

CHASTISED.

How softly tread the spectres of our sorrow
About our sunniest way;
How gently rest the shadows of to-morrow
Upon our path to-day!

Beneath the laugh of pleasures evanescent
The heart remembers plain,
And catches from the hills of the present
The sound of coming rain.

Yet not the skies in which no clouds are drifting
Reveal the beauty rare
Of those whose veiled smiles are ever shifting
Their halflights everywhere.

We turn unblinded from faces fresh with beauty,
Unsoftened yet by fears,
To those whose lines are chased by pain and duty
And know the touch of tears.

The heart whose chords the gentle hand of sadness
Has touched in minor strain
Is filled with gracious joys and knows a gladness
All others seek in vain.

How poor a life, where paths tell no story,
Whose pathways reach no shrine,
Which, free from suffering, misses, too, the glory
Of sympathies divine!

Some day our souls may face the Sun unclouded,
And hear his wonders near;
'Tis well while to gaze on visions shrouded
In earthly atmosphere.

THE HOME.

House Cleaning.

BY REV. A. S. FISKE.

I have had an experience and I want to tell it in your big meeting. My wife has been and yet is down in New York for a little outing or innage, as you please to put it. But that isn't the "experience" exactly. My wife and I, and I would turn the house upside down. Empty out all the dust, cobwebs, and debris—not much of a job surely in a house so well kept as ours—of the year's habitation, and have everything spick and span for her return and surprise. I myself didn't see much use in it at all; thought the house-cleaning impulse only a feminine mania, grateful that it came all in earnest only once a year. Was quite sure that the good lady's careful housekeeping left no real excuse for that annual hubbub. Nevertheless, knowing that it had to come, we concluded to hurry it up and get it all over before she got back, and then see whether she would survive without her annual turn at it.

So we got a colored woman, a man of the same dye, a painter, a paperer, and the steam carpet cleaning concern in our enterprise. Arrayed our three selves for business out—or in. The girls had an intense view of their responsibilities and of bric-a-brac, with an unalterable conviction that everything had got to be moved, the more times the better; and they lived up to their light. The head of the house felt his responsibility also, and was everywhere at all times, everywhere about the house and about town; had his horse at the door ready for impetuous rushing to the hardware stores after tacks; to the carpet stores for bits of carpet bindings, carpet thread and needles; to the wall paper men after "dividers," and "walls," and "ceilings," and "markers," and what not; to the cabinet-makers for picture mouldings; to the grocers after brooms and brushes; to the bakers after bread and cake, etc., for no avoidable cooking could be done in the house; to the druggists for camphor to put in the chest and trunks.

All went at it with a will. Down came curtains, pictures, portiers, and all sorts of hangings; out went sofas, chairs, tables, book-cases and side boards. Up came the carpets. Great may have been Babel, but not like that! It was sublime to hear the clear voice of the elder daughter rising serene and low, but firm over all and through all, directing all. Not a quiver of hesitancy or uncertainty at any most critical moment, as if he had overthrown empires before breakfast every morning as the habit of her sweet young life. It was sublime, I have no doubt, to see the head of the house and the bishop of the Presbyterian Church, wrecking beds, on his knees before obstinate carpet tacks, flying distractedly upstairs and down after a screw-driver, or stacking books, chairs, sermons, tables, together on the piazza.

But all this was not the "experience" that led to his conversion. He had lived all through the year contentedly and happily and thought his house very neat and bright. "No use of any house cleaning. All nonsense this spring pow-wow of the women. But now he rushes in on one of his innumerable errands when they have begun to paint. There are a few feet of the clear white of the new paint. Phew! How yellow and dingy the whole room besides, looked. He comes along to where a woman has got the lower half of the window into the transparency of crystal. Ah me, how the upper half needed soap and water and the rubber! He helps pull up the carpet and roll it. Where could all the dirt and dust have come from? Just look at that floor and down in that neat corner. Next! Look at what Fletcher is wheeling out of it!

The whole house was a revelation. I discovered the truth of it, the real inwardness and underwardness of things. I came, saw, and was conquered. The very fact is that a dusty and unclean carpet, upholstery, and hangings of all sorts will steal in imperceptibly on the wings of the welcomed sunlight. That in this mortal world all sorts of perishable things will inevitably accumulate

about you for moth and rust, for mildew and decay, for disease, fevers, malaria, death. They are to be looked after and cleared out by some, at least, annual, general, and thorough overhauling. No weekly, semi-weekly, or daily brushing up, dusting, scrubbing and setting to rights is going to serve. Things have got to be pulled up, pulled out, turned over. The housekeeper must have her annual rampage. So I am converted and can wish every fellowman nothing better than that he may have the appalling but revealing experience of one good, thorough sledge as servant of all work during our spring house cleaning.

Then I couldn't help moralizing a little, like a parson. Those soul houses in which men have lived for many a year without thorough overhauling, houses made for indwelling of God, out of which the God has been expelled! The unclean things harbored there, revealing there, the malignant things plotting there, the moths and mildews at work there, the decays that are going on, the soot that gather from unholily fires and smoking lamps, the perishing things which breed disease, the closed up best rooms out of which the man has gone to live in the kitchen, a scullion life, the terrible things down there in the cellar among his lowest passions, tastes and lusts; the perilous things up there in the garret among his highest pride, vanities, imaginations and ambitions; the spontaneous combustions to which he is liable! Yet he thinks all is well enough. He is used to it and doesn't feel the need of any house cleaning any more than I did in my childhood.

Let him try it! Let him get one spot white and he will see how dingy he is. Let him attack one sin to turn it out, one vice to destroy it, one habit to break it up, and he will learn something of himself and his masters. Let him, seeing he has a few faults, little inconsiderable affairs, but faults still, let him undertake to get rid of them. Why, they are so few and so little, your holiness, that you might just as well be rid of them and be absolutely perfect now. Why not? Well, let him attack them, determined to be altogether what he ought. His revelation will come so bolting and flooding in upon him that that effort, that he will only escape from absolute despair by flying to the feet of the Mighty to Save and crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner, the chief of sinners." The overhauling, upturning and cleaning out of a thorough conversion is the only way of decent living in any one of these soul houses not yet renovated by the Divine spirit.

And for the soul houses which have been once so renovated, there is need, not only of careful daily housekeeping, but of occasions every now and then of general upturning examination, overhauling. This is the necessary and most useful function of those seasons of general awakening which we call revivals. They are that sort of annual house-cleaning, in which the best housekeepers most urgently insist, while they dread it; which only the slack and untidy housekeepers deem unnecessary and refuse to make.

But my letter is too long. A thorough house-cleaning of the soul, I can overhauling; a thorough daily housekeeping, I can earnest Christian living, occasional great awakenings for thorough examination, and new casting of the Christian life, I can, genuine revivals are essential to good housekeeping of these temples of the Holy Ghost.—Illustrated Christian Worker.

THE FARM.

"It is not the nature of a cow," says the National Live-Stock Journal, discussing the question of the amount of exercise a cow requires, "to exercise much. She prefers in the open field to quietly crop the grass until her stomach is full, and then lie down in the shade and peacefully chew her cud with a dreamy expression of the eye that denotes rest and enjoyment. She does not run and cavort like the horse. This is not her mission."

—Prof. J. W. Sanborn, of the Missouri Agricultural College, says of rotation of crops: "Rotation of crops facilitates, in a large measure, the root enemies, both insect and fungoid, that prey upon the various crops. Each plant having its own peculiar enemies, the changing of plants removes them, to be replaced by such enemies. This is true of the enemies of the above-ground growth of plants to an important degree. Rotation conserves soil fertility and yet aids in soil decomposition by alternation of grass or clover crops and hoed crops."

—Mowing lands may be maintained in excellent condition, so far as crop production is concerned, by means of top dressing and the avoidance of close grazing. There is probably no cause more productive of injury to mowing lands than the practice that some adopt of close grazing both in spring and fall. Great injury comes to hay crops, after mowing either the first crop or the aftermath, cattle are allowed to graze the stubble so closely as to leave little or no protection at all to the roots of the grass. If all farmers would resort to some other means of supplementing the feed than by the grazing of their mowing lands, they would be surprised at the effect that would be produced.

—It is a mistake to have cows pastured at the further end of the farm. Driving them up at night, however carefully done, is injurious. When the bag is distended with ten to fourteen quarts of milk, as it should be after a day of pasture, it is a hard load for the cow to bear. The milk can be carried much more easily in a pail than the cow could do it, as he can change his load so as to make it less burdensome. Another advantage in having the cows pastured near the barnyard is that after they are milked they may be turned out to graze at night. In hot weather they can eat better during the day, when most of their energy is devoted to fighting flies. However, says one who knows, it does not appear to be a serious hardship for a cow to carry the milk she makes in half a day.

How to Tell a Good Horse, Unless a horse has brains you can't teach him. See that tall bay there, a fine-looking animal, fifteen hands high. You can't teach that horse anything. Why? Well, I'll show you a different kind in head, but have a care of his heels. Look at the brute's head, that rounding nose, that tapering forehead, that broad full face below the eyes. You can't trust him. That's an awful good mare;

as true as the sun. You can see breadth and fullness between the ears and eyes. You couldn't hire that mare to act mean or hurt anybody. The eye should be full, and hazel is a good color. I like a small, thin ear, and want a horse to throw up his ears and want to look out for the brute that wants to listen to all the conversation going on behind him. The horse that turns back his ears till they almost meet at the points, take my word for it, is sure to do something wrong. See that straight, elegant face. A horse with a dashing face is cowardly, and a cowardly brute is usually vicious. Then I like a square muzzle, with large nostrils, to let in plenty of air to the lungs. For the under side of the head, a good horse should be well out under the jaw, with jawbones broad and wide apart under the throatle. The next thing to consider is the build of the animal. Never buy a long-legged, stilty horse. Let him have a short, straight back, and a straight rump, and you've got a man's horse. The withers should be high, and the shoulders well set back, broad, but don't get them too deep in the chest. The fore-leg should be short. Give me a pretty straight hind leg, with hock low down, short pastern-joints, and a round, mulish foot. There are all kinds of horses, but the animal that has these points is almost sure to be rightly graded, good natured and serviceable.—Medical Classics.

How She Kept Poultry Clean. I find a good way to keep down lice in a hen house or coop is to clean the movable parts by fire. I clean out the roosts and gather up the rubbish that will burn. I then scrape off any filth that may be in the roosts, etc. Then I set fire to the straw and hold the roost in the blaze one by one until they are smoking hot. I fill my nest-boxes and coops one half full of straw and wet them if they are very dry. I set it on fire and turn the boxes down and let the flame creep out through every crevice.

I use lime and carbolic acid to whitewash, one spoonful to the gallon of wash. This, when applied to the bottom of the bucket, I let it dry and put it in the nest under the straw. I never have the creepy lice that infest some hen houses by the millions, and I don't want them. For the lice that infest the bodies or head I used, this spring, sulphur and pyrethrum, and the rubbish that I used when fresh. If there is a shed or any place where the chickens congregate to sit and wallow, clean it out at least every two or three weeks, and every few days throw a few ashes, if you have them, if not, a few wood ashes, into their wallow. There seems to form a small powder of filth in such a place that creates a disease, besides being a fine place for creepy lice. A neighbor tells me that these pests were thick in a wren's nest in the portico last year. Perhaps a wren's nest in a hen house would bring them. I love the birds, but I do not care to have such pests through their agency.

When Summer comes I shut my chickens out of the hen house and make them take to the trees. A grove of low box siders, so that the branches may shade a splendid summer roost, night or day. These trees are quickly raised and are quite handsome.—Mrs. Wolcott, in the Journal of Agriculture.

Recreation for Farmers' Wives. We like to speak occasionally a good word for the women folks on the farm. Indeed they deserve much more praise and consideration than they generally get. It is a woman's nature to love flowers, to care for them and pet them. For many of the dear creatures the pleasures derived from the raising of flowers in all their freshness, keep the window-blinds closed and the jolly sun-rays shut out. Drugging along in the stuffy atmosphere of such a house is it a wonder that the roses fade out of her cheeks? Let every farmer, his wife and boys and girls, claim to be a good man and a Christian, encourage his wife and daughters to cultivate flowers. It must be a mighty mean man who will hesitate to spend a few cents for flower seeds, some plants or garden tools, such as are especially designed for pleasure in the home or who grumblingly and growlingly hands out the money, thus discouraging the hard-working wife to ever ask money again for similar purposes.

For the sake of your wife's health, welfare and comfort, give every inducement possible to make her come out of the stagnant atmosphere of the house, and to bathe as much as possible in the health giving sunlight. A flower-bed out doors will do this as quickly and certainly as anything. No matter how busy you may be, assist her in finding a suitable spot or mound. Draw a load of rich soil, sand, compost—whatever is needed.

Even this is not all yet. Woman's nature also yearns for appreciation and admiration. Don't pass the lovely flowers (which he pets) day after day without bestowing so much as a glance at them. When you see her "fussing" with them, stop and speak a few words of the beauty of the flowers. If you are not interested in them, having no eye or love for what is beautiful in nature, at least be sure to let her know that you are doing to your wife and daughters. They are making the shallow cheeks glow again in health and joy. To see you cast admiring glances at her pets will complete the good woman's happiness, and you yourself cannot help but be the gainer in the transaction in many ways.

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