WHEN I GO HOME.

It comes to me often in silence.
When the firelight sputters low—
When the black macertain shadows
Seem wraths of the long ago;
Always with throb of hearts-te
That thrills each pulsive vein,
Comes the old, unmost longing
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the rear of cities.

And of faces cid and strange;
I know where there's warmth of welcome
And my yearning funcies lange
Back to the dear old homestrad.

With an aching sense of pain;
But there'll be joy in the coming
When I go home again.

When I go home see 'n'. There's music
That may never the away
And it seems the band of argels,
On a mystic harp to play.
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful, broken strain.
To which is my fond heart wording—
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crush and din
And slowly the autumn's shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing, the night winds murmur
To the pissh of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorlous greeting
When I go home again.

## By Special Desire.

that I thought personally I should do isterrupting herself. "It might hurt much better by merely maintaining a your feelings." friendly interest in her. Besides, I always knew that if ever I did fall in love it would be with quite another sort of a girl-some one who would be much more prepared to render me homage than to expect it as her own ine, which was Miss Courteray's way of going through life. Still, in spite of her many airs and graces, which rather amused me than otherwise, we remained good friends on the whole, and I am sure I gave her no possible exthat I had not in any sense succumbed to her fascinations, and never pretended to disguise the fact.

I had known her now for quite a ong time. I should say it was about six months from our first meeting. At our last meeting, which had been the day before yesterday, I had introduced great friend of mine to her-Bertle Beauclere. He was a tall, handsome fellow-no brains, certainly, but still the sort of type that I felt pretty sure would appeal to her. She really did seem to take an ardent fancy to him. which was another proof that my estimation of her character was a fairly correct one. I judged her to be frivolous and shallow-a girl to be taken with superficial show rather than a woman to love a men for his sterling worth, which is really the only kind of woman I should ever feel inclined to love myself, for I don't set much store by blue eyes and a pink and white skin. It is the beauty of the heart

and mind that appeal to me far more. I think, as a matter of fact, that there are a good many men like myself, so that, when she used to enlarge sometimes upon her conquests. I

made out. Here vas to her, and I began ne to see the way B

er, all. But then, "if she be fair to the what care I how fai All the same, I felt vexed I had in-

troduced Bertie to her. I didn't want to see her make a fool of my best friend. I didn't want to see her make a fool of herself, either, and the way she encouraged his idiotic compliments was a revelation to me. I had taken granted that sae was a coquette, but I had never actually seen her in the role before, and I didn't know now I learned a good lesson that afternoon. Bertie fetched and carried for her like a dog, and the other men seemed to go down like ninepins, too. I had really meant to look after her a little myself, but I realized my forethought was quite superfluous.

The next day I thought I would call on her and have a quiet chat. I found her in what she was pleased to term her "study." Not having left school long, she kept up an amiable fiction for the benefit of a fond mother and doting father. I suppose that she did a few hours' daily practising and reading within its sacred four walls.

I always liked to find her in the study. For one thing, it showed, if not a serious bent of mind, at least for another, her family never ventured to disturb her there. She said it interrupted her train of thought.

I sat down and, after having helpe her with a difficult problem-the same problem, I was fain to observe, which had tackled for her last time-I began to talk

"You and Beauciere seemed to hit i off pretty well. I always thought he liked a bit of bluestocking-in fact

preferred brains to beauty." You don't think me clever, then?

"I didn't say that exactly. I think you are clever in your own way.' "But you think my beauty is in ex

cess of my brains?" "We won't say beauty," I deprecated. "That is a word only applicable to

Greek goddesses. But you're certainly sweetly pretty." she said, with her eyes down "you think me pretty, then?"

"I wasn't giving you my personal opinion," I replied guardedly, "but what seems to be the generally accepted one."

"I don't know so much about that," she said, with a toss of her head. "Mr. Beauciere thinks me quite beautifu and clever."

And then, feeling frightened at the ominous silence which ensued, I en-

larged my sentence by adding: "Why, went down without a degree!" "Perhaps he didn't want one. I'd

sooner have a straight nose than a egree any day," she retorted scornfully. "And scarcely anyone her knows you are a valedictorian, though I'm sure I've told scores of people." I rubbed my nose ruefully. forced to admit it is distinctly of the

forced to admit it is distinctly of the "It was nice of you to trouble to tell

people," I said dublously. "I'm sure you meant it kindly. But whatever de you do that?" "Oh, I felt bound to say something

I always thought her a pretty girl, yesterday, as you were walking past, and sweet and charming; but, from her a girl I know said: 'Who is that own w.count, there seemed to be so awk- Perhaps I'd better not tell you many people in love with her already what she thought of you," she added,

I laughed.

"No. Tell me. "That awkward, plain looking man, who is going about as if he thought all the him?

"Did she think that out loud?" asked. "I believe I can guess who the girl was.

"No, you can't guess," she said crossly, "because I shan't tell you. Naturcuse for thinking that I was one of her ally, when I saw the impression you latest victims, for the simple reason were creating I had to say out loud you were a valedictorian, as much for my own benefit as hers. It was a sort of excuse for you."

"And did it satisfy her?" I asked admiring the way she spoke of herself in the third person. "It was a consolation," she admitted,

"I shouldn't have thought Venus stood in need of consolation with Adonis at her feet, not to speak of other admirers.

"You seem to think," she said, pouting, "that I couldn't win love if I tried, or even if I didn't try."

"If one tries," I said sententiously, one can get most things one wants." "But of course you wouldn't fall into the trap," she asked merrily.

"Leave me out, please. We settled that question long ago." "Oh, I'm fairly satisfied with my progress since then," she returned

airfly Her assurance was really amusing. "You're quite welcome to my scalp when you get it," I returned, smiling, "Oh, no," she said, shaking her head,

it's too clever a one for me 40 know what to do with! You are so clever," sometimes upon her conquests, I she went on, wistfully looking at me.

bly discounted half she said. I she went on, wistfully looking at me.

"I didn't understand your last speech Heve she had a tiche of the at the debate at all. You'll explain the

all. But then, "If the he dattered by her appreciation. "I'm "I'm only a dogged sort of an individual " Well, perhaps I'll have a try on my

own account," she said, throwing herself into a chair, "only you must give "What am I to do?" I asked her.

"You mustn't use long words which don't know the meaning of, and which only confuse me, and you must unbend a little and meet me on my own ground. And you mustn't wear a blue tie even if you have got blue eyes, because I like a red tie with a nice brown skin. And if you come to see ne tomorrow I'll tell you if you've got he right color." When I got home I looked in the

glass with a sudden dislike for my blue tie. I bought a scarlet one, feeling sure she was right. I should never have thought of it myself; but then women understand these things so much better than men-she has such taste. I shaved myself carefully next day, criticising my sunburn, and wondering if she really meant I had a nice brown skin. The bright-colored tie, so different from my usual sober tints. raised me in my own estimation, and sallied forth with a feeling of assurance born of it

It was still early, and I found her n the study arranging some flowers. My spirits were dashed by her recep tion of me.

"You don't mean to say you really walked through the town in that tie? she asked.

"Yes, I did," I said, feeling worried 'Don't you like it? I thought you told me to get a red tie." "Yes, but I never thought you would f my telling," she returned. "What

r made you do that?" "Goodness knows!" I responded. Then I laughed awkwardly. "I think I can give you a reason, such as it is. It has just dawned on me. I'm like all the rest, I suppose. I love you!"

"Oh," she said, with a complacent little smile, "that was in the programme I mapped out for you." "And you'll love me, too, won't you?" I said, coming up to her and leaning my hand on the back of her

chair as I put the momentous ques-"Oh, no!" she said, looking down I'm not going to love you. That wasn't in my programme at all."

"Couldn't you include it," I said, "by ecial desire?" 'Whose desire?" she asked quickly

"I don't believe," she said, tracing a pattern on the tablecloth, "that you really do love me."

"I'll try to prove," I said, "only you must give me facilities. What do you call facilities?" "Well," I said, putting my arm

round her waist, "this would be one," "I-I don't mind giving you that one," she said hesitatingly. "It's quite sufficient," I declared, "to encourage me to take the rest."-San Francisco Bulletin.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., son of the world's richest man, is a victim of dyspepsia, which, in a way, will be interesting to the horny handed son of In your defence. At that garden party | ting.

PENNING WILD PONIES.

A CURIOUS ANNUAL FROLIC ON THE NORTH CAROLINA GOAST.

The Driving of the Wild Horses Out of the Waste of Scrub Growth, Marsh and Seashore Is No Easy Task-When Tamed the Shaggy Little Animals Are Highly Valued

Nothing on the Atlantic coast is nore replete with curious features than the "penning" of the wild ponies in North Carolina. These animals, the descendants of the "little Barbary horses" which far-seeing Sir Walter Raleigh sent with his expedition to Roanoke Island in August, 1583-4, have their home only on the long and narrow sand bank which divides the sea from the body of salt water known as Core Sound, the latter forming part of the long chain of "sounds" of various sizes which so mark the eastern portion of North Carolina.

Core "Banks." as this strip of land s known, is about sixty miles in length, extending from Old Topsail inlet, at Beaufort, to Ocracoke Inlet at Ocracoke. Along this stretch of mingled sea and beach, sand dunes, forests and marshes, are some 3,500 ponies, hardy little fellows weighing on an average 730 to 800 pounds.

There are several "pens," really corrals; these having names, such as the Diamond, Jack's Island, Hunting Quarter and, Middle. The writer attended two of these "pennings." One at the Hunting Quarter pen and the other at the Middle. There was a fleet of no less than sixty-seven sailboats of all sizes on the way to the Middle pen. the scene near the pen was vividly picturesque, and needed only cocoanu palms to make it tropical. There were the grass-thatched huts of the "crabbers," who search in the earliest spring for the toothsome softshell crab, while the vegetation, yeopon, dwarf live oaks, fan palmetto, pellitory and dwarf pines, added to the oddness. A sine or creek made close to the pen, and up this smaller boats went, persons from the larger ones wading to them or being carried on the backs of the sturdy boatmen. There was much merriment as all hands made for the pen

the time being then nearly noon. Since dawn two gangs of men had been at work driving the ponies; one from the north, and the other from the south end of the long stretch of banks. Each gang of about thirty had fifteen miles to go, and the driving of the ponies out of that wild waste of scrub growth, marsh and seashore was no easy task. One of these "drives" is known as the Northern Drive, the other as the Southern Drive. The men from the north made their drive fire, and here came the ponies, 200 in number, in a wild charge, being headed off by a long line of perhaps a hundred men, who prevented them from going southward.

Everything was strange, from the first view as the ponies, looking like a avairy in skirmishing in the distance and un, with the penners rear. At that disindead to tell land from appeared to be running on air. The line of beaters, all on foot, swept up ceaselessly but noiselessly, and the ponies, seeing their way southward blocked by the long line of men at right angles across the beach, dashed in a wild charge into the pen, a structure built of all sorts of driftwood, and some eighty feet square, with a large opening. On the instant that the ponies entered the pen, they packed themselves in a dense mass. Their faces were a study, many of them being as wild as a prehistoric horse ever had. They next rushed backward and forward, then 'round and 'round; in this frantic movement all joined, no matter whether the tiny colt or the veteran who had figured in many such cones. First, the sea of pony faces turned one way, then the other; with little wild eyes and penthouse of hair hanging far over the forehead, the hair on the bodies of many being so rough as to make them look like alanacas or llamas. The manes of many were as long as the tails. The prevailing color was dun, but there were dashes

of vellow, and one was almost black. Strapping men plunged into this mass of struggling and quivering flesh, and first snatched out the little colts to save the latter from being crushed to death. Desperate indeed was the scramble, as they sought to seize the larger ponies. Those pursued sought refuge in the thickest of the press, which literally became a dangerous crush, and it appeared that rib-cracking must be a certainty, yet strange to say, neither pursuers nor pursued were in this case hurt. A veteran looker-on said that there were accidents at times, and that he knew cases where men had been killed in the pen.

All the beaters and other participants were fishermen, and their costumes made a picture in themselves; red shirts and blue shirts, high rubber boots, rubber hats, with an occasional palmetto hat of great size. Some went into the ruck wearing only a shirt and trousers, risking their bare feet amid that wild trampling of hoofs. There was an all-pervading odor of wild animals mingled with a milky smell and the salty tang of the sea air. Above everything rose the roar made by the incessant trampling of the ponies'

Incidents happened like flashes among these being fights by stallions, which reared up and fought with forefeet and teeth, and then lashed out with heels, hammering with resounding blows the sides of any animals in range, which yet seemed unhurt, so great is their toughness. There was no lassoing during the penning; only the bare hands being used, it being a matponies. So they have been taken, the records show, since 1713, when the regster of brands begins. But these ponies were in use long before that The colts which follow the mares are all the property of the owners of such mares, the latter being branded; but the motherless coltsthat is, the ones which do not follow come the property of the beaters or penners as a reward for the extremely ous work the latter do in making the long drives. The tiny colts are first branded, and then the larger ones, while the penners brand their maverteke or "motherless colts," as they

always term them. After the desired animals have been picked out and roped, the little boys were allowed to enter the pen and show their skill and prowess in seizing the yearling colts, their elders looking on approvingly. It was noticeable that the talk was low and that there was but one burst of applause. These coast people are a quiet sort, chary of speech; really al-

most Quaker-like There was a steady driving of bar gains for ponies. Prices generally ranged from \$25 to \$50. These shaggy little animals, taken from the bank, broken, cared for and given other food quickly become glossy, lose their wild look, and are highly valued. The older stallions are always smoother of skin and darker, and not nearly so wild-eyed as the other ponies. None of these animals in their wild state ever eat anything save marsh grass and leaves of plants and trees, and so the ponies really have to be taught to eat the food given other horses. The experiment of increasing the size of these ponies while in a wild state by placing horses on the banks has been tried, but failed, as the pony stallions invariably surround and kill the

horses, which they regard as intruders. After all the ponies secured by the northern drive had been picked over, those remaining, including the mares which are never sold, were turned loose. Out of the wide gate of the pen they fled, but stopped when a few hundred yards away and began eating, the little colts, freshly branded, joining their dams.

The ponies which had been were after more or less struggling, led down through the high marsh grass to the shore of the sound and were hoisted into the larger boats. The more modern of the boatmen hoisted them in with slings, while others let down a panel in the side of the boat and literally dragged the beasts in, this being the old-fashioned and really barbarous gled in the water and in the air, apmethod. The ponies, which strugpeared to be quite at home in the boats which soon hoisted sails and went careering away with them. When the mainland was reached the buyers took their ponies out and led them away to be broken, civilized and trained to eat grain and other food utterly strange to them. The ponies on the banks are as wild as the rabbits, which likewise abound there, and they have much instinct, this teaching them to get water by pawing holes in the sand not far from the shore, in which it rises, being filtered by the sand, and they know how to swim fearlessly and far in water reasonably still, and also which are the shallow places in which they can walk and save the trouble of awimming. Thus in times of storm they sometimes walk and swim to the mainland, three or four miles from

their home, this movement being before the elemental outbreak. These ponies, as has been clearly proved, were brought over by the first English colonists to America, and, as stated, came from the coast of the Mediterranean, they being thought to be hardier than the English horse.— Fred, A and Stream Forest and Stream

NEW WOMAN IN AUSTRALIA.

Vida Goldstein, Who Polled 51,000 Votes for Senator's Post.

Our English and American readers cannot help feeling a little interest in Miss Vida Goldstein, who polled 51,000 votes as a candidate for the Australian senate, says the Imperial Review. We remember also that she was listened to with pleasure in America two years ago, since which time she has polished away a good deal of crudity. In her candidature she addressed large meetings to the number of 24, or five in Melbourne and 19 in the country, traveling alone, and yet

meeting with respect everywhere. In her lecture entitled "The Hum and Pathos of My Senate Campaign, Miss Goldstein has told the story. The ecture is enlivened with limelight pictures, flinging on the canvas all the numerous skits which Punch and the Bulletin published about her, and these drawings have met with roars of ap-

Vida is a little over 30 years old, all, slim and handsome, not to be excelled in the beauty show by any Melbournienne, that is to say, by any Australienne, of her years. Thus she flabbergasted the Yokels, who looked for one of the shricking sisterhood, with a blue nose and blue stockings. She polled nearly twice as well in the country as in the city, although Melbourne has about half of Victoria's population. This indicates that more meetings in Melbourne would have pulled her up a good deal higher, but three townships where she did not speak at all placed her at the top of

Our heroine is only deficient in what comes under the heads of earnestness and intensity, but such will come with time, as she mellows away from the clever, which is, indeed the best word to sum her up, in combination with very great industry, so that she is not only crisp and sparkling in utterance but informative and accurate. She has the gift of numor, and is inclined to be quizzical, which also makes one think sometimes that she is taking her fol owers out of winding.

Miss Goldstein is foundress and Madame Speaker of the Melbourne Women's Parliament, It mets fort nightly in a large Collins street place known as the Assembly hall. There is a Lady Premier and Leader of the Opposition.

Concise Lecture on Panama Canal, A good example of conciseness in ecture is the discourse on the Pans ma canal delivered recently in a Ver-

mont town. The lecturer was a drum-mer, and he had been holding forth at the hotel on Panama and the tropic to such an extent that the managers of a church festival hit on the brilliant idea of asking him to tell the churc

folk about the canal.

The drummer accepted—he could not help it—and this is his lecture on "As I came into this church I no

for water pipes or something. Just imagine that ditch 200 times as wide. 200 times as deep and forty-seven miles long. And there you are. Good-night."—Boston Borord.

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. WILLIAM YOUNG CHAPMAN.

Subj ct: Churchgoing Abolished.

Brooklyn, N. Y .- Dr. William Young Chapman, pastor of the Lafayette Ave-nue Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, preached Sunday at both services in the Central Presbyterian Church. In the morning he had as his subject "Churchgoing Abolished." The text was from Revelation xxi:22: "And I saw no temple therein." Dr. Chapman said:

Among many things in this sublime

derstood there is one thing that stands out with clearness and certainty, and that is the vision of the perfected church, the ideal society. It is the same church triumphant and perfect there that is militant and defective here. The same souls that struggle and suffer here are they that walk in white and wave palms of victory there. Here we see as in a glass darkly. There they see face to face. Here we know in part, there they know as they are known. John had given to him a divine horoscope, revealing the consum-mation and absolute perfection of the essential characteristics of the kingdom of God concentrated in the imperial capital of the universe-the city of God. By every sort of figure and symbol are its glories set forth. And we learn as much about it by what is said negatively as by what is said positive-Thus we are told it has streets of cold and gates of pearl and a sea of glass and all the most costly and beautiful things of this world while all that is disagreeable - pain, sickness, sorrow, sin, death-is wanting there. There is nothing to hurt or annoy, no

night, no more sen, no temple. And it strikes us at first thought as ery strange that there should be no emple, no central place of worship in a city which we are accustomed to think is altogether devoted to religion. And yet the text states a great truth which I want to treat broadly, and I selieve the text contains easily the subject by which I have chosen to entitle this discourse, "Churchgoing Abol-ished." The end being attained, the are no more churches, no times, nor places, nor forms; no liturgies, nor ritnais; no ecclesiastical machinery such as we know here.

And, surely, this must come as a welome announcement to many a tired churchgoer in this world who finds his religious dutles more or less irksome, and to many a non-churchgoer, who glect of formal religious exercises. there are who indulge an indifent hope of heaven as a sort of uncreated rays, drinking from d bathing in the waters of the founof life, cating the twelve manner ts of that glorious city, counting wers thereof, marking well her and admiring her foundajaspe and sapphire and chaledony and sarding and emerald and sardonyx and chrysofte and beryl and topaz and chrysofrasis and jacinth and amethyst when soldenly there omes a peal from the golden bells and

oor soul, he must take hims? Let such a one be comforted, fo John says he saw no temple there, and we dare to infer from that statement that there is no synngogue, nor meet-ing house, nor Sunday, nor formal re-ligious exercise, "for the Lord God Alnighty and the Lamb are the temple

It becomes us to inquire more closely into the truth involved here. And it what John saw was the church triumphant, if the conditions he saw were the perfection of what is rudimentary here, if the Holy City, New Jerusalem is continually coming down from God out of heaven then we ought to be realizing more and more on earth that licavenly condition.

I believe that condition is illustrated

by the progressive church of Christ on earth. Think for a moment of the adrantages we have over the ancient Jewish worshipe. He had his central place of worship. Three times a year ne must make his pligrimage to salem, from even the remotest corner of the land. Over many a rugged mile he must travel with his family and his sheep and oxen for sacrifice and his tent and provision for his journey, in order to perform his religious duties. There at Jerusalem was the temple. There he expected to meet God, or at least there God would be propitious. There was the priest who could offer his sacrifice and present his confession to God. here was the holy place and the most holy place, the locus of the Jewish worship. Even in far off lands, oward the temple, as if his heart were

here, in any case. Then, too, his daily devotions found expression in a most elaborate ceremonial. There were divers washings, as there were multifarious (puses of uncleanness. There were hithings and manifold offerings. There were sin offerings and peace offerings, all assoclated with infinite trouble to the wor shiper. These minute requirements were infinitely multiplied by the Jew in the time of Christ and His apostles o that Peter spoke of it as a yoke which neither our fathers nor

Now it was immunity from

tolerable burdens that was the first great practical boon of Christianity. Our Lord stated the precious with to the woman at the well. Our fathers worshiped in this tain (Terezim), and ye say that in Je to worship." Jesus saith unto her, "Woman, believe Me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, when ye shall neither in worship the nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. But the hour cometh and how worshiners shall morship the Father in spirit and in truth God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit an ings of Christ's sacrifice, to abolish th temple. When He bowed His head in death on Calvary and said "It is fin-ished," "the veil of the temple was reni

in twaln from the top to the bottom, and the whole significance of the tem-ple service passed away. The temple itself did not long survive the death of itself did not long survive the death of Christ, and the ecclesiastical capital was soon destroyed. Henceforth the Church of God in the world was on a different basis. Henceforth God became accessible without offering or priest, without temple or altar, and irrespective of locality. We are enjoying in a measure that rest which Christ came to give-rest from ceremonial burdens. We are living it the dispensation of the spirit, and he church is wherever the spirit move men to worship. Wherever the He Spirit has some anything the dispensation of the spirit move men to worship.

in the hearts of men, turning their thoughts and affections to God, there is the courch. It matters not whether it e in Greenland's tcy mountains or Iudia's coral strand. It matters not whether it be in gorgeous cathedral or in mountain cave. It matters not whether the worshiper be white or black, whether he worship on his knees or on his feet or on his back, so long as

he worship in spirit and in truth. Christianity so far as it consists of a visible performance at all is the most natural and spontaneous outgo of the religious instincts to God, and religious worship is essentially a personal com-munion with God, and in such form and place as is best suited to the wor-

shiper and most in accordance with the vill of God. Hence, you will see, one of the prime characteristics of the church triumphant is perfect liberty. "Get religion," said Augustine, "and do as you please." By which he meant if you truly get religion you will always please to do right. Paul means the same thing when he says, "If ye be in the spirit ye are not under the law." And Jesus neant the same when He said, "Make the tree good and his fruit will be good." And hence, the ideal Christian life is perfectly pontaneous. Obedience is not by compulsion of law, but by impulsion of love. "All the law is fulfilled in one word, Thou shall

We have heard not a little about 'the consent of the governed," and we are likely to hear more. The statement as it stands in that famous document will not bear a literal application that our fathers knew what they were talking about. If they had said, "government derives its potency from the consent of the governed" they would have been uttering the exact truth. Statutes are inoperative until the sub jects consent. Perfect society implies perfect acquiescence in the will of the superior or law making power. The ore society progresses toward unity, the simpler and more equable will gov ernment become, because the more general will be the consent or acquiesence sent unto the law that it is good," and in the perfect z iety of John's vision each man enjoys perfect liberty because the will of the governor and the governed are in perfect correspond-ence. Each individual does as be pleases and at the same time does as He pleases.

In some such way the perfect com munity is characterized by perfect unity without uniformity. Each per-forms his own duty in his own way, but is all the while in perfect harmony with his neighbor. Again, in the perfected society there is no distinction between the religious and the sec ular. Here we have our times and places of religion. We gather here it this house of prayer, believing that God is present here as He is not in nammedan paradise, where they other places, as, indeed, He has prom-r enjoy an eternal holiday, basking ised to be. It is God's concession to our limitations and infirmities. But it is far from the ideal. We are apt to identify religion with the means of ts and sailing on the glassy sea.

y would hardly be attracted to

We get grace by our religious exercises where this ceaseless round of sinstical duties should go on for-Imagine such a one enjoying the The members of the church triumphant are equally religious every day-of the week and every hour of the day, and hence, church-going in our sense of the word, is forever abolished. In that society, one does not need to say to his brother, "Know the Lord," for all shall know Him the least to the greatest.

> ments of practice the gentus of the skille And the more diligently our religious duties here we shall get beyond them. The m faithful we are now to the times and places of religious worship the soc

shall we be ready for that society where all life is religious.

Zachariah had that vision ages b fore John had it, when he saw "Holi ness to the Lord" inscribed on the bells of the horses and the pots in bowls of the altar; yea, and every pot in Jerusalem as hely as the vessels of the sanctuary. That was at least a glimpse of the templeless city of God. And now shall we not keep before us that ideal? Let us not be discour aged by the great disparity between that far-off perfection and present The poet well expresses our

Oh, Land of Promise, from what Pisgah's height Can I behold thy stretch of peaceful

STREET

feeling:

Thy golden harvest dowing out of sight. The nestled homes and sun-lilumined towers?

Gazing upon the sunset's high-heaped Its crags of opal and of chrysolite, Its deeps on deeps of glory, that un-fold,

Still brightening abysses And blazing precipices, Whence but a scanty leap it seems to heaven, Sometimes a glimpse is given

Of thy gorgeous realm, thy more unstunted blisses. Gazing upon that vision, let us be faithful to our temple duties here that we may be fifted for that city where there is no temple, "for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple

No troubles are so great that they cannot be built into the steps of the staircase, by which souls mount up to heaven.-Canon Liddon.

No other poison kills as quek, if enough is taken at once.—B. W. Rich-Alcoholic liquors are poison cause they contain alcohol.—Frank Woodbury, M. D.

Temperance Notes.

In Denmark one out of every seven men who die between the ages of thir-ty-five and fifty-five is a victim of alco-Piotr Kasrmiercsak died in Detroit

wing covers. The feelers or "horns' recently at the age of 114 years. Acare longer than the body. cording to the dally papers he was a lifelong abstainer from intoxicants. formations in the fallen branches, the hest method for subduing it is to gath-

Look up and be glad! Our Father nows all about it, and He has prom-This should be done in winter or early ed help for fo-day and all the da ad His promise never falls. He insects, and it is the season when the farmer finds most time to do it. There are other insects called "prinding us in the right way; and, if but hold fast to His dear hand, no n can come to us. Soon the dark-will be over, and just beyond we I see the beautiful sunshine, and

ORCHARD and GARDEN

Sweet skim milk from the cream separator is worth a good deal more for pigs than when it becomes stale. It should be used in mixed shorts, ground oats, or commeal, for best results. It is very digestible, taxes the system to a minimum, and produces a pound of growth for an exceedingly small quantity of dry matter. tests carried out by experiment stations one pound of grain was obtained for every 10 1-2 quarts of skim-milk when fed alone, but where the milk was fed in association with middlings, making an ideal food for young pigs, better returns were redecidedly ceived for the milk. It makes them grow more rapidly than any other feeding.

Currants and Blackberries. The current, during the hot summer veather, is a most healthful and acceptable variety of fruit. Large, fine fruit and none other is wanted or will eadily sell. They want the best of cultivation. Fay's Prolific and the Cherry are both good varieties, and will produce large fruit if properly treated. Fay's New Prolific is rich red in color, as compared with the Cherry it is equal in size, better in flavor, with much less acid, and is five times as prolific; while, on account of its peculiar long stem, it is much more

The blackberry is the most easily grown of the small fruits, and yet one that is grown more under neglect than any other. The kinds which are hardy and give general satisfaction are the Snyder, Agawam and Wachusett Thornless The Snyder is the one great blackberry for market in the far north, hs it is the most vigore hardy, productive and reliable of all; has never been known to winterkill, even in the northwest, with 25 to 30 degrees below zero; ripens medium to late. The Wachusett is free from thorns, fruit of good size and fine flavor, continues bearing into September, wants high culture and will not thrive in dry, thin soil, and with the slovenly culture so often given to the blackterry. The Agawam stands at the head for hardiness, fruitfulness and sweetness Mary E. Cetter In the Massachusetta Ploughman.

Fattening Fowls by Machinery. Fattening fowls for the market by neans of machinery, on first thought to most people seems ly more so, hower

received fr

feeding is done

only to the maker.

-Indianapolis News.

for finishing the fattening of broilers.

Twig Girdlers.

mologists regarding insects that girdle

the twigs of fruit and shade trees, as

them to drop to the ground. There

are several kinds of girdlers, but the

damage is known as Oncideres cingu-

The female punctures the branch

generally near a leaf bud or axil, and

there inserts an egg. The writer has

picked up twigs about three feet long

and containing 13 eggs. The egg is

a flattish white object which is push-

ed through the puncture and thrust

from one-sixteenth to one-third of an

inch downward between the wood and

bark. It is after egg-laying that the

nunctured branch. The twig dies and

the young larvae when hatched feed

on the dead wood. Sooner or later

there girdled twigs fall to the ground

and in them the larvae become full

grown, change to the pupae, and final-

The adult insect is a robust beetle.

about eleven, twentieths of an inch

long, of a brownish gray color, with

dull reddish spots and a broad, red-

dish band across the middle of the

As the insect completes its trans-

these failed twigs and burn them.

spring. It is sure to get most of the

ers" that attack the branches of fra

rees in a similar manner, but

ly escape as the adult beetles.

Frequently complaints reach ento-

the inside. By examining the cut surface the intruder can be recognized before he is seen .- A. F. G., in South ern Fruit Grower.

The Farm Chunk. This is the time of year when the

greatest demand exists in the great markets for agricultural horses. Such animals otherwise known as farm chunks sell at prices ranging from \$60 to \$115 or \$125 on the top. They are bought by farmers outright or by dealers who run them out into the country, where there is a shortage of team power and sold at public or private sale at a profit. They are not large. Most of them are not really large enough for profitable farm use. Mares are generally preferred to geldings and bring the best prices, the intention of the purchasers being to breed them. Nevertheless, many small mean geldings are each spring bought for farm consumption. We cannot see where there is any money to be made using geldings on the farm, save as a preliminary to selling them. Mares do just as much work and will breed at the same time. A gelding returns nothing but the work he does for his purchase price and the feed put into him. Of course the geldings cost less money, but is there real economy in buying a thing because it is cheap when a profit can be made on the expenditure of a little more money and. none from the purchase of the cheap article? We know that the wise farmer is he who buys as heavy mares as his purse will allow. No farmer should buy a mare weighing less than 1400 pounds and 1500 or 1500 pounds is far better still. It does not take such a great deal of money to buy a pair of 1600-pound mayes. They can be got for from \$300 to \$350, perhaps for as little as \$280 or \$290, and surely there is more real economy in such purchase than in paying \$250 or \$260 for a pair of mare; weighing 1100 or 1200 pounds each. The added amount of work done will make am-

price.-Breeder's Gazette.

ple interest and the first foals will

far more than make up the purchase

The most murvelous tree in the world grows in Brazil, 1 It is called the carnahuba palm. The description given of it seems incredible. In no other region of the globe is a tree to be found that can be employed for such

man can feed three hundred chickens Wit of the Young Collegians. in a day. It is a patent liquid food that is fed in this manner, the ingre-Alliance, Ohio.-Three newly made dients of which, of course, are known craves with three newly painted tomb

The food is forced through a tube on the campus at Mount Union college by means of a suction pump, which in this morning as witness of the fac turn is operated by a foot pedal. The that some of the students were out tube, which is about ten inches in last night. length, reaches through the chicken's The tombstones all bore inscriptions mouth into its crop. When the crop relating to the college professors in is full the flow of liquid food stops volved and were painted in white of instantly, and the chicken is not inpaint on the sidewalk so that they will be difficult to efface. The first inscripjured in the least. This feeding by machinery is done chiefly in the preption read: "In memory of Prof. Benne aration of roasters for the market and hoff. Give us a new biology, prof."

The second and middle slab was nuch larger than the others and bore the inscription: "In memory of A. B. Riker, ex-president Mount Union college. Give us a new Caleb Johnson. Caleb Johnson is an aged man of the neighborhood who poses as a wealthy well as shrubs and flowers, causing prophet and who has long since passed from the realm of active business life The third inscription read: "Here lies P. S. Somerville, Give us a new species doing the greatest amount of coach."-Cleveland Leader.

stones nainted on the walk appeared

Unchanging Circus Rings Amid a great hubbub the old circus man sat on the grass in the smillight. smoking a pipe and directing the mak-

ng of the rings. "Circuses," he said, "have developed, evolved and changed. From the one ring of the past they have grown to three rings, plus an elevated stage, and there are many other improve female gnaws a groove around the ments. But in one particular there has been no change since time began, and that is in the dimensions of the ring. A circus ring is always the same size-42 feet 9 inches in diameter. Go where you will, you will ner er find a circus ring with different dim

> ensions from that. "A bareback rider can ride best in ring of this size All riders train n such a ring and all horses are trained in such a ring. There would be trouble for horses and men if the size of the ring should be changed. It would be like changing the size of the baseball diamond, only worse," neapolis Journal.

The wooden pie will doubtless Maine is turnis The force to