THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Migratory Birds."

TEXO: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."—Jeremiah viii., 7.

when God would set fast a beautiful thought He plants it in a tree. When He would put it affoat He fashions it into a fish. When He would have it glide the air He molds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come, in Holland and Germany, and build its nest over the doorway; the sweet dispositioned turtledove, mingling in color white and black and brown and ashen and chestnut; the crane with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart, shot out of the bow swallow, swift as a dart, shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds sterted by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the ciutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been this very season of the year—autumu—and the prophet out of doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

Now you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eyesight to look into the deep blue of the noonday heaven, but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks and turtledoves and cranes and swallows drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves into two the air with wild velocity—the old crane, with commanding call, bidding them onward, while the towns, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzing heavens stone dawn and into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs, and he puts his hand upon the pen and begins to write, "The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the

If you were in the field to-day, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field you would see a convention of birds, noisy as the American congress the last night before adjournment, or as the English parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in queen's household—a convention of birds all talking at ones, moving a supplied residence on the supplied to the suppli and passing resolutions on the subject of migration; some proposing to go to-morrow, some moving that they go to-day, some moving that they go to Brazil, some to Florida, some to the tablelands of Mexico, but all unanimous in the fact that they must be some for they have marching orders go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord, written on the first white sheet of the frost and in the pictorial of the changing leaves.

There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire crested wren, or a plover, or a red legged partridge but expects to spend the winter at the south, for the apartments have aiready been orders i for them in South America or in Africa, and after thousands of miles of flight they and after thousands of miles of flight they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strew the continent with music, and whether from northern fields, or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves men sea your wings or northern fields, or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves men see your wings or hear your voice, may they bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text, 'The stalk in the heaven knowth her appointed times, and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord!"

I propose, so far as God may help me, this morning, carry out the idea of the text, to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their works. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual travel from the Hudson to the Amazon, from the Thames to the Nile. Naturalists tell us that they arrive there thin and weary and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way; the ground the lower line of the music; the sky, the upper line of the music; themselves, the notes scattered up and down

It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. violin chorded and strung, if something accidentally strike it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried, I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" doxology through Wall street it would put an end to any financial disturbance! I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven born halle-

Some one asked Haydn, the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheeriul music. "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise. When I think of God my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen." I wish we might with God for our Father and Christ for our Saviour, and heaven for our home, and angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world let us remember that we are on the way to the summery clime of heaven, and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to

Children of the Heavenly King. As ye journey sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways. re are traveling home to God, In the way your fathers trod; They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.

The church of Got never will be a tri-

I go further and remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we in the ract that in their migration they fly very high. Dur-ing the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun, but when they start for the annual flight southward they take their places midheaven and go straight as an arrow to the mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder cannot reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our flight heavenward! We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh and the devil. We are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mile of reaching

Oh, for some of the faith of George Muller, of England, and Alfred Cookman, ones of the church militant, now of the church triumphant! So poor is the type of piety in the church of God now that men actually caricature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did believe in eagles. But, my brethren, because we have not reached these heights ourselves, shall we deride the fact that there are any such heights?

A man was once talking to Brunel, the famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from London to Bristol. The engineer said: "It is not very great. We shall have after a while a steamer running from England to New York." They laughed him to scorn, but we have gone so far now that we have ceased to laugh at any thing as impossible for human achievement.

Then, I ask, is anything impossible for the Lord? I do not believe that God exhausted all His grace in Paul and Latimer and Ed-

all His grace in Paul and Latimer and Edward Payson. I believe there are higher points of Christian attainment to be reached in the future ages of the Christian world. You tell me that Paul went up to the tiptop of the Alps of Christian attainment. Then I tell you that the stork and crane havefound above the Alps plenty of room for free flying. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God and lie down. On the morrow those temptations relly themselves and attack us and tions rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again; but staying all the time in the old encamp-ment we have the same old battles to figut over. Why not whip out our temptations, and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranku after the last vic-

Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat at any rate by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the church of God, The fact is, if the church of God if we, as individuals, made rapid advance ment in the Christian life, these stereotyped prayerswe have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. Oh, for a higher flight in the Christian life—the stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live, At this poor dying rate— Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?

Again, I remark that the birds of the air Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop storks and cranes; don't be in a hurry!" they would say: "No, we cannot stop; last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go. We must go." So they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside from storm or mountain top or shock of musketry, over land and see straight as an arrow to the mark they sea, straight as an arrow to the mark they go. And if you come out this merning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try to get them to stop, they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them.

Oh, that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and heaven! We say: "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year. After awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge and the "draw was up" and they went down. How long to repeat and pray? Two seconds! Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two

I was reading of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians there with elaborate pieces of music. After awhile Mezart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper be-fore him, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said: "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him, but oh, my friends, we cannot extemporize heaven! If we do not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. On, that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying

away from the tempest!

Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You feel it to-day. You are not happy. I look into your faces, and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be silenced, telling you that you are sinners, and that without the pardon of God you are undone forever. What are you going to do, my friends, with the accumulated transgressions of this life-time? Will you stand still and let the avalanche tumble over you? On, that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy! The southern grove, redolent wish agnola, and cactua never waitel for northern flocks as God has waited for you, saying "I have loved thee with an ever-lasting love. Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give

Another frost is bidding you away—it is the frost of sorrow. Where do you live now? "Oh," you say, "I have moved." Why did you move? You say, "I don't want as large a house now as formerly." Why do you not want as large a house! You say, "My family is not so large." Where have they gone? "To eternity." Your mind goes back through that last sickness, and through the almost supernatural effort to save life, and through those oraways that seemed unavailing, and through prayers that seemed unavailing, and through that kiss which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling and hear the hearts breaking—while

tolling and hear the hearts breaking—while I speak I hear them break. A heart! Another heart! Alone, alone, alone!

This world, which in your girlhood and boyhood was sunshine, is cold now, and oh, weary dove, you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clouis would bid you away into the heart of an all comforting God! Ob, I have noticed again and again what a botch this world makes of it when it tries to comfort a soul in trouble! It says, "Don't cry!" How can we help crying waen the heart's treasures are scattered, and father is gone, and mother is gone, and companions are gone, and the child is gone, and everything seems gone?

gone?

It is no comfort to tell a man not to cry. The world comes up and says, "Oh, it is only the body of your loved one that you have put in the ground?" But there is no comfort in that. That body is precious. Shall we never put our hands in that hand again, and shall we never see that sweet face again! Away with your heartlessness, oh, world! But come, Jesus, and tell us that when the tears fall they fall into God's bottle; that the dear bodies of our loved ones shall rise radiant in the resurrection, and all the breakings down here shall tion, and all the breakings down here shall be lifted up there, and "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst no more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from

You may have noticed that when the chaffluch, or the storz, or the crane starts on its migration it calls all those of its kind to come too. The tree toos are full of enirp and whistle and carol and the long roll call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind, On, that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your friends with you! I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Isamael.

Start for heaven yourself and take your

Start for heaven yourself and take you children with you. Come thou and all tay house into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are reaims of balm and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. than eagle's stroke put out for Like the crane or the stork, stop heaven. Like the crane or the stork, stop not night nor day until you find the right

To-day the Saviour calls, Ye wanderers come. Oh, ye benichted souls, Why longer roam?

The Spirit calls to-day.
Yield to his power.
Oh, grieve him not away.
Tis mercy's Bour!



TO KEEP BOYS ON THE FARM.

When a farmer who owns 200 acres of land is continually grumbling that he cannot make anything at the business, although his three or four boys work for their board and clothing, has he a right to grumble because the boys want to leave the farm? Possibly if he were to divide his land and his ready money with the boys, and then each one tried to do his best upon his share of the farm, all would get better results than they do now, and all would stay upon the farm, unless they had decided tastes and talents for some other pursuit .-Chicago Times.

GOOD AND BAD BUTTER.

The average creamery butter is called better than the average farm dairy butter, and the same is true of cheese, but there are some private dairies that make better goods and get better prices than the factories can. Such ones should hesitate before pooling their products along with the shiftless, careless ones who never could make good butter, mainly because they had not learned how to make good milk to begin with. Possibly a saving of labor in the household may pay for a little loss in price, but the separator seems likely to make much reduction, of the labor of butter making. and it is said they can be used profitably where there are a dozen cows .- Ame rican Dairyman.

SEED CORN. In all manner of farming it is most imand kept in the safest way should be secured. A wise farmer will raise and keep in safety as many of his own seeds qualities. as may be necessary. The present is perhaps the best time of the year to save seed corn of every sort. Select ears that are well filled out at each end and such as show no mixture. Corn will mix from forty to eighty rods apart. While husking corn throw out every extra good ear and from these again make a selection of the best. Let a few husks remain on the ear and then trace them up by dozens and hang them up where no rodents can get at them; but not in a granary where wheat and oats are stored, as the emanations from these will destroy the germinating principle. Secure at least twice as much as you expect to use. Some sluggard will pay \$2 per bushel for it .-St. Louis Republic.

POULTRY TOPICS.

It is much better to divide the flock at night, permitting a small number to roost together. Crowding results frequently in diseases.

Grind up the bones from the meat you proper condition. use for the table, leaving some of the fed twice or three times a week.

The earthen drinking fountain is the cleanest and most convenient when water | growth and good habits. must be carried to a flock of fowls. The water remains cool longer in earthenware than in tin. A running stream is best of all.

Their feathers are like Lair, standing up straight. Their wattles and combs are a bluish red color.

Keep the poultry in a house especially provided for them. Do not permit the manger in the horse or cow stable to be contaminated with the droppings, making the food distasteful to the horse, or cow, that occupies the stall .- American Agriculturist.

INSECTS IN GREENHOUSES.

Florists are now having a busy season, preparing plants and greenhouses for the winter supply of flowers, writes Margaret Dale. Let me suggest to those who may not be already aware of the fact that a liberal supply of tobacco stems spread thickly over the walks will prevent the development of insects, the pest of amateur as well as professional florists. I have been assured by florists of experience that fresh supplies of stems are all that they find necessary to keep their greenhouses in perfect condition regarding insects. Throughout the winter the stems must be renewed every few weeks, and, though this may seem a troublesome operation, I am convinced that many persons will consider it an improvement on the old method of fumigating, by which the florist effectually smoked himself with sulphur or tobacco, while vainly endeavoring to destroy the flies and aphides that were luxuriating on his choicest carnations and roses.

After being used in the greenhouses the stems can be utilized as a mulch about the June roses of the garden, where they prove an effective remedy for the slug .- New York Independent.

SPREADING ASHES IN WINTER.

At the Rhode Island Station a portion of an old sheep pasture was plowed and seeded with a mixture of timothy and red top in 1890. In the following winter and spring it was fertilized with Canada ashes for the purpose of making a comparison between winter and spring applications of ashes to newly seeded meadows, and to determine whether any less would result from washing while the ground was frozen. The soil is a in addition to their grain ration if they light sandy loam, and the ashes were from the cart upon the field when the ply of insects. ground was frozen and covered with

staked out side by side. Upon the west wood will taint the honey. Care should plot on January 6 half a ten of ashes be taken not to have this kind.

was spread upon the snow as evenly as possible, and a corresponding half a ton of ashes placed in barrels in a dry storehouse for application to the east plot in the spring. The spring application was made April 10, the ground being free from frost, but soft from the spring rains, and to prevent cutting up the field the ashes had to be applied by hand from

The very dry weather of May and June shortened the crop materially, but the grass was cut June 10, and the weight of well-cured hay upon the two plots determined as follows: West plot, yeld of field-cured hay per acre from spring application, 1906 pounds; east plot, yield of field-cured hay per acre from spring application, 1497 pounds, showing a gain of 409 pounds per acre or twenty-seven per cent. in favor of the winter application, to which can well be added the economy of labor in doing the work while the ground is frozen and other work is not pressing. -New York World.

CARE OF DAIRY CALVES.

Professor Robertson, of Ontario, Canada, is regarded as good authority in dairy matters. Speaking of the calf that is reared for the dairy he says: Breed and feed are to a cow like two

wings to a bird-one alone is of little In selecting a calf for dairy sire, choose one from a lank, rough cow, and never from a smooth, fat, handsome one. Study the calf's antecedents and portant that good seed, fully matured see that he is backed by good producers on both sides. This course will enable one to breed up the milk and butter

> The calf born between September 1 and December 1 is the best to raise. It gets a good start before winter, winters well, and in the spring grows finely.

> A cow should lick a calf for at least half an hour when it is first dropped; this will set the heart to working properly, start digestion and put the whole system in proper operation.

A calf, either bull or heifer, should show a good escutcheon. In a cow other points may be seen from which to judge; the teats should be set wide apart and stand out like four legs on a properly made stool.

The shape of a calf may be largely changed by feeding. If kept fat it will develop a rounded body, while if fed so as to keep heaithy and growing it may be molded into the desired form for a dairy anima).

It should have its mother's milk the first three or four days, as it is designed by nature to set the calf's system in

After it is a week old it should have meat on the bones, both being essential sweet, skimmed milk, and be fed dry at intervals. Hens lay better if thus ground oats. Eating the ground oats dry produces saliva to aid digestion, ensures a healthy system and stimulates

After it is from one to three months old it may be fed to develop its digestive organs. It should then have plenty of very digestible food of a kind that will The Silky fowl is a toy, yet many ad- aid in forming bone and muscle and add mire it for its odd appearance. The hens lay well, but their eggs are not large. that will develop fat. Thus a large deep belly will be developed, a desirable feature for a dairy cow .- Farm, Field and Stockman.

> FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. Give ducks as much liberty as pos-

The fall is a good time to apply manure to asparagus beds.

New oats are too laxative for horses which do hard work. With nearly all kinds of fowls the final fattening is on corn.

The fall is the time to sell off all birds that have passed their prime. For early spring flowering sow migno-

nette seed in light, rich soil and keep in a warm place. Peach buds can be protected by bend-

ing the trees over to the ground and covering with some light material. The average farm horse would feel proud if he received but a small part of

the care which is bestowed on a race-A ewe that raises two lambs and . fur-

nishes in addition a good fleece of wool will pay 200 per cent. on the money invested.

When sheep are to be tattened for market they should be separated from the stock sheep so that they can be fed by themselves.

If the yards and pens are not naturally drained, let them be drained artifically. Stagnant water is often the beginning of serious and fatal diseases among poul-

Do not wait until winter before cleaning out the hen house. You may have been neglecting that "chore" during the "busy season" of harvesting. Neglect

In shipping poultry do not crowd the coops too full. Besides the suffering caused the fowls, the death of two or three will take off the expected profits and cause disappointment.

Now that the moulting season is here, see that the fowls have some fresh meat are yarded, or if their range is not exhauled directly from the car and spread | tended enough to give them a good sup-

Zinc or galvanized iron should never four inches of snow.

The field is very level, and two plots of one-fifth acre each were selected and staked out side by side. Then the staked out side by side. Then the staked out side by side. Then the staked out side by side.

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