



RAISING FALL PIGS.

In my opinion, the best method of raising fall pigs for profit and best results is to have them farrowed in the latter part of August or first part of September. By so doing the pigs will get the age and growth on them before cold weather sets in, and will then be large and strong enough to keep on growing and make good pigs with proper care and feeding. It is essential that they should have a warm, dry place to sleep in, free from draughts.

The sow should be fed on shorts and soaked oats, with a quart of oilmeal in a barrel of slop. Do not feed a fall pig very much corn until after he is six months old. As a general thing, there is too much corn fed to young pigs, and I believe this is the cause of so many of them getting down on their feet. Corn always causes indigestion among pigs. If they are early farrowed and kept growing they will prove a profitable investment.—W. R. Lovell, in American Swineherd.

PREPARING FOWLS FOR EXHIBITION.

Good, vigorous blood is important. Only robust birds can stand the strain of the exhibition season, and appear at their best. Some even die from the excitement and unnatural conditions. I do not feed them much different from ordinary while preparing for exhibition. If while at the show they are to be fed some patent preparation, I accustom them to that special food before sending them away. A good feed is half bran and half corn meal baked in a cake. Chopped cabbage has a loosening effect.

While preparing for exhibition the bird should be placed in a coop by himself, but with company in coops close by to keep him lively and to get him used to show room conditions. Wash thoroughly a day before shipping. Clean the legs with soap and water, followed with vaseline, and wipe off. I use a knife with a thin blade to clean the dirt from under the scales. Wash head and feet, soap the bird thoroughly, rinse off, carefully putting a little bluing into the water. If a white bird, dry near the stove, but avoid too strong heat.—T. A. Nourse, in New England Homestead.

FEEDING SHEEP IN COLD WEATHER.

Careful feeding and regularity is the key to success in preparing stock for market. Begin early and prepare feed for winter. Don't wait till the time comes to feed, but be ready to take care of the stock. I have had much experience in sheep feeding for winter market. I don't feed much corn till March, then I commence to feed it with oats and clover hay, and give them all they will eat. Six to eight weeks is long enough to feed lambs. Give them plenty of fodder and water. Soft water if it can be had to prevent kidney trouble. I am using cowpeas and alfalfa hay this year for my sheep. I think it is a grand feed.

In buying up stock for winter market I find the best that I can and pay a little more for them than the market price. When fattened they bring a good price when shipped to market. I expect to shred fodder hereafter, so I can feed all my stock in the barn. Sheep must have a well ventilated stable. Keep salt where they can get it whenever they want it. I think sheep and lambs will bring a good price next spring. The late rains started the grass and helped to bring stock in better shape for winter. We can't take too much care of our stock during the winter.—George H. Cresswell, in New England Homestead.

CLOVER AS AN ORCHARD MULCH.

Considerable publicity has been given to the remarks of W. T. Macoun of the experiment station at Ottawa, Ont., made at the American promological meeting in discussing the renovation of apple orchards. Mr. Macoun stated that the practice at the experimental farm had been to grow clover in the orchard throughout the year. As the clover reached the blossoming stage, it was cut and allowed to remain on the ground. The last growth of the clover in the autumn was not mowed, but permitted to stand as a cover during winter. This system is, in effect, a combination of green manuring and mulching. It differs from the ordinary cultivation and cover crop system in that cultivation is left out of the programme.

A rather too wide application of Mr. Macoun's remarks has been made. He was careful to state that this practice pertained to their own orchard and was the outgrowth of peculiar soil and climatic conditions. The subsoil of this orchard is cold and impervious. The region in which it is situated is rarely visited with protracted drouths. The object in growing the clover is to aerate the soil, draw out its surplus moisture and protect the trees from the effect of severe freezing in winter. Undoubtedly the clover mulching plan may be applied quite widely. I believe that it can be practiced with advantage in many of the colder apple growing regions, but I do not think it would be the best plan to follow in sections where rainfall during the growing season was at all uncertain. In such sections cultivation is essential.

The particular region described by Mr. Macoun is not a commercial fruit section. Apples are grown in an amateur way and fruit of fine quality is produced, but no large areas are devoted to the industry. Possibly the business may develop later if this plan

of orcharding is followed more carefully than it has been in the past.—Professor John Craig, of Cornell University.

SELL NEAR HOME.

There is no better advice that can be given to any one who raises poultry and eggs for money than the above. Sell your eggs and poultry near home, and in the end better profits will be realized. It is astonishing how much the home markets are neglected in this respect. The summer hotels in the country, and the winter hotels in the South, frequently get all their supplies from some large city, even their poultry and eggs. I have asked a number of proprietors the reason for such an anomaly. I was astonished at the reply. In a few words he said that they could not rely on the home supply of eggs or poultry. They would be willing to pay a little more than the market rates for either, but the farmers had become so accustomed to sending their produce to the cities that they were slow in adopting any other course. They would some days bring in plenty of eggs, and then for a week nothing would be heard of them. This irregularity could not be endured.

Yet as another instance of just the opposite, there is an enterprising young woman who has a poultry farm not far from a summer resort. She has contracted to deliver ten dozen eggs a day through the summer season to the hotels at a uniform price of twenty-five cents per dozen. The eggs are all fresh and she is to be relied upon. The hotels would even take more from her, and she is making efforts to enlarge her plant. She says she is making more money with her summer eggs than with her winter products. Her ambition is to enlarge her poultry farm so she can supply the hotels with spring broilers and tender chickens all through the summer season. Her income then will be entirely satisfactory.

But even in ordinary towns and villages there are always plenty of families who are willing to buy their eggs fresh every few days from some nearby poultry farm. The prices obtained in this way will be far more remunerative than those paid in some distant city. In the summer time fully forty per cent. of the eggs shipped fifty miles or more are partially or wholly ruined by hot weather. The loss sustained in this way is enormous, and the farmers are the ones to endure it. By all means the remedy is to cultivate the nearby markets. Do not try to ship eggs to New York, Philadelphia or other large cities if you live in the West or South. There are nearer markets which will pay you better.—Annie C. Webster in American Cultivator.

FARM HINTS.

Turnips for mutton; corn for pork. In a well-run dairy only the poorer animals are for sale.

A whole lot of dairy farmers do not get as much from their cows as their feed costs.

A good food ration is shelled corn, one-half; rye or barley, one-quarter; oats, one-quarter.

Don't feed well and give good shelter; then allow your sheep to drink ice water to cool off.

Oat fed lambs will stretch out, have healthy looking skin and red blood. Oats are muscle makers.

Farmers should be careful that their things never benefit a farmer's financial condition.

Whether young stock are a paying investment depends very largely on their care the first winter of their lives.

It is a severe strain on the digestive organs of a sheep to feed corn alone in winter; put in a little rye. It is a laxative.

In raising calves have a hand separator so you can give them fresh skimmed milk; then you have the prime requisites to success in calf raising.

The cream will not rise as well or as fully, nor will it make as good butter after the milk has been exposed to a very low temperature for any length of time.

By weaning the lambs early it gives the ewes a better chance to put on flesh, and if given good feed the lambs will make more satisfactory progress as soon as weaned.

If the supply of water is not abundant the cows become restless, feverish and fretful. One day passed in this manner will do very much toward drying up the best cows.

It is an important item to have a place for the milk where the proper conditions can be observed, as good butter cannot be made out of cream that has once got out of condition.

Winter lambs require a great deal of attention, and unless this can be given, do not attempt to raise them. They usually sell for high prices and fully pay for all the extra effort expended.

The hog compelled to go to bed hungry or thirsty will mulch his owner by running off one or more pounds of weight while fretting, grunting, squealing and clamoring for the missing ration.

For the last month or six weeks before selling, the swine should be fed three times a day, and the feeding should be so timed that the animals will walk up to the trough and demand their feed.

Books of Medieval Days.

In the cathedral of Hereford, England, there are still about 1,500 books with the chains that used to be attached to books in the sixteenth century in ecclesiastical and university libraries.



BANDS OF FUR.

Many of the season's winter gowns for visiting and afternoon wear have very tiny edgings of fur in skunk, mink and raccoon, and a good deal of caracal is also employed as a trimming. The awkward fur border at the edge of the skirt is no longer fashionable, but flat bands of caracal are introduced as a heading to the separate flounce, or more bushy furs are arranged as a border to the upper portion of the skirt, which falls over the flounce in such a manner as to suggest a tunic.

THREE MILLION WOMEN WHO

There are to-day over three million wage-earning women in the United States, and the only place where women have not as yet entered to usurp man's position is as an officer in the United States army and navy, or as a sailor or marine. The position of the wage-earning woman to-day demands attention. It is true that "fathers throw their daughters into the industrial world on much the same principle that they throw their boys into the water to teach them to swim." And through heroic struggles the girl is coming to the surface and learning the strokes.

The wage-earning woman and her problem has accomplished two things: she has formed a mutual bond between women of leisure and women of labor, and she has also opened the eyes of philanthropists to the fact that the industrial problem of women is at the bottom of the moral problem, with the result that the rescue homes for women are being supplanted by homes for wage-earning women.—Boston-Transcript.

THE BRIDAL TROUSSEAU OF A FIJI GIRL.

To the all-important question of bridal trousseau the Fiji belle of three decades ago gave little thought. A fringe of hibiscus fiber about the loins supplemented by garlands of brightened flowers about the head, neck and arms, fulfilled all the requirements of Polynesian fashion. Then came a day when this primitive simplicity was succeeded on festive occasions by an oppressive weight of magnificence. Bride and groom alike were literally swathed from head to foot. The material used was the "tapa" or native cloth made from the inner bark of the mulberry tree. As in those days certain colors and decorative designs were reserved for the aristocracy, an educated onlooker could by a single glance determine the social status of the matrimonial candidates. The tapa, besides being rolled about the body in so many folds that the victim was simply a walking bale of stuff, was also so arranged that a huge pannier was formed of the various loops and folds at the back. To all this was added a train, frequently eight or ten yards long, carried by attendants. To these two extremes has succeeded the "sult" costume of to-day.—Woman's Home Companion.

SOME WOMEN INJURIOUS TO FLOWERS.

It appears to be an indubitable fact that there are persons who have about them some quality that is deadly to flowers. A florist said the other day: "Frequently a man will come to me and complain: 'Look here, I paid you \$3 yesterday for a bunch of violets, and you said they had just been plucked, and would live nearly a week. Well, my wife wore them in her corsage last night, and they were dead this morning.' There is nothing for me to reply to the man except that his wife must be one of those whose contact is injurious to flowers. If he pooh-poohs this I am able, perhaps, to recall the name of some lady who bought violets at the same time and from the same lot as he, and I call her up on the telephone and she tells us, too, were them the evening before."

"My clerks corroborate me also, and tell of numerous cases in their experience where a few hours in the hair or on the corsage of a woman have killed the hardest flowers. Indeed, experiments have been made in this matter, and I know personally one tall, robust and beautiful girl who will not have about her a violet or a rose, because she knows her contact means death to it."—Philadelphia Record.

A WOMAN'S FLOWER PARK.

A Chicago woman who did what she could to make her city more beautiful by taking the opportunity nearest to her own hand and working perseveringly and faithfully at that has gained a result that has put her name in all the papers, her picture in some of them, and has given to her "easily the first" honorable mention in one journal's awards for gardens. At a certain point where three streets meet in Chicago there is a triangle designed as "Green Bay Park."

In course of time the abutting streets were built up, one of them with stores and the other two with residences; and the triangle filled up with rubbish and cans. In one of the residences lived the wife of a wool merchant. The misnamed park was to her a constant source of annoy-

ance, violating all her civic ideals. The triangle was under the care of the North Side Park System, but it received no care. This woman appealed repeatedly to the municipality for its improvement, and after a long time she persuaded the city to remove the refuse, sod the plot and make a few flower beds. Then she interested her neighbors, secured contributions from her husband and began a work of positive adornment that now gives very creditable results and has made the little oasis one of the best known in Chicago.—Municipal Journal and Engineer.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S YOUTHFUL LOOKS.

It is difficult to realize that Sunday was really Queen Alexandra's fifty-seventh birthday. There are moments when only the hard-and-fast facts of history and the presence of her children and grandchildren by her side cause us to realize that she is not younger by a good quarter of a century. A great many women in our day have solved the secret of perpetual youth; the Queen is sovereign lady in that respect, as in every other. It is almost absurd to look at her and try to remember that she wants but three years of sixty.

The slim, graceful figure, the beautiful carriage of neck and form, the perfect features, pretty eyes, and complexion that charmed England when the Prince of Wales's eighteen-year-old bride came home, charmed us not less the other day when Queen Alexandra drove through the streets with her daughters and daughter-in-law. It is nothing less than a compliment to the latter to say Her Majesty looked as young and fair as themselves; and her great beauty has always been supplemented by a thousand good qualities of heart and brains wherewith to win and keep the love of her people.—London Ladies' Field.

LAURELS WON BY ALBANI.

The love of music and the gift to express it developed early in Mme. Albani. At the age of three she practiced for an hour every day upon the piano, without any coercion. This early setting forth and the conscientious treading of each step of the way, together with her rich endowment of musical talent and her high character, are what made it possible for the great Lamperti to say of her when, at the age of twenty, she left his studio to fulfill an engagement in opera at Florence, "I am sending the most accomplished musician and the most finished singer in style that has ever left my studio."

But her first debut was made long before that, when, a child of only fourteen, she made her bow to an Albany audience. A musical programme to be given at the army relief bazaar was in process of rehearsal on the afternoon preceding its performance, when it was announced that the principal soprano soloist was too ill to take her work for the evening. The leader of St. Joseph's choir, who was present, stepping forward, said he could in a few minutes bring to the hall a young singer of his choir who would be quite capable of carrying through the soprano parts successfully, and as there was no other alternative departed to return a little later with Emma La Jenesse, a slight, plain girl, who modestly took up the music, an obligato solo of no slight difficulty, and read it without a blunder, singing with such beauty of tone, taste and discretion as to win the praise of all who heard her.—Albany Argus.

BITS OF FEMINITY.

FASHION NOTES.

Attractive handles for umbrellas are made entirely of gun metal, slender, but light and strong. They are twisted into knotted loops at the top, graceful in shape and easy to carry.

Velvet gowns, black and colored, are having a tremendous popularity, and vary from the most gorgeous silk velvets to the Liberty and domestic velveteens, which look quite as pretty and wear better.

Narrow bands of black or white velvet set with steel nail heads or beads, or beads, or the very effective bands of gold wire set with turquoise or coral beads make excellent straps and decorations for stocks.

The collarless Eton is responsible for the especial vogue of the ruche. Though its becomingness is sufficient excuse, collar or none. Accordion-pleated taffeta silk done into a double full puff makes a smart, durable neck piece.

Deep cape collars of lace are a special feature of many of the winter wraps of velvet, fur, or expensive cloth, and rich, heavy designs, like Irish crochet, Flemish, Venetian, and Russian guipure, are a favorable choice.

Among the millinery to be seen are many really beautiful hats in the long-haired white felts and beavers, softened beneath the brim with tulle and lightly draped with panne lace, or plumes, and sometimes with touches of ermine.

Gloves are short, heavy and loose. It is no longer the style to squeeze the hand into a small glove. In the two-button variety, and they are the most stylish for general wear, the buttons have grown in size until they are now half again as large as a ten-cent piece.

The newest sleeve is the Turkish, tight-fitting at the shoulder, and usually confined to the upper part of the arm by embroidery or braiding, then widening out into a very wide shape toward the wrist, overhanging the narrow tight wristband into which it is set.

"THE IRON DID SWIM."

Rev. Dr. Talmage Tells of Some of the Wonders of Divine Power.

Superior to Every Law of Nature Which He Has Made for Mankind.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage makes practical use of an occurrence in the Orient which has seldom attracted particular attention; text, II Kings vi, 6, "The iron did swim."

A theological seminary in the valley of palms near the River Jordan, had become so popular in the time of Elisha, the prophet, that more accommodations were needed for the students. The classrooms and the dormitories must be enlarged or a entirely new building constructed. What will they do? Will they send up to Jerusalem and solicit contributions for this undertaking? Will they send out agents to raise the money for a new theological seminary? Having raised the money, will they send for cedars of Lebanon and marble from the quarries where Ahab got the stone for the pillars and walls of his palace? No; the students proposed to build it themselves. They were rugged boys, who had been brought up in the country and who had never been weakened by the luxuries of city life. All they ask is that Elisha, their professor and prophet, go along with them to the woods and hew the job. They start for the work, Elisha and his students. Plenty of lumber in those regions along the Jordan. The sycamore is a stout, strong tree and good for timber. It is not so hard as the oak seen in Palestine, any sycamore tree more beautiful than the one we stood under at Hawarden. I told him I had not.

The sycamores near the Jordan are now attacked by Elisha's students, for they must have lumber for the new theological seminary. I suppose some of the students made an awkward stroke, and they were extemporized axemen. Stand from under! Crash goes one of the trees and another and another. But the students were so wonderful that the occurrence will tax the credulity of the ages, so wonderful that many still think it never happened at all. One of the students, not able to own an axe, had borrowed an axe of olden time was much like our modern axe, it differed in the fact that instead of the heave or handle being thrust into a socket in the iron head the head of the axe was fixed to the handle by a leaden pin, and so it might slip the heave. A student of the seminary was swinging his axe against one of those trees, and whether it was at the moment he made his first stroke and the chips flew or was after he had cut the tree from all sides so deep that it was ready to fall we are not told, but the axe head and the handle parted. Being near the riverside, the axe head dropped into river and sank to the muddy bottom. Great was the student's dismay. If it had been his own axe, it would have been bad enough, but the axe did not belong to him. He had no means to buy another for the kind man who had loaned it to him, but God helps through some good and sympathetic soul, and in this case it was Elisha who was in the woods and on the river bank at the time. He did not see the axe head fly off, and so he asked the student where it dropped. He was shown the place where it went down into the river. Then Elisha broke off a branch of a tree and threw it into the water, and the axe head rose from the depths of the river and floated to the bank, so that the student had just to stoop down and take up the restored property. Now you see the meaning of my text, "The iron did swim."

Suppose a hundred years ago some one had told people the time would come when hundreds of thousands of tons of iron would float on the Atlantic and Pacific—iron ships from New York to Southampton, from London to Calcutta, from San Francisco to Canton. The man making such a prophecy would have been sent to an asylum or carefully watched as incompetent to go alone. We have all in our day seen iron swim. Now, if man can make hundreds of tons of metal float, can he not do it with the iron of the Almighty? Can he not make an axe head float?

"What," says some one, "would be the use of such a miracle?" Of vast, of infinite, of eternal importance. These students were preparing for the ministry. They had joined the theological seminary to get all its advantages. They needed to have their faith strengthened; they needed to be persuaded that God can do every thing; they needed to learn that there is no emergency of life where He is not willing to help.

Standing on the banks of that Jordan, those students of that day of the recalled miracle of thousands of years ago, and nothing that they found out in the classrooms of that learned institution had ever done more in the way of fitting them for their coming profession.

From different sources that there is a great deal of infidelity in some of the theological seminaries of our day. They think that the Garden of Eden is an allegory, and that Moses did not write the Pentateuch, and that the book of Job is only a drama, and that the book of Jonah is an unfriendly fish story, and that water was not turned into wine, although the bartender now by large dilution turns wine into water, and that most of the so-called miracles of the Old and the New Testaments were wrought by natural causes. When those infidels graduate from the theological seminary and take the pulpits of America as expounders of the Holy Scriptures, what advocates they will be of that gospel for the truth of which the martyrs died.

Hail the Polycarpus and Hugh Latimers and John Knoxes of the twentieth century, believing the Bible is true in spots! Would to God that some great revival of religion might sweep through all the theological seminaries of this land, confirming the faith of the coming expounders of an entire Bible!

Furthermore, in that scene of the text God sanctions borrowing and sets forth the importance of returning. I do not think there would have been any miracle if the young man had owned the axe that slipped the heave. The young man cried out in the hearing of the prophet, "Alas, master, for it was borrowed!" He had a right to borrow. There are times when we have not only a right to borrow, but it is a duty to borrow. There are times when we ought to lend, for Christ in His sermon on the mount declared, "From him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

It is right that one borrow the means of getting an education, as the young student of my text borrowed the axe. It is right to borrow means for the forwarding of commercial ends. Most of the vast fortunes that now overshadow the land were hatched out of a borrowed dollar.

Those students in the valley of palms by the Jordan had a physical strength and hardihood that would help them in their mental and spiritual achievements. We who are toiling for the world's betterment need brain as well as brawn, strong bodies as well as illumined minds and consecrated souls. Many of those who are now doing the best work in church and state got muscle and power of endurance from the fact that in early life they were compelled to use axe or plow or fall or hammer, while many who were brought up in the luxuries of life give out before the battle is won. They are keen and sharp of mind, but have no physical endurance. They have the axe head, but no

handle. The body is the handle of the soul.

Do not feel lonely because your nearest neighbor may be miles away, because the width of the continent may separate you from the place where your cradle was rocked and your father's grave was dug. Weakened though you may be by lion's roar or panther's scream, God will help you, whether at the time the forest around you raves in the midnight hurricane or you suffer from something quite insignificant, like the loss of an axe head. Take your Bible out under the trees, if the weather will permit, and after you have listened to the solo of a bird in the tree tops or the long meter psalm of the thunder, read those words of the Bible, which must have been written out of doors: "The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted, where the birds make their nests; as for the stork, the fir trees are her house. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies. Thus maketh darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening. O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made man. All the earth is full of Thy riches." How do you like that sublime pastoral?

My subject also reminds us of the importance of keeping our chief implement for work in good order. I think that young theological student on the banks of Jordan was to blame for not examining the axe before he lifted it at that day that started. He could in a moment have found out whether the heave and the head were firmly fastened. The simple fact was that the axe was not in good order or the strongest stroke that sent the axe into the hard sycamore would not have left the implement headless. So God has given every one of us an axe with which to hew. Let us keep it in good order, having been strengthened by prayer. The reason we sometimes fail in our work is because we have a dull axe or we do not know how to swing it. The head is not right on the handle. At the same time, perfect equilibrium we lose our head. We expend in useless excitement the nervous energy that we ought to have employed in direct, straightforward work.

Your axe may be a pen or a type or a yardstick or a scales or a tongue which in legislative hall or business circles or Sabbath school or pulpit is to speak for God and righteousness, but the axe will do the work much as well if it has been sharpened on the grindstone of affliction.

Go right through the world and go right through all the past ages, and show me one man or woman who has done any thing for the world where the axe of his whose axe was not ground on the revolving wheel of mighty trouble. It was not David, for he was dethroned and hounded by unfaithful Absalom. Surely it was not Paul, for he was shipwrecked and speared with thirty-nine stripes from rods of elm-wood on his way to beheading.

Surely it was not Abraham Lincoln, called by every vile name that human and satanic turpitude could invent, and ridiculed by extortionists and meaner men than any other man ever suffered, on the way to meet a bullet crashing through his temples.

But I have come to the foot of the Alps, which we must climb before we can see the wide speech of my subject, and I find all these how the impossibilities may be turned into possibilities. That axe head was sunken in the muddest river, that could be found. The alarmed student of Elisha may know where it was down, but can he dive for it and perhaps fetch it up, but can the sunken axe head be lifted without a hand thrust deep into the mud at the bottom of the river? No; that is impossible. I admit, so far as human power is concerned, it is impossible, but with God all things are possible. After the tree branch was thrown upon the surface of Jordan "the iron did swim."

Some one may say, "Did you ever see iron swim?" Yes, yes; as far as I am concerned, I saw a soul hardened until nothing could make it harder. All styles of sin had plied that soul. It was petrified as to all fine feeling. It had been hardened for thirty years. It had gone into the deepest depths. It had been given up as lost. The father had given it up. The mother, the last to do so, had given it up. But one day in answer to some prayer a branch of the disfigured tree was thrown down into the dark and sullen stream, and the sunken soul responded to its power and rose into the light, and to the astonishment of the church and the world, "the iron did swim."

There are a hundred cases like that. When the dying bandit on the cross beside Christ was converted. When Jerry McAuley, a ruffian graduate of Sing Sing prison, was changed into a great evangelist, so using his education of wandering men and women that the merchant princes of New York established for him the Water street and Cremona missions and mourned at his burial, and the imbecilities of a city. When the power of the truth was brought to Christ and became one of the mightiest preachers of the gospel that England ever saw.

When John Bunyan, whose curses shocked even the profane of the fish market, was so changed in heart and life that he could write that wonderful dream, "The Pilgrim's Progress," in such a way that uncounted thousands have found through it the road from the "city of destruction" to the "celestial city." In all these cases I think iron was made to swim. I worship the God who can do the impossible.

You have a wayward boy. Only God knows how you have cried over him. You have tried everything for his reformation. Where is he now—in this city, in this country, or has he crossed the sea? "Oh," you say, "I do not know where he is. He went away in the sulks and I did not say where he was going." You have about made up your mind that you will never hear from him again. Pretty hard pay he gives you for all your kindness and the nights you sat up with him when he was sick. Perhaps he struck you one when you were trying to persuade him to do better. How different was the feeling of that hard fist against your face from his little hand in infancy patting your cheek? "Father! Mother! That is impossible that I would like to see God take hold of the conversion of that boy, for he will never be anything but a boy to you, though you should live to see him fifty years of age. Did you say his heart is hard as iron? Hard as stone? Yes," you say, "harder than that. Hard as iron." But here is a God who can lift the soul that has been deepest down.

Here is a God who can reach out of the blackest depths of sin and wretchedness. Here is a God who can make iron swim, the God of Elisha, the God of the young student that stood in dismay on the banks of the Jordan at the time of the axe head. Lay hold of the Lord in a prayer that will take no denial.

Alas, there are impossibilities before thousands of people—called to do work that it is impossible for them to do, called to bear burdens that it is impossible for them to bear, called to endure suffering that it is impossible for them to endure. Read all the gospel promises, rally all your faith, and while you will always be called to worship the God of hope and glory, with all the concentrated energies of my soul, I implore you to bow down and worship the God who can turn the impossibles into the possibles. It was no trivial purpose, but for grand and glorious uses I have spoken to you to-day of the borrowed, the lost and the restored axe head.

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