

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"FULL CORN-CRIBS" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "And Juda Spoke Unto Him Saying, The Man Did Solemnly Protest Unto Us Ye Shall Not See My Face"—Gen. 43:3.



NOTHING to eat! Plenty of corn in Egypt, but ghastly famine in Canaan. The cattle moaning in the stall. Men, women and children awfully white with hunger. Not the falling of one crop for one summer, but the falling of all the crops for seven years. A nation dying for lack of that which is so common on your table, and so little appreciated; the product of harvest field and grist mill and oven; the price of sweat and anxiety and struggle—Bread! Jacob, the father, has the last report from the flour bin, and he finds that everything is out; and he says to his sons, "Boys! hook up the wagons and start for Egypt and get us something to eat." The fact was, there was a great corn crib in Egypt. The people of Egypt have been largely taxed in all ages, at the present time paying between seventy and eighty per cent of their products to the government. No wonder in that time they had a large corn crib, and it was full. To that crib they came from the regions around about—those who were famished—some paying for the corn in money; when the money was exhausted, paying for the corn in sheep and cattle and horses and camels; and when they were exhausted, then selling their own bodies and their families into slavery.

The morning for starting out on the crusade for bread has arrived. Jacob gets his family up very early. But before the elder sons start they say something that makes him tremble with emotion from head to foot, and burst into tears. The fact was that these elder sons had once before been in Egypt to get corn, and they had been treated somewhat roughly, the lord of the corn-crib supplying them with corn, but saying at the close of the interview, "Now, you need not come back here for any more corn unless you bring something better than money—even your younger brother Benjamin." Ah! Benjamin—that very name was suggestive of all tenderness. The mother had died at the birth of that son—a spirit coming and another spirit going—and the very thought of parting with Benjamin must have been a heart-break. The keeper of this corn-crib, nevertheless, says to these elder sons, "There is no need of your coming up here any more for corn unless you can bring Benjamin, your father's darling." Now Jacob and his family very much needed bread; but what a struggle it would be to give up this son. The Orientals are very demonstrative in their grief, and I hear the outwailing of the father as these elder sons keep reiterating in his ears the announcement of the Egyptian lord, "Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you." "Why did you tell him you had a brother?" says the old man, complaining and chiding them. "Why, father," they said, "he asked us all about our family, and we had no idea that he would make any such demand upon us as he has made." "No use of asking me," said the father, "I cannot, I will not, give up Benjamin." The fact was that the old man had lost children, and when there has been bereavement in a household, and a child taken, it makes the other children in the household more precious. So the day for departure was adjourned and adjourned and adjourned. Still the horrors of the famine increased, and louder moaned the cattle, and wider open cracked the earth, and more pallid became the cheeks, until Jacob, in despair, cried out to his sons, "Take Benjamin and be off." The elder sons tried to cheer up their father. They said, "We have strong arms and a stout heart, and no harm will come to Benjamin. We'll see that he gets back again." Farewell! said the young men to the father, in a tone of assumed good cheer. "F-a-r-e-w-e-l-l!" said the old man; for that word has more quavers in it when pronounced by the aged than by the young.

Well, the bread party, the bread embassy, drives up in front of the corn-crib of Egypt. Those corn-cribs are filled with wheat and barley and corn in the husk, for modern travelers in those lands, both in Canaan and in Egypt, tell us there is corn there corresponding with our Indian maize. Huzza! the journey is ended. The lord of the corn-crib, who is also the Prime Minister, comes down to these newly-arrived travelers, and says, "Dine with me to-day. How is your father? Is this Benjamin, the younger brother, whose presence I demanded?" The travelers are introduced into the palace. They are worn and debusted of the way; and servants come in with a basin of water in one hand and a towel in the other, and kneel down before these newly-arrived travelers, washing off the dust of the way. The butchers and poulterers and caterers of the Prime Minister prepare the repast. The guests are seated in small groups, two or three at a table, the food on a tray; all the luxuries from imperial gardens and orchards and aqueducts and aviaries are brought there, and are flung chalice and platter. Now is the time for the Prime Minister, if he has a grudge against Benjamin, to show it. Will he kill him, now that he has him in his hands? O, no! This lord of the corn-crib is seated at his own table, and he

looks over to the tables of his guests; and he sends a portion to each of them, but sends a larger portion to Benjamin, or, as the Bible quaintly puts it, "Benjamin's mess was five times as much as any of theirs." Be quick and send word back with the swift camel to Canaan to old Jacob, that "Benjamin is well; all is well; he is faring sumptuously; the Egyptian lord did not mean murder and death; but he meant deliverance and life when he announced to us on that day, 'Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you.'"

Well, my friends, this world is famine-struck of sin. It does not yield a single crop of solid satisfaction. It is dying. It is hunger-bitten. The fact that it does not, cannot feed a man's heart was well illustrated in the life of the English comedian. All the world honored him—did everything for him that the world could do. He was applauded in England and applauded in the United States. He roused up nations into laughter. He had no equal. And yet, although many people supposed him entirely happy, and that this world was completely satisfying his soul, he sits down and writes:

I never in my life put on a new hat that it did not rain and ruin it. I never went out in a shabby coat because it was raining and thought all who had the choice would keep indoors, that the sun did not come out in its strength and bring with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew and who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated out of kindness to another, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry without being overturned and having my elbow broken, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune, without making his instead, than in an incredibly short space of time—I think thirteen months—I earned for him twenty thousand pounds, and for myself one. I am persuaded that if I were to set up as a baker, everyone in my neighborhood would leave off eating bread.

I want to make three points. Every frank and common-sense man will acknowledge himself to be a sinner. What are you going to do with your sins? Have them pardoned, you say. How? Through the mercy of God. What do you mean by the mercy of God? Is it the letting down of a bar for the admission of all, without respect to character? Be not deceived. I see a soul coming up to the gate of mercy and knocking at the corn-crib of heavenly supply; and a voice from within says, "Are you alone?" The sinner replies, "All alone." The voice from within says, "You shall not see my pardoning face unless your divine Brother, the Lord Jesus, be with you." O, that is the point at which so many are discomfited. There is no mercy from God except through Jesus Christ. Coming with him, we are rejected. Coming without him, we are rejected.

Am I right in calling Jesus Benjamin? O, yes. Rachel lived only long enough to give a name to that child, and with a dying kiss she called him Benoni. Afterward Jacob changed his name, and he called him Benjamin. The meaning of the name she gave was, "Son of my Pain." The meaning of the name the father gave was, "Son of my Right Hand." And was not Christ the Son of pain? All the sorrow of Rachel in that hour when she gave her child over into the hands of strangers, was as nothing compared with the struggle of God when he gave up his only Son. And was not Christ appropriately called "Son of the Right Hand"? Did not Stephen look into heaven and see him standing at the right hand of God? And does not Paul speak of him as standing at the right hand of God making intercession for us? O, Benjamin—Jesus! Son of pang! Son of victory! The deepest emotions of our souls ought to be stirred at the sound of that nomenclature. In your prayers plead his tears, his sufferings, his sorrows, and his death. If you refuse to do it, all the corn-cribs and the palaces of heaven will be bolted and barred against your soul, and a voice from the throne shall stun you with the announcement, "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

The world after that was a blank to me. I went into the country, but found no peace in solitude. I tried to get into society, but I found no peace in society. There has been a horror hanging over me by night and by day, and I am afraid to be alone. How many unutterable troubles among you! No human ear has ever heard that sorrow. O, troubled soul, I want to tell you that there is one salve that can cure the wounds of the heart, and that is the salve made out of the tears of a sympathetic Jesus. And yet some of you will not take this salve; and you try chloral, and you try morphine, and you try strong drink, and you try change of scene, and you try new business associations, and anything and everything rather than take the divine companionship and sympathy suggested by the words of my text when it says, "You shall not see my face again unless your brother be with you." O, that this audience to-day might understand something of the height and depth and length and breadth of immensity and infinity of God's eternal consolations.

I go further and find in my subject a hint as to why so many people fall of heaven. We are told that heaven has twelve gates, and some people infer from that fact that all the people will go in without reference to their past life; but what is the use of having a gate that is not sometimes to be shut? The swinging of a gate implies that our entrance into heaven is

conditional. It is not a monetary condition. If we come to the door of an exquisite concert we are not surprised that we must pay a fee, for we know that fine earthly music is expensive; but all the oratorios of heaven cost nothing. Heaven pays nothing for its music. It is all free. There is nothing to be paid at that door for entrance; but the condition of getting into heaven is our bringing our divine Benjamin along with us. Do you notice how often dying people call upon Jesus? It is the usual prayer offered—the prayer offered more than all the other prayers put together—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." One of our congregations, when asked by the closing moments of his life, "Do you know us?" said, "O, yes, I know you. God bless you. Good-by. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" and he was gone. O, yes, in the closing moments of our life we must have a Christ to call upon. If Jacob's sons had gone up toward Egypt, and had gone with the very finest equipage, and had not taken Benjamin along with them, and to the question they should have been obliged to answer, "Sir, we didn't bring him, as father could not let him go; we didn't want to be bothered with him," a voice from within would have said, "Go away from us. You shall not have any of this supply. You shall not see my face because your brother is not with you." And if we come up toward the door of heaven at last, though we come from all luxuries and brilliancy of surroundings, and knock for admittance and it is found that Christ is not with us, the police of heaven will beat us back from the bread-house, saying, "Depart, I never knew you."

If Jacob's sons, coming toward Egypt, had lost everything on the way; if they had expended their last shekel; if they had come up utterly exhausted to the corn-cribs of Egypt, and it had been found that Benjamin was with them, all the store-houses would have swung open before them. And so, though by fatal casualty we may be ushered into the eternal world; though we may be weak and exhausted by protracted sickness—if, in that last moment, we can only just stagger and faint and fall into the gate of heaven—it seems that all the corn-cribs of heaven will open for our need and all the palaces will open for our reception; and the Lord of that place, seated at his table, and all the angels of God seated at their table, and the martyrs seated at their table, and all our glorified kindred seated at our table, the King shall pass a portion from his table to ours, and then, while we think of the fact that it was Jesus who started us on the road, and Jesus who kept us on the way, and Jesus who at last gained admittance for our soul, we shall be glad if he has seen of the travail of his soul and been satisfied, and not be at all jealous if it be found that our divine Benjamin's mess is five times larger than all the rest. Hail! anointed of the Lord. Thou art worthy.

My friends, you see it is either Christ or famine. If there were two banquets spread, and to one of them only, you might go, you might stand and think for a good while as to which invitation you had better accept; but here is feasting or starvation. If there were two mansions offered, and you might have only one, you might think for a long while, saying, "Perhaps I had better accept that gift, and perhaps I had better accept that gift;" but here it is a choice between palaces of light and hovels of despair. If it might say, "I prefer the 'Creation,'" or "I prefer the 'Messiah,'" but here it is a choice between eternal harmony and everlasting discord. O, will you live or die? Will you sail into the harbor or drive on the rocks? Will you start for the Egyptian corn-crib, or will you perish amid the empty barns of the Canaanite famine?

RAM'S HORNS.

The right place for the italics, is not in the sermon, but in the preacher's life.

What we lost in Adam, is more than made up by what we gain in Christ.

People who carry sunshine with them, shine the brightest in the darkest places.

The man who can learn from his own mistakes, will always be learning something.

The right kind of martyrdom is never concerned about what will be said on its tombstone.

The man who will break the Sabbath for gain, would steal if he could do it without any more risk.

It brings Christ closer to us, to discover that he chose men for his disciples who were just like ourselves.—The Ram's Horn.

WHAT CYCLISTS SAY.

Racing equipment is out of place on the road.

Zigzag hill climbing is easier than the straight lift.

Snapping and creaking of the chain is a sure indication that it wants lubricating.

Hard riding directly after a meal is very bad, and hard eating directly after a ride is even worse.

The man who tries to please every one in his cycling seldom pleases anybody—least of all himself.

All the learned upsur of physicians about heart disease is lost on habitual scorchers and chronic hill climbers.

If you want to steer well let your eyes meet the surface of the ground at a point not less than 30 feet ahead of the bicycle.

Not one rider in a dozen ever thinks of cleaning the outer surface of a tire, yet it is advisable to occasionally give the outer shoe a thorough cleansing, if only for the sake of looks.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

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

THE Cornell Experiment Station thus summarizes its tests with tomatoes:

1. Frequent transplanting of the young plant, and good tillage, are necessary to best results in tomato culture.
2. Plants started under glass about ten weeks before transplanting into fields gave fruits from a week to ten days earlier than those started two or three weeks later, while there was a much greater difference when the plants were started six weeks later. Productiveness was greatly increased by the early planting.
3. Liberal and even manuring, during the present season, gave great increase in yield over no fertilizing, although the common notion is quite to the contrary. Heavy manuring does not appear, therefore, to produce vine at the expense of fruit.
4. The tests indicate that poor soil may tend to render fruits more angular.
5. Varieties of tomatoes run out, and ten years may perhaps be considered the average life of a variety.
6. The particular points at present in demand in tomatoes are these: Regularity in shape, solidity, large size, productiveness of plant.
7. The ideal tomato would probably conform closely to the following scale of points: Vigor of plant, 5; earliness, 10; color of fruit, 5; solidity of fruit 20; shape of fruit, 20; size, 10; flavor, 5; cooking qualities, 5; productiveness, 20.
8. Solidity of fruit cannot be accurately measured either by weight or keeping qualities.
9. Cooking qualities appear to be largely individual rather than varietal keeping qualities.
10. The following varieties appear, from the season's work, to be among the best market tomatoes: Ignatum Beauty, Mikado, Perfection, Favorite, Potato Leaf.
11. The following recent introductions appear to possess merits for market: Bay State, Atlantic, Brandywine, Jubilee, Matchless, and, perhaps, Lorillard, Prelude and Salzer.
12. The following recent introductions are particularly valuable for amateur cultivation: Dwarf Champion, Lorillard, Peach, Prelude.

A Telephone in His Orchard.

An incident of commercial importance happened yesterday showing that Texas is making rapid strides to keep up with the pace. Mr. Lang of the Galveston Fruit company, was called to the telephone yesterday morning.

"Hello, is that Lang?" came a distinct voice over the telephone.

"Hello, Falkner. I didn't know you were in town. Where are you now?"

"I am in my orchard. I have had a long distance telephone put in."

"Isn't that rather expensive?"

"Yes; but I had to have it to keep up with the progress of the world. Any time you want anything just call me up."

After some business talk they rang off. The orchard man is Mr. C. Falkner, who owns quite an orchard about three miles out of Waco, 230 miles by wire from Galveston. He is an exceptionally intelligent fruit grower who came to Texas from the east and is working his place on business principles.—Galveston News.

Fruit Failure in Oregon.

Mr. S. A. Clarke, of Salem, writing under date of May 31 in the Oregonian, says the failure of fruit in the state will be the worst ever known. He had just gone over 50 acres of hill orchard and found no fruit on 2,000 Italian prune trees; not enough to call a crop on 600 French prunes; not a plum on 250 Washingtons, nor on 150 Bradshaws, save a few near a heavy fir grove; on 500 Peach plums a half crop; on 1,000 two-year peach trees no fruit to speak of; on 500 Bartlett trees, 15 to 20 years old, not a pear, a few protected trees excepted; on 250 cherry trees not a tenth of a good yield, except on 20 Black Republicans; on 1,000 six-year plums nothing to speak of. At the foot of the hill, in an orchard of apples, plums and cherries over 40 years old, mostly apples, no fruit; even the apple blooms had blighted. In an adjoining 16-year-old orchard some Bartletts and Fall Butters are heavily loaded. On Mr. Clarke's home orchard the entire yield will be about one-eighth. There is no reason to suppose that other orchards of the valley will do any better.

Do Varieties of Peas Run Out?

Bulletin 131, Michigan Experiment Station: It is apparent to any one who has had much to do with peas that varieties run out, or at least lose their original characteristics. In all cases, running out does not mean deterioration. Sometimes it is simply changing of characters. In our work with peas, accurate descriptions, often illustrated with drawings, are kept of the varieties grown. From these biological records of the varieties it is easy to see that varieties change from year to year, even the old standard sorts, the characters of which are supposed to be firmly fixed. Studies of the question have been made, too, by growing the same varieties from different seedmen, and if seedmen really sell the same thing under a given

name, varieties of peas vary greatly in the course of their history. It may be said that in the cases to be cited the variations were due to a change made in the seed by a careless or unscrupulous person, but such is hardly the case, because some of the characters appear well marked and distinctive of that variety throughout all the samples. It is especially noticeable that the foliage and habit of the plant is less variable than the peas, they being generally the object of selection.

Stratagem was grown from three seedmen. In all, the characteristic dark green foliage, stalky, angular veins, and exceedingly short nodes of the Stratagem were apparent and varied but little. But the pods, though irregular and varying in each sample, yet taken as a whole were distinctly different. In two of the samples the pods were fairly uniform, but in the third they were so irregular, probably reversions to one of the parents, that the peas were almost worthless. It is a matter of common observation that seed peas of the same variety, especially the wrinkled peas, differ in color when sold by different seedmen. In several cases peas grown on the station grounds and described four years ago have changed the color of the seed.

Ideal Pastures.

In the park country or in the forest region there need be no real difficulty in having an ideal pasture if the work is done right, says Northwestern Farmer. In clearing the land, trees can be left here and there, and the land sown even at the outset with two or three or more kinds of grasses, such as will grow with us. One of these should be orchard grass. Another should be white clover. A third should be blue grass, and a fourth should be timothy. Such a mixture should grow well for several years, until the stumps at least have rotted. It could then be renovated by plowing it up and sowing with grasses again. A nurse crop could be used, and under such conditions it had better be cut for fodder as it will not fill well when growing under the trees. It would only need to be thus cropped one year, when it could be again devoted to pasturing. Such pastures are very fine, more especially when they grow orchard grass, for orchard grass would grow in them quite freely because of the shade. They also furnish a landscape that is beautiful to look upon. There are many regions in this northwest that could thus be made to furnish the best of pastures and for successive years. Some of the trees would die occasionally, but could be provided for by leaving an ample supply of trees at the first.

Experiments with Flax.

A bulletin has been issued from the Central Experimental farm at Ottawa, by Dr. Saunders, dealing with the cultivation of flax. It is stated that the dry western climate is not favorable for growing flax for fiber, as the latter is reduced both in quantity and quality, as compared with the article grown in the eastern part of the continent. In the east flax is grown largely for the fiber. One of the claims put forth for flax is, that it can be grown on breaking the first year, thus giving the farmer a crop the first season. Tests were made at the Manitoba experimental farm as to the quantity of seed to be sown per acre. From 40 pounds of seed per acre, 19 bushels and 26 pounds were obtained; from 70 pounds per acre 20 bushels per acre were obtained; and from 90 pounds of seed per acre, 20 bushels 50 pounds of seed were obtained. Dr. Saunders does not think that flax is much more exhaustive to the soil than a good crop of wheat or oats, and in a rich soil the difference would be scarcely perceptible.—American Elevator and Grain Trade.

Work for Wide Tires.

Our friends should not forget to speak a word now and then for the wide tire. It is difficult to have permanent roads without it. We too frequently see where some man with a narrow treaded wagon has driven onto a lawn and defaced it. Unfortunately, the one that does the damage is seldom the owner of the lawn. The narrow tire damages the dirt road, while the wide tire improves it by packing down the dirt instead of cutting into it. Who has not been on a country road just after the mud had dried out and found the ruts so deep and the clods so numerous and hard that it was with the greatest difficulty that one could drive over it at all. If the wide tire makes a rut at all it is so broad and smooth that it makes an easy track for driving, and leaves less hubbles.

Preparing for Wheat.—Good soil is the prime requisite; and it is not always that the farmer has it, or the fertilizers to make it so; in such case he should look ahead a little, and set aside a piece of ground, and endeavor to bring it into condition for a crop as soon as it may be done. This in most respects can be best or cheapest done by sowing the ground to clover or rye. One or two crops of these put under will insure a fairly good crop of wheat. Plow the clover under in the fall when fully matured, then early in the spring sow clover again, or, if preferred, a crop of peas may follow; and whatever the crop, the last one should be turned under just before the time for sowing the wheat. If fertilizers can be supplied they should be lightly harrowed in the surface soil, if not put in with the drill.—Ex.

A Hit at Olio.—The latest thing the English dairy journals have found out about oleomargarine is that it is made out of the marrow of the bones of human skeletons, as well as out of other bones! This is, we believe, the toughest accusation that has been put forth against the mixture.—Ex.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, SEPTEMBER 20, DESTRUCTION BY VICES.

Golden Text: "There is a Way That Seemeth Right Unto a Man; but the End Thereof Are the Ways of Death"—Book of Proverbs, 16:25.

ALTHOUGH this passage was written long after David's time, and has no special application to the history we have been studying, yet its principles are good for our daily life, and there are men and deeds referred to during the quarter which illustrate and enforce the truths and duties or warn against the sins and follies referred to. We will put together in our study the contrasted virtues and vices. These can be re-enforced and illumined by light from other Scriptures, and especially other references in the Proverbs. Reference to the past history which exemplify these virtues and vices will be noted.

"Temperance" applications can be made at almost every point, since intemperance intensifies every vice and evil, and is a temperance atmosphere all virtues flourish. And especially in temperance its deeper meaning, which lies at the basis of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, taught and ennobled by verse 22.

Today's lesson includes verses 22-23, chapter 16, Book of Proverbs, as follows: 22. "Understanding" wisdom, a true and accurate knowledge, with a desire to live according to it. It is not a knowledge of science alone, or of the world, but of all things pertaining to life—a knowledge of God, of the heart, of the law of God, of the principles of true living. It embraces in its survey heaven and earth, things temporal and spiritual. "It is a well spring," fountain, "of life." If a man has real understanding and wisdom, a good outward life will flow from it as freely and naturally as water flows from a fountain. And there is no other way in which to have a good life. "Ye must be born again." For "the wisdom of fools," not that instruction which fools give, but the training, the discipline, the schooling of fools, "is folly," is utterly wasted and useless, so long as they remain fools.

23. "The heart of the wise teacheth the mouth." If the heart is wise, the words spoken will be wise. Words are the easiest expression of the thoughts.

24. "Pleasant words are as honey-comb." The comparison with honey is common in all language and all times. "Sweet to the soul, and health to the bones." (chap. 16:20). "Bone" always means our innermost and substantial being.—John Miller.

25. "A forward man," a subversive man, perverse, bent on mischief, devising ways of overthrowing good and injuring others. "Boweth strife," sows evil seed broadcast, to spring up wherever there is a congenial soil. "The character intended in the perverse man, who distorts the truth, gives a wrong impression, attributes evil motives; such an one occasions quarrels and heartburnings." And a whisperer separateth chief friends" (chap. 17:9). Nigraan is a "chatterer," or "a whisperer," "calumniator." In chapters 18 and 26: 20, 22 it is translated "talebearer."

26. Here the forward man's methods are described. "He shutteth his eyes, he devise forward things." He lets nothing interfere from without, but gives himself wholly to studying new wicked sayings, dangers of speech, poison of asps, seeds of Upas trees, so that when he "moves his lips," to speak, "he bringeth evil to pass." "Let two idle tongues utter a tale against some third person who never offended the babblers, and how the tale spreads like fire, lighted none knowhow, in the herbage of an American prairie; who shall put it out?"

27. "The hoary head is a crown of glory" (chap. 20:29). (For "crown," see on chap. 17:6.) Old age is the reward of a good life, and therefore is an honor to a man (comp. chap. 3:2, 16; 4:30; 9:11; 10:27). "If it be found"—rather, it shall be found—"in the way of righteousness"; the question of obedience and holiness; whereas "bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days" (Psa. 55:23).—Deane.

28. "He that is slow to anger," controls his temper and passions. "Is better than the mighty;" for he requires more strength and courage than any feats of physical strength. "And he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Because it costs more; it requires more will, more power, more courage, more self-denial, and the victory is worth more when it is gained. One's whole nature is like a city, with many passions and feelings, good and bad, and no city is so hard to control and perfect.

29. "The lot is cast into the lap," The bosom or fold of the garment (chap. 16:33; 17:33; 21:14). For the lot probably they employed stones differing in shape or color, or having some distinguishing mark. These were placed in a vessel or in the fold of a garment, and drawn or shaken thence. Such a practice has been common in all ages and countries.—Deane. "The whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." In these cases the Jew learned to see, in what we call chance, the overruling of divine power.—Deane. "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." It is a blessed comfort to know that all things that come to us, from whatever source, are under the control, not of chance, nor of men, nor of demons, but of God.

The Heart in Cycling.

It is erroneous to believe that bicycle riding should be avoided in every case of heart disease. Physicians who have made a study of this question declare that it may even be very beneficial in certain instances in which the action of the heart is feeble, and in which signs of fatty degeneration are found. Increased muscular exercise almost invariably improves the condition of the heart itself. There are, however, several indulgences that persons with weak hearts should beware of, such as straining to climb hills and meeting headwinds, excessive fatigue and particularly exciting the heart and calling upon its reserve strength by the use of alcoholic stimulants and improper food.—Hartford Times.

ODD ADS.

Printer's Ink, in recent numbers, contains a number of queer advertising ideas, such as the ad. printed in quadruplicate on pies in a big Boston eating house. As every Bostonian eats pie, this idea is capable of expansion.

An English debauche in a newspaper advertisement: "Would a lady in society take a young lady, aged 27, with her to any good dances? Five guineas an evening; highest references given and required."