

Poetry.

Tired Mothers.

A little elbow leans upon your knee;
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of shining hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over much,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night!

But it is blessedness, a year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day;
We are so dull and thankless and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That while I bore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly,
The little child that brought me joy and good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this shadow from your tired knee;
This restless, curly head from your breast,
This clinging tongue that chatters constantly—
If from your own dimpled hand has slipped
And could not nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into the grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gowns;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or esp' or jacket on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more—

If I could mend a broken card to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But Oh! the little pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown,
The little boy I used to kiss—is dead!

—May Hiley Smith.

Selections.

Pitching Toward Sodom.

When Lot separated from Abraham he pitched his tent "towards Sodom." He did not go to Sodom, and it is not certain that he intended to; but while he left Abraham behind upon the breezy hills, he pitched his tent towards Sodom, and the next thing we find of him he is in Sodom. To be sure the men of Sodom were sinners exceedingly, and his righteous soul was vexed from day to day with their unlawful deeds; but yet he had "pitched his tent towards Sodom," and finally we see him inside of the city. There may have been chances for money-making in Sodom—possibly he had invested in corner lots, and thought by speculation to acquire wealth. His wife had got tired of moving around as Abraham did, and wondered perhaps how Aunt Sarah could bear it. For her part she wanted to settle down and take some comfort. So Lot perhaps built him a house, and made what he called a permanent settlement. But it was in Sodom, Sodom was all around him. Not only was his house in Sodom, but Sodom was in his house. "The men of Sodom were sinners exceedingly; and the women of Sodom were no better; and ere long Lot found his whole family hopelessly contaminated and defiled by the prevailing ungodliness.

Lot did not stay long in Sodom, but yet he stayed too long. He got out of it in a hurry; but he did not get out soon enough. He left all of his wealth there; he left some of his children there; his wife, looking back, perchance to the fine house where she had hoped to spend her declining years, was smitten with the curse of God, and left a monument of his wrath. And when Lot, old, indigent, and lonely, found his shelter in a mountain-cave, he found that the curse of Sodom followed him even there, and the abominations which vexed his soul among the Cities of the Plain, still cling to him and covered him with unspeakable disgrace, and made him the father of two accursed nations, which were excluded from the congregation of the Lord, through all generations.—Gen. xix; Deut. xxii. 36.

There are many men to-day who are pitching their tents toward Sodom, they have not settled there, nor would they on any account think of making Sodom their home, but they pitch their tents that way, and the end is not difficult to divine. Towards Sodom at first, in Sodom afterwards, then cursed with Sodom's curse to the latest generations; this is the result of pitching the tent towards Sodom.
When will men learn to beware of dallying with sin? How much better to be a pilgrim with Abraham, alone upon the distant hills, than to have Sodom's pride and fullness of head and abundance of idleness, and Sodom's shame and overthrow at last.

CARING FOR THE LAMBS.

When Jonathan Sturgis, the eminent merchant, was but eleven years old, he kept his grandfather's sheep. Complaining one day that the boy who was sent to help him lay under the tree and read, leaving him to do all the work, his grandfather kindly replied, "Never mind, Jonathan, my boy, you watch the sheep and you will have the sheep."

He who takes care of property usually has property; he who takes care of clothes, always has clothes; and he who takes care of money is not likely to be destitute of it. And frequently that which seems least worthy of our care is the most important thing of all. The care of the pence is more important than the care of the pounds. The "stitch in time" is the great thing which settles the question as to whether we are to be clothed or ragged.
The most important thing in the family life is the baby. The grand parents will soon be gone; father and mother have both reached their highest point of growth, and must soon go down. The young people have grown up, and it is almost impossible now to teach them what they should have been taught years ago, to save their lives from disaster and wreck; but the baby,—he has all of life before him. Rightly trained he may out-live them all and out-do them all, and be a power for good in the world. He should have the family's chiefest care; and a family which eliminates the baby from its circle, puts away the chief reason for its existence, and may count itself a failure.
No wonder that such families die out. What have they to live for? They neglect the little ones, and so can only expect deterioration and decay.
A keeper of sheep who should neglect the lambs, and devote his time and attention exclusively to the old sheep, would in a few years have only a flock of toothless ewes aged wither and thinning out every year. A wiser man would take special care of the lambs, and so make provision for a vigorous growth and an increasing flock.

We have seen persons who progressed to feed the flock of God, who took little or no interest in the children—little or no care of the lambs. What has been the result? Notwithstanding all their zeal and intelligence, their churches have dwindled, their children have grown up in sin or have been led away to other associations, and the flocks bear all the marks of deterioration and decay. They did not take care of the lambs, and they lost them;—others cared for them and gained them.
The United Presbyterian sensibly says:
"We have frequently presented the complaints of the denominations that their membership does not increase. There are revivals, during which large numbers are received and enrolled, and there are encouraging accounts of statistical prosperity in many quarters, yet a final summing up discloses the unhappy fact that if there has not been loss, there has been but little gain."
"Now, the natural growth of the church population ought to yield a large yearly increase to the enrollment; and if no gain is made by conversions from the world, there should be evidence of numerical strengthening. The fact that this is not so, shows that the Church's children are not true to their obligations. They wander off from the early home and Christian fold, losing themselves in the worldliness that solicits and absorbs their devotion. Whatever can be done to resist this tendency will be well done."
"The hope of the Church is in its own children. Mission schools are good, and saving souls from death, they may be expected to add something to the force of the Church, but the real dependence for stable and effective strength must be in the youth born in the Church and inheriting its blessings. We are glad, therefore, to see any appropriate effort made to more fully gain the youthful heart, and secure its spiritual consecration."

A tender interest in the young, shown in the days of their awkwardness and ignorance, will be amply repaid. Such interest in young persons, manifested before they are old enough to enter worldly "society" and before they become entangled in the snares which Satan spreads for their unwary feet, would save many of them from the dark experiences of vice and sin and sorrow, and anchor them "within the veil," before the tides of folly and fashion sweep them from all their moorings, and wreck them on dangerous coasts.

THE SOUR MAN.

There are some people who will not consent to be made happy. They find their greatest satisfaction in incessant grumbling and repining against destiny. Of all the bores that are inflicted upon our social life, none is more disagreeable than the sour-tempered man; he is not content with being miserable himself, but insists on making everybody else so, if he can. It is not best to let such an one have his own way. If he would be content to confine his mutterings and murmurings to himself, and to maintain a strict seclusion, he might be pardoned and pitied; but when he thrusts his grievances upon society, he then becomes, as Dogberry eloquently observes, "most intolerable, and not to be endured."

The sour man is always sour; the milk of human kindness in his heart is curdled; there is no sweetness in the acid principle of his composition; nature has given him a quantum sufficient of lemon juice, but has forgotten the saccharine ingredients: he is sour from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, in sunshine and moonshine, twilight and gaslight.

When he wakes in the morning he grumbles because it is time to get up; his coffee is always too hot or too cold; his toast and his steak either overdone or underdone; he finds no thing satisfactory in the morning papers. When he goes out he invariably grumbles at the weather; if it is a little cool he calls it arctic weather; if mild, he compares it to the tropics; should it drizzle, he declares it rains pitchforks; and a gentle breeze is a hurricane.

A man's life divested of the social virtues must necessarily be one of wretchedness, for they constitute as truly and essentially an integral part of his own happiness as they confer happiness on those around him:
In ourselves the sunshine dwells,
From ourselves the music swells;
By ourselves our life is fed
With sweet or bitter daily bread.
—Christian Advocate.

THE WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHER.

On that ominous Saturday the gates of heaven seemed closed. The hopes of the disciples seemed quenched by the dark adumbration that shadowed every thing. Christ's body was in the grave; his spirit gone to a world untraversed and unseen. If ever there was an hour when man might despair, this was the hour. Now, to contrast with all this our position and privilege, is to emphasize our obligation to bring a deeper, more persuasive, and inspiring love, a more loyal attachment, and a victorious joy. He who was dead is alive again, alive for evermore. On his head are many crowns. He will guide us even to the gates of the celestial city. The Marys brought sweet spices. We bring praise and the joy of triumph, an adoring desire to do his work—such as they could not bring.
A consecration like this makes life truly sacramental. They did what they could in bringing the spices and ointment. Out of their small endeavor came illustrious revelations which changed all things. Out of our small endeavor may come an energy which will irradiate and crystallize all service, so that life shall take a glory to itself which we receive from above.—Dr. R. S. Storrs in "Homiletic Monthly."

THE TRUE WIFE.

Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by an invisible tow line with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfurled, her streamers drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on, stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little tollsome steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug unwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll away, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the effluent tide no man knows where; and so I have known more than one genius high-decked, full freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, but for the bare toiling arm and brave warm heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, he would have gone down with the stream and been heard of no more.—O. W. Holmes.

HEAR AS little as possible of that which is to the prejudice of other people.
Subscribe for the SUN.

WAR AND WHISKEY.

We have often expressed our conviction that if we could have stopped the grog or whiskey drinking politicians, North and South, for six months, the war that deluged our land with blood would never have occurred. We reasoned from analogy. Rum is producing fights every day in the year, and when a man is half drunk he has neither sense nor prudence, but is ready for a fight, no matter if the odds are against him.

Curiously we have just met with a fact which confirms our opinion formed years ago. The Newark Advertiser relates the following:
"In his address before the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Rev. Mr. Cronway related an incident which attracted great attention, and made a marked impression. In 1865 he took several thousand prisoners from Montgomery to Mobile, Alabama, among whom was Admiral Raphael Semmes, who commanded the celebrated privateer, Alabama. This distinguished officer related a little of the secret history touching the origin of the rebellion.

"After the election of Lincoln, twelve of the leading men of the South, representing six States, assembled in the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, and spent a whole evening in discussing the question as to what the South ought to do under the circumstances. For an hour and a half, eleven of these statesmen were averse to war; one only being in favor of it; then, however, whiskey was sent for, and all partook of it quite freely, becoming, before the expiration of the third hour, quite inebriated. While these distinguished southerners remained sober, they were averse to war; but when they became intoxicated they were unanimously in favor of war; and it was the opinion of the admiral that if liquor had been left alone that night, the terrible war, which cost the North and the South so many thousands of millions of dollars, and so many precious lives, and evil influences which we have still with us, would never have occurred."
Dram shops demagogues and pot-house politicians North and South were ever ready for war; and drunk generals and tipsy surgeons took very poor care of precious lives confided to their charge. The whiskey bottle is responsible for an amount of mischief and misery which only the Omnipotent One can estimate.—The Christian.

THE BROOK AND DAM.

On a summer afternoon, I took a walk over the mountains. Everything was beautiful, the sun shone brightly, nature was decked in green, and everything charmed the eye.
As I sauntered along, I came to a brook, across which some children had built a dam, turning the water from its accustomed course, leaving the old course dry and barren. I took my cane, and commenced picking away at the dam, and very soon the water gushed forth, and followed on in the old accustomed course, moistening, refreshing, and giving new life to everything around.
As I sat upon the bank and looked at it, I could not help saying to myself: "How much this is like our every-day experience."
God's mercies and blessings flow and are flowing from the spring of eternal love; and we, by putting the world between us and God, turn these blessings away.

They are flowing just as freely as ever; but we have made a dam that turns them away. But as soon as we attempt or show the least disposition to remove the obstruction, God, by his power, is removing unseen, more than ever we could do, and soon the Water of the blessings flow on. We are refreshed, a new life is started in us; and it is not confined to us alone, but benefits all around us.
That we are cold or careless is not the reason; we have been putting the world between us and Christ, who only is the source of all our peace, joy and happiness and life.
Cannot we all learn a lesson from the brook?

Men will cheerfully give up their property to save the life of the body, and yet, for the sake of property, they will sacrifice the life of their souls.
The hardest thing for a man to do is to own that he has made a mistake in his judgment. It is an impeachment of his weak side—his mind.
The most ignorant have sufficient knowledge to detect the faults of others; the most clear-sighted are blind to their own.

THE RUIN OF TIME.

Time is a part of duration. It waits for no man; but ever continues to move onward in its firm and unalterable course.

When we pause to reflect, it saddens our hearts to know that our time is but short at best. How important then that we improve it. In our journey through life, clouds may overshadow our pathway; but be not cast down, for "beyond the clouds the sun is still shining." We must not expect our lives to pass smoothly on, without anything to disturb them; but we should look on the bright side; so that when time shall fail us here, we may not look back and mourn over unimproved and ruined time. The most fatal and ruinous loss of time is that exhibited by those who delay a preparation for death.

"Time, like death, is an impartial conqueror." Everything that now exists, whether great or small, must, sooner or later, fall beneath the scythe of this grim old monarch.
Most of the sublime and beautiful objects that now surround us, will, ere another century has passed, have crumbled into dust. Let us look back upon some of the wrecks of the old world; such as the pyramids of Egypt and the colossal statues of Rome; and we will see how time has impressed its footsteps upon them, and brought such objects to utter ruin.

When we look upon the face of a beautiful and innocent child, its bright eyes sparkling, its rosy cheeks so healthy, its little heart so buoyant with hope; we sigh to think that before half its hopes are realized, time will have left traces of care and sorrow on that brow, and will have changed that youth to old age.
Every thing so beautiful will eventually be hewn down by the hand of the "Ruin of Time."

With these thoughts I will close, hoping that when our career on earth shall have ended, and death which is the lot of all, shall have overtaken us; we can console ourselves with the thought, that we have improved our time to the best of our ability.—L. B. P. in Instructive Jewel.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Where husband and wife really love each other they get along well, through all the vicissitudes of life, because one immeasurable source of happiness always remains to them, whatever disasters betide—and that is their unfeeling sympathy for each other. Nothing less than this enables a couple to endure, with equanimity all the cares, and anxieties, and disappointments of married life. Nothing is more common than to see two young persons marry with the approval of the families and all the friends on each side. "What a fortunate match for both of them!" every one exclaims. To outside appearance such it is. A little time elapses—it may be a few years, it may be only one—when to the surprise of their acquaintances, it is announced that the marriage has turned out unhappily. The explanation is simple—there was no love between them. There was a degree of friendship, and there was a mutual expectation of advantages from the connection—but love there was none. For the ordinary transactions of life respect and friendship are all that are required. It is not in marriage. Love substitutes for it is the rock on which many a young couple have trusted their happiness, only to find it a total wreck.

The more quiet and peaceably we get on, the better—the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is—if a man cheats you, to cease dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him.
Everyone ought to be busy, but no one ought to be so busy, that he cannot do his work well. An overworked man is like a certain plough of which we have heard, which turned up a great deal more than it could turn over.

A man who has a fixed purpose, to which he devotes his powers, is invulnerable. Like the rock in the sea it splits the troubles of life, and they eddily round him in idle foam.
The weather may be dark and rainy; very well—laugh between the drops, and think cheerily of the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-morrow.

Seeming difficulties generally vanish before faith, prayer, and perseverance.
A S. ELEY.

Farm and Fireside.

THE AUTUMN FALLOW.

There are still some farmers who persist in leaving their next year's cultivable land unfallowed until spring. A greater mistake was never made in farming. Many have proved this experimentally to their satisfaction, and with them nothing is allowed to prevent the fall and early winter fallow, but there are others who pretend they cannot see any advantage in plowing twice before planting once, and for these this article is intended.

The advantages resulting from an autumn fallow are several. In the first place, whatever grass or weeds may be upon the land now has time to thoroughly decompose before spring, and this alone, besides the plant food thus added to the soil, is of great value in loosening up the ground and rendering it finer and easier to till all through the next summer. But if the plowing is delayed till spring this vegetation does not have time to rot, very little plant food in a shape to be appropriated by that year's crop is added to the soil, and the weeds and other coarse litter are in the way and impede cultivation. In the second place, lands of a clayey texture are greatly benefited by exposure to the winter freezes, much of the coarse inert material is broken down by the powerful finger of the frost, and reduced to an impalpable powder easy for the roots of growing crops to assimilate. By this means both chemical and mechanical changes in the character of the soil are effected, by the aid of which the action of commercial or other fertilizers is rendered more effective and remunerative.

If the land is not plowed before spring the frost has no opportunity to work upon the soil, for it is very rare that freezing of the soil takes place in fields covered with dead grass and weeds. It is only exposed soils that can freeze during winter, and inverting the turf with the invaluable turn plow is the best method at present known of exposing it to the action of cold.

Thirdly, corn and other land, fallowed now, and refallowed in spring, works better the season through, crops grow off more readily and the time and labor of cultivation is shortened, the land is rendered more productive, and the crop, whatever it may be, is less affected by changes in the hydrometric state of the atmosphere. All these facts have been abundantly substantiated by experiment, and are now well established agricultural truths. And we may add as another advantage of some importance, especially marked in some cases, that autumn fallow is destructive to large numbers of harmful insects in some of their forms as eggs, larvae, and pupae, in this particular alone no doubt often paying for the whole cost of the plowing in the exemption of the future crop from these baneful agents.

Here, then, briefly are some of the chief reasons for favoring your cultivable land in autumn—reasons, the effect of any one of which would compensate for the cost of the job, and some of which would pay the cost many times over. It is not our purpose now to sift the doubters with an over long article. We did in the outset intend to draw a picture of a field left alone to the spring fallow—it is a really attractive theme, or at least a prolific one to write about—but remembering that those we now address "know how it is themselves," we will leave them to reflect upon the reasons above advanced, which we hope they will do as honor or to read at least once, and then, if they are still doubtful, we will draw a compromise and get them to try a few acres in the middle of some field, leaving the rest to be treated in their usual way. If they will make the experiment honestly we will be satisfied at the result, whether they can elude pro or contra as to the value of autumn fallow.—Rural Messenger.

CHARCOAL, laid that while cold on a burn, causes the pain to abate immediately; by leaving it on for an hour the burn seems almost healed when the burn is superficial.

THE farmer who is above his business, and entrusts it to others to manage, in due season has no business to attend to.

NO FARMER who buys corn, pork, fodder, hay, and oats, as a rule, for ten years, can keep the sheriff away from his door in the end.
SUBSCRIBE, and cordially in-
terest yourself, I am yours,
Respectfully,
A. S. ELEY.
aug13-3m

HOW TO COOK OYSTERS.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Select the largest, dip in beaten egg and then in cracker crumbs; fry in equal parts of butter and lard. Corn meal can be used instead of cracker.

ESCALOPED OYSTERS.—Butter a deep dish, put in the bottom a layer of crackers rolled fine, upon this a layer of oysters; season and add bits of butter; alternate the layers until the dish is full, last a layer of crackers; just before putting in the oven pour milk with an egg beaten in it. Bake half an hour.

OYSTER STEW.—Bring three pints of water to boiling, season and add the juice from one quart of oysters; when it boils, drop in the meats and two oysters; season and add bits of butter; remove from the fire at once and turn into a soup dish in which has been previously placed a piece of butter the size of a small egg, and a half pint of sweet cream.

OYSTER PIE.—Make pastry and line a deep dish. Put a layer of oysters in the bottom, cut butter in thin slices and lay on top. Rub some bread crumbs fine and season with pepper and salt; cover oysters well with these; so continue a layer of oysters and one of crumbs until your dish is full; the last layer should be crumbs; cover with pastry, strain juice and put in just before covering. Clams can be used the same way.

A BRILLIANT and useful future is predicted for the milkweed, which has heretofore been considered only a cumberer of the ground. Its seeds yield a finer oil than flaxseed; its gum can be used in place of India rubber; and from its floss a fabric resembling Irish poplin has been made while the young shoots are used in the spring by some people instead of asparagus, which they resemble in flavor. So it is given out, but we do not know on what authority. If true all will rejoice. The only thing that the milkweed has heretofore been good for, was in removing warts, for which purpose we have never known it to fail.

CORN loses one-fifth by drying and wheat one-fourteenth. From this the estimate is made that it is more profitable for farmers to sell unshelled corn in the fall at 75 cents than at \$1.00 a bushel in the following summer, and the wheat at \$1.25 in December is equal to \$1.50 in the succeeding June. In the case of potatoes—taking those that rot and are otherwise lost together with the shrinkage, there is but little doubt that between October and June the loss to the owner who holds them is not less than thirty-three per cent.

THE first requisite of good and successful farming, is to prepare the ground well. Plow deep and pulverize thoroughly. To merely skim over the ground with a sorry plow, and depend on the seasons to do the rest for the crop, is unwise, the result of ignorance or laziness—both a crime in these enlightened days of civilization. Those who take good care to prepare the ground well for the reception of seeds, are the men who hardly ever fail to make money farming.

SAVE YOUR SUGAR.—Every housekeeper should know that sugar boiled with an acid, if it be but for three minutes, will be converted into glucose, which is the form of sugar found in sweet apples. One pound of sugar has as much sweetening power as 2 1/2 pounds of glucose. In other words, 1 pound of sugar stirred into the fruit after it is cooked, and while yet warm, will make the fruit as sweet as 2 1/2 pounds added while the fruit is boiling.

MEAT BREAD.—A beefsteak chopped up fine and baked with flour and yeast in the form of a "meat-bread" loaf is the latest dietetic sensation. It is asserted that meat thus treated entirely disappears during the process of purification, the nutritive principles becoming incorporated with the bread. M. Schueuer Cestner has just been explaining the process.

AGRICULTURE is the foundation interest of the country—an interest which is the source of supply for the physical want of all classes, and the nursery of energy and virtue for the equally essential recuperation, from waste and enervation, of the healthful pursuits.

INDIAN corn is the
the crops
for fall planting
member.
Correspondence
D. & S.