

FEEDING WORK HORSES.

The Cincinnati Gazette, gives the following account of the way the Adams express company feed their horses, which are always sleek and fat:—

The number of horses kept in the stables is 54. Four hostlers attend to these. Promptly at four o'clock a.m., the watchman of the stable gives to each horse eight ears of corn. Then about 5 o'clock the hostlers commence duties. Of those under the care of each, one by one is led to the watering trough and then to the urinary. This consists of a pit sunken ten or twelve inches below the level of the basement ground floor and kept compactly filled with saw-dust and short shavings. And it is a remarkable fact that a horse in this stable scarcely urinates excepting at this place especially prepared for him. When horses come in from their work the harnesses are removed, and they are then led at once to the urinary. When a fresh or green horse comes to the stable, by being driven with some old "stager" that knows the rules of the stable, the new comer soon learns to conform to the habits of the old inmates.

From 5 to 7 o'clock, each horse is taken in hand and curried, brushed and cleaned from ten to fifteen minutes being spent by a hostler upon each horse. A damp woolen cloth is always rubbed over the coat of a horse after being curried and brushed. This serves to remove all dandruff and to give that fine, glossy sleek appearance so noticeable in the animals of this stable.

The horses are fed nothing in the morning, excepting the eight ears of corn. After being led back to the stalls when cleansed they are then ready for work. The same process of currying, brushing and cleansing is also gone through with at noon and at night, at the close of their forenoon and afternoon work. At noon each horse is fed with half a peck of oats. At night chopped feed is given. This is composed of sheaf oats or rye straw passed through a straw cutter, and then, when wet, ground oats and corn and bran mixed up with it. A peck and a half of this is given to each horse. In addition to the chopped feed the rack is supplied with eight or nine pounds of bright sweet timothy hay, this being the total amount of hay which is fed. And, perhaps, of this supply the horse will not eat more than five pounds during the night, finishing up the balance during the next day.

While Mr. Barrett is particular to give nothing but clean timothy hay in summer in cold weather he is willing to feed hay which is one third clover.

About once a week a peck of oil cake meal is mixed up with the chopped food, being about a third of a pint to a horse. This promotes the uniform good condition of the animals. And if any time the urine of a horse is cloudy and thickened, a tablespoonful of pulverised resin mixed up with chopped feed is given him. This acts upon his kidneys, and the difficulty is at once removed.

The horses are given what water they want as they come in from their work, unless they are "green," and then care is taken not to water or feed until they are thoroughly cool. In a few weeks, after becoming habituated to the regimen of the stables, the same course is taken with the "late comers." Of course, if horses come in over-heated, then they are not watered until cooled off.

A very marked feature connected with the stables is that the air is so sweet and fresh. And probably this is owing largely to the fact that scarcely any urinating ever takes place in the several stables, and that the saturated sawdust and shavings in the urinary itself are removed from the stables every day.

SPEAK NOW.

In one of his addresses lately, Mr. Moody said that he visited a little town in Illinois and found it greatly stirred over the death of a prominent merchant. Before his death the physician spoke to him about his soul. "Why," responded the dying man, "I have known you a great many years, and if there is any reality in the religion of Jesus why did you put off speaking about it till now?" Those words kept ringing in the doctor's ears, and he told the man the next day that it was not too late for him to be saved. The merchant said it was, and died unconverted. A young man said to another a few evenings since, "This Christianity is all a sham. These Christians are all hypocrites." His friend inquired, "Do you call your mother a hypocrite?" "Why no," he said; "but do you think my mother believes what she professes? Do you think if she believes I am lost that she would never tell me of it?" Men do not read the Bible, but they read Christians, who ought to be living copies of it. Andrews first thought after finding Christ was to seek after Peter, and he brought him to Jesus. Many persons thought they were very good Christians if they heard three sermons a week. The church was asleep and the sons and daughters of professing Christians were going down to eternal death. Oh, that this formalism were swept out of the church! The human heart is not harder than it was when Adam fell, and there is as much power in the gospel today as in former times.

WEATHER CHRISTIANS.

Dr. Cuyler in the Evangelist, writes of warm weather Christians. Among other things he says:

When the glass gets above ninety the inward emotions are congealed and piety is "past feeling." This is the species of Christian professors who spend the Sabbath hours fanning themselves on their piazzas when their pastor goes by on his way to his and their sanctuary. It is not too warm for him to preach, but it is too warm for them to listen. He has toiled through one or two severe summer days to prepare a discourse for their souls: they are unwilling to go and sit for half an hour as the recipients of "the truth as it is in Jesus." What must the world think of such a religion? How many earnest, hard-working clergymen in the land, who echo Dr. Cuyler's sentiments. It is indeed a matter of which the pillars of the Church should be ashamed, that they should suffer their minister to conduct service amid the heat and discomfort of a summer Sunday, while they with their coat and vest off, slippers on, and suspenders down, recline in their back yards under the wide spreading branches of the unbragons apple tree, with a refrigerator within reach. If there is ever a time when professors of religion need spiritual check and guidance, it is in the summer time. There are so many very excellent Church members who leave their religion to the care of the stay-at-home pastor, while they, in some distant watering place, give their "desires and passions" a sea-breeze airing, very detrimental to the moral health. The thermometer is a regulator of religious fervor.

A BAPTIST DEACON AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.

A fine trait in the character of the Queen has just received a new illustration by her attendance at the funeral of Mr. John Brown, farmer, West Mieras, who was interred in the churchyard of Crathie, recently. The old farmer was the father of John Brown, the Queen's attendant. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice, whose action must have been rendered all the more notable by the circumstance that women do not usually in Scotland take any part in funeral processions, followed the coffin from the house to the hearse, which was stationed some distance off owing to the nature of the roads; and then the Queen returned and stayed some time with the bereaved widow. In this connection we may give an anecdote which was related the other day by the Rev. Dr. Brook. In 1842 the Baptist Missionary Society was celebrating its jubilee, and all its friends were doing what they could to further its interests. There was then living in Norfolk a farmer named Smith, who was the deacon of a small Baptist Church. A man of constructive ability, he had invented a plough; and through his landlord, the Earl of Albemarle, he procured an introduction to Prince Albert for the purpose of submitting a model of the plough to His Royal Highness. Most kindly was he received at Windsor Castle, where the Prince entertained him for several days; and, after inspecting the model, His Royal Highness permitted Mr. Smith to call the plough the "Albert." As he was about to leave, the farmer said, "I am a little bit of a poet, and when your Royal Highness came here courting the Queen, I wrote a little poem, and here is a copy of it." The Prince received it kindly. "And when your Royal Highness was married," continued the deacon, "I wrote another poem, and here's a copy of that; and when the Prince of Wales was born I wrote another, and here's a copy of that." The Prince took them all, bade Mr. Smith good morning, and back to Norfolk went the deacon as happy as a Prince. Within two or three weeks from that time the Telegraph coach, running through the town of Attleborough, stopped before the residence of Mr. Smith, and left a parcel for him. When this was opened it was found to contain a handsomely bound Family Bible, and with it a note from Prince Albert, asking him to accept it as a token of respect. Great was the joy of the deacon and his wife. "Now," said Mr. Smith, "if I could only get the Queen's signature and the Prince's to this book, I would show it for a shilling apiece, and send the proceeds to the Baptist Missionary Society." Again he betook himself to Windsor, and succeeded in obtaining the coveted autograph, Prince Albert, to whom the good farmer's purpose had been fully stated, assuring him that both Her Majesty and himself had had great pleasure in complying with his request. Mr. Brook, who was then settled at Norwich, had the pleasure of forwarding to the Mission House £28 pounds in shillings obtained by the exhibition of the book. A gentleman present at a meeting in the Isle of Wight, at which Dr. Brock told this pleasant little story, stated that he had recently seen the Bible referred to, and in addition to the autographs of the Queen and Prince Albert, it contained those of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and of all the other members of the Royal Family. It has been the means of raising considerable sums of money for philanthropic objects in the East of England.—*Christian World.*

THE BIBLE AS GOD'S MESSENGER.

More than sixty-five years ago, when I was a little boy at the Academy of Andover, I had no Bible—no Bible was to be had. It was impossible to get a Bible in any common methods of communication. I saved all the pocket money that was given me by my beloved parent, until it came up to a dollar and twenty-five cents: that bought me the first Bible I ever owned. I clasped it to my bosom as if it had descended from heaven upon

my shoulders. I learned to say, "Bibles, my Bible." God gave it to me. You never know what the Bible is until you take it as your own, coming direct from God to you.

I was once called to visit a dying lady, in the city of Philadelphia, of an English family. She and her husband were in a boarding house there. I spent much time with her, kneeled often in prayer with her, and with great delight. Her husband was an atheist, an English atheist—a cold-hearted, bloated English atheist. There is no such being beside him on the face of the globe. That was her husband. On the day in which that sweet Christian woman died, she put her hand under the pillow and pulled out a little, beautiful, well-worn English Bible. She brought out that sweet little Bible, worn and thumbed, and moistened with tears. She called her husband and he came, and she said— "Do you know this little book?" And he answered, "It is your Bible?" And she replied, "It is my Bible; it has been every thing to me; it has converted, strengthened, cheered, and saved me. Now I am going to Him that gave it to me and I shall want it no more; open your hands," and she put it in between his hands and pressed his two hands together: "My dear husband, do you know what I am doing?" "Yes, dear, you are giving me your Bible."

"No, darling, I am giving you your Bible, and God has sent me to give you this sweet book before I die; put it in your hands; now put it in your bosom—will you keep it there; will you read it for me?" "Promise me dear."

I placed this dear lady, dead, in the tomb behind my church. Perhaps three weeks afterward that big, bloated Englishman came to my study, weeping profusely.

"O, my friend," said he, "my friend! I have found what she meant! It is my Bible; oh! it is my Bible; every word in it was written for me. I read it over day by day; I read it over night by night; I bless God it is my Bible. Will you take me into your church, where she was?"

"With all my heart;" and the proud, worldly, hostile man, hating this blessed Bible, came with no arguments, with no objections, with no difficulties suggested, with no questions to unravel, but binding it upon his heart of memory and love. It was God's message of direct salvation to his soul, as if there were not another Bible in Philadelphia, and an angel from heaven had brought him this.—*Rev. S. H. Tyng, D. D.*

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

NAN'S TRIP TO NEW YORK.

BY MABEL FORRESTER.

"Harry, do you know the great Dr. Blanchard?"

"No. There's no such man in Coverly."

"Of course not. He lives in New York."

"How do you know that? Do you know him?"

"No I don't; but I heard Mrs. Leavitt telling Aunt Helen about him, last night. Oh, Harry! he makes blind folks see. Mrs. Leavitt said Mr. Hollowell went to him, and when he came home he could see as well as 'most everybody can.—Mrs. Leavitt said so—and he's an old man, Mr. Hollowell is, and if he could make his eyes well, why, he could mine just as well as not, 'cause I'm only a little girl. Oh, Harry? I want to go and see the great Dr. Blanchard!"

"Well, of course you must, Nan. Wouldn't it be glorious to have you see everything? Why don't your aunt take you right off?"

"She can't. It wouldn't be any use to ask her. I guess Uncle George is growing just as poor as anything. I heard Aunt Helen say yesterday, that she couldn't keep Marcia much longer, and she couldn't make Aunt Lydia a visit either, 'cause it would cost so much; and she said Carrie and I couldn't have a new dress too. Shouldn't wonder if we'd be as poor as anything some time."

"Well, how are you going to see Dr. Blanchard, then? I wish I was a man, and I'd take you myself."

"If you were a man, you wouldn't care anything about me; perhaps you wouldn't know me, so I'm glad you are a boy. Do you know the way to the depot, Harry?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, couldn't you take me there some day? and I'd ask the man that owns the cars to let me go to New York in them, then I could go to Dr. Blanchard," said Nan, excitedly.

"Would the folks let you?" asked Harry doubtfully.

"Not if I asked, but I shan't ask. Uncle George wouldn't let me ask for a ride, 'cause it would be begging, but if the great Dr. Blanchard will only make my eyes well, I could earn some money when I get a little bigger, and pay the man, don't you see?"

"The conductor, you mean?"

"Well, the conductor. It don't make any difference. Will you take me to the cars, Harry?"

"I just guess I will. But you can't go alone, Nan. What would you do when you got to New York?"

"Why I'd go to Dr. Blanchard's."

"How would you get there?"

"I'd ask somebody the way, to be sure!"

"You couldn't see the way, and you might get run over. You can't go alone, Nannie. That is certain."

"Yes I can. 'Don't you see? I'd ask a man the way, and he'd say, maybe, 'You go up this street till you cross two streets, then turn to your left.' I could do that in New York just as well as I can here—and I shouldn't get run over, 'cause God would have hold of my hand."

"I shall go with you, Nan."

"Oh, will you? But you can't. Your father, won't let you; and he'd tell uncle and aunt I was going, and they wouldn't let me go."

"I'll tell you—We won't say anything about going, but I'll write a letter to mother, and put it where she'll find it after we're gone, then they'll know where we are. I wish I had some money to pay our fares, but I haven't got but just five cents. I guess the conductor will take us for nothing when he knows what we are going for. Oh, Nan, won't it be jolly to have you see everything. I've got my boat most done, but I won't sail her till we come back. I want you to see her like you see!"

"We can't go to-day, for the car is gone; but we might as well go to-morrow as any time. You are ready to go to the depot at ten? Folk's would think it was funny that I wasn't at school, if I called for you, so you get Carrie to go down to the corner of Douglass street, and I'll be there."

"Carrie! I'm not going to tell Carrie; she'd tell Aunt Helen; besides she'll be at school."

"So she will, I forgot that—Well, how can we fix it?"

Why I can go to Douglass street all by myself; just go as far as Mr. Greenough's garden fence, and up Allen street till I come to another corner, then down that street, to the next corner, and that will be Douglass street. Guess I can do that easy enough. There's your dinner bell.—You'll have to go now."

"Yes, I'll go so," rising very slowly. "I'll be at Douglass street at ten."

The two children had been sitting on the steps of Mr. Herrick's house, talking in low tones. After Nan had heard the click of Harry's gate, she went into the house to rock the baby till dinner was ready. If Aunt Helen had not been very busy, she would have noticed the bright flush on Nan's cheeks, and known that she had been excited about something.

Aunt Helen and Uncle George, who had loved her as their own child. Harry May was three years older than Nan, and her particular friend. One day when her cousins, Dick and Joe, with one or two other boys, were thoughtlessly teasing her, making her think that if she stepped either forward or back, something dreadful would happen to her, Harry crossed the street to see what was amusing the boys so much. When he saw frightened little Nan standing there, afraid to move a step, he immediately took her under his protection, and from that day they had been fast friends. Harry often leaving his own playfellows to sit with Nan, and tell her what the boys were doing; whose kite flew highest, or whose bat it was when they were playing ball; how he got ahead of Charlie Snoy in the geography class, and how he "licked" Hanson when he was throwing a cat into the pond and pulling her out by the tail, only to throw her in again.

If Mr. and Mrs. Herrick had known of Nan's excitement when Mrs. Leavitt was telling them of the successful operation that had been performed on Mr. Hollowell's eyes, and that she thought she only had to go to "the great Dr. Blanchard" to be cured of her blindness, they would have taken her to him, though they could ill afford the price at the time; but the family physician had told them, when Nannie first came to them, that their was no hope of her ever recovering her sight, and he had never sought her counsel. The conversation had been heard between her Aunt and Mrs. Leavitt, about the hard times had made a great impression on her childish mind, and she had no doubt that they should soon be in great want. Mr. Herrick had been in quite comfortable circumstances, but was feeling the effects of hard times, and was now obliged to be as economical as possible. Nan felt that it would be impossible to ask her aunt to take her to Dr. Blanchard, but won't

she be glad when I come home with my eyes like other folks, so I can help her to do lots of things," she thought.

The next morning, after breakfast, Nan dressed in her best suit, and as she heard the clock strike ten, she crept softly down stairs, and out of the house. She went "as far as the corner of Mr. Greenough's garden fence, and up Allen street to another corner, then down that street to another corner," and there was Douglas street and Harry.

"I thought you weren't coming. Come on, we shall have to hurry," was Harry's greeting; and taking hold of hands, the children ran nearly all the way to the depot. They had only time to regain their voices, after their breathless run, when the train came in. They stood still, apart from the crowd a moment, until Harry saw the conductor, then, with a "Come, Nan, there he is!" he went towards him, holding Nan's hand.

"Mr. Conductor," he said, but he was a little frightened at making so bold a request, and spoke so low that "Mr. Conductor" didn't hear.

"Mr. Conductor," he repeated, a little louder this time.

"Hallo, youngster, what do you want?"

"We want to go on the cars to see Dr. Blanchard, if you will please let us."

"All right! in this car," was the answer that delighted the children. The conductor lifted Nannie on to the platform, and hurried away. The children stepped into the car, and Harry, finding an empty seat, led Nan to it, saying:

"He didn't say even a word about our paying for our ride. He is a nice old fellow!"

"I'm so glad we're here! Did you write the letter to your mother?"

"Yes, and put it in the urn on the parlor mantel. She won't find it forever so long."

"Will she find it soon enough?"

"Oh, yes; she'll find it by-and-by."

It was some time after the train started that the conductor noticed the children. "Hallo," he exclaimed, "aren't you the little folks that wanted to come on board, a few minutes, at Coverly, to see Dr. Blanchard?"

"We want to go to New York to see him," said Harry. "Nannie is blind, and Dr. Blanchard's going to make her eyes well."

"Oh, that's it. Well, where are your tickets?"

"We haven't got any. We didn't have any money, and you said we could come, so we thought it was all right."

Harry's voice trembled the least bit, and Nan looked quite distressed.

"Does Dr. Blanchard know you are going to see him?" asked the conductor.

"No, sir; he don't know."

Conductor Barstow passed on. Pausing at the end of the car, he said to a gentleman standing there, "There are two chickens up there," pointing to Harry and Nan, "who say they are going to New York to see you. They seem to be alone, and without money. I let them get in at Coverly, thinking they wanted to see you while the train was stopping."

The gentleman to whom the conductor had spoken, looked at the children, but not recognizing them, took a seat behind them saying:

"Well, little folks, where are you going?"

"To New York," said Harry.

"To see the great Dr. Blanchard," added Nan.

"A—h? Is he a friend of yours?"

"No, sir, but I'm blind, and I'm going to ask him to make my eyes well, and Harry's going with me so I shan't lose my way."

"You two are not alone, are you? Isn't your mother here?"

"No, sir, mamma's up in Heaven. Harry and I came together."

Nan was disposed to be quite confidential, for she liked this pleasant-voiced man; but he noticed that Harry looked a little confused.

"I suppose your friends know you are going to New York, don't they? With whom do you live?" he asked.

"Nan lives with her uncle and aunt," said Harry quickly, intending to leave the first question unanswered.

"And Harry lives across the street," said Nan.

"You are not brother and sister, then. What are your names?"

"Nannie Kent and Henry May."

"Do your aunt and uncle know you are going to New York, Nannie?"

"No, sir, we didn't tell any one. You see uncle George is growing poor, and he couldn't take me; and I was coming alone, but Harry wouldn't let me, 'cause he was afraid I'd lose the way. And if we had told we were coming, we couldn't have come."

"Did you ask your uncle to come with you, before you thought of coming alone?"

"No, sir, I didn't ask him."

"How did you know anything about Dr. Blanchard?"

"I heard Mrs. Leavitt telling Aunt Helen about Mr. Hollowell. He couldn't

see anything great. Dr. B. home he could and he's an agitator, so of course 'Aren't you anxious about are lost.'" "I wrote my, and told in an urn in and-by."

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see anything
great Dr. B.
home he could
and he's an
agitator, so of
course 'Aren't
you anxious
about are lost.'
"I wrote
my, and told
in an urn in
and-by."
"H'm! W
when you go
"We're go-
ing to Dr. B.
there."
"Going to
town?"
"Yes, sir,
H'm. h
want you?"
"The child
Nannie's ch
with excitement
ry's face flush
"Never
stay at his
house said
Harry."
"But we
don't want
to go on the
cars to see
Dr. Blanchard,
if you will
please let us."
"All right!
in this car,"
was the an-
swer that
delighted the
children. The
conductor
lifted Nannie
on to the plat-
form, and
hurried away.
The children
stepped into
the car, and
Harry, find-
ing an empty
seat, led Nan
to it, saying:
"He didn't
say even a
word about
our paying
for our ride.
He is a nice
old fellow!"
"I'm so glad
we're here!
Did you write
the letter to
your mother?"
"Yes, and
put it in the
urn on the
parlor
mantel. She
won't find it
forever so
long."
"Will she
find it soon
enough?"
"Oh, yes;
she'll find
it by-and-
by."
It was some
time after the
train started
that the con-
ductor noticed
the children.
"Hallo," he
exclaimed,
"aren't you
the little
folks that
wanted to
come on board,
a few minutes,
at Coverly,
to see Dr.
Blanchard?"
"We want
to go to New
York to see
him," said
Harry. "Nan-
nie is blind,
and Dr. Blan-
chard's going
to make her
eyes well."
"Oh, that's
it. Well,
where are
your tickets?"
"We haven't
got any. We
didn't have
any money,
and you said
we could
come, so we
thought it
was all right."
Harry's voice
trembled the
least bit,
and Nan
looked quite
distressed.
"Does Dr.
Blanchard
know you
are going
to see him?"
asked the
conductor.
"No, sir; he
don't know."
Conductor
Barstow
passed on.
Pausing at
the end of
the car, he
said to a
gentleman
standing
there, "There
are two
chickens up
there," point-
ing to Harry
and Nan,
"who say
they are
going to New
York to see
you. They
seem to be
alone, and
without
money. I
let them
get in at
Coverly,
thinking
they wanted
to see you
while the
train was
stopping."
The gentleman
to whom the
conductor
had spoken,
looked at
the children,
but not
recognizing
them, took
a seat
behind
them say-
ing:
"Well,
little
folks,
where
are you
going?"
"To New
York," said
Harry.
"To see the
great Dr.
Blanchard,"
added Nan.
"A—h? Is
he a friend
of yours?"
"No, sir,
but I'm
blind, and
I'm going
to ask him
to make my
eyes well,
and Harry's
going with
me so I
shan't lose
my way."
"You two
are not
alone, are
you? Isn't
your mother
here?"
"No, sir,
mamma's
up in Heaven.
Harry and
I came
together."
Nan was
disposed to
be quite
confident-
ial, for she
liked this
pleasant-
voiced
man; but
he noticed
that Harry
looked a
little
confused.
"I suppose
your friends
know you
are going
to New York,
don't they?
With whom
do you live?"
he asked.
"Nan lives
with her
uncle and
aunt,"
said Harry
quickly,
intending
to leave the
first question
unanswered.
"And Harry
lives across
the street,"
said Nan.
"You are
not brother
and sister,
then. What
are your
names?"
"Nannie
Kent and
Henry May."
"Do your
aunt and
uncle know
you are
going to New
York, Nannie?"
"No, sir,
we didn't
tell any one.
You see
uncle George
is growing
poor, and
he couldn't
take me;
and I was
coming
alone, but
Harry
wouldn't
let me, 'cause
he was
afraid I'd
lose the way.
And if we
had told
we were
coming,
we couldn't
have come."
"Did you
ask your
uncle to
come with
you, before
you thought
of coming
alone?"
"No, sir,
I didn't
ask him."
"How did
you know
anything
about Dr.
Blanchard?"
"I heard
Mrs. Leavitt
telling Aunt
Helen about
Mr. Hollowell.
He couldn't