Unknown" twenty-one years ago, I was called to de liver the oration at Arlington Heights, ed with the minute guns that shook the earth or with the attendance of President and cabinet and foreign ministers and generals of the army and commodores of the pavy as with the pathetic and over whelming suggestiveness of that epitanh on so many graves at my fept. Unknown! Unknown! It seems to me that the time must come when the Government of the United States shall take off that epitaph. They are no more unknown. We have found them out at last. They are the la loved sons of the republic.

of the heathen goddess off the top of the capitol (for I have no faith in the morals of a heathen goddess) and put one great statue in all our national cemeteriesstatue of Liberty in the form of a Chri tian woman, with her hand on an op-Bible and her foot on the Rock of Ages with the other hand pointing down to the graves of the unknown, saying, "These are my sons, who died that I might live." them. It is of comparatively little im-portance what was the name given them in baptism of water. In the holier and cannot afford to pay." The South said, "We will not sell the slaves anyhow." But portance what was the name given them in baptism of water. In the holier and mightler baptism of blood we know them, and set them free." The North said, "We cannot afford to pay." The South said, "We will not sell the slaves anyhow." But

by this national cere mean the future defeuse of this pat By every wreath of flowers on the seedlers' graves we say. "Those who die for the country shall not be forgotten," and that will give enthusiasm to our young men in case our nation should in the fu-ture need to defend itself in battle. We shall never have another war between shall never have another war between North and South. The old decayed have of contention, American slavery, has been cast out, although here and there a de-praved politician takes it up to see if he can't gnaw something off it. We are

possibility of sectional strife. No possibility of civil war. But about foreign invasion I am not so certain.
When I spoke against war I said nothing
against self-defense. An inventor told
me that he had invented a style of wear pon which could be used in self-defense, but not in aggressive warfare. I said, "When you get the nations to adopt that weapon, you have introduced the millen-nium." I have no right to go on my neighbor's premises and assault him, but if some ruthan break into my house for the assassination of my family, and I can borrow a gun and load it in time and sim it straight enough I will shoot him.

There is no room on this continent for any other nation—except Canada, and a better neighbor no one ever had. If you don't think so, go to Montreal and Toronto and see how well they will treat you. Other than that there is absolutely be room for any other nation. I have been across the continent again and again, and know that we have not a half-inch of ground for the gouty foot of foreign despotism to stand on. But I am not so sure that some of the arrogant nations of Rurope may not some day challenge us. do not know that those forts around Now York bay are to sleep all through the next century. I do not know that Barnegat lighthouse will not yet look off upon a hostile navy. I do not know but that a half-dozen nations, envious of our pros-perity, may want to give us a wrestle, During our civil war there were two or three nations that could hardly keep their hands off us. It is very easy to pick national quarrels, and if our nation escapes much longer it will be the exception.

If foreign foe should come, we want men like those of 1812 and like those of 1862 to meet them. We want them all up and down the coast, Pulaski and Fort Sumter in the same chorus of thunder on Fort Lafavette and Fort Hamilton. Men who will not only know how to fight, but how to die. When such a time comes, it it ever does come, the generation on the stage of action will say: "My country will care for my family as they did in the soldiers' asylum for the orphans in the civil war, and my country will honor my dust as it honored those who preceded me in patriotic sacrifice, and once a rear at any rate, on Decoration day, I shall be resurrected into the remembrance of those for whom I died. Here I go for God and my country! Huzza!"

If foreign foe should come, the old sectional animosities would have no power, Here go our regiments into the battle leld; Fifteenth New York Volunteers, Tenth Alabama Cavalry, Fourteenth Pennsylvania riffemen, Tenth Massachusetts artillery, Seventh South Carolina sharp shooters. I do not know but it may require the attack of some foreign foe to make us forget our absurd sectional wrangling. I have no faith in the cry, "No North, no South, no East, no West." Let all four Let all four sections keep their peculiarities and their preferences, each doing its own work and not interfering with each other, each of the four carrying its part in the great

the soprano-in the grand march of Union, Just One Plower. Once more, this great national ceremony means the beautification of the tombs, whether of those who fell in battle or acident, or who have expired in their beds or in our arms or on our laps. I suppose lies take this season as the time for the adornment of their family plots. This national observance has secured the aboriculture and floriculture of the cemeteries the straightening up of many a slab planted thirty or forty years ago, and has swung the seythe through the long grass and has brought the stone cutter to call out the half obliterated epitaph. This day is the benediction of the resting place

of father, mother, son, daughter, brothor, sister. It is all that we can do for them now Make their resting places attractive, not absurd with costly outlay, but in quiet remembrance, You know how. If can afford only one flower, that will do. It shows what you would do if you could. One blossom from you may mean more than the Duke of Wellington's catafalque Oh, we cannot afford to forget them. They were so lovely to us. We miss them so much. We will never get over it. Bless ed Lord Jesus, comfort our broken hearts From every bank of flowers breathes

promise of resurrection. In olden times the Hebrews, returning from their butial place, used to pluck the grass from the field three or four times, then throw it over their heads, suggestive of the resurrection. We pick not the grass, but the flowers, and instead of throwing them over our heads we place them before our eyes, right down over the silent heart that once beat with warmest love toward us, or over the still feet that ran to service, or over the lips from which we took the kiss at the anguish of

the last parting. But stop! We are not infidels. Our bodies will soon join the bodies of our departed in the tomb, and our spirits shall oin their spirits in the land of the rising We cannot long be separated. stead of crying with Jacob for Joseph, "I will go down into the grave unto my son, monraing," let us cry with David, "I

On one of the gates of Greenwood is the quaint inscription, "A night's lodging on the way to the city of the New Jerusa-Comfort one another with these words. May the hand of him who shall wipe away all tears from all eyes wipe your cheek with its softest tenderness, The Christ of Mark and Martha and Lazarus will infold you in his arms. The white robed angels who sat at the tomb of Jesus will yet roll the stone from the door of your dead in radiant resurrection. The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout and the voice of the archangel. So the "Dend March" in "Saul" shall become the "Hallelujah

Rev. Thomas Vincent Tymes, principal of Rawdon College, Leeds, and president-elect of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, in a man of brilliant scholarship. Amo the books he has written, "The Myst ous God" is best known.

Chorus.