#### FARM AND GARDEN.

AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof -Horticulture, Viticulture and Flori-



OME years ago Helreigel and Wilfarth demonstrated that by the use of the legumes the supply of nitrogen could be increased to almost any desired extent and that wherever the clovers,, alfalfa beans or peas of any variety can be grown there is no

need of soil exhaustion so far as nitrogen is concerned. It is now beginning, however, to creep into the heads of the scientists that the restorative powers of the legumes is due not merely to the supply of nitrogen but the restoration of humus to the soil, and investigations are now proceeding in that line which promise to be exceedingly interesting. By humus we mean the vegetable mold which exists to a greater or less extent in all soils but is more abundant in all new soils, whether forest or prairie. It has been observed by the common, every day farmer who pretends to no knowledge of science, soils decline in fertility in proportion as this vegetable mold is exhausted. It is exhausted quite rapidly not merely by the removal of crops but by chemical action which is the result of cultivation, hence the soil that seems to be rich in vegetable matter turns out in a few years to be a clay bed which produces little or nothing. The Minnesota agricultural experiment station has been taking a prominent part in these investigations and has found that when a fertilizer containing nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid, or any one of these altogether or alone there was in no case an increase of over three bushels of wheat or two bushels of flax per acre, and on moderately new soils, and that where soils had been cropped for twenty years the largest increase was four bushels per acre while the decline between these soils in their best condition and worn out condition was afteen bushels per acre. It is therefore clear from this and other results that the decline in soil fertility is not due merely to the removal of the elements essential to fertility but to some other cause. That cause is to a very great extent the lack of humus or vegetable matter, and it is quite probable that the results of clovering, which in our experience adds from fifteen to twenty-five bushels of corn per acre to worn out soil, is due not merely to the nitrogen stored in the soil but to the material from which humus is made in the form of the roots of the clover. This accounts also for the lasting effects of barnyard manure which contains not merely these essential elements of fertility but adds humus to the soil.-Wallaces' Farmer.

Protecting Evergreens from Drouth. The Wisconsin Horticultural society bulletin publishes an article by J. C. Plumb on "Protecting Evergreens from Drouth." It is as follows:

The premature death of so many of our evergreens in lawn and hedges, in southern Wisconsin, is truly alarming. In my home village are many trees which have hitherto flourished and attained their ten to thirty feet, without any show of weakness, but which in the last year have lost their foliage never to return, and the evergreen hedges, miles of which we have planted and furnished in that vicinity, are now many of them dying out in spots, or show a weakness that preludes death, and I am looking for a larger death rate to show among the evergreen trees than ever, with the coming spring and summer. With a view to avert further losses in this line I have been looking up the facts and seeking a remedy. It is plain enough that the primary cause of this death is the want of rainfall during summer and autumn, as has been the case during the last two years. Copious and seasonable watering would have saved most of them without doubt. But prevention is better than cure. Articial watering is generally costly and often a difficult process. So we find it best to avoid the cause by conditions of planting and growth. Our annual rainfall is all sufficient for our needs in this direction, if it can be conserved, or reserved, for time of need. In this line we find three ways available, namely: First, culture; second, mulching; third, protection from robber plants. The first two methods named we all understand and practice with all successful cultivations, but the last remedy we have failed to appreciate. Our evergreens are being robbed of the last vestige of water in the soil by deciduous trees, of which the white soft maple is most destructive, the butternut and European larch following close. In fact any tree the roots of which feed on the surface will rob the evergreens. We find the hemlock and balsam fir most sensitive to the robber roots, and the arbor vitae least so; so that under the its own with little show of weakne from the drouth. Now since no surface mulch or culture will answer fully in ur case, we have found it necessary to cut down, or severely root prune, these deciduous trees where they oncroached upon the evergreens. In one case where a beautiful hemlock hodge wes showing the first symptoms of death, we took up the intervening digging a two foot trench between the hedge and the trees. Again we have dug a similar trench around single

trees to cut off the robber roots. In

every case the effect was soon shown by the renewed vigor of our evergreens. But as this must be repeated every few MATTERS OF INTEREST TO years, it is a question why not put in a permanent concrete wall between, or dispense altogether with the fast growing deciduous trees? I am of the opinion that we have too many of these rapid growing maples, and the sooner they are dispensed with the better for our beautiful evergreens. I have for many years been in the practice of cutting the surface roots of grass and shrubs around our lawn trees by shoving the spade its full depth in a circular cut as far from the base of the tree as its branches project, and the same treatment for the rose bed, or any of the choice plants which are bordered by grass, and in all cases with excellent and immediate effect. Of the miles of evergreen hedges we have planted but few will be left at the end of another series of dry years, unless protection is afforded same from robber roots of more vigorous trees.

#### Killing Weeds.

Weeds are easily killed just when they begin to grow. If the ground is then stirred they will be very readily put out of the way. When those little tender white roots which they first put out are turned up to the light and sun, they soon vanish. But once allow them to get a good hold upon the soil and it is quite a different thing to remove them. Let the harrow for instance stir the surface of a corn field just when the weeds are starting, and they will be destroyed in myriads. But let the harrowing be delayed for two or three weeks and comparatively few of the weeds will be killed with one harrowing. In growing a crop of mangels, if the edges of the raised drill are hoed down just as soon as the mangels appear, this work may be quickly done without disturbing the mangels, but once let those weeds get firmly rooted and the difficulty of the work will be greatly increased. The rootlets from the weeds will intertwine around those of the mangels, so that when the former are being uprooted the latter may also be pulled out. The true plan is to so arrange that the roots of the weeds will not make any considerable headway before they are destroyed. Then the work is easily done, and the farmer should be careful not to grow more of a crop than he can take care of in good form. This is particularly true of crops that require summer cultivation.-Ex.

#### The Root Crop.

Mangels, sugar beets and carrots, when properly stored, may be kept until late spring the following season, but the former should not be exposed to the early frosts of autumn or they will not keep so well. Our machines for saving these crops are not by any means what we want at the present time. The standing objection to the growing of field roots is the labor involved; but think of the offset to this labor in the streams of milk which the roots generate, and in the beneficial influence which they exert on the health of the cattle. Unnecessary labor may in a sense be grievous, but not so the labor involved in growing field ave found that it is not such a bad thing, after all, for a man to earn his influence even on the health of a lazy man than the consumption of the roots and with erect posture and with faulthas upon the health of the cattle to which they are fed.-Ex.

# Chicago Horse Market.

The total receipts for the first half of the current year aggregate 70,929 horses received and 56,889 horses dispatched, against 70,856 arrivals and 68,233 dispatched for the first six months last year. The extraordinary receipts in 1895 have more than been duplicated up to the close of the June trade, and all indications are favorable that this season will establish a new record in the volume of trade at the market. Receipts are very light, the light receipts of all grades being ample to supply the limited demand from all sources. Eastern farmers say they cannot compete with western farmers in raising draft horses, but in coach and carriage horses they propose to take the lead. All right; we can supply them with both draft and coach horses when we get started to breeding .- Ex-

Wild Oats .- According to Dr. Schoernburgk, of South Australia, a variety of our common field oat (avena sativa, var. melanceperma) has become surprisingly injurious. He says: "The black oat has the most notorious preeminence of all the introduced weeds, and the effects of the intruder most ruinous to the farming country, . . . Thousands of acres of arable land, especially such as have been in cultivation some years, are totally ruined for the purpose of wheat growing, by the black oat." Yet, of a very closely allied plant, Dr. Brewer, years before the above was written, said: "The wild oat (avana sterilis) is found from Palestine to the Atlantic, but I never heard that it is of any value there. But in America. it clothes the plains of California and western Mexico; also parts of South America and the island of Juan Fernandez. Great areas, of hundreds, or even thousands of square miles together, are meded with it, and millions of animals feed on it."

Water for Irrigation .-- A barrel of water of 31.5 gallons, applied to a plat of land five by ten feet, would equal a rainfall of one inch. Or it would take about 860 barrels of water per icre to equal a rainfall of one inch. This will weigh well over 100 tons. If ne must depend on a well, it must be seen to that it to capable of supplying the necessary quantity and that the windmill has pe or enough to raise it in reasonable U .e.-Ex.

The sin that pays generally stays.

### TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A SHADOW ON THE HARVEST FIELD," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

And When the Child Was Grown, It Fell on a Day That He Went Out to His Father to the Reapers"-Second Kings 4:18, 19, 20.

shines over the manger. Infancy, with



HERE is at least one happy home in Shunem. To the splendor of a great house had been a child. Even when the Angel of Life to the poor man's hut a star of joy

Its helplessness and innocence, had passed away. Days of boyhood had come-days of laughter and frolic, days of sunshine and promise, days of strange questions and curiosity and quick development. I suppose among all the treasures of that house, the brightest was the boy. One day there is the shout of reapers heard afield. A boy's heart always bounds at the sound of sickle or scythe. No sooner have the harvesters cut a swath across the field than the lad joins them, and the swarthy reapers feel young again as they look down at that lad, as bright and beautiful as was Ruth in the harvest fields of Bethlehem gleaming after the reapers. But the sun was too hot for him. Congestion of the brain seized on him. I see the swarthy laborers drop their sickles; and they rush out to see what is the matter, and they fan him as they try to cool his brow; but all is of no avail. In the instant of consciousness, he puts his hands against his temples and cries out: "My head! my head!" And the father said: "Carry him to his mother," just as any father would have said; for our hand is too rough, and our voice is too harsh, and our foot is too loud to doctor a sick child, if there be in our home a gentler voice and a gentler hand and stiller footstep. But all of no avail. While the reapers of Shunem were busy in the field, there came a stronger reapor that way, with keener scythe and for a richer harvest. He reaped only one sheaf, but O what a golden sheaf was that! I do not want to know any more about that heart-breaking scene than what I see in just this one pathetic sentence: "He sat on her knees till noon and then died." Though hundreds of years have passed away since that boy skipped to the harvest-field and then was brought home and died on his mother's lap, the story still thrills us. Indeed, childhood has a charm always and everywhere. I shall now speak to you of childhood: its beauty, its susceptibility to impression, its power over the parental heart, and its blissful transition from earth to heaven.

The child's beauty does not depend spon form or feature or complexion or roots. For nearly 6,000 years men apparel. That destitute one that you ness and in rags, has a charm about bread by the sweat of his brow, and her, even under her destitution. You have growing field roots has a more salutary | forgotten a great many persons whom you have met, of finely-cut features less complexion, while you will always remember the poor girl who, on a cold, moonlight night, as you were passing late home, in her thin shawl and barefoot on the pavement, put out her hand and said: "Please give me a penny." Ah! how often we have walked on and said: "Oh, that is nothing but street vagabondism:" but after we got a block or two on, we stopped and said: "Ah, that is not right;" and we passed up that same way and dropped a though it were not a matter of second thought, so ashamed were we of our hard-heartedness. With what admiration we all look upon a group of children on the play-ground or in the school, and we clap our hands almost involuntarily and say: "How beautiful!" All stiffness and dignity are gone, and your shout is heard with theirs and you trundle their hoop, and fly their kite, and strike their ball, and all your weariness and anxiety are gone as when a child you bounded over who stands rigid and unsympathetic amid the sportfulness of children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitarithe gates of the east, throwing its siltowers and its fire on the cloud; but it s child's cheek, no music like the sound of a child's voice. Its face in the poorest picture redeems any imperfection in art. When we are weary burdens off our back. Oh, what a dull, stale mean world this would be without the sportfulness of children. When I find people that do not like children, I immediately doubt their moral and way until the rescue was effected. And Christian character. But when the they cried: "Stand back, now. Give grace of God comes upon a child, how unspeakably attractive. When Samuel begins to pray, and Timothy begins to you do for the eternal life of your boy read the Scriptures, and Joseph shows and your girl? Let it not be told in himself invulnerable to temptationhow beautiful the scene! I know that Lemond put forth more exertion for the parents sometimes get nervous when saving of the physical life of her child their children become pious, because than you, O parent, have ever put forth have the idea that good children al- for the eternal life of your little one. ways die. The strange questions about God and eternity and the dead, excite apprehension in the parental mind rather than congratulation. Indeed,

ed for heaven. This world is too poor a garden for them to bloom in. The There is one pre-eminent in my memhues of heaven are in the petals. There is something about their forehead that lum. The story of his death has brought makes you think that the hand of hundreds unto God. He belonged to my Christ has been on it, saying: "Let this parish in the west. A thorough boy, one come to Me, and let it come to Me | nine or ten years of age. Nothing morsoon." While that one tarried in the bid, nothing dull about him. His voice house, you felt there was an angel in loudest and his foot swiftest on the the room, and you thought that every playground. Often he has come into sickness would be the last; and when, finally, the winds of death did the floor in an exhaustion of boisterous scatter the leaves, you were no more surprised than to see a star come out above the cloud on a luxuriance and dark night; for you had often piety I believe in. When the days of said to your companion: "My dear, we shall never raise that child." But I given the advent of scout the idea that good children always die. Samuel the plous boy, became Samuel the great prophet. brings a new soul Christian Timothy became a minister at Ephesus. Youg Daniel, consecrated to God, became prime minister of all the realm, and there are in hundreds of the schools and families of this country to-day, children who love God and

keep his commandments, and who are to be foremost among the Christians and the philanthropists and the reformers of the next century. The grace of God never kills any one. A child will be more apt to grow up with religion than it will be apt to grow up without it. Length of days is promised to the righteous. The religion of Christ does not cramp the chest or curve the spine or weaken the nerves. There are no malarias floating up from the river of life. The religion of Christ throws over the heart and life of a child a supernal beauty. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths

are peace." I pass on to consider the susceptibility of childhood. Men pride themselves on their unchangeability. They will make an elaborate argument to prove that they think now just as they did twenty years ago. It is charged to frailty or fraud when a man changes his sentiments in politics or in religion. and it is this determination of soul that so often drives back the Gospel from a man's heart. It is so hard to make avarice charitable, and fraud honest, and pride humble, and scepticism Christian. The sword God's truth seems to glance off from those mailed warriors, and the helmet seems battle-proof against God's battle-ax. But childhood; how susceptible to example and

to instruction! You are not surprised

at the record: "Abraham begat Isaac

and Isaac begat Jacob;" for when re-

ligion starts in a family, it is apt to go

all through. Jezebel a murderess, you

are not surprised to find her son Jeho-

ram attempting assassination. Oh.

what a responsibility upon the parent

and the teacher! The musician touches

the keys, and the response of those

keys is away off amid the pipes and the

chords, and you wonder at the distance

between the key and the chord. And

so it is in life; if you touch a child, the results will come back from manhood or old age, telling just the tune played, whether the dirge of a great sorrow or the anthem of a great joy. The word that the Sabbath School teacher will this afternoon whisper in back from everlasting ages of light or darkness. The home and the school decide the republic or the despotism; the barbarism or the civilization; the upbuilding of an empire, or the overthrowing it. Higher than parliament or congress are the school and the family, and the sound of a child's foot may mean more than the tramp of a host. What, then, are you doing for the purpose of bringing your children into the kingdom of God? If they are so susceptible, and if this is the very best time to act upon their eternal interests, what are you doing by way of right impulsion? There were some harvesters in the fields of Scotland mite into that suffering hand, as one hot day; and Hannah Lemond was helping them to gather the hay. She laid her babe under a tree. While she was busy in the field, there was a flutter of wings in the air and a golden eagle clutched the swaddling band of the babe, and flew away with it to the mountain eyrie. All the harvesters and Hannah Lemond started for the cliffs. It was two miles be fore they came to the foot of the cliffs Getting there, who dared to mount the cliff? No human foot had ever trod it There were sailors there who had gone the play-ground yourself. That father up the mast in the day of terrible tempest; they did not dare risk it. Hannah Lemond sat there for awhile and looked up and saw the eagle in the eyrie and then she leaped to her feet, and she ness. The waters leap down the rocks, started up where no human foot had but they have not the graceful step of ever trod, crag above crag, catching childhood. The morning comes out of hold of this root or that root, until she reached the eyrie and caught her babe, ver on the lake and its gold on the the eagle swooping in flerceness all around about her. Fastening the child is not so bright and beautiful as the to her back, she started for her friends morning of life! There is no light and for home. O, what a dizzy descent! like that which is kindled in a child's sliding from this crag to that crag, eye, no color like that which blooms on ctaching by that vine and by that root, coming down further and further, to the most dangerous pass, where she found a goat and some kids. She said: "Now I'll follow the goat; the goat will with toll, their little hands pull the know just which is the safest way down;" and she was led by the animal

God help you! . . . There is not a large family, or hardly a large family that has not bent over such a treasure and lost it. In the there are some gople that seem mark- family fold is there no dead lamb? I

down to the plain. When she got there,

all the people cried: "Thank God, thank God!" her strength not giving

her air!" O, if a woman will do that for

the physical life of her child, what will

the great day of eternity that Hannah

have seen many such cases of sorrow. ory as pastor-Coville Haynes McColmy house and thrown himself down on mirth; and yet he was a Christian, consecrated to God, keeping his commandments. That is the kind of childish sickness came suddenly and he was told that he could not get well, he said: "Jesus alone can save me. Jesus will save me. He has saved me. Don't cry, mamma. I shall go right straight up to heaven." And then they gave him a glass of water to cool his hot lips and he sald: "Mamma, I shall take a draught from the water of life after awhile, of which if one drink he shall never get thirsty again. I lay myself at Jesus' feet and I want him to do just what he thinks best to do with me." In those days, "Rest for the Weary" was a new hymn, and he had learned it; and in a perfect ecstacy of soul, in his last hour, he cried out;

In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Savior's gone before me
To fulfil my soul's request;
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

Sing. O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates are open for you.
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest for the weary.

The brightest light that can be kindled, Christ has kindled. Let us, old and young, rejoice that heaven is gathering up so much that is attractive. In that far land we are not strangers. There are those there who speak our name day by day, and they wonder why so long we tarry. If I could count up the names of all those who have gone out from these families into the kingdom of heaven, it would take me all day to mention their names. A great multitude before the throne, You loved them once; you love them now; and ever and anon you think you hear their voices calling you upward. Ah, yes, they have gone out from all these families, and you want no book to tell you of the dying experience of Christian children. You have heard it; it has been whispered in your ear, O father, O mother, O brother, O sister. Toward that good land all Christians are bearing. This enapping of heartstrings, this flight of years, this tread of the heart reminds us that we are passing away. Under spring blossoms, and through summer harvests, and across autumnal leaves, and through the wintry snow-banks, we are passing on. O, rejoice at it, children of God, rejoice at it! How we shall gather them up, the loved and the lost! Before we mount our throne, before we drink of the fountain, before we strike the harp of our eternal celebration, we will cry out: "Where are our loved and lost?" And then, how we shall gather them up! O, how we shall gather them

In this dark world of sin and pais.
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heavenly shore.
We there shall meet to part no more.

The hope that we shall see that day Should chase our present griefs away; When these short years of pain are pi We'll meet before the throne at last.

## True Americanism

In the coming campaign let the presumption of sincerity and real desire to serve the country lie with all who have not forfeited their claim to it, and when the president shall have been elected let it be insisted on by all true patriots that he is the head of the nation, not the instrument of any party, and his good name and fame are in the keeping of all loyal hearts.-Rev. B. F.

## FOR WOMEN ONLY.

The dainty, pretty, and generally becoming fancy waists appear to be just as popular as ever.

The latest hats are charmingly light and bewitching, with their brims encireled by full box-plaitings of the filmi-

The tan shoe is not as popular as it was last summer, and when worn it is of a dark russet shade.

Among the newest fancies of fashion are the bright green belts of alligator

Every variety of flower that nature has produced, and many others, which must have originated in the fertile brain of the flower maker, are in conspicuous evidence, and flower bonnets are shown among the newest bats.

Straw hats with rows of plaited tulle around the brim are among the prettiest fancies, and the plaitings are sometimes wide enough to stand up around the crown with a twist of velvet or rib-Vails which are designed to enhance

the loveliest complexion and improve a poor one are made of black Rus spotted with chenille, and lined with the thinnest pink tulle. The closely fitting sleeve is fast gain-ing in popularity, and in thin material,

such as chiffon, net and muslin, it is ften arranged in puffs, with insert of lace between, with narrow black velret ribbon drawn through the lace.

The skirts of heavy cotton and linen owns are made without any lining, and five yards is considered ample ful-nes at the bottom, unless they have the broad box-plait effect in front, which

making street gowns to clear the ground, and some of them are even shorter in the back than in front, so the skirt which trails even a little bit le altogether out of fashion.

#### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, AUGUST 30, AB-SALOM'S DEFEAT AND DEATH.

Golden Text: "The Lord Knoweth the Way of the Righteous, but the Way of the Ungodly Shall Perish"-Book of Paalms, Chapter 1, Verse 16.



DODAY we continue the story of last Sunday's lesson, But seeing the sad end of the disobedient son and the father's grief over him, we look at the story from the father's side. Besides the main lessons of the sad harvest from breaking the Fifth Commandment, and of the father's feel-

touching incidents, each bearing the frogrant blossoms of instruction. We w study the whole story, and compare with the psalms, and with God's love wards his sinful children, as expre the school repeat in concert John and the Fifth Commandment. Hist setting. Time. B. C. 1923, a short after the last lesson. Place. (1) aim (the two hosts or camps), temporary capital, a strongly town east of the Jordan, and Jabbok. It was the place Se Ishbosheth. Jabbok. It was the place Sr Ishbosheth, made his capitals was holding the ten tribes at Hebron. Here, too, the Lord met Jacob, and Ja prayer (Gen. 32). (2) The ba-the Wood of Ephraim, not th in the tribe of Ephraim, west of dan, but some part of the great of Gilead, east of the Jordan, and

one day of Mahanaim (chap. 19: 2). 2 2 2 3 name was probably given to the because of the memorable defeat of 2 2 3 Ephraimites there in the time of Jep thah (Judg. 12:4.) Today's lesson includes verses 9-17. 32. 32. chapter 18, Second Book of Samuel, as

follows:
9. "And Absalom met the servants of 9. "And Absalom met the servants of David" in battle array; and his troops were defeated, "Absalom rode upon a mule," in his flight, "The mule which mule," in his flight. "The mule which he rode-perhaps David's own-was a mark of royalty (I Kings 1:33, 23)."—Cambridge Bible. "His head caught hold of the oak." "His head was caught in the forked boughs of the tree, and he hung there, stunned and helpless. Perhaps his long, thick hair got entangled, but there is nothing to support the common idea that he was suspended merely by his hair."—Cambridge Bible. "Josephus says distinctly that his hair was entangled."—Caok.

tangled."—Caok.

11. "Why didst thou not smith him there?" But the man knew too much to be tempted even by a girdle, the mark of friendship, and by money, for he well knew that it would be known, and Joab himself would have cast the blams upon him before David. For David was intensely anxious that his wayward son should be saved.

14. "Josh took three darts."

and thrust them through the heart of Absalom." He alone felt strong enough to disobey the king. He did the act for David's own sake. Doubtless he thoroughly believed "that Absalom's death was the only effectual way of ending this most guilty and pernicious insurrection, and so preserving the country from rutn."

16. "Joab held back the people," from further slaughter. In this way the na-tion could more easily be reunited under David.

17. "They took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood," etc. "The people of the east indicate their detestation of the memory of an infamous person by throwing stones at the place where he is buried."

the young man Absalom safe?" David's first thought, after he knew that the kingdom was safe, was for the fate of his wayward son.

Is the young man safe? This is a que Is the young man safe? This is a question every parent and every friend of young men should ask. Is the young man safe from intemperance, from bad companions, from bad books, from dishonest conduct, from bad habits? Is he safe in Jesus Christ? Is he safe in a good home and among good influences? Is he safe for this world? Is he safe for the yourself also what yourself also what your eternity? Ask yourself, also, what you are doing to make him and keep him

Is the young man safe! No. Why not? Because he has begun to taste intoxicating drinks.

Because he has given up his life to regular money-making.

Because he is reckless in his way of handling money.

Because his thoughts are not pure. Because he has a lot of opinions that

Because he has a lot of opinions that are false.

Because his parents do not set him a good example.—A. F. Schauffler.

33. "Went up to the chamber." To be alone in his sorrow. The deepest sorrow "treads the wine-press alone." "And wept." "Tears are the safety-valves of the heart."—Albert Smith. "O my son Absalom!" There is not in the whole of the Old Testament a pussage of deeper pathos than this. The simple beauty of the narrative is exquisite: we are irpathos than this. The simple beauty of the narrative is exquisite; we are ir-resistibly reminded of him who, while he beheld the rebellious city of Jeru-saiem and thought of the destruction it was bringing upon itself, wept over it (Luke 19:41).—Cook. "Would God I had died for thee." So Moses (Ex. 22:22) and died for thee." So Moses (Ex. 32:32) and so St. Paul (Rom. 9:3) would have sacri-ficed themselves, had it been possible, to save others. His wish to die in Absalom's stead was no mere extravagance of grief David knew his own peace was made with David knew his own pener God; he could die at any time. If Ab-salom wers spared in life, he might yet repent. One of the bitterest ingredients in this cup of sorrow was the conscious-ness that his own sin was partly the cause of Absalom's fate. It was part of the doom uttered by the prophet, "The awerd shall never depart from thy house," Twice now had the sword slain his sons, All his efforts to provent it had been in All his efforts to prevent it had been in vain. Had David not falled in his ex-ample and in his training, perhaps Ab-ratom would have been a different young

Race for Titted Englishmen. The English Derby is a race which nearly always fails to a titled personage. During the last twenty years only five gentlemen without "handles" to heir names have carried off the coveted prize.

## PERSONALS.

Mrs. Calvin S. Brice has cabled \$1,000 to the Peabody Library fund of her alma mater, the Western Female Seminary of Oxford, O.

Mr. William H. Phelps, President of the Harvard Society of Natural History, has left for Venezuela on a scientific expedition.

Brown University has conferred the degree of M. S. upon Nathanial Herrowhoff, the famous designer and boat builder of Bristol, 4. L.