



**Feed For the Dairy Cow.**

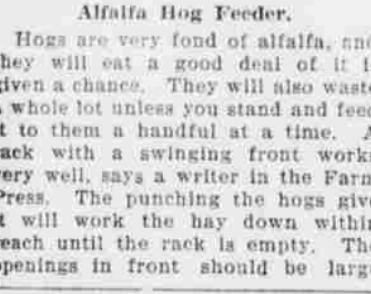
Cottonseed meal, flaxseed meal, shorts, bran or other feeds rich in protein are necessary for a full flow of milk. Clover or alfalfa hay are rough feeds rich in protein. Corn, rich in starch, produces heat, energy, and fat, but little milk. Silage and green roots furnish water and are good appetizers and promoters of general health for winter feeding. Bran and flaxseed meal are good bowel regulators.—Farmers' Home Journal.

**Over Half the Crop Saved.**

The Year Book of the Department of Agriculture for 1907 has a most instructive article by Professor A. L. Quaintance, in which he urges the seed and wisdom of spraying, and cites a number of convincing results of demonstration sprayings of last year. An orchard at Bentonville, Ark., showed that fifty-one per cent. of the fruit was saved through spraying; another one at Fordland, Mo., where it was actually necessary to show the neighbors, developed forty-six per cent. saved through spraying; one at Afton, Va., showed seventy-two per cent. saved; one at Owensville, Ohio, forty-eight per cent. saved; one at Mt. Pisgah, Ohio, forty-one per cent. saved, and one at North East, Pa., showed sixty-nine per cent. of the fruit saved through spraying. The exact average for these five orchards was 54.54 per cent. saved, or more than half the crop. "An orchardist," says Professor Quaintance, "by thorough work can do as well or better."

**Alfalfa Hog Feeder.**

Hogs are very fond of alfalfa, and they will eat a good deal of it if given a chance. They will also waste a whole lot unless you stand and feed it to them a handful at a time. A rack with a sliding front works very well, says a writer in the Farm Press. The punching the hogs give it will work the hay down within reach until the rack is empty. The openings in front should be large enough to let a hog's head through, but not much larger. The rack may be any length and should be about four feet high, and from three feet to three and a half feet wide at the top. Make it strong or they will soon punch it to pieces. Make the floor tight to hold chaff and lay a floor in front to keep the hogs out of the mud. Brood sows fed all the good alfalfa hay and clean water they want will winter well if given one good ear of corn each day.



Front View.

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**Magnitude of Dairy Industry.**

The clean milk problem is a vital one, affecting the production and consumption of over 9,000,000 gallons in the United States per year, being an annual supply of over 100 gallons in every man, woman and child in the country. This amount affords 1.1 quarts a day for every individual, which includes the milk used in making butter and cheese. The actual amount of whole milk consumed each day averages about .65 of a pint for every individual. The value of this product for a year at retail is the \$17,500,000,000. This is about one-fifth of the entire wealth of the nation, five times the wholesale value of last year's wheat crop, nearly twice the value of the corn crop and over one-third of the entire value of farm products for 1907. It is estimated at \$7,400,000,000. The wholesale value of dairy products last year was estimated at \$300,000,000, which would allow a price of less than ten cents a gallon for milk at the dairy. An average retail price of seven cents a quart was assumed, which is probably a little below the average price.—Connecticut Station.

**Why I Raise Sheep.**

Sheep are more prolific than other animals and raise their young on the most inexpensive feed with the least care. Their flesh costs the least to produce and brings more on the market than any other. Besides, it is the most healthful food for man. They grow annually from six to ten per cent. of their normal live weight in wool, which sells for more than three times as much as the flesh of any animal and furnishes a splendid covering for the body in winter, as well as gives employment to thousands of skilled laborers to convert it into fabrics for the use of man. They return more and better fertility to enrich the soil and distribute the same more evenly than any other animal. They keep the land free from weeds and convert the same into a valuable commodity. They are the most easily managed animals and do not trample a field and injure others, and one can turn them into fields to pick up waste where other animals could not be tolerated, and thus save a vast and otherwise actual loss. They can be retained in inclosures which would not hold any other animal. They thrive and fatten on a pasture without grain, but do not thrive on a pasture without grass. Sheep give on an average more pounds of meat per bushel of grain than either hogs or cattle. The last bunch raised and fattened was a bunch of seventy-five yearling wethers and six ewes from two to six years old, in all eighty-one head.

**The Pulpit**  
A SERMON BY THE REV. DR. W. HENDERSON

Theme: To-day.

Text, Psalm 95:7. "To-day." In that entertaining and stimulating volume "Orthodoxy," Mr. Gilbert Chesterton delivers himself of this pungent remark: "All Christianity concentrates on the man at the crossroads." For, says he, "The true philosophy is concerned with the instant. The instant is really awful." Nothing is truer, nothing more vital.

What a multitude of sermons are preached to the theme, "Where wilt thou spend eternity?" What a host there is looking toward the hereafter. How many there are who are hoping for to-morrow and planning for the years to come. Far be it from me to minimize the value of the need for thought and talk about the life of that undiscovered country from whose bourne the traveler no more, entering, returns. We can not too much direct the attention of men and women to eternity. Would that we might be as strenuously abstract and spiritual and forthrightful in our thinking and preaching as we are coldly practical. The kingdom of heaven truly is here or nowhere, but for us it is more there than here. This life is but a segment of that wonderful and illimitable eternity to which God ever calls us on. As Keats so beautifully sings:

"The One remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly;  
Like the dome of many colored glass,  
Stains the white of many a tomb,  
Until death tramples it to fragments."

Longer shall we live there than here. Here we sojourn, there in the providence of God we shall abide. To-day is important none the less. The measure of our living here conditions our living there. Our talenting in this life indicates our value in the next. How we use God's gifts determines our vision of Him in the heavenly abodes. To-day is important. "Now" is indeed noteworthy. "To-day," says the Psalmist, "if ye will, hear His voice."

"Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;  
Next day the fatal pressure will plead;  
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life,  
Procrastination is the thief of time;  
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
And to the mercies of a moment leaves,  
The vast concerns of an eternal scene."

May we, as Edward Young, perceive the wonder and the awfulness of the divine responsibility that rests on us momentarily to be careful toward the concerns of the ages. "It depends on to-day," "Defer not till to-morrow to be wise." Eternity rests upon our present choice. There can be no to-morrow till there has been to-day. The character of to-morrow lies helpless in the grasp of to-day. The sins and crosses of the men who are alive will mar or make the future of the generations yet unborn.

The day that Esau sold his birthright to assuage the gnawing of his hunger that day he marked his character forever, and Jacob left an everlasting example to be made. When Moses set his face steadfastly away from the leeks and garlics and the honors of an alien court in that moment the face of history was changed. When Abraham Lincoln stood up on the valley of decision the side of the world was turned.

Every choice is decisive. Each moment is momentous. "Happy the man, and happy he alone,  
Who can call to-day his own;  
Who, when he wakes, can say to-day,  
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day."

God and the thoughtful know the value of to-day. Its use is a fine art. Its value is immeasurable. Its possibilities are infinite. Its appeal is heart-searching. Its misuse is a crime and a grievous sin.

We ought to utilize to-day with care. It means much more to us than Satan and stand firm for God. Weak and unimportant as we may judge ourselves to be alone, yet our aggregated decisions are impelling and our compounded use of time has an everlasting bearing. Perchance the action of a single man may determine the course of the onward march of men.

Most important is to-day in the life of the soul. To-day alone is ours. The future, as the past, is with God. Let us say with Wesley:

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
Let us decide for eternity. Let us use to-day for the good of the days that are to be, for the happiness of our hearts forever."

When to Be Most Glad.  
Has Christ become to us such a living, bright reality that no post of duty shall be irksome, that as His witness we may return to the quiet home, or to the distant service among the heathen, with hearts more than satisfied, and most glad, and most satisfied, when most sad, and most stripped, it may be, of earthly friends and treasures?

Let us put all our treasures into His hand; then He will never need to take them from us on account of heart idleness; and if in wisdom and love He remove them for a time, He will leave no vacuum, but Himself fill the void, Himself wipe away the tear.—J. Hudson Taylor.

War on Man's Inhumanity.  
We must fight the inhumanity of man to man, fight it in the faith, that some day it will cease to be, and to invoke in our battle the dear and sublime humanity of Jesus Christ, and through Him the loving humanity of God.—Rev. George A. Gordon.

The Best Way.  
The sacred Scriptures teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying.—John Flavel.

Give the Whole Heart.  
We do not understand the supreme, the unutterable interest embraced in religion, when we think to give less to it than our whole heart. We do not understand our nature when we think to shun off its stupendous charge.—Orville Dewey.

A Means to the End.  
The church is not the last word in Christianity. The church is a means to the end. It is to do its work so well that after awhile it will be unnecessary. In the holy city John saw there was no temple.—Rev. James I. Vance.

**The Sunday-School**

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MAY 16.

Subject: Paul's First Missionary Journey—Iconium and Lystra, Acts 14:1-28—Golden Text: Psalm 96:5—Commentary.

TIME.—46 A. D. PLACE.—Lystra.

EXPOSITION.—I. A Cripple from His Birth Made Whole, 8-10. It was a case of real miracle. The man had never walked. The cure was beyond man's skill, hopeless. But there are no hopeless cases with Christ. There was no magnetic touch, no treatment, just a look, a word, and then a perfect and not an imaginary cure. Paul did not attempt to heal every man he met. God directed his attention to this man, and gave him to see that he had faith to be healed. How did he get it? By hearing Paul speak (Ro. 10:17). Something of this kind was needed to gain Paul a hearing in Antioch. Paul thoroughly studied and understood the case before he spoke the word. He commanded the man to do the naturally impossible, but "all things are possible to him that believeth" (Mk. 9:23). The man proved his faith by obedience.

These heavy burdens have been falling into Christ's tomb ever since that first Easter morning, and yet the sepulchre is not full.

Shining ones, as on the first Easter, have always stood by the tomb of Christ, ready to welcome weary pilgrims to peace and the forgiveness of sins.

The outward as well as the inward life is cared for by Christ and involved in our salvation.

The mark on the forehead is that token, different for each, of his true citizenship. It is recognized quickly by another Christian, and often by unbelievers.

The pilgrim's roll is the Word of God, full of comforting promises, encouragements and warnings.

Mountain-top Experiences.—Luke 9:28-36—Anniversary Day.

Luke 9:28-31. In the mountain of transfiguration Jesus was seen in company with Moses and Elijah. The presence of these two prophets—for Moses was a prophet as truly as Elijah, and neither of them was a prophet because of any special gift in foretelling things to come—has had many explanations. No new one is attempted here, but it is worth while to say that Jesus, with these two men bearing him company, stood in a peculiar relation to the work of each. The law which was given by Moses had perfected and made universal. The demand for righteousness in conduct, which Elijah made upon the world of his time, Jesus met, and its ruggedness he softened with the promise of help toward holiness from God's love. Jesus was the crown of the old age, crown of its law, crown of its righteousness. And the word which was spoken out of the cloud proclaims him as key of the new age.

It is said, "This is my beloved Son, hear him," and the cloud has parted, Jesus is found alone. Moses is for his day, Elijah for his, but the Son of man and Son of God is for all time.

Luke 9:32, 33. The three disciples saw on this mountain-top the transfigured Christ. They heard his mission distinctly defined. The emotions which surged in them were so strange and new and wonderful that they longed to remain indefinitely on that summit. But they could not stay there. Even as Peter spoke there was urgent need for the presence of the Master at the foot of the slope. Since, then, they could not remain always in this place of glory, what was it to mean for them? It was not a mere temporary and unrelated experience. It had its meaning for all their lives, and for all the lives of those who should believe on Jesus through their word. It is not this, that the mountain exists not for itself but for the valley. We are given a vision not for its beauty but in preparation for a task. We have the privilege of security in glory with the Master, but it is that he would fit us for service in the crowd. An hour's exaltation is for a life's work energizing. Forever afterward the disciples remembered the mountain-top. They remembered its glory, its message, and its meaning. It is well for us if our mount of transfiguration brings us the same equipment for our work.

The Head of the House.  
The head was ill, and the doctor ordered that he be taken to the sea. This involved the closing of the house until the little one should be well enough to return. After the wife had secured hotel accommodations by the long-distance telephone, the man of the house went to his room and slowly and thoughtfully spread the entire contents of his wardrobe upon his bed, that they might be convenient for his wife to pack.

He stood surveying them, deep in meditation, when his wife came into the room and began to speak to him. He raised his hand, rebukingly, "Don't talk to me now, Susie, don't talk to me! I have a great deal on my mind. If we are going to the seashore day after to-morrow there are many things to be done, and I must plan."

His wife, who had already telephoned the butcher, milkman, baker, grocer, expressman and ticket office, and given the maid a month's vacation and arranged with a relative for the care of the dog, gazed at him in silence.

"A great deal on my mind," he repeated. Then the interrogative nature of his wife's silence forced him to explain.

"You see," he said, "I have got to put a nail in the cellar window and stop the newspaper."

**CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES**  
MAY SIXTEENTH.

Pilgrim's Progress Series. V. At the Cross.—John 19: 15-27; Luke 23: 39-49. Deliverance at the Cross. John 3: 14-18. What becomes of sin? Mic. 7: 18-20.

Joy at the Cross. Gal. 6: 14-18. Peace at the Cross. Rom. 5: 1-11. Cleansing at the Cross. Heb. 9: 12-14. Sealed at the Cross. Eph. 1: 7-14. A King—on a Cross! What a contrast! But one greater might have been written: God—on a cross!

The Scripture was fulfilled, not to prove Christ, for that was not needed; but to prove Scripture (John 19: 24).

Conversion is a turning away from sin and toward Christ. It does not take long to turn either the body or the heart (Luke 23: 47).

On Pilgrimage.  
Salvation is a fenced way, not to keep unbelievers out, but to keep Christians in.

Burdens of all kinds fall off at the cross, and not only sin; or, are all burdens sin?

These heavy burdens have been falling into Christ's tomb ever since that first Easter morning, and yet the sepulchre is not full.

Who does not weep at the cross? He certainly does not know either his sins or his Saviour.

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**THE CRUSADE AGAINST DRINK**  
PROGRESS MADE BY CHAMPIONS FIGHTING THE RUM DEMON.

How We Raised Ten Thousand Dollars.  
So you want to print the story? And you'd really like to know how we raised ten thousand dollars in this town some years ago?

I can give you some figures, and I'll guarantee them true. Now to make the tale worth telling—well, the rest is up to you. But the art of raising money isn't taught in many schools.

So we hired a splendid teacher—hired the one that teaches folks. And the lesson that he taught us—nevermore to be forgotten—Wan't "How to Do the Thing," but rather "How to Do It Not."

Years ago this town was rated as the best one of its class. Waterworks, streets and sidewalks, parks, electric lights and gas—Everything was strictly modern—almost everything.

That was quite an ancient structure, almost tottering to its fall. But improvements were expensive, and our taxes were so great.

That our people wouldn't stand for any increase in the rate. Still we secretly were hoping that old shack would tumble down. Then somebody we'd have a building that was worthy of the town.

Just about this time a handsome, oily, prepossessing man. Came along with just the nicest, neatest, simplest little plan.

"If you license our barrooms at five hundred each," said he, "You can start your city hall fund with ten thousand dollars. See? Issue bonds and sell 'em, and pay your bonds off at your ease. Thus your hall will soon be paid for from your liquor license fees."

Beautiful new city hall and not a single cent more tax!

Let me see—our population was about ten thousand then. And we had about a hundred good, substantial business men.

Not a nice little city, north or south, or east or west—Schools and churches, well attended, all well fed, and all well dressed; Seldom had a business failure, never had a sheriff's sale.

Not a pauper in the poorhouse, not a prisoner in the jail—Just a sort of modern Eden till the tempter came along. Since we had no serpent every thing's been going wrong.

Poorhouse full and jail is crowded, church neglected and school is empty. Same old story, why repeat it just a liquor license town.

Home deserted for the barroom, husband and wife quarrel, and the wife goes. Wife, who once was blithe and happy, makes her living at the tub.

Wages go for beer and whisky, trusting the merchants have to wait. Business failures, vacant buildings, cheap-est thing is real estate.

Everywhere you see "FOR SALE" signs, everybody wants to sell. One sarcastic owner says, "I'll trade this lot for one in Hell!"

Yes, we built the city hall, but who can count its fearful cost? Leave out everything but money—just the money that we've lost—what's the value? What's ten thousand dollars worth? Count it any way you will.

Fifteen times ten thousand dollars will not pay our liquor bill. Twenty barrooms—each must average twenty-five, at least, per day. Don't you see? They've got to get it, or the business will not stay. That's one hundred fifty thousand that our hundred merchants lose. Should have gone for food and clothing, books, and hats, and boots and shoes.

**The Sunday Breakfast Table**

OPTIMISM.  
Thou canst not find it! Only turn and look!

'Tis writ on every page of Nature's book; It is the bird-song, clear above the storm; Upon the cloud, it takes the rainbow's form;

It's on the crocus, springing 'mid the snow; The flush of dawn, while yet the night hangs low— All these and more; but in thy heart, O man, It's name is faith; and wilt thou mar the plan?

"Brighter or Potage."  
And Esau said, Behold, I am at the point to die; \* \* \* and he sold his birthright unto Jacob.—Genesis, 25:33.

—So reads the story. All that is meant to be the eldest born was sacrificed for a bowl of lentils. The savory steam of a present advantage shut out a vision of future glory. A succulent dish looked bigger than a man. Esau was defeated by a mess of pottage; sold out for a mess of potage.

It is an almost incredible old tale. But for some present day transactions which tell it we might be inclined to doubt its truthfulness. I knew a man who trafficked away his greatness for a morphine needle. The question once lay between a few moments' ease from pain and a lifetime of honor, and, like his ancient prototype in Scripture, this modern Esau let go the greater for the less—sold his birthright of eminence for a mess of doubtful potage.

Of course, we do not really intend to give up the greater for the less. I have always fancied that Esau thought he would continue to be his father's favorite, and that he did not expect an act of business treachery to affect our permanent standing; because we count on being just as good men after a rambling debt or a season of self-indulgence; because we fail to see any particular jeopardy in an occasional lapse of virtue—in other words, because we expect to eat the potage and still retain the birthright when all is said and done—that we repeat the old transaction. No man, however, can have his cake and eat it too. Nothing is got except by the sale of something else.

The spirit of Esau, then, is the spirit of the moment. It is an unhealthy opportunism. It lies not only by the day; but for the day. Esau constantly exaggerated the value of impulse. He was the sort of citizen who would have cheated his creditors out of seventy-five per cent. and then written a generous check for charity.

"When I want a drink I take it," said a friend in my hearing. But it doesn't matter whether you have it by law. Surely a man would be a fool to take a drink if he did not want it! But not to take it though he wants it ever so much—that requires the whole man.

But the spirit of Esau is, most of all, the spirit of unfaith. He sold what he could not see for what he could see. He traded his birthright because the birthright was far off possession. It is so still. Each man must devoutly believe in the worth of an inheritance of honor and truth. Only as he comes back from fresh glimpses of such values is he safe in the presence of Jacob's succulent potage. Such is the office of faith—to hold us firm. The principle is the same whether for the living or the cable. Yes, I am assured that it is the saving of one's soul.—George Clarke Peck, in Sunday Herald.

The Valley Walk.  
The walk is not in the valley, but through the valley. Ah! then it must be a straight and plain path, and one that leads somewhere. It must be a direct journey to a distinct destination. Yes, I am assured that it is, and that the destination is nothing less delightful than heaven itself. How, then, can I fear when once by faith I have connected the valley with the heaven to which it leads. This country where the sun and the stars, and where every green herb and beautiful flower is springing up to bless. Surely, if it is only a quiet walk through the sheltered valley, and the valley itself opens out full and broad into the shining fields of heaven, why, indeed, should I fear?—G. B. Fallock, D. D.

Prayer.  
The house of my soul is too straight for Thee to come into; but let it, O Lord, be enlarged, that Thou mayest enter in. It is ruinous; repair Thou it. It has that within which must offend Thine eyes; I confess and know it. But who shall cleanse it? or to whom should I cry out save Thee? Cleanse me from my secret faults, O Lord, and forgive those offenses to Thy servant which he has caused in others. I contend not in judgment with Thee; for if Thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall abide it?—Saint Augustine (A. D. 354-430).

The Simple Life.  
Be content to lead a simple life where God has placed you. Be obedient; bear your little daily crosses—you need them, and God gives them to you only out of pure mercy.—Fenelon.

Honest Doubters.  
Thomas was an honest doubter; therefore the Master was anxious to help him. But who shall cleanse it? or to whom should I cry out save Thee? Cleanse me from my secret faults, O Lord, and forgive those offenses to Thy servant which he has caused in others. I contend not in judgment with Thee; for if Thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall abide it?—Saint Augustine (A. D. 354-430).

RAILWAY PLAY BOXES.  
They will be happy children who travel by the Great Northern Railway, England, for the company has provided boxes for toys to keep the journey from being a dream. For them. Among other things which these delightful play boxes contain is a reproduction in cardboard of the railway trains and stations, with little figures of passengers, porters, guards, and even new-boys. — East and West.