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AT EVENING.

The hush of evening fell on me
A thousand miles from land,
The sea put forth that mystic power
I feared to understand.

Waves, laughing, dancing all the day,
Foam kissed 'neath skies so fair,
The stillness of the night wrapped all,
Saddening it everywhere.

And pitiless as cruel Fate
The grayness closed on me,
Blinding my heart with icy chains—
The chains of Destiny.

Gone were my hopes, vanished my dreams,
And torturing my fears,
The evening west, as in my life,
A misty realm of Tears.

Thus as I stood, bereft of Hope,
A light came from afar,
Uncertain first it shone on me—
The first faint Evening Star.

Oh, little star of hope and love,
Ascendant in the sky,
Sending your message pure and sweet,
To wanderers such as I.

The moon rose from her silver couch,
The grayness passed away,
The path across the r-stations sea
Was clear as in the day.

The star has led me trust again,
And bow beneath the rod,
The moonlight shows the road is true
That leads the way to God.

—Maude M. C. Foulkes.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

A POWERFUL DISCOURSE ENTITLED "HIDDEN TALENTS."

The Rev. Dr. Henry C. Swentzel Draws a New Lesson From the Parable—The One Talent Man Should Not Pose as a Person With a Grievance.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Dr. Henry C. Swentzel, rector of St. Luke's Church, preached Sunday morning on "Hidden Talents." He took his text from St. Matthew xxv:18: "He that had received one talent went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money." Dr. Swentzel said: "God holds the cornucopia of infinite and omnipotent love. With open-handed generosity He dispenses the gifts of His boundless wealth throughout the length and breadth of the whole creation. From myriad pulpits nature preaches eloquently of the divine philanthropy. The universe is not only a vast workshop, but a magnificent pleasure house for enjoyment. Every field is designed for a harvest, all the forests resound with symphonies and oratories; everywhere are mines of riches awaiting the toiler. God's plan includes all the best things for the multitude, and he who serves his mission may well say, 'I have all and abound.'"

And yet how many are almost persuaded to protest against the doctrine of the liberality of the heavenly Father's provisions. They have more than a suspicion that our interpretation of His bounty does not square with the facts and experiences of human life. They are disposed to intimate that His ways are not equal; that He has fettered Himself by a hard and fast doctrine of foreordination, predestination and election; that His counsels are marred by what amounts practically to unjust discrimination and favoritism. Without pausing to emphasize the impiety of criticizing Almighty God or to expose the futility and vanity of passing judgment upon His program for humanity, we ought to be persuaded even by our surroundings that the Lord is prompted ever by a masterful desire to promote the health and wealth, the power and happiness, of His children. If we were qualified to appreciate His plans for mankind, we would accept the world with its beauties and harmonies, its lights and shadows, its resplendent heavens and fragrant flowers, its overflowing granaries, its countless picture galleries, its monumental glories, as parables of divine sovereignty.

But the man with one talent is likely to present himself as an objector to this attractive and inspiring view of the Father's rulership. He is dissatisfied. He has a grievance. He is persuaded that he ought to have a better chance, larger privileges, more encouraging prospects, and that there are

talent in the earth. In spite of all their worth they are stunted and impoverished because they are "of the earth partly." The worldly spirit is not restricted by any means to those who pile up colossal fortunes or who are the habitués of Vanity Fair. A beggar may be, and probably is, quite as much of a mammon worshiper as is the most vulgar money lover. They who fail may be even more worldly than they who succeed. However that may be, our present concern is with the admonition that warns us not to bury our talent by living solely for temporal goods. Every day we are exposed to the contagion of earthly domination. How easy it is to let ourselves down to a low degree of thought, desire and gratification. We are kin to the elements about us. We belong to two worlds—to earth as well as to heaven. With pardonable fondness we refer to our present abode as "mother earth." We came ourselves from its bosom. We get all that we have out of the ground—our food and raiment, our houses, our books, our sciences and arts, all the material blessings with which we are enriched. Here resides all that was mortal of our beloved dead, and at their funeral rites the church said "earth to earth." Here the great have lived, the brave have fought for right and rights, and royal souls have done their work for the cause of progress. Here Jesus spent three and thirty years. His feet trod upon its hills and vales. His precious blood flowed down from His sacred body to its soil, and His mangled corpse lay in its tomb. How much the earth has in it to fascinate. Is it a marvel that so many fall before its seductions and hide the great and holy talent in the clay? How natural, out how wicked. To every one who buries the talent—his personal force—in worldliness comes the sharp condemnation, "thou wicked and slothful servant."

It is nothing less than a high crime to centre one's being in the earth. When he has the power to be a son of God, when he has an equipment that should get results, when he can be efficient and effective throughout his sphere, when he can make a contribution to the fund of goodness and happiness, what a sorry pity it is that he should put such possibilities into a hole. And yet that is precisely what so many are doing. Some of them are rich, while others are poor; some have knowledge and culture, while others are ignorant and hard, but they are all alike in that they have buried the precious gift. It matters not whether they are lofty or lowly, whether they live in a palace or a garret, they have erred grievously if they have buried the power which alone can make life worth living. What an unspeakable degradation it is to leave the plain where God would have us think and work and to descend to the slavery of a vulgar ambition for worldly concerns. To pass one's years without raising to the dignity and excellences of noble manhood and noble womanhood—to go on from year to year without recognizing the Deity—and without noting the privileges which Christ has assured—to reduce ourselves to the level of machinery, to set up a song and dance as though that were the greatest thing in the world—is to let us do our work and let us also appreciate the true men and women of the world. Let us do our work and let us also appreciate the true men and women of the world. Let us do our work and let us also appreciate the true men and women of the world.

THE RUG MAKERS' WORK

IT TAKES MILLIONS OF LITTLE STRANDS TO MAKE A MASTERPIECE.

Weary Years of Labor Required to Fix in Place the Minute Pieces Which Go to Build Up the Marvelous Whole.

Some hard whose name is not given in has told the story of the oriental rug and hanging—a story that is now illustrated by an Armenian in Los Angeles who patiently weaves his rug each day in the window of one of Broadway's stores, relates the Times of that city. It is a story full of interest, replete with life lessons and one which will delight those interested in the rare and beautiful products of the Orient.

Even as you read it you may be enthralled in the oriental corner of your home, its allurements showing indistinct through the fascinating subdued light that comes from everywhere yet seems to come from nowhere—and to reach its peaceful depths and bury yourself in its innumerable cushions you must pass over the big rug which deadens the sound of your footsteps and adds its full share to the glory of the room.

It is a splendid work of art, this rug—all its colors so beautifully harmonized and blended, its design intricate but perfect. Many times it has gladdened your artistic eye—but has your mind ever counted its cost? Have you ever wondered how its millions of pieces were grown, gathered, colored and finally woven to make the work of art that you crush beneath your feet? Do you know what part of a lifetime—yes, what part of a lifetime—went into that rug?

Years of a lifetime—weary years of patient, painstaking work with minute pieces, each fixed in its appointed place to build up the marvelous whole.

In the far-off hills and vales of Armenia the rug maker's sheep graze, and from them he gathers the wool to weave into his masterpieces. From the plants which he finds on the broad acres he distills the dyes which give to the fabric its distinctive and artistic colors. Spinning the rough threads and coloring them, he clips them into millions of pieces between an inch and two inches long.

Then for a time the artisan gives place to the artist—for the rug maker must be a designer of patterns as well as a craftsman.

possibly billions—of pieces required to make one of the large silk rugs. You can also figure how many, many weary years it takes to finish one of these masterpieces.

A COLLECTION OF MANGERS.

One of the Sights in the New Bavarian National Museum.

The great charm of the new Bavarian National Museum at Munich perhaps lies in the fact that its collections were made first and its building afterward. This method has resulted in unusual harmony and surprises at every turn. The architect has planned arches to be borne by stone columns from early Roman Bavaria, and rooms to be ceiled by genuine panels from the Middle Ages; he has cut doorways to fit the worn doors at his command, and has built a vaulted chapel to hold the wealth of ecclesiastical treasures.

Among the many individual collections of the museum, by far the most original is the so-called "Krippensammlung," or collection of manglers. To the ears of Protestant America this expresses little or nothing, and seems to be a more appropriate department for a county fair than for an art museum. But the Roman Catholic church in its constant appeals to the eyes and ears of its followers, has, through long centuries, invented some very beautiful methods of teaching little children, as well as those children of an older growth, the unlettered and the untaught. Thus it is that the Holy Sepulcher is still built on Good Friday in many foreign churches, while on Christmas eve the story of Holy Night is represented to the eye by a group of little figures gathered about a manger.

Whoever has happened on such a scene at Christmas time in a Catholic church in our own country has doubtless been more impressed with the originality of the method than with any artistic merit in the figures; but, in the land of artists across the sea, much skill and beauty have been wrought into the little Christmas manglers. These have been a part of the equipment of churches and monasteries for centuries, but in times of disestablishment and poverty many of them were scattered abroad. About a thousand have been gathered into this Schmeder collection at Munich, which represents German, Austrian, Neapolitan and Sicilian workmanship, and for variety and interest leaves nothing to be desired.

Imagine, if you can, hundreds of little figures—dolls if you choose, but rather miniature men and women, for most of them are carved with a skill which amounts to art. So full of life is every line and feature that one half expects to see them move. Some are of wax, but most of wood or bisque, a few are only two or three inches tall, but the majority are from six to eight inches high. They are all of the same size, and are arranged in a row, each with its own little manger. They are all of the same size, and are arranged in a row, each with its own little manger. They are all of the same size, and are arranged in a row, each with its own little manger.



The Burden of the Tree.

Unfortunately a tree on a farm is often a convenient place for tying horses. Into it nails are mercilessly driven. In the crotches old hinges, horseshoes and old iron of various kinds are deposited. These are often grown over and are found later imbedded in the wood.

The tree serves as a shelter to rest old rails against and to shelter old wagons and machinery. Trees are too often used to support wire fences instead of posts. Trees in this way are seriously injured and so riddled with iron that it is impossible to saw them into boards—in fact they are unfit even for wood because of the axes and saws which will be injured in working them.

Trees are too valuable to be used in this way. The life of a tree may be prolonged for years by giving it a little care. It is surprising the large number of trees which are thus thoughtlessly crippled or injured.—Dr. J. Gifford, in Connecticut Farmer.

Roots for Hog Cholera.

The claim has been made that if hogs are fed regular rations of root crops such feeding will prevent cholera. The statement is too broad for, while it is admitted that roots will do much to keep the hog in good condition, preserving the animals vitality and enabling it to fight off disease, such rations would be of no avail if the animals were surrounded by everything conducive to the dread disease, such as a filthy pen and a more filthy yard, damaged grain for food and impure drinking water. After an experience of more than a quarter of a century in swine raising, I believe that cholera is due wholly to filthy quarters and the other conditions just mentioned. True, the disease is contagious or more properly infectious, but even then few hogs will be afflicted if they have been properly fed and housed. The feeding of roots is advisable and by all means practice it, but do not consider it a cure for cholera or even a preventive.—Indianapolis News.

Trees Which Stand Pruning Well.

It is a safe rule never to do more pruning than we are obliged to do to protect our trees from injury, to render them productive, or to shape them to our ends. Still, where severe pruning becomes necessary it is well to know what trees will best bear it. Of fruit, the apple, pear, plum and peach stand pruning well when young and vigorous. Wounds on cherry trees do not heal so readily as on most fruit trees. The elm, oak, chestnut, locust and ash withstand pruning quite as well as any of our forest trees. While willows heal wounds very readily their wood decays very quickly and of it

In this way the danger from taking cold is much greater.

A horse should always be blanketed when standing in a draft or in the rain, using a cloth or rubber blanket as the case may be. After a hard drive and the horse has become heated, do not cover him for about five minutes, letting him steam. Then put on a light blanket; allow this to remain half an hour, then remove this and put on your heavy one. This gives the animal a warm, dry covering, after you have removed the light blanket which is wet from the steam of the horse. A thorough rubbing first, if convenient is excellent.

In blanketing your horse see that the blanket is sufficiently large to cover the animal from neck to tail; see also that the breast flaps are sufficient to protect this sensitive part, and that the sides and flank are fully protected. If not do not buy it at any price.

The Poultry Fence.

Some permanent form of fencing is desirable and necessary about all poultry buildings, and essential where purebred stock is kept and pens are kept separate during the breeding season. Poultry netting, well galvanized and seventy-two inches wide, is the only satisfactory fencing material, and in order to stretch it properly, a scantling should be mortised on edge in the top of the posts for a top rail. Posts are best set eight feet apart, using 2x4 sixteen feet long for tops. In order to make the fence as lasting as possible we charred the butts of the posts and filled in the holes with rock and tinders, also put about six inches of rock under each post. The posts should be sawed off five feet and a half from the ground, and the netting buried six inches. This prevents fowls scratching and getting under the fence, and also does away with a bottom rail or base-board. In putting on the netting one end should be made fast with a double row of staples and the other end clamped between the 2x4s with bolts, and, with a small wire stretcher attached to the middle, stretched up tight. The top wire should be then stapled on securely, and then by pressing down the bottom wire at each post and stapling to the post the netting is deeply and tightly secured. In making gates time and labor can be saved by stretching the wire on the fence and then setting the frame for the gate against the netting, when it can be stapled to the gate without further stretching.—Montana Experiment Station.

Fighting Borers in Apple Trees.

We have had a great deal of trouble with borers in our apple trees in this section. When I came on the farm, now almost 15 years ago, I set out sixty thrifty trees from a state nursery. Not one of the trees died the year of setting them out, but it is wonderful how soon the borers began to work in them. I followed the instructions in the nursery catalog and waged

THE COURTSHIP OF BUBBLES.

A Poetical Interlude in the Life of One Devoted to His Profession.

From the German.

My friend, Bobby Bubbles, the reporter for the Daily Steam Whistle, has never had anything to say in praise of poets. He, a practical newspaper man, who sees things as they are and then simply photographs with his pen, so to speak, has no use for poetical coloring.

But since the affair with Dora Potter he absolutely hates poets. For the poet Crane is to blame for the whole misfortune according to Bubbles' view.

In began in a most harmless way, just like the Chicago fire and other disasters. On one of these moist, sticky, summer days Bubbles was sitting in the restaurant of Mayer & Mayer devouring his luncheon. I purposely do not say he ate his lunch. He did not eat, but devoured, because he was always afraid that something might be happening somewhere without his knowing it.

"Ah, Bubbles, how are you?" said a voice suddenly. "Will you allow me?" and I turned to find myself looking into the eyes of a young man with a smile that was as bright as the sun.

He was a poet, and he was looking at me with a look that was as bright as the sun.

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"Yes, that I did. What was I to do?" Soon the three returned to the city. Bubbles resigned his position, to the disappointment of his employer.

"However," said the business manager of the Steam Whistle, "if you ever alter your decision you will be welcomed by us. Hope you will enjoy your honeymoon."

So they parted.

Dora was radiant. She became ardent. When she embraced Bubbles he gasped for air.

"Oh, I love you better every day, Bobby, dear," said Dora one Sunday afternoon, when they were sitting on the sofa.

And Bubbles asked himself anxiously what would become of him if that were only the beginning of her love. Would he not burn to ashes?

Just as the ardent Dora prepared for another embrace the sharp gong of the fire engine sounded in the street. Bubbles pricked up his ears.

"Fire!" he cried, tearing himself away from the poet.

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