



FOR THE FARMER AND STOCKMAN

Cowpens For Cows.

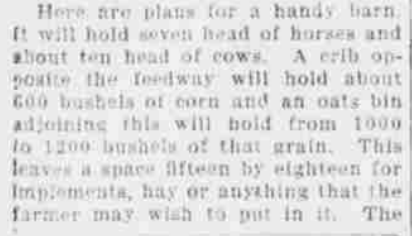
Cowpens make an excellent food for dairy cows when combined with other grain and fodder in proper proportions...

Pasturing Sheep.

A correspondent asks us how many sheep can be pastured on eighty acres of fairly well set land in blue grass...

A Handy Barn.

Here are plans for a handy barn. It will hold seven head of horses and about ten head of cows...



A Handy Barn.

doors on the cow shed are wide enough so you can drive through them with a wagon or manure spreader...

Making Farming Pay.

Secretary Wilson in a few recent addresses summarized in a few sentences the processes of a farmer who succeeds in making farming pay...

Be Gentle to the Cow.

"The cow is an intelligent animal," says Mrs. Howie, of Elk Grove, Wis., who, like Mrs. Durand, of Lake Forest, Ill., is foremost in cow culture...

Flowing Under Green Crops.

My experience in trying to improve land by plowing under green forage crops leads me to believe that unless we make a wise selection of crops to be turned under our work is often done at a loss...

Never, Never Land.

The "Never, Never Land," about which Mr. J. P. Hogan writes in "Notes and Queries," is the name bestowed on the vast plains of Northern Queensland...

Caring For the Ram.

The management that should be given rams, young or old, before and after service will depend largely on the size of the flock...

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY DEAN HODGES.

Theme: Defense of the Faith.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sunday evening, at Holy Trinity R. Church, the Very Rev. George Hodges, dean of the Cambridge Theological School, delivered a lecture on the early church. The subject was "The Defense of the Faith."

The first antagonist of the faith was heresy, crowned in ignorance, growing up into contempt and then into hatred, and resulting in prejudice whereby the Christians were accused of atheism and sedition, and of immorality.

The second antagonist of the faith was the religion of Plato (a revival of philosophy), and on the other side the religion of Mithras (a revival of paganism). These came in the way of a revolt from the prosaic religion of the Roman Empire.

And then appeared to the world a new and more formidable competitor that Christianity ever had. It was born in time as it were, and it was to become the religion of Europe. It entered very little into literature, and scarcely anything was known about it until men began to study the ruins of Mithraic shrines and read the inscriptions and gradually to find how far spread it was and what it meant.

That was Mithras, the birthday kept as a day of rejoicing in the villages of the desert of Sahara to the glens of Scotland, where shrines of Mithra have been found. When Christianity became victorious over this religion he found it wise to say to the converts, "Keep on with your domestic life, and on December 25, do all these joyful things in remembrance of Jesus Christ, our Saviour."

Our Heavenly Father and truest Friend, who has so loved and saved us, the thought of whom is sweet and always growing sweeter, come again to us, and we shall not need to be anxious either for our souls or our bodies. Give us charity, sweetest of all gifts, which knows no enemy. Give us in our hearts the love of God, which will keep watch on our lips, our deeds, and we shall not need to be anxious either for our souls or our bodies.

The Lord's Mandate. "The White Man's Burden" in its highest and noblest aspect is, surely, the duty that our Lord has committed to us of this world. The time has come when we must do our duty. Happy are they who can discern the times, and respond to the call of God and man. Blessed are they who sow beside all waters.

Condemnation of Sin. Sin against the body must be condemned as severely as sin against the soul. A German physician, by means of a glass cabinet with a partial vacuum, has solved the problem of operating on the lungs. He probably has paved the way to successful surgery in cases of internal cancer, and possible of consumption where the lung tissue is affected.

A Triumph of Science. "I have been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm." "Did you catch the hired man in motion?" "I think so." "Ab, science kin do anything these days."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Bare Exception. "I see by a literary note somewhere," says the man with the disordered eyebrows, "that one of the Indiana school of novelists gets his best ideas while shaving."

Like Shop Windows. We are like shop windows, where in we are constantly arranging, hiding or exhibiting those supposed qualities which others attribute to us—and all in order to deceive ourselves.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR APRIL 4.

Subject: Peter and Cornelius, Acts 10:1-48—Golden Text, Acts 10:35—Commit Verses 13-15—Commentary on Day's Lesson.

TIME.—A. D. 40. PLACES.—Caesarea and Joppa. EXPOSITION.—I. A Godly Soldier, 1-8. The central figure of this lesson is a captain in the Roman army. The barracks at Caesarea would seem to be a most unlikely place to find the first Gentile convert to Christianity, but there is where he was found.

God's correction is a sign of His love; why should we not love Him for it? (3: 12). The path about the just—the world around the just—made shining by their presence (4: 18). Don't let an insect beat a man (6: 6).

It is a severe test of your wisdom, but a sure one: Do you love those that rebuke you? (9: 7). The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, but the love of the Lord is the end of it (9: 10).

God's blessing is the only kind of wealth that can take out an insurance against sorrow (10: 22). "But you never do?" "No, I never do, but I feel that I can. All the bonds break and the wall falls down and I am free. I can really touch people. I feel friendly and neighborly."

When the first disciples to himself Jesus stated clearly that it was a call to larger responsibility and more exacting service. Catching fish had its hardships, its exposure, its routine of toil; but catching men world involve an expenditure of sacrifice, of patience and persistent service, such as they had not dreamed of. He did not call men to ease and inactivity. That "Follow me" meant going from one village to another in ceaseless ministrations, thronged by the jostling crowds, responsive to every cry of need, always open to intrusion and insult, frequently without a piece to lay one's head in labor abundant, in weariness and painfulness, and sacrifice even unto death.

The topic opens up at once the whole problem of existence. Why are we here, anyway? What is the significance of human life? What relation do we sustain to Him who called us here? Is the world a vast playground where God is under obligation to entertain us? Or is it a vineyard wherein every man must labor for the fruitage of the kingdom?

There are not wanting those who tell us that God is under obligation to us. We are his guests here, they say, and he ought to entertain us right royally with a feast of fat things full of marrow and wines upon the lees. It is quite evident, however, that the Christian interpretation of life is very different. It is summed up in that word "service." That life means other things—happiness, culture, achievements, and a thousand elements beyond our ken—we need not question, but over and above all this Jesus teaches us that life means preeminently an ever-widening opportunity for sacrifice and service.

To the Christian, then, the world is not a garden among whose fruits and flowers and playing fountains one may lie at ease for long hours, swinging himself in indolent delight. It is, rather, a vineyard, where there is hard luck to do under the scorching sun, and to each of us God's call is summed up in Dr. Babcock's stirring hymn.

Character is what we make of life's conditions. It takes more than good living to make the good life. No day is long enough to waste any of it in nursing enmity. The holy life is the one that is healthy all the way through. The unanswered prayer finds its fruitage in the disciplined heart. The man who is going to heaven never tries to take up all the road.

No man is as good as he might be who does not try to be better than he can be. No man needs our pity more than he who is indifferent to the sorrows of others. It's always safe to deny the authority of an opportunity that thrusts itself in on a duty. The steps downward are so many and so small that men seldom recognize the grade. There is some moral disease present when the sight of another's happiness gives us pain. It is often worth while to do an apparently fruitless act for the sake of acquiring a helpful habit. Idleness makes the hours wearily long and the days woefully short. He can never know any deep joy who can laugh at the sorrows of another. The proof of an education lies in a mind so filled that prejudices gain no root.—From "Sentence Sermons," in the Chicago Tribune.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

APRIL FOURTH

Life Lessons for Me From the Book of Proverbs—Prov. 8: 1-17.

The great lesson: wisdom. Prov. 1: 1-9. Obedience to God's Word. Prov. 3: 1-10. Avoidance of evil. Prov. 4: 14-27. Diligence. Prov. 6: 1-11; 24: 33. Value of righteousness. Prov. 25: 8-15. The value of silence. Prov. 25: 8-15.

A rich man is indeed poor if he is unwise, and a poor man is indeed rich if he is wise (v. 10). Is not goodness more than wisdom? No, for wisdom is goodness. Knowledge is not goodness, but wisdom is, for wisdom is knowledge in action (v. 11).

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THE CRUSADE AGAINST DRINK

PROGRESS MADE BY CHAMPIONS FIGHTING THE RUM DEMON.

"Off the Wagon Again." I dreamed that I dwelt in an isle of cracked ice. In the midst of a lake of champagne, where bloomed the mild julep in meadows green. Amid showers of lithia rain. I reclined on a divan of lager beer foam. While a pillow of froth for my head. While the spray from a fountain of sparkling gin fizz descended like dew on my head.

From far away mountains of crystalline ice. A sabbath, refreshing and cool. Came waiting the income of sweet muscatel. That sparkled in many a pool. My senses were soothed by the soft, purring of a brooklet of possessive care. Of a ruffled along over pebbles of snow. Then, lulled by the music of tinkling glass. From the schooners that danced on the blue, I dreamed I slipped a highball or two, and languidly dozed to sleep.

And then I awoke on a bed of rocks. With a bolster as hard as a brick. A wrench in my back, a rack in my head. And a stomach detestably sick. With a pillow of froth for my head. Where the taste of last evening still clung. And a bathtubful stuffed into my mouth. Which I afterwards found was my own. And I groped for the thread of the evening before.

In a mystified mood of a brain, Unconscious of what lay upon me at last, "I'm off on the wagon again."

Getting Away From Oneself. David Grayson writes an interview with a drunkard in the American Magazine. The drunkard explains why he sometimes wants liquor, and Mr. Grayson tells how men who never touch liquor are sometimes just as much intoxicated.

The drunkard is speaking: "I have friends, but somehow I can't get to them; I can't even get to my wife. It seems as if a wall hemmed me in, as if I were bound to a rock which I couldn't get away from. I am also afraid. When I am sober I know how to do great things, but I can't do them. After a few glasses—I never take more—I not only know I can do great things, but I feel as though I were really doing them."

"But you never do?" "No, I never do, but I feel that I can. All the bonds break and the wall falls down and I am free. I can really touch people. I feel friendly and neighborly."

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