TALMAGE'S

SOUTHERN GRAVES.

Text: "The Tower of David, Builded for an Armory Whereon There Hang a Thousand Bucklers, All Shields of Mighty Men"-Sol., 4:4.



twisted swords, and the rusted helmets of terrible battle.

South, a month later at the North, the American churches are turned into armories adorned with memories of departed braves. Blossom and bloom, O men, and might not the South better walls, with stories of self-sacrifice, and have sold out slavery and saved her patriotism and prowess!

By unanimous decree of the people of the United States of America, the graves of all the Northern and Southern dead are every year decorated. All acerbity and bitterness have gone out of the national solemnity, and as the men and women of the South one month ago floralized the cemeteries and graveyards, so yesterday, we, the men and women of the North, put upon the tombs of our dead the kiss of patriotic affection. Bravery always appreciates bravery, though it fight on the other side; and if a soldier of the Federal army had been a month ago at Savannah, he would not have been ashamed to march in the floral processions to the cemetery. And if yesterday a Confederate soldier was at Arlington, he was glad to put a sprig of heart's-ease on the silent heart of our sead.

In a battle during our last war, the Confederates were driving back the Federals, who were in swift retreat, when a Federal officer dropped wounded. One of his men stopped at the risk of his life, and put his arms around the officer to carry him from the field. Fifty Confederate muskets were aimed at the young man who was picking up the officer. But the Confederate captain shouted, "Hold! don't are! That fellow is too brave to shoot." And as the Federal officer, held up by his private soldier, went limping slowly off the field, the Confederates gave three cheers for the brave private; and just before the two disappeared behind a barn, both the wounded officer and the brave private lifted their caps in gratitude to the Confederate captain.

Shall the gospel be less generous than the world? We stack arms, the bayonet of our Northern gun facing this way, the bayonet of the Southern gun facing the other way, and as the gray of the morning melts into the blue of noon, so the typical gray and blue of old war times have blended at last, and they quote in the language of King James' translation without any revision: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will to men." Now what do we mean by this great observance?

First, we mean instruction to one whole generation. Subtract 1865, when the war ended, from our 1896, and you will realize what a vast number of people were born since the war, or were so young as to have no vivid appreciation No one under forty-one years of age has any adequate memory of that prolonged horror. Do you remember it? "Well," you say, "I only remember that mother swooned away while she was reading the newspaper, and that they brought my father home wrapped in the flag, and that a good many people came in the house to pray, and mother faded away after that until again there were many people in the house and they told me she was dead."

There are others who cannot remember the roll of a drum or the tramp of a regiment, or a sigh or a tear of that tornado of woe that swept the nation again and again until there was one dead in each house. Now it is the religious duty of those who do remember it to tell those who do not. My young friends, there were such partings at rail car windows and steamboat wharves, and at front doors of comfortable homes as I pray God you may never witness. Oh, what a time it was, when fathers and mothers gave up their sons, never expecting to see them again, and never did see them again until they came back mutilated, and crushed, and dead!

hostile experiences. Four years of it in time and aim it straight enough, ghastliness. Four years of grave-dig- will shoot him. ging. Four years of funerals, coffins, There is no room on this continent for shouds, hearses, dirges. Mourning! any other nation-except Canada, and mourning! mourning! It was hell let better neighbor no one ever had. loose. What a time of waiting for news! you don't think so, go to Montreal and Morning paper and evening paper Toronto, and see how well they will scrutinized for intelligence from the treat you. Other than that there is abboys at the front. First, announcement | solutely no room for any other nation. that the battle must occur the next I have been across the continent again day. Then the news of the battle's go- and again, and know that we have not a ing on. On the following day still go- half-inch of ground for the gouty foot ing on. Then news of thirty thousand of foreign despotism to stand on. But slain, and of the names of the great I am not so sure that some of the arrogenerals who had fallen, but no news gant nations of Europe may not some about the private soldiers. Waiting for | day challenge us. I do not know that news! After many days a load of those forts around New York Bay are wounded going through the town or to sleep all through the next century. city, but no news from our boy. Then a I do not know that Barnegat lighthouse long list of wounded and a long list of will not yet look off upon a hostile the dead, and a long list of the missing navy. I do not know but that a half-And among the last list, our boy.

saw him last? Missing! Missing! Was he in the woods or by the stream? How men like those of 1812 and like those of was he hurt? Missing! Missing! What 1862 to meet them. We want them all ed average by 5,486. The deaths numburning prayers that he may yet be up and down the coast, Pulaski and bered 86,939, this being also under the heard from. In that awful waiting for Fort Sumter in the same chorus of average to the extent of 1,011. There news many a life perished. The strain thunder as Fort Lafayette and Fort was, therefore, a natural increase of of anxiety was too great. That wife's Hamilton. Men who will not only poulation, due to excess of births over brain gave way that first week after the know how to fight, but how to die. deaths, amounting to 46,776.

SERMON. battle, and ever and anon she walks the When such a time comes, if it ever does window as though she expected some action will say, "My country will care FLOWERS ON NORTHERN AND one to come along the path and up the for my family as they did in the solsteps, as she soliloquizes, "Albestag! diers' asylum for the orphans in the missing!"

might have been avoided. There was no more need of that war than at this moment I should plunge a dagger through your heart. There were a few Christian philanthropists in those days HE Church is here scoffed at by both North and South, compared to an ar- who had the right of it. If they had mory, the walls been heard on both sides we should hung with trophies have had no war and no slavery. It of dead heroes. was advised by those Christian philan-Walk all about this thropists, "Let the North pay in money tower of David, and for the slaves as property, and set them the dented free." The North said, "We cannot shields and the afford to pay." The South said, "We will not sell the slaves anyhow." But the North did pay in war expenses enough to purchase the slaves, and the So at this season, a month earlier at the | South was compelled to give up slavery anyhow. Might not the North better have pald the money and saved the lives of five hundred thousand brave five hundred thousand brave men? swear you by the graves of your fathers and brothers, and sons to a new hatred for-the champion curse of the universe-war! O Lord, God, with the bottest bolt of thine omnipotent indignation, strike that monster down forever and ever. Imprison it in the deepest dungeon of the eternal penitentiary; Bolt it in with all the iron ever forged in cannon or moulded into howitzers, Cleave it with all the sabres that ever glittered in battle, and wring its soul Let it feel all the conflagrations of the down let it fall, and in flercer flame let it burn, till it has gathered into its heart all the suffering of eternity as well as time. In the name of the millions of graves of its victims, I denounce it. The nations need more the spirit of treaty and less of the spirit of

War is more ghastly now than once, not only because of the greater destructiveness of its weaponry, but because now it takes down the best men, whereas once it chiefly took down the worst. Bruce in 1717, in his Institutions of Military Law, said of the European armies of his day: "If all infamous persons and such as have committed capital crimes, heretics, atheists, and all dastardly feminine men, were weeded out of the army, it would soon be reduced to a pretty moderate number." Flogging and mean pay made them still more ignoble. Officers were appointed to see that each soldier drank his ration of a pint of spirits a day. There were noble men in battle, but the moral character of the army then was ninety-five per cent, lower than the moral character of an army today. By so much is war now the more detestable because it destroys the picked men of the nations,

Again, by the national ceremony we mean to honor courage. Many of these departed soldiers were volugteers, not conscripts, and many of those who were drafted might have provided a substitute or got off on furlough or have deserted. The fact that they lie in their graves is proof of their bravery. Brave at the front, brave at the cannon's mouth, brave on lonely picket duty, brave in cavalry charge, brave before the surgeon, brave in the dying message to the home circle. We yesterday put a garland on the brow of courage. The world wants more of it.

mean the future defense of this nation. By every wreath of flowers on the soldiers' graves we say, "Those who die for the country shall not be forgotten." and that will give enthusiasm to our young men in case our nation should in the future need to defend itself in battle. We shall never have another war between North and South. The old decayed bone of contention, American slavery, has been cast out, although here and there a deprayed politician takes it up to see if he can't gnaw something off it. We are floating off farther and farther from the possibility of sec-

tional strife. No possibility of civil war. But about foreign invasion I am not so certain. When I spoke against war I said nothing against self-defence. An inventor told me that he had invented a style of weapon which could be used in self-defence, but not in aggressive warfare. said, "When you get the nations to adopt that weapon you have introduced the millennium." I have no right to go on my neighbor's premises and assault him, but if some ruffian breaks into my house for the assassination of my fam-Four years of blood. Four years of ity, and I can borrow a gun and had

dozen nations, envious of our prosper-

When missing? How missing? Who ity, may want to give us a wrestle. If foreign foe should come, we want

flooro of the asylum or looks out of the come, the generation on the stage of civil war, and my country will honor What made matters worse, all this my dust as it honored those who preceded me in patriotic sacrifice, and once a year at any rate, on Decoration Day, I shall be resurrected in the remembrance of those for whom I died. Here I go for God and my country! Huzzah!"

If foreign foe should come, the old sectional animosities would have no power. Here go our regiments into the battle-field: Fifteenth New York volunteers, Tenth Alabama cavalry, Fourteenth Pennsylvania riflemen, Tenth Massachusetts artillery, Seventh South Carolina sharrshooters. I do not know but it may require the attack of some foreign foe to make us forget our absurd sectional wrangling. I have no faith in the cry, "No North, no South, no East, no West." Let all four sections keep their peculiarities and their preferences, each doing its own work and not interfering with each other, each of the four carrying its part in the great harmony—the bass, the alto, the tenor, the soprano-in the grand march of Union.

Once more, the great national ceremony, means the beautification of the tombs, whether of those who fell in battle or accident, or who have expired in their beds or in our arms or on our laps. I suppose you have noticed that many of the families take this season as the time for the adornment of their family plots. This national observance has secured the arboriculture and floriculture of the cemeteries, the straightwith all the pangs which it ever caused. ening up of many a slab planted thirty of forty years ago, and has swung the homesteads it ever destroyed. Deeper scythe through the long grass and has brought the stone-cutter to call out the half-obliterated epitaph. This day is the benediction of the resting-place of father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister.

> It is all that we can do for them now. Make their resting-place attractive, not absurd with costly outlay, but in quiet remembrance. You know how. If you can afford only one flower, that will do. It shows what you would do if you could. One blossom from you may mean more than the duke of Wellington's catafalque. Oh, we cannot afford to forget them. They were so lovely to us. We miss them so much. We will never get over it. Blessed Lord Jesus, comfort our broken hearts. From every bank of flowers breathes promise of resurrection.

> In olden times the Hebrews, returning from their burial place, used to pluck the grass from the field three or four times, then throw it over their heads, suggestive of the resurrection. We pick not the grass, but the flowers, and instead of throwing them over our heads we place them before our eyes, right down over the silent heart that once beat with warmest love toward us, or over the still feet that ran to service, or over the lips from which we took the kins at the anguish of the last parting:

But stop! We are not infidels. Our hodies will soon join the bodies of our departed in the tomb, and our spirits shall join their spirits in the land of the rising sun. We cannot long be separated. Instead of crying with Jacob for Joseph, "I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning," let us cry with David. "I shall go to him."

On one of the gates of Greenwood is the quaint inscription: "A night's lodging on the way to the city of the New Jerusalem." Comfort one another with these words. May the hand of him who shall wipe away all tears from all eyes wipe your cheeks with its softest ten-Again, by this national ceremony we derness. The Christ of Mary, and roll the stone from the door of your forles." dead in radiant resurrection. The Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout and the voice of the archangel. So the Dead March in Saul shall become the Hallelujah Chorus.

Exquisite Joy.

Speaking of the pleasure to be found in Christian work, a great evangelist

"Did you ever feel the joy of winning a soul for Christ? If so, you will need no better argument for attempting to spread the knowledge of his name to every creature; I tell you there is no joy out of heaven that excels it—the grasp of the hand of one who says: 'By your means I was turned from darkness to

Drifting.

Few men plunge at once into doubt, or deviltry. Men do not become atheists at a leap. For one man who resolutely sets his face against God there are a hundred who drift from Him. Men do not become dishonest and immoral at once. The great moral shipwrecks brought daily to our notice in the press are all the result of drifting. Rev. J. F. Carson, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

You are depending upon priests and confessionals, beaded prayers and pious

Through Christ Alone.

proxies, liturgies and rituals, ordinances and ceremonies, creeds and crucifixes. Hear it once and for all, that Jesus Christ is the sinner's only high priest who avails through the throne of God. Abandon every plan and pretense and come to Jesus, and in him you shall have rest for your souls.-Rev. J. O. Rust, Baptist, Nashville, Tenn.

Births in London.

In London, in the fifty-two weeks of the past year, there were 133,715 births. a total which falls short of the correct-

COL. ALEXANDER HOGELAND A LOVER OF THE CHILDREN.

Believes That If They Are Kept Off the Streets at Night They Witt Grow Up to lie Better Men and Women-Where the Custom is Revived.



OLONEL Alexander Hogeland, president of the Boys' and Girls' National Home and Employment association, has returned to his home in Lincoln, Neb., after a long tour of the cities of The the south. colonel is the au-

ther of the now celebrated curiew law, which, he says, is bound to grow in popular favor in the towns in which it is enforced. In Nebraska it is in operation in Lincoln, Omaha, South Omaha, York, North Platte, and in many of the smaller towns of the state. Des Moines, Sloux City, St. Louis, Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo., are seriously considering its adoption. Speaking of the law, Col. Hogeland said: "Curfew is not an original name with me. I am simply giving it a new interpretation. Curfew rang in France and Spain a thousand years ago. William the Conqueror caused it to be rung in England. It was a signal for putting out all lights, to prevent plots against the government and to keep fire for kindling next day.

Mr. Weyman was perfecting his art and shouldering his way to recognition among the common crowd of story-tellers. As for "lan Maclaren," whether or not his pen has long been practiced in the art of deliberate story-telling, it has for half a lifetime, as is well known, had constant practice in moving the emotions of men in a kindred and hardly less literary way.

FISHING IN MISSISSIPPL

John Atlen Would Like to Initiate President Cleveland.

That prince of story-tellers and yarn-spinners, Private John Allen o Tupelo, Miss., who is the "funny man of congress and the successor in that line of the late "Sunset" Cox and the relegated Proctor Knott, often strolls in to pass away an hour's time says the Arkansas Democrat. While President Cleveland was away on a recreation trip recently Private John dropped around to the hotel one evening, and, after some other conversation, the subject turned to the president's liking for rod and gun. Then Allen told this: "During one of those long and friendly conversations which the president and I so often held I invited him to Mississippi to fish. There is nothing pleasanter or easier than the way we follow Izaak Walton in my state. We hire a band of colored gentlemen and they carry a large jug of whisky to a cool, shady nook by the river and we follow them. We sit down in the cool shady nook and watch the jug while the colored gentlemen cut a cord or two of brush and bushes. These are for a seine. When we are ready to begin fishing each of the colored gentlemen

The association which I represent has takes a bunch of the brush in either done much to adapt the curfew to hand and thus armed they throw a line modern uses by keeping boys off the of battle out into the bayou or river difficulties. streets after dark. The association or wherever we chance to be fishing. was organized in Louisville twenty- We sit on the bank and tell them where four years ago, chiefly for the benefit to go. When all is ready the line of of newsboys. Twelve years ago I be- battle, with the brush under water, gan touring the country and up to the making a very capital seine, swings

COL HOGELAND,

present I have visited 600 cities, have round toward the snore in such a man-Martha, and Lazarus will enfold you in addressed fully 6,000 colleges and pubhis arms. The white-robed angels lie schools and spoken in 3,000 who sat at the tomb of Jesus will yet churches, to say nothing of 3,900 fac-

For twenty years Col. Hogeland has devoted his life to reform work among routh. The crowning work of his life is the curfew law, which is designed to keep boys off the streets after 8 o'clock at night. Since its enforcement in Lincoln depredations by boys have become almost unknown. The police speak well of the law and Hogeland believes it will spread to all the principal

LITERARY SUCCESS.

M. Barrie, Ripling, Weyman and "Ian Maciaren."

Of late years there have been many apparently sudden and phenomenal successes in the arena of authorship none of which probably has been either quite so sudden or so phenomenal as it appeared, says Chambers' Journal. The list includes Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Stanley J. Weyman and "Ian Maclaren." The case of Mr. Barrie is well known, "Auld Licht Idylis" and "A Window in Thrums," with which he achieved were by no means acthor's first ventures into erature. It came out afterward that there had been at least one previous volume from his pen, with the ominous title of "Better Dead," and for long after the fame of "A Window in Thrums" had been assured, a religious weekly kept publishing reprints of articles by the author which had appeared without attracting notice years before. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, too, seemed to spring suddenly into fame with the production of "Soldiers Three" and some Indian poems and articles in the magazines. But it transpired upon inquiry and better acquaintance that his art had been perfected during years of residence in the east, by much storywriting in the Anglo-Indian journals. Again Mr. Stanley J. Weyman seemed to leap into sudden renown the other day with the publication of "A Gentleman of France" and "Under the Red Robe." But the reader who looks at the English Illustrated Magazine for December, 1883, will find proof that quite ten years before that apparently sudden acquisition of fortune and fame | "Trespassers will not be prosecuted."

ner as to comb about an acre of water. We get every fish that is fool enough to be in that acre. We get alligators, mud pouts, snapping turtles and all sorts of valuable fish. I would like very much to have the president come down and enjoy the sport for himself. far, however, he has not been able to set a time."

Gen. Longatreet a Successful Author. Gen. Longstreet has been living very quietly in Gainesville, his old Georgia home, since he returned from Philadelphia, where he went to attend the publi-



GEN. LONGSTREET. cation of his war memoirs. His book has had a good, popular success, the first edition being exhausted almost as soon as it left the press, and it has evoked enough comment, favorable and antagonistic, to keep the general's pen busy with answers. He receives many letters from old Confederate soldiers, and is always prompt with a courteous reply. The chief signs of age in Gen. Longstreet are in his bent shoulders even more than in his whitened hair. He is on very companionable terms with his Gainesville neighbors, and sees a great deal of them.

An Recentric English Justice. Justice Wright, the English jurist, it rather eccentric in some of his ways. On his estate in Hampshire there is stuck up an extraordinary notice board;

Distotle Value of Mane Probably most people consider i as the equal in value for food of any sweet sauce—no better, no worse. A should know that it possesses one great superiority—case of digestion. The nectar of flowers is almost wholly canesugar. The secretions added by the bees change this to grape-sugar, and so prepare it that it is almost ready for assimilation without any effort or the part of the stomach; in fact, Prof. A. J. Cook once styled honey "digested nectar." It will be readily seen that honey is a very desirable food for those with weakened digestive powers. If a person is very tired, "too exhausted to eat," it is astonishing how a few tastes of honey will act like magic. Almost no effort is required to make it ready for assimilation. Persons suffering from some forms of kidney trouble will find that honey is a much more beneficial food for them than is cane-sugar.

In eating comb-honey, many strive to reject every particle of wax, fearing that, as wax is indigestible, nightmare and other troublesome consequences will follow an indulgence in warm biscuit and honey. It is true that bread is more easily digested than warm biscuit, as the latter is inclined to "pack" in chewing, but it may surprise some to know that comb-honey is really an aid to the digestion of hot bread or biscuit. The philosophy of the matter is that the flakes of wax prevent the "packing," while the honey readily dissolves out, leaving passages for the gastric juice to enter the mass of food. The flakes of wax are indigestible, that is true, but when warmed are perfectly smooth and soft and will not injure the most delicate membrane: in fact, they act as a gentle stimulant, and are beneficial in some forms of alimentary

The unpleasant symptoms from which some suffer after eating housy may often be removed by drinking a little milk.-W. Z. Hutchinson, in Country Gentleman.

Pige Per Acre.

J. E. Summers, speaking at a Missouri convention, answered as follows the question, "How many acres for ten sows and their progeny?"

"To determine definitely it would depend upon the number of pigs in litters. But, supposing each sow to have six pigs, making, with the ten sows, seventy head, we can approximate the number of acres required for their support from the time pigs are farrowed till ready for market at about ten months old. Before farrowing each sow should have a good, comfortable place for bed, and a lot of about one-eighth of an acre. Here she should remain with her young till they are about three weeks old, or strong enough to follow her about. Then she should be allowed the run of a good grass lot in the daytime. For early grazing a patch of tye of about five acres will be very good and will give the early pigs something green before pasture affords grass. From the rye patch they should go on to a good pasture of blue grass and clover, may of about ten acres, making fifteen acres of pasture. While this amount of pasture will support the sows in litter, I would much prefer to give them larger range, as the other feed stuffs that are of great value as pork producers, but, as a general rule, the four feeds I have mentioned will produce a pound of pork cheaper than any other combination that we know of, with this advantage in their favorthat we can generally raise an abundance of corn, oats, and clover, and alt we have to buy is the oil meal, which is but a small proportion of the ration for one-half of the year."

The Orchard,-- If the orchard was seeded in the fall with rye, crimson clover or some other crop for a mulch and green manure, plowing will be necessary in order to get the crop under and out of the way of the cultivators, and it should be delayed until the crop has made some growth in the spring but not enough to draw too heavily upon the moisture in the seil. One plowing in the spring will usually, be found sufficient for the season, unless possibly another plowing in the late summer to fit the ground for a green crop to protect the land over winter. The after cultivation should be frequent and shallow. If the ground is weedy, once a week is none too often to run the cultivator, and in a dry spell it should be run as often as this. Later in the season once in two weeks is frequent enough. As a general rule the cultivator should be stopped by August 1, in order to give the wood a chance to ripen thoroughly.-National Stock-

Lime in Legumes. Sir Henry Gilbert, in his American letter, calls attention to the large amount of lime in leguminous crops. Especial attention. was called to the apparent relation of lime to the mere vegetative processes of plant growth. Thus while the matured bean crop contained one and a half times as much potash as lime, the clover crop. cut in its blooming stage or before seed is matured, contains twice or three times as much lime as potash. The matter is further elucidated and the conclusion drawn from observation that clover grows better on limed land, and that liming grass tends to bring in the clovers. In the cereals little lime in carried off the land,-Ex.

The Alert Farmer.—Every farmer who makes a success of his work, keeps in touch with the markets. He watches not only the time to sell, but he is also on the alert for a good buying time. He is not guiled by every tongued agent who comes along, for h watches the advertising columns reputable papers, and knows wh reputable firms sell, and how they sell The advertising columns are one the most valuable features of paper.-Ex.

Brooklyn has 11,884 mere pupil her schools than a year ago.