From the Text "And the Raven Brought Him Bread and Flesh in the Morning, and Bread and Flesh in the Evening"-1. Kings 17:6.



HE ernithology of the Bible is a very interesting study. The stork which knoweth her appointed time. The common sparrows teaching the lesson of God's providence. The ostriches of the desert, by careless

incubation, illustrating the recklessness of parents who do not take enough pains with their children. The eagle symbolizes riches which take wings and fly away. The pelican em-blemizing solitude. The bat, a flake of the darkness. The night hawk, the ossifrage, the cuccoo, the lapwing, the osprey, by the command of God in Leviticus, flung out of the world's bill of fare.

I wound liked to have been with Audubon as he went through the woods, with gun and pencil, bringing down and sketching the fowls of heaven, his unfolded portfolio thrilling all Christendom. What wonderful creatures of God the birds are! Some of them, this morning, like the songs of heaven let loose, bursting through the gates of Consider their feathers, which are clothing and conveyance at the same time; the nine vertebrae of the neck, the three eyelids to each eye, the third eyelld an extra curtain for graduating the light of the sun. Some of these birds scavengers and some of them orchestra. Thank God for quall's whistle, and lark's carol, and the twitter of the wren, called by the ancients the king of birds, because when the fowls of heaven went into a contest as to who should fly the highest, and the eagle swung nearest the sun, a wren on the back of the eagle, after the eagle was exhausted, sprang up much higher, and so was called by the ancients the king of birds. Consider those of them that have golden crowns and crests, showing them to be feathered imperials. And listen to the bumming bird's serenade in the car of the honeysuckle. Look at the belted kingfisher, striking like a dart from the sky to water. Listen to the voice of the owl, giving the key-note to all eroakers. And behold the condor among the Andes, battling with the reindeer. I do not know whether an aquarium or aviary is the best altar from which to worship God.

There is an incident in my text that baffles all the ornithological wonders of the world. The grain crop had been cut off. Famine was in the land. In a cave by the brook of Cherith sat a minister of God, Elijah, waiting for something to eat. Why did he not go to the neighbors? There were no neighbors; it was a wilderness. Why did he not pick some of the berries? There were none. If there had been they would have been dried up. Seated one morning at the mouth of his cave, the prophet sees a flock of birds approaching. Oh, if they were only partridges, or if he only had an arrow with which to bring them down! But as they come nearer, he finds that they are not comestible, but unclean, and the eating of them would be spiritual death. The strength of their beak, the length of their wings, the blackness of their color, their loud, harsh "cruck! cruck!" prove them to be ravens.

They whirr around about the prophet's head, and then they come on fluttering wing and pause on the level of his lips, and one of the ravens brings bread, and another raven brings meat. and after they have discharged their tiny cargo they wheel past, and others come, until after awhile the prophet has enough, and these black servants of the wilderness table are gone. For six months, and some say a whole year, morning and evening, a breakfast and a supper bell sounded as these ravens rang out on the air their "cruck! cruck!" Guess where they got the food from. The old rabbins say they got it from the kitchen of King Ahab. Others say that the ravens got their food from pious Obadiah, who was in the habit of feeding the persecuted. Some say that the ravens brought their food to their young in the trees, and that Elijah had only to climb up and get it. Some say that the whole story is improbable; for these were carnivorous birds, and the food they carried was the torn flesh of living beasts, and therefore ceremonially unclean; or it was carrion, and would not have been fit for the prophet. Some say they were not ravens at all, but that the word translated "ravens" in my text ought to have been translated "Arabs;" so it would have read: "The Arabs brought bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening." Anything but admit the Bible to be true.

Hew away at this miracle until a'll the miracle is gone. Go on with the depleting process, but know, my brother, that you are robbing only one man-and that is yourself-of one of the most comforting, beautiful, pathetic and triumphant lessons in all the ages. I can tell you who these purveyors were—they were ravens. I can tell you who freighted them with provisions-God. I can tell you who aunched them-God. I can tell you who taught them which way to fly-God. I can tell you who told them at what cave to swoop-God. I can tell you who introduced raven to prophet and prophet to raven-God. There is one passage I will whisper in your ear for I would not want to utter it aloud, lest some one should drop down under its power-"If any man shall take away from the words of the

SERMON, away his part out of the book of life and sout off the Welly City

> While, then, we watch the ravens feeding Elijah, let the swift dove of God's spirit sweep down the sky with divine food, and on outspread wing pause at the lip of every soul hunger-

> ing for comfort. On the banks of what rivers have been the great battles of the world? While you are looking over the map of the world to answer that, I will tell you that the great conflict to-day ts on the Potomac, on the Hudson, on the Mississippl, on the Thames, on the Savannah, on the Rhine, on the Nile. on the Ganges, on the Hoang-Ho. It is a battle that has been going on for six thousand years. The troops engaged in it are sixteen hundred millions, and those who have fallen by the way are vaster in number than those who march. It is a battle for bread.

Sentimentalists sit in a cushioned hair, in their pictured study, with their slippered feet on a damask ottoman, and say that this world is a great scene of avarice and greed. It does not seem so to me. If it were not for the absolute necessities of the cases, nine-tenths of the stores, factories, shops, banking houses of the land would be closed to-morrow. Who is that man delving in the Colorado hills? or toiling in a New England factory? or going through a roll of bills in the bank? or measuring a fabric on the counter? He is a champion sent forth in behalf of some home-circle that has to be cared for, in behalf of some church of God that has to be supported, in behalf of some asylum of mercy that has to be sustained. Who is that woman bending over the sewing machine, or carrying the bundle, or sweeping the room, or mending the garment, or sweltering at the washtub? That is Deborah, one of the Lord's beroines, battling against Amalekitish want, which comes down with iron chariot to crush her and hers. The great question with the vast majority of people to-day is not "home rule," but whether there shall be any home to rule; not one of tariff, but whether there shall be anything to tax. The great question with the vast majority of people is, "How shall I support my family? How shall I meet my notes? How shall I pay my rent? How shall I give food, clothing and education to those who are dependent upon me?" Oh, if God would help me to-day to assist you in the solution of that problem the happiest man in this house would be your preacher! I have gone out on a cold morning with expert sportsmen to hunt for pigeons; I have gone out on the meadows to hunt for quail; I have gone out on the marsh to hunt for reed birds; but to-day I am out for ravens.

Notice, in the first place in the story of my text, that these winged caterers came to Elijah direct from God.

"I have commanded the ravens that they feed thee," we find God saying in an adjoining passage. They did not come out of some other cave. They did not just happen to alight there. God freighted them, God launched them, and God told them by what cave to swoop. That is the same God that is going to supply you. He is your Father. You would have to make an elaborate calculation before you could tell me how many pounds of food and how many yards of clothing would be necessary for you and your family; tion. You have a plate at His table, and you are going to be waited upon. unless you act like a naughty child, and kick, and scramble, and pound saucily the plate and try to upset things.

God is infinite in resource. When the city of Rochelle was beseiged and the inhabitants were dying of the famine the tides washed up on the beach as never before and as never since, enough shellfish to feed the whole city. God is good. There is no mistake about that. History tells us that in 1555 in England there was a great drought. The crops failed; but in Essex, on the rocks, in a place where they had neither sown nor cultured, a great crop of peas grew until they filled a hundred measures; and there were blossoming vines enough, promising as much more.

But why go so far? I can give you a family incident. Some generations back there was a great drought in Connecticut, New England. The water disappeared from the hills, and the farmers living on the hills drove their cattle toward the valleys, and had them supplied at the wells and fountains of the neighbors. But these after awhile began to fail, and the neighbors said to Mr. Birdseye, of whom I shall speak, "You must not send your flocks and herds down here any more; our wells are giving out." Mr. Birdseye, the old Christian man, gathered his family at the altar, and with his family he gathered the slaves of the household-for bondage was then in vogue in Connecticut-and on their knees before God they cried for water; and the family story is, that there was weening and great sobbing at that altar that the family might not perish for lack of water, and that the herds and flocks might not perish.

The family rose from the altar. Mr. Birdseye, the old man, took his staff and walked out over the hills, and in a place where he had been scores of times, without noticing anything particular, he saw the ground was very dark, and he took his staff and turned up the ground, and water started; and he beckoned to his servants, and they came and brought pails and buckets until all the family and all the flocks and the herds were cared for; and then they made troughs reaching from that place down to the home and barn, and the water flowed, and it is a living fountain to-day.

Now I call that old grandfather Elitjah, and I call that brook that begon to roll then, and is rolling still. the brook Cherith; and the lesson to me, and to all who hear it, is, when property of this book, God shall take you are in great stress of circum-

stances, pray and dig, dig and pray. and pray and dig. How does that passage go? "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my loving kindness shall not fatt" 16 your merchandise, if your mechanism, if your husbandry fail, look out for ravens. If you have in your despondency put God on trial and condemned Him as guilty of cruelty, I move to day for a new trial. If the biography of your life is ever written, I will tell you what the first chapter, and the middle chapter, and the last chapter will be about, if it is written accurately. The first chapter about mercy, the middle chapter about mercy, the last chapter about mercy. The mercy that hovered over your cradle. The mercy that will hover over your grave. The mercy that will cover all between.

Again, this story of the text impresses me that relief came to this prophet with the most unexpected and with seemingly impossible conveyance. If it had been a robin-redbreast or musical lark, or a meek turtledove or a sublime albatross that had brought the food to Elijah, it would not have been so surprising. But, no. It was a bird so fierce and inauspicate that we have fashioned one of our most forceful and repulsive words out of it -ravenous. That bird has a passion for picking out the eyes of men and of animals. It loves to maul the sick and the dying. It swallows with vulturous guzzle everything it can put its beak on; and yet all the food Elijah gets for six months or a year is from ravens. So your supply is going to come from an unexpected source.

You think some great-hearted, gen erous man will come along and give you his name on the back of your note or he will go security for you in some great enterprise. No, he will not God will open the heart of some Shy lock toward you. Your relief will come from the most unexpected quarter. The providence which seemed ominous will be to you more than that which seemed auspicious. It will not be chaffinch with breast and wing dashed with white and brown and chestnut; it will be a black raven.

Here is where we all make our mistake, and that is in regard to the color of God's providence. A white providence comes to us, and we say, "Oh it is mercy!" Then a black providence comes toward us, and we say, "Oh, that is disaster!" The white providence comes to you, and you have great business success, and you have a hun dred thousand dollars, and you get proud, and you get independent of God, and you begin to feel that the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread," is inappropriate for you, for you have made provision for a hundred years. Then a black providence comes and it sweeps everything away, and then you begin to pray, and you be gin to feel your dependence, and begin to be humble before God, and you cry out for treasures in heaven. The black providence brought you salva tion. The white providence brought you ruin. That which seemed to be harsh and fierce and dissonant was your greatest mercy. It was a raven There was a child born in your house All your friends congratulated you The other children of the family stood amazed looking at the new-comer, and asked a great many questions, genealogical and chronological. You said-and you said truthfully-that a white angel flew through the room and left the little one there. That little one stood with its two feet in the very sanctuary of your affection, and with its two hands it took hold of the altar of your soul. But one day there came one of the three scourges of children-scarlet fever, or croup, or diphtheria-and all that bright scene vanished. The chattering, the strange questions, the pulling at the dresses as you crossed the floor-all ceased.

Mrs. Jane Pithey, of Chicago, a wellknown Christian woman, was left by her husband a widow with one half dollar and a cottage. She was palsied, and had a mother ninety years of age to support. The widowed soul every day asked God for all that was needed in the household, and the servant even was astonished at the precision with which God answered the prayers of that woman, item by item, item by item. One day, rising from the family altar, the servant said, "You have not asked for coal, and the coal is out."

Then they stood and prayed for the coal. One hour after that the servant threw open the door and said, "The coal has come." A generous man. whose name I could give you, had sent -as never before and never since-a supply of coal. You cannot understand it. I do. Ravens! Ravens!

Japanese in Hawaii. The little republic of Hawaii is embarassed by an extraordinary influx of Japanese immigrants, stimulated by immigration societies working with the encouragement if not actually as agents of the government of Japan. The Japanese in the islands already are more numerous than the people of any other nationality, except the native Hawaiians. Various forms of restriction imposed by the Hawaiian government were evaded by the immigrants, until at last the government forbade the landing of a ship load of Japanese, and ordered them sent back. Japan claims the privileges of free immigration under an old treaty, and appears to be using them to carry out a plan of virtual colonization.

A Gentle Hint. "Nice dog! Have you taught him any tricks since I was here last?" "Oh, yes. He will fetch your hat if you whistle," said she sweetly .-- Dubiin World.

A Good Word for Johnny Mamma-Sh. Johnny! You must not interrupt papa in the middle of a seatence. Paga-He doesn't. He never lets me get is far as that .- New York Tribune.

FARM AND GARDEN

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

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

small. The harrowing injured the



FEW acres of my clover was killed badly last spring, writes O. M. Culver in Iowa State Register. I had it resowed in March, and some of it harrowed. The ground was dry and loose and the living clover plants were

growing clover, that which was harrowed made a good stand, that which was not harrowed had most of the plants of the first sowing in it. The crop was worth a crop of corn. A neighbor had a field last spring which had been sowed to clover the previous spring, about half of which was a failure. He resowed without harrowing. It made fair pasture and now there is on it a good stand. Last spring I had a field of sixty-five acres in clover, about half had been sown with oats the previous spring and the rest had been sown in the corn before the last plowing. That in the oats made a half stand, that in the corn mostly a fair stand. The corn stalks were cut with a double row stalk cutter, the hay was raked with a side delivery rake when quite green, the stalks were not much in the way, the rake left the hay loose so that it cured better than that which had been stirred with a hay tedder. What stalks are gathered with the hay do not hurt for home use, but to sell. They can be got rid of by drawing back and forth on the rows a railroad iron or piece of timber when they are dry and the ground frozen. Then rake crosswise with hay rake and burn them. Many times and especially on old or thin hilly land, it would pay to raise no crop the first year with clover or clover and timothy, but prepare the land well and sow as soon as the land is dry and harrow it in. Clover and timothy sowed in corn before the last planting usually does better here than with any other crop. If it could have the whole season to grow in it would be all right. In scorching suns and bot winds the growing corn seems to be a protection. A ton of good clover hay is worth more now here than a ton of corn. On most farms more corn can be raised by keeping them one-third of the time in clover and some farms will produce more corn by keeping them half of the time in clover than to keep them all the time in corn. In the past dry season clover did best disked in, in a wet season it is best harrowed in. One piece disked in, on which came a heavy rain, and the ground baked and the clover could not get up. Clover in growing corn does not kill in a dry hot summer, but as it does in oats. When a heavy crop of oats is cut off, it is cheaper to raise clover to get nitrogen from the atmosphere than it is to buy

The Orchard.

Spread manure liberally over the orchards and in small fruit plantations. Manure is what is wanted, and if it exists in abundance in the neighborhood of the roots of plants, it is generally safe to expect good things. Trees need pruning. No doubt about that; but there must be reason in every cut. The great secret of successful pruning lies in doing the work early and removing surplus shoots and branches while yet small. There can surely be no wisdom in permitting the twig and small shoot to develop into a mighty limb before removal is made, when the same never should have been allowed to grow at all. The head of a tree needs to be fairly open to admit sun and air for full growth perfection of fruit. Furthermore, a moderately low head on a tree is desirable inasmuch as it favors the economical gathering of the crop of fruit. It is considered a good plan to occasionally put on trees a coat of strong soft soap during a warm spell in winter. It aids in destruction of insects and parasites that are harbored in the back of the trunk and larger branches. Of course the soap will eventually be washed off by rains. The eggs of the tent caterpillar are now to be found readily upon the naked branches of the appletree. They appear in bands glued on near the ends of small twigs. Cut off the twigs and burn them, thus making sure of the destruction of the eggs. How many orchards appear, especially among our older settlements, that are really improfitable and useless. The trees are starved, run out, and show but a poor, mean scraggly growth. Manure liberally and orune severely and ofttimes these seemingly worn trees will be induced to take upon themselves a new lease of life, Tillage, manure, care, are all important with an orchard. A man cannot expect to receive paying crops if he does not work and labor and strive and plan for the same. Do not hesitate to give the orchard at least as much attention as you would a crop of corn and potatoes. Not only is it wise to take care of what trees a farmer may have, but it will usually be profitable to set out new orchards. The man who makes a business of orcharding and uses all modern appliances to aid him in his work practiced, follows the best idea in spraying, care of trees. marketing fruits, etc., and studies modern papers and books on horticulture. will, we think, find he has an industry that year in and year out will yield as good returns as any branch of agriculture. W. P. Perkins.

Do not feed too much corn.

Manures in the Soil.

In plant growth there are mechanical

manipulations as well as chemical. The

mechanical conditions pertain largely to the soil, its supply of plant food and moisture. A correspondent of Rural World says the active agents in producing growth are nitrogen, oxygen, hydrogen (air and water), phosphoric acid, potash and sunshine. Few plants grow well in the shade. A most valuable agent is humus-the straw-maker. The great strawstacks of our country are mainly humus; ditto haystacks and cornstalks. These are the gross products of annual plant growth. What remains of a rotted down straw pile or its ashes is humus. This element must exist in the soil or be supplied if plant growth is to be produced. The mechanical action of humus in the soil is favorable to large plant growth. It absorbs water and holds it like a sponge, For this reason a straw mulch is good on all sandy soils-on all soils where drouth is usual. Sandy soils can use profitably a vast total of straw, if it is worked under before the rains are over in spring, or if spread on the surface as a plant mulch. Even dry straw, or leaves lying upon the surface, server to maintain the needed supply of moisture, and does much toward stimulating plant growth. The large growth of plants or grass, reeds, canes or weeds on alluvial soil is due as much to the abundant presence of humus as to water. Low grounds get not only the humus they produce annually, but much of that washed from aplands. It is very important that lands be so plowed as to prevent washing, as it is the most valuable particles which the water carries away. For this reason many slopes near streams should rarely, if ever, be plowed. The frozen lands of the north are much less subject to loss from the action of winter rains than those farther south. When the plant has formed the necessary elements to its growth, and has approached the season for seed production, it requires lime, saline matter and the grasses above named to perfect, stiffen and enable it to complete the work of reproduction. If these are lacking in the soil, the plant will be a failure-will be barren, seedless. Every farmer boy should understand these underlying principles of plant growth. They exist in every plant's life, as in every animal's, and must be supplied to the plant where it stands, as it cannot make a journey-

Small Farms. I have always been an advocate of

comparatively small farms, believing

daily to the springs for water or to the

marsh for humus.

them to be the ideal farms, says a writer in the New England Farmer, and I have found that a great deal of produce can be grown on a small farm when managed right. To illustrate: I have grown the past season on fourteen square rods of land, twelve bushels of strawberries, selling to the amount of twenty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents; besides using all we wanted in the family of four persons; some were also given away. From five rows of cabbages, fifteen rods long, we had all we wanted to use, stored some for winter, sold to the amount of ten dollars and forty-six cents, besides some waste and small heads fed out. Nine rows of onions, fifteen rods long, ! produced twenty-three bushels of fine onions. Oats yielded fifty-six bushels better-sixty-one and one-half to the acre. Onions also did better that year. From a piece of ground 27x64 feet, I harvested forty-three bushels. Now who will say, in the face of such facts, that a small farm cannot be made to support a family in good shape. Indeed, I am certain that if properly managed a very few acres will support a family well; and if I was a young man again, I would purchase a piece of land somewhere, even if it were but two acres, and build up a home thereon; then if more land was needed, add to it afterwards as opportunity offered. I have a great deal of faith in well enriched and properly managed soil. I like the term "intensive farming;" and the more we apply it to our farming operations, the better it will be for us.

Starting Tomato Seeds.—Take a cigar box, pry the bottom loose a little to let out the water, fill with nice soft dirt, place the seed just where you want them, and cover one half inch. I generally push them into the dirt with a match. Soak it with hot water -not hot enough to scald the seed but warm enough to warm up the dirt, box and all. Now, to keep the surface wet and to keep them warm fold a newspaper and tie over the top of the box. Place the box on an iron mantel shelf in the family room, kitchen or some place to keep the heat up pretty regular, and don't forget to take a look at them the fourth day after planting. If you wait many hours longer you will be apt to find your plants long and leggy. Set the box in a sunny window or where they will get good strong plants and in transplanting be careful not to break the small fibrous roots.-

Clover Hay.-Clover hay is much better appreciated than it used to be. While most horsemen in cities are still shy of it, the farmers know, as they always have done, that in nutritious value it far surpasses timothy or other grasses. It contains more nitrogenous nutrition than the grasses. This is what makes it hard to cure without turning dark colored, but the late clover crop, which is always nearly black when got into the barn, is for sheep, cows and caives the best hay of all .-

For thousands of years the farmer has been working with his hands and others have to a too great extent reaped the reward for his totl. Now he beginning to work with his brain, with the result of reaping the reward

A fresh egg has a limelike surface

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON VII. SECOND QUARTER SUNDAY, MAY 16.

Golden Text: "I Have Set Thee, to Be a Light of the Gentiles' - Acts 13:47-Paul Preaching to the Gentiles at Lystra and Derbe.



N order to fully comprehend to-day's lesread Acts 13: 44 and 14: 28. To-day's Jesson in full includes verses 11, 22. Acts 14, as fol-

H: And when the ple saw what Paul had done; they lift-ed up their voices, saying in the speech of Lycaonia. The

Gods are come down the likeness of men. 12. They to us in the likeness of men. 12. They called Barnabas Jupiter, and Paul Merer. 13. Then the priest of Jupiter, which was before their city, brought oxen and garlands unto the gates, and would have done sacrifice with the people. 14. Which when the apostles, Barnabas and Paul, heard of, they rent their clothes, and ran in among the people, crying out. 15. saying, Sirs, why do ye these things? also are men of like passions with you, and preach unto you that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God, which made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein: 16. Who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. 17. Nevertheless he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness, 18. And with these sayings scarce restrained they the people, that they had not done sacrifice unto them. 19. And there came hither certain Jews from Antioch and Iconium, who persuaded the people, and, having stoned Paul, drew him out of the city, supposing he had been dead. 20. How-heit, as the disciples stood round about him, he rose up, and came into the city: and the next day he departed with Bar-nabas to Derbe. 21. And when they had preached the gospel to that city, and had taught many, they returned again to-Lysand to Iconium, and Antioch. 22 Confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we must through much tribu-iation enter into the kingdom of God.

Time.-A. D. 46. Places.-Lystra. Lycaonia. in which this heathen city lay, was a district ex-tending from the ridge of Mount Taurus on the border of Cilicia on the south to on the border of Cilicia on the south to the Cappadocian hills on the north. It is, perhaps, the largest plain in Asia. Minor. There is reason to believe that Lystra was at the place known as Bin Bir Kilisseh, "the thousand and one churches," a mass of ruins in the Kara. Dagh or Black Mountain. 2. Derbe, a. city in the same provices, and twenty, miles distant from Lystra. It is supposed to be represented by the modern village of Divie. 3. Iconium, a large city sixty miles east of Antioch, and now known as Konieh. In the Middle Ages it was the capital of a powerful Mohammedan king-

Lesson Preview .- Paul and Barnabas Lesson Preview.—Paul and Barnabas present the Gospel to the simple-hearted peasantry of Lystra. In the crowd there is a boy named Timothy, whose mind, already trained by a godly mother, accepts the Savior as preached by Paul. In the crowd there is also a deformed man who has all his life sat upon the pavement as a beggar. As he hears the story of the mighty Master who went about doing good, faith leaps from his heart to his eys, and the apostles recognize his claim to the promise. At Paul's command the beggar is made whole, while the villagers shout, "The gods have come to earth again!" It would seem that Paul and Barnabas did not understand the barbarous dialect of the Lystrans; for, before their silly adoration could be checked, they had begun to slay oxen in sacrifice to the two strangers whom they mistook to the two strangers whom they mistook for immortal gods! Rending their clothes in horror, Paul and Barnabas rushed among the crowd, staying the uplifted knife, and with word and gesture repel-ling the superstitious adoration, and directing their thought to the invisible God, whose praise nature sings in bending harvests on the earth and gentle rain from heaven. But before long Jews came from Antioch with hatred in their hearts, and stirred up these ignorant idolaters of Lystra to stone Paul. He was so injured that both friends and foes thought him dead, but he recovered, and after a brief departure returned to Lystra and neighboring places, "confirming the souls of the disciples."

Primitive Incense.

In ancient days sweet odors were obtained by burning aromatic gums and woods; hence the word perfume, which is from the Latin, per, through fumus, smoke or vapor. From this arose the idea of incense in primitive worship. It was used by the orientals long before it became known to the western world. People of the east utilized it for sacrifice in their temples. At feasts it enhanced the pleasure of the senses. At funerals it was a bribe to appease the manes of the dead, and later in theaters a disinfectant against the unpleasant odors of a crowded building. Pliny assures us that incense was not employed in sacrifice until after the Trojan war, when fragrant woods were applied to give an agreeable smell. In an ancient magical manuscript it is directed that three grains should be taken, with three fingers, and placed under the threshold to keep away evil spirits which might come in the form of offensive odors .-London Society.

tiod's Love and Mercy.

Console thyself with His word of grace, And cease thy wail of woe; For His mercy never an equal hath, And His love no bounds can know. Lean close unto Him in faith and hope; How many like thee have found In Him a shelter and home of peace, By like mercy compassed round! -John Greenleaf Whittier

Rubbing Off Rudini's Red. Rapie's heralds' college has discovcred that the Marchese di Rudini, the Italian premier, has no right to his title, which belongs to another branch of his family. He is properly only Sig. Antonio Starabba.-- Nxchange.

tlow it Was Divided.

Mudge-'Oh, yes, we had a real lively time, Simmons and L. It cost un nearly \$50." Wickwire-"Yes, I saw Simmons this morning and he told me te spent \$45."-Indianapolia Journal.