farmers who were ready to claim that tillage was manure and for a year or two there was much discussion of the subject and while the position of these men we speak of was not maintained, much good was done in directing attention in a forcible manner, to the importance of good tillage. Tillage is not manure at any time nor under any circumstances. For it does not furnish anything to the quality of milk the Ayrshire showed the best single cow. One of the Jerseys was next, and a grade cow was third. The richest sample of milk was from a Devon, showing 6.2 per cent. The next richest was from a Jersey, and marked 5.95 per cent. The poorest milk was only 2.45 per cent, or less than the legal standard. The test brought out another fact that deserves to be considered. It was not the cow that gave the richest milk that made most butter. One cow giving milk showing by test 5.77 of butter fat gave only 15½ pounds of milk per day. Another cow giving milk with 5.85 of butter fat yielded 27½ pounds of milk per day and made butter at the least cost. It is to be remembered also that milk has a good deal of value aside from its butter fat for food. Seven thousand pounds of three per cent. milk makes more butter than will 5,000 pounds with four per cent. of fat, or 4,000 pounds with five per cent. of fat.

FARM NOTES.

The well scraped barnyard is cousin to tight stable floors and a bank account.

Legislation to restrain people from doing what they please, so long as they do not interfere with the rights of others, is vicious.

It has been proved that soil which has been deeply and thoroughly plowed contains more water than that which has been settled completely by rains.

A very interesting pamphlet is that of the Department of Agriculture, volume IV., number 5, giving a condensed report of the annual convention of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Stations, with abstracts of the publications of the Experiment Stations, and other matters.

At a canning factory in Greenwood, Ind., all the refuse corn husks, cobs and defective ears, and the pea pods, etc., are put into a silo, and it furnishes enough to feed eighty-five cows on silage nearly all the year round. And yet this refuse fodder is allowed to waste at many of the canning factories, where the proprietor would gladly give it to any one who would remove it every day. In Wisconsin a truck gardner put up silage to feed a herd of Jersey cows, from the refuse of his fifty-acre market garden, which had been nearly all wasted in years past.

Russian barley has lately been imported for use by Milwaukee brewers. It sells in New York at 47 cents per bushel. Which is attractive until the brewer examines the purchase. He finds its quality very poor. It is unfit for anything but feeding purposes. Maybe some other year the quality of Russian barley will be better. It may then become a formidable competitor. This year there is no such danger. The Canada barley crop, as well as our own, is generally light this year. If other grains are not substituted for barley for malting, its price ought to be higher than it now is.

A Curious Case.

A curious and decidedly interesting case of paralysis was exhibited to the medical students of the University of Pennsylvania at one of last week's clinics. The patient was a telegraph operator, who, from excessive use in making delicate touches on the instrument, had suffered paralysis in his right hand. He had learned to use his left, and in six months that was also useless. It was examined by Dr. Horatio C. Wood as a case of extreme nervousness, for in any other method the patient could use either hand as well as he ever could. When, however, he took to write anything his hand would tremble up and down as on a telegraph instrument, and when he attempted to use the instrument his hand could not move at all.

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THE SECRETARY,
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Toronto, Ont.

A Woman's Crime.

BY AN EX-DETECTIVE.

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[CONTINUED.]

"He said what I have told you, the bottle has been tampered with; it contains a strong mineral poison."

"My God! Bathurst, tell me what to do," cried the old man, despairing y.

"Will you act upon my advice?"

"Yes! yes! without question; take everything into your own hands, but tell me how to act. God of heaven, my wife might have died, but for you."

"True," rejoined Bathurst, gravely. "Listen, sir, and remember our compact; ask no unnecessary questions."

Neil Bathurst leaned nearer the old man, and far more than half an hour they conversed, the former speaking in grave, firm tones and the latter uttering, for the most part, broken, horror-stricken ejaculations, and listening with a face that grew set and stern and almost vengeful before the discourse was done. At last the two men arose as if the conference were at an end.

"You understand me fully, do you not?" asked the detective, as he took up his hat and prepared to go.

"Yes, I understand, Bathurst, and have no fear, I shall do my part."

"Then I will say good-by to you for the present. When we meet again I hope your house will have become a safe place for your wife and yourself."

And so they parted, to meet again after many days and under circumstances most strange and startling.

On leaving Mr. Durand, Neil Bathurst, still driving the light carriage, turned his horse's head toward a still more unfashionable quarter of the city. The streets were full of moving humanity, and his progress was, of necessity, slow. As he was picking his way along a somewhat narrow, although busy street, his eye fell upon the form of a woman who was hurrying along not far in advance of him, and in another moment a well-known figure passed swiftly and evidently in pursuit. It was evident enough to the detective, at least, for the woman was the one who had been so nearly murdered after purloining his wallet from Jason Bradwardine, and the man was Bradwardine himself.

At that moment the woman turned into a still more obscure street, and like a flash the pursuer was upon her. She felt a hand close upon her arm like a vise, and, uttering a cry of terror, turned to face her enemy. Instantly her face blanched, and she made a desperate effort to elude his grasp, but it was quite hopeless, he held her with a clutch that caused her to writhe with pain, and the true spirit of the man shone in his eyes as he fixed them upon her, with a wolfish glare, and ejaculated:

"Curse you, you jade! I have caught you at last. What have you done with the papers you robbed me of, you whitefaced thief?"

"I have not got them," faltered the woman; "I never saw them after that night."

"You lie! Will you give up those papers or go to prison?"

"I tell you I have not got them; let me go," she cried.

"Not I. Come along, madame, we will see what a couple of policemen will do for you."

But the woman resisted, and with a brutal oath he raised his arm as if about to strike her. But the arm was arrested, and a voice said in the villain's ear:

"Cur! Take your hands off that woman."

Jason Bradwardine turned swiftly and confronted a young man in the dress of a mechanic.

"Devil take you for a meddler," he cried. "Mind your business. The woman is a thief. I am taking her to the police. Stand out of my way," still peering his fierce grip on the quivering woman.

"Let go that woman, I tell you," commanded the mechanic, with an ominous flash of his gray eyes. "You are using unlawful violence!"

For answer Jason Bradwardine raised up his voice and bawled, "A thief! a thief! Police! police!"

By this time a small throng had congregated about the three, and two policemen, who been called by some officious onlooker, came tearing around the corner; at the same moment Neil Bathurst walked quietly into the small arena.

"What's the matter?" he said, addressing the woman.

"Oh, sir, help me. He is trying to arrest me," cried she eagerly.

"Here, policemen, take this woman in charge; she has robbed me. She is a professional thief," said Jason Bradwardine, authoritatively. "I will go with you and enter my complaint."

The bold policemen stepped up to the woman and grasped her as if she had been a desperado of several tons fighting power, while the mechanic looked on, quivering with indignation and apparently at a loss how to act.

"Arrest this man, too, for assaulting me," said Bradwardine, who did not fail to note the fire in the young man's eye, and preferred keeping him at a safe distance until he could put himself out of harm's way.

The mechanic laughed scornfully.

"Perhaps you had better arrest me too," said Neil Bathurst, turning to the policemen. "Officers, hands off that woman."

"Who the devil are you?" growled Jason Bradwardine, turning upon him fiercely.

"I'll attend to your case in a minute," retorted Neil, then turning again to the startled policeman, he said, with a significant brush of the sleeve, "Hands off, boys, or by heavens, I'll knock you down first and have you discharged afterwards. I'll take care of this woman."

Something in his manner convinced the wisest of the two custodians that here was no mere cheddler, and he asked, quite respectfully:

"Who are you, sir, and what authority have you to interfere?"

The detective leaned forward and whispered something in the man's ear. It was a very low whisper, but another ear trained to catch the slightest sound, heard one word "Bathurst."

The whisper had the desired effect. The man's arm dropped to his side and he turned to his companion.

"It's all right," he said; "let go the woman or you will find yourself in hot water."

"Now then," said Neil, turning upon Bradwardine and pointing in the direction he had come, "your way lies there; and if ever you attempt this dodge again it won't be well for you, Mr. Bradwardine."

At the mention of that name, the villain started as if a ball had struck him, and the young mechanic's eyes glowed with a sudden light.

"Look here!" cried Bradwardine, recovering himself, and turning to the officers, "that man is an accomplice, I swear it; he stands in with that woman who has robbed me."

"It don't make no difference what he is," said the second officer, who had just received a whispered communication from his comrade; "he has told you to move on, and my advice to you is, git!"

"And to make sure that he does move on, and don't turn back, gentlemen, won't you just escort him as far as the river?" said Bathurst, with a wink to the two men.

"We will that," said the man who had last spoken, touching his hat respectfully. "Move on ahead, mister, and, if you try any dodges, we'll try the 'stop thief' game on you."

And, with the cheerful alternatives of being made conspicuous by the escort of two policemen, or, still worse, being chased through the streets for a thief, Mr. Jason Bradwardine was forced to content himself; and, with a farewell glare of rage, directed toward the woman and her companions, he turned away.

"When you get that party safely at the river just stop and refresh yourselves," said the mechanic, pressing some money into the hand of the nearest policeman. And then he turned toward Neil Bathurst.

That cool individual was conversing with the woman, who, in obedience to a sign from him, had stood passive, just where the officers had left her.

"Pardon me, sir; may I speak one word with you?" said the mechanic.

Bathurst turned, he was aware that Jason Bradwardine had been shadowed by some stranger, and he did not want this woman to be followed by anyone. He felt assured that this was the man who, for some reason, was on Bradwardine's track. "I will be with you in a moment," he replied. Then he turned, exchanged a few hurried sentences with the woman, who, at the first set off, at a rapid pace, in the direction whence she had come. For a moment, he gazed after her, then turned toward the mechanic.

"Now I am at your service, sir," he said, courteously.

"Thank you. Then let us move on a little way," replied the young man, with a significant glance toward the people who stood on either hand, gaping and wondering at the unexpected turn of affairs. They walked away and turned into the broader street, where Neil had left his horse.

"Now, then," said Neil, "can I be of any service to you, sir?"

"I believe that you can, Mr. Bathurst; at least you can give me your hand," said his companion, with a smile that lighted up his whole face.

Neil started upon hearing his name upon the lips of this stranger.

"Whom do I address?" he asked. "You seem to know me, sir."

"And yet I never saw you until this lucky moment. But my ears are very acute—and I have heard of Bathurst, the detective. I am Francis Ferrars."

"What! Ferrars, the English detective?" cried Neil, his whole face beaming with surprise and pleasure.

"The same."

Impulsively Neil extended both hands, which were grasped by the Englishman and warmly shaken.

"Jump in my buggy Mr. Ferrars," he cried, "you must give me a little of your company now, and command me when you want assistance."

"Thanks; I accept gladly. I want both your society and your assistance now."

"And I want to introduce you to a brother detective, who would rather shake your hand than that of the President."

"Indeed! who?" springing lightly into the little carriage.

"My best friend, Rob Jocelyn."

"What! Big Jocelyn, the counterfeiters' enemy?"

"The same."

"Then I am, indeed, fortunate. I am already repaid for coming to America."

Neil laughed. "I think, by the by, that you two have met," he said.

"How is that?"

"If I am not mistaken, Rob and you are shadowing the same game."

CHAPTER XXXV.—BROTHER DETECTIVES.

Francis Ferrars turned toward his companion a face of grave inquiry.

"Do you mean the man you have just thwarted so cleverly," he asked.

"I mean that man."

"Then I was right in making myself known to you. If I am a judge, you are no friend to him."

"I am no friend to any dastard," replied Neil Bathurst, gravely.

"Oh! I see you know him in his true character."

"I shall know more of his true character within the next forty-eight hours," said Neil grimly. "I have thrown you off his trail, Mr. Ferrars, not intentionally, however; I can perhaps assist you, at least, I can promise that he won't escape you for a little time."

"I have followed him from England, Mr. Bathurst; but he is only a means toward an end. I hope, through him, to find others."

Neil Bathurst uttered a low, musical whistle. Then he turned toward his companion.

"We must confer together," he said gravely. "I think we can help each other. Will you go with me to my quarters where we can talk freely?"

"That is what I wish," replied Francis Ferrars. "I scarcely hoped to meet with two such allies as one might have in yourself and Big Jocelyn. And, if I have not misunderstood you, we are all in pursuit of the same man."

"And if I have not misunderstood you, we have another interest in common," rejoined Bathurst.

"Another!"

"Yes. You say this man is only a means toward an end. You are seeking others through him."

"True."

"Am I mistaken in thinking that your search is for a woman, or two women?"

Francis Ferrars turned upon his companion a searching look.

"Is it possible that you know the object of my search?" he asked.

Bathurst laughed lightly.

"Things come about strangely," he said. "I know so much about Bradwardine and his iniquities that I am able to give a pretty shrewd guess. I may be mistaken, of course. I know the object of his present sojourn in America. I don't know what crimes he may have committed in his mother country."

"You know why he is here now?"

"I do."

"Then—you know why I am here."

"It is a woman then?"

"Yes—or, two women."

"Then, Mr. Ferrars, you and I must understand each other. I, too, am in pursuit of this woman."

As he said these words Neil Bathurst drew up his horse before a large feed stable. "I will leave my horse here," he said. "We have only a few steps further now. My rooms are in the next block."

They sprang out of the carriage, and leaving it and the horse in the care of an attendant, turned their steps toward Neil's rooms.

"Jocelyn will be with us soon, if he is not already here. He has a pass key," said Bathurst, as they approached his door.

As they entered the room the odor of a powerful cigar greeted them, and two long legs let themselves deliberately down from the back of a chair.

"Why the duce don't you stay away altogether," began Rob; and then, seeing a stranger behind his tardy comrade, brought himself to a standing position, and the remainder of his growl was never uttered.

"Don't grumble, old man," said Neil, laughing. "I am prepared to make amends for all your waiting. I have had an adventure, as young ladies say, and as a result I can introduce this gentleman, first of your brotherhood, Mr. Francis Ferrars."

Rob sprang forward looking almost incredulous.

"What!" he cried. "Not the Ferrars."

"Yes, the Ferrars," replied Neil, while Ferrars laughed outright, and then extended his hand.

"You need not be so much astonished," said Neil, when Rob had satisfied himself as to the identity of Ferrars. "You and Mr. Ferrars have met several times!"

Both men turned astonished faces towards him.

"How do you figure that?" asked Jocelyn.

"Easily. I have your word, and his, for it. Didn't you drive a Dutch peddler from the depot recently, and didn't he request you to follow Mr. 'Brady's' carriage?"

A light began to dawn upon the countenance of Ferrars.

"Was it you who drove me that day?" he asked, turning to Rob.

"Were you the Dutchman?" asked Rob in his turn.

"Well, this is getting too deep for me!"

"We are in deep water all around," said Neil. "Let's all sit down, as comfortably as we can, and begin at the beginning. First, I'll relate how I fell in with Mr. Ferrars."

They drew their chairs about a small table, upon which the host placed wine and some prime cigars, and then he related his encounter with Bradwardine and its results.

"And now," said he, with a significant glance at Rob, "Mr. Ferrars tells me that he followed this rascal from England, hoping through him to obtain a clue to a woman, or two women, perhaps; and I have jumped to the conclusion that he may be in search of the very girl who dodged me so cleverly a few days ago."

"I don't exactly see the probability of such a supposition," said Mr. Ferrars, removing his cigar from between his lips. "However, I intend to trust you with my story, gentlemen, relying upon you as brother detectives; and, as it dates a long way back, it is in order to call it before I ask from you the questions that," with a smile, "I intend to ask."

"And that will be answered, to the extent of our knowledge," said Rob Jocelyn warmly.

"Thanks," said Francis Ferrars and then, putting aside his cigar, he began his story forthwith, omitting nothing save the names of his employer and of the mother and child.

"You see, gentlemen," he concluded, "I have good cause for following this man. I have no positive proof that he knows where this woman and the child that must now be a young lady, may be found; but I have been his shadow for more than a month, and I believe that he holds a clue, at least, to their where abouts."

Neither Neil Bathurst nor Rob Jocelyn spoke; they were looking at each other with troubled faces.

"My story has had a strange effect upon you, gentlemen," said Ferrars, taking up his cigar and coolly relighting it. "Do you think my chances for finding this fugitive heiress so utterly hopeless?"

"No," answered Bathurst seriously; "you may find her to-morrow, but—I fear you will be doomed to disappointment. You may never be permitted to remove this girl to England."

"Not permitted! and why?"

"Because, as a detective, it is my duty to arrest her for a crime."

"What! a crime! what crime?"

"She is accused of having murdered her husband on her wedding night."

Francis Ferrars gazed at him in speechless amazement.

"Listen," said Neil. "Like you, I will begin at the very beginning; at the very day when Rob Jocelyn arrived in this city, and this girl, who called herself Lenore Armyn, also arrived from the little town of Fairlie."

"Then she has lived in Fairlie?"

"Yes, and her mother is buried there," replied Neil.

He began, giving minutest incidents as they came. He told how he had met Jocelyn, and how he had left Clarence Arteveldt, sending by him an excuse for not appearing at the Ruthvens. Next he told how he had blundered upon Rob, disguised and lying in wait for a man whom he had known for a rascal in London. He told how they had separated, Rob following the man, whom they afterwards found to be Jason Bradwardine, and himself strolling away at random to come unexpectedly upon the woman who had left Bradwardine only to encounter the assassin's knife. Then he described the scene in the disreputable house; told of the finding of the wallet, and how, by investigating its contents, they had assured themselves that this man, "Brady," as he called himself, Bradwardine as they believed him to be, was bent on mischief.

"I will show you this wallet," Neil said, when he had reached this point in his review, "but I don't think you will need its testimony before you become convinced that Lenore Armyn-Arteveldt is the child who stands between Bradwardine and this fortune. We know that the man had an evil motive, and your revelation has told us what that motive was. But to proceed."

He refreshed himself from his wineglass, and then went on with his recital; telling next how Bradwardine had advertised for a female detective, and how he, Neil, had presented himself, in answer; how since, as Mrs. O'Neil, he had kept the woman who had stolen the wallet from falling into Bradwardine's hands at the same time deluding him with the belief that a vigorous search for her was being prosecuted.

"I may as well state, just here, that I had befriended the woman, partly from pity, and partly because I believed that sooner or later, such a woman could be of service to me. I have kept posted concerning her ever since, and when she left the hospital I arranged her to find a safe and quiet place, where she could remain and await further developments. I was on my way to see her, to-day, having found a use for her, when we encountered Bradwardine, and it was she that the villain was trying to arrest, when you and I, Ferrars, met so opportunely."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Bob, "how things do come about! Where did you leave off, Neil?"

"I left off where you may begin," replied Neil, taking up a cigar and preparing to light it. "Please relate your experience while tracking Bradwardine and his game from Elm Vall y to Fairlie."

"That does come next," said Rob, reflectively; and then, in his quaint, graphic way, he described his journey to Elm Valley, to look up facts concerning "Madame Bourne," and his subsequent pursuit of Bradwardine to Fairlie, together with the discoveries he had made there. Here he paused, and Ferrars broke in with more excitement than he had hitherto manifested:

"I am thoroughly convinced already, that this girl, this Lenore Armyn, is none other than the heiress of whom I am in search. The description of the mother of the girl herself, every detail concerning them, goes to prove it in my eyes. Continue, Brother Detective; what transpired after you had discovered these things at Fairlie, while playing the part of census taker?"

"What next occurred, I must tell," said Bathurst, "and now comes the darkest part of this strange complication."

Beginning with the morning when Rob Jocelyn left him to start, unexpectedly in pursuit of Bradwardine, Neil detailed the conversation between himself and Rob, when he had told him how, because of going to shadow counterfeiters at "Mike's," he had missed the wedding of Clarence Arteveldt and Lenore Armyn. Then he related how he had been summoned to the house of his murdered friend; described the scenes enacted there on the wedding night; the anathema and flight of Lenore; the further tragedy, the accusation against the fugitive bride, the testimony against her, and how, in his pursuit of her, he had visited Fairlie, and learned, to his unbounded astonishment, that Lenore Armyn and the myst rious daughter of the still more mysterious Madame Bourne were one and the same. Finally he related his experience as a medical student; his discovery and sudden flitting to the city; his visit to the asylum, and the manner in which he supposed the girl had escaped him.

"And for the remainder," he concluded, "we may as well compare notes."

They were silent for a time, and then Francis Ferrars said, turning with a slight smile toward Neil:

"And so you were the medical student?"

"Yes, and 'Bless my heart,' as Doctor Austin would say, why, you were Peterkin the peddler. Well! you sold the!"

"I believe I did sell you some small articles," replied Ferrars, demurely. "And that is what took you off in such a hurry! And it must have been the news of the flight from the asylum that brought the good doctor to town a few days later. I will tell how we came, as that is next in order."

And he speedily related how he had delivered the doctor's message to the stage driver; and how the doctor, Jason Bradwardine, and himself, disguised as Peterkin, came to the city.

"And then you all went to the asylum in a string, like children playing crack the whip," finished off Rob. "And I was your John, Ferrars."

"Yes," laughed Ferrars, "and I thought you about the stupidest Yankee I had ever seen."

"Well! we all took each other in, at any rate," said Bathurst. "Now, then, for the next link. Rob, who had again got his eye on Bradwardine, kept it on him, and I turned my attention to another little matter that may or may not develop into something that will put another face on this affair of the murder. So while Rob and you, Ferrars, followed Brad ardine to the dive theater, and then assisted him to escort two ladies home, I was, to all appearances, out of the ring. Now, then, Ferrars, give us your version of that theater business."

"My version is brief," said Ferrars. "I believed that Bradwardine had some sort of a clue to the girl's hiding place, and I could do no better, just then, than to keep him in sight. When he followed those women home from the dive, I did not feel at all sure that they were the parties I wanted to find; so I went back at the heels of my man; this morning he went to that same house, and remained nearly two hours, and then he repaired to a little restaurant, or cafe, near the river, where he was met by a tall woman dressed in black; these two conferred for half an hour, and then he went home and dined."

At the mention of the tall woman in black, Rob Jocelyn's eyes began to twinkle, and when Ferrars ceased to speak, he burst forth into roars of laughter, greatly to the astonishment of the dignified Englishman.

"Now, then, Rob," said Bathurst, with a mirthful look in his eyes, "sober up and tell your experience."

Thus adjured, Rob "sobered up" and said:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HE WANTS 10,000 SOULS.

TALMAGE SAYS HE WILL BE ASHAMED TO MEET GOD WITH FEWER.

Talking Against Revivals—The Sin Against the Holy Ghost—Religions Excitement Salutary—The Great Revivalist of the Past—The Stormy See of Life.

Dr. Talmage chose for the subject of his sermon through the press to-day the "Objections to Religious Revivals," from the text, Luke 5: 6, "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net broke."

Simon and his comrades had experienced the night before what fishermen call "poor luck." Christ steps on board the fishing smack and tells the sailors to put away from the beach, and directs them again to sink the net. Sure enough, very soon the net is full of fishes, and the fishermen begin to haul in. So large a school of fish was taken that the hardy men begin to look red in the face as they pull, and hardly have they began to rejoice at their success when snap goes a thread of the net, and snap goes another thread, so there is danger of not only losing the fish, but of losing the net.

Without much care as to how much the bait tilts, or how much water is splashed on board, the fishermen rush about gathering up the broken meshes of the net. Out yonder there is a ship dancing on the wave, and they hail it, "Ship ahoy! bear down this way!" The ship comes, and both boats, both fishing smacks, are filled with the floundering treasures.

"Ah!" says some one, "how much better it would have been if they had stayed on shore, and fished with a hook and line, and taken one at a time, instead of having this great excitement, and the boat almost upset, and the net broken, and having to call for help, and getting sopping wet with the sea!" The church is the boat, the Gospel is the net, society is the sea, and a great revival is a whole school brought in at one sweep of the net. I have admiration for that man who goes out with a hook and line to fish. I admire the way he unwinds the reel, and adjusts the bait, and drops the hook in a quiet place on a still afternoon, and here catches one and there one; but I like also a big boat, and a large crew, and a net a mile long, and swift oars, and stout sails, and a stiff breeze, and a great multitude of souls brought—so great a multitude that you have to get help to draw it ashore, straining the net to the utmost, and it breaks here and there, letting a few escape, but bringing the great multitude into eternal safety.

In other words, I believe in revivals. The great work of saving men began with three thousand people joining the church in one day, and it will close with a great a hundred million people saved in twenty-four hours when nations shall be born in a day. But there are objections to revivals. People are opposed to them because the net might get broken, and if by the pressure of souls it does not get broken, then they take their own penknives and slit the net. They inclosed a great multitude of fishes and the net broke."

It is sometimes opposed to revivals of religion that those who come into the church at such times do not hold out; as long as there is a gale of blessing they have their sails up; but as soon as strong winds stop blowing, then they drop into a dead calm. But what are the facts in the case? In all our churches, the vast majority of the useful people are those who are brought in under great awakenings, and they hold out. Who are the prominent men in the United States in churches, in prayer meetings, in Sabbath schools? For the most part they are the product of great awakenings.

I have noticed that those who are brought into the King dom of God through revivals have more persistence and more determination in the Christian life than those who come in under a low state of religion. People born in an icehouse may live, but they will never get over the cold they caught in the icehouse. A cannon ball depends upon the impulse with which it starts for how far it shall go and how swiftly; and the greater the revival force with which a soul is started the more far-reaching and far-resounding will be the execution.

But it is sometimes objected to revivals that there is so much excitement that people mistake hysteria for religion.

We must admit that in every revival of religion there is either a suppressed or a demonstrated excitement. Indeed, if a man can go out of a state of concernation into a state of acceptance with God, or see others go, without any agitation of soul, he is in an unhealthy, morbid state, and is as repulsive and absurd as a man who should boast he saw a child snatched out from under a horse's hoofs and felt no agitation, or saw a man rescued from a fourth story of a house on fire and felt no acceleration of the pulse.

Salvation from sin and death and hell into life and peace and heaven forever, is such a tremendous thing, that if a man tells me he can look on it without any agitation, I doubt his Christianity. The fact is, that sometimes excitement is the most important possible thing. In cases of resuscitation from drowning or freezing, the one idea is to excite animation. Before conversion we are dead. It is the business of the Church to revive, arouse, awaken, resuscitate, startle into life. Excitement is bad or good according to what it makes us do. If it makes us do that which is bad, it is bad excitement; but if it makes us agitated about our eternal welfare, if it makes us pray, if it make us cry unto God for mercy, then it is a good excitement.

It is some times said that during revivals of religion great multitudes of children and young people are brought into the Church, and they do not know what they are about. It has been my observation that the earlier people come into the Kingdom of God the more useful they are.

Robert Hall, the prince of Baptist preachers, was converted at twelve years of age. It is supposed he knew what he was about. Matthew Henry, the commentator, who did more than any man of his century for increasing the interest in the study of the Scriptures, was converted at eleven years of age; Isabella Graham, immortal in the Christian Church, was converted at ten years of age; Dr. Watts, who hymns will be sung all down the ages, was converted at nine years of age; Jonathan Edwards, perhaps the mightiest intellect that the American pulpit ever produced, was converted at seven years of age; and that father and mother take an awful responsibility when they tell their children at seven years of age, "You are too young to be a Christian," or "Your are too young to connect yourself with the Church." That is a mistake as long as eternity.

If during a revival two persons present themselves as candidates for the church, and one is ten years of age and the other is forty years of age, I will have more confidence in the profession of religion of the one ten years of age than the one forty years of age. Why? The one who professes at forty years of age has forty years of impulse in the wrong direction to correct, the child has only ten years in the wrong direction to correct. Four times ten are forty. Four times the religious prospect for the lad that comes into the kingdom of God, and into the church at ten years of age than the man at forty.

I am very apt to look upon revivals as connected with certain men who foster ed them. People who in this day do not like revivals, nevertheless have not words to express their admiration of the revivalists of the past, for they were revivalists—Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, George Whitehead, Fletcher, Griffin, Davis, Osborne, Knapp, Nettleton and many others whose names come to my mind. The strength of their intellect and the holiness of their lives make me think they would not have anything to do with that which was ephemeral. Oh! it is easy to talk against revivals.

I A man said to Mr. Dawson: "I like your sermons very much, but the after meetings I despise. When the prayer meetings begin I always go up into the gallery and look down, and I am disgusted." "Well," said Mr. Dawson, "the reason is you go on the top of your neighbor's house and look down his chimney to examine his fire, and of course you only get smoke in your eyes. Why don't you come in the door and sit down and warm?"

Oh! I am afraid to say anything against revivals of religion, or against anything that looks like them, because I think it may be a sin against the Holy Ghost, and you know the Bible says that he in against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor the world to come. I think sometimes people have made a fatal mistake in this direction.

Many of you know the history of Aaron Burr. He was one of the most brilliant men of his day. I suppose this country never produced a stronger intellect. He was capable of doing anything good and great for his country, or for the Church of God had he been rightly disposed; but his name is associated with treason against the United States Government, which he tried to overthrow, and with libertinism and public immorality.

Do you know where Aaron Burr started on the downward road. It was when he was in college, and he became anxious about his soul, and was about to put himself under the influences of a revival, and a minister said: "Don't go there, Aaron, don't go there; that's a place of wildfire and fanatical excitement; no religion about that; don't go there." He tarried away. His serious impressions departed. He started on the downward road. And who is responsible for his ruin? Was it the minister who warned him against that revival?

When I am speaking of excitement in revivals, of course I do not mean temporary derangement of the nerves; I do not mean the absurd things of which we have read as transpiring in the Church of Christ, but I mean an intelligent, intense, all-absorbing agitation of body, mind and soul in the spiritual escape and spiritual rescue.

Now I come to the real, genuine cause of objection to revivals. That is the coldness of the objector. It is the secret and hidden but unmistakable causes in every case—a low state of religion in the heart. Wide-awake, consecrated, useful Christians are never afraid of revivals. It is the spiritually dead who are afraid of having their sepulchre molested. The chief agents of the devil during a great awakening are always unconverted professors of religion. As soon as Christ's work begins, they begin to gossip against it, and take a pail of water and try to put out this spark of religious influence, and they try to put out another spark. Do they succeed? As well when Chicago was on fire might some one have gone out with a garden water-pot trying to extinguish it.

The difficulty is that when a revival begins in a church it begins at so many points, that while you have doused one anxious soul with a pail of cold water, there are five hundred other anxious souls on fire. Oh! how much better it would be to lay hold of the chariot of Christ's Gospel and help pull it along rather than to fling ourselves in front of the wheels, trying to block their progress. We will not stop the chariot, but we ourselves will be ground to powder.

Did you ever hear that there was once a convention held among the icebergs in the Arctic? It seems that the summer was coming on and the sun was getting hotter and hotter, till there was danger that the whole icefield would break up and flow away; so the tallest and the coldest and the broadest of all the icebergs, the very king of the Arctics, stood at the head of the convention, and with a gavel of ice smote on a table of ice, calling the convention to order. But the sun kept growing in intensity of heat and the south wind blew stronger and stronger, and soon all the icefield began to grind up, iceberg against iceberg, and to flow away. The first resolution passed by the convention was—"Resolved, that we abolish the sun."

But the sun would not be abolished. The heat of the sun grew greater and greater, until after a while the very king of the icebergs began to perspire under the glow, and the smaller icebergs fell over, and the cry was, "Too much excitement! order! order!" Then the whole body, the whole field of ice, began to sink, "Where are we going to now? Where are we floating to? We will break to pieces!" By this time the icebergs had reached the Gulf Stream, and they were melted into the bosom of the Atlantic Ocean. The warm sun is the eternal spirit. The icebergs are frigid Christians. The warm Gulf Stream is a great revival. The ocean into which everything melted is the great, wide heart of the pardoning and sympathising God.

But I think, after all, the greatest obstacle to revivals throughout Christendom to-day is an unconverted ministry. We must believe that the vast majority of those who officiate at sacred altars are regenerated; but I suppose there may float into the ministry of all the denominations of Christian men whose hearts have never been changed by the grace of God. Of course they are all antagonistic to revivals.

How did they get into the ministry? Perhaps some of them chose it as a respectable profession. Perhaps some chose it as a means of livelihood. Perhaps some of them were sincere, but were mistaken. As Thomas Chalmers said he had been many years preaching the Gospel before his heart had been changed, and as many ministers of the Gospel declare they were preaching and had been ordained to sacred orders years and years before their hearts were regenerated. Gracious God, what a solemn thought for those of us who minister at the altar! With the present ministry in the present temperature of piety the world will never be enveloped with revivals. Why? The pews on one side of the altar cry for mercy, the pulpits on the other side of the altar must cry for mercy. Ministers quarreling. Ministers trying to pull each other down. Ministers struggling for ecclesiastical place. Ministers lethargic, with whole congregations dying on their hands. What a spectacle!

Aroused pulpits will make aroused pews. Pulpits aflame will make pews aflame. Everybody believes in a revival in trade, everybody likes a revival in literature, everybody likes a revival in art, yet a great multitude cannot understand a revival in matters of religion. Depend upon it, where you find a man antagonistic to revivals, whether he be in pulpit or pew, he needs to be regenerated by the grace of God.

I could prove to a demonstration that without revivals this world will never be converted, and that in a hundred or two hundred years without revivals Christianity will be practically extinct. It is a matter of astounding arithmetic. In each of our modern generations there are at least 32,000,000 children. Now add 32,000,000 to the world's population, and then have only one for two hundred thousand converted every year, and how long before the world will be saved? Never—absolutely never!

During our war the President of the United States made proclamation for 75,000 troops. Some of you remember the big stir. But the King of the Universe to-day asks for 800,000,000 more troops than are enlisted, and we want it done softly, imperceptibly, gently, no excitement, one by one.

You are a dry goods merchant on a large scale, and I am a merchant on a small scale, and I come to you and want to buy a thousand yards of cloth. Do you say: "Thank you, sir, I'll sell you a thousand yards of cloth, but I'll sell you twenty yards to-day, and twenty to-morrow, and twenty the next day, and if it takes me six months I'll sell you the whole thousand yards; you'll want as long as that to examine the goods, and I'll want as long as that to examine the credit; and besides that, a thousand yards of cloth are too much to sell all at once? No, you do not say that. You take me into the counting room and in ten minutes the whole transaction is consummated. The fact is, we cannot afford to be fools in anything but religion.

The very merchant who on Saturday afternoon sold me the thousand yards of cloth at one stroke the next Sabbath in church will stroke his beard and wonder whether it would not be better for a straggling along bolting in at one service.

We talk a good deal about the good times that are coming and about the world's redemption. How long before they will come? There is a man who says five hundred years. Here is a man who says five hundred years. Here is some one more confident who says in fifty years. What, fifty years? Do you propose to let two generations pass off the stage before the world is converted?

Suppose by some extra prolongation of human life, at the next fifty years you should walk around the world, you would not in all that walk find one person that you recognize. Why? All dead, or so changed you would not know them. In other words, if you postpone the redemption of this world for fifty years you admit that the majority of the two generations shall go off the stage unblessed and unsaved. I tell you the Church of Jesus Christ cannot consent to it. We must pray and toil and have the revival spirit, and we must struggle to have the whole world saved before the men and women now in middle life pass off.

"Oh," you say, "it is too vast an enterprise to be conducted in so short a time." Do you know how long it would take to save the whole world if each man would bring another? It would take ten years. By a calculation in compound interest, each man bringing another, and that one another, and that one another, in ten years the whole world would be saved. If the world is not saved in the next ten years it will be the fault of the Church of Christ.

Is it too much to expect each one to bring one? Some of us must bring more than one, for some will not do their duty. I want to bring ten thousand souls. I should be ashamed to meet my God in judgment if with all my opportunities of commending Christ to the people I could not bring ten thousand souls. But it will all depend upon the revival spirit. The hook and line fishing will not do it.

It seems to me as if God is preparing the world for some quick and universal movement. A celebrated electrician gave me a telegraph chart of the world. On that chart the wires crossing the continents and the cables under the sea look ed like veins red with blood. On that chart I see that the headquarters of the lightnings are in Great Britain and the United States. In London and New York the lightnings are stabled, waiting to be harnessed for some quick despatch. That shows you that the telegraph is in possession of Christianity.

In some of the attributes of the Lord we seem to shard on a small scale. For instance, in His love and in His kindness. But until of late foreknowledge, omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence seem to have been exclusively God's possession. God, desiring to make the race like Himself, gives us a species of foreknowledge in the weather probabilities, gives us a species of omniscience in telegraphy, gives us a species of omnipresence in the telephone, gives us a species of omnipotence in the steam power. Discoveries and inventions all around us people are asking what next?

I will tell you what next. Next, a stupendous religious movement. Next, the end of war. Next, the crush of despotisms. Next, the world's expurgation. Next, the Christlike dominion. Next, the Judgment. What becomes of the world after that I care not. It will have suffered and achieved enough for one world. Lay it up in the dry-docks of eternity, like an old man-of-war gone out of service. Or, fit it up like a ship of relief to carry bread to some other suffering planet. Or, let it be demolished. Farewell, dear old world, that began with Paradise and ended with judgment conflagration.

One summer, I stood on the Isle of Wight, and I had pointed out to me the place where the Eurydice sank with two or three hundred young men who were in training for the British Navy. You remember when the training-ship went