

TELEPATHY THROUGH LOVE

During the course of my ministry, and especially of recent years, I have been moved to certain actions for which there seemed no reason, and which I only performed under the influence of a sudden impulse, writes (Rev. John Watson, D. D. (Ian MacLaren) in the Independent. As often as I yielded to this inward guidance, and before the issue was determined, my mind had a sense of relief and satisfaction; and in all distinct and important cases my course was in the end most fully justified.

It was my privilege, before I came to Sefton Park Church, to serve as colleague with a venerable minister to whom I was sincerely attached, and who showed me much kindness. We both felt the separation keenly, and kept up a constant correspondence, while this good and affectionate man followed my work with spiritual interest and constant prayer. When news came one day that he was dangerously ill, it was natural that his friend should be gravely concerned, and as the days of anxiety grew, that the matter should take firm hold of the mind. It was a great relief to learn, toward the end of a week that the sickness had abated; and when on Sunday morning a letter came with strong and final assurance of recovery, the strain was quite relaxed, and I did my duty at morning service with a light heart. During the afternoon my satisfaction began to fail, and I grew uneasy till, by evening service, the letter of the morning counted for nothing. After returning home my mind was torn with anxiety, and became most miserable, fearing that this good man was still in danger, and, it might be, near unto death. Gradually the conviction deepened and took hold of me that he was dying, and that I would never see him again; till at last it was laid on me that if I hope to receive his blessing I must make haste, and by and by that I had better go at once. It did not seem as if I had now any choice, and I certainly had no longer any doubt; so, having written to break two engagements for Monday, I left at midnight for Glasgow. On arrival I drove rapidly to the well-known house and was in no way astonished that the servant who opened the door should be weeping bitterly, for the fact that word had come from that very house that all was going well did not now weigh one grain against my own inward knowledge.

"He had a relapse yesterday afternoon, and he is dying now." No one in the room seemed surprised that I should have come, although they had not sent for me, and I held my reverend father's hand till he fell asleep, in about twenty minutes. He was beyond speech when I came, but as we believed, recognized me and was content. My night's journey was a pious act, for which I thanked God, and my absolute conviction is that I was guided to its performance by spiritual influence.

Some years ago I was at work one forenoon in my study, and was very busy, when my mind became abstracted and I could not think out my sermon. Some short time before a brother minister, whom I knew well and greatly respected, had suffered from dismission in his congregation, and had received our sincere sympathy. He had not, however, been in my mind that day, but now I found myself unable to think of anything else. My imagination began to work in the case till I seemed in the midst of the circumstances as if I were the sufferer. Very soon, a suggestion arose, and grew into a commandment that I should offer to take a day's duty for my brother. Nothing remained but to submit to this mysterious dictation, and compose a letter as best one could, till the question of date arose. There I paused and waited, when an exact day came up before my mind, and so I concluded the letter. It was, however, too absurd to send; and so, having rid myself of this irrelevancy, I threw the letter into the fire and set to work again; but all day I was haunted by the idea that my brother needed my help. In the evening a letter came from him, written that very forenoon, explaining that it would be a great service to him and his people if I could preach some Sunday soon in his church, and that owing to certain circumstances, the service would be doubled if I could come on such and such a day; and it was my duty. My course was perfectly plain and I at once accepted his invitation under a distinct sense of a special call, and my only regret was that I had not posted my first letter.

One afternoon, to take my third instance I made up my list of sick visits and started to overtake them. After completing the first and while going along a main road, I felt a strong impulse to turn down a side street and call on a family living in it. The impulse grew so urgent that it could not be resisted, and I rang the bell, considering on the doorstep what reason I should give for an unexpected call. When the door opened it turned out that strangers now occupied the house and that my family had gone to another address, which was in the same street. But could not be given. This was enough, it might appear, to turn one from aimless visiting, but still the rapture continued, as if a hand were drawing one, and I set out to discover their new house, till I had disturbed four families with vain inquiries. Then the remembrance of my unmade and imperative calls came upon me, and I abandoned my fruitless quest with some sense of shame. Had a busy clergyman not enough to do without such a wild-goose chase? And one grudged the time he had lost.

Next morning the head of that household I had yesterday sought in vain came into my study with such evident

sorrow on his face that one hastened to meet him with anxious inquiries. "Yes, we are in great trouble. Yesterday our little one (a young baby) took very ill and died in the afternoon. My wife was utterly overcome by the shock and we would have sent for you at the time, but had no messenger. I wish you had been there—if you had only known."

"And the time?"
"About half past 3."
"So I had known, but had been too impatient."

Many other cases have occurred when it has been laid on me to call at certain houses where there seemed so little reason that I used to invent excuses, and where I found some one especially needing advice or comfort, or I called and had no courage to lead up to the matter, so that the call was of no avail, and afterward some one asked whether I knew, for she had waited for a word. Nor do I remember any case where, being inwardly moved to go after this fashion, it appeared in the end that I had been deceived.

People may live in an atmosphere of sympathy which will be a communicating medium. When some one appears to read another's thoughts, as we have all seen done at public exhibitions, this was evidently by physical signs, and it served no good purpose. It was a mechanical gift, and was used for an amusement. This is knowledge of another kind, whose conditions are spiritual, and whose ends are ethical. Between you and the person there must be some common feeling; it rises to a height in the hour of trouble, and its call is for help. The correspondence here is between heart and heart, and the medium through which the message passes is love.

QUEEN AND LORD MAYOR.

Curious Ceremonies When Her Majesty Enters the Ancient City.

The time was when the lord mayor of London went all the way from Guildhall to Westminster in his state chariot, with postillions, outriders and footmen in gorgeous liveries, to call upon the sovereign and to ask for royal assent to his election.

The sovereign no longer awaits his coming, nor are the lord chancellor and the barons of the exchequer at the foot of the throne to present him; but on each lord mayor's day in November the new civil magistrate of London is in his chariot, and his first official act is to appear at the bar of the high court in order to recognize the supreme authority of the crown and incidentally to invite the judges to dinner at the Guildhall.

In olden days the king could not enter London without the invitation and sanction of the lord mayor; and nominally the ancient precedent is still respected. When the queen made her royal progress through the capital on jubilee day, the lord mayor and the sheriffs, in their robes and with their liveried attendants about them, awaited her coming at the site of Temple Bar. Sir George Faudel-Phillips, lord mayor, presented his sword and made obeisance. The queen acknowledged the formality by touching the sword.

The procession then passed on with the consent of these guardians of the ancient city. Potent indeed is the sway of time-honored custom in conservative England!

The London which the queen entered by permission of these three municipal officials is the ancient city which was once surrounded with a wall. It is an inner circle of a single square mile in area, and not more than thirty-seven people sleep there at night. Outside this little ring there is a metropolitan London with an area of one hundred and twenty-three miles and a population of four and a half million. Still farther outside there is a greater London with an area of seven hundred square miles and a population of between six and seven millions.

But the only London that has a chief magistrate is the innermost circle, of which the Guildhall is the centre. That is the ancient city where the trade guilds were powerful enough to govern the English capital in the middle ages; and they are still the nominal rulers of the metropolis. The lord mayor in reality represents eighty trade guilds, with a total membership that does not exceed nine thousand, but with resources of political power which have survived the passage of reform acts and the introduction of a progressive system of town government in England. The trade guilds have disappeared everywhere else in England. In London they are still rich and powerful. The lord mayor is their servant. He met the queen in her royal progress and graciously allowed her to pass on in state to the thanksgiving service at St. Paul's Cathedral in honor of the longest reign.

HITCH IN THE PROCEEDINGS.

There was a half-finished wedding the other day, in Tuddington, England. Everything went swimmingly until the bridegroom was asked to repeat the familiar formula, "I, George, take thee," etc. At this stage there was a sudden pause on the part of the bridegroom, who, in a tone almost inaudible to the congregation, and quivering with emotion, declared that his name was not George, but Charles. Every one appeared to be in a dilemma, the bride grew pale, but fortunately did not faint, and the parson stared with amazement. It was only then ascertained that the banns had been erroneously published. The bridegroom flew about and did his best to have the wedding go on that day, but it could not be done. The banns had to be published again the following Sunday, in proper form. But Charles is all right now, or flatters himself that he is, for the knot has since been tied.

BISCUITS.

You should have heard Smith cracking up his wife's biscuits this morning.

I believe I did hear him. I thought at the time he was chopping wood.

GOLD MINING IN ONTARIO.

INTERESTING NEWS FROM THE LAKE OF THE WOODS.

Two Custom Mills Open — Engledeue Company's Progress Gives a Lot of Satisfaction.

The area embraced in the Lake of the Woods gold-district of Ontario is vast, and the present revival in the mining industry has given a new impetus to this town. One most encouraging fact is that the Rat Portage reduction works are again in operation. For most of the summer these mills have been idle owing to the differences of one kind and another, but one is now again being brought in on barges from lake properties for reduction. And it may be here mentioned that some Rat Portage and Ottawa gentlemen think that there is room here for a second customs mill. The Ottawa Gold Mining and Milling Company, as their charter authorizes them to call themselves, will forthwith erect a stamp mill at Keewaydin, a suburb of Rat Portage. The company, which is a strong one, claims to have already secured the promise of sufficient ore to keep them running steadily.

The theory of the customs mill is a good one, for it enables companies with limited capital to make their properties yield revenue from the time they begin to mine the ore. The idea is that by bringing in their ore to the customs plant from time to time they can keep their treasury replenished and finally get together enough money to buy stamps of their own. The theory is all right, but to prove successful in practice the greatest skill and care is required. The difficulty is that the ore from every property differs in character from that from every other, so that in each case the mill and its appurtenances have to be adjusted to suit the rock to be treated. One ore is nearly all free milling, while another is more of a concentrating nature, and the mill man will see the care needed to successfully treat both in the one mill. Experienced mill men and amalgamators, however, are able, it seems to do so.

THE ENGLEDEUE CONCESSIONS.

The decision of the Ontario Government Gold Concessions Company to work the grants of land made them by the Government forms a source of satisfaction to Rat Portage and all interested in the development of our gold fields. Active operations have been begun upon the two blocks of land turned over to them. Col. Engledeue arrived at Rat Portage a few days ago and set about the exploration of the two blocks of land which were practically presented to them by the government. The first block of twenty-four thousand acres, comprising a whole peninsula in the neighborhood of the Mikado mine in Shoal Lake, has been put in charge of Mr. T. R. Deacon who has gone out with a gang of eighteen men. Mr. Alan Sullivan, a son of Bishop Sullivan also left last week with thirty men to open up the forty-thousand-acre grant in the Lower Seine district. The first month is to be devoted to breaking both blocks of land up into sections for exploration purposes, after which several parties will set to work to systematically prospect the areas for veins. Considerable progress should be made before the snow falls this autumn.

JENNY LIND.

A somewhat noted concert-singer in England has frequently told the following anecdote of Jenny Lind:

"When I was a girl my friends thought that my voice and training would enable me to appear in opera. I was put on trial in Munich. Jenny Lind was to appear there, and the impresario consented to give me a little part, only two lines—to sing. I knew that my success or failure that night would decide my future. I practised those two lines for weeks. I threw not only my voice, but my heart and soul into them."

"Jenny Lind arrived. The city was wild with enthusiasm. Her hotel was surrounded day and night by crowds. Every seat and standing-place in the house had been secured."

"The night arrived, the opera began, and my time had come. My poor little trill came between two great arias of the prima donna. The last triumphant note of the first was sounded, and I came forward. I glanced at the vast audience. Every eye was fixed on the great singer, waiting for her to begin again; nobody saw me; nobody would hear me while she stood there."

"She was more than a great singer; she was a good, kind woman. She understood my uncomfortable position at once, and instantly walked to the back of the stage, pretending to look out of a window. She had given the stage and the audience to me."

"I don't know how I sang. I only know I never again was asked to sing in opera. But her kindness to a poor girl—a stranger—warmed my heart more than the applause of my audience could have done. It warms it still, though I have grown now into an old woman and she is dead."

There are masters who have won popular applause and success and who sometimes look with indifference upon young aspirants who are struggling for recognition. If you are large enough to deserve your success, don't be afraid to give them so far as you can, the stage and the audience for their chance, and the world will remember you for something higher than art, and more valuable than your honors.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

Teacher—What is meant by inconsistency?

Pupil—That would be if a person was to ride one make of wheel this year and a different make next year.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

DRAINING A SLOUGH.

Farmers stand opposed in reference to the method of draining a slough, and many of them make serious blunders, blundering on both sides of the issue. One class says to lay the drains up the center, another class says to lay them along the sides. Either may be right; both may be wrong. While there are many general rules that apply in farm drainage, says Wisconsin Farmer, still there are many exceptions that govern in special cases. The method of drainage depends largely upon the topography of the surface and geology of the subsurface. A slough is a depression in the surface lay them along the sides. Either may or ground water flows during heavy rains or periods of wet weather. Hence the soil of a slough may be wet from surface water alone or it may be wet by reason of several other states of the water as it exists in the soil and no man can drain successfully unless he thoroughly understands the several states of water. Of course, water is water wherever it is found, but it varies in the chemical properties very materially, and it has received several different terms in the parlance of drainage, accordingly as it finds lodgment on the surface or in the soil. We have cloud water, flood water, ground water, soil water, hygroscopic water, ooze water and spring water. The cloud water is the precipitation from the clouds or rain water and when it first strikes the ground it is surface water. When it begins to flow it becomes flood water and it may be the rapid little current which gullies the hillside or the torrent which plows a deep gulch in the steep graded slough or river. Ground water is the water that stands beneath the surface. It is the water of saturation. Its surface in the water table and its height or depth in the soil is denoted by the line at which the water stands in a well or post-hole. Soil water is suspended water, or water of absorption or capillarity. It is that quantity of water which the soil holds without dripping and which will not drip except through evaporation. Hygroscopic water is the water of constitution or that quantity which remains in air-dried soil. Sloughs may be deep or shallow, wide or narrow, steep or flat. Their surface may be depressed at different points into little basins called ponds. The drainage engineer, must, therefore proceed according to its own characteristics and without regard to the way Thomas Smith or Ole Olson drained his. There is the one general law that the ditch must strike at the origin of the water if it be ooze water or spring water or at the bottom of it be ground water. There is another law very well established for the light porous soil of the prairies which is that a four-foot ditch will drain the land for a distance of forty feet on either side of it; so that ditches may run eighty feet apart whether they be sub-mains or laterals.

THE COW AND HER DRINK.

If a dairyman wants to treat himself to a genuine surprise, let him keep his herd of milk-giving cows in the stable and give them water in such a way that the weight drunk by each cow can be ascertained, and be on hand so that each cow may have all she will desire, and when she wants it, writes John Gould in Country Gentleman. We have been through a little experience of this kind, and the quantity drunk by each cow was found out. It is an experiment one will not care to follow up more than a week, before the faucet at the big tank will be turned, and the cows drink out of the basins again. The trial was made with six cows, and it was found that the average quantity consumed daily varied with individual cows from 70 to 140 pounds. One cow drank this last quantity daily right along and some the smaller quantity, with an average of 90 pounds each. Another thing we found was that some of the cows would drink very often, i. e., their buckets would be frequently found empty, and others drank longer at intervals; and one cow wanted about all her twenty-four hours' supply at one time, and would only drink a little towards night. As these cows were being fed fifty pounds each of ensilage a day, it is seen at once that succulent food did not play any important part in the economy of drinking water. It was also found that the desire of a cow for water was about an hour after eating, but the evening thirst was never so great as in the morning. With some of the cows there was some variation in the quantity of water consumed daily, but with others it was as steady in quantity as standard measure. In this there might be some variation in results from some other herd not so cared for; these cows being continuously stabled at the time of the experiment while a herd that ran out-doors more or less might show different results. In another thing I was convinced that a cow did better that drank several times a day and so convinced was I of this, that a watering system for the cow stables was put in several years ago; and my opinion of its value has never changed, except in a more thorough belief, in its promoting the milk flow; and if our cows were to be turned out every day for exercise, I should not connect out-door drinking with it, but hold to the manger water basin. In this connection there is another point I think of importance, and that is in stable watering there is uniformity of the temperature of the water, and the

cow being habituated to drinking water at say 52 degrees day after day—as the water in my big stable tank indicates—is not subjected to the extreme temperature ranges of out-door drinking water, and air included, and she must do the better for this uniformity with the shocks to the cow's system eliminated.

SUMMER CARE OF POULTRY.

This is the season of the year when poultry requires the closest attention. Especially is this the case with the young broods. At no other time of the year, with possibly the exception of the severest winter weather, does the flock need such constant care. Enervated by extreme summer heat, it is more easily attacked by the various diseases to which both the young and the old are subject. Coupled with this is the fact that it is at this particular season the prey for all the vermin that afflict, and in many instances destroy poultry kind.

A few simple rules for the care of poultry during the summer months can be given, and if intelligently followed, will produce satisfactory results, not only in maintaining the health of the flock, but in their productive ability.

First of all may be mentioned the fact that poultry requires plenty of shade, and the shade very low, leafy trees, or bushes, is the best. Chickens are very sensitive to wind, whether it be hot or cold and prefer the shade of bushes because they shelter them from both the sun and the wind. In the absence of trees or bushes, a shade must be provided for the flock by other means, and an open shed or lean-to on the north-side of the hen-house or barn is the next best thing. Chickens ought to be prevented from congregating in the hen-house or stable during the heat of the day, as the habit increases the supply of vermin, both on the fowls and in the houses, and consequently makes this pest harder to cope with.

Next in point of importance is that the fowls have plenty of fresh, clean water. During the season of drinking vessels no matter of what description they may be should be cleaned at least once a day, and fresh water given morning, noon and night. A small quantity of Douglas mixture, which can be made by dissolving eight ounces of copperas in a gallon of water and adding one-half ounce of sulphuric acid, put in the drinking water will prevent dysentery and destroy cholera and other disease germs which are liable to attack poultry at this time. One tablespoonful of this mixture to the half gallon of water is about the proper proportion—a little more or less according to the condition of the flock won't hurt. It should be used about once a week and dysentery, diarrhea and cholera will be successfully banished.

THE GOLD IS CANADA'S.

One American Who is Willing to Justify Canada's Action — Life and Property Safe.

A correspondent writing to the Chicago Record says:—

"Canadian Greed may Cause a Fight," is the cheerful caption that heads an article in one of the Record's contemporaries, and a sit has been preceded and doubtless will be followed by many articles in the same strain it may lead to consequences disastrous to all concerned. I am one of a company of American citizens who mean to send twenty of their number to the new gold fields next season and therefore I am deeply interested in everything said and done concerning the Klondike, and particularly in seeing that that country remains the home of law and order, a place where human life and property shall be as sacred and safe as it is in this city, and I cannot see how that condition is to be maintained if newspapers continue to preach riot and bloodshed. The Klondike gold fields are well within the undisputed territory of the Canadian Dominion. Canada has spent large sums of money in preparing the country for the gold seekers. It has established forts appointed magistrates, and supports them with one of the best systems of police in the world. It has opened land offices and supplied surveyors to lay out claims and give them a legal value. In a word, it has given the Klondike a first-class, liberal, safe and stable government, where life and property are as safe as they are in Chicago. If Canada were as greedy as some would like to make it appear it would have put in force legislation parallel to that section of our mining laws which enacts that all persons taking up mining claims shall be citizens or have declared their intention to become citizens of the United States. It would have been perfectly justified in following our example. We never charged royalties, it is true, and for three good and sufficient reasons—we had no equivalent to give in the shape of settled government; the constitution made it difficult, if not impossible, to charge royalties, and 95 percent. of the wealth mined was being used to develop the country where the gold was found or to enrich other sections of the union. Canada is justified in charging royalties. Let us be honest. The gold belongs to Canada and Canada has the right to make regulations for its distribution. D. R. GOUDIE.

CHICAGO, ILL.

SWALLOWED THE INSULT.

Back! he cried, poising his knife and glaring at her with intense hate in his eye. Seeing she did not quail before his glance he took up his fork and went to work trying to carve the portion of the chicken referred to that the landlady usually gave him.