

**The Beautiful Rest of God.**

Somewhere under the great white throne,  
Under the radiant, odorless zone  
Of heaven's blossoming sod,  
Somewhere out of the mist and moon,  
The mighty despair we call our own,  
Is the beautiful rest of God.

Out of the bitter hate and strife,  
Out of the madness we call life,  
The hard paths all have trod;  
Out of the being where once are life,  
Sleep father and mother and husband and wife,  
In the beautiful rest of God.

After the longing and last despair,  
After the burial hymn and prayer,  
After the coffin is closed,  
Up in the breath of a purer air,  
With gladder music and flowers more fair,  
In the beautiful rest of God.

There are the eyes undimmed of tears,  
There are the hearts that know no fears,  
Where the flowers of Paradise nod,  
They sleep to the song of the million spheres,  
And like blossoms of snow fall the endless years  
On the beautiful rest of God.

—The Church Year.

**ANDREW JACKSON'S LAST DAYS.****STATEMENT OF ONE WHO  
SAW THE OLD HERO  
PASS AWAY.**

How Artist Healy Performed his  
Commission from King Louis  
Philippe.

[The following interesting account is taken from a private letter of Mr. George P. A. Healy, the American artist, long resident in Paris.]

I beg to give you the statement you requested of my commission from King Louis Philippe in the spring of 1845, at which time I was occupied in England in the king's service. His majesty sent for me to Paris, and said, "Mr. Healy, I wish you to paint for my historical gallery at Versailles portraits of several of the great men of your country. I learn that Gen. Jackson is extremely ill, and as I wish his likeness taken from the life, lose no time on your way to the Hermitage." So well did I carry out instructions that I did not stop in Baltimore to visit my only sister, whom I had not seen for years.

On my arrival I was grieved to see the general so ill; he had been unable to lie down for three months. His answer to the king's request was, "Can't sit, sir." My reply was "The king will be very sorry." "Not for all the kings in Christendom, sir." I bowed. One of the gentlemen said, "Mr. Healy, you should have first seen Mrs. Jackson." This lady was the wife of young Donelson, who took the name of Jackson when adopted by the general. She had gone to Nashville, twelve miles away. I drove back to town, found the lady, and related the result of my visit. She said, I am sorry father will not sit, but, Mr. Healy, I will see what I can do, and should he consent, my husband will call for you at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.

I never passed so long a night, and the heat, although but the first May, was extreme. Happily I was called for at the hour named. I was graciously received by the general, who apologized that in the sitting he should be unable to do me justice. I assured him the greatest justice he could do me was to forget that I was present. Mrs. Jackson informed me that she said much to him of the joy his friends would feel to see his likeness at Versailles. His answer was the same: "Can't sit, my child; let me die in peace." At last she said: "Father, I should like you to sit;" at this his tears fell fast, and he exclaimed: "My child, I will sit." The picture was completed within the week. They requested me to copy it for the family on my return to Paris. I said a copy was rarely so good as the original; if the general would allow me to paint a second they should have the first. This gave satisfaction. When I had done the old hero said: "Sir, I wish you to paint my child for me." I bowed, and said it was my duty at once to go to Mr. Clay. I shall never forget his impressive manner as he said: "Young man, always do your duty."

On my return to Nashville the

Hon. John Bell informed me the last he had heard of Mr. Clay was that he had a bad cold on board a steamer aground near Louisville, Ky., and it would be a week before he could learn whether he had continued to St. Louis or had returned to Ashland. I therefore went back to the Hermitage. Gen. Jackson said: "I am glad to see you, sir, and if the Lord spares my life to see my child's portrait finished, I shall rejoice." This was Wednesday; the next Saturday the work wanted one sitting, and the general never saw it finished. On Sunday morning I was deeply touched by a cry or wail that was begun by the servants of the house, and taken up by those without, and like wave after wave passed over the entire plantation; the words were: "Lord, Lord, old master is dead, old master is dead." This was in the morning; I remained in my room until 12, when I heard steps on the stairs. I saw two nephews of Mrs. Jackson, who informed me that "grandfather," as they called him, had only fainted when the servants thought him dead. At twenty minutes to six I knocked at the door of the sick-room; the general's colored man, George, opened the door and told me his master was very low. I turned to leave, when young Jackson said, with tears falling from his eyes, "come in." I replied, "not at such a moment." He added, "I wish you to; he is dying." I was surprised to find ten or twelve persons in the room; all were weeping; the general was propped up in his bed, his head held by his great friend Maj. Lewis. The dying man roused himself from a lethargy, and said: "Why should you weep for me? I am in the hands of the Lord, who is about to relieve me; you should rejoice, not weep." These were his last words. His head drooped, and the falling of the under jaw was the only indication that all was over. On seeing that, his daughter, who was kneeling and holding one of his hands, fainted and was carried from the room.—N. Y. Evening Post.

**Celery.**

It is strange that so healthful a vegetable as celery should be used so little, for while in season it ought to be used like any other reasonable green thing. The celery glass, with its bouquet of vivid green, is a bright, attractive ornament to the dinner table. The majority of people never think of eating it in any way but its raw state, yet there are ways in which it may be served that are much more palatable.

Boiled or steamed celery is very nice. Cut up the stalks into inch pieces, put in a saucepan and add just enough water to cover the whole. Throw in a little salt and let boil until soft, but not enough so that it falls to pieces. Drain off the water, put the vegetable into a dish, and while hot serve with butter.

Creamed celery is very nice. Cut in inch pieces and cover with milk, to which, when boiling, add salt and a small piece of butter. Serve hot. This way of cooking celery is delicious.

The green stalks and leaves, usually thrown away, are all useful. Cut the stalks into small bits and use them for flavoring soups, broths, etc. Put the leaves into a pan or dish and place in the oven to dry. Watch them that they do not burn and when dry crumble them and place away in a wide-mouthed bottle and keep closely covered. This will be found good for flavoring soups when the celery is out of the market. Celery seed is good to keep in the house for flavoring, and celery salt is, to many, a necessary condiment.

This plant is a great nerve and those suffering from any nervous trouble are much benefited by a liberal use of it. It is also recommended for rheumatism, some authorities going so far as to say that when freely eaten it is a sure cure for this painful disease.—Boston Budget.

**The Invalid and Violinist.**

An old and infirm soldier was playing one evening on the Prater in Vienna. His faithful dog was holding his hat, in which passers by dropped a few coppers as they came along. However, on the evening in question nobody stopped to put a small coin into the poor old fellow's hat. Everyone went straight on, and the gaiety of the crowd added to the sorrow in the old man's heart, and showed itself in the withered countenance.

However, all at once, a well-dressed gentleman came up to where he stood, listening to his playing for a few minutes, and gazed compassionately upon him. Ere long the old fiddler's weary hand had no longer strength to grasp his bow. His limbs refused to carry him farther. He seated himself on a stone, rested his head on his hands, and began silently to weep. At that instant the gentleman approached, offered the old man a piece of gold and said: "Lend me your violin a little while."

Then, having carefully tuned it he said: "You take the money and I will play."

He did play! All the passers-by stopped to listen—struck with the distinguished air of the musician, and captivated by his marvelous genius. Every moment the circle became larger and larger. Not copper alone, but silver—and even gold was dropped into the poor man's hat. The dog began to growl for it was becoming too heavy for him to hold. At an invitation from the audience the invalid emptied its contents into his sack, as they filled it again.

After a national melody, in which everyone present joined, with uncovered heads, the violinist placed the instrument upon the poor man's knees, and without waiting to be thanked disappeared.

"Who is it?" was asked on all sides.

"It is Armand Boucher, the famous violin-player," replied some one in the crowd. "He has been turning his art to account in the service of charity. Let us follow his example."

And the speaker sent around his hat also, made a new collection, and gave the proceeds to the invalid, crying, "Long live Boucher!"

Deeply affected, the invalid lifted up his eyes and hands towards heaven, and invoked God's blessing on his benefactor.

That evening there were two happy men in Vienna—the invalid, who was placed for a long time above the reach of want, and the generous artist, who felt in his heart the joy which always repays the bestowal of charity.—Canada Presbyterian.

**Dangerous Drinks.**

The Philadelphia "News" prints the following:

"A bartender plaintively bewailed the necessity of having to rub congealed drops of sticky beer off the bar. 'But if I let them remain,' said he in the tone of one seeking compassion, 'they rot the wood.'"

"They rot the wood do they?" fiercely repeated a beer bibber. "Then what in the name of common sense does beer do in my stomach?"

"Replied the manipulator of drinks: 'It is beyond me to tell. Of one thing I am confident, and that is man's stomach is made of cast iron. Elsewise, how could he withstand the fluids he pours into it? Let me show you something.' He placed a piece of raw meat on the counter and dropped upon it a small measure of an imported gingerale. In five minutes the meat had parted into little pieces as though hacked by a dull knife."

It is not surprising that beer drinkers are held by life insurance companies to be extra hazardous risks.

**The Saloon Must Go.**

If we were a saloon keeper we would not read the Bible, nor allow one to come upon our premises; we would not go to church, nor would we on any account, read religious or temperance papers; but we would close our eyes, ears and heart against everything that might awaken conscience and trouble the spirit. And that's just what liquor sellers do we suppose; hence they do not read such articles as the following clipped from the N. Y. Advocate, on the saloon. That paper says:

"The saloon is an institution which deserves no quarter. It is the chief source of crime and poverty. It is the worst enemy of the home, the church, and the school. It is the most dangerous snare for young men and boys. It is the principle foe of the workingman. It is one of the chief means of destroying life and health. The best life insurance companies will not insure saloon keepers at all, no matter how strong and healthy and temperate they may be. Accurate calculations of life statistics have taught them not to take such risks. The reason is plain. The saloon is the place of death. The saloon causes property adjoining and near it, and across the street from it to depreciate in value. It blasts every thing it touches, and taints the air in every direction. It is the curse of humanity, the grief of the righteous, the stumbling block in the way of all progress, the invention of the devil. The saloon must go. The deep muttering of righteous indignation in the hearts of millions of American patriots against this mighty engine of destruction is an ominous sign that the decisive conflict is just at hand."

**A New South Presidential Train.**

Let us have a home-made train to bring President Harrison and his party from Washington to the Piedmont Exposition. Let us have an engine built in the South, Southern-built couplers—and let us have the whole train, from the smokestack to bell-rope, manufactured in the South. Let it be furnished with Southern-made furniture, let the conductor be dressed in Southern-made goods, and run his train with a Southern-made watch.

President Harrison would be better pleased with this, and it would be more significant and helpful to the South than to bring him in the finest train that ever ran on the rail. Ten years ago such a thing would have been as impossible as to fly to the moon. Now it is possible.—Atlanta Constitution.

**Utilizing Crows.**

A Pennsylvania farmer has turned the crows to a good account. He makes them allies in his work. Writing to the American Agriculturist, he says: "For the past five seasons I have, just before I expected my corn to come up, I sowed on the field about a quart of corn to each acre, and repeated the operation as often as necessary, until the corn was so large that the crows could not pull it up. If the corn is soaked until tender, they prefer picking what they want to eat from the surface rather than to pull up the young plants to get it. The cost of the corn thus sown is but a trifle; and as a result I have a great number of crows almost constantly on my corn-field, and after they have been satisfied with corn, they will still pick up all the insects, grubs, and cut-worms they can find as a dessert. In raising fifty acres of corn since adopting this plan, I have not lost a hundred stalks by crows and cut-worms combined."

"Can't eat a thing." Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, regulating digestion, and giving strength.

**Grafting and Budding.**

How to graft and bud is something that every farmer should know. I will give my way of grafting. The proper time is just before the leaves come out in the month of April. This is the time for apples and pears. Cherry-trees should be grafted earlier—as early as the weather will admit. In grafting large trees, no graft should be inserted into a limb over one and one half inches in diameter. Great care should be taken to have the inside of stock and inside of bark of graft to come in even contact.

To make your grafting wax take four pounds of resin, two pounds of beeswax and one pound of tallow and melt them together.

In budding young peach-trees select the period when the leaves begin to turn a little yellow; in this latitude about the middle of September. I bud at the time of the new moon, doing the work low down, and covering up with the ground.

**Twenty Pieces of Bone.**

My little niece, left me by her mother, had one of the worst cases of white swelling I ever saw. More than twenty pieces of bone came out of her leg, one piece being about the size of the small end of a walking cane, and nearly three inches long. The hole left by taking these pieces out was as large as a good sized walnut. She was not able to walk a step for eight months, and was afterwards compelled to use crutches for nearly a year. The doctors said there was no cure, and advised amputation of the limb. This I would not consent to, but put her to taking Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), leaving off all other treatment. It has cured her sound and well, and I shall never grow weary of speaking its praise.

Mrs. ANNIE GEESLING.

Columbus, Ga., Feb. 11, 1889.

**The World Ought to Know It.**

The world ought to know what S. S. S., has done for me in the cure of a malignant Cancer, which was so bad as to be considered incurable by the physicians in Chicago, where I went to be treated. The hospital surgeons gave me up, saying they could do nothing for me. One of my neighbors sent me a copy of an advertisement cut from a paper in regard to Swift's Specific, and I began taking it. I got relief from the first few doses; the poison was gradually forced out of my system, and I was soon cured sound and well. It is now ten months since I quit taking S. S. S., and I have had no sign of return of the dreadful disease.

Mrs. ANN BOWWELL.

Au Sable, Mich., Dec. 29, '88.

Sent for books on Blood Diseases and Cancers' mailed free.

The Swift Specific Co.  
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

**What He Really Said.**

"Deacon Rastus, I's called on you for dem fifty dollahs you promised for de new church," the Rev. Mr. Loftus said.

"I didn't promise to giv fifty dollahs," rejoined Rastus.

"Yes, yer did, deacon."

"You're mistaken, brudder."

"Why, Rastus, how's dat ar? I hearn you stan' up in yer place in de church an' say out loud dat you'd give fifty dollahs."

"No, yer didn't, brudder Loftus. Yer don't remember correctly. I said I'd head a 'scription wid fifty dollahs, an' so I will. I didn't say I'd give no fifty dollahs, an' I don't intend to."

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**

The best Salve in the world for Ruts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. by Royster.