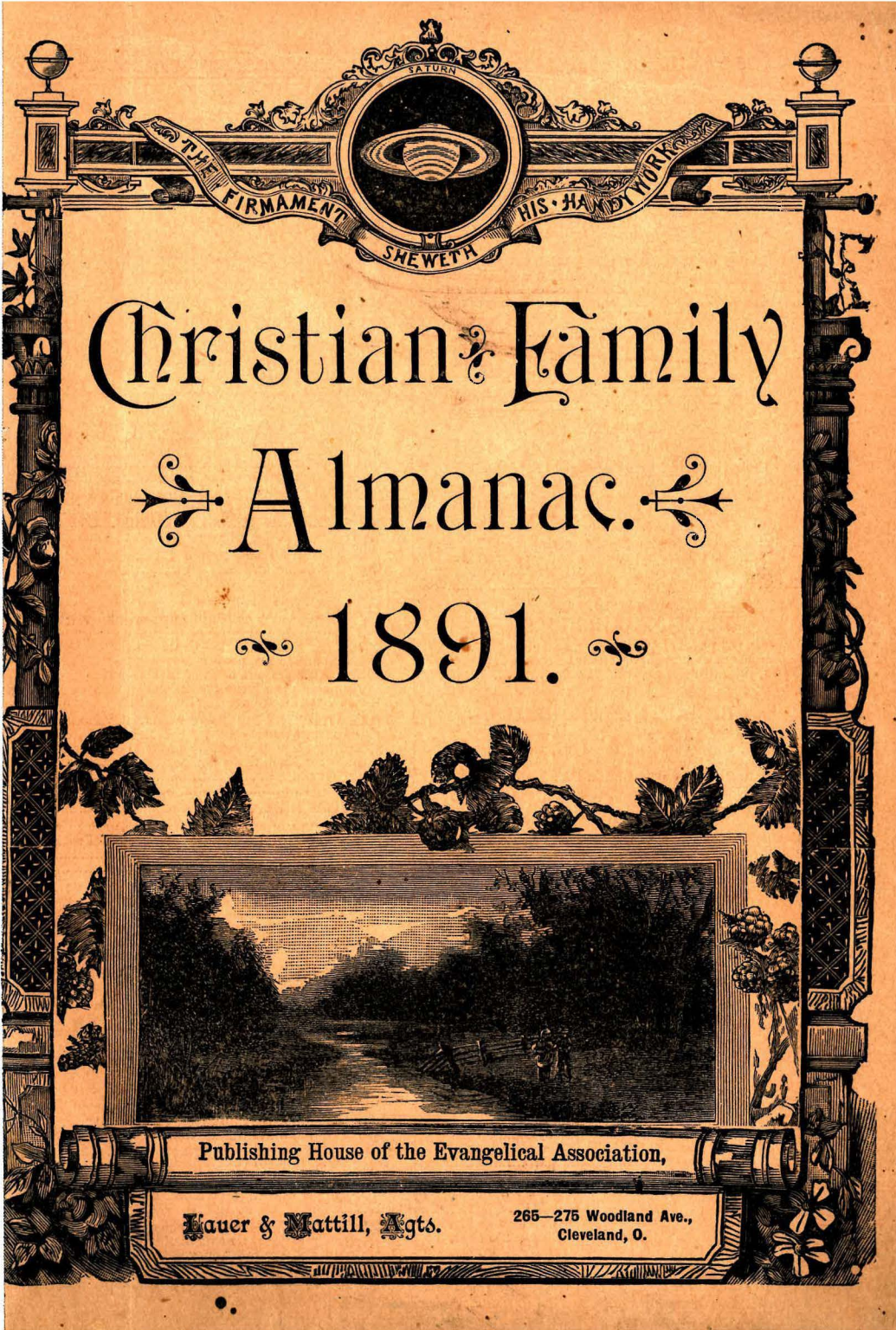


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Christian Family Almanac

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Hauer & Mattill, Agts.

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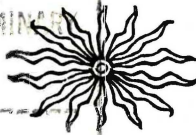
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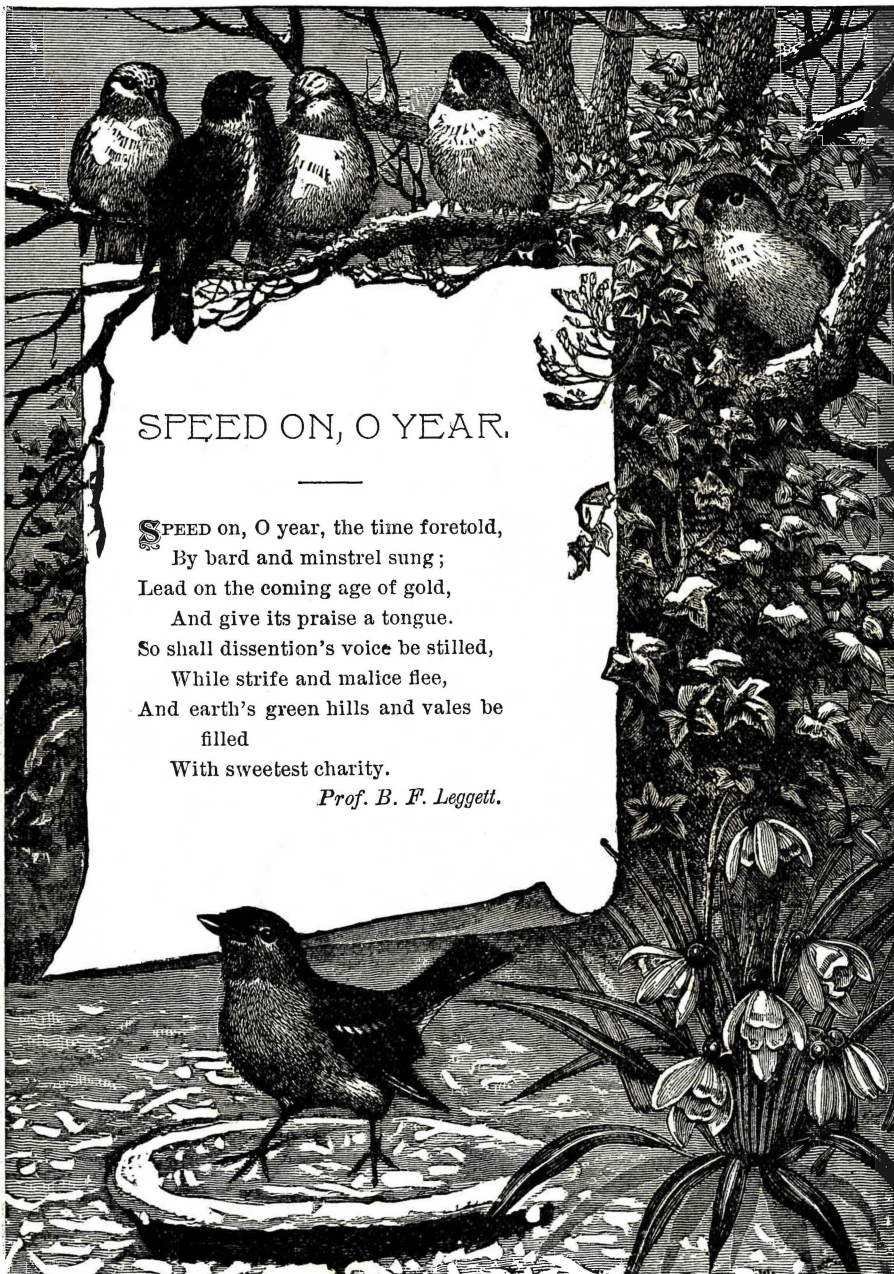
1891.

BEING A COMMON YEAR OF 365 DAYS, AND THE 91ST SINCE THE ORGANIZATION OF THE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.

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SPEED ON, O YEAR.

SPEED on, O year, the time foretold,
By bard and minstrel sung ;
Lead on the coming age of gold,
And give its praise a tongue.
So shall dissention's voice be stilled,
While strife and malice flee,
And earth's green hills and vales be
filled
With sweetest charity.

Prof. B. F. Leggett.

The Year of Our Lord, 1891,

is a Common Year of 365 days, and the 115th of the Independence of the United States; the 6604th of the Julian Period; the 5652d of the Jewish Chronology (beginning Sept. 15th); the 1309th of the Mohammedan Chronology (beginning Aug. 17th); the 374th since the beginning of the Reformation.

Chronological Cycles and Changeable Festivals.

Dominical Letter.....D	Lent.....Feb. 10th	Ascension Day.....May 7th
Epacts19	Palm Sunday.....March 22d	Pentecost....." 17th
Golden Number.....11	Good Friday.....March 27th	Trinity....." 24th
Solar Circle.....24	Easter.....March 29th	First Sunday in Advent.....Nov. 29th

EMBER DAYS.

February 18th, May 20th, September 16th, December 16th.



THE FOUR SEASONS.

Commencement of Spring, Sun enters ♈, March 20th, 10:19 A. M.
Commencement of Summer, Sun enters ♍, June 21st, 6:26 A. M.
Commencement of Autumn, Sun enters ♏, September 22d, 9:7 P. M.
Commencement of Winter, Sun enters ♏, December 21st, 4:53 P. M.
 Sun (☉) is the ruling Planet this year.

ECLIPSES IN 1891.

- There will be four eclipses this year, two of the sun, and two of the moon.
1. The first is a total eclipse of the moon May 23d, 12:37 P. M., visible at the Pacific Ocean, in Australia, Asia, Africa and Europe.
 2. The second is a circular eclipse of the sun June 6th, at 10:58 A. M., visible in northern half of North America, in northern half of the Pacific Ocean, Asia and Europe.
 3. The third is a total eclipse of the moon November 15th, visible in North and South America, Asia, Africa, Europe and the Atlantic Ocean. Beginning 3:46 P. M., middle 6:29 P. M., end 9:13 P. M.
 4. The fourth is a partial eclipse of the sun December 1st, at 5:41 A. M. Visible in the South Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and in the southern half of South America.
- Mercury (♿) passes before the sun May 10th.

EXPLANATION OF SIGNS.

				☉ Sun.	♃ Jupiter.	♌ Conjunction.
New Moon.	First Quarter.	Full Moon.	Last Quarter.	♄ Saturn.	♀ Venus.	♍ Opposition.
				♂ Mars.	♁ Uranus.	□ Quartile.
				♿ Mercury.	☾ Moon.	♋ Pleiads.
				♆ Neptune.		

The Twelve Signs of the Zodiac.

♈ Aries, or Ram.	♌ Leo, or Lion.	♐ Sagittarius, or Bowman.
♉ Taurus, or Bull.	♍ Virgo, or Virgin.	♑ Capricornus, or Goat.
♊ Gemini, or Twins.	♎ Libra, or Balance.	♒ Aquarius, or Waterman.
♋ Cancer, or Crab-fish.	♏ Scorpio, or Scorpion.	♓ Pisces, or Fishes.

♊ Ascending Node—Planet crossing the Ecliptic toward the North.
 ♋ Descending Node—Planet crossing the Ecliptic toward the South.

1st month.

JANUARY, 1891.

31 days.

WEEK DAYS.	DATE.	ANNIVERSARY AND NAME DAYS.	ASPECTS OF PLANETS AND MOON'S PHASES.	CLOCK	SUN	SUN	MOON'S SIGNS.	MOON
				TIME.	rises	sets.		RISES & SETS.
				H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	
Thursday	1	New Year	♃ south 4.32	12	4 7 25	4 35		10 55
Friday	2	C. Hammer d.1887	♃ in ♋	12	4 7 24	4 36		11 56
Saturday	3	D.Hambright b.1810	3. 4 22 a. m.	12	5 7 24	4 36		morn.
1. Sunday after New Year.				Day's length, 9 h. 12 m.				
Sunday	4	J. Seybert d. 1860	♃ stationary.	12	5 7 24	4 36		0 54
Monday	5	A. Schultz b. 1810	♃ south 9.8	12	6 7 23	4 37		1 59
Tuesday	6	Epiphany	♃ sets 6.52	12	6 7 23	4 37		3 07
Wednesday	7	Widukind	♃ in perihelion.	12	7 7 22	4 38		4 08
Thursday	8	Severinus	♀ in perihelion.	12	7 7 22	4 38		5 32
Friday	9	Catharina Zell	♀ shines brightest	12	7 7 21	4 39		sets
Saturday	10	Paul. the Hermit	10. 9.35 a. m.	12	8 7 20	4 40		4 53
2. 1st Sunday after Epiphany.				Day's length, 9 h. 20 m.				
Sunday	11	Fructuosus	♃ in perigee.	12	8 7 20	4 40		6 7
Monday	12	F. Castellian	♃ ♃ ♃	12	9 7 19	4 41		7 26
Tuesday	13	Hillarius	♃ Arctur ♃ ☉	12	9 7 18	4 42		8 45
Wednesday	14	S.P.Reinoehl d.1879	♃ ♃ ♃	12	9 7 18	4 42		10 00
Thursday	15	Joh. v. Laski	♃ south 6.14 a. m.	12	10 7 17	4 43		11 11
Friday	16	Geo. Spalatin	♀ rises 4.15 a. m.	12	10 7 16	4 44		morn.
Saturday	17	Antonius	17. 12.28 a. m.	12	10 7 15	4 45		0 24
3. 2d Sunday after Epiphany.				Day's length, 9 h. 30 m.				
Sunday	18	J. Blackader	Sirius south 10.49	12	11 7 14	4 46		1 32
Monday	19	Chr. Mueller d.1889	♃ ♃ ♃	12	11 7 14	4 46		2 41
Tuesday	20	J. M. Young d.1876	Castor south 11.29	12	11 7 13	4 47		3 49
Wednesday	21	Agnes	♃ ☐ ☉	12	12 7 12	4 48		4 53
Thursday	22	Fred Danner b.1805	♃ rises 8.43	12	12 7 11	4 49		5 50
Friday	23	Isaiah	♃ sets 3.15	12	12 7 10	4 50		6 43
Saturday	24	Timothy	24. 6.35 p. m.	12	12 7 9	4 51		rises
4. Sunday Septuagesimæ.				Day's length, 9 h. 42 m.				
Sunday	25	M. Dissinger d.1833	♃ rises 12.18	12	13 7 8	4 52		5 42
Monday	26	Polycarp	Procyon south 11.10	12	13 7 7	4 53		6 44
Tuesday	27	J. J. Kopp d.1889	♃ in apogee.	12	13 7 6	4 54		7 46
Wednesday	28	Charles the Great	Pollux south 11.9	12	13 7 5	4 55		8 48
Thursday	29	Juvent & Maxim	♃ south 7.33	12	13 7 3	4 57		10 05
Friday	30	Heinrich Mueller	♀ gr. Hel. N. L.	12	14 7 2	4 58		10 47
Saturday	31	Hans Sachs	♃ ♃ ♃	12	14 7 1	4 59		11 46


































Conjectures of the Weather.—1. 2. cloudy; 3-5. cold; 6. snow; 7. 8. moderately cold; 9. 10. mild; 11-13. rainy; 14-16. changeable; 17. rain; 18. snow; 19. foggy; 20. 21. rain; 22. mild; 23. 24. foggy; 25. windy and snow; 26. 27. moderate; 28. 29. rain; 30. foggy; 31. rain.

MRS. TALMAGE, wife of the celebrated preacher, is said to be the financier of the family. It is she who makes all the doctor's engagements and does his banking business.

A DEVOTED Christian was in the habit of

saying: "I am so busy in thanking God for his mercies, that I really have no time to spare for any complaints." The more we thank God the more occasion we shall see for doing so.

2nd month. **FEBRUARY, 1891.** 28 days.

WEEK DAYS.	DATE.	ANNIVERSARY AND NAME DAYS.	ASPECTS OF PLANETS AND MOON'S PHASES.	CLOCK	SUN	SUN	MOON'S SIGNS.	MOON
				TIME.	rises	sets.		RISES & SETS.
				H. M.	H. M.	H. M.		H. M.
5. Sunday Sexagesimæ.				Day's length, 9 h. 58 m.				
Sunday	1	Ignatius	 1. 10.52 p. m.	12 14	7 14	59		morn.
Monday	2	S. Miesse b.1806	☿ rises 5.45	12 14	7 05	0		0 50
Tuesday	3	S. Dickover b. 1826	♃ rises 7.48	12 14	6 59	5 1		1 58
Wednesday	4	J. Gross d.1884	♁ stationary.	12 14	6 57	5 3		3 08
Thursday	5	G. A. Blank d.1861	♀ ó ☽	12 14	6 56	5 4		4 16
Friday	6	Amandus	♃ gr. west. elong.	12 14	6 55	5 5		5 22
Saturday	7	Geo. Wagner	♀ rises 4.10	12 14	6 54	5 6		6 22
6. Sunday Quinquagesimæ.				Day's length, 10 h. 12 m.				
Sunday	8	John Cooper	 8. 8.22 p. m.	12 14	6 53	5 7		sets
Monday	9	S. Heiss d. 1883	☽ in perigee.	12 14	6 52	5 8		6 16
Tuesday	10	<i>Shrove Tuesday</i>	♃ in ☿	12 14	6 51	5 9		7 48
Wednesday	11	<i>Ash Wednesday</i>	♁ rises 11.18	12 14	6 50	5 10		8 54
Thursday	12	Pet. Burgner b.1820	♄ ó ☽	12 14	6 42	5 11		10 09
Friday	13	Ch. F. Schwartz	♁ stationary.	12 14	6 48	5 12		11 21
Saturday	14	John Young d.1873	Aldebaran south 6.50	12 14	6 47	5 13		morn.
7. Sunday Invocavit.				Day's length, 10 h. 26 m.				
Sunday	15	Phil. Wagner d.1870	 15. 12.40 p. m.	12 14	6 45	5 15		0 34
Monday	16	G. Miller b 1774	♁ ó ☽	12 14	6 44	5 16		1 41
Tuesday	17	Constantine	♃ south 1.16	12 14	6 43	5 17		2 47
Wednesday	18	<i>Ember Day</i>	Rigel south 7.16	12 14	6 42	5 18		3 46
Thursday	19	Mesrob	Sirius south 8.43	12 14	6 41	5 19		4 42
Friday	20	Saboth	♃ in aphelion.	12 14	6 40	5 20		5 26
Saturday	21	Isaac Hoffert d.1876	♄ in ♋	12 14	6 38	5 22		6 07
8. Sunday Reminiscere.				Day's length, 10 h. 44 m.				
Sunday	22	<i>Washington</i>	 ♁ □ ☽	12 14	6 36	5 24		6 41
Monday	23	B. Ziegenbalg	 23. 1.28 p. m.	12 14	6 34	5 26		rises
Tuesday	24	Matthias	♃ ó ☽	12 13	6 33	5 27		6.39
Wednesday	25	Caspar Olevian	Procyon south 9.12	12 13	6 32	5 28		7 36
Thursday	26	Bernhard Haller	♃ rises 6.0	12 13	6 31	5 29		8 37
Friday	27	M. Buzer	♀ rises 4.22	12 13	6 30	5 30		9 40
Saturday	28	J. H. Schmitt d.1889	♁ ó ☽	12 13	6 28	5 32		10 41

Conjectures of the Weather.—1. 2. wet and cold; 3. foggy; 4. cloudy; 5. 6. light snow; 7-9. clear and cold; 10. wind; 11. 12. cloudy; 13. 14. cold and windy; 15. 16. clear; 17. cold; 18. 19. foggy and rain; 20. 21. cold and windy; 22. clear; 23. 24. cold nights; 25. wind; 26. cloudy; 27. 28. frosty.

Who would succeed in the world should be wise in the use of his pronouns; utter the "you" twenty times where you once utter the "I."

ONE of the hard things in this world is that we never know that there is an ounce of prevention until after we have taken our pound of cure.

If you are a tall woman, have your worktable and ironing-board a few inches higher than they are usually made. This little precaution will prevent many a backache.

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure.

3rd month.

MARCH, 1891.

31 days.

WEEK DAYS.	DATE.	ANNIVERSARY AND NAME DAYS.	ASPECTS OF PLANETS AND MOON'S PHASES.	CLOCK	SUN	SUN	MOON'S SIGNS.	MOON RISES & SETS.
				TIME.	rises	sets.		
9. Sunday Oculi.				Day's length, 11 h. 4 m.				
Sunday	1	H. F. Sichley d.1873	♃ rises 6.5	12 13	6 26	5 34		11 45
Monday	2	Ad. Miller d.1870	♀ rises 4.21	12 12	6 24	5 36		morn.
Tuesday	3	Bathilde	3. 1.38 p. m.	12 12	6 22	5 38		0 55
Wednesday	4	Geo. Wishart	♃ ♄ ☉	12 12	6 20	5 40		2 03
Thursday	5	Thomas of Aquin	♃ ♄ ♃	12 12	6 19	5 41		3 05
Friday	6	Zach. Ursinus	♀ ♄ ♃	12 11	6 17	5 43		4 06
Saturday	7	Perpet. & Felic.	♃ rises 5.30	12 11	6 16	5 44		4 59
10. Sunday Lætare.				Day's length, 11 h. 28 m.				
Sunday	8	Philemon	♃ ♄ ♃	12 11	6 15	5 45		5 43
Monday	9	Cyrrill & Method.	♃ in perigee.	12 11	6 13	5 47		sets
Tuesday	10	Jac. Schnerr d.1849	10. 6.1 a. m.	12 11	6 12	5 48		6 26
Wednesday	11	W. Hoseus	♃ rises 9.17	12 10	6 11	5 49		7 42
Thursday	12	Gregory the Great	♃ gr. Hel. Lat. S.	12 10	6 10	5 50		8 59
Friday	13	Rudericus	♃ ♄ ♃	12 10	6 9	5 51		10 14
Saturday	14	Mathilde	Regulus south 10.34	12 9	6 7	5 53		11 26
11. Sunday Judica.				Day's length, 11 h. 46 m.				
Sunday	15	Thom. Cranmer	♃ ♄ ♃	12 9	6 6	5 54		morn.
Monday	16	Henry Niebel b.1784	♃ south 11.21	12 9	6 5	5 55		0 35
Tuesday	17	M. Dissinger b.1824	17. 3.20 a. m.	12 9	6 3	5 57		1 40
Wednesday	18	Alexander	♃ south 2.8	12 9	6 2	5 58		2 37
Thursday	19	Mary & Martha	Procyon south 7.45	12 8	6 1	5 59		3 27
Friday	20	Ambros. of Sienna	☉ enters ♃. Day and Night equal.	12 8	6 0	6 0		4 08
Saturday	21	Benedict	Spring begins.	12 8	5 59	6 1		4 43
12. Palm Sunday.				Day's length, 12 h. 2 m.				
Sunday	22	A. Klinefelter d.1878	♃ in apogee.	12 8	5 58	6 2		5 12
Monday	23	C. King d.1887	♃ upper ♄ ☉	12 7	5 56	6 4		5 38
Tuesday	24	Gabriel	♀ rises 4.18	12 7	5 55	6 5		6 00
Wednesday	25	Ann. B. V. Mary	25. 10.22 a. m.	12 7	5 54	6 6		rises..
Thursday	26	Mound Thursday	Pollux south 7.23	12 6	5 53	6 7		7 32
Friday	27	Good Friday	♃ ♄ ♃	12 6	5 52	6 8		8 34
Saturday	28	G. S. Domer d.1887	Sirius sets 11.7	12 5	5 51	6 9		9 39
13. Easter.				Day's length, 12 h. 18 m.				
Sunday	29	Easter	♃ sets 5.3	12 5	5 49	6 11		10 46
Monday	30	Joshua Fry b.1812	Castor south 6.57	12 5	5 47	6 13		11 52
Tuesday	31	H. H. Hurd d.1884	♃ in ♄	12 4	5 45	6 15		morn.

Conjectures of the Weather.—1. frosty; 2. foggy; 3. 4. changeable; 5. clear; 6. mild; 7. windy; 8. cloudy; 9. frosty; 10. 11. changeable; 12. mild; 13. rough; 14. cold; 15. 16. quiet and mild; 17. 18. cold; 19. windy; 20. snow; 21. rain; 22. 23. cold; 24. cloudy; 25. foggy; 26. rain; 27. 28. frosty; 29. clear and cold; 30. moderately cold; 31. changeable.

A little girl who had been told that she might take her choice between being spanked and going to bed in the daytime, replied, "Bedness is awful, but spanking is worse."

"There is very little difference between you and the old hen, Scribbler. You both scratch for a living." "Yes, but the old hen scratches for one and gets it."

4th month.

APRIL, 1891.

30 days.

WEEK DAYS.	DATE.	ANNIVERSARY AND NAME DAYS.	ASPECTS OF PLANETS AND MOON'S PHASES.	CLOCK TIME.		SUN rises		SUN sets.		MOON'S SIGNS.	MOON RISES & SETS.	
				H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.		H.	M.
Wednesday	1	J. M. Young b. 1806	♃ rises 5.56 p. m.	12	4	5	44	6	16		0	57
Thursday	2	A. Stroh d. 1843	♃ 2. 12.40 a. m.	12	4	5	43	6	17		1	58
Friday	3	Gerh. Tersteegen	Regul. south 9.15	12	3	5	42	6	18		2	51
Saturday	4	Jacob Boas d. 1884	♀ rises 4.20	12	3	5	41	6	19		3	37
14. Sunday Quasimodogeniti.				Day's length, 12 h. 38 m.								
Sunday	5	G. Miller d. 1816	♃ in perihelion.	12	3	5	40	6	20		4	15
Monday	6	Alb. Duerer	♃ rises 9.39	12	2	5	39	6	21		4	50
Tuesday	7	Oloius Peterson	♃ in perigee.	12	2	5	38	6	22		5	15
Wednesday	8	Martin Chemnitz	♃ 8. 3.7 p. m.	12	2	5	37	6	23		sets	
Thursday	9	Thomas of West.	♃ ♄ ♃	12	1	5	35	6	25		7	48
Friday	10	Fulbert	♃ Procyon sets 12.37	12	1	5	34	6	26		9	04
Saturday	11	Leo the Great	♃ ♄ ♃	12	1	5	33	6	27		10	17
15. Sunday Miser. Domini.				Day's length, 12 h. 54 m.								
Sunday	12	Sabas	♃ south 2.33	12	1	5	32	6	28		11	26
Monday	13	Justin	♀ south 9.16	12	1	5	31	6	29		morn.	
Tuesday	14	Tiburtus	Sirius sets 10.10	12	0	5	30	6	30		0	27
Wednesday	15	Simon Dach	♃ 15. 7.50 p. m.	12	0	5	29	6	31		1	22
Thursday	16	Calixtus	♃ ♃ south 11.22	12	0	5	28	6	32		2	06
Friday	17	Rudolph	Rigel sets 8.57	11	59	5	27	6	33		2	45
Saturday	18	Luther at Worms	♃ sets 8.30	11	59	5	26	6	34		3	15
16. Sunday Jubilate.				Day's length, 13 h. 8 m.								
Sunday	19	Melanchton	♃ in perigee.	11	59	5	25	6	35		3	42
Monday	20	Bugenhausen	Spica south 11.25	11	58	5	24	6	36		4	04
Tuesday	21	Anselm of Cant.	Arctur south 12.13	11	58	5	22	6	38		4	27
Wednesday	22	H. H. Hurd b. 1854	♃ rises 8.32	11	58	5	20	6	40		4	47
Thursday	23	Adelb. of Prague	♃ 23. 11.55 p. m.	11	58	5	18	6	42		rises	
Friday	24	Wilfred	♀ rises 4.16	11	58	5	16	6	44		7	30
Saturday	25	Marcus	Antares rises 9.52	11	58	5	15	6	45		8	37
17. Sunday Cantate.				Day's length, 13 h. 30 m.								
Sunday	26	Dr. Kreckler d. 1883	♃ sets 5.16	11	58	5	14	6	46		9	41
Monday	27	Otto Catelin	Pollux sets 1.15	11	57	5	12	6	48		10	52
Tuesday	28	Fred. Myconius	♃ ♄ ♃	11	57	5	11	6	49		11	55
Wednesday	29	Ludw. of Berquin	♃ stationary.	11	57	5	10	6	50		morn.	
Thursday	30	Geo. Calixt	♀ in aphelion.	11	57	5	8	6	52		0	50

Conjectures of the Weather.—1. 2. cloudy; 3. cold; 4. rough; 5. 6. mild; 7. warm; 8. clear and warm; 9. windy; 10. cloudy; 11. rain; 12. 13. fair and warm; 14. cloudy; 15. rain; 16. foggy; 17. rain; 18. fair; 19. foggy; 20. cloudy; 21. thunder; 22. 23. changeable; 24. frosty; 25. rough; 26. cold; 27. 28. cloudy and cold; 29. calm; 30. cloudy and frosty.










































It has been discovered that a strong, flexible fibre can be secured from hop vines, and that it can be manufactured into a most excellent paper.

Texas promises to take high rank as a pork producing State, now that large refrigerators are being built in the prominent Texas business centers.

5th month.

MAY, 1891.

31 days.

WEEK DAYS.	DATE.	ANNIVERSARY AND NAME DAYS.	ASPECTS OF PLANETS AND MOON'S PHASES.	CLOCK	SUN	SUN	MOON'S SIGNS.	MOON'S RISES & SETS.
				TIME.	rises	sets.		H. M.
				H. M.	H. M.	H. M.		H. M.
Friday	1	J. Albright b. 1759	 1. 8.1 a. m.	11 57	5 7 6	5 3		1 37
Saturday	2	Athanasius the Gr.	 ♀ rises 4.12	11 57	5 6 6	5 4		2 14
18. Sunday Rogate.				Day's length, 13 h. 48 m.				
Sunday	3	Monica	♃ ♄ ♃	11 57	5 5 6	5 5		2 48
Monday	4	Florian	♃ rises 1.52	11 57	5 3 6	5 7		3 15
Tuesday	5	Fred. the Wise	♃ in perigee.	11 57	5 2 6	5 8		3 45
Wednesday	6	Epischeus	♃ Arctur south 11.13	11 56	5 1 6	5 9		4 10
Thursday	7	Ascension Day	♃ ♄ south 9.50	11 56	5 0 7	0		sets
Friday	8	Stanislaus	 8. 12.25 a. m.	11 56	4 5 9	7 1		7 53
Saturday	9	Gregory of Naz.	 ♃ in ♃	11 56	4 5 8	7 2		9 09
19. Sunday Exaudi.				Day's length, 14 h. 4 m.				
Sunday	10	Victoria	♃ Spica south 10.6	11 56	4 5 7	7 3		10 12
Monday	11	S. Neitz d. 1885	♀ rises 3.7	11 56	4 5 6	7 4		11 10
Tuesday	12	Miletius the Great	♃ Regulus south 6.41 p.m.	11 56	4 5 6	7 4		12 00
Wednesday	13	Servatius	♃ ♄ stationary.	11 56	4 5 5	7 5		morn.
Thursday	14	Pachomius	♃ ♄ south 12.18	11 56	4 5 4	7 6		0 41
Friday	15	Moses	 15. 1.14 p. m.	11 56	4 5 3	7 7		1 18
Saturday	16	John Schaaf b. 1813	 ♃ in apogee.	11 56	4 5 2	7 8		1 46
20. Whitsuntide.				Day's length, 14 h. 16 m.				
Sunday	17	Whitsunday	♃ ♄ sets 3.47	11 56	4 5 1	7 9		2 10
Monday	18	J. Albright d. 1808	♃ Pollux sets 11.50	11 56	4 5 0	7 10		2 32
Tuesday	19	Potentia	♃ ♄ in aphelion.	11 56	4 4 9	7 11		2 52
Wednesday	20	Ember Day	♃ Earth ♄ ♃	11 56	4 4 8	7 12		3 13
Thursday	21	C. Roehm d. 1889	♃ Procyon sets 9.57	11 56	4 4 7	7 13		3 36
Friday	22	Castus & Æmil.	 ♃ Eclipse, 23d.	11 56	4 4 7	7 13		4 01
Saturday	23	Desiderius	 23. 12.36 p. m.	11 56	4 4 6	7 14		rises.
21. Trinity Sunday.				Day's length, 14 h. 28 m.				
Sunday	24	Esther	♃ Antares south 12.17	11 57	4 4 5	7 15		8 40
Monday	25	Urbanus	♀ rises 3.34	11 57	4 4 4	7 16		9 46
Tuesday	26	Beda	♃ Altair rises 9.2	11 57	4 4 4	7 16		10 46
Wednesday	27	John Calvin	♃ ♄ ♃	11 57	4 4 3	7 17		11 36
Thursday	28	Ember Day	♃ ♄ rises 6.0	11 57	4 4 2	7 18		morn.
Friday	29	W. W. Orwig d. 1889	 ♃ rises 3.43	11 57	4 4 1	7 19		0 17
Saturday	30	H. Kreckler sr. b. 1816	 30. 1.4 p. m.	11 57	4 4 0	7 20		0 52
22. 1st Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 14 h. 40 m.				
Sunday	31	Joachim Neander	♃ ♄ in perigee.	11 57	4 4 0	7 20		1 20

Conjectures of the Weather.—1. 2. rough; 3. 4. windy and cold; 5. mild; 6-8. cloudy and wind; 9-11. pleasant; 12. rain; 13. 14. changeable; 15. 16. fair and warm; 17. 18. rainy; 19. 20. warm; 21. thunder; 22. 23. cool; 24. frost; 25. 26. cloudy and warm; 27. fair; 28. 29. cold and rain; 30. hoarfrost; 31. sleet.

Mrs. M. E. Beasley has an income of \$20,000 from a barrel-hooping machine, by means of which 1,000 barrels can be hooped in a day.	"A demagogue," said a small boy who builded better than he knew, "is a vessel that holds wine, gin, whiskey, or any other liquor."
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6th month.

JUNE, 1891.

30 days.

WEEK DAYS.	DATE.	ANNIVERSARY AND NAME DAYS.	ASPECTS OF PLANETS AND MOON'S PHASES.	CLOCK	SUN	SUN	MOON'S SIGNS.	MOON
				TIME.	rises	sets.		RISES & SETS.
				H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	
Monday	1	H. Stoetzel b.1810	♃ □ ☉	11 58	4 40	7 20		1 46
Tuesday	2	Pothin & Bland.	♃ rises 3.34	11 58	4 40	7 20		2 13
Wednesday	3	Clothilde	♃ south 6.21	11 58	4 39	7 21		2 38
Thursday	4	CORPUS CHRISTI	♀ ☉ ☽	11 58	4 39	7 21		3 06
Friday	5	J. Dreisbach b. 1789	☾ 6. Eclipse of the ☉	11 58	4 38	7 22		3 38
Saturday	6	F. Herlan b.1814	☾ 6. 10.36 p. m.	11 58	4 37	7 23		sets

23. 2d Sunday after Trinity.

Day's length, 14 h. 46 m.

Sunday	7	Joshua Fry d.1888	♃ ☉ ☽	11 58	4 37	7 23		8 57
Monday	8	A. H. Franke	♃ gr. Hel. Lat. S.	11 59	4 37	7 23		9 51
Tuesday	9	Columba	♀ rises 3.21	11 59	4 36	7 24		10 38
Wednesday	10	Fred. Barbarossa	♃ south 8.27	11 59	4 36	7 24		11 16
Thursday	11	Th. Schneider d.1888	♃ rises 12.14	11 59	4 35	7 25		11 46
Friday	12	Renata of Ferr	Antares south 10.59	11 59	4 35	7 25		morn.
Saturday	13	J. Frankhouser b.'34	☽ in apogee.	12 0	4 35	7 25		12 12

24. 3d Sunday after Trinity.

Day's length, 14 h. 50 m.

Sunday	14	Basilius the Great	☾ 14. 6.34 a. m.	12 0	4 34	7 26		12 35
Monday	15	Bogatzky	♃ rises 3.23	12 0	4 34	7 26		12 55
Tuesday	16	Richard Baxter	Vega south 12.54	12 0	4 34	7 26		1 16
Wednesday	17	John Tauler	♃ ☉ ☽	12 1	4 33	7 27		1 38
Thursday	18	Pamphilus.	♃ ☉ ♀	12 1	4 33	7 27		2 00
Friday	19	Paphnutius	♃ sets 1.18	12 1	4 33	7 27		2 28
Saturday	20	27 Mart. in Prag	Altair rises 7.31	12 1	4 33	7 27		3 00

25. 4th Sunday after Trinity.

Day's length, 14 h. 54 m.

Sunday	21	M. Claudius	☾ 21. 11.22 p. m.	12 1	4 32	7 28		rises.
Monday	22	Gottschalk	☾ Summer begins.	12 2	4 33	7 27		8 37
Tuesday	23	Bishop Long d.1869	Arctur south 8.4	12 2	4 33	7 27		9 33
Wednesday	24	John the Baptist	Dog Days begin.	12 2	4 33	7 27		10 15
Thursday	25	Augsb. Confession	☽ in apogee.	12 2	4 33	7 27		10 54
Friday	26	J. B. Andræ	Spica sets 12.23	12 2	3 34	7 26		11 24
Saturday	27	Geo. Dressel d.1839	♃ ☉ ☽	12 3	4 34	7 26		11 52

26. 5th Sunday after Trinity.

Day's length, 14 h. 52 m.

Sunday	28	Irenæus	☾ 28. 5.26 p. m.	12 3	4 34	7 26		morn.
Monday	29	Peter & Paul	♃ south 7.11	12 3	4 34	7 26		12 19
Tuesday	30	Raymond Lullus	♃ rises 11.3	12 3	4 34	7 26		12 31

Conjectures of the Weather.—1. fair; 2. cloudy; 3. rain; 4. 5. rough; 6. frosty; 7. 8. cool; 9. 10. warm; 11.–13. cool and cloudy; 14. rain; 15. cloudy; 16. 17. warm; 18. 19. hoar frost; 20. clear and warm; 21. foggy; 22. 23. fair; 24. rain; 25. cold; 26. frosty; 27. 28. very unpleasant; 29. cool; 30. rain.

FIRST BOY (gloomily) — "I've got to cut kindlings, and empty three buckets of ashes, and build two fires, and go to the store on an errand, and then fill the coal-bin." SECOND BOY (enviously) — "You've got a regular picnic, you have. Just think of me! Mother said, when I came home from school to-day, I'd gotter hold the baby."

5th month.

JULY, 1891.

31 days.

WEEK DAYS.	DATE.	ANNIVERSARY AND NAME DAYS.	ASPECTS OF PLANETS AND MOON'S PHASES.	CLOCK TIME.		SUN rises		SUN sets.		MOON'S SIGNS.	MOON RISES & SETS.	
				H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.		H.	M.
Wednesday	1	D. Tobias d.1885	♀ rises 3.8	12	3	4	34	7	26		1	8
Thursday	2	Cornelius	♃ in perihelion.	12	4	4	35	7	25		1	38
Friday	3	Acon Palearius	Earth in aphelion.	12	4	4	35	7	25		2	13
Saturday	4	Independence	♀ ó ☽	12	4	4	36	7	24		2	54
27. 6th Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 14 h. 48 m.								
Sunday	5	M. Zulauf b.1820	5. 10.8 p. m.	12	4	4	37	7	23		sets	
Monday	6	John Huss	♃ ó ☽	12	5	4	37	7	23		8	32
Tuesday	7	Jno. Seybert b.1791	♃ upper ó ☼	12	5	4	38	7	22		9	11
Wednesday	8	Kilian	♃ stationary.	12	5	4	38	7	22		9	46
Thursday	9	J. Adams b.1815	♃ rises 10.28	12	5	4	39	7	21		10	13
Friday	10	Wm. of Orange	♃ ó ☽	12	5	4	39	7	21		10	38
Saturday	11	Placidus	☽ in apogee.	12	5	4	39	7	21		10	59
28. 7th Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 14 h. 42 m.								
Sunday	12	Henry II.	♃ gr. Hel. N. Lat.	12	5	4	40	7	20		11	19
Monday	13	Margaret	13. 11.39 p. m.	12	5	4	40	7	20		11	40
Tuesday	14	S. G. Rhoads b.1831	♃ ó ☽	12	6	4	41	7	19		morn.	
Wednesday	15	Anna Askew	♃ south 6.8 p. m.	12	6	4	41	7	19		12	2
Thursday	16	Sporatus	♀ rises 3.21	12	6	4	42	7	18		12	26
Friday	17	Arnulf	Altair south 12.21	12	6	4	43	7	17		1	4
Saturday	18	Bonaventura	♀ in ♋	12	6	4	44	7	16		1	32
29. 8th Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 14 h. 32 m.								
Sunday	19	Louise Henriette	Vega south 10.44	12	6	4	44	7	16		2	18
Monday	20	Elijah	♃ □ ☼	12	6	4	45	7	15		3	15
Tuesday	21	Eberhard	21. 8.4 a. m.	12	6	4	46	7	14		rises	
Wednesday	22	Mary Magdalene	♃ south 3.13	12	6	4	47	7	13		8	50
Thursday	23	Bergheimer d.1840	☽ in perigee.	12	6	4	48	7	12		9	25
Friday	24	J. Sindlinger b.1807	♃ ó ☽	12	6	4	48	7	12		9	54
Saturday	25	James	Antares south 8.10	12	6	4	49	7	11		10	22
30. 9th Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 14 h. 22 m.								
Sunday	26	Anan	♃ sets 10.58	12	6	4	50	7	10		10	47
Monday	27	Raymond Palmer	27. 10.43 p. m.	12	6	4	51	7	09		11	13
Tuesday	28	John Seb. Bach	♃ rises 9.16	12	6	4	52	7	08		11	41
Wednesday	29	Olaus the Holy	Arctur sets 12.58	12	6	4	53	7	07		morn.	
Thursday	30	J. Dick b.1823	♃ ó ☼	12	6	4	54	7	06		12	13
Friday	31	G. S. Domer b.1828	♃ sets 8.16	12	6	4	55	7	05		12	52

Conjectures of the Weather.—1. rain; 2. cool; 3. cloudy; 4. warm; 5. 6. cool; 7. 8. changeable; 9-11. changeable; 12-14. warm; 15. fair; 16. 17. hot; 18. cloudy; 19. rain; 20. clear; 21. 22. changeable; 23. fair; 24. 25. very warm; 26. rain; 27. 28. fair; 29. cloudy; 30. 31. hot.

<p>THE HUMAN BODY DESCRIBED.—The following was recently turned in as a bona fide composition by an Indiana school-boy: "The human body is made up of the head, the thorax, and the abdomen. The head con-</p>	<p>tains the brains when there is any. The thorax contains the heart, lungs and diafram. The abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five, A, E, I, O, U, and sometimes W and Y."</p>
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6th month.

AUGUST, 1891.

31 days.

WEEK DAYS.	DATE.	ANNIVERSARY AND NAME DAYS.	ASPECTS OF PLANETS AND MOON'S PHASES.	CLOCK	SUN	SUN	MOON'S SIGNS.	MOON
				TIME.	rises	sets.		RISES & SETS.
				H. M.	H. M.	H. M.		H. M.
Saturday	1	Maccabees	♀ sets 8.18	12	6 4 56	7 4		1 38
31. 10th Sunday after Trinity.			Day's length, 14 h. 8 m.					
Sunday	2	Mart. under Nero	♃ rises 8.51	12	6 4 57	7 3		2 30
Monday	3	H. Kletzing b.1818	♀ ó ☽	12	6 4 58	7 2		3 28
Tuesday	4	Leonh. Kaefer	4. 11.22 a. m.	12	6 4 58	7 2		sets
Wednesday	5	Evg. Salzburger	Dog Days end. ♃ in ☿	12	6 4 59	7 1		8 17
Thursday	6	TRANSFIGURATION.	♃ ó ☽	12	6 5 0	7 0		8 41
Friday	7	Nonna	♃ ó ☽	12	6 5 1	6 59		9 03
Saturday	8	Hormisda	☽ in apogee.	12	5 5 3	6 57		9 23
32. 11th Sunday after Trinity.			Day's length, 13 h. 54 m.					
Sunday	9	Numidicus	Altair south 10.33	12	5 5 4	6 56		9 44
Monday	10	Dest. of Jerusalem	♃ ó ☽	12	5 5 5	6 55		10 04
Tuesday	11	Greg. of Utrecht	♃ south 1.49	12	5 5 6	6 54		10 28
Wednesday	12	Ans. of Havelb.	12. 3.22 p. m.	12	5 5 7	6 53		10 55
Thursday	13	Zinzendorf	♃ ó ♃	12	5 5 8	6 52		11 27
Friday	14	J. Kreamer d. 1836	Vega south 9.2	12	4 5 9	6 51		morn.
Saturday	15	Maria	♃ in aphelion.	12	4 5 11	6 49		12 05
33. 12th Sunday after Trinity.			Day's length, 13 h. 38 m.					
Sunday	16	Rochus	♃ gr. Elong. east.	12	4 5 12	6 48		12 58
Monday	17	John Gerhard	Antares sets 10.55	12	4 5 13	6 47		1 58
Tuesday	18	Hugo Grotius	♃ sets 7.50	12	4 5 14	6 46		3 10
Wednesday	19	Sebaldus	19. 3.38 p. m.	12	3 5 16	6 44		rises
Thursday	20	Dreisbach d. 1871	☽ in perigee.	12	3 5 17	6 43		7 51
Friday	21	J. Walter b. 1781	♀ in perihelion.	12	3 5 18	6 42		8 20
Saturday	22	W.F. Schneider ^{died 1879}	♀ ó ♂	12	3 5 19	6 41		8 48
34. 13th Sunday after Trinity.			Day's length, 13 h. 22 m.					
Sunday	23	Chr. Mueller b. 1830	Arctur sets 11.20	12	2 5 20	6 40		9 13
Monday	24	Bartholomew	Spica sets 8.30	12	2 5 21	6 39		9 43
Tuesday	25	Ludovicus	♃ gr. Hel. Lat. N.	12	2 5 22	6 38		10 15
Wednesday	26	Ulphilas	26. 6.19 a. m.	12	2 5 23	6 37		10 50
Thursday	27	Jovinian	Markab so. 11.24	12	1 5 24	6 36		11 35
Friday	28	Augustine	♃ rises 7.1	12	1 5 26	6 34		morn.
Saturday	29	John beheaded	Formalhaut south 12.21	12	1 5 27	6 33		12 26
35. 14th Sunday after Trinity.			Day's length, 13 h. 6 m.					
Sunday	30	Claudius of Turin	♃ stationary.	12	1 5 28	6 32		1 34
Monday	31	Adian	Algenib south 1.29	12	0 5 29	6 31		2 24

Conjectures of the Weather.—1. 3. pleasant; 4. 5. hot; 6. cloudy; 7. 8. rain; 9. 10. cloudy; 11. 12. rain; 13. 14. fair; 15. 16. cold and rain; 17. 18. cloudy; 19-21. fair; 22. thunderstorm; 23. 24. rain; 25. 26. sultry; 27. thunder; 28. rain; 29. sultry; 30. 31. rain.

The devil can stand anything but good music, and that makes him roar.—*Martin Luther.* Scissors-grinders are exceptions to the general rule; they are most prosperous when things are dull.—*Boston Herald.*

9th month. **SEPTEMBER, 1891.** 30 days.

WEEK DAYS.	DATE.	ANNIVERSARY AND NAME DAYS.	ASPECTS OF PLANETS AND MOON'S PHASES.	CLOCK	SUN	SUN	MOON'S SIGNS.	MOON
				TIME.	rises	sets.		RISES & SETS.
				H. M.	H. M.	H. M.		H. M.
Tuesday	1	Hannah	♄ □ ☉	12 00	5 32 6 28		♄	3 24
Wednesday	2	Mamas	♀ ☉ ☽	12 00	5 33 6 27		♄	sets
Thursday	3	Hildegard	♃. 2.26 a. m.	11 59	5 35 6 25		♄	7 08
Friday	4	G. B. Holdeman	☽ in apogee.	11 59	5 37 6 23		♄	7 29
Saturday	5	John Mollio	♃ ♄ ☉	11 59	5 38 6 22		♄	7 50
36. 15th Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 12 h. 44 m.				
Sunday	6	J. P. Leib d.1875	♄ sets 6.30	11 59	5 39 6 21		♄	8 07
Monday	7	Laz. Spengler	♄ ☉ ☽	11 58	5 40 6 20		♄	8 31
Tuesday	8	A. Overholt d.1884	♃ south 11.46	11 58	5 41 6 19		♄	8 55
Wednesday	9	Vallerchamp b.1805	Markab south 11.45	11 58	5 42 6 18		♄	9 24
Thursday	10	M. Sloat d.1884	Formalhaut so. 11.34	11 57	5 43 6 17		♄	9 59
Friday	11	John Benz	♃. 11. 5.18 a. m.	11 57	5 44 6 16		♄	10 45
Saturday	12	C. King b. 1800	♄ ☽ stationary.	11 57	5 45 6 15		♄	11 42
37. 16th Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 12 h. 30 m.				
Sunday	13	Wm. Farel	♃ ☉ ☽	11 56	5 46 6 14		♄	morn.
Monday	14	H.S. Stauffer d.1884	♀ ☉ ♃	11 56	5 47 6 13		♄	12 46
Tuesday	15	T.Eisenhower b.1840	Altair south 8.8	11 56	5 48 6 12		♄	2 01
Wednesday	16	Ember Day	♃ ☉ ☽	11 55	5 50 6 10		♄	3 19
Thursday	17	Lambert	♃. 11.14 p. m.	11 55	5 51 6 9		♄	rises.
Friday	18	A.G. Spangenberg	☽ in perigee.	11 54	5 53 6 7		♄	6 45
Saturday	19	James Barber d.1867	Algenib south 10.14	11 54	5 54 6 6		♄	7 12
38. 17th Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 12 h. 12 m.				
Sunday	20	W.W.Orwig b.1810	Algol south 3.4	11 54	5 56 6 4		♄	7 42
Monday	21	H. F. Siehley b.1841	♄ stationary.	11 53	5 58 6 2		♄	8 11
Tuesday	22	Emmeran	☉ enters ♎. Day and Night equal.	11 53	6 0 6 0		♄	8 47
Wednesday	23	Mart. of Geneva	Autumn begins. ♄ in ♍	11 53	6 1 5 59		♄	9 30
Thursday	24	Henry Fisher b.1801	♃. 24. 5.17 p. m.	11 52	6 2 5 58		♄	10 20
Friday	25	Cleophas	♃ Aldeb. rises 9.34	11 52	6 3 5 57		♄	11 15
Saturday	26	Lioba	♃ south 10.27	11 52	6 4 5 56		♄	morn.
39. 18th Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 11 h. 52 m.				
Sunday	27	Philipp Graveron	♄ rises 4.26	11 51	6 6 5 54		♄	12 22
Monday	28	H. Kletzing d. 1887	♄ in perihelion.	11 51	6 8 5 52		♄	1 17
Tuesday	29	St. Michael	♃ in aphelion.	11 51	6 10 5 50		♄	2 30
Wednesday	30	Hieronymus	♃ ☉ ☽	11 50	6 12 5 48		♄	3 21

Conjectures of the Weather.—1-2. fair; 3. hot; 4. sultry; 5. thunderstorm; 6. fair; 7. 8. cloudy; 9. rain; 10. fair; 11. rain; 12. 13. very hot; 14. 15. changeable; 16. cloudy; 17. windy; 18. cool; 19. rain; 20. changeable; 21. 22. windy; 23. cool; 24. rain; 25. cloudy; 26. sleet; 27. warm; 28 fair; 29. 30. rain.

<p>ONE of the finest of the firework pieces at the London Crystal Palace, this season, is a representation of the falls of Niagara. It is 50 by 100 feet, and always elicits the cheers of the assembled crowds.</p>	<p>THERE is this difference between happiness and wisdom: He that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, generally is the greatest fool.</p>
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















10th month. **OCTOBER, 1891.** 31 days.

WEEK DAYS.	DATE.	ANNIVERSARY AND NAME DAYS.	ASPECTS OF PLANETS AND MOON'S PHASES.	CLOCK	SUN	SUN	MOON'S SIGNS.	MOON	
				TIME.	rises	sets.		RISES & SETS.	
				H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.		
Thursday	1	J. G. Zinser d.1883	♃ in apogee.	11 50	6 13	5 47	♌	4 23	
Friday	2	Leodgar	♃ 7.8 p. m.	11 49	6 14	5 46	♌	sets	
Saturday	3	Fred. Danner d.1855	♃ ♄ ♀	11 49	6 15	5 45	♌	6 14	
40. 19th Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 11 h. 30 m.					
Sunday	4	Franciscus	♃ ♄ ♃	11 49	6 16	5 44	♌	6 35	
Monday	5	John Young b.1796	♃ rises 4.49	11 49	6 17	5 43	♌	6 59	
Tuesday	6	Henry Albert	♀ sets 5.45	11 49	6 18	5 42	♌	7 26	
Wednesday	7	Theodore Beza	Algenib south 11.3	11 48	6 19	5 41	♌	7 59	
Thursday	8	Robert Grosshead	♃ gr. Hel. Lat. N.	11 48	6 20	5 40	♌	8 38	
Friday	9	U.H. Hershey b.1843	♃ ♃ south 9.31	11 48	6 22	5 38	♌	9 29	
Saturday	10	Justus Jonas	♃ 10. 5.7 p. m.	11 47	6 24	5 36	♌	10 30	
41. 20th Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 11 h. 12 m.					
Sunday	11	Vallenchamp d.1854	Algol south 1.40	11 47	6 26	5 34	♌	11 37	
Monday	12	G. T. Haines b.1809	♄ ♄ ♀	11 47	6 26	5 34	♌	morn.	
Tuesday	13	Elizabeth Frey	Aldebaran rises 8.2	11 47	6 29	5 31	♌	12 52	
Wednesday	14	Nicholas Ridley	♃ ♄ ♃	11 46	6 30	5 30	♌	2 11	
Thursday	15	Jac. Wagner b.1824	Rigel rises 10.3	11 46	6 31	5 29	♌	3 31	
Friday	16	Gallus	♃ in perigee.	11 46	6 32	5 28	♌	4 49	
Saturday	17	Florentine	♃ 17. 7.55 a. m.	11 45	6 34	5 26	♌	rises	
42. 21st Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 10 h. 52 m.					
Sunday	18	St. Luke	♃ ♃ south 8.54	11 45	6 35	5 25	♌	6 05	
Monday	19	Chr. Schmidt	Markab south 11.0	11 45	6 36	5 24	♌	6 41	
Tuesday	20	J. Marquardt b.1815	♃ ♄ ♃	11 45	6 38	5 22	♌	7 21	
Wednesday	21	Bishop Long b.1800	Formalh. south 10.52	11 45	6 39	5 21	♌	8 10	
Thursday	22	Hedwig	♀ rises 7.11	11 44	6 40	5 20	♌	9 02	
Friday	23	H. Martyn	Altair sets 12.8	11 44	6 41	5 19	♌	10 05	
Saturday	24	M. Schlatter	♃ 24. 8.6 a. m.	11 44	6 42	5 18	♌	11 08	
43. 22nd Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 10 h. 36 m.					
Sunday	25	John Huss	♃ ♄ ☉	11 44	6 43	5 17	♌	morn.	
Monday	26	Thos. Buck d.1842	♃ ♄ ♃	11 44	6 44	5 16	♌	0 11	
Tuesday	27	Fruementius	♃ ♄ ☉	11 44	6 45	5 15	♌	1 12	
Wednesday	28	Simon & Jude	♃ in apogee.	11 44	6 46	5 14	♌	2 15	
Thursday	29	Alfred the Great	♄ ♄ ♃	11 44	6 47	5 13	♌	3 14	
Friday	30	Jacob Sturm	Sirius rises 11.15	11 44	6 49	5 11	♌	4 13	
Saturday	31	Reformation	♃ ♄ ♃	11 44	6 50	5 10	♌	5 14	

Conjectures of the Weather.—1. rain; 2. fair; 3. 4. cold; 5. mild; 6. foggy; 7. 8. wind and rain; 9. 10. cool; 11. cloudy; 12. windy; 13. changeable; 14. fair; 15. cloudy; 16. storm; 17. snow; 18. 19. cold; 20. 21. cool and clear; 22. cloudy; 23. 24. changeable; 25. cold rain; 26. 27. rain and snow; 28. cold; 29. fair; 30. cloudy; 31. cold.

A barrel of whiskey contains headaches, erty, ruin, terrors, hunger, groans, orphans' curses, tears, sorrows, regrets, debts, pains, moans and serpents. So an old song says, and blasted hopes, falsehoods, agony, poison, pov- there is a barrel of truth in the song.—*Pioneer.*

11th month. **NOVEMBER, 1891.** 30 days.

WEEK DAYS.	DATE.	ANNIVERSARY AND NAME DAYS.	ASPECTS OF PLANETS AND MOON'S PHASES.	CLOCK	SUN	SUN	MOON'S SIGNS.	MOON RISES & SETS.
				TIME.	rises	sets.		
				H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	
44. 23d Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 10 h. 20 m.				
Sunday	1	All Saints	 1. 0.43 p. m.	11 44	6 51	5 9		sets.
Monday	2	Ad. Miller b.1831	 ♀ ☿ ☽	11 44	6 52	5 8		5 28
Tuesday	3	J. Schaeffe b.1821	♃ stationary.	11 44	6 53	5 7		5 56
Wednesday	4	J. A. Bengel	Formalhaut south 7.56	11 44	6 54	5 6		6 38
Thursday	5	Chas Hesser b.1807	♃ south 7.40	11 44	6 55	5 5		7 26
Friday	6	C. Ehrhardt d. 1885	Markab. south 7.57	11 44	6 57	5 3		8 23
Saturday	7	Willibrord	♀ in ☿	11 44	6 58	5 2		9 27
45. 24th Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 10 h. 4 m.				
Sunday	8	Willihead	Algenib south 8.57	11 44	6 59	5 1		10 36
Monday	9	J. v. Staupitz	 9. 2.56 a. m.	11 44	7 05	0		11 53
Tuesday	10	Martin Luther	♃ ☿ ☽	11 44	7 14	59		morn.
Wednesday	11	† Martin, Bishop	♃ in aphelion.	11 44	7 24	58		1 10
Thursday	12	Livinus	Algol south 11.35	11 44	7 34	57		2 24
Friday	13	Arcadius	☽ in perigee.	11 45	7 44	56		3 40
Saturday	14	J. Borkert b.1805	♃ sets 12.30	11 45	7 54	55		4 57
46. 25th Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 9 h. 50 m.				
Sunday	15	Jacob Boas b.1815	 15. 6.26 p. m.	11 45	7 6	4 54		rises.
Monday	16	S. Dickover d.1883	 ☽ Eclipse.	11 45	7 7	4 53		5 12
Tuesday	17	M. Heil b.1839	Aldebaran south 12.43	11 45	7 8	4 52		5 55
Wednesday	18	Gregory E.	Capella south 1.18	11 45	7 9	4 51		6 48
Thursday	19	Elizabeth	♃ south 6.48	11 46	7 10	4 50		7 46
Friday	20	John Williams	♃ sets 12.14	11 46	7 11	4 49		8 53
Saturday	21	Columbanus	Rigel south 1.7	11 46	7 12	4 48		9 57
47. 26th Sunday after Trinity.				Day's length, 9 h. 36 m.				
Sunday	22	Phil. Wagner b.1800	Sirius rises 9.34	11 46	7 12	4 48		11 00
Monday	23	Clement of Rome	 23. 2.36 a. m.	11 47	7 13	4 47		morn.
Tuesday	24	Jas. Dunlap b.1809	♃ sets 12.3	11 47	7 14	4 46		0 04
Wednesday	25	Catharine	☽ in apogee.	11 47	7 15	4 45		1 04
Thursday	26	Thanksgiving	♀ sets 5.27 p. m.	11 47	7 16	4 44		2 04
Friday	27	Marg. Blaarer	♂ ☿ ☽	11 48	7 16	4 44		3 04
Saturday	28	I. E. Knerr b.1838	♃ ☿ ☽	11 48	7 17	4 43		4 06
48. 1st Sunday in Advent.				Day's length, 9 h. 26 m.				
Sunday	29	Saturnius	♃ ♄ ☽	11 48	7 18	4 42		5 09
Monday	30	Andrew	♃ sets 5.15 p. m.	11 49	7 19	4 41		6 13

Conjectures of the Weather.—1. cloudy; 2-4. cold with rain; 5. 6. changeable; 7. 8. warm; 9-11. clear and pleasant; 12. cold; 13. 14. cloudy; 15. 16. changeable; 17. 18. cloudy; 19. snow; 20. 21. rain; 22. 23. warm; 24. fair; 25. 26. cold and fair; 27-29. warm; 30. cloudy.






























NEVER borrow trouble. The interest you have to pay for the accommodation is excessive.

AIR the house thoroughly every morning. Open opposite doors and windows for five or ten minutes, even if it is stormy.

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

It is a melancholy fact, and much to be regretted, that good people who want only what is right, often get what is left.

12th month. **DECEMBER, 1891.** 31 days.

WEEK DAYS.	DATE.	ANNIVERSARY AND NAME DAYS.	ASPECTS OF PLANETS AND MOON'S PHASES.	CLOCK	SUN	SUN	MOON'S SIGNS.	MOON RISES & SETS.
				TIME.	rises	sets.		
				H. M.	H. M.	H. M.		
Tuesday	1	Jos. Dunlap d. 1884	 1. 5.55 a. m.	11 49	7 19	4 41		sets
Wednesday	2	John Ruysbroek	 Eclipse of the Sun, inv.	11 50	7 20	4 40		5 22
Thursday	3	J. Walter d. 1818	♃ sets 5.28 p. m.	11 50	7 20	4 40		6 16
Friday	4	G. v. Zuetphen	♀ sets 5.36 p. m.	11 50	7 21	4 39		7 19
Saturday	5	Nicolaus	♃ ♄ ♀	11 51	7 21	4 39		8 29
49. 2d Sunday in Advent.				Day's length 9 h. 18 m.				
Sunday	6	W. Stegner b. 1832	♃ sets 11.16	11 51	7 22	4 38		9 43
Monday	7	C. Hammer b. 1809	♃ ♄ ♃	11 52	7 23	4 37		10 56
Tuesday	8	Fr. Ad. Lampe	 8. 11.23 a. m.	11 52	7 24	4 36		morn.
Wednesday	9	Benj. Schmolk	♃ rises 12.38	11 53	7 24	4 36		0 09
Thursday	10	Paul Eber	Algol south 9.45	11 53	7 25	4 35		1 24
Friday	11	H. v. Zuetphen	♃ in perigee.	11 53	7 25	4 35		2 33
Saturday	12	Christ. Glaus d. 1875	Aldebaran south 11.6	11 54	7 26	4 34		3 54
50. 3d Sunday in Advent.				Day's length 9 h. 8 m.				
Sunday	13	Berthold	Capella south 11.40	11 54	7 26	4 34		5 09
Monday	14	Dioseurus	♃ ♄ ♃	11 55	7 26	4 34		6 24
Tuesday	15	Ignatius	 15. 7.3 a. m.	11 56	7 26	4 34		rises
Wednesday	16	Ember Day	♃ sets 5.45 p. m.	11 56	7 27	4 33		5 29
Thursday	17	M. Yauch d. 1885	♀ sets 5.29 p. m.	11 56	7 27	4 33		6 33
Friday	18	Seckendorf	Rigel south 11.21	11 57	7 27	4 33		7 40
Saturday	19	John Schaaf d. 1888	♃ stationary.	11 57	7 27	4 33		8 46
51. 4th Sunday in Advent.				Day's length 9 h. 6 m.				
Sunday	20	A. Schaeffer d. 1870	♃ in ♋	11 58	7 27	4 33		9 49
Monday	21	Thomas	Winter begins.	11 58	7 28	4 32		10 52
Tuesday	22	Hugo McKeil	 22. 11.49 p. m.	11 59	7 27	4 33		11 52
Wednesday	23	Anna du. Bourg	♃ in apogee.	12 0	7 27	4 33		morn.
Thursday	24	Farnsworth d. 1883	♃ rises 11.42	12 0	7 27	4 33		0 52
Friday	25	Christmas	♃ in perihelion.	12 1	7 27	4 33		1 53
Saturday	26	Stephen	♃ ♄ ♃	12 1	7 26	4 34		2 53
52. Sunday after Christmas.				Day's length 9 h. 8 m.				
Sunday	27	H. Krecker, Sr. d. 1888	Sirius rises 7.16	12 1	7 26	4 34		3 58
Monday	28	Innocents	♃ lower ♄ ☉	12 2	7 26	4 34		5 04
Tuesday	29	David	♀ sets 6.30 p. m.	12 2	7 25	4 35		6 12
Wednesday	30	J. P. Leib b. 1802	 30. 9.30 p. m.	12 3	7 25	4 35		sets
Thursday	31	Sylvester	♃ sets 4.9 p. m.	12 3	7 25	4 35		5 07

Conjectures of the Weather.—1-2. snow; 3. 4. changeable; 5. wind; 6. 7. cloudy; 8. clear; 9. 10. very cold; 11. snow; 12. 13. very cold; 14. snow; 15. wind; 16-18. cold; 19. cloudy; 20. 21. cold; 22. clear; 23. very cold; 24. snow; 25. 26. very cold; 27. changeable; 28. clear and cold; 29. wind; 30. 31. very cold.

<p>MAKE all good men your well-wishers; and then, in the years' steady sifting, some of them grow into friends. Friends are the sunshine of life.</p>	<p>THE last census in New Zealand reveals the interesting fact of a profession of religion on the part of no less than 95 per cent. of the whole population.</p>
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SUNDAY-SCHOOL CALENDAR.

FIRST QUARTER.

Lesson I.—January 4.

The Kingdom Divided. 1 Kings 12: 1-17.
Memory verses, 12-14.

Golden Text.—Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. Prov. 16: 18.

Topic.—Foolish counsel.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—The Kingdom Divided. 1 Kings 12, 1-17.
Tu.—Rehoboam's Counselors. 2 Chron. 10, 7-19.
W.—The Contrast. Prov. 15, 1-15.
Th.—The Doctrine of Wisdom. Prov. 9, 1-12.
F.—Not Heeding Counsel. Prov. 1, 24-33.
Sa.—Subjection to Magistrates. Rom. 13, 1-14.
Su.—The Blessed People. Ps. 89, 1-17.

Lesson II.—January 11.

Idolatry in Israel. 1 Kings 12: 25-33.
Memory verses, 28-30.

Golden Text.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. Ex. 20: 4.

Topic.—The sin of idolatry.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Idolatry in Israel. 1 Kings 12, 25-33.
Tu.—Idolatry to be destroyed. Deut. 12, 1-16.
W.—Punishment for Idolatry. 2 Kings 10, 29-36.
Th.—The Divine Displeasure. Amos 7, 1-13.
F.—Jeroboam's Obstinaey. 1 Kings 13, 1-34.
Sa.—Earnest Admonition. 1 Cor. 10, 1-15.
Su.—Christ's Kingdom. Isa. 35, 1-10.

Lesson III.—January 18.

God's Care of Elijah. 1 Kings 17: 1-16.
Memory verses, 2-5.

Golden Text.—They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing. Psa. 34: 10.

Topic.—Prompt obedience to God.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—God's Care of Elijah. 1 Kings 17, 1-16.
Tu.—Elisha Gets Water. 2 Kings 3, 6-20.
W.—Raising the Widow's Son. 1 Kings 17, 17-24.
Th.—Prayer of Elijah. 1 Kings 18, 41-46.
F.—The Widow's Oil. 2 Kings 4, 1-7.
Sa.—The Shunammite's Son. 2 Kings 4, 18-37.
Su.—Our Sun and Shield. Ps. 84, 1-12.

Lesson IV.—January 25.

Elijah and the Prophets of Baal. 1 Kings 18: 25-40.
Memory verses, 38, 39.

Golden Text.—How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him. 1 Kings 18: 21.

Topic.—God answers prayer.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Elijah and the Prophets of Baal. 1 Kings 18, 25-40.
Tu.—Elijah Meets Obadiah. 1 Kings 18, 1-16.
W.—Israel's Idolatry. 2 Kings 17, 9-18.
Th.—Judgments and Blessings. Joel 3, 1-21.
F.—Earnest Entreaty. Ps. 115, 1-18.
Sa.—Decision Demanded. Matt. 6, 19-34.
Su.—God's Watchmen. Isa. 61, 1-12.

Lesson V.—February 1.

Elijah at Horeb. 1 Kings 19: 1-18.
Memory verses, 9, 10.

Golden Text.—Fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee. Gen. 26: 24.

Topic.—The Lord will provide.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Elijah at Horeb. 1 Kings 19, 1-18.
Tu.—Jacob at Bethel. Gen. 28, 10-22.
W.—Jesus in the Wilderness. Matt. 4, 1-11.
Th.—Jesus in Gethsemane. Matt. 26, 36-46.
F.—A Vision of Glory. Isa. 6, 3-13.
Sa.—Remnant of Israel Saved. Rom. 11, 1-15.
Su.—Confidence in God. Ps. 40, 1-17.

Lesson VI.—February 8.

Ahab's Covetousness. 1 Kings 21: 1-16.
Memory verses, 15, 16.

Golden Text.—Take heed, and beware of covetousness. Luke 12: 15.

Topic.—Covetousness leads to crime.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Ahab's Covetousness. 1 Kings 21, 1-16.
Tu.—Judgment Against Oppression. Mic. 2, 1-13.
W.—Moses as Judge. Ex. 18, 13-26.
Th.—The Rich Fool. Luke 12, 13-21.
F.—God's Care of Us. Luke 12, 22-40.
Sa.—Christian Security. Rom. 8, 31-39.
Su.—The Christian's Hope. 2 Pet. 1, 1-21.

Lesson VII.—February 15.

Elijah taken to Heaven. 2 Kings 2: 1-11.
Memory verses, 9-11.

Golden Text.—And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him. Gen. 5: 24.

Topic.—The faithful glorified.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Elijah Taken to Heaven. 2 Kings 2, 1-11.
Tu.—Elijah Brings Down Fire. 2 Kings 1, 1-18.
W.—Elisha's Help. 2 Kings 6, 8-23.
Th.—Ancient Worthies. Heb. 11, 1-40.
F.—Death of Moses. Deut. 34, 1-12.
Sa.—Death of Stephen. Acts 7, 54-60.
Su.—The Redeemed. Rev. 7, 9-17.

Lesson VIII.—February 22.

Elijah's Successor. 2 Kings 2: 12-22.
Memory verses, 12-14.

Golden Text.—Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. Zech. 4: 6.

Topic.—The Spirit is given to those who ask.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Elijah's Successor. 2 Kings 2, 12-22.
Tu.—Elijah Finds Elisha. 1 Kings 19, 9-21.
W.—Elisha's Character. 2 Kings 3, 9-25.
Th.—Good Counsel. Luke 6, 27-45.
F.—Relative Duties. Eph. 6, 1-24.
Sa.—The Confession of Agur. Prov. 30, 1-17.
Su.—The Anointed Ones. Zech. 4, 1-14.

Lesson IX.—March 1.

The Shunammite's Son. 2 Kings 4: 25-37.
Memory verses, 32-34.

Golden Text.—The Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them. John 5: 21.

Topic.—The Power of Faith.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—The Shunammite's Son. 2 Kings 4, 25-37.
Tu.—The Nobleman's Son. John 4, 43-54.
W.—The Raising of Lazarus. John 11, 37-46.
Th.—The Raising of a Young Man. Luke 7, 11-18.
F.—Restoring Eutychus. Acts 20, 7-12.
Sa.—The Daughter of Jairus. Mark 5, 35-43.
Su.—General Resurrection. 1 Cor. 15, 22-44.

Lesson X.—March 8.

Naaman Healed. 2 Kings 5: 1-14.
Memory verses, 13, 14.

Golden Text.—Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases. Ps. 103: 3.

Topic.—God's Way of Healing.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Naaman Healed. 2 Kings 5, 1-14.
Tu.—The Leper Cleansed. Matt. 8, 1-4.
W.—Ten Lepers Cleansed. Luke 17, 11-19.
Th.—Miriam's Leprosy. Num. 12, 1-16.
F.—Law for Leprosy. Lev. 14, 1-32.
Sa.—Uzziah's Leprosy. 2 Chron. 26, 16-23.
Su.—The Flesh and the Spirit. Gal. 5, 16-26.

Lesson XI.—March 15.

Gehazi Punished. 2 Kings 5: 15-27.
Memory verses, 25-27.

Golden Text.—Be sure your sin will find you out. Num. 32: 23.

Topic.—Lying found out.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Gehazi Punished. 2 Kings 5, 15-27.
Tu.—Balaam and Balak. Num. 22, 2-21.
W.—The Accursed Thing. Josh. 7, 10-26.
Th.—The Excellence of Wisdom. Prov. 16, 1-33.
F.—Dividing the Inheritance. Luke 12, 13-21.
Sa.—Trouble and Anguish. Job 15, 7-35.
Su.—Envious of the Wicked. Ps. 73, 1-28.

Lesson XII.—March 22.

Elisha's Defenders. 2 Kings 6: 8-18.
Memory verses, 15-17.

Golden Text.—Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. 2 Kings 6: 16.

Topic.—God the Protection of His people.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Elisha's Defenders. 2 Kings 6, 8-18.
Tu.—Encouragement for the People. 2 Chron. 32, 1-8.
W.—Divine Recompense. Ps. 13, 24-35.
Th.—Prayer against Enemies. Ps. 55, 1-23.
F.—Zechariah's Vision. Zech. 6, 1-15.
Sa.—Paul's Exhortation. Acts 27, 21-44.
Su.—The Righteous Branch. Jer. 23, 1-8.

Lesson XIII.—March 29.

Review; or Temperance Lesson. Isa. 5: 11-23. Or, Missionary Lesson. Isa. 11: 1-10.

Golden Text.—The Lord our God will we serve, and His voice will we obey. Josh. 24: 24.

Topic.—God's Dealings with His People.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—The Kingdom Divided. 1 Kings 12, 1-17.
Tu.—Idolatry in Israel. 1 Kings 12, 25-33.
W.—God's Care of Elijah. 1 Kings 17, 1-16.
Th.—Elijah and the Prophets of Baal. 1 Kings 18, 25-40.
F.—Elijah at Horeb. 1 Kings 19, 1-18.
Sa.—Ahab's Covetousness. 1 Kings 21, 1-16.
Su.—Elijah Taken to Heaven. 2 Kings 2, 1-11.
M.—Elijah's Successor. 2 Kings 2, 12-22.
F.—The Shunammite's Son. 2 Kings 4, 25-37.
Sa.—Naaman Healed. 2 Kings 5: 1-14.
Su.—Gehazi Punished. 2 Kings 5, 15-27.
M.—Elisha's Defenders. 2 Kings 6, 8-18.
Su.—Temperance Lesson. Isa. 5, 11-23.
M.—Missionary Lesson. Isa. 11, 1-10.

SECOND QUARTER.

Lesson I.—April 5.

Saved from Famine. 2 Kings 7: 1-16.

Memory verses, 8, 9.

Golden Text.—O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men. Ps. 107: 8.

Topic.—All things are possible with God.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Saved from Famine. 2 Kings 7, 1-16.
Tu.—The Promise of Blessing. Mal. 3, 8-18.
W.—The Seven Years of Plenty. Gen. 41, 46-57.
Th.—Famine in Israel. Ruth 1, 1-22.
F.—Zion's Pitiful Condition. Lam. 4, 1-22.
Sa.—God's Promise to Noah. Gen. 8, 1-22.
Su.—Relief for the Brethren. Acts 11, 19-30.

Lesson II.—April 12.

The Good and Evil in Jehu. 2 Kings 10: 18-31.

Memory verses, 26-29.

Golden Text.—Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. 1 Sam. 16: 7.

Topic.—Idolatry destroyed.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—The Good and Evil in Jehu. 2 Kings 10, 18-31.
Tu.—Judgment against Ahab. 1 Kings 21, 17-29.
W.—Ahab's Children Slain. 2 Kings 10, 1-11.
Th.—Jehu's End. 2 Kings 10, 18-36.
F.—The Changed Condition. Gal. 4, 7-18.
Sa.—The Kingdom of Heaven. Matt. 25, 14-30.
Su.—Pattern of Good Works. Tit. 2, 1-15.

Lesson III.—April 19.

Jonah Sent to Nineveh. Jonah 1: 1-17.

Memory verses, 14-16.

Golden Text.—Preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee. Jonah 3: 2.

Topic.—The Disobedient Prophet.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Jonah Sent to Nineveh. Jonah 1, 1-17.
Tu.—Jonah's Prayer. Jonah 2, 1-10.
W.—Wind from the Wilderness. John 1, 1-22.
Th.—Earnestly Reproved. Isa. 58, 1-14.
F.—The majesty of God. Nah. 1, 1-15.
Sa.—The Twelve Sent. Matt. 10, 1-15.
Su.—Seeking a Sign. Matt. 12, 38-50.

Lesson IV.—April 26.

Nineveh brought to Repentance. Jonah 3: 1-10.

Memory verses, 9, 10.

Golden Text.—The men of Nineveh shall rise up in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for they repented at the preaching of Jonas, and behold, a greater than Jonas is here. Luke 11: 32.

Topic.—God's Warning Voice.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Nineveh Brought to Repentance. Jonah 3, 1-10.
Tu.—Mourning in Jerusalem. Zech. 12, 1-14.
W.—The Necessity of Repentance. Luke 13, 1-9.
Th.—An Hundred Sheep. Luke 15, 1-7.
F.—The Prodigal Son. Luke 15, 11-32.
Sa.—Blessedness of Forgiveness. Ps. 32, 1-11.
Su.—Expression of Gratitude. Isa. 12, 1-6.

Lesson V.—May 3.

Israel often Reproved. Amos 4: 4-13.

Memory verses, 6-8.

Golden Text.—He, that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. Prov. 29: 1.

Topic.—Persistent disobedience will be punished.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Israel Often Reproved. Amos 4, 4-13.
Tu.—Uncharitable Spirit Reproved. Job 26, 1-14.
W.—The Voice of Wisdom. Prov. 1, 7-23.
Th.—Refusing Reproof. Prov. 10, 1-17.
F.—Regarding Reproof. Prov. 15, 1-17.
Sa.—Prayer for Compassion. Ps. 38, 1-22.
Su.—Purpose of the Scriptures. 2 Tim. 3, 1-17.

Lesson VI.—May 10.

Israel's Overthrow Foretold. Amos 8: 1-14.

Memory verses, 11, 12.

Golden Text.—Whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have. Luke 8: 18.**Topic.**—God's judgments are awful.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M. —Israel's Overthrow Foretold. Amos 8, 1-14.
Tu. —Overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah. Gen. 19, 15-28
W. —Effects of Wickedness. Prov. 13, 1-25.
Th. —The Repentance of Nineveh. Jonah 3, 1-10.
F. —Israel in the Wilderness. 1 Cor. 10, 1-15.
Sa. —Concern for Jerusalem. Luke 13, 31-35.
Su. —Mercy Recognized. Ps. 103, 1-22.

Lesson VII.—May 17.

Sin the Cause of Sorrow. Hos. 10: 1-15.

Memory verses, 12, 13.

Golden Text.—Your iniquities have separated between you and your God. Isa. 59: 2.**Topic.**—Sin, man's greatest enemy.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M. —Sin the Cause of Sorrow. Hos. 10, 1-15.
Tu. —The Murder of Abel. Gen. 4, 2-15.
W. —Noah's Flood. Gen. 6, 1-22.
Th. —Under Sin. Rom. 3, 1-23.
F. —Mocking at Sin. Prov. 14, 1-13.
Sa. —Carried Our Sorrows. Isa. 53, 1-12.
Su. —Salvation From Sin. 1 John 1, 1-10.

Lesson VIII.—May 24.

Captivity of Israel. 2 Kings 17: 6-18.

Memory verses, 16-18.

Golden Text.—Because ye have forsaken the Lord, He hath also forsaken you. 2 Chron. 24: 20.**Topic.**—Bondage through Sin.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M. —Captivity of Israel. 2 Kings 17, 6-18.
Tu. —Carried Away. 2 Kings 17, 24-41.
W. —Fearful Destruction. Isa. 1, 2-20.
Th. —Grievously Sinned. Sam. 1, 4-41.
F. —Turn and Live. Ezek. 18, 19-32.
Sa. —Thanksgivings for Deliverance. Ps. 126, 1-6.
Su. —Christian Liberty. Gal. 5, 1-18.

Lesson IX.—May 31.

The Temple Repaired. 2 Chron. 24: 4-14.

Memory verses, 8-10.

Golden Text.—God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9: 7.**Topic.**—Working for God.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M. —The Temple Repaired. 2 Chron. 24, 4-14.
Tu. —Joash Made King. 2 Chron. 23, 1-11.
W. —Collection Ordained. Ex. 30, 11-16.
Th. —Collection Taken. 2 Kings 12, 4-16.
F. —Nehemiah's Work. Nem. 6, 1-16.
Sa. —Beautiful Garments. Isa. 52, 1-15.
Su. —Pious Desire. Ps. 84, 1-12.

Lesson X.—June 7.

Hezekiah the Good King. 2 Chron. 29: 1-11.

Memory verses, 10, 11.

Golden Text.—Them that honour me I will honour. 1 Sam. 2: 30.**Topic.**—Diligent Devotion.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M. —Hezekiah the Good King. 2 Chron. 29, 1-11.
Tu. —The Temple Cleansed. 2 Chron. 29, 12-24.
W. —The Temple Consecrated. 2 Chron. 29, 25-36.
Th. —The Passover Proclaimed. 2 Chron. 30, 1-12.
F. —The Passover Celebrated. 2 Chron. 30, 13-27.
Sa. —Idols Destroyed. 2 Chron. 31, 1-10.
Su. —The King of Zion. Ps. 2, 1-10.

Lesson XI.—June 14.

The Book of the Law found. 2 Chron. 34: 14-28.

Memory verses, 14-16.

Golden Text.—The law of thy mouth is sweeter unto me than thousands of gold and silver. Ps. 119: 72.**Topic.**—The Precious Word.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M. —The Book of the Law Found. 2 Chron. 34, 14-28.
Tu. —The Scriptures to be Read. Deut. 31, 1-13.
W. —The Scriptures to be Studied. Deut. 17, 14-20.
Th. —The Scriptures. 2 Tim. 3, 1-17.
F. —Sundry Times and Divers Manners. Heb. I, 1-14.
Sa. —Persevering Power. Ps. 17, 1-15.
Su. —Sweeter than Honey. Ps. 19, 1-14.

Lesson XII.—June 21.

Captivity of Judah. 2 Kings 25: 1-12.

Memory verses, 4-6.

Golden Text.—Come, and let us return unto the Lord. Hos. 6: 1.**Topic.**—The Transgressor's Doom.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M. —Captivity of Judah. 2 Kings 25, 1-12.
Tu. —The Siege of Jerusalem. Jer. 52, 1-11.
W. —The Destruction of Jerusalem. Jer. 52, 12-23.
Th. —Isaiah's Prediction. Isa. 29, 1-12.
F. —Captivity in Babylon. Ps. 137, 1-9.
Sa. —Watchfulness Enjoined. Matt. 24, 42-51.
Su. —Wars and Fightings. Jas. 4, 1-17.

Lesson XIII.—June 28.

Review; or, Temperance Lesson. Isa. 28: 1-18. Or Missionary Lesson. Isa. 60: 1-12.**Golden Text.**—Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him: for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Isa. 3: 10.**Topic.**—Righteousness Rewarded and Sin Punished.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M. —Saved From Famine. 2 Kings 7, 1-16.
 The Good and Evil in Jehu. 2 Kings 10, 18-31.
Tu. —Jonah Sent to Nineveh. Jonah 1, 1-17.
 Nineveh Brought to Repentance. Jonan 3, 1-10.
W. —Israel Often Reproved. Amos 4, 4-13.
 Israel's Overthrow Foretold. Amos 8, 1-14.
Th. —Sin the Cause of Sorrow. Hos. 10, 1-15.
 Captivity of Israel. 2 Kings 17, 6-18.
F. —The Temple Repaired. 2 Chron. 24, 4-14.
 Hezekiah the Good King. 2 Chron. 29, 1-11.
Sa. —The Book of the Law Found. 2 Chron. 34, 14-28.
 Captivity of Judah. 2 Kings 25, 1-12.
Su. —Temperance Lesson. Isa. 28, 1-18.
 Missionary Lesson. Isa. 60, 1-12.

THIRD QUARTER.

Lesson I.—July 5.

The Word Made Flesh. John 1: 1-18.

Memory verses, 11-13.

Golden Text.—The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. John 1: 14.**Topic.**—God Manifested in the Flesh.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—The Word Made Flesh. John 1, 1-18.
Tu.—The Condescension of Christ. Phil. 2, 1-17.
W.—Jesus at Jerusalem. John 5, 1-16.
Th.—The Light of the World. John 8, 12-32.
F.—Free from Condemnation. Rom. 8, 1-17.
Sa.—The Testimony of John. John 3, 25-36.
Su.—Salvation in Jesus. John 3, 14-21.

Lesson II.—July 12.

Christ's First Disciples. John 1: 29-42.

Memory verses, 40-42.

Golden Text.—Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. John 1: 29.**Topic.**—Following Jesus.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—Christ's First Disciples. John 1, 29-42.
Tu.—Christ's Early Ministry. Matt. 4, 12-25.
W.—The Promised Prophet. Deut. 18, 15-22.
Th.—Interviewing the Disciples. Matt. 16, 13-28.
F.—The Gracious Invitation. John 7, 37-53.
Sa.—Walking on the Sea. Matt. 14, 22-33.
Su.—Infallible Proofs. Acts 1, 1-26.

Lesson III.—July 19.

Christ's First Miracle. John 2: 1-11.

Memory verses, 1-5.

Golden Text.—This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory. John 2: 11.**Topic.**—The Beginning of Wonders.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—Christ's First Miracle. John 2, 1-11.
Tu.—The Miracles of Moses. Ex. 4, 1-17.
W.—Miracle Wrought by Elijah. 1 Kings 17, 17-24.
Th.—The Wedding Garment. Matt. 22, 1-14.
F.—Reproving His Brethren. John 7, 1-13.
Sa.—His Return to Cana. John 4, 43-54.
Su.—The Marriage of the Lamb. Rev. 19, 1-21.

Lesson IV.—July 26.

Christ and Nicodemus. John 3: 1-17.

Memory verses, 14-17.

Golden Text.—For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3: 16.**Topic.**—The New Birth.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—Christ and Nicodemus. John 3, 1-17.
Tu.—The New Birth. Matt. 19, 16-30.
W.—Reconciled by His Blood. Rom. 5, 1-21.
Th.—Power of Christ's Resurrection. 1 Pet. 1, 1-25.
F.—Faith Required. Rom. 10, 1-21.
Sa.—Manifestation of God's Love. 1 John 4, 1-21.
Su.—The Victory Over Death. 1 Cor. 15, 45-58.

Lesson V.—August 2.

Christ at Jacob's Well. John 4: 5-26.

Memory verses, 13, 14.

Golden Text.—Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. Rev. 22: 17.**Topic.**—True Worship.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—Christ at Jacob's Well. John 4, 5-26.
Tu.—Passing Through Samaria. Luke 9, 51-62.
W.—Well in the Field. Gen. 29, 1-14.
Th.—The Rock in Horeb. Ex. 17, 1-7.
F.—Joyful Drawing of Water. Isa. 12, 1-6.
Sa.—How to Worship God. Heb. 4, 1-16.
Su.—True Spirit of Worship. Ps. 95, 1-11.

Lesson VI.—August 9.

Christ's Authority. John 5: 17-30.

Memory verses, 24-27.

Golden Text.—All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Matt 28: 18.**Topic.**—The Omnipotent Saviour.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—Christ's Authority. John 5, 17-30.
Tu.—Keeping the Commandments. John 14, 15-31.
W.—Jesus is the Christ. 1 John 5, 1-21.
Th.—Power to Forgive Sin. Mark 2, 1-12.
F.—Raiseth the Dead. 2 Cor. 1, 1-24.
Sa.—Opening the Understanding. Luke 24, 36-48.
Su.—Enduring for Ever. Ps. 9, 1-20.

Lesson VII.—August 16.

The Five Thousand Fed. John 6: 1-14.

Memory verses, 11-13.

Golden Text.—I am that bread of life. John 6: 48.**Topic.**—Bread for the Hungry.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—The Five Thousand Fed. John 6, 1-14.
Tu.—Jesus Bearing Witness. John 5, 31-47.
W.—The Five Loaves and Two Fishes. Mark 6, 30-44.
Th.—The Feasts of the Lord. Ex. 23, 14-25.
F.—Feeding His Brethren. Gen. 43, 15-34.
Sa.—Feeding the People. 2 Kings 4, 38-44.
Su.—Bread Given Him. Isa. 33, 13-24.

Lesson VIII.—August 23.

Christ the Bread of Life. John 6: 26-40.

Memory verses, 33-35.

Golden Text.—Lord, evermore give us this bread. John 6: 34.**Topic.**—The Satisfying Portion.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—Christ the Bread of Life. John 6, 26-40.
Tu.—Selfish Seeking of Bread. Acts 8, 5-25.
W.—Manna Sent. Ex. 16, 11-31.
Th.—God's Provision. Ps. 78, 12-29.
F.—The Bread from Heaven. John 6, 41-58.
Sa.—The Bread Broken. Luke 22, 7-20.
Su.—One Bread in Christ. 1 Cor. 1, 1-17.

Lesson IX.—August 30.

Christ at the Feast. John 7: 31-44.

Memory verses, 31-33.

Golden Text.—If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. John 7: 37.**Topic.**—The Gracious Invitation.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—Christ at the Feast. John 7, 31-44.
Tu.—Ambition Reproved. John 7, 1-13.
W.—The Water of Life. Isa. 55, 1-13.
Th.—The Son of David. Luke 2, 1-20.
F.—The Prince of Peace. Isa. 9, 1-7.
Sa.—David's Branch. Jer. 23, 1-8.
Su.—Teaching in the Temple. John 7, 14-31.

Lesson X.—September 6.

The True Children of God. John 8: 31-47.

Memory verses, 33-36.

Golden Text.—As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God. John 1: 12.

Topic.—Made Free Through the Truth.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—The True Children of God. John 8, 31-47.

Tu.—The Children of Abraham. Lev. 25, 39-46.

W.—Jesus Before Abraham. Isa. 43, 1-13.

Th.—The Light of the World. John 8, 12-20.

F.—False Teachers. Jude 1-25.

Sa.—Power of the Truth. Rom. 6, 14-23.

Su.—Justification by Faith. Rom. 5, 1-21.

Lesson XI.—September 13.

Christ and the Blind Man. John 9: 1-11 and 35-38.

Memory verses, 35-38.

Golden Text.—One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. John 9: 25.

Topic.—Christ the Light of Men.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Christ and the Blind Man. John 9, 1-11.

Tu.—The Two Blind Men. Matt. 9, 27-34.

W.—More than a Prophet. Matt. 11, 7-24.

Th.—He Saw Clearly. Mark 8, 22-30.

F.—Blind Bartimeus. Mark 10, 46-52.

Sa.—Brought to the Pharisees. John 9, 13-38.

Su.—Eyes of Your Understanding. Eph. 1, 1-23.

Lesson XII.—September 20.

Christ the Good Shepherd. John 10: 1-16.

memory verses, 14-16.

Golden Text.—The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. Psa. 23: 1.

Topic.—The Shepherd Knows His Sheep.

Daily Bible Readings.

Christ the Good Shepherd. John 10, 1-16.

M.—Christ the Good Shepherd. John 10, 1-16.

Tu.—Great Shepherd of the Sheep. Heb. 13, 12-25.

W.—Shepherd of Israel. Psa. 80, 1-19.

Th.—David's Shepherd. Psa. 23, 1-6.

F.—From One Shepherd. Eccl. 12, 1-14.

Sa.—The Chief Shepherd. 1 Pet. 5, 1-14.

Su.—Feed with Good Pasture. Ezek. 34, 11-19.

Lesson XIII.—September 27.

Review; or, Temperance Lesson. Prov. 4: 13-19. Or, Missionary Lesson. Acts 10: 25-35.

Golden Text.—But when the fullness of time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. Gal. 4: 4, 5.

Topic.—The Godman.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—The Word Made Flesh. John 1, 1-18.

Tu.—Christ's First Disciples. John 1, 29-42.

W.—Christ's First Miracle. John 2, 1-11.

Th.—Christ and Nicodemus. John 3, 1-17.

F.—Christ at Jacob's Well. John 4, 5-26.

Sa.—Christ's Authority. John 5, 17-30.

Su.—The Five Thousand Fed. John 6, 1-14.

M.—Christ the Bread of Life. John 6, 26-40.

F.—Christ at the Feast. John 7, 31-44.

Sa.—The True Children of God. John 8, 31-47.

Su.—Christ and the Blind Man. John 9, 1-11.

M.—Christ the Good Shepherd. John 10, 1-16.

Tu.—Temperance Lesson. Prov. 4, 13-19.

W.—Missionary Lesson. Acts 10, 25-35.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Lesson I.—October 4.

Christ Raising Lazarus. John 11: 21-44.

Memory verses, 43, 44.

Golden Text.—Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life. John 11: 25.

Topic.—Christ's Power Over Death.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Christ Raising Lazarus. John 11, 21-44.

Tu.—The Result of Sin. Rom. 5, 12-21.

W.—Certainty of Death. Eccl. 9, 1-10.

Th.—Eternal Death. Matt. 25, 14-30.

F.—Raising the Widow's Son. Luke 7, 11-18.

Sa.—Raising Jairus' Daughter. Mark 5, 35-43.

Su.—General Resurrection. John 5, 19-29.

Lesson II.—October 11.

Christ Foretelling His Death. John 12: 20-36.

Memory verses, 35, 36.

Golden Text.—And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me. John 12: 32.

Topic.—No Life without Death.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Christ Foretelling His Death. John 12, 20-36.

Tu.—The Gentiles Promised. Psa. 2, 1-12.

W.—Wishing to See Jesus. Luke 19, 1-10.

Th.—The Light of the Gentiles. Isa. 42, 1-16.

F.—His Death Foretold. Isa. 53, 1-12.

Sa.—The Sacrifice for Men. Heb. 2, 1-18.

Su.—Salvation from All Sin. 1 John 1, 1-10.

Lesson III.—October 18.

Washing the Disciples' Feet. John 13: 1-17.

Memory verses, 15-17.

Golden Text.—Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. Phil. 2: 5.

Topic.—An Example of Humility.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Washing the Disciples' Feet. John 13, 1-17.

Tu.—Jesus Humbled Himself. Phil. 2, 1-11.

W.—Jesus Came to Minister. Matt. 20, 20-28.

Th.—As a Little Child. Matt. 18, 1-14.

F.—All Power in Christ. Matt. 28, 1-20.

Sa.—Another's Burdens. Gal. 6, 1-18.

Su.—Christ Our Example. Col. 3, 1-17.

Lesson IV.—October 25.

Christ Comforting His Disciples. John 14: 1-3 and 15-27.

Memory verses, 1-3.

Golden Text.—I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever. John 14: 16.

Topic.—Christ's Comforting Words.

Daily Bible Readings.

M.—Christ Comforting His Disciples. John 14, 1-3 and 15-27.

Tu.—The Church Comforted. Isa. 40, 1-11.

W.—Prayer for His Disciples. John 17, 1-17.

Th.—Comfort for the Tempted. 1 Cor. 10, 1-13.

F.—Comfort for the Sick. Jas. 5, 1-20.

Sa.—Comfort for the Dying. 2 Cor. 5, 1-10.

Su.—Praying in Christ's Name. Luke 11, 1-13.

Lesson V.—November 1.

Christ the True Vine. John 15: 1-16.

Memory verses, 4, 5.

Golden Text.—Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit. John 15: 8.**Topic.**—Union with Christ.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—Christ the True Vine. John 15, 1-16.
Tu.—The Spiritual Vineyard. Matt. 20, 1-16.
W.—The Fruit-bearing Branches. Rom. 11, 13-23.
Th.—The Fruit of the Vine. Phil. 1, 1-11.
F.—Abiding Before God. Ps. 4, 1-8.
Sa.—The Fruitless Fig Tree. Matt. 21, 18-22.
Su.—Fruitful in Good Works. 1 Col. 1, 1-18.

Lesson VI.—November 8.

The Work of the Holy Spirit. John 16: 1-15.

Memory verses, 13, 14.

Golden Text.—He will guide you into all truth.

John 16: 13.

Topic.—Christ's Promise of a Guide.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—The Work of the Holy Spirit. John 16, 1-15.
Tu.—The Eternity of the Spirit. Heb. 9, 14-23.
W.—The Spirit as Teacher. 1 Cor. 2, 1-16.
Th.—The Spirit as Counselor. Isa. 11, 1-16.
F.—The Spirit as Witness. Rom. 8, 1-16.
Sa.—The Indwelling of the Spirit. 1 Cor. 3, 1-23.
Su.—Strengthened by the Spirit. Eph. 3, 1-21.

Lesson VII.—November 15.

Christ's Prayer for His Disciples. John 17: 1-19.

Memory verses, 17-19.

Golden Text.—He ever liveth to make intercession for them. Heb. 7: 25.**Topic.**—Christ Our Advocate.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—Christ's Prayer for His Disciples. John 17, 1-19.
Tu.—Christ's Prayer for His Enemies. Luke 23, 27-38.
W.—Intercessions for All Men. 1 Tim. 2, 1-13.
Th.—Abraham's Interceding. Gen. 18, 23-33.
F.—Moses Interceding. Ex. 32, 7-18.
Sa.—Job Interceding. Job 42, 1-17.
Su.—The Wonderful Testimonies. Ps. 119, 129-144.

Lesson VIII.—November 22.

Christ Betrayed. John 18: 1-13.

Memory verses, 4-6.

Golden Text.—The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Mark 14: 41.**Topic.**—In the Hands of Sinners.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—Christ Betrayed. John 18, 1-13.
Tu.—Christ in Gethsemane. Matt. 26, 36-46.
W.—Christ and Judas. Matt. 26, 47-56.
Th.—A Woe Pronounced. Mark 14, 10-21.
F.—Trodden the Wine Press. Isa. 63, 1-9.
Sa.—The Betrayal Foretold. Ps. 41, 1-13.
Su.—Obedient Unto Death. Phil. 2, 1-11.

Lesson IX.—November 29.

Christ Before Pilate. John 19: 1-16.

Memory verses, 5-7.

Golden Text.—Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Rom. 4: 25.**Topic.**—Christ Delivered to His Enemies.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—Christ Before Pilate. John 19, 1-16.
Tu.—Jesus Foretells His Passion. Matt. 20, 17-23.
W.—King of the Jews. Matt. 2, 1-10.
Th.—Before Caiaphas. Matt. 26, 57-68.
F.—Challenging His Accusers. John 8, 46-59.
Sa.—Sinlessness of Jesus. 2 Cor. 5, 1-21.
Su.—The Son of God. Matt. 17, 1-13.

Lesson X.—December 6.

Christ Crucified. John 19: 17-30.

Memory verses, 17-19.

Golden Text.—For Christ also hath once suffered for our sins. 1 Peter 3: 18.**Topic.**—A Sacrifice for Sin.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—Christ Crucified. John 19, 17-30.
Tu.—Great Day of Atonement. Lev. 16, 1-19.
W.—Christ Suffers Scourging. Matt. 27, 27-38.
Th.—The Just for the Unjust. 1 Pet. 3: 18-22.
F.—Christ's Garments Parted. Ps. 22, 14-31.
Sa.—Christ Buried. John 19, 31-42.
Su.—The Scriptures Fulfilled. Ps. 69, 1-21.

Lesson XI.—December 13.

Christ Risen. John 20: 1-18.

Memory verses, 14-16.

Golden Text.—It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again. Rom. 8: 34.**Topic.**—Victory Over Death.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—Christ Risen. John 20, 1-18.
Tu.—The Resurrection Foretold. Ps. 16, 1-11.
W.—First at the Grave. Mark 16, 1-8.
Th.—Jesus Appears to His Disciples. Mark 16, 9-20.
F.—Victory Over Death. 1 Cor. 15, 42-58.
Sa.—Brought from the Grave. Ps. 30, 1-12.
Su.—Witnesses of Christ's Resurrection. 1 Cor. 15, 1-14.

Lesson XII.—December 20.

The Risen Christ and His Disciples. John 21: 1-14.

Memory verses, 12-14.

Golden Text.—If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Col. 3: 1.**Topic.**—Christ Dines with His Disciples.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—The Risen Christ and His Disciples. John 21, 1-14.
Tu.—Peter Restored. John 21, 15-25.
W.—Peter at Pentecost. Acts 2, 14-36.
Th.—The Prodigal Restored. Luke 15, 11-32.
F.—Test of Discipleship. John 14, 15-31.
Sa.—The Great Shepherd. Heb. 13, 15-25.
Su.—God's Love to Us. 1 John 3, 1-24.

Lesson XIII.—December 27.

Review; or, Christmas Lesson. Luke 2: 7-18.**Golden Text.**—Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. 1 John 4: 11.**Topic.**—Christ, Our Best Friend.*Daily Bible Readings.*

M.—Christ Raising Lazarus. John 11, 21-44.
 Christ Foretelling His Death. John 12, 20-36.
Tu.—Washing the Disciples' Feet. John 13, 1-17.
 Christ Comforting His Disciples. John 14, 1-3 and 15-27.
W.—Christ the True Vine. John 15, 1-16.
 The Work of the Holy Spirit. John 16, 1-15.
Th.—Christ's Prayer for His Disciples. John 17, 1-19.
 Christ's Betrayal. John 18, 1-13.
F.—Christ Before Pilate. John 19, 1-16.
 Christ Crucified. John 19, 17-30.
Sa.—Christ Risen. John 20, 1-18.
 The Risen Christ and His Disciples. John 21, 1-14.
Su.—Christmas Lesson. Luke 2: 7-18.



SPRING.

Worth Knowing.

The Year, Ancient and Modern.

The Jewish year had two commencements. The religious year began with the month Abib (April), the civil year with Tissi (October). The year was solar. There were two seasons, Summer and Winter. The months were lunar, of thirty days each, and twelve in number, although a thirteenth was sometimes necessarily intercalated. It was called "Ve-adar." The ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, Phœnicians and Carthaginians each began their year at the autumnal equinox, or about Sept. 22. The beginning of the year among the Greeks, until 432 years before Christ, when Meton introduced the cycle called after him, was at the Winter solstice, or about Dec. 22, and afterward at the Summer solstice, about June 22. The Roman year from the time of Numa began at the Winter solstice. It was not, probably, the original intention of Cæsar to change this time, and his motive for delaying it several ways till January 1, was, doubtless, the desire to make the first year of the reformed calendar begin with the day of the new moon. In England, from the fourteenth century till the change of style in 1752, the legal and ecclesiastical year began March 25, although it was not uncommon to reckon it from January 1. The solar year is a natural period, formerly measured by the interval between two vernal equinoxes. The Bible states that Noah was so many years in building the ark, and that is the only and best record we have. His time was the age when men lived long, and when length of days did for the people what the general diffusion of knowledge does at the present time.

To Find the Day of the Week.

To find the day of the week on which any particular date of the current year will fall, divide the whole number of days from the time when computation is made by 7. If there is no remainder the day sought will be the same day of the week as the day when the computation is made. If there is a remainder of one it is the next day of the week, and so on. Illustration: Suppose it is Monday, July 9, and the question is, what day of

the week will Aug. 10 be? Proceed as follows: In July after July 9 there are 22 days. Add 10 days in August, making 32 days. Divide 32 by 7, and the quotient is 4 and 4 remainder. Now July 9 was Monday, so August 10 will be the fourth day of the week after Monday or Friday. To find the day of the week for dates in other years than the current one, is a much more serious matter. It involves many elements, and is, withal, an arithmetical problem, and therefore excluded from Our Curiosity Shop by one of its standing rules. There are tables for this class of questions, as explained in an answer given not long ago.

Why December 25 is Christmas.

Before Pope Julian's time, Christmas, which seems to have been first officially instituted a church feast day by a decree of Pope Telesphorus, between 142 A. D. and 514 A. D., was a movable feast. Indeed, it was the most movable of all the Christian festivals. It was usually celebrated by the Eastern branches of the Christian church in April or May, while in the Western part of Europe days in January or other months were observed as Christmas. St. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, obtained from Pope Julian I. authority to appoint a commission to determine, if possible, the precise day of Christ's nativity. From the chronological archives of the Roman censors, establishing the times of occurrence of certain events of the same period of the Roman Government of Palestine, the theologians of the Eastern and Western divisions of the Christian Church agreed upon December 25 as the date of the birth of Jesus, and thereupon this became the officially decreed and generally accepted Christmas Day.

Age of Animals.

There is not a great deal known yet of the age of animals, especially those that have not been domesticated. The following are a few of the many interesting points on the subject gleaned from the American Cyclopædia: There is a belief among the East Indians that the elephant lives about 300 years, and instances are on record of the animals having been kept in captivity as long as 130 years, their age being unknown when they were

first taken wild from the forest. Camels live from 40 to 50 years; horses average from 20 to 30, oxen about 20, sheep 8 or 9, and dogs from 12 to 14 years. It has been observed that, as a general rule, the larger types of animals live longer than the smaller, in the vertebrated classes, quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and fishes. Some kinds of birds attain a great age; the swan has been known to live 100 years, and it is recorded that the raven has exceeded that age; birds of prey attain to great longevity, and the eagle has survived a century. Parrots have been known to live 60 and as long as 80 years. Pheasants and domestic poultry rarely exceed 12 or 15 years. A tortoise was placed in the garden of the Archiepiscopal Palace of Lambeth in 1633, during the life of Archbishop Laud, and lived till 1753, when it perished by accident. Small batrachians, as the toad, are known to live about 15 years. Fishes and animals that live in the water attain, in many instances, to a great age. The carp has been known to live 200 years. Common river trout have been confined in a well 30 and even 50 years. A pike has been known to live in a pond 90 years; and Gesner relates that in 1497 an enormous pike was caught in a lake near Heilbronn, in Swabia, with a brass ring attached to it, recording that it was put in the lake in the year 1230; the ring is still preserved at Mannheim. The age of the whale is known by the size and number of the laminae of certain organs in the mouth, formed of a horny substance commonly called whalebone; these laminae increase yearly, and if the mode of computation be correct, they indicate in certain cases that the whale attains to an age of 400 years. Little is known of the age attained by animals of the lower types, such as articulata, mollusca, and radiata. That of insects has received some attention, and it has been remarked that though the first period of life, passed in the grub or caterpillar state, extends to several months, or even years, the great majority live but a few days or weeks after the metamorphosis by which they attain to a more perfect form. The ephemera, when it leaves its grub-life in the water, and assumes a higher form and an aerial existence, lives but a few hours, and dies the very day it was born into its new life.

Distance of the Sun and Moon.

There are several methods of determining the sun's distance from the earth, some of which it would be difficult to explain satisfactorily to the reader not already familiar with the subject or the terms used. The refined investigations of modern science, says Professor Newcomb, have brought to light various methods, by at least two of which we may hope, ultimately, to attain a greater degree of accuracy than we can by measuring parallaxes. Of these two, one depends on the gravitating force of the sun upon the moon, and the other upon the velocity of light. And the same author says, in regard to measuring the distance of the sun by the velocity of light: "There is an extraordinary beauty in this method of measuring the sun's distance, arising from the contrast between the simplicity of the principle and the profoundness of the methods by which alone the principle can be applied. Suppose we had a messenger whom we could send to and fro between the sun and the earth, and who could tell on his return exactly how long it took him to perform his journey; suppose, also, we knew the exact rate of speed at which he traveled. Then, if we multiply his speed by the time it took him to go to the sun, we shall at once have the sun's distance, just as we could determine the distance of two cities, when we knew that a train running thirty miles an hour required seven hours to pass between them. Such a messenger is light. It has been found practicable to determine, experimentally, about how fast light travels, and to find from astronomical phenomena how long it takes to come from the sun to the earth. In 1862 Foucault found by experiment that light traveled about 298,000 kilometers, or 185,200 miles per second. In 1874 Cornu found by a different series of experiments a velocity of 300,400 kilometers per second. In 1879 Ensign A. A. Michelson, U. S. Navy, found the velocity to be 299,940 kilometers per second. The result of Michelson's is far more reliable than either of the preceding ones. Combining them all, Professor D. P. Todd, in 1880, concluded the most probable value of the velocity to be 299,920 kilometers, or 186,360 miles per second. Now, we know from the phenomena of aberration that light passes from the sun to the

earth in about 498 seconds. The product of these two numbers gives the distance of the sun in miles. * * * These two methods of determining the distance of the sun may fairly be regarded as equal in accuracy to that by transits of Venus when they are employed in the best manner."

Facts Concerning Rainfall.

No assumption of a uniform average rate of rainfall can be relied upon—at least in limited districts—in the temperate zones. The rainfall in different parts of the globe is affected by five conditions—latitude, elevation of the land above the sea level, the proximity and course of mountain chains, the proximity and configuration of the sea-coast, and by the direction of prevalent winds. The average rainfall is greater near the equator than near the poles, all things being equal; it is increased by the proximity of a mountain range, or of the ocean, and is effected materially, both as to increase and decrease, by the direction of frequent winds. In the tropics the rainfall is not only heavy but periodic, coming on at regular intervals of the day, month, or year, but as we recede from the tropics this periodicity of the rain disappears. Also, the time of the year of heaviest rainfall changes. In most tropical countries the most rain falls in the Winter, while in temperate countries the abundance of rain comes in the Summer. To obtain the mean fall of rain at any place it is necessary to have observations continued for a number of years, for often the rainfall of one year is double that of another. In the eastern half of the United States the rain of the year is not very unequally distributed through the different months of the year, but the rain of the Summer everywhere averages more than the rain of Winter, including the snowfall. In New England the difference in favor of the amount of Summer rainfall is 10 per cent, in New York it is 50 per cent: in Ohio, 25 per cent; in Texas, 75 per cent; in the Carolinas, 100 per cent; in Florida, 200 per cent; in Michigan and Wisconsin, 140 per cent; in Iowa and Kansas, 300 per cent. That is, in the two last-named States, the average rainfall of Summer is four times as great as that of Winter. On the Pacific coast this law is reversed. In California, the rain of Winter is twenty times as great as that of Summer; in Oregon it is seven times as great.

The Seven Bibles of the World.

The seven Bibles of the world, as they are called—that is, the seven sacred books—are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Try Pitkes of the Buddhists, the five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zend-Avesta of the Persian sects, and the Scriptures of the Christians. Concerning the history and origin of these, it may be noted that the Koran, the pretended revelation of Mohammed, is the most recent. It was written about the seventh century of our era. It is made up of a number of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud, and the Gospel of St. Barnabas, together with many absurd traditions, and a peculiar code of laws, elaborated by Mohammed himself. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were first made known to the scholars of European schools during the fifteenth century. The date of their composition has been generally assigned to the eighth century, though some of them were probably composed as late as the tenth. But judging from the unmixed pagan spirit that prevades them, they probably belonged to an earlier age, coming down in the form of oral tradition. The Pitkes of the Buddhists form a collection of sublime morals, noble precepts, and heroic aspirations, said to have been the words of Sakyamuni, or the Gautama Buddha. This teacher lived and died in the sixth century B. C., and his sayings and precepts were not gathered in this form for a number of years afterward. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, king meaning web of cloth, or the warp that keeps the threads in their place. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on the ethico-political duties of life. These sayings were collected and revised by Confucius, who lived in the fifth century B. C., and the most ancient of the matter contained in them, it is said, can not be traced beyond the tenth century B. C. The three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoo or Brahmin religion. The date of their origin is not certainly known, but such scholars as Max Muller, Horace Wilson and W. D. Whitney unite in the opinion that the most ancient parts of these books are not older than 1200 B. C., and that the later parts come down to 200 B. C. The Zend-Avesta is said to be the grandest

of the sacred books next to our Bible. It is compiled from the teachings of Zoroaster, who lived in the twelfth century B. C. The proper name of this book is simply Avesta, the word Zend meaning the translation of it into the Zend dialect, this translation having been made, probably, some centuries after the Christian era. Moses lived and wrote his Pentateuch in the sixteenth century before Christ, wherefore a part of the Hebrew Scriptures is regarded as much older than the most ancient of the other sacred writings.

Standard Weights and Measures.

The weights and measures in use in the United States were derived from Great Britain. The origin of the British weights and measures is involved in considerable obscurity. The earliest recorded reference to them is to the effect that they must be uniform throughout the realm. A more explicit statute of 1226 founds the measures of capacity upon weight. In 1266 a statute founded measures of weight upon determinate number of wheat-corns. Besides, at that time, the units of commercial weight were also units of coin weight. It is related that "an English penny, called a sterling, round and without any clipping, shall weigh thirty-two wheat-corns in the midst of the ear, and twenty-pence do make an ounce, and twelve ounces one pound, and eight pounds do make a gallon of wine, and eight gallons of wine do make a London bushel, which is the eight of a quarter." The pound thus determined, known as the tower pound, or the sterling or easterling pound, continued to regulate the metrological system of England down to 1496, when it was superseded for this purpose by the troy pound; it was a pound of fifteen ounces, each ounce being equal to 360 troy grains, or to three-quarters of a troy ounce. It is in dispute as to what period the troy and avoirdupois pounds were introduced into England. As to the origin of measures of length, it is stated that the earliest legislation found in the British statute books is in 1324, and provides that the inch shall be the length of three barley-corns, round and dry, laid end to end; that twelve inches shall make a foot, and three feet a yard. This form of words, "round and dry," was intended to indicate that the seeds should be fully developed, perfect and well seasoned. Before the conquest, the British yard had

about the length of 39.6 inches, but it was reduced in 1101 by being adjusted to the arm of Henry I., but this became untrustworthy, and then came the barley-corn measure.

Federal Salaries.

President	\$50,000
Vice-President	8,000
President pro tem. Senate	8,000
Speaker of the House	8,000
Cabinet officers	8,000
United States Senators	5,000
Members of Congress	5,000
Chief Justice of Supreme Court.	10,500
Associate Justices of Supreme Court...	10,000
United States Circuit Judges.....	6,000
United States District Judges...	\$3,500 to 5,000
Foreign Ministers —	
Great Britain, } each.....	17,500
France, } each.....	17,500
Germany, } each.....	17,500
Russia, } each.....	17,500
Other missions	\$5,000 to 12,000

Cheap Process of Silvering Metals.

Electro-plating is a process that requires apparatus, and a degree of skill in using the same which render it scarcely worth while to enter into a detailed description of it. A cheap and simple method of silvering metals, that any one can put in practice, is as follows:

Clean the articles to be silvered with nitric acid, rub them with a mixture of cyanide of potassium and powdered silver, and wash thoroughly in clear, warm water. Then plunge them into a liquor composed of two parts, by weight, of grape sugar or sugar of milk, two of gallic acid, and 650 parts of distilled water, filtered and kept from the air in tightly-corked bottles until the instant of use. After a few minutes take them out of this liquor and immerse them in another composed of twenty parts, by weight, of nitrate of silver, twenty parts of ammonia solution, and 650 parts of distilled water. Repeat this process, plunging the articles first into one liquor and then into the other, every few minutes, until they are all well coated. The process can be accelerated by heating either the mixture or the articles to a moderate degree. Some persons prefer to mix the two liquors at the moment of use in equal quantities. In such case, shake the mixture thoroughly and filter before immersing the metals. The ammonia solution should be of standard strength. If there is any doubt of this, dissolve the nitrate of silver for the second liquor in the distilled water, add the first liquor, mix thoroughly, and add only enough ammonia to clear the mixture. This is the process for copper, brass, German silver, and similar articles, but before silvering iron or steel they should be coated with copper by leaving them for a little time in a solution of sulphate of copper.

Hints for the Housewife.

Selected Recipes.

ASPARAGUS SOUP. Boil one quart of asparagus, cut in inch lengths, in one quart of water until tender; rub through a colander and return to the water in which it was boiled. Heat one pint milk, stir into it one tablespoonful butter rubbed with one of flour and cook a few moments. Season, and pour into asparagus. Let get boiling hot, pour into tureen over toasted bread cut into dice. Serve at once.

OYSTER DRESSING FOR TURKEY. One pound bread, crumbled fine, add two stalks of celery chopped fine, one-half pound butter melted, salt and pepper to taste. Add to this two quarts of the best oysters, strained from their liquor, and carefully picked over for bits of shell etc. When oysters are mixed with bread, add enough of their liquor to moisten stuffing well. Fill the turkey, and baste with equal parts of liquor of oysters and water.

CREAMED DRIED BEEF. One tablespoonful butter browned in a frying pan. Put in about one-half pound chipped beef, and let get thoroughly hot. Pour in about one cup milk, and thicken with a little flour and water. Scrambled eggs put around the beef are a nice addition to it.

SCALLOPED ONIONS, CAULIFLOWER OR ASPARAGUS. Boil either vegetable until tender, then put in baking dish and pour over sauce made of one tablespoonful butter rubbed into one and one-half tablespoonfuls flour, pour over it one pint hot milk, and cook until like custard. Bake one-half hour. Cut cauliflower or asparagus into small pieces before pouring over the sauce.

CELERY SAUCE. Cut up and stew in half a pint of water until tender, two fine heads of celery. Cream up a teaspoonful of flour, with a large spoonful of butter, add to celery with salt and pepper and a cup of sweet cream. Stew a moment and serve. Delicious to eat with game or poultry.

PARSNIP BALLS. Boil in salted water till very tender; mash and season with butter, pepper and salt; add a little flower and two well beaten eggs. Form into small balls, and fry in hot lard.

CREAMED POTATOES. Put one tablespoonful butter in a frying pan, and when it bubbles add one tablespoonful flour. Add one cup hot milk, with salt and pepper to taste. Add one pint cold boiled potatoes cut into small dice, cook until thoroughly hot.

BROWN BETTY. Grease a pudding dish, and place in the bottom a layer of bread crumbs. Then nearly fill the dish with alternate layers of bread crumbs, and chopped or sliced apples, strewing brown sugar, cinnamon and a little butter, over each layer, topping off with crumbs. Bake one hour, and serve with hard sauce.

CHERRY OR BLACKBERRY BREAD. Stew cherries or blackberries, and sweeten to taste. Butter some slices of stale bread with crusts cut off. Then put a layer of the buttered bread in the bottom of serving dish and pour over it hot stewed fruit. Repeat until dish is full or fruit used. To be eaten cold, with cream.

BUTTER CUPS. Boil hard twelve fresh eggs. Peel, cut in half and remove the yolks. Cut off the tip of each piece. Set them in a pretty baking dish. Rub the yolks smooth with one heaping tablespoonful butter, tea of mustard, salt, pepper, teacupful each of finely minced cold fowl, and old ham; a tiny bit of onion (salt, spoonful), two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, gravy to moisten it. Mix thoroughly, roll into balls size of egg yolk, and put one in each half of egg. Pour over the whole a teacup of chicken gravy, put pits of butter in and sprinkle lightly with cracker dust. Bake for about fifteen minutes or until nicely browned. Serve with cold meats.

NUT CAKE. Mix two cups of sugar and one-half cup of butter together; add four eggs beaten to a froth, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of Baking Powder, sifted in three cups of flour, two cups of hickory nuts not chopped. Flavor with vanilla.

ORANGE CAKE. One-half cup butter rubbed to a cream with two cups of white sugar, two cups of flour, one-half cup of water, yolks of five eggs and whites of four, beaten separately, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of Baking Powder, the juice and grated rind of two oranges. Bake in layers.

ORANGE JELLY. The juice and rind of two oranges, one-half teacup of sugar enough water to dissolve one and one-half teaspoon-

fuls of gelatine. Let it all boil ten minutes, and spread between the layers, and if desired, frosting may crown the whole. This is a nice dish for dessert. Half the quantity is enough for small cake.

STEAMED GRAHAM MUFFINS. Take two cupfuls graham flour and one of white. One spoonful of salt and one of baking powder. Stir all well together, and beat up with sweet milk until smooth and a little stiff. Fill greased cups half full, set in the steamer, and steam one hour.

POTATO PANCAKES. Wash and peel five medium-sized potatoes. Grate them raw and then add one cup of prepared flour (that is, flour with three-quarters of a teaspoonful of baking powder mixed with it), two well-beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of pepper. Stir the mixture rapidly, and bake at once on a hot griddle. Serve immediately and eat seasoned with butter.

STEWED SMALL FRUITS. Persons with whom many of the small fruits, especially currants and strawberries, disagree when eaten raw, can eat them with impunity if they are stewed. Allow from one-quarter to one-half pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, according to its acidity, and stew only until done. This is an excellent way to prepare fruit for children.

RASPBERRY CORDIAL. Crush one pound of raspberries and stir into them one quart of water and the juice of two oranges; add a sliced lemon, cover, and let the mixture stand two hours, then strain, and add one pint of sugar. Cool on ice before serving. Cherry, grape or raspberry cordial may be made in the same way.

JELLY CAKE. Two eggs, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one and one-half cups of flour; beat the eggs and sugar to a cream, then add the butter and milk; put the cream of tartar and soda in the flour, and sift it in the cake last. Bake in layers in a quick oven, and spread with jelly.

A DELICIOUS CREAM PIE. Cover plate with crust, and bake, watching carefully to press down the blisters. Cream—One cup of milk heated to scalding, add half teaspoonful of corn starch mixed with a little cold milk, half a teaspoonful of vanilla, one and a-half teaspoonsful of sugar, yolks of two eggs. When cooked to proper consistency pour on

the crust. Beat the whites with a little sugar, spread over the top and brown slightly in the oven.

PRESERVED MELON RINDS. Take seven pounds of water melon rind, cutting it in small pieces and boiling until tender. After it is thoroughly cooked remove the rind and pour off all but one quart of water, to this add one teacupful of vinegar, three and one-half pounds of sugar, then replace the rind in mixture and cook until syrup thickens. A porcelain kettle is preferable for preserving.

APPLE JELLY FOR CAKES. Peel and grate two large sour apples; add to them the grated rind and the juice of one lemon, a small piece of butter, one cupful of sugar, the white of one egg; cook carefully and thoroughly, and when cool spread between cake.

TEA BREAD. Three eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one coffee-cup of flour, two coffee-cups of Indian meal, 2½ cups of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda and one tablespoonful of lard.

POUND CAKE. One and one-half cups of flour, one cup of butter (scant), one cup of eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar. Beat butter and flour to a cream, beat eggs and sugar very light, put altogether, stir until smooth, flavor to taste; will keep a long time.

QUICK LOAF CAKE. Beat two eggs with two cupfuls of sugar, one of butter and one of milk; add two cupfuls of raisins, half a cupful shredded citron, four cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a very little hot water. Bake at once.

SPANISH CREAM. Soak one-third of a box of gelatine in one pint of milk one hour. Heat the milk until it is boiling, then stir in the yolks of two eggs beaten with one-half cup of sugar. Remove from the fire and stir in the whites of the eggs well beaten. When it is cool stir in one teaspoonful of vanilla; turn in a mold.

APPLE MERINGUE. Add three beaten eggs to a quart of apple sauce; pour into a pudding dish and bake; when well crusted over, cover with meringue made from the whites of the eggs and powdered sugar.

CHEAP TEA CAKE. One cup of sugar, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, and one-half cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of caraway seed, and two tablespoonfuls of currants.

CORNSTARCH CAKE. One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two-thirds cup of cornstarch, two and one-thirds cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; sift cornstarch, flour, and baking powder together, add to the beaten butter and sugar alternately with the milk, lastly add the whites of seven eggs well beaten, and flavor to taste.

CANNED APPLES. Make a syrup of one cupful of sugar to three pints of water. Have your apples pared and quartered — and after paring always put your fruit in cold water until ready to cook it, in order to prevent discoloration. Put into the syrup only as many quarters as will float upon the top as they need to be watched closely, and taken out as soon as you can pierce them easily with a straw or when they look clear. Dip into a can until the can is nearly two-thirds full of apples, then fill the can with the hot syrup and seal at once. If there should not be quite enough syrup, fill with hot water.

PRUNE PUDDING. Beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, add carefully five table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, half a salt-spoonful of cream tartar, and finally half a cupful of drained prunes, which have been thoroughly cooked and chopped. Mix the ingredients carefully and well and bake twenty minutes in an oven sufficiently hot to bake a meringue, and serve with boiled custard sauce made of the yolks of the eggs.

ORANGE CAKE. Rub one tablespoonful butter to a cream with one cup powdered sugar. Add the beaten yolks of six eggs, the grated rind and juice of three oranges, one cup flour and one teaspoonful baking powder. Make as stiff as pound cake, adding more flour if necessary.

WHITE PERFECTION CAKE. One cup butter rubbed with three cups sugar to a cream, one cup sweet milk, one cup cornstarch dissolved in the milk, three cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, whites of twelve eggs. Ice with whites of two eggs, juice and grated rind of three oranges, thickened with confectioner's sugar.

TOMATO CATSUP. Use tomatoes and spices according to quantity of catsup desired. Cook the tomatoes until soft, mash them, then press through a sieve. For one crate of tomatoes use three pints of vinegar, one-half ounce each of cinnamon, allspice, and cloves,

three nutmegs, one tablespoonful mustard, four of salt, one teaspoonful cayenne pepper, boil slowly until thick, and seal tightly in bottles or glass cans.

TOMATO SOUP. Take of either canned or fresh tomatoes about two cupfuls, also two cupfuls boiling water, two small onions minced fine, one-half cupful of bread crumbs, butter the size of a large egg, season with salt and pepper to taste. If canned tomatoes are used, it is much better to use those that have been put up in glass cans. From ten to twenty-five minutes will suffice for cooking.

A PLUM CHARLOTTE. Stone one quart of large ripe blue plums, and stew them with one pound of best brown sugar; cut thin slices of bread, and butter them; lay them in the bottom and round the sides of a deep pudding dish; pour in the plums boiling hot; cover the dish closely and set it away to cool. When quite cool send it to the table and eat with sweetened cream.

FRIED CUCUMBERS. Having pared your cucumbers, cut them lengthwise into pieces about as thick as a silver dollar; then dry in a cloth, season them with pepper and salt, and sprinkle them thick on both sides with flour. Melt some butter in a frying-pan, and when it boils put in the slices of cucumber and fry them a light brown. Send them to the table hot. They make a nice breakfast dish.

PRESSED CHICKEN. After boiling a chicken until thoroughly done, remove all the bones and chop the meat very fine; season with plenty of butter, pepper and salt. Then take one cupful bread crumbs, made soft with hot water, add this to the liquor the chicken was boiled in, and to this the chopped chicken. When hot take out and press into a bowl or basin.

The following scraps of information were given me the other day, and I have found them most satisfactory:

A piece of ice brought to one's room, early on a warm evening, in a pitcher of water, will not melt for hours if a sheet of newspaper is tightly tied around the pitcher excluding the air.

For a burn or scald dip the afflicted part in the white of an egg, letting it dry on. This keeps the air from it and in a short time can be removed, the pain being perceptibly allayed if not entirely gone.



SUMMER.

AT FOURSORE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

She sits in the gathering shadows,
 By the porch where the roses blow,
 And her thoughts are back in the Summers
 That vanished long ago ;
 She forgets the graves on the hillside,
 Forgets that she is old,
 And remembers only the gladness
 God gave her heart to hold.

As she sits there, under the roses,
 She turns her dim old eyes
 To the road that leads up the hillside
 To the glory of sunset skies ;
 "They are late," she says, and listens
 With her knitting on her knee ;
 "It is time for the children's coming ;
 Where can the little ones be ?"

She fancies she hears them coming ;
 "Ah, here at last !" she cries,
 And the light of a mother's welcome
 Shines in her faded eyes.
 "You've been gone a long time, children ;
 Were the berries thick, my dears ?"
 She asks, as, gathered about her,
 Each child of old appears.

She hears the merry voices
 Of the dear ones that are dead ;
 She smooths out the shining tangles
 That crown each little head ;
 She kisses the faces lifted
 To hers, as in days of old,
 And the heart of the dreaming mother
 Is full of peace untold.

She listens to eager stories
 Of what they saw and heard—
 Of a nest in the blackberry bushes,
 And a frightened mother-bird ;
 How Johnnie fell, and his berries
 Were lost in weeds and moss,
 And Mary was 'fraid, and dreaded
 The brook they had to cross.

So, while the night comes downward,
 She sits with her children there,
 Forgetting the years that took them
 And the snowflakes in her hair.
 The love that will last forever
 Brings back the dear, the dead,
 And the faithful heart of the mother
 With her dreams is comforted.

Ere long she will go to the country
 Where her dear ones watch and wait
 For her, and I think of the meeting
 There at the jasper gate.
 She will feel their welcoming kisses,
 And the children's father will say,
 As the household is gathered in heaven,
 "We're all at home to-day !"

A Thanksgiving Story of a Hundred Years Ago.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Nahum Barrow was on his way North, through Virginia, with private dispatches from Gen. Greene to Washington, at the headquarters of the army. He had pressed the horse he rode rather faster than the result justified : and when, late on Wednesday night, he rode into the home enclosures of the plantation, of which, for an hour, he had watched the smokes, he was glad to believe that so generous an establishment would have a professed blacksmith among its slaves, for the mare had been going on three shoes all the afternoon, and for the last hour one of them had disappeared.

The sun had fairly set by the time Nahum and the mare arrived at the house itself. A sort of sedateness hung over the place, which Nahum found it hard to explain to himself ; nor was there the noisy and eager gathering of the clans which he was used to now in his Virginian experiences. But this reticence was explained, after he had knocked at the door, by the appearance of the host, on whose comfortable quarters Nahum had billeted himself ; for, as Nahum saw in a moment, this was one of the Society of Friends. A tall man, of severe, but yet benevolent enough face, held a candle above his head, to see what manner of man it was who knocked so freely.

Nahum asked if he could receive a night's hospitality, which was readily granted. He dismounted, and asked his friend's advice about the mare. A lantern was brought, for it need not be said that the candle had been immediately extinguished by the wind. The examination which followed, showed not only that she had but two shoes, but, which Nahum had not known, that one of her legs was bleeding.

"Got into a hole with her in the corduroy, where the wood-road comes in," said Nahum.

"It's half an hour back ; but the old critter scrabbled out so spry that she didn't give me a chance to get off and see if she'd scraped herself."

"I wish there were any road-master," said the other ; "but they do not know what that word means. Nor do they know well what he would do if he were here. Did thee find the road better this side the creek?"

"Fust rate!" said Nahum, guessing rightly that at the creek his Quaker friend's plantation began. And then he followed in a eulogy—true enough, but perhaps a little suspicious—of the neatness of all the arrangements of the farm around him. These eulogies neither deterred nor hastened Reuben Dyer, as he took off the trooper's saddle-bags and his saddle ; as he led the mare to water, which she refused ; and as, with such appliances as the well-furnished stable offered, he washed and dressed the wounded leg. In all these offices Nahum attempted to do his full share, but the host construing a host's duty in the largest sense, hardly permitted Nahum's presence, as he himself attended to the mare, and even rubbed her down with his own hands. Two tall negro boys stood by, admiring ; but, excepting to hold the lanterns, and once and again to do an errand, they left the mare's business in their master's hands.

After half an hour of such careful work, it was clear enough that nothing more could be done for the poor beast, and Nahum and his host returned to the house.

In the midst of the decorous reticence of the household, and an occasional formal statement, which indicated a theoretical dislike of the profession of arms, the trooper soon saw that his presence was not disagreeable. He was a little tempted to play with the professed pacific habit of the household, to affect that there was no war, and to hang up his sword on the wooden pin on the wall as he might hang up a riding-whip. If they did not want to know where Greene had come to, why should he tell them ? If they were willing to take the chances of Cornwallis' raiding through their farms, and Tarleton's driving off their horses, and the swift *commissariat* of both, at work in killing their cattle, why should Nahum Barrow care ? He could talk about Virginia fences, as contrasted with stone walls ; or he could dis-

cuss the points of a Durham bull ; he could give an opinion as to the price of tobacco ; nay, if need were, he could hold his tongue. Quakers can be reticent when there is need ; but a Connecticut boy of twenty-three, bred under the traditions of the grumpy silence of Uncas and his Pequots, can be as mum as the best of them if he feel necessity.

But such fell resolutions of telling no war stories melted away beneath the genial kindness of the motherly head of the household ; beneath the modest smiles of a certain pretty Martha, who gave her personal attention to the waffles, which crowned the feast which awaited Nahum ; and beneath the rapturous admiration of Thomas and Elnathan, two fine boys, who could scarcely keep their well-bred hands off the trooper's haversack, and occasionally retired into the hall, to worship the sabre which hung there, with such admiring glances as the Ashantee fanatic is supposed to render to his fetish. These traits of consideration disarmed Nahum, and, as a generous Bohea entered into the machinery of his system and quickened his life ; as his hunger appeased itself after one and another charge upon the "chicken fixings" which had been placed before him, when, with a fresh fork and knife, he advanced to deal with the waffles, in their turn, he opened freely, as a lonely soldier should, upon the war and its history and its future. He fought Monmouth over again ; he detailed with humor even, the critical passages in his own experiences at Hotham's Neck ; he explained, as far as a prudent subaltern might, the resources on which Greene must rely ; and he digressed, with what he thought excusable exaggeration, upon the matchless resources of Cornwallis and Tarleton. Of these last he knew, in truth, as little as this reader, and that is saying a good deal ; but, with the wisdom of the serpent, Nahum said to himself : "Ef these people aren't a little skeered, they won't give the General any supplies. Little enough he gets from them now." Supposing, incorrectly, that his laudable end would justify his unworthy means, the soldier, therefore, dashed into statements as to Cornwallis and his forces, for which he was largely indebted to his imagination.

The evening passed pleasantly in this exciting talk, and it was an hour later than usual that all the parties went to bed.

The next morning brought another sight at Reuben Dyer's plantation. The wind had come round to the northwest, and at the earliest dawn there was already half an inch of snow on the fields, and the trees were taking on the most grotesque forms. At breakfast-time snow was still falling. Nor had the diagnosis of the mare's leg proved favorable. Reuben Dyer had expressed his readiness to shoe her, and the trooper had yielded to Reuben's superior knowledge of farriery; but the poor creature limped so sadly when she was led to water that it seemed cruel to take her out on roads so far snow covered that she could not see where her foot would fall.

"If thy errand requires haste," said Reuben, "thee shall be made welcome to either of my horses; but they are more fit for draught than for fast riding. My pacer, of which the boy Elnathan spake to thee, is, as he told thee, at Alexandria."

Nahum had himself taken a surreptitious look at the horses, and, while he respected their good points, had concluded that he should make better time in forty-eight hours on his own feet than on theirs. He reserved his decision, however, till a certain Mike Slaughter, who was the authority on the subject of horses' ailments, could be consulted. Doctor, or quack, he should determine whether the mare could or could not go on. As the day passed, Nahum determined that he should make the best speed by accepting the Quaker's hospitable invitation, and spending another night. When he announced this decision, however, he received a severe wound from his hostess.

"Mr. Dyer wants me to stay the night," said Nahum, cheerily to her, as he entered her kitchen, "'n' I guess I will. It's Thanksgivin' Day, 'n' I don't want to travel, ef the country's service don't require it. We'll keep our Thanksgivin' together, Miss Martha."

"Keep what?" said the pretty girl, startled.

"Keep Thanksgivin'!" said the astonished Nahum, with his eyes opened. "Ain't your neetin' open?"

"There are so few Friends in the county," said Prudence Dyer, Martha's mother, who stepped to the fore, "that we have no regular meeting on Fifth Day, nor indeed, on First Day, unless some Friend pass in travel."

"But you keep Thanksgivin' Day?" persisted the trooper.

The woman stared, as her daughter had done. It soon appeared that she had no more idea than Martha had of what he was talking about. Nahum drew from his inner pocket a well-worn copy of the Connecticut Courant. He pointed to them Governor Trumbull's "Proclamation for a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise." "Ef I was down to Tolland," said he, "I should be jest now goin' to meet'n'. 'N' the girls, Miss Martha, would be steppin' round spry, with the chickens and the old gobbler, I tell you. They's only one thing missin' there to-day; you be sure of that." And to Martha's inquiring look, with a broken voice, not wholly soldierly, he said: "The old man would have a better time ef I looked in on um jest as they was fittin' off f' meet'n'."

The women stopped in their work, and listened with as much curiosity as they would have done had Lady Mary Wortley Montague described to them a dance of wild dervishes; but Nahum's rather voluble narrative was broken by Reuben Dyer's entrance. He heard the young man to the end of his eager home memories, and then said:

"We have neither time nor disposition for such fooleries, young man. If the Almighty God had wished these observances, he would not leave the announcement to the civil magistrates. He hath simpler methods of proclaiming his will than the newspapers. Prudence," he continued, "we will keep thy goose for another day's dinner. There is enough left of the hominy and pork for to-day. Young man," he added, with a certain asperity which Nahum had not observed before, "if thee wishes to see Michael Slaughter, he is coming down the hill."

Nahum understood very well that he was in no position to discuss matters with his host; but one consequence of this little passage at arms was that he pronounced the mare's leg good for ten miles, if he rode her with care, and left his hosts, with a cordial enough good-bye, while he had two hours of daylight before him.

It was more than a year before Nahum Barrows met his Friendly hosts again. I will not say that he did not sometimes think of that pretty and deft little Martha; I will not say that the quiet little Quakeress did not

sometimes think of him; but the reader of this little reminiscence of a hundred years ago must not build too much on those expressions of mine. Spring and Summer passed. Cornwallis came up as near as Hanover Court-House, and Reuben Dyer recognized that fact so far, that he had four cows driven into a fastness in the wilderness, and that, at dead of night, he buried with his own hands a box which held forty or fifty joes, and a hundred Spanish dollars, and six silver teaspoons. Then Cornwallis went back to James River, and the spoons were dug up again, and the cattle came back from the swamp. The crops were all well in, at last, the harder duties of harvest were finished, and on a lovely afternoon, at the very end of St. Martin's Summer, our pretty Martha and her mother, Prudence (scarcely less charming), were standing on the broad step, watching the glories of the west, as the sun sank rapidly behind the Blue Ridge. Reuben would not have confessed that the glory of sunset had lured him from his work. All the same it had. The women would have confessed this for themselves. Nor would it have hurt Reuben to confess it.

Of a sudden the well-remembered mare clattered up the roadway at a hard gallop, guided by the well-remembered Nahum. My pretty Martha fairly blushed, so provoked was she because she was thinking of him before he came, and so she looked prettier than ever. The handsome trooper gave his hand cordially to each of them, and then was off the saddle in a moment. He had come, he said, with the compliments of Major Rice and Colonel Huntington, of the Fourth Connecticut Brigade, who were about an hour behind him. If it were not disagreeable to Friend Dyer, they would be pleased if the brigade might bivouac for the night upon the pasture, which Nahum remembered by the corn barn. Reuben Dyer might be sure that the men would be careful, and would ask for nothing but water, and would burn nothing but brush.

Joy leaped to Martha's eyes. At last she should see an army, or part of an army—she who had never seen any soldier but Nahum Barrow. Indeed, a calm cheerfulness stole over the face of Prudence; and Reuben himself showed all the cordiality of a Virginian, and all the hospitality of a Friend, as he returned his manly answer:

“Say to thy friends that we are glad they have chosen this road.”

Nahum did not whisper that it was he who had chosen the road, and suggested it to Colonel Huntington.

“If thee will sleep thyself in the room thee had last year, thee can bring as many of thy friends as thee chooses. In the rest of the house Prudence and Martha made beds for the twenty-three Friends when the yearly meeting was last here, and they can do the same now. Then there is the stable, and the old stable that thee has not seen, and the corn-bins, and William Waylen's tobacco shed. As for water, the boys shall draw some casks for thy friends, so that they need not go to the creek; but, as thee says the men are prudent, I will bid Jotham haul a cask of cider also to the pasture before they come. The night may be cold.”

Nahum was well pleased that he had not miscalculated his friends' hospitality. He thanked them cordially, said he should soon return, and rode back with his tidings. Martha and Prudence, with the help of the boy, Archippus, sprang to their task, if one may use a healthy piece of the vernacular. Reuben called Jotham, and they two rolled a generous cask of cider upon a drag, and placed it upon skids convenient, just where they took down two lengths of Virginia fence for the entrance of the soldiers into their camp-ground. They were placing two large casks of water on the skids when a large party of horsemen, well mounted, rode up to the house, guided by Nahum. These were Colonel Huntington, with the gentlemen of his personal staff, and indeed, almost all the staff-officers of the brigade. The more studied courtesies of the camp mingled charmingly with the inborn courtesy of Quaker life. These polished gentlemen showed their hosts, in a hundred ways, how grateful they were for a reception so cordial. On the other hand, without saying so in words, Reuben's family found as many to show that, in spite of their disapproval of war, they were glad Cornwallis was a prisoner, and thankful to the gallant men who had arrested his career.

Early the next morning, as the pearly gray of the sky showed that a perfect day was before them, Colonel Huntington waited or Reuben Dyer, whom he found at his wood pile, directing the loading of a cord or two

of wood, which he was sending off to the regimental camp-fire.

"The men may not have the tools, or the time to cut it," he said to the Colonel.

The Colonel thanked him, and then said that he and all his officers were most grateful for all these courtesies. Would it be presuming too much if they availed themselves of such perfect weather, and of the neighborhood of such friends, and permitted the men to rest themselves all day? Their march had been rapid till now, and he did not care to have the men spend more time than the Sabbath itself at Alexandria.

"Thee can easily reach Alexandria by Seventh-Day evening, if thee does not march till to-morrow morning," said the Quaker, promptly, almost eagerly. "Let the poor fellows stay; let them stay. I am only sorry we have not barns as big as thee will find in Lancaster," he said, remembering fondly the farming of his boyhood.

"One thing more," said the courtly colonel, "for you have learned before this in life that beggars are apt to be choosers. Would thy friend Waylen, in whose tobacco shed the boys of my own regiment have been snoring so loudly—would he object to have some of them hold a meeting there this morning? One of the officers is moved to address the men on the manifold exhibitions of Divine goodness in this surrender; but he will rather speak to them in the woods, than offend friends so kindly."

"William Waylen object to a fifth-day meeting, if I call one!" This was the first exclamation of Reuben; but in an instant he controlled the rising flame. In language more decorous, he said that he knew his neighbor, and all of his family would wish to be present, and that he should send one of his Negro boys to the neighboring houses, and notify all.

"Ask that the poor blacks may come themselves, also," said Colonel Huntington, and there was enough in his intonation to show Reuben Dyer that he and his guest were as one in their notions about these people.

Thus simply was it settled that the old tobacco shed, which for years had not been used for the purpose it was built for, should be this day a crowded temple. At 10 o'clock, to the delight, scarcely disguised, of Martha,

the different regiments, in their best holiday trim, marched by the house in order. For the first time in her life, she heard a band of military music. Governor Hazen's brigade band, in the intimacies of the weeks since Yorktown, had picked up from a Hessian band-master the music from the march in "Judas Maccabæus," and for the first time this girl knew the wonders of Handel. Neither she nor her mother knew what was meant by the elegance of a marching salute, as the regiments passed the door; but it seemed to Martha hardly the same world as that which had moved by so quietly the day before. In the chaise, which had been made ready by Jotham, she and her mother followed to the improvised meeting-house, and there they took the places reserved for them in the midst of the great assembly. She saw that there was more than one elder on the bench which fronted them. She heard a thousand voices join in singing:

"Be Thou, O God, exalted high!"

Her whole heart was with the eager, pale young man who, in prayer, praised God for such marvellous blessings as seemed opening on the country. The most glowing language of the Book of Revelations, and of the Psalms of David was none to high for his thankfulness, nor for hers, and she felt that the "goodness, new every morning, and fresh every evening," was the only adequate explanation of the blessedness which had come to hearts, that for years had been bowed down in anxiety, or to homes like hers, now just set free from the fear of sword and fire.

A taller and older man then rose to address them; not at great length (the army had cured them all of long speeches), but with a crisp, sharp, dry manner of speech, yet quite unlike the preachers whom Martha had heard at quarterly meetings. "He hath made of a city a heap; of a defenced city a ruin; a place of strangers to be no city. It shall never be built." He began with these words, sharply emphasized. He did not condescend to say where they came from; but Martha could see that Colonel Huntington, in a Bible he held in his hand, turned quickly to the place, and smiled his approval of the selection. With free disregard of Jerusalem, or of Samaria, or of any Eastern city, the speaker led his hearers at once to that fenced

city, which the Lord had just made into a heap by their enginery. The death of Scammell, whom these boys adored; the storm of the two redoubts; the waving of the handkerchief of surrender; the stately march of the final ceremony—all were described in language half of New England, and half from the Hebrew texts. The men listened eagerly, with their mouths half open, and with eyes fixed upon him. When he closed, crying out, in a rapturous outburst, "To thee, the Lord of hosts, in whose might kings reign and nations are born, to Thee, and to Thy great name, be all the glory and all the praise," Colonel Huntington and more than one of those around him, broke out, unconsciously even, into ejaculations of "Amen."

As the meeting broke up, a tall Virginian, standing on a large stump in the roadway, invited all who were present to join in a barbecue, which he said had been suddenly arranged in the edge of a grove close at hand. "Three good porkers," said he, "and as handsome a steer as there is in Fairfax County has been roasting there since day-break. Nothing's too good for them as scotched my Lord Cornwallis."

"The ranks of Tuscany" did not forget to cheer when this announcement was made. Colonel Huntington nodded to the gentlemen of his staff, and they ran to the line officers to give the general's permission.

Reuben was fearful, when he saw this, that his plans might be broken in upon, and said, hastily:

"No, no, friend Huntington, this is not for thee and for these" (gentlemen, he would have said, but that the memories of George Fox forbade), "for these friends. If thee will dine at our house, thee will see that we have made ready. Friend Meadows will be there, and Elizabeth Meadows, Friend Wingfield also, and Mary Wingfield, and some other friends."

It was clear enough that the barbecue was for the men, and some other provision for the staff.

And so it shortly proved. In the absence of the worshippers at the tobacco shed, long tables had been set in the hall, in the kitchen, in the sitting-room, and in the "best room" of Friend Dyer's house. They ran transversely from corner to corner, so as to give the utmost possible room for those who

served the feast. Indeed, there was no room in the house where the brilliant staff and the line officers could assemble, and they stood chatting in front, under the great locust trees, until notice was given that the party in the kitchen had brought across the viands with which the feast was to begin. Then Colonel Huntington was led to the head of one table, Major Fish to the head of another, while Reuben himself sat at the head of a third. For a minute there was a dead-hush silence, as silently each guest asked a blessing, and then the gay company fell to. Prudence and Martha, and Elizabeth and Mary, and other Friends of that sex who cannot be named; Jotham, and Archippas, and I know not how many grinning boys of their color, with Phœbe and Dorcas, and other girls as black as they, passed from the kitchen to the tables, and back again, and with one and another dainty in which Virginia cookery and Quaker science were combined, supplied the festival. Haunches of venison, and great turkeys from the forest, and ducks and chickens and geese from the poultry-yard, with every curious variety of pastry, and of preserve, had been brought in from ten miles around. Nahum Barrow found his place near the foot of his colonel's table. It had been intimated to him that all parties would be more at ease, if he remained at the homestead, and did not join in the barbecue, and Nahum had his own reasons for complying.

It must be confessed that the customs of that age were not the customs of this. It soon proved that the additional casks of cider, which had been sent to the barbecue, had not exhausted Reuben Dyer's store; and Major Fish and Colonel Antill, claiming the privilege of billeted officers, had sent their orderlies to the wagon-master, with orders for some Port and Madeira which had been discovered in Cornwallis' village, collected at Yorktown. But the occasion needed no wine for its merriment. Home was before them all. Peace had come after war. Here were men who were to see children who had been born since they left their firesides. All were men who had done the thing which they resolved to do. The skies were bright, the future was fair. They were happy, and they meant to be.

It was taken for granted that Reuben'

prejudices would yield so far that they might drink a few toasts, and, with exuberant enthusiasm, the Honorable Congress, His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, His Most Christian Majesty, King Louis, were toasted in their turn. It was after the clapping of hands subsided which followed a little speech made by Lieutenant la Menonville, in very funny, broken English, by way of acknowledging the compliment to his sovereign, that Colonel Huntington called to Nahum, at the other end of the table. Through the large doors into the generous hall, the party at the hall table could see and hear the whole.

"Sergeant Barrow," said he, "was there nothing in the *Courant* I handed you which our friends would be glad to hear?"

They all knew that the Colonel had received a dispatch from the North while they were in the tobacco-shed.

Then Nahum rose to his full height. He was in his best spirits. He held a Connecticut *Courant* so folded that he could read one column with ease.

"BY HIS EXCELLENCY JONATHAN TRUMBULL.

A PROCLAMATION

For a Day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

Whereas: "It hath pleased the Most High God, blessed forever, the Supreme and Righteous Ruler of the World, to answer the Prayers of His People in the Thirteen United States of America by Display of His Great Might and Unerring Providence, such as no People have deserved, and such as make Nations and Sovereigns bow their heads in Wonder; and, *Whereas*, He hath led our Leaders, and taught our Counselors, and given Courage to our Soldiers and Victory to our Armies: and, *Whereas*, He hath watched over the gallant Generals who have led to us from another Continent the loyal Armies of our August Ally;

"*And, Whereas*: He hath been graciously pleased, in His Constant Mercy, to cause an Abundance of the Fruits of the Earth to be produced for our Sustenance, to give Comfort to our People, and to supply our Armies; and,

"*Finally and Conspicuously*:"

"*Whereas*: He hath been pleased to confound the Counsels of the Foes of Freedom, and to direct that a British general of the first Rank, with his whole Army, should be

captured by the Allied Forces under the direction of the American Commander-in-Chief,

"I have, therefore, thought fit, by and with the Advice of the Council, to appoint, and do hereby appoint Thursday, the eleventh day of December next, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise, throughout the State of Connecticut, hereby exhorting our Ministers and People of all Denominations of Christians to observe the same."

Nahum could hardly finish this sentence audibly; for every Connecticut man, nay, every New England man around him was clapping and cheering, and it is to be feared that but few of them listened very attentively to the directions which followed in the long proclamation as to the subjects of prayer and praise.

But there was silence enough at the end for all to hear again, when Nahum, with his best oratory, made the final proclamation:

"And all Servile Work is forbidden on said Day.

"Given under my hand, in the Council Chamber in New Haven, this 30th day of November, in the sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Annoque Domini, 1781.

"JONTH. TRUMBULL.

"God Save the United States of America!"

The whole party, in all the rooms, had now gathered together, so that they could hear. With the closing words all cheered, three times three, as Huntington led the cheering; and then forty or fifty voices shouted again: "God save the United States of America!"

The pretty Martha and her charming mother stood behind Reuben, their faces wet with tears, which flowed in the excitement. The staid Reuben himself was standing on his chair, cheering with the most loyal. As he found his feet and the floor again, Major Rice turned to him, and said:

"This is what we call a real Yankee Thanksgiving. How can we thank you enough for giving us Thanksgiving Day in Virginia?"

GRUMBLERS AND FAULTFINDERS.

They are everywhere; at home and abroad, on the land and on the sea. Perhaps nowhere else can they be met more frequently and in thinner disguise than on the horse car, the railroad train, and in fact on any kind of

craft or boats used for the purpose of traveling. We once heard a gentleman say he'd about as lief be in—we forget really where he said he had as lief be, as to travel in a steam car with a large number of ladies aboard. If one wanted a window open, another was sure the draft would bring on a terrible cold. If another one wanted the window kept closed, her neighbor on the same seat was sure she should soon suffocate for want of air. If the train halted for a moment, such slow travelling was never heard of before, if it rushed on headlong for miles, there was sure to be danger in such breakneck speed.

That was about what a man said of ladies who grumbled and found fault. But dreadful to relate, more than one lady has remarked in substance, that men are the fussiest bipeds! And many a tired, patient wife has had good reason to wish herself in some remote corner of the universe, for no stronger reason than that a button was missing or a cravat loop broken when the head of the house was about making his toilet.

Some people never see a day which really suits them, or at least never appear to see one. It is either too warm or too cold. If it rains, fine weather was what was wanted, or if it shines, rain was needed so much that the dear sunshine was unwelcome. There are those—and their name is Legion—who never are pleased with the minister or the sermon, and the many rich things served from the pulpit are overlooked and unappreciated in the eager disposition to grumble and find fault with the servant of God and his sound discourse. And the ingratitude of it all! Brought face to face with loss or disaster, men and women both are often led sharply to realize how sinfully they have repined and expressed great discontent, when in reality there was not the first thing to reasonably find fault with or to grumble about. It is well said that "comparisons are odious." But it might quite as well and with rare truthfulness be said also, that comparisons are beneficial. If the lady on the cars or in the lecture-room would only remember how grateful she should be in view of being able to go about and enjoy herself instead of being confined at home by care or sickness, she would cease to fret about the draft, and the halt or speed of the train would give her no concern. If the

man in the frenzy of impatience at a missing button or broken loop would keep his temper long enough to fancy himself in some wild region where buttons never are made nor loops heard of, he would immediately rejoice at knowing that in about just three minutes the slight inconvenience would be entirely rectified. What some churchgoers need are not better sermons, but simply no sermons at all, until hunger for the rare truths of the Gospel would induce some appreciation of their clear setting forth by the faithful preacher. We grumble and grumble, yet God is so good! The Psalmist has said, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." The very patience with which our grumbling is met, the gentleness with which our faultfinding is borne, should awaken a nobler, better instinct within us, both men and women, than that which in reality weakens and belittles our nature. The gentleness of the mighty God and Ruler of the universe should shame into utter silence all disposition on the part of his children to find fault needlessly with one another, or to grumble at any of His wise orderings. Contrasting our feebleness with his power what sin it becomes to go grumbling and faultfinding through life, instead of becoming really great, in recognition of his gentleness and mercy.

SULKS.

What strength there is in some of our old Saxon words! For example, no Greek or Latin derivative could so forcibly portray the condition of mind and temper expressed by the monosyllable "sulks." Like the measles, sulks are usually regarded as an ailment of children, but, like the measles, they occasionally attack grown folks, and go hard with them, sometimes assuming a chronic form, in which case the ailment is diagnosed as "sullenness." Its disagreeableness to others increases in proportion to the age of the patient. At this instant comes a memory, still awakening a smile, of a two-year-old baby, who, when taken with the sulks, would go into retreat, and, after an interval, would come out of its corner and act of the sulks, shake hands with the children who had offended it, say, "How d'ye do?" and be all smiles again. The other children, who regarded the ways and moods of the odd little

fish as an interesting study, would meet these changes half-way—and the clouds would be lifted, for that day at least.

The sulks of older children are recalled with a sigh of pity for parents who do not understand so well as we do the art of bringing up children. The sulks of grown people are remembered with a feeling more akin to disgust, making one blush for one's species, as Fanny Squeers "blushed for her gender." The polite classic tongues would have it that these silly sinners are "melancholy" or "misanthropical," but the Saxon knows better; they are in the sulks—and, to see men and women in the sulks, produces in the unsentimental looker-on very much such a sensation as would be caused by seeing them jumping a rope or playing with a cup and ball. If they would betake themselves to the solitude of their closets, or to the pathless woods, when in such a mood, we could have more respect for them, but the trouble of it is, they like to sulk, as the Pharisees of old like to pray, where they may be seen of men. They sulk in the parlor, especially if guests are staying in the house; they sulk at all meals, reminding us so much of menagerie-dining that we feel much disposed to call out, "Ten cents extra to see the animals feed!" A child old enough to be punished can be cured of its sulks by giving it an hour of solitary confinement in which to enjoy its own sulky company; in a person too old to be punished, what cannot be cured must be endured, though we should like, in the case of patients not passed beyond their thirties, to administer a dose of Brown Sequard elixir, and thus bring them down to an age in which it were right and proper to box their ears. Too often the good nature of those around these sulkers aggravates their malady; if they were not met half-way, or, as is often the case, more than half-way on their return to good humor, there would be longer intervals between sulky fits.

If anger is defined by school-wisdom as a short madness, surely sulks are a short idiocy; and a pity it is that there is not in every community an "Asylum for the Sulky"—or it might be called an "Asylum for the Temporarily Idiotic"—whereunto those subject to sulky fits might betake themselves when they feel these fits coming on, as good Mary Lamb used to walk off of her own accord to a mad-

house when she felt that the demon of mania was about to take possession of her. A blessing this would be to many a home now haunted by the daytime ghost of Sulkiness!

STORING SUNSHINE FOR OLD AGE.

BY MARY E. BALDWIN.

Those who have passed the meridian of their years and activities generally ask themselves how much of the world's goods they have to carry them through to the end; yet after all, the more important question is, "How much sunshine have I to light me on towards the setting sun?"

As one comes to that point where he is assured that in future the feet must tread ever on in the way that slopes westward, regrets and forebodings naturally present themselves, and if there are no moments of secret sorrow over the grave of early hopes and activities, then the heart must be cold indeed. It is no sin to stand above the open grave while our lost youth is being hurried from our sight—the sin lies in being perpetual mourners there.

We hear much of growing old gracefully, and yet there is nothing given that seems to be a guide for all, for the trouble is—we each meet the passing of the meridian milestone in a manner peculiar to our own individuality and with a need as we believe all our own. Is there then nothing that can be of help to all, and can make the path downward as full of light as was the upward way?

We believe that there is, and that if we can only learn the art of storing sunshine we can not only endure these later years but enjoy them.

Of course, if we wish to get a great amount stored, we must begin early, indeed we cannot begin too soon, and to get what will be of most value to us, there must be at first a surrender of selfish interests. There are faces of old people that seem illuminated, that despite wrinkles are young with joy and peace, and we wonder where the secret lies.

It is nothing less than the fact that a great amount of sunshine has been stored for the days when youthful vigor and opportunities have passed. It was accumulated not without sacrifice of ease and pleasure, was gathered slowly and through persistency. But the peculiar thing about this storing was

that those who were thus growing rich had no thought of a future benefit to themselves, indeed, the storing was only an incident in an experience. They broadened their sympathies, got out of the narrow rut of selfish interests, lived in the lives of others, found themselves forgetting their own sorrows to rejoice with one who had met a great joy, held their own pleasure in abeyance that they might weep with one who had been called to mourning.

When the mother comes to that point in her experience when the grown children depart from the home, is her life of helpfulness ended? Must all those motherly sympathies and activities be allowed to rust from disuse? Indeed no! There are many channels which wait to receive the matured energies of these mothers, and by allowing them to flow out how nobly and effectively the heart and mind are enlarged and kept bright for the descent into old age.

The one-lived person, that is one who has kept his interests for his own use solely, becomes a restless, narrow, unhappy old person, and the many-lived man or woman who has responded to the experiences of others through far-reaching sympathies is full of the sunshine that will light the way after one passes life's meridian. Mind and heart must be cultivated to get ourselves in condition to find real enjoyment in those days when we are shut into the home. Perhaps we may be deprived of the intellectual companionship that was so enjoyable and so inspiring to us in the hours when thought answered to thought. If then we have carefully and lovingly cultivated the society of good books, what a feast we may have through the days when through circumstances that have environed us like prison walls we are alone. Let us not give ourselves to a one-sided purpose in our reading, let us have philosophy and history, and let us not think that we are too old for poetry and fiction; for through the imagination we may have whatever condition in life we may choose. How young it keeps one to allow the imagination frequent flights; the mind refuses to become stagnant where it is often thrilled by a knightly deed, or by a situation that proves that virtue cannot really go unrewarded.

If the poet and the novelist are worthy of the name, they are messengers of light to all,

and to none more than to those who are passing into old age. The great vision seers of the world have had, and are still having a mission to keep the old young. There is no room into which the sun of life's afternoon may not be made to shine if only its owner is willing.

Wide sympathies—books—is there another avenue through which the sunshine may pass for this period of life? There is one. Ah! if we miss the privilege of a full trust in the wisdom and love that has been above our path, we miss the true help that most

“Light up the spacious avenues between
This world and the unseen.”

But cries one who has entered the westward path, “What is there for one who feels age coming, and is conscious of having no resources for this time of his emergency?”

The very consciousness of a want, and the fact that the sunshine lies all about the soul and the mind, ready to reflect itself upon them, should be an answer. It is not too late to cultivate a friendship with books and people. It is not too late to begin to enlarge the sympathies, and it's forever a blessed fact that so long as the soul remains willing, the light of God's renewing power is ready to illuminate the whole man.

WHAT A LADY DOES NOT DO.

There are several things always absent in a true lady, which girls will do well to notice and remember.

A lady, for example, will never ignore little kindnesses.

Conclude in a crowd that she has a right to push her way through.

Consume the time of people who can ill spare it

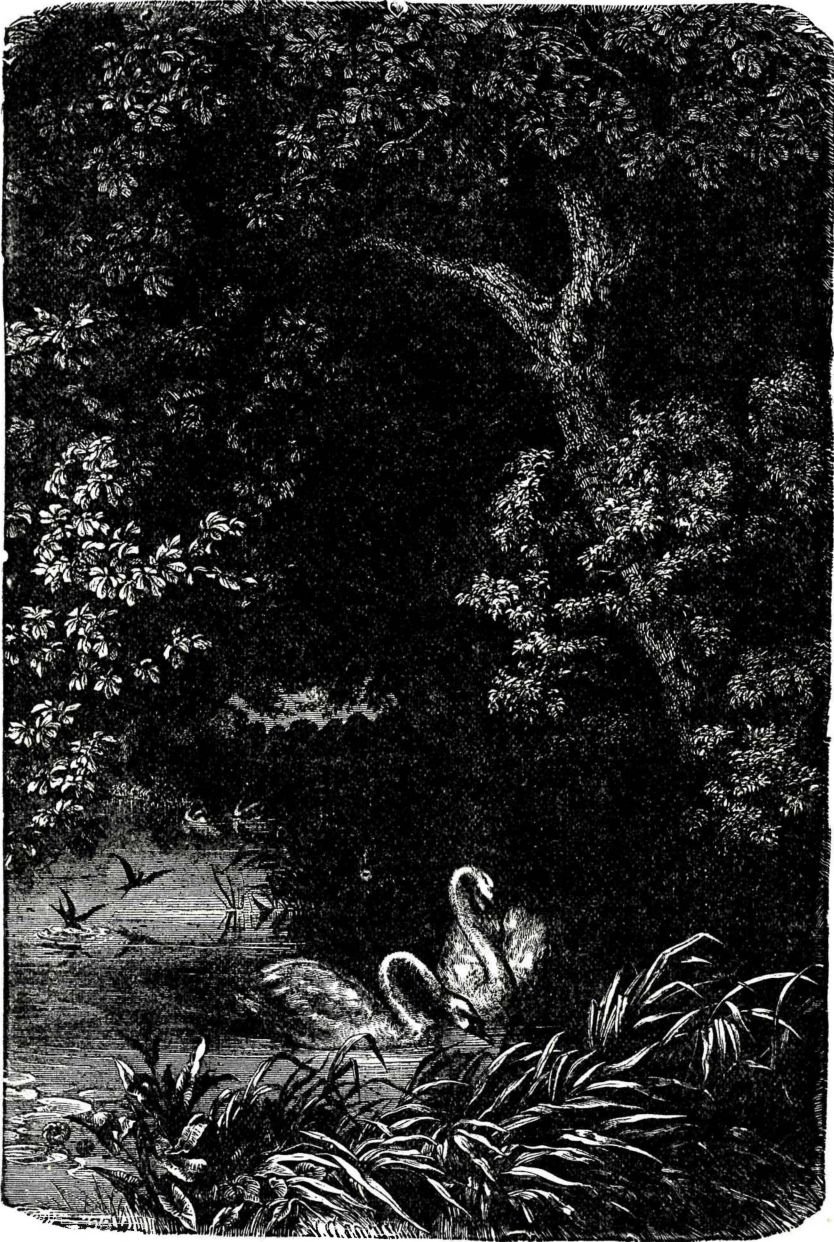
Wear on the street a dress only fitted to the house or carriage.

Talk loudly in public places.

Wear a torn glove when a needle and thread and a few stitches would make it all right.

Fret about the heat or the cold, the sun or the rain, the air or the lack of it.

A lady does not do any other than make the best of everything—the world, the weather, and herself. She believes in the golden rule, and endeavors, as far as possible, to live up to it; and that's what you and I ought to promise every morning that we will try and do during the day.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.



AUTUMN.

SOMETIME.

I am waiting for the shadows round me lying
 To drift away ;
 I am waiting for the sunlight, always flying,
 To come and stay ;
 I know there's light beyond the cloudy curtain,
 A light sublime !
 That it will shine on me I now am certain,
 Sometime ! sometime !
 I am waiting for the Summer's golden lustre,—
 Now far away,—
 When golden fruits around my life shall cluster
 Each sunny day !
 We read of fadeless flowers in fabled story,
 In far-off clime,
 And I shall pluck them in their pristine glory,
 Sometime ! sometime !
 Then I shall hear the voice of loved ones
 call me
 To their dear side ;
 And I shall then, whatever may befall me,
 Rest satisfied !
 For on my ear sweet notes of love shall
 tremble
 In matchless rhyme,
 From heart and lips that never can dissemble,
 Sometime ! sometime !
 I am waiting ; but at times I grow so weary,—
 Far seems the day
 When all the pain which makes our life so
 dreary
 Shall pass away.
 I know the heart oft filled with tones of sad-
 ness,
 Like funeral chime,
 Shall echo with songs of love and gladness,
 Sometime ! sometime !
 —Hosea Q. Blaisdell.

Laws for a Successful Life.

Just a word to you, young friends ! We all envy successful people, but till it is too late we do not all learn that there are laws which control a successful life—laws which we have only to obey if we would prevent disastrous failure.

Let us consider a few of those commands to which God and nature have attached the promise of a crown.

1. First of all, be resolute. Where there is a will, there is a way. Determination makes men giants for good, or monsters for evil.

Make up your mind what to do, and be sure it is worth doing, and then do it. Do not be dismayed at obstacles. They are stumbling-stones to the weak and the vacillating, but stepping-stones to the courageous and resolute.

2. Be persevering. Choosing a lawful, laudable object in life, stick to it.

3. Be industrious. You can never drift into success, but you may climb to lofty heights.

4. Be thorough. What is worth doing is worth doing well. The peril of us all is learning to do too easily what we attempt. We get careless—superficial. We make a show of progress without any real acquisition, it is thin gold-plating over very common metal ; we are tempted to say, over a good deal of brass.

5. Be systematic. This is the only way to be thorough. Life must be laid out on a definite plan. Method is like a mechanical appliance, it makes up for lack of power by teaching us how to use what power we have. Defects of imagination, of memory, and even of reasoning power, may be supplied by systematic habits. A certain French minister, of great business qualities, has been curiously contrasted with a shiftless English statesman thus : One never put off till the morrow what he could do to-day ; the other never did to-day what he could push off till to-morrow.

6. Be economical. Economy means wise administration, avoiding waste, and using well what we have. Economy of money is at the bottom of personal peace and household plenty. Very few are there who, if they choose, could not be rich by and by. The five cents a day spent for cigars would, in course of a lifetime, if it were saved, come by compound interest, to a snug little fortune, and bless old age with competency. I heard a sagacious employer say of a very gifted salesman, "I would make that man a partner, but he spends all his earnings on dress." Economy may be applied to anything which is ours in trust for good uses. We should be saving of time—one of the most valuable of all God's gifts. As money is wasted in pennies, so time is wasted in minutes.

7. Be self-sacrificing. Do not hesitate to pay the price of success even if it costs much self-denial. There is no prize without its price. Palissy, the potter, was so enthusias-

tic in his study to perfect his porcelain wares that he forgot food and drink and sleep. He spent all his money, and then burned his garden-paling, household tables and furniture, to keep up the furnace fires that were to melt the enamel. He was so absorbed in his work that, like Poussa, the Chinese potter, he would have thrown himself into the furnace rather than fail in his life-work. In all life's noblest achievements it is still true that we save life only by losing it. The highest virtue is self-sacrifice, and the grandest results are reached only at the cost of self-denial; but when the crown shines on the brow, the way of the cross will be forgotten. A true success will compensate for all the trials through which it has been attained.

Common-Sense vs. Over-Indulgence.

There is scarcely a vacation season passes but sojourners at different resorts are impressed over and over again with the importance of what home-training and a mother's influence should be. On the train, at the dining-table and in the parlor, the manners and conduct of the children have to be observed, and in some instances they are about all that can be observed at one and the same time. It is almost incredible that some mothers can feel willing to sit at the table with their own offspring, and witness their wilful, refractory ways. And it is simply astonishing what excuses will be offered for these excuseless manners. Most frequent and hackneyed of all, is the explanation and attempted justification of the case that, Johnny or Tommy "was such an ailing, fragile little creature when very young, that the doctor said he absolutely must not be crossed," so it had been a necessity to be rather over-indulgent all along, until now he was really somewhat unruly. Is not the excuse a familiar one? We dare venture the opinion there are few grown persons who have not heard it at least once in their lives, if not several times. Now it is not strange in the least that a tender, anxious mother should obey a doctor's orders, and avoid as far as possible thwarting a sick, irritable child. But is that any reason why a habit of over-indulgence should be formed and followed up, until the youngest member of the family is the supreme ruler, the arbitrary, unreasonable little tyrant of

the whole household realm? We have happened to know a number of these children who could not be "crossed," when older grown, and have witnessed the effects of the culpable weakness, not to say crime, of over-indulgence. In travelling especially, or in visiting, this characteristic will manifest itself to the annoyance and frequently to the inconvenience of those who are so unfortunate as to be present. If a child has been well brought up at home, he will be sure to show it when away from home.

We shrink from saying it so bluntly, but the mother is generally the one to blame, when a child has been indulged until it is a stranger to all laws of obedience and subordination. We recall one instance in particular, that of a girl, whose mother indulged her almost to years of womanhood, because of her feeble childhood. Naturally bright and acute, she soon realized the fact that she could have things her own way, except with her father, a stern, decided man, who allowed no trifling, once he had made his wishes understood, yet he was an indulgent father too. But it made no difference how defiant or dominant this daughter might be with her mother or sisters, a look from her father was enough. No nervousness of the past or present was any excuse in his eyes for reluctant obedience, and she understood and respected the stubborn fact. Why could not her mother have exercised a little of the father's common-sense, and so have saved herself a mint of trouble as the girl grew older and her will grew stronger?

The tendency of the age is towards too great indulgence in almost all directions. License of thought, expression and conduct is on the increase, but mothers should never forget that the future character and influence of their children is largely in their own hands, the hands of the mother, the God-appointed guardian and director of the young. We have observed for ourselves, and have heard the fact commented upon by others, that often the most delightful persons to know, both among men and women, are those who have been brought up entirely by a wise, judicious mother, who realized the importance of making her children obey her for one thing, and refrained from too great indulgence for another. We are no advocate for severity or harshness in the home, nor do

we believe such measures need be resorted to in order to secure obedience, except in extreme and infrequent cases, if the right methods have been adhered to from the outset. Let mothers be indulgent as is consistent with firm rule and a child's interests, but let her be inflexible in her adherence to the common sense side, when a tendency toward over-indulgence conflicts with common-sense convictions. The peace and comfort of the home is not only at stake, but the entire future of an earthly career and the destiny of an immortal soul is largely involved. A very weighty, solemn truth for every household guardian to consider!

WHAT A BABY DID.

There was a baby in the railway car the other day. It was not an unusual child, but it had a decidedly bright face and pretty ways. For the first few miles she was very quiet, and her blue eyes looked around in wonderment, for evidently it was the little one's first ride on the cars. Then as she became used to the roar and rumble, the baby proclivities asserted themselves, and she began to play with her father's mustache. At first the father and mother were the only parties interested, but soon a young lady in an adjacent seat nudged her escort and directed his attention to the laughing child. He looked up, remarked that it was a pretty baby, and tried to look unconcerned; but it was noticed that his eyes wandered back to the spot occupied by the happy family, and he commenced to smile. The baby pulled the hair of an old lady in front, who turned around savagely and glared at the father with a look that plainly said, "Nuisances should be left at home." But she caught sight of the laughing eyes of the baby, and when she turned back, she seemed pleased about something. Several others had become interested in the child by this time,—business men and young clerks, old ladies and girls,—and when the baby hands grasped the large silk hat of her father and placed it on her own head, it made such a comical picture that an old gentleman across the way, unable to restrain himself, burst out into a loud guffaw, and then looked sheepishly out the window, as if ashamed to be caught doing such an unmanly thing. Before another five minutes he was

playing peek-a-boo across the aisle with the baby, and every one was envying him.

The ubiquitous young man, ever on the move, passed through, and was at a loss to account for the frowns of everybody. He had failed to notice the baby. The brakeman looked in from his post on the platform and smiled. The paper boy found no custom till he had spoken to the baby and jingled his pocket of change for her edification. The conductor caught the fever and chucked the little one under the chin, while the old gentleman across the aisle forgot to pass up his ticket, so interested was he playing peek-a-boo. The old lady in front relaxed, and diving into her reticule unearthed a brilliant red pippin, and presented it bashfully to the little one, who, in response, put her chubby arms around the donor's neck and pressed her rosy little mouth to the old lady's cheek. It brought back a flood of remembrances to that withered heart, and a handkerchief was seen to brush first this way and then that, as if to catch a falling tear.

The train sped on, and pulled into the station where the baby with her parents was to leave the car. A look of regret came over every face. The old gentleman asked if he couldn't kiss it just once; the old lady returned the caress she had received, and the baby moved toward the door, shaking a by-by over the shoulder of her papa, to which every one responded, including the newsboy, who emphasized his farewell with a wave of his hat. The passengers rushed to the side where the baby got off and watched till she turned out of sight at the other end of the station, shaking by-bys all the time. Then they lapsed into silence. They missed that baby, and not one of them would be unwilling to acknowledge it. The little one's presence had let a rift of sunshine into every heart, warm or cold, in that car.—*Orphan's Friend.*

A MINISTER, with a rather florid complexion, had gone into the shop of a barber, one of his parishioners, to be shaved. The barber was addicted to heavy bouts of drinking, after which his hand was consequently unsteady at his work. In shaving the minister on the occasion referred to, he inflicted a cut sufficiently deep to cover the lower part of the face with blood. The minister turned to the barber and said, in a tone of solemn severity: "You see, Thomas, what comes of taking too much drink." "Ay," replied Thomas, "it makes the skin vera tenner."

DON'T CROWD.

Don't crowd! this world is large enough
 For you as well as me;
 The doors of art are open wide—
 The realm of thought is free.

Of all earth's places, you are right
 To choose the best you can,
 Provided that you do not try
 To crowd some other man.

What matter, though you scarce can count
 Your piles of golden ore,
 While he can hardly strive to keep
 Gaunt famine from the door?

Of willing hands and honest hearts
 Alone should men be proud!
 Then give him all the room he needs,
 And never try to crowd.

Don't crowd, proud miss! your dainty silk
 Will glisten none the less
 Because it comes in contact with
 A beggar's tattered dress;

This lovely world was never made
 For you and me alone;
 A pauper has a right to tread
 The pathway to a throne.

Don't crowd the good from out your heart
 By fostering all that's bad;
 But give to every virtue room—
 The best that may be had;

Be each day's record such a one
 That you may well be proud;
 Give each his right, give each his room,
 And never try to crowd. —*Alice Cary.*

IN CASE OF AN EMERGENCY.

Not infrequently the Housekeeper finds herself confronted with some emergency for which she is wholly unprepared. She is called upon to act with judgment and self-control, and to steadily guide the bark of domestic peace through troubled waters. These emergencies may be of varied kind. Anything which throws the equilibrium of life off its balance, and calls for immediate and unprepared action is an emergency.

To be ready to meet any such demand, the Housekeeper needs to be ever watchful that she be not taken off her guard. Self-control is her first duty, and she must exercise this

by keeping her wits about her, and act with all the coolness and judgment she can command.

Some of the most distressing emergencies arise from physical causes, such as an accident to, or a sudden illness of some member of the family. One of the more common forms in the case of the mother with a family of children, is croup. If nothing is done for a child taken suddenly in the night with this dreadful malady before a doctor, say five miles off, can be summoned, the child sometimes dies.

In croup a little membrane forms across the opening of the windpipe, thus cutting off the supply of air from reaching the lungs. A mother with whom I am well acquainted, had a little son who was subject to this disease, and on hearing the first croupy cough of this little boy she would be at his bedside with a bound almost, and would immediately run her finger down the windpipe and break up this membrane. Unscientific surgery to be sure, but effectual nevertheless. She would thoroughly grease his nose and throat, get his feet into hot water with a little mustard in it, wrap him warm in blankets, give him a little ipecac or syrup of squills, and let him vomit up the phlegm if he could, and get into a perspiration. If he did not get immediate relief, the doctor was sent for. She used the old fashioned remedies of skunks oil, or goose-grease, of which she kept a supply. But lard heated hot answers very well to rub on the nose and throat.

Children subject to croup must be kept from getting wetted feet, or from playing too long in snow and snow broth, in fact from any undue exposure to colds, particularly from dampness.

Sometimes a child swallows something and is choked in its passage down the œsophagus. Take the child by the neck and heels, and turn him head downward, frequently the button, or penny, or whatever may be the offending article, will roll out of his mouth. In case it does not, a dose of castor oil can be administered at once to assist the foreign substance in its passage to the stomach and through the intestines.

Burns should be treated to an immediate bath of milk, cream, or olive oil, or vaseline.

For frozen flesh, put into very cold water, or apply snow or ice to draw out the cold.

By no means let frozen flesh approach heat, or be put into warm water, the cold water will draw the frost out rapidly.

In case of convulsions a child can be bathed in warm water with a little mustard in it with impunity. It should be rolled in a blanket at once, but as convulsions are a result of a variety of causes, a physician must immediately be called in.

Light mustard draughts applied to the throat and chest avert many a threatened cold. Hot milk and water is an excellent drink for one with an incipient cold, and is quite harmless. One may indulge freely in drinking it with no fear of taking more cold on account of it next day.

When the sharp pain through the lung which presages pneumonia is felt, a mustard leaf should be applied at once, the feet should be well soaked in hot water, and the patient should get into bed and wrap well in blankets in order to get into a perspiration, and break the fever if possible.

If any vein or artery is injured, and there is excessive bleeding, knot a ligature above the wound if on a limb, or press the finger firmly on the main vessel below the wound, and hold it there until the doctor arrives. On no account remove the firm pressure of the finger from the spot which cuts off the supply of blood from the wounded part.

In case of fainting place a person flat on the back and remove any tight ligatures or clothing which may impede the circulation, and dash cold water in the face.

Sometimes in cases of excessive vomiting a piece of bread toasted can be laid on the pit of the stomach and it will relieve the nausea. Or again, brook mint can be bruised and used in the same way. When nothing else can be retained by a weak stomach, clam broth can be usually kept down, and not infrequently ice cream also.

In nursing the sick it is imperative that the attendant always keep a full stomach. Contagious diseases are easily contracted by one who neglects to eat, and gets faint and weary.

Any woman would be far better prepared for her duties as wife, mother and house-keeper, could she take a short course in sick nursing, and minor surgery training, and we hope the day is not far distant when all young women will consider this as one of the essen-

tials of education. It will help them to a knowledge of how to control themselves, to be cool and collected in emergencies, and to be ready with all simple appliances in cases of swift need.

THE OLD HOME.

BY EMILY G. WETHERBEE.

It stands upon the hill-side, with the tall elms
bending o'er it,

The homestead, with the lilacs by the door,
And the quaint, old-fashioned garden, gently
sloping down before it,
I see it just as in the days of yore.

I remember how the sunshine fell across the
golden meadows,
Beyond the wooden doorstep, old and worn;
And how the Summer cloudlets cast their
quickly fleeting shadows
On distant fields of rustling, ripening corn.

In the pleasant roomy kitchen I see my father
sitting,
With leather-covered Bible open wide;
While my sweet-faced mother listens, as she
lays away her knitting,
And rocks the old red cradle by her side.

Three brown-eyed little children, with tangled
golden tresses,
When evening prayer in simple words is
said,
Come clinging round her neck with loving,
soft caresses,
Then merrily go tripping off to bed.

O happy years of childhood, with thoughts
so true and loving,
And sweet and guileless days so full of
rest!

Our old hearts love to linger, after all our
years of roving,
And clasps fond mem'ry's pictures to our
breast.

Shall we ever in that country, the bright and
glorious heaven,

Win back the simple innocence and bliss
We knew when, in our childhood, in the dear
old home at even,
We receive our angel mother's good-night
kiss?



WINTER.

A GHOST STORY.

BY GEN. R. W. JOHNSON, U. S. A.

There is scarcely a neighborhood in Kentucky in which some one has not met death in a mysterious way, or fallen at the hands of the assassin, or suffered the extreme penalty of the law at the end of a rope. Possibly the same may be said of any other State, but having been born and reared in the "Dark and Bloody Ground" I can speak more confidently of that region. Wherever such deaths have occurred, the negroes and uneducated whites imagine that the spirits of the dead return to haunt those supposed to be the authors of the sudden termination of their earthly careers. So confident are they of this state of things, that not one of them could be induced to pass the place of a murder or the spot where a malefactor was executed, after the evening shades settled upon the earth. In the entire State I do not believe there is an adult negro, male or female, who has not seen a ghost and been chased by one, from which they escaped only by superior fleetness of foot. Often when a mere lad I have visited their cabins after night and heard them tell their wild, weird stories until every hair on my head stood on end, and cold, death-like chills galloped up and down my spinal column, producing an effect that baffles description. When the time arrived for me to go to bed, I was so wrought up by excitement and fear that I dared not return to the house without an escort, and I had to prevail upon two of them to go with me, so that they would be company for each other on their return. These ghost stories were believed by all ages, from the child just beginning to talk to the old veteran with his white hair and stooped form.

In the neighborhood in which I resided there was a church erected, in a quiet, out of the way spot, and around it the dead of that locality were buried. Every negro in the country had seen ghosts in the church-yard, and so well was it understood that the burying-ground was haunted, that no negro would ever think of passing near it after nightfall. They would make a detour which would take them miles out of their way, to avoid this old church-yard with its myriad of hobgoblins. The negroes were not alone in their belief that this sacred spot was haunted, but many white

men, and women too, had seen these fearful apparitions, and among them men of intelligence, whose testimony could hardly be doubted, and it was not long until it settled down as the belief of the community that after all it might be possible for the spirits of the departed to return to the earth and again become familiar with the scenes of their earth life.

One night, a physician, a man of nerve and determination, had occasion to pass by this old church. The light of the moon was frequently obscured by rapidly passing clouds, now it shone forth in all of its splendor, and then it was obscured and total darkness prevailed for a moment or so. Suddenly his horse pricked up his ears, gave a snort, and attempted to turn. The doctor gave him the spur, but he could not force his trusty animal forward. Looking a short distance ahead he observed a white object in the middle of the road, and then passed before his mental vision all the stories he had heard of ghosts in that locality. He did not believe in such things, but here, just in his front, there seemed to be abundant evidence that the stories so common in the community had at least some show of truth. To turn back would look cowardly, and if it should ever become known that the good Doctor had also seen a ghost and abandoned the field without a thorough investigation, then the certainty of the appearance of these visitors from the world beyond would be established beyond any doubt whatever, so he determined on a thorough investigation of this particular visitor. Neither by kindness, nor by the spur, could he induce his horse to approach the object, so he dismounted and hitched the animal, and moved upon his ghostship with a resolute and determined tread. When within twenty yards the object began to retreat, climbed over the fence and entered the church-yard, closely followed by the searcher after truth. When it discovered that its pursuer had also climbed over the fence the ghost passed into the church, the door not being locked.

At this point I have always thought that I should have abandoned pursuit, not feeling myself bound to follow up every tramp ghost that happened to pass that way, but the pursuer was a man of different mold, and having resolved to satisfy himself of the truth-

fulness or falsity of the general belief in regard to ghosts, he too entered the church. At the end opposite to the door and by the side of the pulpit was a vertical ladder placed so that in case of fire the attic could be reached; up this ladder the ghost went closely followed by the Doctor. In the attic the moon shone through cracks in the shingles, indistinctly revealing the position of the object of search, and so round and round went the ghost and round and round the Doctor went. Finally the arms of the resolute man held the ghost in their tight embrace. Conducting his captive down the ladder and into the bright moonlight, he found that the vacant stare and the idiotic features revealed the fact that it was a human being bereft of reason. Mounting the poor creature upon his horse, and walking along at his side, he conducted him to the nearest neighbor, and, calling up the man of the house, informed him that he had captured the ghost which had been so long the terror of the entire community. When the man of the house was brought face to face with the supposed ghost, he discovered that it was his own son, and then the sad story was told.

The young man had been engaged to the daughter of a neighbor, and the day of the marriage was fixed for Tuesday. On the night previous she died very suddenly, in fact, without warning. The blow was so sudden and so terrible that the reason of the expectant groom lost its balance and he became hopelessly insane. It was his custom after the family retired to wrap a sheet about himself, slip out and visit the church-yard and sit at her grave or wander around in the immediate vicinity until near daylight, and then return to his home before any of the family awoke. It was when on these visits he had been seen by others, and hence the story of the ghost, which frightened the people of that neighborhood.

Well do I recall this event which transpired more than fifty years ago. I then thought that I would not have pushed my investigation so far, and now that my judgment has been mellowed by age, I am sure I would not have robbed this case of its mystery as my father did.

"JOHNNY, how many seasons are there?"
 "Three; pepper, salt and de base-ball season."

TOUCHING THE RIGHT STRING.

BY REV. EDWARD S. RAND.

"Fact is Ned, if they are bound to drink, you can't stop 'm," said Tom Staple to his fellow clerk, Ned Owen. "No, you c-a-n't," and Tom yawned lazily.

"O, if you could only find the right place in a man—touch the right string—we could influence him," replied Ned.

"Ahem!" said some one who was passing.

Ned and Tom looked up. They saw a shabby old man shuffling along. It was a pitiable sight—those gray hairs, those worn clothes, the tattered hat, and the general air of destitution and neglect.

"There's one of 'm," whispered Tom. "He's a soaker. See his nose!"

Tom and Ned were standing in front of their employer's, Mr. Drinkwater's store, when this occurred. Tom declared that he must go in and start things at his counter. Ned remained on the outside watching the poor man.

"I have a great mind to follow him. It is not time in my department to start the selling. I feel sort of interested in that rusty old chap. Wonder where he will turn in?"

Down the street went Ned Owen. The rusty old gentleman turned off into a little alley, then into a narrow court flanked by tall tenement houses, and stopped.

"Grab Court! He lives here!" thought Ned.

The man suddenly faced Ned. He was apparently sixty years old.

"As I passed you two young chaps, didn't I hear you saying something about people's drinking?" asked the old man.

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't you say something about touching the right string?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you come up here."

Ned followed the old man up a dark, dirty stairway and then up another, climbing, climbing, till the old man threw open a door battered like his hat, and said, "There!"

"It was a low, unclean room. In one corner was an old mattress, and beside this was a chair; there was no stove, but ashes and dead embers on the hearth showed that a fire had been there once.

"Do you live here?" asked Ned.

"Yes, Timothy Trull lives here. No other place!" he muttered. "Room enough for a

rum-bottle besides me, and there's room, more and more of it, for as the rum-bottle comes in other things go out. Sold 'em," he said fiercely, "sold 'em for rum."

"How do you get a living?" Ned wanted to say, but the old man anticipated him.

"My violoncello almost went this morning, and my living would have gone with it."

"You a musician?"

"Yes. You wan't hear me?"

"I should like to, very much. Won't you let me?"

But where was the violoncello? The old man went to the mattress, and lifting it, took up his only earthly treasure. Then he seized his bow, and woke out of its sleeping-place note after note.

"You know how to handle it," exclaimed Ned, admiringly.

"You think so?" said the old man, his eyes kindling with delight at the praise.

"Of course, I do. Now, see here. Why do you throw yourself away when you are a good musician—"

"But," said the old man, "I lost my place."

"Well, if you will say that you will quit drinking, I will go this noon and see your old employer—whoever he is—and ask him to take you back. You just fix up, you know, and there! I'll get you a coat."

"Where?"

"My employer gives away his when he is through with them, and I dare say he has one."

"What's his name?"

"Drinkwater."

"That's the kind of folks—those who drink water—who have things. I have a great mind to try."

"I would—try once more, and God will help you, if you ask Him."

"Once more, once more!" murmured the old man. Then he lifted a tearful face heavenward and sobbed, "God, help me!"

Between that time and the next evening Ned saw Mr. Winthrop, Timothy's former employer, and the latter promised to try him again.

On the edge of the evening Timothy appeared in the room where Mr. Winthrop's force of musicians met for rehearsal. The janitor had lighted the room, only tenanted as yet by chairs, music stands, and a few musical instruments.

The old player seated himself before a music stand, and handling his beloved violoncello, skillfully began to stroke it.

What happened afterward Timothy told Ned when the two met the next night in Timothy's room, swept now, with a clear fire burning on the hearth, though it was a room of poverty still.

"He told me—Mr. Winthrop did—" said Timothy, "that I might have my old place, and I took it last night, and I'm going to be a new man."

Timothy was crying now.

"This is all the home—I've got, but, I'll make it—better. I haven't—any—wife or children left, but I'll try—to meet 'em—I 'spose—they—know up there—and p'raps—God has his angels—that won't leave—a poor—man trying to do—better."

There was silence save as Timothy's sobs and the crackling of the fire were heard. The room was only lighted by the flames, but their radiance, pure and golden, swept across the bare floor and walls till they shone. Was it just the firelight? What if the angels had come to help a poor soul struggling to do better, brightened the place with their forms? All because a boy wanting to do something had touched in a human heart the "right string" always responding to kindness.

A WIFE'S SOFT ANSWER.

"We were married thirty-seven years," said Mr. Gardiner Andrews, and in all that time my wife never gave me a cross word. But I shall never forget the first time I chided her. It was on a Sunday morning, when we had been married about two years. I found a button off my shirt and threw it across the room.

"Sew a button on," I said in a brutal voice. She was a good Christian woman, and was preparing for church; but she got a button and sewed it on."

"And what did she say?" asked a little bristling woman, with snapping eyes.

"She said, 'Forgive me, husband, I had a great deal to do yesterday and forgot it, but it shall never happen again.'"

"Oh," said the man, fixing his eyes on the picture of his dear wife, "her gentle words almost broke my heart. I could have gone down on my knees to ask her forgiveness."

She made a different man of me, and the world has been a different place since she died."

There was a silence as he finished speaking, interrupted by a general clearing of throats, and a confused snuffling, as if we all had bad colds, and the little woman's snapping eyes looked suspiciously dim.—*Messiah's Herald*.

SMOKING HER OUT.

A company of Edinburgh students were starting for Glasgow on a football excursion, and meant to have a railway carriage to themselves. At the last moment, however, just as the train was starting, in hastened an old woman.

One of the young fellows, thinking to get rid of her easily, remarked :

"My good woman, this is a smoking-car, don't you know?"

"Well, well," answered the woman, "never mind, I'll mak it da," and she took a seat.

As the train started, the word was passed round, "Smoke her out." All the windows were closed, accordingly, and every student produced a pipe, and soon the car was filled with a dense cloud of tobacco smoke. So foul became the air that at last one of the boys began to feel sick. As he took his pipe from his mouth and settled back into his seat, the old woman leaned toward him.

"If ye are dune, sir," she said, in a wheedling tone, "would ye kindly gie me a bit draw? I came awa in sich a haste I forgot mine."

LIQUID ENERGY.

A correspondent of the *Buffalo Commercial* relates that while himself and a doctor were traveling in Virginia they came upon an old colored man whose mule, attached to an old, two-wheeled vehicle, was in the dumps and wouldn't go. "Dis mule am balked, boss," said the old man, "an' I'll jis' gib a dollah to de man dat can start 'm." "I will do it for less than that, uncle," said the doctor. He took his case from the carriage, and selecting a small syringe, with it injected some morphia into the animal's side. The mule reared, gave a loud bray and started off at railroad speed. The Negro gave a look of astonishment at the doctor, and, with a loud "Whoa!" started down the road after the mule. In

the course of ten minutes they came up to him, standing in the road, waiting. The mule was nowhere in sight. "Say, boss," said the colored man, "how much is dat stuff worth you put in that mule?" "Oh, about ten cents," laughingly replied the doctor. "Well, boss, yo' kin squirt twenty cents' wuf in me right away. Heah am de cash. I must ketch dat ar mule."

NOT HOMESICK.

There are some feelings, innocent enough in themselves, which nevertheless a man does not like to express in so many words. If he must acknowledge them, he prefers to do it indirectly, not taking a straight course, but, as the old saying is, going "round Robin Hood's barn."

The captain of Company G, Twelfth Vermont Regiment, was strolling in the woods just out of camp, says a writer in the *Salem Witch*, when he came upon a member of his company sitting on the stump of a tree, and looking as though he had fought his last fight.

"What's the matter, Bill?" said the captain.

"Oh, nothing," was the reply. "I am all right."

"You look as though you had a fit of homesickness."

"No sir," said Bill, with some resentment, "nothing of the sort."

"Well, what are you thinking about?" asked his questioner.

"I was thinking," said the Vermonter, "that I wished I was in my father's barn."

"In your father's barn! What on earth would you do if you were in your father's barn?"

The poor fellow uttered a long-drawn sigh and said, "I'd go into the house mighty quick!"

MUCH is said about "Hibernicisms," but it was not in Ireland that a story was published in which the hero thus describes the dreadful result of an accident which occurred to him: "Upon getting to my feet, and taking a good look all a round me, I discovered that I was stone blind."

NEIGHBOR JONES is growing poor because the street-car fare upon his daily route has been reduced. Formerly he saved six cents by walking to his work; now he saves only five.

THE INEBRIATE.

MRS. CLARA BAKER.

See the poor inebriate reeling,
See him staggering as he goes,
All his wretchedness revealing,
And the source of all his woes.

O'er his brain dark mists are creeping,
Palsying all his nobling powers ;
All his better senses steeping ;
And his manhood all devours.

See his wife, sad, broken-hearted,
Watching in her wretched home ;
All her hopes and joys departed,
Waits, yet dreads to see him come.

Watch him as he staggers homeward,
See him try to grasp the door ;
Ah ! but see, he's fallen forward,
Like a dead man on the floor.

Could the seller now behold him,
In his desolated home,
Think you he'd repent he sold him
All those draughts of poisonous rum ?

No, methinks I hear you saying,
Money, money he must gain,
Though he daily should be slaying
Thousands with his poisonous bane.

Will the law allow such slaughter,
Such a wholesale work of death ?
Shall men be allowed to barter,
For their brother's life and breath ?

Watchman on the walls of Zion,
Raise your voice on every hand ;
Lift it high in solemn warning,
Let it echo through the land.

If you fail to warn the people
When the sword is coming fast,
At your hands the great Jehovah
Will require their blood at last.

— *World's Crisis.***NERVE-TIRE.**

BY REV. EMORY J. HAYNES, D. D.

Every man nearly has his own experience
with tired nerves. I do not object to giving
mine.

The earliest symptoms of overstrain, with
the set of nerves that I have, is an inability

to fall to sleep on retiring at my usual hour. This wakefulness is sudden, as a rule. There is no previous warning, unless it may be a "frighty" feeling during the evening. One, two, three nights in succession follow each other. Then I heed the warning. If I work on, I may expect a week of it, and thereafter a month of dull mental weather, which, I am certain, is an over-draught on my vital banker at old age. I shall die thus much sooner.

But I will not, late years, trespass beyond those three sleepless nights. The fourth morning, after a night in which I have not been actually unconscious over four hours, sees me off duty. I want no softening of the brain, thank you. Give me the horse and an entire day out of doors. Let the horse wander on, up hill and down dale. If I am alone, let me call on my little stock of nature knowledge, and study trees, squirrels' nests in the leafless branches if it be Winter, ice crystals at a waterfall by the roadside; and, sitting by the hour in dreamy mood, take in the cure of all cures for spent nerves—the ozone of the country. To walk is not as well, because one's nervous force is spent; and yet, of course, it is far better than remaining in doors. Thus oxygenizing invariably cures me thus far in life. Good company is a help, but you need to stipulate that at the slightest mention of your business you part company. A wise and cheerful wife is the best companion. She will drop all her dressmaking or household cares to help you to your cure, and your day may be as happy as the old courting days of long ago. The good woman will insist, too, that there is nothing of so much importance about the home as the iron nerve of the breadwinner. It may be that you do not like a horse, which is unfortunate, for then you must hire a driver, and lose the slight mental occupation of guiding your team and finding your way, not to mention the exercise of drawing rein, which is enough to keep out business when there are no squirrels' nests in sight.

My nervous fatigue always shows itself in failing digestion. This I attack by eating with my watch at my side, if I cannot see a clock. I do not quite stipulate how many dental gashes I shall give to each morsel of food, as it is reported the English ex-Premier ordains to himself and his children. I do, however, say to myself, that I will not get

out of that chair for one-half hour at least. It is remarkable how soon the head feels the stomach's condition. Hasty eating is at the bottom of much nervous prostration. Sleep often yields her comforts to me on eating any simple article, like milk and bread, oatmeal gruel hot and not made with milk nor too thick, or beef tea. One of the foremost specialists in neurotics recently told me that he believed the digestive nerves were the ones to quell in case of sleeplessness or general nerve-tire; he was giving food, a different article in different cases, according to the physical habit of the individual, in his modern practice. "It beats all the drugs," said he. He called my attention to the well-known fact that cattle sleep "on a full stomach," and babies "cannot sleep on an empty stomach," as any man knows who is *pater familias* and has heard the midnight cry from the crib. The diet must be your favorite, however; that is some simple thing that you never yet failed to easily digest.

I know I am going too far when I cannot think of my profession without excitability. I am either very much elated or depressed as my mind turns toward the church. I am apprehensive or too hopeful; I see bears or angels all the while. Affairs are golden-hued or black as night. There is no evenness to men and things. This experience of extremes in one's outlook on a day's work is an infallible sign of failing nerve-force. One is eager to meet an appointment; one dreads to meet the next appointment, and that, too, not because of the nature of the duty. One is afraid of man at ten o'clock, and contemptuous and over-confident before men at eleven o'clock. The sudden spring of some duty, as if it were a yelping dog from which you start back in a bit of unconfessed terror, reminds you that you are not yourself. When a man cannot get through his day without several of these shocks by things that are not shocking in themselves, yet bring cold feet and hot head, and possibly drops on the brow, he needs to go fishing. He will soon think his store is haunted. He will have a collar that seems heavy as lead at the back of his neck, showing congestion at the base of the brain; and the "creepy" or scalding sensation on the head will come next to crown the idiot who will not let go.

If you "cannot put business out of mind,"

it is a bad sign. He who "can't let go" is in danger. Too much electricity in a battery affects experimenters on the handles in the same way. There must be a friend to make you let go. I confess a paradox. When I cannot stop, I must stop. It is the first alarm of the lapse of volition. Therefore one must struggle to assert the will. If insanity be the loss of will power, this condition of impotence, wherein I am powerless to go to my farm and curry calves, is a serious state. It is something gained if you can say, "Next Thursday I'll let you go." If you pass the Thursday and cannot let go, you are growing worse. You will begin to jump in your sleep soon, the nerves being run by cogs instead of belts.

The assertion of will is an important factor in the cure of exhaustion with me. If I can will to neglect a particular worry, I shall hope soon to be strong enough to remove the cause. If I can will to read a story to my children, listen to my daughter's new dramatic lesson, sit and laugh over my son's joke—he cuts them out of all the papers—then I may try the next struggle of the will, "I will be calm." But if I cannot command myself enough to enjoy home, I begin to be frightened.

It is the stitch in time that saves. It is vastly easier to keep above par by an occasional exercise of common-sense than to get up to par by months of driveling. Be rational, O myself! Of how little account I am! How easily the world fills my place when I am ill! This is true of every mortal except the mother. God pity her, and help us men to pity her also! For she is the keenest sufferer from nerve tire that walks the earth, and heaven knows that her place, the mother of our children, can never, once left empty, be filled, except it be by an angel specifically detailed from on high. An affectionate woman has no will of her own. Mental philosophy shows, by modern metaphysical experiment, that, in place of volition, she has sacrificing love. Therefore it is the duty of the strong man to will for her that she should rest in season. No man ever did this yet, and was subsequently sorry. Thousands have left her to herself till she broke, and have in vain wasted their wealth like water for her cure. A good mother's nerves are the finest creative work of God. At any cost, save them.



THE STREET-SWEEPER.

PREPARATION FOR WINTER.

The motto, "In time of peace prepare for war," is as good for the housekeeper as for the military man. The prudent house-mother is perpetually looking forward and anticipating coming wants. Now she is laying up in store plentiful supplies of canned fruits and vegetables, pickles preserves, and by the time the snow flies her larder will be full.

There are some tasks much more easily done at one time of the year than another. The favorite time for rug and rag-carpet making for those who still cling to those homely industries is in February and March, before the moth begins to fly. The time for cleansing blankets and quilts is in June or July, when they are put away for the season. And the time for renewing mattresses and making comforts and quilting quilts is in hot weather. It is all very well, if one can afford it, to send mattresses to the upholsterer and pay for having them nicely made over. But where time is more abundant than dollars, and strength suffices, one can save the price of a nice dress by doing the work herself. The process is somewhat laborious and tedious, but not beyond the strength and skill of most capable housekeepers.

The hair should be taken from the tick, thoroughly beaten to get the dust out, and sunned till it is fresh and clean. Then picked over till it is all a light fluffy mass. It doesn't hurt it to wash and rinse it, and in that case care must be taken to dry it quickly and thoroughly. The tick must be washed and scalded and rinsed and dried, and then the hair is returned to it, evenly adjusted, and tacked in place with a mattress needle, which can be found in any hardware store. If there are children in the family, they can help pick over the hair. This part of the process is most agreeably done in the open air, under the shade of some spreading tree, or on a back piazza.

A great many housekeepers find economy in making their own bedding instead of buying it. No doubt everybody would prefer to sleep under rose blankets if that were a mere matter of choice, but one can sleep well under comforts made of blue or pink or white cheese cloth, and knotted with some pretty contrasting color. An expert with the crochet-needle

could soon make enough finger-wide lace of Germantown wool to go around such a comfort, and make it a very pretty thing to throw over the outside of the bed on a cold night. Adept with the crochet-needle always have "pick-up work," and knit into it minutes that would otherwise be spent in mere holding the hands.

Very pretty comforts are made of old calico and gingham dresses and aprons tastefully put together. The sewing machine makes quick work of such piecing, and if one only has an attic or an unused room where a quilt or comfort in the frames wont be in the way, a little while each day spent in quilting or knotting will show good results, and no one will be incommoded.

A nice quilt or comfort may be protected from soil by basting on a piece of white or colored muslin or linen across the top where it comes in constant contact with the hands. This strip can easily be taken off and cleaned, and returned again.

To such housekeepers as have blankets to cleanse, it may be well to remark that they should be washed with soap without resin in it, as resin hardens the fiber of wool, and that if the water in which they are rinsed (and scalded) is a little soapy they will be softer and whiter for it when dry. Ammonia may be used in this last water instead of soap.

BE CHEERFUL.

A well-known philanthropist in New York, whose time was given to the help of the criminal and pauper classes, had upon his library table a Turkish figure of a laughing donkey. The beast was so convulsed with merriment that no one could look at it without a smile.

"Why do you keep that absurd figure there?" a friend asked him. "It seems to jeer at the gravest subjects which we discuss."

"Simply to remind me that the gravest subject has its cheerful, laughable side," he answered. "I find it a wholesome warning in the midst of so much misery."

Many an American needs to be daily reminded in some way that life has its amusing, happy side. An hour's rest, a cheerful book, a talk with a friend would serve the

purpose better than a laughing donkey. We are a nervous, anxious people, and many of us have inherited from Puritan ancestors a belief that amusements and mirth are sinful.

A Southern woman, lately visiting her friends in New England, exclaimed one day, "This is the best year of my life! My husband and children are in good health, and free from financial worry; my sons are honorable Christian men; we have good, pleasant friends. God has heaped blessings on me. I am perfectly happy!"

An ominous silence followed these words, and melancholy shakes of the head.

"It makes me tremble to hear you," one of them said at last, "when I think how soon all this may be changed, and that you may even be dead before night."

"And shall I not thank God while I am yet in the land of the living?" replied her friend.

This world, no matter how poor or ill or solitary we may be, is not for any of us altogether a vale of tears. It has its sunshine and pleasures, its cheerful heights, which may be climbed by all of us, if we have but courage and faith.

The man who will not yield to disaster and disease, who makes the best of his poverty, who finds something to laugh at in all his misfortunes, will not only draw more friends to his side than his melancholy brother, but will actually live longer.

Colonel Sellers had found the true philosophy of life when he lighted a candle in his empty stove "to make believe there was a fire," and praise the rare flavor of the raw turnip and cold water which made his scanty meal.

The man whose religion makes him gloomy, austere, and hopeless, falsifies Christ's teaching. Who would be happy, if not the Christian? Who should make light of the troubles of this short life, if not he who believes in an unending life of happiness at its end?

"In everything give thanks," cried the apostle after he had been scourged nigh unto death; and again having fought with the beasts at Ephesus, he calls from his prison cell to the weak and unhappy of all ages:

"Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice!"

A COUNTRY PRAYER-MEETING.

It was unusual for me to make such a blunder. I had forgotten the road directions given me five miles back, in the last of the twilight, and now it was dark, very dark, pitch dark. I was driving the black horses, Ned and Jack, sitting alone in my buck-board. It was blowing a gale, and the rain was driving in wet blankets. I was in haste; for the road was yet long before me, and the speed we had kept up till darkness came was still kept up. I could trust the horses reasonably well to turn out if they met anything, and, as to driving, it was just no driving, but only sitting with reins in hand and letting things go.

I did not see the school-house till I had come alongside of it. It stood at the fork of the road, and we had taken the right hand. As I caught sight of the little windows through which the dim lights shone out, I knew that I was passing the school-house, where I had been told to take—which was it?—the right or left. I pulled suddenly on the reins, and the horses slowed. The next instant I thought I remembered correctly that I was to take the right-hand road, and on we went. Although at the instant I was not conscious that I had heard anything, yet for a second or two, as I went away, sounds from the school-house came faintly to my ears, and there was enough in them to assure me that I had heard, before I thought of it, the singing of a hymn by several voices. The tune was familiar. The words were "Who are those in bright array, this innumerable throng," and then I was passing under a large tree, and the wind and the branches were making a sound which was like the roar of a cataract.

In ten seconds I knew I was on the wrong road. The words of my direction came back suddenly and distinctly: "Left hand at the school-house, right hand fifty rods beyond it." So I pulled up and inspected the position. You can turn a buck-board short around by getting out, taking the hind axle in your hand to lift the hind wheels around one way, while with your other hand you turn horses and fore-axle around the other way. This I did, and when it was done I lighted the lantern, which hung over the front of the dashboard.

Back we went to the school-house. And this time I listened. All was silent as I came near. Then suddenly the voices broke out again, with indescribable richness and melody:

"Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed."

You say I thought it musical and melodious because of the contrast with the howling storm in which I was driving. Possibly so. I don't know that that makes any difference

in the fact. In all the arts, the correct test of the power—the merit—of the work, is its effect on the individual whose opinion is concerned.

As I turned slowly around the front of the little school house, I saw, standing in the porch, a boy of fifteen or thereabouts. "What's going on here?" I asked him. "Parson's a-preaching; Thursday evenin' meetin'," he said. "Hold the reins; they won't move. Stand still, boys," I said to him and to the horses, and pushed open the door.

There were just fifteen persons in the small room,—five women, five men, five boys and girls. There were four candles lighted—two on the unpainted wooden desk of the teacher, two at the rear of the room, each in a tin candlestick on a scholar's desk. One of the men was in the chair at the teacher's end of the room. He was an old man, with white hair. His face was one of much interest, and I would have been tempted to study its lines but for the fact that a light seemed to shine out of it which compelled notice. They were all singing, he with them, and the hymn ended as I stood in the doorway.

Yes, sir, there was music, melody, sublimity in that hymn sung in that little school-house by those people. Time was when the character of New England was full of the influence of such meetings as that, held in scattered school-houses all over the country. The student of American history will make grievous error who shall omit from his consideration the power of the church exerted through the weekly meetings as well as the Sunday services. They were largely prayer-meetings. This one was a prayer-meeting, and when, after a half-minute of silence, the man with the white hair began to pray, I fell on my knees in front of the door. People in the up country of New England are not used to seeing men kneel when they pray. Only two girls and a boy saw me. The rest sat with their backs toward me, and dropped their heads forward. It was too late to change my position, nor was it necessary. I had knelt under the impulse of the voice which was the soul of humble entreaty. The words with which he began, "We beseech thee," were more heaven-reaching in their tone than any response of choir or voice you ever heard in the litany. The prayer was brief, and every sentence in it was a compact petition; for I think every one could be found in Holy Writ. Before the people had raised their heads I had quietly come out, resumed the reins, and went plunging along the dark road in the tempest.

But dark as it was I was no longer alone. An innumerable company of thoughts, if not of persons, attended me. The voices of the stormy night were not, as before, confused sounds of nature unrestrained. They became, and this without imagination, intelligible utterances of that Omnipotence which governs the natural as well as the invisible world.

For in this life of ours, wherein the employments, the pleasures, the annoyances, the troubles, the griefs, the desires, and the successes or failures, of men occupy all our attention and thought, there is nothing which so completely lifts a man out of his apparent surroundings into view of his real surroundings as prayer. Not necessarily his own prayer, but the sight, the sound, of someone else praying. When men are sick and send for the minister, nothing which he can say to the sick man has anything like the power over the mind as what he says when he speaks to another world and the God who, he believes, hears him. If you see and hear a person talking to another who is invisible to you, you do not doubt the existence of that other, unless the speaker is insane. So, when men hear the sound of prayer to God, they have a strong conviction that the speaker is speaking to someone he knows, someone who hears him. And I am inclined to think that among the influences with which the character of New England was molded in former years, none was more powerful than the prayer which boys and girls as they grew up were accustomed to hear, Sundays and week-days, addressed to the invisible God. They grew up with a consciousness of subjection to an authority higher than any which they made by voting at town meeting. That sense of subjection made better citizens than ever can be made without it. It is essential to a good and wise governor or master that he know how to obey, how to serve. The man who is conscious, or even who has only a vague idea of the existence of a power absolute over him and over his state and his country, is a restrained man. And he is a happier, a more comfortable man. There is tremendous power, and great satisfaction to the honest man, in the knowledge that in the midst of his good and evil, pleasant and unpleasant surroundings, he can speak and be heard in a world very far away from this, and be heard by a willing hearer.

Whatever you think about it, my friend, I think that the best part of the American character, the strength, the trustworthiness, the good blood of the body politic, was in the prevalent consciousness of responsibility to God. There is not so much of it as there once was. The blood is thinner than it used to be in some parts of the body, and other parts show symptoms of blood poison.

As I drove on through forests which scarcely made the night seem any darker, now along the banks of wild torrents, now across flats where the water lay deep over the road, I thought much as I have here written. And constantly would come to me the sound of that grand hymn, with its glorious vision of the throne and the white-robed hosts around it. And I thought of that little company, doubting much whether you can find anywhere fifteen persons gathered in any assembly more of whom are worthy or likely to wear those robes.

General Statistics of the Evangelical Association. 1890.

Conferences.	Died.	Expelled.	Withdrawn.	Moved away.	Newly Converted.	Newly Received.	Received with Certificate.	Whole Number of Members.	Adults Baptized.	Children Baptized.	Itinerant Preachers.	Local Preachers.	Churches.	Probable Value.	Parsonages.	Probable Value.	Conference Claimants.	Missionary Society.	S. S. & T. Union.	Orphan Home.	Sunday-Schools.	Officers and Teachers.	Scholars.	Catech. Classes.	Catechumens.					
																										102	25	23	328	420
Ohio.....	102	23	328	420	1,062	978	126	8,888	228	239	67	47	143½	23	287,400	23	\$ 30,200	\$ 242	45	\$ 3,594	36	101	29	\$ 251	54	132	1,786	10,900	3	52
South Ind.....	25	...	22	117	216	239	48	2,406	12	177	21	13	42	68,250	18	15,200	100	05	1,824	60	72	78	52	35	40	509	2,505	12	182	
Texas.....	2	11	22	25	82	38	302	38	302	43	3	3	21,250	5	8,100	22	49	360	30	12	55	3	05	11	93	843	5	61		
East Pa.....	238	93	572	994	2,087	2,187	494	18,196	381	1,186	116	74	222½	806,055	46	89,800	1725	16	12,697	45	200	69	306	13	200	3,337	25,458	5	164	
Central Pa.....	192	23	545	716	2,458	1,946	285	14,424	444	1,151	92	66	233½	432,905	98	50,376	528	22	4,317	82	106	90	157	71	219	2,868	19,306	10	207	
Erie.....	60	6	49	142	160	315	3,908	4	332	39	18	46½	193,700	16	27,150	202	07	4,311	30	145	35	447	07	47½	705	3,887	34	410	
New York.....	75	9	61	189	239	308	107	4,539	13	354	46	10	67	255,200	28	47,700	449	97	3,155	87	145	60	131	97	56½	812	4,181	18	357	
Platte Riv.*	15	5	104	160	500	600	150	2,000	85	50	25	19	22	36,500	14	7,500	50	00	1,200	00	20	00	280	1,800	
Kansas.....	37	26	170	435	666	852	174	5,701	178	259	66	30	71½	128,435	37	28,625	284	14	7,597	06	131	04	217	17	106	1,145	5,531	35	488	
Nebraska.....	21	7	56	143	204	329	118	2,047	6	252	28	7	34	57,045	30	18,455	113	30	5,181	85	77	41	166	22	57	606	2,006	45	469	
Michigan.....	70	22	201	305	531	462	250	7,244	125	309	59	41	111	195,700	95	30,125	235	30	5,486	92	140	58	843	87	126	1,412	7,262	32	475	
Indiana.....	80	19	256	253	469	521	133	6,893	174	143	47	39	114½	220,050	26	28,350	297	27	4,090	73	133	38	356	61	104	1,394	7,804	12	146	
Illinois.....	48	18	174	275	899	816	113	4,503	272	60	44	23	56	104,755	30½	18,950	141	67	2,393	38	42	68	770	5,244	
Des Moines.....	131	34	208	336	1,176	1,273	121	9,510	338	484	62	42	178½	282,150	33	24,610	453	94	1,547	16	56	39	113	98	164½	1,676	11,128	
Pittsburgh.....	142	18	188	550	559	871	339	11,507	94	526	96	66	139½	468,760	68	104,950	525	12	7,681	67	174	27	674	58	144	2,362	13,976	78	1,864	
Iowa.....	41	7	60	226	432	545	137	5,228	27	434	58	17	70½	148,075	45½	39,925	279	90	6,172	41	108	29	187	99	106	1,198	4,931	44	644	
Canada.....	70	16	35	327	545	701	187	6,381	71	393	47	28	87	152,650	33	42,075	291	46	5,398	06	143	48	248	54	86	1,165	6,482	51	649	
Wisconsin.....	138	29	223	466	458	880	239	11,588	16	1091	79	30	165	340,473	62	77,200	427	89	11,402	40	254	76	1,217	07	184	2,057	9,804	143	1,773	
Minnesota.....	51	23	45	320	428	641	234	5,781	15	479	56	14	83	160,050	41	47,210	287	38	6,390	35	147	25	431	19	118	1,391	5,254	110	1,252	
Atlantic.....	51	14	120	142	209	404	104	2,770	7	665	24	8	27	256,550	11	84,000	335	13	5,419	77	71	69	190	60	81	513	4,625	24	267	
Dakota.....	25	7	48	145	818	509	81	2,329	10	273	31	6	25	34,480	17	14,160	81	95	3,908	18	37	14	37	58	79	541	2,215	29	235	
California.....	5	...	15	44	37	67	43	451	2	72	10	3	9	49,200	8	13,100	23	25	1,346	00	15	85	20	00	13	111	803	9	79	
Oregon.....	15	5	55	115	295	315	50	1,650	95	55	18	12	26	45,000	10	9,450	55	00	1,400	00	85	00	15	00	39	385	2,200	
Germany.....	98	53	116	221	622	157	5,401	2	194	45	14	32	173,238	3	11,190	218	32	169	00	120	37	187	678	10,295	63	840
Switzerland.....	74	86	45	167	520	105	4,483	2	132	26	4	25	132,250	1	1,486	138	45	256	10	131	525	8,722	31	296
Japan Miss.....	12	9	16	33	84	115	41	378	67	23	15	3	6	3,332	2	230	51	400	11	79	
Total.....	1818	552	3723	7263	14,057	17,098	3874	148,508	2658	9436	1227	637	2043½	\$5,047,853	681	\$831,717	\$107,873	24	\$2,494	74	28,420	176,557	804	10,429	
Last Year.....	1586	623	3431	7545	17,396	18,959	3710	145,003	2486	9936	1187	653	1958	4,758,527	651	802,842	7925	98	112,708	80	2850	31	5519	22	2466	27,579	169,876	781	10,208	
Increase.....	232	222	292	292	292	292	164	2,905	182	500	40	21	85½	289,326	30	28,875	396	15	4,895	56	355	57	51	00	43	841	6,681	23	226	
Decrease.....	232	71

* Estimated. † Contributions for General Church Work, Benevolent Purposes and Church Building. ‡ Mission Houses in Foreign Concessions, Tokio, Japan.

CALENDAR FOR 1892.

January.							April.							July.							October.							
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.	
...	1	2	1	2	1	2	1
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	
31	31	30	31	

February.							May.							August.							November.						
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.	S.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.
...	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	...	1	2	3	4	5	6	...	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
28	29	29	30	31	28	29	30	31	27	28	29	30

March.							June.							September.							December.						
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
...	...	1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	1	2	3
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
27	28	29	30	31	26	27	28	29	30	25	26	27	28	29	30	...	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

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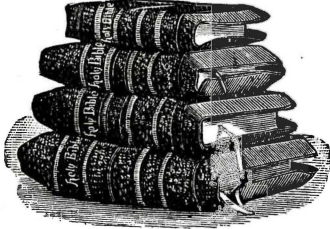
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Conference Calendar.

CONFERENCES.	PLACE OF SESSION.	DATE.
1. Texas,	San Antonio, Tex.,	Oct. 24, 1890.
2. Ohio,	West Salem, O.,	Sept. 10, 1891.
3. South Ind.,	Mt. Carmel, Ill.,	Sept. 10, 1891.
4. East Pa.,	Allentown, Pa.,	Febr. 26, 1891.
5. Central Pa.,	Berwick, Pa.,	March 5, 1891.
6. Erie,	Rochester, Pa.,	March 12, 1891.
7. Kansas,	*Canada, Marion Co., Kas.	March 19, 1891.
8. New York,	Little Falls, N. Y.,	March 19, 1891.
9. Indiana,	Bremen, Ind.,	March 27, 1891.
10. Nebraska,	Harvard, Neb.,	March 27, 1891.
11. Des Moines,	Anita, Iowa,	April 2, 1891.
12. Michigan,	Portage Prairie Cir-Cuit, Mich.,	April 2, 1891.
13. Iowa,	Dubuque, Iowa,	April 7, 1891.
14. Illinois,	Chicago, Ill.,	April 9, 1891.
15. Canada,	Crediton, Ont.,	April 16, 1891.
16. Pittsburgh,	Salisbury, Pa.,	April 16, 1891.
17. Atlantic,	Baltimore, Md.,	April 16, 1891.
18. Wisconsin,	Monroe, Wis.,	April 23, 1891.
19. California,	Santa Anna, Cal.,	April 24, 1891.
20. Minnesota,	East Prairie, Minn.,	May 7, 1891.
21. Oregon,	Spokane Falls, Wash.,	†—1891.
22. Dakota,	Great Bend, N. Dak.,	May 14, 1891.
23. Germany,	Karlsruhe, Baden,	June 14, 1891.
24. Switzerland,	Zurich, Switzerland,	June 21, 1891.

* Place selected by the Presiding Elders.
 † Time to be appointed by the Bishops.

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