THE MODERN PULPIT.

THE NEW HEAVEN AND THE NEW EARTH.

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"A new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."—2 PETER iii. 13.

Last Sunday we began the new year by considering our hopes for the new heaven and the new earth, and by asking ourselves the question whether even here and now we might not enjoy, at least, a foretaste of the fruition of that realm of God. We did not hide from ourselves that everything on earth has a crack in it; that everything on earth is transitory and imperfect, that alike the material world and the whole estate of man, and our individual lives, groan and travail in pain together, even until now, waiting for the redemption of the body; but we inquired whether we may not hasten the blessed restitution of all things to their ideal beauty and happiness, even as in the previous verse St. Peter speaks of Christians as expecting and hastening the day of the Lord's coming, and we took from the sphere of home life one single illustration of the certainty that we can ourselves make unspeakable differences in the blessings or the misery of the conditions which here surround us. It has been said of home by a wise writer, that it really contains all hell or all heaven; there is no third place in it. Since, then, in English home may be to us what we make it, a heaven or a hell; clearly no small part of life depends upon our choice of good or evil; and if in a sphere so wide we can in a measure anticipate even here, and even now, the new heaven and the new earth, there is reason to believe we could do so in a still larger measure, that we could then, as it were, antedate the coming of Christ's kingdom and the lead on of the coming years.

There are two great spheres of public activity, politics and business, and for each of us privately, there is the domestic, the social, the individual life. Let me try to show this morning how, not in our homes only, but through all our lives, by living as the children of the kingdom, we may anticipate something of its final blessedness. I should not, of course, attempt to exhaust the subject, but only to illustrate it. And yet, if we could but grasp the general thought with all the vast responsibility which pertains to it; if we would regard the elements of the highest blessedness to which man can possibly reach as things not distant, not Utopian, but perfectly attainable, we should soon see that God has not mocked us with a dream, or dazzled us with a mirage of the wilderness, but that he places within our reach the happiness which is our being's end and aim, and that He has told us the secret which unlocks His eternal treasure-house of spiritual bliss.

We, brethren, according to His promise, "look for a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." You see St. Peter's conception of this new universe; it is one characteristic to him. Is righteousness attainable by men? It it be, then the essence of God's kingdom is not beyond man's power to attain. If righteousness be attainable here and now, then here and now, we may at least enter into the Kingdom of God. Is our conception of happiness absolutely identified with righteousness? Is that the thing which we desire? Is that our ideal? Is that the one goal to which we are stretching forward in the heavenly race? If so, then for us here and now the path to heaven lies through heaven, and all the way to heaven is heaven. What, for of a condition answers to the heaven of which you dream and for which you sigh? Is it a state of things which you vaguely call glory? Is it a crown, the symbol of supreme self-aggrandizement? Is it a throne, the pleasant of individual exaltation? Is it the rest of an untroubled indolence? Is it an unbroken dream of pleasure? If so, our heaven may prove to be indeed a chimera 15th now and hereafter. Such notions of heaven betray the unsuspected fact that, after all, our high spiritual hopes, as we call them, resolve themselves into mere earthliness, into an all-concealed amalgam of vanity and of selfishness. The true conception of heaven is holiness, it is the elimination of leaseness of sin, so says David. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall rise up in His holy place? Even he that hath clean hands and a pure heart, and that hath not lifted up his mind unto vanity, nor sworn to deceive his neighbour." This man "shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation." This is the generation of them that seek him, even of them that seek thy face, O Jacob." So, too, says St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of—" what? Nine persons out of ten will fill up the verse with the words "a crown of glory"; but that is not what St. Paul says, what he says is: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

A crown of righteousness. Well, but that is a crown which some may wear now, because many of God's children have worn it visibly on earth; many have been able to say with the discovered king: "My crown is in my heart, not on my head—not set with diamonds and Indian stones—one to be seen. Ah! how childish beside that unseen crown is

"The round
And top of sovereignty,
which glitters on so many an uneasy brow!
Glory! The world gives the name of glory

"To the fitless pomp that waits on princes,
When they rich retinue long
Of horse and foot,
And grooms bedecked with gold,
Dazzles the crowd.
And sets them all agape.

They see no kinglinessin the persecuted misery of God-like souls. "Art thou a king, then?" says the cowardly, blood-stained Roman prefect to an unspeakable astonishment, with unconcealed contempt, to the poor prisoner who stood before him, "Art thou a king, then poor, worn, tear-stained outcast, forsaken of every friend and of every subject in thine hour of bitter need?" "Thou sayest" such was the calm answer, "Thou sayest that I am a king." Aye, but the crown is not a crown of pride, and the kingdom is not of this world. And so have all kinds saints felt. Do you look upon heaven as a reward, as a sort of personal honor, as a sort of unlimited treasury or glorified star and riband? It is nothing so trumpery, and, it is nothing so commercial; and it it were, it is not our poor shivering virtue that could deserve it. It is not a reward, it is the gift of God. Do you want to "go to heaven," as they phrase it? Well, you may go to heaven now, if you really desire it, and if you know what heaven means, so to heaven? My friends, heaven is a temper, and not a place. What do you pray for when you pray for heaven? I will tell you what St. Thomas of Aquino prayed for every day, it was, "Give me, O Lord"—What? Not so much wealth, or fame, or success, or to be avenged on mine enemies, or to be well spoken of by all men—none of these things—no; but his daily prayer was, "give me, O Lord, a noble heart which no earthly affection can drag down." And what was the reward for which he looked? A white robe? a golden street? a house of gems? No; but when the vision said to him "Thou hast written well of me, O Thomas, what reward dost thou desire?" *Non aliam nisi te domine*, no other reward than thyself—was the meek and rapt reply. Did not David say the same? "Thou, O God, art the thing that I long for. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth than I desire like unto Thee." Are our souls in any sense of the word s-thirst for God? Amid the eager competition of business, in the mad desire for pleasure and for gold, how many of you are seeking "first the kingdom of God and his right eousness?" Ah, my friends, if "God and his righteousness" be our conception of heaven we may obtain it, and that without money and without price.

Earth has her price for what earth gives us. The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in; The priest has its fee that comes ay shrives us.

We bargain for the grave we die in;

For a cap and bells our souls our live; we pay;
Bubbles we earn with our whole soul's task.
It is only heaven that is given away.
It is only God may be had for the asking.

If righteousness by our characteristic of the new heaven and the new earth, it is here attainable. If God be the one object of our desires, and union with Christ our single aim, why may not the best of heaven lie to us here? "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God." Which of us can honestly say that? If we can, happy are we. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

Modern science had shown us why the deep sky is blue, and here in a London lecture room you may see the azure of the firmament enclosed for you in a tube of common glass. Oh, my brethren, that we could see how possible it is for us to make our lives like that tube of common glass, and to fill them with the spiritual azure of the new heaven; and if each of our lives were full of heaven, how widely would it diffuse its lovely radiance, and how soon would that new heaven glow over all a darkened world! But, as before, I can only give some passing illustrations of this possibility, taken from various spheres or elements of our private or public life. Millions of men are engaged in one form or another of trade and commerce, and every one of us is more or less occupied with things in which money is concerned. Now, one main element of righteousness is stainless honesty, inflexible integrity. Have you ever thought how immense an amelioration would be introduced into the conditions of life if perfect integrity, if stainless honesty were, as it might be, the invariable rule? How keenly does the Book of Proverbs express the world's experience of the commonness of cheating and quackery, and selfish, struggling competition, and the incessant aim to overreach and to defraud, to make unjust gains, and to win all which, legally or illegally, we can, and not always fair and honest profit and proportion! But the Christian must ever pray: "Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for my trust is in Thee." Eliminate from all money concerns the elements of fraud and immoral cushing, of scramble and selfishness, of puff and push, of the dishonesty which prutpones, or which will not pay its just debts, of the counter-dishonesty, which rings from the fair payments of the honest, the bad debts of the dishonest—eliminate the robbing of the hireling of his wages, and the grinding of the faces of the poor, and the making gain of the appetites, or the wants, or the miseries, or the guileless inexperience of others—eliminate the fraudulant dealing with estates, the playing tricks with money, the forgeries, the bubble companies, the gambling speculations, the rings of middle-men, the cooking of accounts, the tampering with markets—get rid of all this network of the base and evil spirit of Mammon, this manifold engine ry of temptation which Satan puts into the hands of those who, making haste to be rich shall not be innocent, and can you estimate the greater heavenliness which would then be introduced into human society! Truly, the love of money is the root of all evil. Only the fewest know how to win it wisely and to spend it nobly. Men try in vain, as they have ever done, to serve God and Mammon. They do not disbelieve in Christ; but, like Judas, they sell Him, they palter with God and with the laws of God for gold. If we would pour that one ray of heaven into the shut house of life, the first essential for each and for all of us is absolute, perfect, inflexible integrity. "He that worketh in his righteousness feareth the Lord."

Not less essential to our new heaven and our new earth is perfect purity. Can you, can any mind, short of the infinite, at all measure the depth and shame and misery with which life is flooded by the violation of God's law of chastity. Who shall tell how many millions are the lives in which because of uncleanness "the root has been as rottenness, and the blossom has gone up as dust?" He who sins against this high, beneficent, inexorable, eternal law does so, verily, with his eyes open against all that has been taught him by all the experience of all the world. He goes like a bird to the snare of the fowler, like an ox to the slaughter, like a fool to the correction of the stocks; he goes knowingly to the banquet where the dead are, and the guests are in the depths of hell. Impuceanable is the curse which impurity introduces into human life, immeasurable are the wrongs which it inflicts upon the innocent, immeasurable is the certain and awful retribution to which it drags down the guilty. Alas, we need go no further than the shameful streets and the agonizing hospitals of great cities, to know the horrors of disease and wretchedness which follow in the wake of God's immutable and violated law. Let us not speak of it, but look and pass. But, to every young person here present most earnestly would I say, pray to the Almighty that He may cleanse the thoughts of your hearts, and teach you how benevolent and how inexorable is that law of purity. Cherish the unsullied crystal of the heavenly innocence. When the serpent creeps in, the bliss of paradise is gone. You can never know what heaven is; you can never know the serenity of perfect peace until you have learned the duty of keeping your mortal bodies in temperance, soberness, and chastity. "Know ye not that your bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost, who dwelleth in you, except ye—and how fearful an except that is—ye be reprobates." "Blessed"—our Saviour's own lips said it—"are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Once more—for, as I said, I desire only to illustrate the subject, not to exhaust it. With perfect integrity and perfect purity, there must also be perfect love in the new heaven and the new earth, and the tender, charitable truthfulness which is a part of love. We need a new heaven and a new earth most of all because so many men by hatred and unfaithfulness, as well as by dishonesty and uncleanness, turn earth from a possible heaven into an anticipated hell. Of all evil lives, the most evil is that of those who pander to the calumny, the envy, and the malice which have the most snake-like of human infirmities. I know that the world, like the fashionable world and the vulgar world, does not think so. Alike in the foul slum and the luxurious drawing-room, there are many men who think that malice is rather amusing, and who take lies for wit. Other vices ally men to brutes; but of malevolent, falsehood man has the sad and degrading monopoly. It is impossible to estimate the extent to which bad men and bad women for their own interests, add to the misery of life by the venom of unbridled malignity. But enough of this, also. Earth would be a comparative Paradise if men loved each other as they envy and hate and belie each other. Even the sphere of religion rings with the bitterness of unscrupulous partisans. "She thought to herself," writes a modern novelist, "how delightful it would be to live in a house where everybody understood and loved and helped everybody else. She did not know that her wish was just for the kingdom of heaven."

Now, I appeal to every one among you all to tell me whether you do not clearly see that life would be utterly different if men would make it different, unutterably more blessed if men sought or cared for the elements of true blessedness. Oh, that men would be but true men, and that women would be the holy and gracious things which God meant them to be! For when they indulge themselves in these vices they cease to be true men and true women. The man whose heart is ever burning with envy and hatred, and sullen jealousy and mad ferocity—is he a man or is he a jackal or a tiger? The man who has enslaved himself to appetite and drunkenness, the man who is smitten with the wand of a foul enchantress and lives for pleasure in a sensual sty—is he a man or is he become akin to the ape or to the swine? The man who is given over to lies and malignity—has he not sunk into, as he has cheated, the serpent's curse? Expel from the human heart all that remains of the ape's vileness, the serpent's hiss, the tiger's fury, the vulture wings which hasten to carrion, and then how gracious a thing is a man if he only be a man! Man must be like the brutes or like the angels, as he will. A society of men as God meant them to be, a true Church—I do not mean a mere hierarchic Church, a Church organized for the self-glorification of priests, a Church absorbed in functions and in formulæ, but a true Church of Christ—ah! it would be a place which angels might love. And ye might help, each one of us, to make earth so; for if each one swept before his own door, the streets of the new Jerusalem would be clean. And the more heartily we do this, each for ourselves, the more surely will others do it; for it is astonishing how much goodness goodness makes.

New Way of Cooking Beefsteak.

Buy a nice round steak, spread over it a dressing made of bread crumbs soaked in boiling water and seasoned with salt, pepper, butter and sage to taste. Then take the steak spread with this dressing, into a roll. Tie it round and round with a string to keep it together. Place it in a dripping pan with a little water and take it in a moderate oven. After taking from the oven remove the cord and slice the roll ready for the table. It is very nice either warm or cold.

Two of a Kind.

As sly as a fox was he, and she
As soft as the dainty dove,
And as he wrote her a bushel of notes
That spoke of his deathless love.
But he wrote them all with a fading ink,
And thus she had been deceived—
If she hadn't, in fact, photographed them
All
As fast as they were received.

A Lesson in Economy.

"I wish you wouldn't bite threads off with your teeth," said Mr. Skinnphint to his wife. "You'll wear your teeth out and the set my first wife left won't fit you."

HOLIDAY HUMOR.

Algy—"Are you—aw—fond of animals Miss Jennie?" Jennie—"Well, I like dogs and cats, but I don't care for dudes."

Snopper—"Have you seen Staggers in full regalia?" Simeral—"Oh, yes, and I've often seen him full without his regalia."

Watts—"What women lack, as a rule, is earnestness of application." Potts—"You never saw a women applying for a divorce, did you?"

Mr. Closely—"Mabel, I must be very fond of you; just think how much time I spend in your company." Mabel—"Yes, and that's all."

Santa Claus—"Are we to be as good friends at ever?" Pawnbroker—"Oh, yes, I'll help you hang up things this Christmus as usual."

Mr. Packer—"I guess I'll buy this picture, Maria." Maria—"But, papa, the picture is low in tone and color." Mr. Packer—"What's the difference? I ain't buying a music box."

The newspapers are forever speaking of "the blushing bride." Well, when you reflect upon the kind of husband not a few of the brides marry, you cannot wonder that they should blush.

She—"The trouble is that I can never pitch my voice right." He—"Why don't you pitch it out of the window, then?" "What good would that do?" "It might get the air, at least."

McGall—"Do you exchange unsatisfactory goods?" Salesman—"Yes, sir." McGall—"Well, here's an overcoat I got here last year, and I think I like your new style much better."

Miss Greyneck—"Mr. Skynaught must love me to distraction." Mr. Greyneck—"What makes you think so?" Miss Greyneck—"Because he comes to see me so much and never says so."

He—"Fanny Brown is engaged. Guess who to." She—"What! That stupid, snub-nosed, common little creature? Who on earth is going to be fool enough to marry her?" He—"Well—er—that ith—I am."

Teacher—"Who was the first murderer?" Son of Distinguished Lawyer—"Nobody knows. In that Cain and Abel affair, Cain had no lawyer to defend him, so the thing went by default and he got convicted."

Bellows—"Does your daughter play on the piano?" Old Farmer (in tones of deep disgust)—"No, sir. She works on it, pounds on it, rakes it, scrapes it, jumps on it and rolls over it, but there's no phy about it, sir."

Dr. Pillsbury—"Well, Mr. Skeptic, did you follow my prescription?" Skeptic—"No, sir! If I had I would have broken my neck." Dr. Pillsbury—"Why, what do you mean?" Skeptic—"I threw the prescription out of the window."

"My wife," said Henpeck, dolefully,
"Her temper never loses!
Scold? Well, I guess, but then I say
She never loses it—oh, nay!
But has it when she chooses?"

The Preservation of Our Game.

In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom and we do hope that everybody interested in the preservation of our game will send his views to the Ontario fish and game commission, which has held three sittings in Toronto and of which Mr. A. D. Stewart of Hamilton is the secretary. A score of gentlemen have given in their testimony, among them being several interested in the big preserves that are springing up all over the land and others whose main interest in game is an occasional shoot over public domain. Some thought that hunting deer with dogs should be entirely abolished and others that the exploitation of all game, including ducks, should be strictly prohibited. Others again favored a license being attached to every gun, and nearly everybody was in favor of the government appointing game wardens. There was also a general feeling that foreigners should be compelled to pay a permit fee. Naturally a question arose as to how far settlers were to be allowed to go in the killing of deer, and the prevailing opinion appeared to be that they should be compelled to obey the law as closely as other folks. A great deal of evidence was given as to butchery of deer out of season, one witness averring that he had been told by "an alleged sportsman" that in one year he had killed 43 deer out of season, some being does heavy with fawn. As a sample of the advice given, we quote the following from Mr. Arthur L. F. Gibbs, of Port Sydney, Muskoka, who suggested:

1. That hunting with hounds, or dogs of any kind, in the pursuit of deer be prohibited, and that the season commence on the 1st day of November and terminate on the 15th day of December. 2. That persons other than residents of Canada (whether they own property or not in Canada) be prohibited from hunting. 3. That the sale of deer and partridge be prohibited for the term of five years. 4. That the partridge season commence on the 15th day of September and terminate on the 15th day of December. 5. That an inspector be appointed for each township, and inspector to be paid the amount of fine imposed. 6. That the smallest fine imposed for any infraction of the game laws be a sum not less than $10.

Also from Mr. John Gray, of Coldwater, who said:

(1) Prohibit the use of dogs altogether in hunting, then as that is the greatest cause of their destruction, besides which the flesh of deer thus killed is unfit for food.

(2) Limit the number killed by any man to five.

(3) Let every man take out a license to kill deer and at the end of the season let him make out affidavit as to the number he killed during the season. Let the license fee be say: $1, to go towards salary of an inspector also let each man pay for each deer killed the sum of $1, to be paid to the township in which the deer was killed.

(4) Let the season be from 1st October to 1st November as the rutting season begins in November and the flesh of the deer is then unfit for food.

(5.) Make the penalty for infraction of game law not less than $10.

There must have been 800 deer taken out of the district immediately north of here during the last year. Last year there were plenty of deer in Matchedash Township, but this winter it is a rare thing to see a track. They are about killed out.

The Pig Pen.

Hog cholera, like most if not all other contagious and infectious diseases, is caused by a microbe known as bacillus; and the same is true of the allied disease known as swine plague, which is caused by a bacillus closely resembling that which produces hog cholera. It was not until about 1885, that Prof. Salmon, chief of the U. S. bureau of animal industry, discovered that he mixed the hog cholera bacillus. His discovery has since been repeatedly confirmed by others. A little later he found the swine plague bacillus. This differs in size and growth, when cultivated artifically, from the cholera bacillus. Dr. L. Russell, of the Maine experiment station, has found this further difference between the two—that the cholera bacillus will live in a temperature that destroys the plague bacillus, and that the continued temperature of 137 degrees for ten minutes will kill both. Both are vaccinassisable by inoculation, and the length of time required for the disease thus transmitted to kill the hog depends upon the amount of virus introduced. The bacillus multiplies in the large intestines principally, but is also found in the blood and other parts of the body before death. The most prominent symptoms of disease, says Dr. Russell, are a loss of appetite, considerable elevation of temperature, constipation followed before death by very fluid discharges. In some acute cases there is little diarrhea before death; in other cases it is a marked symptom for some days. Death may occur within two or three days of the time the first symptoms are noticed, or it may occur after three or four weeks. Usually the skin on the under side of the neck, thorax abdomen and on the inner side of the thigh presents a bright red appearance before the death of the animal." The diseased bodies should be utterly destroyed or buried so deep that there is no possibility for the bacillus to come to the surface. The quarters occupied by such hogs should be carefully disinfected and left vacant for at least six months. As a preventive, hogs bought and introduced on the farm should be kept by themselves for at least four to six weeks. "There is no evidence to show that hog cholera ever develops in a place where it has not been brought by affected hogs or some of the diseased products of affected hogs. And such a thing as a permanently infected locality is probably unknown, although the hog cholera bacilli will live and multiply in the waste food and wet places about the pens where sick hogs are kept, but will even live in dry earth for two or three months sometimes. But there is no question but that filth is favorable to its propagation. It is supposed to have been brought from Europe about 50 years ago.—Montana Stock Journal.

HEALTH

The Domestic Doctor.

Insect stings or eruptions on the skin are relieved by alcohol.

For an aching tooth saturate a piece of cotton with ammonia, and lay it on the tooth.

Never breathe through the mouth unless it is impossible to breathe through the nose.

"It is not intellectual work that injures the brain," says the London *Hospital*, "but emotional excitement. Most men can stand the severest thought and study of which their brains are capable, and be none the worse for it, for neither thought nor study interfere with the recuperative influence of sleep. It is ambition, anxiety, and disappointment, the hopes and fears, the loves and hates of our lives, that wear out our nervous system and endanger the balance of the brain."

It is not generally known that commercial glycerine contains a considerable proportion of arsenic. The fact should be borne in mind by persons who imagine this article to be so harmless that it can be used in almost any quantity." A recent medical journal reports a case in which a gentleman nearly lost his life through symptoms closely resembling those of cholera, by the use of a cheap grade of glycerine. Unless the glycerine is chemically pure, it is liable to produce poisonous symptoms when taken internally.

Borate of soda in the treatment of epilepsy was first proposed by Charles F. Folsom, of Boston, in 1881. Cowers reported four cases treated with the remedy, three of which were entirely cured. Lately, *El Siglo Medico* reports, Senor Dijond has tried the remedy in 23 old cases in which the epileptic seizures had been employed without any real benefit. The duration of the treatment with the borate of soda was from four to seven months, the doses of the remedy varied from one to six grammes a day. One care was completely cured, and all the others, except six, were much improved. The experiments seem to prove that the remedy can diminish the frequency of the epileptic seizures in a very large number of cases which are not influenced favorably by the bromides. The borate of soda, may be given in doses of six grammes, daily without any risk to the patient, but it is necessary to begin with one or two grammes a day and gradually increase the dose. The following formula is recommended:

Soda borat, pulv.	1 to 6 grammes.	
Syr. aurant cort.	" 30	"
Aquæ destillat.	" 100	"

M. S.—To be taken in, two doses, one in the morning and one in the evening. Epilepsy loses larger than four grammes, one gramme of glycerine should be added for each gramme of borate in excess of four. For the prolonged use of the remedy, Senor Dijond recommends the following:

Soda borat, pulv.	grammes	10
Glycerini pure	"	4
Syr. aurant. cortis	"	30

M. S.—To be taken in spoonful doses. An ordinary spoonful contains two grammes of the borate of soda.

For nausea, lay a little pounded ice on the back of the neck.

Powdered alum applied to a fever sore will prevent it from becoming very unsightly or noticeable.

For stomach worms in a child, mix one teaspoonful of powdered sage in two table spoonfuls of molasses, and give a teaspoonful every morning.

Swelling of the feet, when of such character that a little hollow, or "pit," is left behind after a few seconds pressure of the finger, should always excite alarm, as it is an indication of a condition of the system which may be serious. This kind of swelling may be due to disease of the heart or kidneys or it may rise simply from a condition of anemia, or poverty of the blood. In either case it is a condition which should lead to careful investigation by a competent physician.

As regards the reputation of the hop pillow, which has been handed down from book to book, it is very doubtful if there be much in it; for although I live in the midst of the chief hop-growing district, I never knew of its actually being put in practice. I quite believe that it is an old legend that gained more credence than it deserved, owing to the anecdote that King George III., being a sufferer from faceache, derived comfort and got sleep by the use of a hop pillow that a loyal subject of Kent presented to him. Be this as it may, so far as medical experience goes, there is really nothing to countenance the idea that the hop, except in its volatile constituents, contains anything soporific, and in point of fact I do not believe the hop contributes to the finished beer, so far as the consumer is concerned, anything beyond a delicious aroma and an agreeable salutary bitter.

The opinion that hurry in eating is a prolific cause of dyspepsia is founded on common observation. The ill results of "bolting" the food have been attributed to the lack of thorough mastication, and to the incomplete action of the saliva upon the food. Two-thirds of the food which we eat is starch, and starch cannot be utilized in the system as food until it has been converted into sugar, and this change is principally effected by the saliva. But there is a third reason why rapidity of eating interferes with digestion. The presence of the saliva vary secretion in the stomach acts as a stimulus to the secretion of the gastric juice. Irrespective of the mechanical function of the teeth, food which goes into the stomach incompletely mingled with saliva, passes slowly and imperfectly through the process of stomach digestion. Therefore, as a sanitary maxim of no mean value, teach the children to eat slowly—and in giving this instruction by example, the teacher, as well as the pulpit, may receive a benefit.

The Sick-Room.

The sick-room should be in the quietest part of the house away from the noise of the street, the ringing of the door-bell, the voices of family callers, and the operations of the kitchen. It should receive the disinfecting power of sunshine, and yet have the means of lessening or shutting off the light at will.

It should contain no more furniture than is necessary. In some cases a single bed is best, because it may be conveniently approached on either side. In other cases a double bed is preferable, in order that the patient may be moved from one side to the other. A bed will a contrivance for lifting the occupant into a half-sitting posture is often desirable.

Movements about the sick-room should not be unpleasantly suggestive. Noiseless slippers are less disturbing than tiptoe tread. The tones of the voice and the expression of the face should be quiet, cheerful, and as natural as possible. While the room, except in special cases, should not be darkened, the eyes of the patient should be shielded from direct light.

A good nurse is more helpful than the doctor—at least, she may treble his efficiency; but she should be emphatically a *good* one—duly trained, with a natural aptitude for her calling, and in fullest sympathy with the physician. A self-opinionated nurse may more than undo all the doctor's work.

One of the most difficult things to manage is, not unfrequently, the matter of visitors. Comparatively few persons can visit the sick without doing more harm than good. Bed-ridden people and persons confined to their chamber or their homes by chronic ailments may often be greatly helped by friendly calls, by various little tangible expressions of sympathy, and in general, by sunshine brought from the outside world, although, even in such cases, wisdom is required.

But in the case of the acutely sick, visitors are commonly an evil. As a rule, they remain too long, and weary the patient with untimely talk. It should never be forgotten that one of the main conditions of recovery is complete quiet. The question of the admission of visitors should be left absolutely to the decision of the physician and the good sense of the nurse.

Feminine Influence.

When young ladies commit themselves against any social and degrading custom, especially among men, that custom will begin to disappear. Women certainly have the "right" to noble companionship and pure air, and it would be a very encouraging sign to see her assert it. But when I see a woman willing to train her children in the blue atmosphere of tobacco smoke without protest, or when I see a young lady walking or riding with a young man who wears a pipe or a cigar in his teeth, says a writer in the Advance, and that young lady is willing to swallow the vile fumes that come from his mouth simply for the infinitesimal privilege of his company, I say there is a woman, there is a girl, who cares little or nothing for woman's rights, or woman's duties either.

If a counting-match is not declared off it must end in a tie.

IN THE BUSH.

A Tragedy of Australian Life.

Far away up a wild arm among the folding hills, with the green gray mantle of the eucalyptus bush spreading for miles and weary miles between them and civilization, there lived a couple. Not man and wife, not even brothers, except in love; and in that these two were more to each other than many a pair representing a human relationship. It was only a man and his dog; and the man was only a shepherd on an outlying station belonging to a wealthy squatter.

It was in the old days, before sheep farms were the comparatively easily managed affairs they are now, and when the unlucky shepherd seldom saw any human face but that of the manager; and his not more than once in a couple of months. It is true most shepherds had a house-mate, who took his turns with him to stay in the hut, boil the "billy" and make the damper; but this man was an exception. He was still young, though it was difficult to say what age. He might have been anything from twenty-five to thirty-five; the gray eyes were bright and clear enough for the former age, while the expression of sorrowful patience was rather that of a man who had learned that the world offices full to the human soul forever and forever. Resignation, resignation!

He certainly had not much to contend him. The society of sheep assuredly plays a great part in the pastoral poetry of many celebrated verse makers, but, has hap they never tried it. Anyway, they have a fashion of introducing ribbons and flutes and little Bopeeps as compensating adjuncts to this style of life; who reas this man had none of these things, nothing at all, in fact, but a rough, yellowish cattle dog, which looked something like a colley that had gone wrong in early youth. He, the dog, rejoiced in the name of Snip. When I say "rejoiced" I speak advisedly. Snip looked upon life as one large joke. His mouth curled up in a kindly, if ironical, grin; his tail fairly wagged itself off when his master looked at him, and nothing but his deep sense of propriety prevented his joking with the sheep in a scoffing fashion when he ran the silly lingy creatures in for the night. As he sat by his master at this moment outside the hut door he occasionally interrupted his new hunt for the lively flea to thrust his nose into the mess he was fed in a coaxing movement that meant as plainly as words could be, "Come, drop that, pipe, do; we have had enough of smoking and moonlight for one night. I want to lie across your feet and go to my dreams. This is the third night you have made me lose my beauty. What you see in that moon I can't make out. Now!"

"Can't you, old fellow?" answered the man. "Perhaps not; you are a quite unsentimental dog—that is your one fault. Moonlight is the only earthly light that brings me back an evening on a long terrace walk over a shining sea, can you not give us a snore or two, you lazy beggar, to please me? No? Well, come and lie down and rest." He stretched himself with a half sigh. He did the past poem back to night? He did not usually think of that old business, being too wise a man to worry over the irretrievable. But to-night—to-night there came to him a face he had loved a good deal better than Snip's; though it had held for him none of the tender devotion in the dog's dish brown eyes now turned up anxiously to his. A woman's face, connected somehow with the moonlight and the sea; a woman's voice in an agony of entreaty. "Save him, can you not? You, who can do everything; can you not save him, your own brother?" And he had done so. Not unthinkingly, but without a good many reflections it were not possible to do so without giving up his own life. But it had not been possible. He wondered how would he give done it with no other incentive than large duty, whether the sacrifice would have been so easy if another than the woman who loved his brother had asked it of him. This father, for instance? His father, who spoiled, indeed as much misplaced affection on said brother as ever Isaac did on that scapegrace Jacob. Nonsense, of course he would. It would have killed his father if his eldest son had been disgraced. It was bad enough as it was. Why did he think of it to-night? Perhaps because of that strange unconscious faculty which puts past events, because close in the future they are rising from their graves to give us one more scene of a play we had fancied well over.

Patting the dog's head, who gave a superlicious sniff, he turned to enter the hut when the sound of horses' feet broke the stillness of the night.

"The manager," he muttered, pausing on the threshold.

A few moments and that individual reinefl in his horse by the shepherd's side. Contrary to custom, he had a companion.

"Evening, Gervaise," he called to the shepherd, who lifted his hat slightly in answer to his superior's greeting. A typical Australian of the shepherd's class never touches his hat, or does so in a surly fashion that suggests compulsion. The man lifted it with the respect for himself, the respect for the person addressing him that one gentleman uses towards another. He did not speak, and the manager continued:

"This gentleman wishes to look over some of the run to-morrow. I suppose we may as well stretch ourselves here by the fire for a couple of hours. We must be moving by dawn, as we've to get back to Wallaby Creek to-morrow evening."

The shepherd helped to unsaddle the horses and then, throwing a couple of logs on the half-extinct fire, he soon kindled a blaze, boiled the billy and gave his guests their evening meal. He had not paid them much attention as he did so, coming and going in the doubtful lights of the flickering fire; but as he stretch themselves on their blue blankets the manager kicked the smouldering sticks together and the flame sprang high and clear into the night. In this the shepherd's eyes fell on a stranger, who was arranging himself in an awkward and fashion along the ground face and form were as familiar to him as the white English shores he would never see but in his dreams again. He could not help an involuntary start; but after that he sat quite still on his log, with Snip lying close against his legs.

He seemed to have been making up his mind to something during this pause; and now he rose and going to the stranger's side gently touched his shoulder.

"Father!" he said, quietly.

The half-sleeping man opened his eyes.

"Father!" and the shepherd again, in a tone even more carefully subdued than before.

"What do you mean? Who the devil are you?" he queried, sharply.

The shepherd silently removed his hat and the pair looked into each other's eyes for a few seconds.

"I wonder you dare speak to me," said the eldeiman, at last, in a scarcely audible tone, which yet quiver with uncontrollable rage. "What do you mean by it? Why are you here?"

The shepherd shrugged his shoulders.

"I must exist somewhere till I die of commit suicide. The Australian bush is surely an odder place for you than it is for me! A sentimental desire to hear of you all again induced me to speak to you."

He paused, but his companion said nothing.

The shepherd's hand, resting on Snip's rough head, clenched itself till the nails met in the palm.

"Have you not forgiven me after these long seven years?" he said, hoarsely.

"No; and again no!" cried the other, in a burst of passion.

"So young a man, father!" interrupted the sheperd, with a gentle intonation, as if calling attention to an exculpatory circumstance about another person.

"Don't dare call me father!" I am no father of yours. None of our blood ever disgraced themselve; while you, you, a common thief, who forged my name to pay your low debts! No; you are certainly no son of mine!"

The shepherd laughed shortly.

"I don't see that you are bettering the situation," he remarked, grimly. "However, though you have no forgiveness for me, perhaps you will not mind giving me a little home news. I shall never trouble you again; you shall never again hear from me or of me; never see my face on this side of the grave; but tell me about the old home this once! You cannot call me troublesome—sir! Can you not even grant me mercy enough for this favor?"

There was no reply for a little, then the answer came:

"No; I have no mercy on thieves. Go!"

And his father threw himself down again, turning his back to his son.

In [illegible] ly broke, the three men started up the run. If ever the bush looks beautiful it is in the soft solemnity of the dawn, when the mountain clefts and the hollows between the trees are filled with a strange blue dimness that is almost too glorified to be called a vapor; when the dew is drenching the long coarse grass, and the exquisite clearness of the songs of the magpies, the leatherheads, the butcher-birds and many another "feathered fowl" is like an early choral service.

As day wears on, the mountains may look like huge mounds of sun-baked red earth, on which the covering gums seem to shrivel and droop before your very eyes; dawn's solemn sweetness may be replaced by an awful glare that holds the terror of death; but the joy of the daybreak keeps you alive through all the very long length of an Australian Summer noon, and stays with you till the rapture of her star-bright twilight comes to comfort your soul.

The three men rode silently on, except for an occasional remark from the manager. The country was good, but it was rough riding for all that, and though they kept the midday halt to boil the inevitable "billy" within the shortest possible limits, it was six o'clock before they again got within sight of the shepherd's hut.

Snip, who had been trotting behind in a cheerfully tired sort of way, bounded forward with renewed vigor, but all at once stopped short, barking furiously.

"What is it, Gervais?" called the manager to that individual, who rode forward to investigate.

"A snake, I think," was the answer as the shepherd dismounted. "Ah! a death adder, I fancy. Here, Snip, you fool, come back; you'll get bitten if you don't look out," and the shepherd, picking up a stout stick, aimed a blow at the creature, which was half-hidden in the grass. He hit it, but did not kill it, and the reptile darted upon his assailant, only to be met by another blow, which put an end to its career in this stage of existence.

"He didn't touch you, did he, Gervais?" called the manager.

"No," answered the shepherd in a strange tone.

"Oh, that's all right. Well, we must be going on, or we shall get hushed. No, we won't go to the hut. Good-night," and putting spurs to their tired horses they cantered out of sight.

The man watched the disappearing figures for a moment, and then, kneeling down, he took up the dead adder, examined it in little, and, taking out his knife, carefully extracted the poison-bags. He looked round once more; it was a beautifully calm evening, with a tender rosellush in the sky—the bleating of a sheep came softly through the still air. He sighed a little, and then in a mechanical fashion made the tiny little scratch on his wrist and rubbed the deadly virus gently on the place. He did not move for some few minutes; in fact he appeared to have forgotten where he was till Snip jumping on him impatiently recalled him to himself. He started. "Oh, my poor old dog!" he ejaculated, caressing the animal as it tried to lead him home to supper. He hesitated little, and rising, going into hut popped some milk into a tin bowl and set it on the ground for Snip. That person wagged his tail in a half-thankful way, as much as to say: "You might have thought of that before?" and forthwith began to lap greedily. He, he not seen so well employed he would have noticed his master's unusual occupation; as it was he saw nothing. When the gun was loaded the man came and passed his hand over the rough yellow coat with the movement of a mother touching her dead child's face.

"My poor old fellow; my dear old boy!" he murmured.

But something warned him not to wait, "Snip," he said suddenly, "look at me. Lie here; no, don't move, keep still—quiet, good dog!" The dog obediently did as he was told and lay looking at his master, knocking his tail with little taps against the floor. The shepherd met the unutterable love of the brown eyes for an instant as he looked down the gleaming barrel, and then there was a quick report and it was all over. The man dropped the gun, and creeping to Snip he flung down by him, throwing his arm across the poor furry body and burying his face out of sight against the faithful dead side. The motionless quiet was only broken by the laughter of a jackass when the sun was rising, and Gervaise's face was as the lonely hut empty of all movement, the silent presence of the dead.

Queerest Order on Record.

A retail grocery man in a country town can get more peculiar orders for goods than other businesses combined. In fact, if I ever aspired to be a humorist at second hand, I should watch the retail grocery men's mail. The Winchester *Democrat*, a Kentucky paper, the editor of which swears by his liquor to forsake all bourbon liquors and to drink pale ale if his story be untrue, says that a grocery man in his