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THE TOYS OF YESTERYEAR.

Pray, where are the toys of the Yesteryear;
The jumping-jack with its flaring red,
The funny dog and the antlered deer,
The drum with its sticks and tuneful head,
The Noah's ark with its wooden crew,
The building blocks with the letters on?
The child has toys that are bright and new,
But, where, pray where, have the old friends gone?

Somewhere in the attic in corner dark
The jumping-jack and the split drum lie,
The wooden crew of the Noah's ark
And the tin of the battered infantry.
There, half by the rubbish and dust concealed,
The funny dog and the wooden deer,
The building blocks with their colors peeled
Half off; and the stringless top is here.

Pray, where are the toys of the Yesteryear,
The gaudy dreams with their colors gay,
The castled hopes that were passing dear,
The joys of our boyhood's merry play?
The man has toys that are bright and new,
On the wreck of dreams new dreams up rear,
But where are the hopes of the flaring hue
That were our toys of the Yesteryear?

Somewhere in the darkness the dead dreams fade,
The broken idol and shattered vase,
The castled hopes in their ruins laid
Come here to a common trysting place,
Half hid by the rubbish and dust of days
The wrecks of unnumbered dreams are here
That made us glad in a hundred ways,
And these are the toys of the Yesteryear.

—*Collier's Weekly.*

A FUSS, AND THE RESULT.

By HADDIE M'MAHON.

It was a spring day, not an ideal, but a real one, with a bitter penetrating wind that would have done credit to a day in midwinter. The usual robust old gentleman—which of us does not know him?—was telling his friends with much rubbing of hands and stamping of feet, that it was "fine, healthy weather," and Cynthia Desmond regarded him wrathfully as she passed him at the entrance to the London railroad station. A good day for a brisk country walk, but decidedly not one on which to undertake a three hours' railway journey without even a stop to get a hot cup of tea. With this dismal project before her, Cynthia was not exactly in the best of tempers. She was not miserable of course—that would be too absurd—but things in general were inclined to be irritating.

Despite the fur-lined travelling coat, which reached almost to the end of her short skirt, she gave a little shiver as, dressing case in hand, she crossed the deserted platform and stepped into an empty car in the waiting train.

"And to think," she said, planting her dressing case on the seat beside her, burying her hands in a huge fur muff, and addressing her sister who stood at the car door, "that it is all through that abominable Miles that I am to freeze in this car by myself for three mortal hours; and, worst of all, leave home for a month or more and miss the Altons' dance and all the other fun!"

"It is horrible," agreed Dolly Desmond, sympathetically. Truth to tell, Dolly was of the opinion that the "abominable Miles" in question had an equal right to apply the adjective to Cynthia, for in their recent quarrel there had certainly been "six of one and half a dozen of the other." "But," she went on, soothingly, "though it won't be the same as being at home, you are sure to have a good time with Edith"—the married sister to whom Cynthia was going. "And you know [illegible]d that to stay here now would [illegible]rable."

"[illegible] would," declared Cynthia. "[illegible]her away I am from Miles [illegible] shall find it to cultivate a [illegible]ace and thankfulness."

"[illegible]he might have gone away [illegible] under the circumstances," [illegible]er sister.

"[illegible] he couldn't get away just [illegible] Cynthia quickly, unwilling, [illegible], that anyone but herself [illegible]se the man she loved or [illegible]she put it in the past tense [illegible]

"[illegible] not," agreed Dolly, who, [illegible] generation, knew that to [illegible] Cynthia in her present [illegible] worse than useless. "Good-[illegible] You'll be off in a minute [illegible]

"[illegible]!" answered Cynthia, a little [illegible] leaning out of the window [illegible]ewell kiss. "Take care of [illegible]d keep the boys in order and [illegible]urself, and don't, don't be [illegible]ugh to get engaged to any [illegible]e angel in masculine form!"

"[illegible]sent," laughed Dolly, dis-[illegible]l her dimples, "no one seems [illegible] tempt me from the chaste [illegible]ere I wander 'in maiden [illegible]ree,' but should any [illegible]ndeavor I'll remem-[illegible]

"[illegible] from the edge of [illegible]

[illegible] figure opposite, and [illegible] that he was sitting facing the [illegible], a few days ago, had given [illegible]k, with the fervently expressed [illegible]t she might never see him [illegible] the ring he had with such tender [illegible]h placed on her finger only six [illegible] before, the little ring that was [illegible] against his heart now.

"[illegible]ed hardly say," he remarked, [illegible] supplementing his former apo-[illegible] he met the haughty gaze direct-[illegible] him through the white automo-[illegible]eil which was swathed around [illegible]t and tied beneath her small, [illegible]ined chin, "that I am as an-[illegible] as you can be at this unfortu-[illegible]ccident. Of course you quite un-[illegible]nd that it was not my fault?"

"[illegible]uppose not," with icy ungraci-[illegible]s.

"[illegible] could hardly suppose," he went [illegible]dignantly, a slight angry flush [illegible] on his cheeks, "that I should [illegible] three hours' tete-a-tete with [illegible]."

"Certainly I should say it would be [illegible] last punishment for our sins that [illegible]her of us would choose," was Miss [illegible]mond's soothing reply; after which, [illegible]king up the magazine with which [illegible] was supplied, she became appar-[illegible]ly immersed in its contents, and ob-[illegible]ious of the fact that the world, [illegible]uch less the small railroad compart-[illegible]ent in which she was sitting, con-[illegible]tained such a person as Miles Ovenden.

Pulling a newspaper out of his pock-[illegible]et, with a certain suppressed vicious-[illegible]ness—a man's feelings are never under such good control as a woman's—he followed her example.

Half an hour passed slowly by, and then Cynthia moved her book a quarter of an inch to one side and took a surreptitious peep at the faultlessly clothed length of limb and clean-shaven, resolute young face opposite. What a detestable, bad-tempered fellow he was, but how good to look at. She had always been proudly confident that her Miles was beyond comparison with any other man. Her Miles! A little pain shot through her heart as she remembered that he was her Miles no longer, and she went back to her book with a small, weary shiver. It was getting colder. Engrossed as he apparently was in his paper, Miles noticed that shiver—he knew Cynthia's horror of and suffering from the cold. How unkind and sarcastic she had been; a man can stand almost anything from a woman better than sarcasm; but how like a flower was her small, haughty face rising out of its frame of rich furs. How sweet was the shadowy droop of those long lashes, how bright the gleam of the waves of hair that showed between the folds of the now turned-up veil. From her dainty shod foot and slender ankle to the topmast wave of the veil she was perfect, with the inimitable grace and style which some girls possess and which others, though their dress allowance be three times as large, can never attain. He did not like automobile veils—at least he used to think he did not—but Cynthia, Cynthia was different from all other women; she would look exquisite in a sack, and how could he ever have been fool enough to think, much less to say, automobile veils did not suit her.

That had been the beginning of this miserable quarrel—such a silly, simple thing to wreck two lives. He had, with all a man's tactlessness, called her veil a "horrid-looking arrangement," when she, as Dolly said, "rather fancied herself in it." She had replied with the obvious home truth that at any rate, it was fashionable and respectable, which was more than could be said of a certain disreputable old brown coat beloved of Miles' soul, but the bane of his life; to which he had injudiciously made answer that women never could understand the possibility of a thing's being fashionable and unbecoming. Cynthia then expressed her surprise that he had been folish enough to propose to her, seeing that nothing she ever did, said or wore pleased him—a remark decidedly unjust and untrue. And he retorted that the same idea occurred to him with regard to her acceptance of his proposal. After which things went from bad to worse, until Cynthia found herself walking away with head held high and a vivid spot of carmine blazing on each cheek through the white gauze of the luckless automobile veil, and Miles, left alone, gazed blankly at the small ring lying on his palm, and tried to realize what had happened.

And thus it had come to pass that both these young people were flying from each other, the vision of the blissful "lived happily ever after," to which they had looked forward with such glad confidence, receding from both with equal rapidity.

How foolish and childish it all seemed now. His eyes travelled to Cynthia's small left hand, and noted with a sense of loss and hopelessness, the [illegible]rinkle in the third [illegible]y glove that marked [illegible] had made a bulge, a [illegible]d often fondly kissed. [illegible]he shivered again and [illegible]e could not bear the [illegible]er.

"[illegible]d," he said, his pity [illegible] suffering and the over-[illegible]e to do something for [illegible]im speak. "Won't you [illegible]ke my rug?"

"Thank you," she answered, in a tone that was as cold as her small hands, "I would rather not."

Angrily rewrapping himself in the rejected rug, he told himself that he was a fool to lay himself open to another snub, and decided that she might freeze now before he would speak again.

For a while they read on in silence; then, dropping her paper, she pushed both hands into her muff and lifted it up to her face, pressing the warm fur against her cheek as she leaned one elbow on the window ledge and gazed out at the flying fields and hedgerows. It was getting darker too. The shadows that, when they started had been so clearly defined on the vivid emerald of the fields, were all merging now into the soft dusk that crept over the land. The twilight shadows were, she knew, creeping, too, into Miles' gray-blue eyes, darkening them in the way she knew so well. The winter sunshine no longer touched with brightness the close waves of his well-groomed head.

Against her will, she turned her head and looking at him, but meeting his eyes, looked away swiftly, and began nervously to pull off her gloves and chafe her hands. How cold it was! She wished now that she had accepted the rug. When one is half petrified, one's pride is at a low ebb.

"Cynthia," he burst out, flinging down his paper, all his bitter resolutions not proof against the sight of her silent misery. "I wish I could do something for you!"

At that moment there flashed into both their minds the remembrance of the last time she had complained of the cold, when he had taken her into his warm arms and kissed and chafed her hands, and as their eyes met each knew the other's thought.

"Cynthia," he said again, softly, passionately, leaning across her eagerly, "do you remember?"

"I remember nothing," she answered, with a haughtiness that was but the veil of her utter weakness.

"You are right," he agreed, drawing back quickly, "it is not worth remembering!"

Her eyes were full of tears as she turned over the pages of the magazine she was beginning to hate. She had read every bit of it. No, here was something she had not noticed before, only a little verse of Omar Khayyam's:

"If in this Shadowland of Life thou hast
Found one true heart to love thee, hold it fast;
Love it again, give all to keep it thine—
For Love, like nothing in the world, can last."

It was the last straw. All the pent-up love and misery in her heart welled up and brought the tears to her eyes again, but she squared her small chin and turned a few more pages indifferently. He should not see that she cared. She noticed that he had finished his paper, and resolving not to be outdone in stiff politeness, to show him that she could trust herself to talk easily to him, she offered him her magazine in exchange.

"Thank you," he said, accepting the offer and opening the magazine at the page where Omar's verse was marked by a big tear drop. Cynthia had been crying. He read the beautiful words, then looked across at her with his whole "true heart" in his eyes.

"Surely," she cried, miserably, "we must be nearly there?"

"I don't think so," he answered almost apologetically, his thoughts going back to the time when an enternity alone together would have seemed but as five minutes of bliss. "We"—consulting his watch—"have an hour and a half yet."

"Your watch has stopped she insisted, irritably. "I'm sure you could see the lights of X—— if you looked out."

"I'll try, if you like," he said, good-naturedly; and, raising the window, he put his head out into the darkness.

"No," he affirmed, "I cannot see them." He drew his head in suddenly, and, pulling down the window again, sat down with one hand pressed to his eye, the acute agony caused by a speck of coal dust on the pupil making the tears course down his face.

Cynthia watched him for a moment doubtfully; then her pride went down before the pity and motherliness which, at the sight of a man or child in pain, wells up in a woman's heart, and she crossed to his side, producing a cobweb of a handkerchief.

"Miles," she said softly, shyly placing one small, cold hand on his forehead, "let me get it out for you. Look up!"—as he moved his hand from the injured eye. "Yes, I see it. Now keep quite still. There!"—triumphantly bringing forth the speck on the point of the fragile handkerchief—"it's out!"

"Thank you, dear!" he said, with tender passion, catching and keeping her two hands, handkerchief and all. "No, I will not let you go, Cynthia—my Cynthia!"

"No," she contradicted, with lips that were a little tremulous, looking down at the bare third finger of her left hand—"not now."

"Yes," he insisted, bringing forth from its hiding place the little ring she had so scornfully flung back to him, and slipping it on—"now, and always, Cynthia" — pleadingly — "you will forgive me, and always wear any dearned veil you please!"

"Miles," she answered, softly, as his arms went round her, "you will forgive me, and wear your old brown coat whenever you wish?"

The express rattled on, and the two, settled so cosily in the corner of one of its cars, were very silent for a while.

"Are you warmn, now, sweetheart?" asked Miles, tenderly, after a little.

"Yes," she whispered happily; "How dreadfully quickly the train is going now, Miles!"

"Too quickly," he agreed, ruefully.

"Never mind," she said. "Tomorrow I will explain to Edith, and you can settle with the friends you intended visiting, and we will go back and spend the whole long, happy spring and summer together."

"Oh, Cynthia!" he breathed, with awed, boyish gladness—"this and every future spring and summer and winter, until the end of life!"

"And after," she supplemented, softly.

"And," he repeated, earnestly, reverently, "God helping me and you, my good angel, beside me, after."—New York Weekly.

Automobile Street Sweeper.

A recent European invention that now is being brought to the attention of municipal authorities is an automobile street sweeping and watering machine. This device, which has been tried in Paris with some success, consists of a large automobile truck fitted with a tank having a capacity of 470 gallons of water. There is a twelve-horse power motor, which can use as fuel either gasoline, kerosene, or alcohol, and to which by bevel gearing is connected a rotary brush fixed diagonally across the frame of the vehicle. In front of this brush it is possible to discharge a variable amount of water to lay the dust, which is then swept to one side, while there are two discharge pipes at the rear pierced with fine holes from which water may be sprayed over a width of street of twenty feet. The new machine can accomplish as much as six street cleaners and several horse water carts, and its use involves a considerable saving in labor.—Harper's Weekly.

ORCHARD and GARDEN

Government Whitewash.

Slack half a bushel of lime in boiling water, covering to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid, and add a peck of salt previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds ground rice boiled to a thin paste and stirred in while hot, one-half pound Spanish whiting, and one pound glue dissolved by soaking in cold water then hung over a slow fire in a glue pot. To this mixture add five gallons of hot water, stir well, and let stand for several days covered from dust. It is better applied hot.

For Creamery Patrons.

Complaints are loud and long from several sections regarding the poor returns from the creameries. Investigation will show that many of them are poorly managed, that a few are dishonestly managed, but that the trouble in most of them may be traced to the patrons themselves. Many men are careless in their milking and in the care of their cows, so that a great deal of tainted milk goes to the creamery and, of necessity, reduces the value of the entire output and, very properly, makes the man who delivers a pure article much discouraged because of his poor return. There should be some manner of overcoming this trouble; how it can be done must be left to the patrons of each creamery, but surely a plan can be evolved whereby the milk can be properly examined and if dirty or tainted refused.—Indianapolis News.

Careful Milking.

Every milker thinks he knows how to milk, but if the cows could express their opinions they would probably intimate that a few lessons in the gentle art were not unnecessary. It is not fair treatment to sit down to a cow and tug and haul on her until she steps around in the stall and acts as if she were being badly hurt. Sometimes a cow will stop eating and wait until the ordeal is over before she will resume her meal. The cow that does that is not comfortable, and an uncomfortable cow will not do her best for her owner. Some men have a way of milking that so pleases the cow that she clearly shows she enjoys the process. These are the m[illegible] whose method should be comi[illegible] serving them, we see that [illegible] shout at, strike, nor otherw[illegible] their cows. They sit dow[illegible] take hold of the cow's teats gently, [illegible] matter how much of a hurry they may be in, and begin to draw the milk without pressing too hard, for they know they are touching her at a tender point; then they keep steadily at it until the last drop is out. It pays to milk carefully.—American Cultivator.

Use Experiment Stations.

There is not a State experiment station in the country whose staff of experts will not welcome knotty problems from the farmers of the state. This would be the case, especially this winter, when they are not rushed with work. Go over the operations of the last season and jot down, in considerable detail, each operation which gave you trouble and unload these troubles on the experiment station of your state. The staff may be "book farmers," as you think, but all of them are trained men and sincerely anxious to help you. If asking about any particular crop describe your soil in detail, your method of culture, and give any other information which will enable the station people to give you an intelligent answer.

If any particular crop was unusually short and you can not account for it on natural reasons, describe your method of culture, of fertilizing, the seed, etc., and see how your form of treatment differed from that given in any previous year when the same crop was satisfactory. Do not be bashful about asking for help from the stations, for you help support them, and they are in existence to assist you, which they will do if you will give them any sort of an opportunity. —Indianapolis News.

In the Palace of the Cow.

The cowbarn is of artificial stone, with floor of concrete. Like the piggery, it is lighted by electricity at night. The partitions between the stalls are skeleton barriers of metal, extremely simple, but substantial. Arranged in a double row, facing the middle aisle, the animals take their food from concrete troughs which run along in front of the stalls, these receptacles being filled with drinking water when emptied of provender. All refuse is carried out of the building by an overhead trolley, and there dropped into carts, to be carried away. Here, as in the piggery, everything is cleanliness itself, and there is not even a suggestion of a disagreeable odor.

When the cows are to be milked, the men go into the dairy building, take a shower bath, so that it may be certain that no impurity lingers about their persons, and put on clean suits of white duck. Then they go to the cow barn, each of them carrying a tin pail which has been previously sterilized and with a harmless disinfecting fluid they wash the udder of the animals. Each man has ten to attend to, and while the milking is going on no other person is permitted to go through, or even enter the barn. The milk of each cow is carried separately to the foreman of the barn, who stands besides a pair of scales and weighs the milk, writing down in book its weight and the number of the cow. —Richard Powys in "A Wonder Stock Farm" in the Outing Magazine.

Butter Fat.

That butter fat is chiefly due to the breeding and quality of the cow, not the character and quality of the feeding, is pretty well settled by numerous experiments. Natural law settles a great many things. Richer milk cannot be made by richer feeding any more than thick loin marbled beef can be put on scrub steers by the best possible feeding. Good blood and good breeding does both. If it were not so the probability is that good breeding would be neglected and our cheaply grown precious food stuffs would be poured out by the tons in the feed lots and dairy barns. One of the latest and most conclusive experiments along the butter fat line was that recently of Cornell University. To ascertain whether the fat in milk could be increased by liberal feeding, mixtures of such foods as cottonseed meal, wheat bran, gluten feed, buckwheat middlings and linseed meal being given, or as much as the animals would consume readily in most cases 12 pounds per cow per day, which one cow exceeded. The summary of conclusions is that in a herd of formerly poorly fed cows an abundant ration easily digestible and rather nitrogenous in character continued through two years resulted in an average increase of one-fourth of 1 percent of fat in the milk, which was about 6 percent of increase on the quantity yielded before the liberal ration was given. This was accompanied by an increase of about 50 percent in total amount of milk and fat produced.—Indiana Farmer.

The Exclusive Use of Fertilizers.

A reader of Rural New Yorker inquired if exclusive use of commercial fertilizer would tend to impoverish land if used continuously, and was told that if a well-balanced fertilizer was used year after year, so that plenty of available nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid is added, the soil will not become impoverished, yet such soil may refuse to produce good crops. There may be plenty of plant food in the soil, yet crops cannot utilize it. Why? Because the physical condition of the soil is wrong. The most common fault with such soils is that [illegible] humus, or organic matter, [illegible] the soil, lets in [illegible] holds moisture [illegible] humus [illegible]nd grow, even [illegible] watered and fed. Grind the brick to a fine powder, put it in a flower pot, and again plant the seed. It would make a poor growth, because when the brickdust was watered and dried it would bake hard. Take the brickdust and mix thoroughly all through it from 10 to 15 percent of its weight in dried clover leaves or even ground straw, and the seeds would grow and make good plants. The clover or the straw furnish the humus which improves the character of the brickdust and makes it "soil." The use of chemicals alone, without manure or green crops, would have a tendency to remove the humus and thus hurt the soil. While the illustration is not exact, we might compare such farming to feeding a cow on grain alone. We might give her all she needs of actual food in bran and cornmeal, yet she would not thrive, because nature has provided her with a digestive system which requires bulky food like hay or other roughage to keep it extended and open.

In some parts of the country, as in Long Island, Florida and parts of New Jersey and Delaware, fertilizers are used exclusively—even hay being sold from the farm. Under this system, instead of becoming impoverished, the soil grows steadily more productive. Such soils are usually light or sandy. The fertilizers used are soluble and do not as a rule contain much acid. The rotation usually contains a good crop of grass and clover—the stubble and roots of which provide considerable humus to be plowed under. Special "catch" crops of rye, clover, buckwheat or turnips are grown between two regular crops in the rotation, and plowed under to provide humus. For example, it would be possible to grow potatoes year after year, using fertilizers alone, if as soon as the potatoes were dug rye could be seeded and the winter's growth plowed under before the potatoes were planted in the following spring. It is possible, therefore, to supply humus even with "the exclusive use of fertilizers."

Horse Dealing Past and Present.

Horse dealing is evidently very much the same from one generation to another. In the Southwark County court on Thursday a horse was described technically as a "flat-catcher." So it was in 1821, when Moncrieff produced "Tom and Jerry," his dramatization of Pierce Egan's "Life in London," which scored a theatrical success second only in these days to that of "The Beggars' Opera," and popularized slang in every drawing room. "Do you think we shall get the flat catcher off today?" is a question asked in that play in reference to a horse. A "flat" in the sense of a simpleton, can be traced back to the middle of the eighteenth century, but it is not clear whether the original idea was that the man was like "flat" liquor or "not sharp."—London Chronicle.

Involuntary Reformation.

"Did you turn over a new leaf this year, senator?" asked the constituent.

"I did," answered the eminent statesman, with a scowl. "I turned over a new leaf in my expense book and headed it, 'Paid for Railroad Tickets.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Japan's annual tobacco crop is about 46,000,000 pounds.

THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. C. L. GOODELL.

Subject: "The Carpenter's Son."

New York City.—Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church of Harlem, through the effectiveness of the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Charles L. Goodell, is growing in an unparalleled way. Last February, as the result of revival services for the month of January, he broke all city church records by admitting 365 members. Sunday morning more than 350 were received into the church, and these, added to the fifty taken in at the January communion, make a total of more than 400 admissions as a result of four weeks of revival services. Dr. Goodell gave this as the reason of the great ingathering: "There is no secret to it; any church can be stirred as ours has been if it is willing to pay the price. The price [illegible] is consecration, prayer and har[illegible]ree are needed in abou[illegible] Our magnificent cam[illegible] been moved by prayer [illegible] has moved others."

The [illegible] members into this church Sun[illegible] joyful event for the ministers and members, for it placed Calvary Church at the head of Methodism in point of membership. Calvary now has a few more than 2400 members on its roll. Since Dr. Goodell has been at Calvary, twenty-one months, there has been a net gain of 1000 members, or about seventy-five per cent. Of these new members more than 600 came on probation. The church seats 2200 and every Sunday night all seats are filled early. At some of the special services many chairs had to be brought in and the altar space filled, and then scores could not find seats. Sunday there were fifteen denominations represented by those who came by letter.

About 1500 persons took communion in the morning, Bishop E. G. Andrews, of Brooklyn; the Rev. Dr. Frank Mason North, of the City Mission, and Tract Society of New York City, and Mr. Williams, the assistant pastor, and officers of the church assisting. In the afternoon about 500 more were communed. In the evening Dr. Goodell preached on "The Carpenter's Son." The text was from Matthew xiii:35: "Is this not the carpenter's son?" He said:

Out of the doorways of the poor come the men who make the world rich and God walks oftener in the narrow rooms and on the creaking stairs of the little cottages than in the wide, sounding halls of the rich with armor and pictures looking down. You have seen the home of Burns and Shakspeare; picture to yourself something as much poorer as these are meaner than the homes of the newly rich and you may call that the home of a carpenter in Nazareth. They will show you the place with votive offerings and gewgaws in it, but you will say, "Go!" and walk out. Find a place [illegible]re a carpenter is now making an [illegible] or a poor man's table and it [illegible] what He knew, for the [illegible]h are like all their kin [illegible] in a thou-[illegible] narrow ways of a laborer.

His trade He plied, a carpenter, and built
Doors, where folks come and go, unto this hour,
Not wotting how the hands which wrought their doors
Unbarred Death's gate by Love's high sacrifice—
Tables whereon folks set their meat, and eat,
Heedless of Who was "Bread of Life" and gave
Such food that whosoeateth hungereth not.
And, in those little lanes of Nazareth,
Each morn His holy feet would come and go
While He bore planks and beams, whose back must bear
The cruel cross. And, then, at evening's fall,
Resting from labor, with those patient feet
Deep in white wood dust, and the long curled shreds
Shorn by His plane—He would turn innocent eyes
Gazing far past the sunset to that world
He came from, and must go to; nigh to Him—
Nigh unto us, albeit we see it not,
Whereof Life is the curtain, and mute Death
Herald and Doorkeeper.

Nazareth was a town in which to talk with God. The great plain before it had felt His thunderous foot. There was Carmel, where Elijah talked with God, in plain sight. There was Jezreel of Ahab and Jezebel. There was Endor and Saul and the witch. There was Tabor, lone and majestic, near at hand, and Hermon far to the north, cloud-capped and snow-peaked, while to the East, hidden behind a dozen miles of hill and dale, was the sea of Galilee—mother of sermon and of miracles. In Nazareth He found the illustrations which make so large a part of His sermons. There was a great day of moil and toil before Him, and here in the cool of the morning He must store up the reserve that will take Him on to awful noon at Jerusalem. It takes a great soul to bide his time—to get ready for a great act and be patient with the training and the slow step of the years. To live with God and in Him is the main thing after all. He walked those cliffs with no one to look at Him or to wonder at Him—prayerful, masterful, patient. Was there ever a better example for ordinary people. It is good for the burning fever of life to look at Him. The world is too much with us soon and late. Our home life is low and sordid. We fret under it. There are too many little things to do. Too much of routine and too little of outlook. What are we saying? Look at Him. Poverty? Yes. Toil? Yes. Did they who saw Him appreciate Him? We shall see; who was it said: "Is not this the carpenter's son?" and how did they say it? It was a taunt and a sneer. You know now how He came to say, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

The very men whose houses He had built were ready to stone Him to death. It has often been so. The men who have built the houses that the world's thought lives in to-day were most of them buried in ignominious graves. Very likely the men you serve may throw stones at you from the vintage ground where you put them, but it will be no new thing, so keep sweet about it. He could afford to wait. His carpenter bench would yet be holy because He worked at it, and the tools He handled would be held at the price of a king's ransom.

His is the gospel of the mechanic. He fitted Himself at a carpenter's bench to say, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." He had no sympathy either with the man who wants more work than he pays for or the man who wants more pay than he works for. I want you to see from this life that great deeds should go along with common life, making it sublime. When you read of the great economies that has to be practiced in the homes of such men as Phelps and Alcott, Hawthorne and Emerson, you realize the advantage of plain living and high thinking. There is too much high living and meagre thinking.

The struggle after a more sumptuous life than we can afford takes the strength out of us, and if we get it it takes the nerve for toil and self-denial, which are only other names for victory, away from us. Our impatience takes away our capacity and love for toil, and we are miserable and useless. Be happy in a humble home. You will never have to live so cheaply as did Jesus.

Then make up your mind to work. Jesus the Carpenter taught us the dignity of toil. He made the saw and the plane as truly the ensign of a noble life as the fasces or the toga of the Roman. There is an evangel of toil. The shuttle and the hoe, the saw and the reaper have a message which the world must hear. The workers make life glorious, the shirkers make it detestable. "My father worketh hitherto and I work" was the challenge of the Christ to every indolent and careless soul. Virgil sings of men and arms, but the song of to-day is a song of men and tools. I have a Saviour who wrought the hot day through. I can talk with Him of quivering palm and throbbing limbs and a fainting heart and He will know.

You cannot imagine Him as making a poor joint or allowing a bad knot in an important place. To meet your ideal, and that an ideal which He has founded by His own character, you will take nothing less than a honest attempt at a perfect product. The desire to slight one's work will lead to a compromise of character, and that will lead to the loss of the soul. It is not the work but the spirit you put into it which makes the task ignoble or sublime. I would have every man step to his work to-morrow without dread or envy. I would have him feel that Jesus the Carpenter was the great model, and that if He could fit Himself for the conquest of the world at a carpenter's bench any laborer may feel himself surrounded with glorious hopes and his dingy little shop become the habitat of angels. Paul stitching tents thought out those wonderful chapters of spiritual logic which move the world. Carey, the shoemaker, thought out the plan of giving the Bible to the Hindoos. Morrison, the last-maker, gave the gospel to China. Burrett, the blacksmith, became the most learned workman of his day. Daily humble life lived on high levels—this is the happy possibility of common men. What high discourse there must have been in that humble home when the day's work was over; what acts of affection, what mutual confidences and holy trust!

But He who made lintels for the doors of Nazareth set up also the gates of the eternal city of God. He who made humble houses for the common people of His native town was the Artificer of the eternal home of the soul. It was not a figure of His imagination when He pictures the unsafe foundation and the awful ruin of that unsecure house. He had seen the torrent rush down the chalk cliffs of Nazareth and sweep away the houses of His fellow craftsmen. Small wonder that He looked upon that ruin from the standpoint of a careful builder. But when they drove the carpenter from His bench at Nazareth He went out to build for eternity. I want to ask [illegible]ive your contract for an [illegible] to Jesus the Carpenter. As a wise master builder, He asks you to count the cost. Are you ready to build? Are you willing to pay for a good foundation and will the superstructure you rear be a sacred one? He will not countenance the ornamentations that hide the lack of solid worth. He will have no part in the consummate fraud of a life that is built on the sand. He will not build with hay and stubble. If it were a house to sell it might be out of your sight, but he tells me when I say it is the house you are to live in forever. If there is a flaw in it you will find it out. If when the winds blow and the floods come it falls you will go down in the ruin. Yesterday a man gasping for breath said "I am almost ashamed to ask God to have mercy on me when I ignored Him for three score years," and you will feel the same. To leave you in old age to the mercy of the wintry blasts would be cruel, but the man who shirks in the building of his soul's tabernacle does that for himself. Only Jesus knows how to build for eternity. The old Romans were great builders of roads and bridges, and the old Egyptians were great builders of pyramids, but I want somebody who can build a house for the soul that will outlast pyramids and stars. No man save Jesus can have my contract.

Power of Sacrifice.

John Henry, while a divinity student, went through a tempest that most daring seamen did not dare face, and brought ashore seven sailors from a wrecked boat. The strain was such that, though he lived to finish his studies, he had scarcely taken up the work of a parish when death summoned him to pay. The crowds that came to his funeral were so large that the window of the church was removed and a platform erected where those within the church and the masses of humanity without could hear the words of Lord Chalmers.

Kneel in your closet and say, "O God! I have not known Thee; deign to reveal Thyself to me; teach me to love and obey Thee; by all Thy goodness, oh, forgive my wanderings, and let me feel the tranquillity of a life hid in Thy blessedness." Such petitions will not be unheard, nor fail to bring down answers of growing fulfilment.—William Alger.

It takes as much grace to make a saint out of a Pharisee as it does to make one out of a publican.

Chatham Leads Canadian Cities.

Chatham has the distinction of being the first city in Canada to build a public heating plant. The exhaust steam from a railroad company's power house is used by the heating company. About a mile of mains has been laid, and several churches, schools, hotels, office buildings, as well as business houses and private residences, are connected with its mains.

To Wash Dishes.

This is the kind of machine that is used in hotels to wash dishes.

PONY TREES A BEAR.

Hunting Experiences of a Young Oregon Woman.

Bear stories by the thousand have been told by Oregon hunters, but it has remained for a little Portland woman to tell one that eclipses all of them.

Miss Jennie McLanahan, who resides at 275 Benton street, spends her summer months in the mountains between White Salmon and Trout Lake, in which region her parents own a large ranch. During the warm weather Miss McLanahan hunts for all manner of game. She is an expert rifle shot, and is also adept with revolver and shotgun. Her constant companion on these hunting trips is a little pony named Billie. And Billie is the hero of this bear story.

One afternoon last summer, while riding along a mountain trail, Miss McLanahan shot a grouse. The bird sailed off into the brush before falling. Quickly dismounting from the pony, she started to look for the bird. She had proceeded but a few yards when a large black bear stepped out into the trail just a little in front of Billie.

The pony sniffed a minute, then started helter-skelter down the trail after the bear. Bruin made a run for shelter, but finding that the pony was gaining on him ran for a nearby tree and climbed among its branches. The pony waited underneath the tree until Miss McLanahan ran up and killed the bear. She had watched the whole affair, but had been unable to shoot because the pony was between her and the fleeing bear. That bear weighed 600 pounds, being the largest killed by her last season.

Miss McLanahan can skin and clean her own game, and has many handsome rugs and furs. In the time she spent around the McLanahan ranch last summer she killed two bears, two deer, five wildcats, 20 wolves and four rattlers, each having thirteen rattles and a button, besides many smaller snakes of this species.

One of the big rattlers nearly put an end to Miss McLanahan's hunting. She was searching through the underbrush for grouse, when she accidentally stepped on the snake. It struck at her and buried its fangs deep into the heavy hunting skirt she was wearing, but before the snake had time to coil again she had beaten it to death with the butt of her rifle.

On her hunting trips Miss McLanahan generally carries a .30 calibre rifle, a revolver and a bowie knife. She has trained Billie so that she can shoot from his back while riding, can make him stand while she dismounts and stalks game—that is, Billie will stand still while left alone if no bears are in sight. Billie was purchased several years ago by the huntswoman from a herd of wild cayuses. She spent weeks in breaking him and had several hard falls before she succeeded.—Portland Journay.

Catalina's Ta[illegible]

If you go to California this winter, don't neglect to see the gray seal of Catalina island," said the traveler.

"The waters about Catalina are clear as Lake Tahoe," he said, "and in them swim millions of beautiful fish. The boats there have glass bottoms, so that as you float about you look down into a vast and wonderful aquarium.

"The gray seal is not the least of this aquarium's attractions. It is called Ben, and for the last thirty years, they say, Ben has come regularly to land at a certain hour to get from the fishermen a luncheon of cold fish.

"For the last two years he has had every day a dog to play with. The dog, at the appointed hour comes down to the beach and waits. Soon Ben appears. The dog barks and plunges into the sea. Ben hastens to him. The dog jumps on the seal's back, stands erect there like a circus rider, and for a minute or two this queer combination darts through the water with smooth speed.

"Then suddenly Ben sinks. The dog, unhorsed and deserted, barks frantically and swims to and fro in search of his comrade. Ben appears again suddenly at his side, offers his back, and the round begins again.

"To see this seal swimming with the dog on his back is one of the sights of Catalina."—New York Press.

Nobody Interfered.

Ex-President Cleveland, says the Boston Herald, used to fish and shoot in the Barnegat Bay district. John Camburn, a guide, says that one cold, wet night Mr. Cleveland got lost. He wandered through the rain and darkness, trying to find his party, but not a house could he see, nor a light, nor a road.

Finally he struck a narrow lane, and in due course a house appeared. It was not late. Mr. Cleveland was cold and tired. He thought he could go no farther, so he banged at the door till a window on the second floor went up and a gruff voice said:

"Who are you?"

"A friend," said Mr. Cleveland.

"What do you want?"

"I want to stay here all night."

"Stay there, then."

And the window descended with a bang, and Mr. Cleveland shouldered his gun again and wearily resumed his journey.

The Bishop's £1000.

The bishop of London tells the following story: "I was sitting in my room one morning very busy, when I was told that a lady wanted to see me. I was very busy, and almost said at first, 'O, I'm too busy to see anyone this morning!' but I thought, and said, 'No, I have made a rule never to refuse to see anybody, in case it is someone in trouble.' So I said, 'Let the lady come upstairs.' She came, and the first thing she said to me was this: 'I was going to ask you whether you can find a use in your work for £1000?' I said, 'It is the very thing I have been wondering all the morning how I was to get.' I showed her exactly what I was going to spend her £1000 on, and the whole scheme was carried out."—London Standard.

In Lapland when the door of a warm room is opened during the winter it is immediately followed by a miniature snowstorm in the room, the condensed moisture falling in flakes.