I am longing for the seaword and the sunrise,
And the wanderlust is deep and strong in me.
I am longing for the hills, where the sunset soothes and stills,
And the great white heart of Summer pulses free.
What the spirit is that stirs, I know not, It has sung and it has lured for years untold;
West or east we little care, we must follow, we must dare,
When the old chart of the vagrants is unrolled.

Every dawn breaks like the pealing of a trumpet,
Every night the sunset loiters on the rim,
For the great unknown is waiting there for him.
What the spirit is that stirs, I know not, I has sung and it has lured for years untold;
Go we cast or go we west, careless are we of the quest,
When the old chart of the vagrants is unrolled.

-James Owen Tyron, in the New York Times,

Instinctively, and in spite of

rible by the darkness, as the insane

fright, for he had seen the dog the in-

The others were becoming nervous.

Daniel went over to Granger's the

ning rendered a fair shot impossible

and the men soon realized that noth-

On the third night they bolted in a

where they slept in the loft. They were

howled steadily.

lead out unless secon

Men were his only prey.

The work dragged and matters went

rand boy of the gang, was bitten

through the ankle. He had gone to the

spring for water and had laid down

the shotgun he was carrying that he

The lad was bowled over, and the

dog seized his ankle and began worry-

"It's a matter of twenty-two miles

to Springbrook." Henry Kelley re-

worth more to me than six shillings

"I'm with you!" several others said

"Well," he said, smiling queerly, "I

don't want to be the last man, especial

They reached Springbrook in four

ours, and carried Joe Thomas much of

the way. All agreed that he was

dead boy, and no one was more sur

prised than himself at his speedy re-

Mr. Davis was almost too disgusted

for speech; but after he had gone over

to Granger's and bad spent two cr

three days there, he returned in a dif-

ferent frame of mind. He sublet his

Upon his arrival at Granger's he had

found the whole neighborhood aroused

o hunt the insane creature down. A

four-year-old girl, the youngest child

of a French-Canadian settler named

Rubino, had disappeared on the after-

soon that Daniel's party had fled. Bose

had been tracked from the spring to

the roadway where the child had last

been seen. There all trace of both had

been lost, but no one seemed to doubt

The hunt lasted all day, a region ex-

ending over five miles each way being

traversed thoroughly, and late at night

the dog was cornered at the foot of

bluff beside Thompson's Creek. On-

y his gleaming yellow eyes could be

een, but a volley had been followed

by howls showing plainly that some of

fect. Strange to say, however, the ani-

mal's body could not be found. There

was blood on leaves and grass, and it

no proof. Weeks and months passed

bowever, and the only thing certain

was that Bose was no longer the ter-

The next spring, as usual, the Davis

amily topped the trees in their large

ugar-bush, "Boughten" or cane-sugar

was expensive and difficult to get. Eve

the well-to-do still depended chiefly up-

Late in April, to close a su

ror of the neighborhood.

he bullets and buckshot had taken ef-

that the hound had killed the child.

and then all looked at Daviel Davis.

ly if Bose is right behind."

a day!"

might dip up a pailful when

## A FOREST TERROR.

By ROE L. HENDRICK.

### Daniel Davis, who died late in 1900, the ground under their bark shelter in his ninety-fifth year, was the last when Timothy Eldredge, who lay near-

survivor of the numerous bands of im- est the opening, suddenly screamed and migrants who came straggling into the then gasped as if strangling. then unbroken forests of the township | thought he had a fit of nightmare; but of Springbrook, New York, between when Daniel Davis aprang to awaken 1806 and 1815. As a lad of seven years him, he grasped, not the man, but a or thereabout, he came in 1812 with writhing, tensely muscled animal that his father, Horatio Davis, and his four stood over Eldredge, and was slowly sisters, all older than himself. Mrs. Da-, throttling him. vis died the year before.

A dozen years later Daniel had darkness, Daniel recognized the beast. grown to be a sturdy young man of A great horror came upon him. Graspnineteen, and the family were firmly ing the dog by the neck with both established on one of the best farms bands he tore him away from the man in all Western New York. Father and and threw him into the center of the son, working together, had cleared the fire. Again came the howl he had land; three of the sisters had married, heard before, now rendered doubly horand all were prospering.

Twenty-odd miles to the southwest of animal rolled away from the coals and the Davises' farm dwelt Ephraim disappeared. Granger, who had been their next-door neighbor in Connecticut. The two fambors, although a hundred houses and of his blanket had prevented the ani- throat. There, standing quietly among farms intervened, where not one had mal's fangs from meeting through his been upon their arrival.

The Erie Canal, connecting the Hud- badly bitten, and the pressure had son River at Albany with Lake Erie at nearly strangled bim. He started on Buffalo, was nearing completion. Dr. foct for home the next morning, alof canal between Syracuse and Roch not hire him to spend another night ester, and Mr. Granger sold him the in the shack. standing timber on two hundred acres adjoining his own farm, which was and when Bose attempted to rush the much nearer the line of the canal than camp again on the following night, was the Davis place. There was also there was a panic. Everybody wanted a good sawmill on Thompson's Creek. to stand guard at once, and ne one only two miles away. Daniel Davis slept. The dog was easily beaten off hired a dozen men and went to the with a club, but he circled about and timber tract.

They built a shack or next day and got his rifle, but that did lean-to of bark, enclosed on four sides, no good, although he fired at the dog but with a wide opening, just cutside repeatedly. The insane beast's cun- for his prey! of which a fire was kept burning at night and to cook their meals.

Washington Granger was about Dan- ing short of killing him outright would fel's age, and the two young men were drive him away. fast friends. A member of the Granger household of hardly less importance body and went to Granger's barn, than the only son was Bose, a magnificent hound. He was a yellowishbrown animal weighing fully sixty take him long to learn that he could pounds, and was as fearless as a lion. make them as miserable by day as by Mr. Granger had refused fifty dollars night. All he had to do was to rush for him, a fabulous price for a dog at at some isolated man, and howl shrilly and flercely.

At noon on the fourth Saturday af. These tactics be began two days after they had begun getting out the ter the abandonment of the shack, and holiday and try to shoot a deer Washington Granger was to accompany guard with a gun. Bose knew a gun him with Bose

The two left the camp at one o'clock, with an armed man. Neither did he and had gone only a few miles when attack the horses or other animals. the hound routed out a fierce old bear. Bose instantly fastened upon the bear's hind quarter, and the animals rolled over and over as they fought.

"Shoot, Wash, shoot!" Daniel shouted. "Bose will be torn into strings or else hugged to death if you don't.

Washington hesitated only for a moment. The risk of hitting the dog was not so great as that of leaving the sprang upon him from the tall grass combatants alone. He took quick aim back of bruin's fore leg, and fired just as the two animals rolled over. The ing it. Joe's shricks brought the the whole party on a run, and the hound huge bullet went straight to bear's heart, killing him instantly, but disappeared before any one could shoot the dog fell, too, seemingly as dead as him

The force behind the ball had been too great. The missile had gone through the bear's body, and had then passed through the top of the hound's head, making a groove in the skull. Apparently the brain had been penetrated, but in reality the bullet had gone above and had merely depressed the bone.

he thought of what he had done. What would his father do and say? He turned the limp body over, examined the wound and the scratches where the hear's claws had furrowed the tough skin, and then sat down with his head in his hands. Daniel sympathized with his friend keenly, but as he did not know how to express himself he turned his back and pretended to examine his

Neither was giving any thought to what was occuring about then, when suddenly they heard a growl that made their flesh creep, it was so rasping, high-keyed and peculiar. They sprang up, thinking another bear was about to attack them, but instead they saw that Bose had staggered to his feet, and, with his hair bristling and froth dropping from his jaws, was making off toward the underbrush. He did not ope or gallop, but trotted stiffly, with flanks and his nose pointed upward. His eyes appeared glazed and sightless, and there was an air of pitiless ferocity about the dog wholly unlike the playful, friendly Bose the boys knew so well.

Washington called and whistled, but the hound did not even turn his head. As he disappeared in a thicket he broke into a howi, a noise so savage and unthe hearers shuddered involuntarily For a half hour or more they heard it, come a mere echo of sound far away

That was the beginning of Bose's Bose was not rabid, but every one believed he was, and his bite was more Then, too, the story of his disappear ance grew as it passed from mouth to mouth, till it attained a wierdness that

harvest in the maple grove, Daniel Da-vis and his sister Sarah decided to have

games and dancing, and musicians were engaged. Plenty of plain but apthe neighbors were invited.

The sugaring off of a huge kettle of boiling sirup was the event of the evening. Just before the sugar granulated, a portion of the rich sirup was drawn off to be eaten with warm bis-

Next, at the moment the proper stage had been reached, a second portion of the sirup was dipped from near the bottom of the kettle, where it was thickest and heaviest, and poured upon snow to form the delicious maple-wax.

tival seventy-five years ago was to decoy a dog into the circle and toss him huge ball of the maple wax. He would seize it, but the instant his teeth were buried in the sticky mass, they would be held as if in a vise. At the Davis festival the wax had been rolled into a ball the size of a pippin apple and old Nero, the family mastiff, had been lured from the house to the grove The honest-eyed old fellow had been made a victim of the trick several times, but he never learned to be wary. He was a courageous animal, and had never been known to show the white feather. Quivering with interest, he stood while Sarah Davis balanced the ball in her hand. His eye roved away for an instant as he turned his head from side to side. Then he shrank back, not from Sarah nor from the wax, but from a point a third of the way around the circle. His tail

Nero for the first time in his life turned and fled. In awazement every one looked toward where the dog had seen the object of his terror, and as they did so an llies still regarded themselves as neigh- stant before it had seized him. A fold audible gasp escaped from every

dropped between his legs, the hair

rore on his neck and shoulders, and

with a growl of mingled rage and fear,

them, was the dreaded Bose. They knew him by his eyes, wild, throat, but one side of his neck was rolling, flerce, yet, in a way, expressionless. One was filmed over and evidently sightiess, and the scars of many Davis had obtained a contract to sup- though manifestly unfit to travel. He a wound blotched the brownish-yellow ply the lumber needed for the stretch | declared that a thousand dollars would | coat with white. His left front leg dangled from the knee down, and the or creature was a gaunt skeleton.

> For a second longer he stood motionless. Then he raised his muzzle and howled and stood shifting his three feet, as he gathered them beneath him for a spring at the throat of the victim he might select.

> From face to face roved that savage, sightless eye and its seeing mate. Then, then! you could see every muscle stiffen. He had chosen Derothy Mixer, the youngest and prettlest girl present A dozen young men sprang forward,

Daniel Davis at their head, but they were not quick enough. Across in front of them shot a yellow-and-white streak. The onlookers grouned or shricked, and many closed their eyes but one among them was even quicker beyond Bose's reach, but it did not than the dog.

Sarah Davis still held the huge lump of wax in her hand. Three steps brought her in the bound's path, and as he swerved she thrust the sticky

How she did it no one was ever able logs, Daniel consented to take a half | soon the teamsters refused to take a | to explain, least of all the modest girl and she escaped without a scratch. The and its uses, and he took no liberties next Instant Bose was tumbling over and over on the ground. A quick blow from Daniel Davis' ax put an end to his madness and misery.

The long terror was over, and Sarah from bad to worse. Finally after a week had passed, Joe Thomas, the er-

the hour. When the news of Bose's death reached the Granger neighborhood, as soon did, it was remembered that the tracks of a three-feted dog had been seen leading down one of the bluffs above Thompson's Creek some time. They were traced back to the head of the bluff where a small cave was found that undoubtedly had een the hound's liar. Where he had spent the intervening months or how ie had managed to subsist could only

The disappearance of the little marked with quiet emphasis, "but I'm French girl remained a mystery till going there this night. My life is late the following summer, when her grandparents came down from Quebec and restored the child to her mother's arms. Bose had had nothing to do ith her adventure but a jealous un cle had stolen her in revenge for some real or Imagined injury.-Youth's Com-

To Read by Artificial Light. A Chestnut street oculist, after he had explained in a burst of confidence the other day how the prevalence of the spotted veil is booming his business, went further in his revelations and said that the usual method of eading by artificial light is all wrong. With nearly everybody the method is to sit under a bright light as close to it as possible, so that the light will contract, and no one was asked to fall in strong rays directly on the printed page. If the remainder of the room be dark it is generally consider

ed to be so much the better. The mistake involved in this idea consists in thinking that any such contrast of light is desirable. Often nough, too, when reading is done under these conditions there is a re flection from the page to the eye which makes the light seem brighter than it is. The prope way is to have more one light in the room and all of flected as well as direct light on the page, especially if the walls and furnishings be light in color. This will light. Of course, any reflections of light directly into the eye are to be

To a stranger a Chinese auction is don Tribune. The auctioneer leans over a slightly elevated counter and seither does the bidder, who merel steps f. ward to the auctioneer, and runs his fingers up his sleeve, making ndicating how much he will pay for the article. Then another and another



### Barn Wisdom.

Some good things: Kerosene oil for iron tools; linseed oil for wooden tools, and lead and linseed oil for farm wagons, carts and machines.

A good pitchfork, wherever one is needed, is a good investment. Don't carry two or three forks from barn to barn all over the place. You can't A favorite amusement at a sugar fes-

afford to. Don't sell worn-out tools to the junkman. Instead, take them apart with wrench, chisel and hammer and put by to be used in making some of the hundred and one things needed on the farm every year.

To Keep Eggs. Fresh laid eggs are placed in comnon pasteboard boxes on end, as even are packed, then covered completely with common white flour and stored in a cool place. After three months they were found fresh and nice, and scarcely discernible from freshly laid eggs. I used common shoe boxes, which hold about two dozen each, the number of eggs and date of packing being written on the cover, so the first packed could be used first. Eggs packed in a mixture of lime water and salt are nice for cooking purposes, but after a couple of months are unfit for eating.-Cor. ractical Farmer.

### Squash ine Borers.

When the squash vines wilt and die in mid-summer it is well to look for the borer. This is the larva from an egg laid during June or July upon the stems near the root. The grub lives in the stem or root till near the end of the summer, when it goes into the ground and remains in the pupal state till spring. It often does considerable tamage, not only to squashes, but to all cucurbitaceous plants.

Such an insect is secure from all poisons. The moth may be picked off the leaves when they are at rest during the Weed as "a handsome insect about half an inch long, with an orange colspots upon the back, and having offve brown front wings and transparent hind ones." One way of trapping them | had proved a failure. A beginner in is to plant early varieties as soon as apple culture reading nursery catathe season allows. The eggs will be logues would conclude he would be laid on these and when they begin to wilt they are pulled up and destroyed. If the vines are covered with earth | would be about twelve years older beafter they begin to run they will take root at the joints and live and ripen fruit even though the main root be cut

## It Pays to Raise Turkeys.

The way I handle my turkeys is to ence in five acres with park fencing eight feet high; have three acres of clover sod, and sow two acres to buckwheat and oats, mixed together, for the turkeys to work in. 1 put a fence suitable to turn cows from the grain. then pasture the sod. This amount of land will feed thirty-five old birds and their young. Each mother bird will forward ten strong turkeys. I do not feed my small turkeys anything. you wish, give a little millet seed or small wheat: do not feed acft food it is not nature. Give plenty of fresh water daily. By doing as above de scribed, they will do well. You want to build a low shed three feet on the back and four feet in front; close in back of nests and open in front; set short posts out in the let say three feet high, and spike on poles for roosts. have had good luck with mine this year. My turkeys brought me from \$1.75 to \$2.75 per head at Thanksgiving They were hatched the first of June. About one month before selling feed plenty of shelled corn and water. I have not lost one turkey from sickness yet. I am intending to make a business of it as fast as possible. Of course I have the large turkeys.-James Thompson, in The Epitomist.

It is a source of wonderment that nore of our farmers do not keep at least a few swarms of bees. Around them on all sides blossom fields of clover, the pastures are gilded with golden rod and the woods studded with boowsass.

Unlike other stock, bees require no special pasturage. They forage upon that which is unavailable to everything else.

Should you broach the subject of bee-keeping to a group of farmers, nine out of every ten would tell you that his father or grandfather used to keep bees, and that he could do anything he chose with them, and would probably conclude by telling you that he had often thought of keeping a few swarms himself, but had never begun. Now there must be a cause. Nearly every one keeps his hens, and why should he not keep bees as well. The plain facts are these; most people prefer to go without honey, rather than run the "terrible risk" of being

stung by bees. There are those to whom a bee sting is especially painful, but for the ordinary person the scare s more serious than the hurt. Even the oldest and most experienced beekeepers do not find the sharp-pointed "tail of a bee," an instrument of pleas ure. However, the hurt is only momentary, and has no lasting effects.

# When the cattle are through the

bars put them up, and put them all Do not leave one or two down and then drive stock that way. Lets of cattle, especially young stock, are made unruly just that way. Make them jump over one bar today and morrow they are ready to go over two, and so on until no bars, however high, will stop them. There is more nan nature about cattle than you

Every living thing needs exercise; cows are no exception. I think of this when I see some folks advise keeping ows in the stable the year round. It is not the natural thing to do. You would not be at your best abut up that way, neither is the cow. Takes fresh air and sunshine to make a cow kyck up her heeds, and it is the cow that

Now, this does not mean that the through howling winds and storms to get what water they want to drink, This is the way more than one man does, though, and it is going to the other extreme. The middle of the highway is the best place for you and me

I know of men who are in the habit of currying off their cows with the milking stool. That is not the best way. The teeth are too far apart to do good work. The cows know it, too, and sit down on every man who treats them that way .- Farmer Vincent.

A Mistake in Selecting Trees. A mistake many new beginners make when they decide on the variety of apples which they intend to set in an orchard is caused by the way they make the selection. An inexperienced person in apple culture, happening to see at fairs or on fruit stands an apple that takes his fancy, inquires the name and at once orders that variety for the future orchard, not knowing the habit of the tree or whether or not it is suited to the character of the ground on which the orchard is to be set. For instance, take the yellow Bellflower. On low, rich ground the tree is a good grewer, but blocsoms very early, and an orchard on such ground would have little fruit. The Bellflower with me on high ground Lears well, and the fruit sells well. Take the Winesap; its root system is a failure. In my cr chard one hundred trees of this variety were set out twenty years ago; there are only a few trees left now, and each

but with me the birds eat most of the fruit, and toward fall, when the winds begin to blow, all the apples fall to the ground. I know a man who has a Rambo orhard, and about the time he begins to pick the fruit he finds each apple has a crack on each side of the stem, and they begin to rot at once. A man seven miles from me is setting out an crchard of Bismarck apples. He doesn't know whether they will suit his soil or locality. How much better it would be for a beginner to go to the orchards early evening. They are described by in the neighborhood where he intends to set his crehard and learn all he can from the people who have had experiored body ornamented by several black | ence with apples in that vicinity. He

one is held in place by a big post. The

Jonathan is one of the best of apples.

would probably find that the apple that he intends setting had been tried and picking apples in four years, but if he sets an orchard of Northern Spy, he for he would have apples to pick .-Horace F. Wilcox, Julian, Cal.

### Farm Notes. Let the hens out these warm days in a scratching shed.

The economic value of all foods depend upon their digestibility. Don't neglect those frozen comba

They make your flocks look bad. See that the incubator is in good ondition and begin hatching now.

An animal must be kept in good flesh and thriving to make it grow. The rearing and feeding of live stock

the salvation of impoverished farms. It is very desirable to put the early ambs to maturity as soon as possi-

The greatest profit to agriculture lies n keeping every acre actively produc-

One of the first things to be done stock farm is to improve the pas-

work should not be driven on the roads rapidly. Young and growing animals require food which will make muscle rather

Sheep need and must have plenty of grains and a variety of fodder to fat-

It is ever true that the good milk and butter cow will turn her food into milk and butter and not flesh.

The highest welfare of all domestic animals requires that their food be not only wholesome but nourishing.

To prevent the colts becoming wild and tricky, treat them kindly. There is no animal more tractable than the When pigs are allowed to sleep in

damp places, the result will often be stiffness of the joints, rheumatism and lisease of the spine.

Nothing will purify a stable and keep it free from odors as the free use of dry dirt. A good way to use it is to scatter it over the floor.

Intensive farming seeks to higher cultivation and heavier fertilization, and to make every acre yield the heaviest crops possible.

In selecting a site for an orchard, shelter from prevailing high winds in the form of a hill or body of timber will be found of great advantage.

Clover is a cleansing crop, as it us ually shades the soil so that no weeds can grow and at the same time it furnishes the right conditions to cause their seeds to germinate and smothers the young plants in their infancy.

The Illusion of Being Busy. A ridiculous notion is common that we live in a time when there are more important world affairs on hand than has ever been known before; there are silly people, both men and women, who expect to be admired for a uncless expenditure of their nervous and physical chergies on all sorts of absolutely foolish objects into which no particle of intellect enters. Simply to be always busy, always occupied always doing something passing rest lessly from one piece of work to an other, to have their hands full, never

to be idle, as they say, seems to be their ideal of life. These precious muddlers, who plume emselves on never being idle, pass their time doing useless things under the pretext of being busy, and they what need not be done. They have sme for everything because they do

SOUTHAMPTON, L. L.—Dr. A. B. Kinsolving, rector of Christ Church, Clinton street, Brooklyn, preached here Sundy morning in St. Andrew's Dune Church. His subject was "Our Debt to Caesar and Our Debt to God." His text was chosen from St. Matthew xxii:21: "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are God's." Dr. Kinsolving said:

Were ever words more palpably just and fair? Could any statement be more camply self-evidencing? Could any disentangle ment of the provinces of God and Caesar be more distinct, or any declaration of our respective duty be more lucid? Men have always been confusing these two things—always been confusing these two things—that is, to the people who then lived at

respective duty be more lucid? Men have always been confusing these two things—their debt to Caesar and their debt to God—mixing up in some clumsy fishion the one with the other, fancying that when they have discharged one they have done the other also, duding the one to conflict with the other through some misunders anding of the dignity and weight of the respective obligations.

obligations.

And not only in private life, but in the history of peoples and States what confusion, what bundering has three been!

Look how the ernel Roman capure tried through years to crusin out the life of the Christian martyrs for simply doing their duty to God, and then in turn, when the empire had been conquered by the church and the papacy was seated upon its throne and had creeted its palatial Vatican amid the ruins of the old order, see how the haughty earthly embodiment of the heavhaughly cartify embediment of the heav-culy autocracy sought to bring low and make subservent the things of Caesar! You are familiar, doubtless, with the way the saving was brought about. A party of young Pharieres—the old nacks and recent-ly retired in confusion—had joined with some Herodians or Jewish nationalists to put to Jesus a catch question to costare Him. "Master," said they with feiglach earnestness, "we know that Thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest Thou for any may, for Thou, regardest not the person of own. Tell utherefore: What thinkest Thou? Is in therefore: What thinkest Thou? Is in lawful to ray this discastion former and lawful to pay this distasteful Roman pol-

If He had answered "Yes" He wou'd If He had auswered "Yes" He would have been at once discredited as the Messiah-King of Israel. If "no" it would have been treason and rebellion against Rome. So instead of falling into the trap set for Him, with a complete, a divine grasp of the whole situation, He declares a principle which is the key to this whole principle which is the key to this whole complexity in life wherever it may possibly occur. "Why tempst Me, ye hypocrites? Show Me the tribute money. Whose image is this stamped on your current coin? Caesar's. Very well. Then what is Caesar's give back to Caesar, and what is God's to God."

God's to God."

The impression it produced at the moment was profou. "When they had heard these words the marveled and left Him and went their way." He had lifted the whole controversy out of the immediate and passing circumstances into the proposed of the product of the immediate and passing circumstances into the region of largest and widest statesmanship, and all the centuries of human history that have rolled by since have not exhausted its woodom.

wisdom.

"Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." Not a great deal of time. I doke it, needs to be spent in enforcing this beheat. It marks the sanity, the wholesomeness of Christ's religion. It the wholesomeness of Christ's religion. It is no star-gazing cult. The charge against it of inveterate other worldliness is a libel. Christianity has always taught man to do nobly, patiently, heroically his full duty to the State, to rulers, to society. We are part of a social system which has already taken shape. We are in debt to it in many ways. "We pass its coin freely; we enjoy its endowments." Its image and superscription are on us. We belong of right to our age; our era of eivilization, our nution, State, eity, community. All that is around us is but the providental setting and environment of our live. It is preser perfect. ment of our lives. It is never perfect. ment of our lives. It is never perfect. There is, and for a great while to come is likely to be a vast deal that is faulty about it. But we have no charter from Christ to be hopelessly sour in our attributes toward it. We are to trust, you and I, the upward if. We are to trust, you and I, the upward growth, the slow and painful evolution of human civilization. We are to believe that at the heart of the movement there are deep-hidden, interior principles which, in co-operation with those special and powerful incentives which God brings to bear from above, are steadily bringing the kingdom of Caesar to some better fulfillment of the School of the steady of the steady bringing the singular contents. dom of Caesar to some better fulfillment of itself. So then, even when we see things in the nation, the municipality, the neighborhood, go wrong; even when we see tyranny and corruption and abuses, we are not permitted to turn away in despair and diagust. We have no right to stand aloof as if our hands would be contamin-ated by any contact with it. Our duty is sted by any contact with it. Our duty is to go bravely in and try to discharge our duty to the civil and secular powers, respecting the moral worth of the things of Caesar, and confidently trusting truth and God and humanity for the dawning of the brighter day. We are set as Christians not to build a dazzling visible church of God upon the ruins of the dynasties and governments of earth, as was dreamed by

the medieval popes and doctors. No, but rather is our book to infuse into organized human society the healthful spirit of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and meanwhile, as Christ's words here clearly teach us, to keep the two spheres distinct.

And on the tame principle precisely I think our Lord would have us deal with entire honesty with the facts of science. To presume to use religious authority to deny the ascertained and verified conclusions of a genuine science—as was done.

sons of a genuine science—as was done, or instance, in the case of Galileo, and has ften been urged since, is to break Christ's ommand. Natural science must proceed ong its own distinct and separate along its own distinct and separate lines. It cannot go out of its aphere to teach the world religion. Its function is to search out and interpret material facts. But in its own proper sphere we must respect it. We owe it the tribute of our sincerity. We must render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and there will be no sore of peril to us if we are at pains at the same time to "render to God the things that are God's."

But is it in the point that I have been urging that most men fail nowadays? Is it here that we need to throw our empha-nis on this "Render to Caesar?" Are there not certain forces in the realm of Caesar not certain forces in the realm of Cacar which of themselves exact the payment of what is due there? Does not this tribute get itself paid in so do the State taxes by a sort of self-acting process, so that in a rough way it has to be forthcoming? Is not the real trouble now that we are in so many cases surrendering to Caesar more and more of the things which belong to God?

"It towers over us," some one has said,
'this world movement of modern civilization, with its immense volume and weight
of human interests, human growths, human skill and art and industry. It makes
itself more and more felt as the one overman skill and art and industry. It makes itself more and more felt as the one overpowering, ruling fact. It fills the scene. Where is there any room for the things of God? Where can the spirit move and breathe? Where has the soul field?" Be-

Nou know how it is without my attemping to describe it in detail. Industry, with it iron necessities, grips a man; he fling himself with good American pluck and pu

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

To God on the score of the increasing caims of Caesar. This laxity on the part of men and women to day it giving back to God the things that are God's is simply upalling in view of God's unrivalled gifus and blessings to us. If it be true that "to whom much is given of him shall much be required," and that judgment will ever begin at the house of God with the privileged, what is to be said when we all stand,

Soliject; "The Debt to Caesar and to God"—We Must Not Permit the "Huge Mundane Machine" to Run Over Our Souls.

Southampron, L. L.—Dr. A. B. Kinsolving, rector of Christ Church, Clinton street, Brooklyn, preached here Sunday morning in St. Andrew's Dane Church His subject was "Our Debt to Caesar and Our Debt to God." His text was chosen from St. Matthew xxii:21; "Bender there for the caesar and cour Debt to God." His text was chosen from St. Matthew xxii:21; "Bender there for the caesar and can be considered by the caesar and to give a sundane machine" to run over our souls, like some car of Juggernaut, crushing out our religious free down and initiative, we shall, before the Son of Man!

Christ Jerus does not olock the way of our paying our just debt to Caesar, but like does warn us with the utmost plainness not to give Caesar everyteing.

If we allow "the house of God with the privileged, what is to be said when we all stand, as stand we shall, before the Son of Man!

Christ Jerus does not olock the way of our paying our just debt to Caesar, but like does warn us with the utmost plainness not to give Caesar everyteing.

If we allow "the house of God with the privileged, what is to be said when we all stand, as stand we shall, before the Son of Man!

Christ Jerus does not olock the way of our paying our just debt to Caesar, but like does warn us with the utmost plainness not to give Caesar everyteing.

If we allow "the house of God with the privileged, what is to be said when we all stand, as stand we shall, before the Son of Man!

Christ Jerus does not olock the way of our paying our just debt to Caesar, but like does warn us with the utmost plainness not to give Caesar everyteing.

If we allow "the large mundane machine" to run over our souls, like some car of Juggernaut, crushing out our religious free dour plain and the privileged, what is to be said when we all stand, as stand we shall, before the Son of Man.

but in the end there will be experienced an impoverishment, an atrophy, a smister, maimed and crippled growth which will make us unfit for our citizenship in the higher kingdom here or there. St. Paul, in beginning his Epiatle to the Romansthat is, to the people who then lived at the capital city of Caesar's realm—accounts to the communication of the communication the world they lived in their god, their only god, and worshiped and lerved it with their whole hears. They worshiped with their whole hearts. They worshiped power, knowledge, pleasure, wealth, force, passion, art. They fixed for these things until they fancied that these were the only things to live for. We know the result. As they rejected Him, so God rejected them. As a punishment He gave them over to moral coveration, to an abandoned mind, to a festering decadence. "And men crowled around and strove for place and food, and the strong best for place and food, and the strong beat down the weak, and the rich were gorged

> beathenism which exists everywhere of adily to Him threatened by the power and pomp of this massive earth? Ah, then he all the more carcful that your debt to heaven is paid. By the bood of the Crucified, give beek to God what really belongs to Him! Your soul, your heart, your convictions your really belongs. tions, your cont, your heart, your cernal being—all these to God, for they are His. Believe Him when He tells you that all vise that we see and handle is but a shadow that passeth away. Ave, trust Him when He pledges you His help whenever you succerly want to follow Him, and promain never to leave you has targed on his Saviour, first of all yourself.

Saviour, first of all youvself. He will accept nothing in the stead of you. Do not clutch the portion of goods that falleth to you and B. to have them all to yourself in some far coantry, where you shall never hear the Father, voice or see His face; but whatever you do have from film whether more or less, try to enjoy it as a child in your Father's house, under the constant benediction of His smile. In the face of this tremendous pressure of earth, which bears down so heavily upon every said, resolve manfully that you will not

# thy God,' shall be kept. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and There is nothing in life which has not a lesson for us, or its gift. - Kuskin. Great ideas travel slowly, and, for a

God reads our characters in our prayers that gives the key to our hearts. -T. L. Cuyler.

The good things that we have missed in this world sometimes make us sad; but the sad things that we have missed should mitigate our sorrow and give us a spirit of praise.—United Presbyterian.

# The Power of a True Life. What I wanted, and what I have been endcavoring to ask for the poor African cver since Livingstone taught me during those four months I was with him. In 1878 I went to him as prejudiced as the bitterest atheist in London. I was there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and asked myself, "Why on earth does he stop here?" For months after we met, I found myself instening to him and wondering at the old man and carrying out all that was said in the Bible. Little by little his sympathics for others became contagious. Mine was aroused. Seeing his piety, his gentlemess, his zeal, his expesitess, and how unietly he went about his business, I was

The thought of God, the sense of an is nediate relation of the spirit of man to the Sternal and the Infinite, are easily dis laced from men's minds by undue admira

for the achievements of a cultur

used on material progress, and supplying very need of human nature except the

When Small Things Become Great, The smallest things become great when God requires them of us; they are small only in themselves; they are always great when they are done for God, and when they serve to unite us with Him eternally.

Fenelon.

## Dreadful Music.

The songs of today do not have long lease of life. The writer slings tostanzas and hastens to the composer "Professor." he exclaim, "I must have the music." "Very well," replies the composer. "You shall have "When?" 'Oh, in a few weeks, when the spirit, moves me." "Weeks!" By Godfrey, I must have it comorrow night!" "It is impossible" "Then engage another composer," "Then any circumjacent liquid. But will give you the music tomorrow ght." So the man of clefs, staffs A his noddle there is not a more riginality. He gets together an assortment of strains from a dosen different composors, beats them up and the cook beats ergs, blends them as the barkeep blends whiskey, solders them together as the tinner does a shess together as the originator or the like was the could be a shess together as the originator or the like was the could be a shess together as the originator or the like was the could be a shess together as the tinner does a and quavers buckles down to work. a Frenchman who, in all his in his noddle there is not a notion of namelessness, preparing for the the cook beats eggs, blinds them as the barkeep blends whiskey, solders them together as the timer does a pan, and there you are; something to be sung for a mouth and die. Thus are our modern composers overwork-ad. They have not the time to invent —New York Press.

## THE IDEAL NEWSPAPER.

The Scoteman" I ken, for the grocer sends hame The butter an' eggs wrappit up in the An' "The Times" I has read, for I fodh' it, ye see, Tied roun' a bit paircel I had frac Dun-dee.

Wi' sic a wide readin' ye a' maun con I ken a wee pickle about the wart's But in a o my studies I never has yet Seen aucht to compare wi oor "Anster Gazette."

Your "Times" an' your "Scotsman" are jist a fair fa h Wi' their polities, furrin affairs an' sio trush; But as for real news, gin ye're wishin' to What's daein' in Anster, why, whater are ye then?

Thue ignorant editors! Likely the No mention my speech at the last Parish Cooncil,
Nor yet my address at the Sabbath
rebule tea,
Nor the bonny bit blessin' was spoken

Na, na! Gie me fac's aboot fouk that ye ken, Nae kings an' sie eraturs, but real livin' The Billies I've craked wi', the Pro-Gle me my ideal, "The Anster Gazette,"

# JUST FOR FUN



Ardup-What are you reminding me of that old bill again for? Bill Collector-I thought you'd be glad of another

Young Author-When I write far into the night I find great difficulty in getting asleep. Friend-Why don't you read over what you've written.-

Billings-Oh, beg pardon; I dldn't recognize you when I first saw you, Borden-You mean you didn't see me when you first recognized me. I noticed it.-Boston Transcript.

"Does that young Mrs. Blinkey support her husband?" "Support him! You might call it that if you want to. She holds him up every Saturday night."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Mahel I have something to say

that I think will astonish you." "What is it, Harry?" "I am going away." "Oh, Harry! you are always getting up some nice surprise for me."-New

The Fiancee-Oh, I have such a lovely Easter hat. Shall I show it to you? The Fiance-I wish you would, and-er-now that we are engaged, I think it would be only fair to let me see the bill. Brooklyn bile.

Mrs. Bug-Are the Germses doing much these days? I haven't heard of them for a long time. Friend-My gracious! I should say they were. Why, they are positively in everything. "Thou shalt love the Lord New Orleans Times-Democrat, Younger Sister (peoping through

keyhole)—Mr. Spoonamore is going to propose to Bertha tonight. Johnny-How do you know? Younger Sistercan tell by the determined look on Bertha's face.-Chicago Tribune.

"Nostalgia must be perfectly dreadsaid Mrs. Oldcastle. plied her hostess, "I used to suffer terrible with it but Josiah has a bottle of mustang liniment that by rubbin' it on your face will cure it in one night.

-Chicago Record-Herald. "Yes," said the boarding-s teacher, "I think that is a model letter for you to write you flance. But, of course, you will copy it, leaving out those numerous spaces?" "Oh, dear, no!" replied the girld; "those are for-'dearest.' I have it on a rubber

The Umbrella's Age. "How rich I'd be," said the umbrella salesman, "if I'd patented the um-

brella." The floorwalker smiled?. "You might as well talk," said he, of a patent on swimming or cooking. Umbrellas appear to have existed always. Wherever we excavate-Babylon, Nineveh, Nippur-traces of the umbrella are found. The instru-ment is coeval with mankind.

"It is of Oriental origin. The English Shakespeare, with all the genius, had lish didn't begin to use it till 1700. no umbrella to protect him from the rain, Jonas Hanway was the first English umbrella maker."

The floorwalker paused to brush a white thread from his long black coat. Then he resumed: "Now, what you might do would be

to patent some new sort of umbrella, some rain shield built on better We have proof that the umbrelly has existed for ten thousand years, and yet in all that time is has not on been improved. Consider it. It is by no means perfect. It turns inside ou and shoulders from the rain. Change all that. Give us an umbrella that is a complete rain shield. Then you become a millionaire."

Origin of Ice Cream.

How many times a day does the average man dutifully pause to refise on what a miracle it is that he has the air to breathe and a faithful sun head to keep us all going? And many barrels of ice cream has the same man swallowed, with never grateful thought of that benefactor pher Bacon knew that by m extra-ray scientific fact. Furth that this noble seer never saw.