

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE GARDEN OF GOD" WAS LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "Thou shalt be like a watered garden and like a spring of water whose waters fail not."—Isaiah Lxviii, 8.

THE Bible is a great poem. We have in it faultless rhythm and bold imagery and startling antithesis and rapturous lyric and sweet pastoral and instructive narrative and devout devotion and thoughtful exhortation in style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollock, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser.

This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment into its garlands, and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer threshing-floor to the daughters of Nahor filling the trough for the camels; from the fish-pools of Heshbon up to the Psalmist praising God with the diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job's imagery of Orion, Arcturus and the Pleiades. My text leads us into a scene of summer redolence. The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—deciding even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV., at Montpellier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world; but his garden, "The Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious, than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius he brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave three hundred pounds for it; he sold it for seventeen thousand. And yet I am to tell you today of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the Church, which belongs to Christ. He bought it, he planted it, he owns it, and he shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune; and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last one hundred thousand pounds sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the Church, of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs and tears and pangs and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted him and let him down! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide; ye rocks that fell! Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it. If the garden of the Church belongs to Christ, certainly he has a right to walk in it. Come, thou, O blessed Jesus, today; walk up and down these aisles and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for thyself.

The Church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is the place of choice flowers, of select fruits, and of thorough irrigation. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they would be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be only the old-fashioned hollyhock, or dahlia, or daffodil; but if there be larger means, then you will find the Mexican cactus, the blazing azalea, and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to his garden and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever dowered the world. Some of them are violets, inconspicuous, but sweet as heaven. You have to search and find them. You do not see them very often, perhaps, but you see where they have been by the brightened face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand, and the new window curtains keeping out the glare of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for sting; and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble, has found that they had covered it all over with flowery jasmine, running in and out amid the crevices. These flowers in Christ's garden are not, like the sunflower, gaudy in the light, but wherever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand, night-blooming cereuses.

But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within; men with sharp points of character. They would almost everywhere that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them notwithstanding all their sharpness. Many a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through severe trial he has raised even the smallest crop of grace. A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid sinner, and the placid sinner said to the harsh minister, "Dear

tor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years."

It is harder for some men to do right than for other men to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said, "I dare not join the Church." I said, "Why?" "Oh," he said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large quantity of water into the milk-can, and I said to him, 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me, and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the Church?" Nevertheless, that very same man, who was so harsh in his behavior, loved Christ, and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, sweetness within—the best specimen of the Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue, that we occasionally find, called "Giants of Battle," the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wickliffes, Latimers, and Samuel Rutherford. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylae. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "Giants of Battle." Men say, "Why don't you have more of them in the Church?" I say, "Why don't you have in the world more Humboldts and Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents; to another one.

In this garden of the Church which Christ has planted, I also find the snowdrops, beautiful, but cold-looking, seemingly another phase of winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears, they never get excited, they never say anything rashly, they never do anything precipitately. Their pulses never flutter, and their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people, but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to "C" above the staff. In their music of life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the Church, and they must be of some service or they would not be there; snowdrops—always snowdrops.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower of all this garden, a spoken of in the text. If you see a century plant your emotions are started. You say, "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that nineteen hundred years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion-plant of the Cross! Prophets foretold it; Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud; the rocks shook at its bursting; and the dead got up in their winding sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its breath is heaven. Come, O winds from the north and winds from the south and winds from the east and winds from the west and bear to all the earth the sweet-smelling savor of Christ, my Lord!

His worth if all the nations knew. Sure the whole earth would love him, too. Again, the Church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums, or peaches, or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard, or they are set out on the sunny hillside; but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the Church, Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity; but he intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the Church.

Religion is not a mere sentimentality. It is a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit—not peaches, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the church has yielded." In reply, I ask where did your asylums come from? and your hospitals? and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them; he planted them in his garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus he laid the corner-stone to every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee he laid the corner-stone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk," he laid the corner-stone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I was in prison and ye visited me," he laid the corner-stone of every prison-reform association that has ever been organized. The church of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit.

I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to be thrown over the fence. I know there are some crab-apple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted; but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find worm-eaten leaves in Fontainebleau, and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there; but let us be just as frank and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands and

tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and women—holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander, nobler collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians.

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them and you cannot get in. It is so with a king's garden. The only glimpse you ever get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden, this King's garden. I throw wide open the gate and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whoever will, may. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems; but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities he confronted a looking-glass, and he saw himself and said: "There, that is true. I look just as I am; done up in body, mind, and purse." So it was of Shenstone, of whose garden I told you at the beginning of my sermon. He sat down and amid those bowers and said: "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry and envious and frantic, and despise everything around me just as it becomes a madman to do."

O ye weary souls! come into Christ's garden today and pluck a little heart-ease. Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting year after year for some good opportunity in which to accept Christ, but have postponed it, five, ten, twenty, thirty years—do you not feel as if now your hour of deliverance and pardon and salvation had come? O man, what grudge hast thou against thy poor soul that thou wilt not let it be saved? I feel as if salvation must come today in some of your hearts.

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had only one lifeboat. In that lifeboat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The vessel had foundered, and was sinking deeper and deeper, and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck waiting for her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went, came and went, but her turn did not seem to come. After awhile she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the taffrail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatman, "Save me next! Save me next!" Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin! Others have accepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not, this moment, make a rush for your immortal rescue, crying until Jesus shall hear you, and heaven and earth ring with the cry, "Save me next! Save me next!" Now is the day of salvation! Now! Now!

This Sabbath is the last for some of you. It is about to sail away for ever. Her bell tolls. The planks thunder back in the gangway. She shoves off. She floats out toward the great ocean of eternity. Wave farewell to your last chance for heaven. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate." Invited to revel in a garden, you die in a desert! May God Almighty, before it is too late, break that infatuation.

A Belligerent Laureate.
Alfred Austin would not sign the petition of British authors for peace between the United States and Great Britain. The cause may have been that he has no book rights in this country, and the effect may have been to aid him in securing the laureateship.—Boston Journal.

NEWSA TRIFLES.

A journal devoted to the interests of the pen, ink and paper trade claims that the world uses 3,500,000 steel pens daily.

Ancient coins, many of which antedate the Christian era, are made in large quantities in London and are sold all over the world.

The average duration of human life in European countries is greatest in Sweden and Norway and lowest in Italy and Austria.

The Bulgarian troops constantly sing on the march, like the Russians, with whom the stinging almost takes the place of drums and trumpets.

It is claimed that 21,000,000 gallons of champagne are drunk every year. England heads the list of countries, with America in the second place.

Ohio has five and one-half times and Illinois five and four-fifths times the inhabitants of Maine, but Maine has more saving banks depositors than either.

That one deer does duty in many an adventure is proved by the fact that a deer shot in Weld, Me., the other day was carrying eleven bullets in its body.

The last census shows that while in twenty years the increase of men in all industries has been 150 per cent, the increase of women at work has been 1,500 per cent.

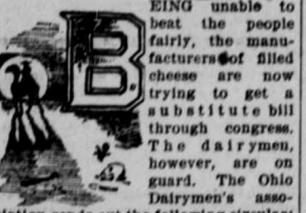
Since the cold weather began one Connecticut hardware factory has received orders for 35,000 pairs of skates. The factory will have to run night and day to fill them.

A Kennebec, Me., man was shoveling gravel out of a bank into his wagon the other day, and was naturally a little surprised when he shoveled a woodchuck into the cart with a spadeful of gravel.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



BEING unable to beat the people fairly, the manufacturers of filled cheese are now trying to get a substitute bill through congress.

The dairymen, however, are on guard. The Ohio Dairymen's association sends out the following circular:

In 1894, the United States exported cheese to the value of only \$7,180,000—a decrease in fourteen years of 40 per cent.

In 1894, Canada exported cheese to the value of \$15,500,000—an increase in fourteen years of 400 per cent.

Owing to our weak and inefficient laws favoring manufacturers and exporters of adulterated goods, the markets of the world have lost confidence in our cheese.

The Canadian government have laws prohibiting the exporting of any but full cream cheese. Thus the confidence and demand for the Canadian products.

Hon. D. F. Wilber, of New York, has introduced a bill in congress as "The Wilber Filled Cheese Bill, No. 5,213," restricting the manufacture and practically prohibiting the exportation of filled cheese.

This bill is endorsed by leading dairymen, farmers and all interested in the reputation of our food products.

The subcommittee of the ways and means committee have reported another bill to congress, which is directly against the interests of producers and consumers, and would legalize and promote an industry which has already nearly ruined the reputation of American cheese.

We earnestly urge every farmer, and others interested in pure food products, and their reputation in the markets of the world, to send, at once, a telegram, letter or postal card to their representative in congress, insisting that they support the Wilber Filled Cheese Bill, No. 5,213, together with the amendments as suggested by Mr. Wilber.

The Ohio and Filled Cheese interests are represented in the national capital, backed by millions of money, demanding legislation favoring adulterated products. Do not despair! The voice of the millions of yeomanry, through pointed, personal letters, to our lawmakers, must and will be heeded.

Keep an eye open for legislation, state and national, touching the farming interests. Be prompt to let your representative know your position. Honest demands, backed by the voice of the people, dare not be disregarded.

This circular is issued by order of the Ohio State Dairy association, which has carefully examined all features of the Wilber Filled Cheese bill, and considers it a measure of vast importance to the dairy and pure food interests of the country.

L. P. Bailey, Secretary.
T. F. Hunt, President.

Poultry on the Farm.

The following paper was read by Mrs. Rose S. Carr at the Jasper (Illinois) County Farmers' Institute:

No branch of agriculture is so universally underestimated as poultry. I might quote, in proof of this assertion, statistics from our large cities in the United States, but I think it will, perhaps, be of more interest to tell what I have been able to glean in regard to the money value derived from the poultry yard in Jasper county alone for the year just closed.

I have experienced great difficulty in procuring reliable information from the farmers themselves, because of the lamentable fact that so few of them keep a record of their work. The habit of guessing is supposed to belong strictly to the Yankee, but it is far too prevalent among farmers, and is the rule with farmers' wives, to which I have found no exception.

Guessing has long been discarded by the commercial world, but the farmer and his wife have not dispensed with it, because they do not consider themselves business people. Well, they need not regard themselves so, nor should they be so regarded by others, until they adopt business methods.

The record for my own flock, (I confine myself in this paper to chickens alone, as time will not permit my talking on different varieties), is: Pure bred Plymouth Rock hens, seventy-five; males, two; eggs, \$37.62; chickens, \$97.04. Total, \$134.66. Eggs used, 1495; chickens used, 45; stock on hand, 17 hens.

As near as I can get at it Newton alone has expended for poultry and products \$65,500, and I am assured by both poultry dealers that this estimate is low.

These figures show that the poultry industry, as a branch, is one that rates on a basis of dollars and cents, just as does any other branch of farming. No luck about it. Banish from the mind at once the idea that luck has anything to do with success in poultry raising. When you hear that some one has "good luck" in raising chickens, rest assured that they give their flocks proper care and attention, and that they are so called "luck" consists in practical business methods.

Industry and close attention to details are necessary to successful poultry raising, but they are not the only or even the chief factors of success. There was a time when the best farming was the result of increasing toil, with comparatively little thought. The necessity for work has not ceased, but the

need of study or "brain work" has enormously increased, and in poultry keeping, as in other forms of labor, it clearly marks the difference between failure and success. In other words 'tis not the business that succeeds, but the man or woman in it, and the one who puts business methods into poultry keeping never fails of success.

I will suggest a few of the ways in which good business ability is shown. In the first place use pure-bred stock. One is not likely to give first-class attention to scrub stock, and so there is no doubt but that pure-bred stock leads to better methods.

In the second place, and I don't know but it should come first, don't inbreed. More evils and loss of profit results from this practice than from all other sources, lice included. In no place is the saying that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," more appropriate than in the raising of poultry; and if there ever is a time when I am strongly tempted to put cleanliness first, it is in this connection.

Some men practice economy, chiefly when buying for their wives, and on the same principle the men who have granaries, corn and hay structures, hog houses, horse, cattle and sheep barns galore, tell their wives that it wouldn't pay to put up the new hen-house she asked for, and at the same time permit (I almost said expect) their better halves to purchase the groceries for a family of six or eight, (with an occasional plug of tobacco thrown in) with the proceeds of the poultry yard, with no better facilities for housing than is given by the top of an apple tree, or a 10x12 house, which leaks badly, and has openings between the boards on the sides, through which the wind whistles in a manner mournful enough to suggest an Aeolian harp. Still, I must insist that one of the requisites of profitable poultry raising is a suitable house, which should be made as secure against drafts as possible, with boards and building paper, a door on the east, which should fit closely, and a window on the south of glass with board shutter to close at night.

Roots for Iowa Stock.

Prof. James Wilson, of the Iowa station, in an address said: The questions are prominent whether we can maintain the excellence of imported animals without roots, and whether perfect health can be maintained easily without them in winter, and what can be most readily and profitably grown to keep dairy cows in milk during September and October drouths, such as we had last fall. In order that the farmers of Iowa might get some facts regarding root growing, we have been growing different kinds during the two years we have been at Ames. Inquiry was rife whether the state could grow sugar beets profitably. We have grown two crops under rigid rule and careful note-taking, and find that the average per cent of sugar in the beet was 14.14, that the average tonnage per acre was 28, that the highest tonnage per acre was 20, that clay soils give the highest per cent of sugar, that subsoiling gave the best shaped beets, that early planting is every way better, and that no fertilizer we could buy gave us any benefit. We have had most success and profit from growing mangels for stock. They are healthy, hardy and yield well. They are valuable for cows, keep well, and are very acceptable to cattle of all kinds. The harder varieties of turnips are good for stock, but seem to be liable to insect ravages and do not uniformly give the amount of feed per acre that mangels do. The yellow turnips sown in the fall on early potato ground or on early fall plowing, for early winter feeding, are valuable. By carefully preparing new land in the fall and planting early we can grow the mangel with very little hand labor, and we are convinced that it can be profitably given a place in the Iowa farm system.

Too Much Corn Fed.—People more and more are demanding bacon and hams that have not too much fat on them. They want meat that has a good proportion of lean. We have noticed in the great butcher shops of Chicago that the dealers have the hardest work to get rid of the fat pork. This excessive fatness comes from feeding too much corn. People think that it makes no difference in selling hogs, but the market generally is affected. What makes Irish bacon the best in the world if it be not the food upon which the hogs are grown? Not having access to Indian corn, the Irish do not feel themselves obliged to feed it altogether.

Market Demands Lighter Hogs.—There was a time when the market paid the top prices for heavy hogs, hogs that weighed between 300 and 400 pounds, but that day has gone forever. There has been a gradual decline through a long series of years till now in the west a 250 pound hog and in the east even as low as 150 pound hog is the kind demanded. This is to the advantage of the feeder, for he can produce that kind of a hog at less price. It is to the advantage of the consumer because he is surer of getting the lean meat he wants.

United States Cavalry Horses.—There are about 7,000 horses in the United States cavalry service. They are purchased at from \$125 to \$200 each. Seldom does the price go beyond these in either direction. A gelding is the only horse that stands a show of being accepted, and he must be very perfect in all points. Five years is about the minimum age, unless the animal has been handled exceptionally well.

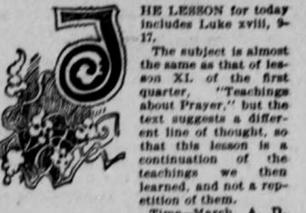
A Good Name for It.
"My bicycle has been injured in the windpipe," said Gildersleeve.
"What on earth is a bicycle's windpipe?" asked Tillinghast.
"The very part that is on earth, the pneumatic tube."—Detroit Free Press.

Whatever God asks of us is a reasonable service.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, MAY 10—THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Golden Text: "The Publican Standing Afar Off Would Not Lift Up So Much as His Eyes Unto Heaven"—Luke xviii, 13.



THE LESSON for today includes Luke xviii, 9.

The subject is almost the same as that of lesson XI of the first quarter. "Teachings about Prayer," but the text suggests a different line of thought, so that this lesson is a continuation of the teachings we then learned, and not a repetition of them.

Time—March, A. D. 30, two or three weeks before the crucifixion. Place—Perea, beyond Jordan.

The full text of today's lesson is as follows: 9. And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others: 10. Two men went up into the temple to pray: the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.

11. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. 12. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

13. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God, be merciful to me a sinner. 14. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

15. And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them: but when his disciples saw it, they rebuked them.

16. But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

17. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.

Some explanations are as follows: 9. "Certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous." "There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness." "And despised others," the tendency of self-righteousness is to look down upon others.

10. "Two men went up into the temple," the acknowledged place of prayer. "One a Pharisee," the highest, most respectable class among the Jews.

11. "Stood," the ordinary attitude of prayer. "Prayed thus with himself," either by himself, apart from others, or he was congratulating himself on his goodness, rather than praying to God. "I thank thee." It was well to be thankful, but his thanksgiving was pride and boasting, in the name of gratitude. "That I am not as other men," the rest of mankind. He is in a class by himself, and other men were far below him. "Extortioners," very common especially among the publicans. "Or even as this publican." And then, his eye alighting on the publican, he drags him into his prayer, making him to surly the dark background on which the bright colors of his own virtues shall more gloriously appear.

12. "I fast twice in the week." He thought he did more than his duty. "The law appointed only a single fast-day in the year, the day of atonement (Lev. xvi, 29). The bi-weekly fast of the Pharisees was a burden imposed by the oral law."—Cambridge Bible.

13. "He made fasting a virtue, instead of a means of virtue, and thus destroyed all its value, and made it a means of evil." "I give tithes," "of all that I possess," rather of all that I acquire, all his gains. "Here, too, he exceeds the written law, which only commanded tithes of corn, wine, oil, and cattle (Deut. xiv, 22, 23), and not of mint, anise, and cummin (Matt. xxiii, 23)."—Cambridge Bible.

14. He was exceedingly particular as to outward forms, and made this a substitute for real virtue, as to which he was careless, or which he did not wish to practice. He tithed mint and anise, but had no love to God.

15. "Whoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child." Trusting God, as a child trusts his parents, willing to learn, willing to be led, ready to obey. "Shall in no wise enter therein." (1) Because he will not, without the childlike characteristics. He will be self-confident, and go on his way, and not God's. (2) Because he cannot; for the kingdom of God is a state of childlike trust in God and loving obedience to God; and till one has these qualities, he is by the necessity of the case outside of that kingdom.

RELIGION AND REFORM.

A floating chapel has just been fitted at Kuttawa, Ky., to make evangelizing voyages along the Cumberland, Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

Out of the 19,756 public elementary schools in England, 11,897 are controlled by the Church of England and draw support from the whole community. In 18,000 parishes there are no other public schools.

There is a Catholic hospital in Berlin, the St. Hedwig, which is served by the sisters of charity. A recent annual report shows that during the year 5,640 persons were admitted to the hospital. Of this number 3,311 were Protestants, 2,248 were Catholics and fifty-nine were Jews.

Ireland has about 4,000,000 Catholics and 1,200,000 Protestants. Catholics are most numerous in the county of Cork, while Protestants have the ascendancy in the county of Antrim. A little over 76 per cent of the entire population are Catholics, 12 per cent belong to the Church of England and 9 per cent are affiliated with the Presbyterians.

A criminal suit against the lay rector for neglecting to repair the chancel of the parish church, probably the first suit of the kind brought in the present century, was instituted recently by the church wardens of St. Peter's church, Derby, England, in the consistory court. The gentleman who draws the tithes and enjoys the revenues of the church pleaded guilty and was condemned to make the repairs.

RINGS OF GOLD.

A story is related by Pliny that, after the golden treasure had been stolen from the Capitoline by Crassus, Jupiter, the custodian, broke the gem of his ring in his mouth, dying instantly from the concealed poison.

Before the introduction of coinage the only gold in circulation in Egypt was the ring, and the Egyptian at his marriage placed one of these gold rings upon his bride's finger as a token that he intrusted her with all his property. Hence the marriage ring of to-day.