A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

It was the forenoon of the day before Thanksgiving that Mrs. Jack Hoven stood gazing out of the window. Not that she saw any of the beauties that lay outside in the glittering, frost-ornamented world, or the beautiful picture of the white fields set in the rich framing of a dark green pine forest. Her stare was wholly mechanical, for her vision was turned inward and she was moodily thinking of their troubles, both the real and imaginary.

The day before one of the farm horses died. A few days before that a cow died. Potatoes were only a few cents a bushel, and this year they had ventured largely in that crop. Grain was low in value. The price of hogs was going steadily down, down, down. These were some of the real troubles. It seemed surely that the bottom was knocked out of their prosperity.

Then her soul was equally harrowed, for she had that way of fretting over minor ills, over a long array of imaginary woes. A new carpet had just come from the weaver's with the stripes woven an inch nearer together than she had ordered. This little trifle she had worried over until it was magnified into a great calamity. She was unable to get her a new cloak this fall, as she had intended. Her fall house cleaning was still unfinished. There were actually fly specks on the very window before her now, which fretted her cleanly soul into peevish unhappiness. These, and a score of similar weighty evils, chafed her nerves on this beautiful morning until she was powerless to see that life held one charm or blessing.

Added to the above woes the children had been clamoring for days for an observance of Thanksgiving. But their mother had told them emphatically that they would not have any Thanksgiving this year. That they had been so afflicted by misfortunes they had little to be thankful for. That not a turkey or even a pie would grace their table on that day; every turkey must be sold to buy necessities.

She predicted a dark outlook for their future, filling the infantile minds with visions of ghastly want. Such words coming from their mother were deeply impressive on all the children except Davy, the little seven-year rebel of the camp. Davy had no appreciation of the ethics of such an unheard-of doctrine. Davy liked a good dinner. And not to have a Thanksgiving dinner! not have a turkey! not have a pie! not have any company! Why, it was the vilest heresy to all that was worth living for.

Unlike his mother, there was not one drop of melancholy blood in little Davy's swift flowing veins. He was the very embodiment of joy and sunshine. He saw life through a mirror which reflected back only pictures of brightness. His eager, tender loving little soul was proof against despondent infection.

As Mrs. Hoven stood looking out the window in brooding blueness, her husband came in from the barn and took a seat by the fire to warm.

"John Marsh passed just now," he said. "He says another one of the Green children died last night of diphtheria. How terribly afflicted they are! I hope to God it won't get in this neighborhood."

The door into an adjoining room where the children were playing was slightly ajar. A numerous little regiment were the Hoven children, and so crowded close together in years. There were six of them, from twelve-year-old Katie to year-and-a-half-old baby Roy. They had all gathered in the big kitchen on this morning where they loved so to play. And, as usual, Davy was the life and leader of the party.

"Say, Katie," he cried, "let's play Thanksgivin.' If we can't have a truly Thanksgivin' let's have a play one. I guess mamma won't care if we just play Thanksgivin.' That won't make us any poorer, will it, Katie?"

"How shall we play Thanksgivin', Davy?" asked Helen, who was just his senior.

"Oh, we'll have a sermon, an' then go home an' have dinner. Katie can fix us up a nice Thanksgivin' dinner. You can take some bread an' apples, Katie, an' cut 'em up an' give 'em some nice names. An' I'll run get one of my little sweet pumpkins, an' we'll make a turkey of it. An' we'll stuff it, too."

"What will we stuff it with?" asked Helen.

"Oh anything," returned the fertile master of ceremonies. "Katie can stuff it with her handkerchief if she can't find nothin' else'."

"Will you preach the sermon, Davy?"

"Yes, I'll preach the sermon. An' I'll try to preach a good one, too."

"But, Davy, dere ain't nussin' to preach about," said solemn little five-year Susie. "Mamma said dere wasn't nussin' to be sankful for dis year."

"You must wait and see, Susie. I'll bet a dollar I'll find lots of things to be thankful for."

Davy had often accompanied his father to Grange lectures and to church, and he had heard Thanksgiving sermons. He early became imbued with oratorical tendencies, and frequently took the platform as preacher or lecturer in their sports.

The little company were soon in active preparation for their imaginary celebration. A pulpit was formed in one corner of the room by a circle of chairs, while a chair was placed in side for the speaker to stand on. When the audience was in readiness a signal was given, and the young clergyman emerged from an outer room, dressed in some of his father's old work clothes. A church-like gravity pervaded the congregation, Katie checking baby Roy's irreverent crowing with kisses. The young preacher walked in with clerical dignity, and entering the sacred inclosure climbed upon the chair.

"My frien's," he began, diving at once into his discourse in unceremonious disregard of preliminaries, "we're goin' to have a Thanksgivin' sermon. We ought to be thankful for lots o' good things we've got, say nothin' 'bout what we haven't got. The goodest way to be thankful is to have a good dinner an' have comp'ny an' have a good time. But we can't do that this year. We've got just lots to be thankful for, though, 'thout the dinner. We've got papa, 'an we ought to be awful thankful for papa. An' we've got mamma, an' we ought to be awful thankful for mamma. An' we've got grandpa an' grandma, an' we ought to be jus' dreadful thankful for them 'cause they are so old. An' they're goin' to spend a lonesome Thanksgivin' all alone, 'cause nobody don't invite 'em, an' they're too old to fix up for comp'ny. An' we've got Mr. Snowdon for a neighbor. An' Mrs. Snowdon went an' died an' lef' him all alone an' he ain't got nobody to spend Thanksgivin' with. An' we've got us kidses, an' we ought to be so thankful for us kids, 'cause ain't none of us got the diptherry like the Green kids. An' the Green kids won't have no Thanksgivin', may be not a mouthful. An' we've got three good horses to be thankful for."

"Davy," interrupted Susie, "you mus' 'member one of de horses died."

"Well, Susie, I ain't sayn' nothin' 'bout dead horses. It's the live horses I'm talkin' 'bout. Three live horses is good deal more 'count than one dead one. I'm thankful we've got three good, live horses 'sted of two or one or not any 'tall, same's some folks. An' we've got seven milk cows, an' twelve slick little baby pigs, an' twenty-three just awful big turkeys."

Here this grateful minister halted in dead silence for an instant, as if a change of feeling had suddenly crossed his spirits. And as he looked out over his listeners, the benign expression that eminates from a heart filled with gratitude fled from his countenance, and a look of unministerial defiance came over his face.

"An' I tell you, my frien's," he continued with a new animation, "I dont' care one cent if half of them turkeys die of hog cholera, same's Uncle John's hogs did. No, I don't care a cent."

"Why, Davy," cried Kate, "it's dreadful wicked for you to say that. Not care if our turkeys die!"

"No, it ain't wicked, Katie. You don't like turkey good's I do, or you wouldn't think 'twas wicked. Jus' think! We can't have jus' one turkey when we've got 23. An' we've got our farm to be thankful for. An' it's all our own farm an' it ain't nobody else's. An' we all love it so good we wouldn't want no other farm in the world, an' we kidses have such nice times here. An' we've got Cousin Myra an' her children to be thankful for. An' Cousin Myra is a widder an' ain't got not one turkey. An' 'twould be awful nice if we could have her an' the kids come to Thanksgivin', so we kids could have some kids to play with."

Here the orator paused. "Katie," he said, "is there anything else we've got to be thankful for?"

"Dere's our baby kitties," piped in little Susie.

"Oh, yes, I forgot the kitties," returned the informal preacher.

"An' Uncle John's 'little new baby," suggested Susie.

"Yes, I forgot the baby, too."

"An' our cellar full of apples an' good things," said Helen.

"Yes. Goodness! I ought to a thought of them. An' now what is there we ain't thankful for?"

"Why, Romy an' the cow died, you know, said Kaite.

"Yes, but that ain't but two things, an' we've got as many as 40 to be thankful for. I know what's the worst thing we ain't got to be thankful for. That's 'cause we ain't goin' to have any 'really truly' Thanksgivin'. But now we'll take our play Thanksgivin' dinner over to Miss Katie Hoven's house."

The minister bounced down from the chair and the appreciative audience repaired to dinner.

The parents had been attracted to the play from the first, and had listened intently to every word of the sermon. The mother still stood looking out the window. The father sat by the fire, and occasionally a broad smile would pass over his face as the sermon progressed. At its conclusion he turned to his wife and said:

"Mary, what do you think of that sermon?"

"I think," she returned, her face illumined with both laughter and tears, "that it is true 'a little child shall lead them.' You and I have been enveloped in a cloud of late. We've been living in the morbid delusion that our afflictions are greater than our blessings. But Davy has shown us that they are not. In thinking of the animals that died we completely lost sight of those we have left. And bemoaning the low prices this year we have forgotten the many comforts and blessings we already have. What do you say, shall we have a Thanksgiving, Jack?"

"Yes, indeed, we will," he returned, springing from his chair with new alacrity. "I'll kill the biggest turkey on the place, and we'll have father and mother, and Mr. Snowdon, and Cousin Myra's family. Our little folks shall have a happy surprise for once. Now you just hustle around, little woman, and we'll have the most thankful Thanksgiving we ever had.'

"And, Jack, we'll send the Green's a basket of things. Only think how hard it must be for them to get any cooking done. And some good food will no doubt do Mr. and Mrs. Green both good, worn out as they are nursing their sick children."

Fifteen minutes later the whole house was in happy excitement and all hands busy in the work of preparation. An the next day a score of hearts beat in happy enjoyment who would have known no such pleasure had hopeful little Davy not preached his thankful sermon.

Let Us Give Thanks.

That is an impoverished soul that cannot on Thanksgiving Day lift itself up in praise. This is the festival of households and the festival of commonwealths. Has not God been good to our homes and good to our commonwealths? Then let us be glad before him and bless his name.

Think of God's mercy to our homes. Are our families unbroken? Are we glad in the love of dear ones left to us? Let us give thanks to the God of households.

Think of God's mercy to our land. Have we been spared the pangs of war, famine and pestilence? Have our fields given rich harvests? Let us give thanks to the God of nations.

Conan Doyle.

Conan Doyle is a methodical worker and a hard worker. He pastes up over his mantel-shelf a list of the things he intends to do in the coming six months, and he sticks to his task until it is done. He must be a great disappointment to his old teacher. When he had finished school, the teacher called the boy up before him, and said, solemnly:

"Doyle, I have known you for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something that you will remember in after life. Doyle, you will never come to any good!"

A Reminder of the Fathers.

Thanksgiving comes with its reminder of the fathers, who in the midst of their poverty and distress thanked God for their blessings and had hope for the future. It is the self sacrifice of one generation that constitutes the prosperity of the next. The rock of Plymouth is no stony boulder to be shielded from rough contact by a marble canopy. It is rather a sure faith in the supreme obligations of duty and of personal character as the main element of durable success.

Veal Collops.

Cut veal from the leg or other lean part into pieces about the size of an oyster. Season with pepper, salt and a little mace; rub some over each piece; dip in egg, then in cracker crumbs and fry. They both look and taste like oysters.

Carriage of China Tea.

Much of the tea which comes from China to Europe comes across the Steppes of Siberia by caravans of sledges of fifty to seventy. Each sledge carries five bales of tea packed in cow skin, and is drawn by one horse, but five or six sledges are tied together and directed by one driver. Each sledge has hay and oats for its horse. It takes about a year to make a journey.

ENGLAND'S MILITARY RESERVES

Strength of Various Arms—Procedure in Regard to Calling Them Out.

A correspondent is anxious to know the number of men at present serving in the Army and Navy Reserves, circumstances in which they can be called out and the mode of procedure. On January 1 last the Army Reserve, composed of regular soldiers, consisted of nearly 79,000 men, of whom 45,000 were under 35 years of age, 29,000 were between the ages of 30 and 35, and 4,000 between 35 and 40. The Cavalry Reserve consists of 5,800 men, the Royal Artillery of 10,500, the Royal Engineers of 3,000, the Foot Guards of 5,300, the Infantry of the Line of 48,300, the Army Service Corps of 2,600 and the remainder are departmental. On January 1 last the Militia Reserve consisted of 30,000 men, composed of the pick of the militia. They are a fine body of men, and would be a welcome addition to any regular regiment.

The military forces of the country may be divided into three catagories—the first line, the second line and the third line. The first line is available for services in all quarters of the globe, and is composed of the Regular Army, the Army Reserve, and the Militia Reserve; the two latter are used to bring the regular forces to a war footing, and can be called out by "proclamation" in case of imminent national danger and of great emergency, and are liable to serve anywhere at home and abroad. The second line is composed of the militia, and is available for home defence and for garrisoning foreign stations. The militia may be embodied by proclamation under the same circumstances as the Army and Militia Reserves can be called out, i. e., in case of imminent national danger and of great emergency. It is a thoroughly reliable force, has been embodied on seven different occasions, and has never failed the counrty. The third line is composed of the Yeomantry and Volunteers, and would only be called upon as a last resource. It is available only for home defence, and for the most part can only be called out when the United Kingdom itself is in danger of attack.

The yeomanry can be called out whenever the militia is embodied, but cannot be employed outside of Great Britain. It has in the past been called out for short periods in cases of riot and insurrection at home and served with credit; but in recent years it has sadly diminished in numbers, while its efficiency is doubted. Neither the yeomantry nor volunteers can be employed in defence of Ireland, even should that part of the United Kindgom be invaded, although they could be employed on garrison duty in Great Britain in such a case. The present volunteer force has never yet been called upon nor put to the test; but there is no reason to think that it would serve otherwise than with credit.

The procedure in regard to calling out the reserves is as follows: When, in the opinion of the war office, mobilization appears imminent, general and other officers commanding at home and abroad would be duly warned to give them time to carry out any preliminary arrangements necessary. Before mobilization can take place, the cabinet will, of course, have arrived at a decision that the military forces of the country should be placed on a war footing—that, in fact, a situation has arisen which may be termed one of "imminent national danger and of great emergency." The cabinet will also have decided whether the circumstances are such as to demand the calling out of the whole or only a part of the reserves. Her Majesty in council can then, by proclamation, the occasion being first communicated to parliament, if sitting, or declared in council and notified by proclamation if parliament is not sitting, to order the army reserve and militia reserve, or either, to be called out for permanent service. The general and other officers concerned will then arrange for the proclamation to be posted in all public places. A railway and passage warrant is then dispatched to each reservist, with notice to join; he will either, if pronounced physically fit, be drafted to his battalion to complete it to war strength, or remain at the depot for further disposal. It will be seen by these explanations how foreign to their conditions of service are those cheap offers of embodiment on the part of certain volunteer corps, and how remote is the possibility of their being accepted.—London Globe.

Rear Admiral Kane.

Rear Admiral Kane, of the British Navy, who has just been placed on the retired list, was captain of the Calliope when she succeeded in steaming out of Apia harbor in the great hurricane, while her band played the Star-Spangled Banner and the crew of the doomed Trenton manned her rigging and cheered her departure.

Canada's Relation to Great Britain.

In speaking at the opening of Strathroy fair, Sir Wilfred Laurier referred to Canada's relation to the Empire and to the United States. Replying to an address which referred to his efforts towards strengthening the union with Great Britain, he said:—"I am glad to receive the testimony which you bear to the efforts which I have made in the cause of the Empire. For this also I claim no credit, and deserve none, and ask for none. There was no other course for me to follow. The career of the British Empire is such as to make it incumbent upon every man, wherever he may be within that empire, to strengthen our bonds and the close alliance which we have with the motherland. Especially I am proud to say so in the presence of an audience of farmers, because it is the farmers most of all who would have the benefit of such a drawing closer of the ties of the empire. The motherland is simply wonderful in many respects. It is no more wonderful, however, politically than it is commercially. As you know, gentlemen—as you know, you gentlemen farmers—the best market we have at the present moment is the British market, and it is always increasing. I am proud to say that at this moment our trade with Great Britain is greater than it ever was at any time in our history. And yet we have not yet reached the summit of it. There is till more to do in that direction, and for my part, gentlemen, I think we ought to have the (0pm-st place in the British market. (Loud applause.) And why? Because in all the products of the farm we can claim superiority over all competitors. (Hear, hear.) It is not saying too much, it is simply telling the naked truth, to say that in all the products of the farm Canada stands, or ought to stand, superior to any other portion of the globe.

"We want," he continned, "to be on the very best of terms with our neighbors to the south; we want to trade with them; but if they will not trade with us our hearts will not be broken by the fact. (Hear, hear, and applause.) We can live without them, we can prosper without them; though I make no secret that there are many things upon which I for one would be glad to have better relations with them. But if the price is to be paid by the sacrifice of Canadian honor, we will have none of that price, and we will continue to do as we are doing now—paddle our own canoe. (Cheers.) I speak here in no boasting tones. I speak with the full sense of the responsibility that attaches to my words. We want to have the very best relations with our neighbors, but while we want to have the very best relations with our neighbors, above all things, our aim, our purpose, is—Canada first, Canada last and Canada always."

Slavery in England.

Slavery in England is of very ancient standing. Caesar states that it existed as an institution among the Celts, and in Roman England the conquered natives were held in a state of serfdom. In Saxon and early Norman times the children of the old English peasantry, and captives taken in war, were sold like cattle in Bristol market, and many were exported to Scotland and Ireland. Doomsday Book states that the slaves numbered 25,000. Soon after the Conquest the distinct slave class ceased to exist, and the slaves were merged with the lower class or ceorls under the general designation of villeins. These villeins in early feudal times were annexed to the land and were divisable as goods and chattels, but in process of time the higher class of villeins gained a title to the land on which they worked, and after the reign of Richard II. we find little reference to villeinage. Although the church had early succeeded in putting an end to the English slave traffic, by the Canon of the Council of 1102, slavery was never abolished by any positive enactment; and it was not till 1660 that the last remnants of the feudal system were finally swept away. Slavery was abolished, but slavery did not cease here; for until the time of George III. colliers were bought and sold, and if they left the estate to which they belonged were brought back by force. It was not until the year 1775 that an act was passed by which they were declared free, and were put upon the same footing as other servants.

Decided on His Future.

A small boy friend of mine who lives out at Cleveland Park has decided on his future profession at the age of 4. He has the interrogation mania in a peculiarly aggravated form, and after the first million or two questions in the day his mother, in self defense, begins to answer, "I don't know." Just the other day the child had an unusually violent attack of question asking, and he tired of hearing her inevitable response.

"Well," he said, "I know what I'll be when I grow up. I'll be so I can tell my little boy things he wants to know. I'll be a fad outer."—Washington Post.

PURSUED BY TRIALS.

A SERMON OF ENCOURAGEMENT TO THOSE AFFLICTED.

HUNTING THE DEER THE THEME.

The Gospel as a Refreshment Graphically Set Forth—Refuge in God's Word for Those Pursued by the Hounds of Poverty and Misfortune.

Washington, Oct. 15.—The gospel as a great refreshment is here set forth by Dr. Talmage under a figure which will be found particularly graphic by those who have gone out as hunters to find game in the mountains; text, Psalm xlii, 1, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks."

David, who must some time have seen a deer hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal, called in my text the hart, is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In central Syria in Bible times there were wide pasture fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says, "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers jutted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's tract" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the dews, the showers, the lakes, washed them the cleanest as they lay. When Isaac, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of the millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying, "The lame shall leap as the hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter who, having shot a deer, is too lazy to cook it, saying, "The slothfill man roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor startles him, and he says to himself, "I wonder what those dogs are after." Then there is a crackling in the brushwood and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend the leaves of the thicket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize it plunges into a pond or lake or river to cool its thirst and at the same time, by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming, to get away from the foaming harriers.

David says to himself: "Aha! That is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me. I am chased, their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, baeking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there!" says David. "That hunted deer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes the lathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue. As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Some of you have just come from the Adirondacks, and the breath of the balsam and spruce and pine is still on you. The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Once while there talking with a hunter I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the track of a deer I said to the hunter in rough corduroy, "Do the deer always make for the water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh, yes, mister. You see, they are a hot and thirsty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their antlers and snuff the breeze and start for Racquet or Loon or Saranac, and we get into our cedar shell boat or stand by the runway with rifle loaded ready to blaze away."

My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much. Its partridges are real partridges, its ostriches real ostriches and its reindeer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antlered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle and his cheek glow and his respiration quicken, to say nothing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game, its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioned into bow strings, its antlers putting handles on cutlery and the shavings of its horns used as a restorative, its name taken from the hart and called hartshorn. By putting aside its usefulness this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at sunset! The horns a coronal branching into every possible curve, and, after it seems done, ascending into other projections of exquisiteness, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride or swung down for awful combat! Its velocity embodied, timidity impersonated.

Well, now, let all those who have coming after them the lean hounds of poverty or the black hounds of persecution or the spotted hounds of vicissitude or the pale hounds of death or who are in any wise pursued run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happen to know at different times, if not now, have had trouble after them, sharp, muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them. They depreciated you, and you depreciated them, or they overreached you in a bargain, and you tried in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them. Or you have had bereavement, and, instead of being submissive, you are fighting that bereavement. You charge on the doctors who have failed to effect a cure. Or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred. Or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret and worry and scold and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily charge on the neuralgia or the larngytis or the ague or the sick headache. The fact is you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of divine consolation and slaking your thirst and cooling your body and soul in the good cheer of the gospel and swimming away into the mighty deeps of God's love, you are fighting a whole kennel of harriers.

Some time ago I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get up, and I said to some hunters, "What is the matter with that dog?" They answered, "A deer hurt him," and I saw he had a swollen paw and a battered head, showing where the antlers struck him. And the probability is that some of you might give a mighty clip to your pursuers. You might damage their business, you might worry them into ill health, you might hurt them as much as they hurt you; but, after all, it is not worth while. You only have hurt a hound. Better be off for the Upper Saranac, into which the mountains of God's eternal strength look down and moor their shadows.

There are whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see 30 lakes, and there are said to be over 800 in the great wilderness. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of God's word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes, each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and, though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full up to the top of the green banks, and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God;" "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures;" "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your back on that supply and confront your trouble, and you are soured with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn round and lower your head, and it is simply antler against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns.

But very many of you who are wronged of the world—and if in any assembly between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans it were asked that all who had been badly treated should raise both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present—I say many of you would declare, "We have always done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we become the victims of malignment or invalidism or mishap, is inscrutable." Why, do you know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions and the more beautiful its bearing the more anxious the hunters and the hounds to capture it?

Therefore sarcasm draws on you its "finest bead;" therefore the world goes gunning for you with its best Winchester breechloader. Highest compliment is it to your talent or your virtue or your usefulness. You will be assailed in proportion to your great achievements. The best and the mightiest Being the world ever saw had set after him all the hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, and they lapped his blood after the Calvaren massacre. The world paid nothing to its Redeemer but a bramble, four spikes and a cross. Many who have done their best to make the world better have had such a rough time of it that all their pleasure is in anticipation of the next world, and they would, if they could, express their own feelings in the words of the Baroness of Nairn, at the close of her long life, when asked what she would like to live her life over again:

Would you be young again?
So would not I.
One tear of memory given
Onward I'll hie.
Life's dark wave forded o'er,
All but a rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way,
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled;
Morning, all beaming red;
Hope's smile around us shed,
Heavenward, away!

But what is a relief for all those pursued of trouble and annoyance and pain and bereavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a chariot if you triumph, or a throne if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst—yes, a chain of three lakes—G-o-d, the one for whom David longed and the one whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which, after its sixth mile of running at the topmost speed through thicket and gorge and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Schroon Lake and try to cool its projecting and blistered tongue with a blade of grass as to attempt to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin, with anything less deep and high and broad and immense and infinite and eternal than God. His comfort—why, it embossoms all distress. His arm—it wrenches off all bondage. His hand—it wipes away all tears. His Christly atonement—it makes us all right with the past, and all right with the future, and all right with God, all right with man, and all right forever.

Lamartine tells us that King Nimrod said to his three sons: "Here are three vases, and one is of clay, another of amber and another of gold. Choose now which you will have." The eldest son, having the first choice, chose the vase of gold, on which was written the word "Empire," and when it was opened it was found to contain human blood. The second son, making the next choice, chose the vase of amber, inscribed with the word "Glory," and when opened it contained the ashes of those who were once called great. The third son took the vase of clay and, opening it, found it empty, but on the bottom of it was inscribed the name of God. King Nimrod asked his courtiers which vase they thought weighed the most. The avaricious men of his court said the vase of gold, the poets said the one of amber, but the wisest men said the empty vase, because one letter of the name of God outweighed a universe.

For him I thirst, for his grace I beg, on his promise I build my all. Without him I cannot be happy. I have tried the world, and it does well enough as far as it goes, but it is too uncertain a world, too evanescent a world. I am not a prejudiced witness. I have nothing against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate or, to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men—blessed in my parents, blessed in the place of nativity, blessed in my health, blessed in my fields of work, blessed in my natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in the hope that my soul will go to heaven through the pardoning mercy of God, and my body, unless it be last at sea or cremated in some conflagration, will lie down among my kindred and friends, some already gone and others to come after me.

Through Jesus Christ make this God your God, and you can withstand anything and everything, and that which affrights others will inspire you—as in time of earthquake, when an old Christian woman, asked whether she was scared, answered, "No; I am glad that I have a God who can shake the world," or as in a financial panic, when a Christian merchant, asked if he did not fear he would break, answered, "Yes; I shall break when the Fiftieth Psalm breaks in the fifteenth verse, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.'"

We are told in Revelation xxii, 15, "Without are dogs," by which I conclude there is a whole kennel of hounds outside the gate of heaven, or, as when a master goes in a door, his dog lies on the steps waiting for him to come out, so the troubles of this life may follow us to the shining door, but they cannot get in. "Without are dogs." I have seen dogs and owned dogs that I would not be chagrined to see in the heavenly city. Some of the grand old watchdogs who are the constabulary of the homes in solitary places and for years have been the only protection of wife and child, some of the shepherd dogs that drive back the wolves and bark away the flock from going too near the precipice and some of the dogs whose neck and paw Landseer, the painter, has made immortal would not find me shutting them out from the gate of shining pearl.

I say if some soul entering heaven should happen to leave the gate ajar and these faithful creatures should quietly walk in it would not at all disturb my heaven. But all those human or brutal hounds that have chased and torn and lacerated the world—yes, all that now bite or worry or tear to pieces—shall be prohibited. "Without are dogs." No place there for harsh critics or backbiters or despoilers of the reputation of others. Down with you to the kennels of darkness and despair! The hart has reached the eternal water brooks, and the panting of the long chase is quieted in still pastures, and "there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount."

Oh, when some of you get there it will be like what a hunter tells of when he was pushing his canoe far up north in the winter and amid the ice floes and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human beings. He was startled one day as he heard a stepping on the ice, and he cocked the rifle, ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his canoe and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him, found out where he had lived and took him to his home and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for this lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him, and, as had been agreed at his first appearance, bells were rung, and guns were discharged, and banquets spread and the rescuer loaded with presents. Well, when some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn and sometimes lost amid the icebergs, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorified, and your friends rush out to give you welcoming kiss, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the caterers of heaven to spread the banquet and the bellmen to lay hold of the rope in the tower, and while chalices click at the feast and the bells clang from the turrets it will be a scene so uplifting I pray God I may be there to take part in the celestial merriment. And now do you not think the prayer in Solomon's Song where he compared Christ to a reindeer in the night would make an exquisitely appropriate peroration to my sermon, "Until the day break and the shadows flee away be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether?"

"I have an eloquence without wisdom and wisdom without eloquence", says Franklin, but combine them and they are like the purity, fragrance and strength of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

Costly Misunderstanding.

Irate Customer—Look here. The bill for those two boxes of cigars I bought of you last month calls for $14. Didn't you tell me they were three for a nickel?

Tobacconist—Not at all, sir. I told you they were free from nicotine.—Chicago Tribune.

A Lucky Investment.

The sum of £4,080,000 was originally paid by Great Britain for her Suez Canal shares, and their market value at the present day is close upon £25,000,000. Moreover, the original purchase price has been more than returned in dividends, so that Great Britain stands in the position that she is the holder of £25,000,000 of capital which has not cost her a half-penny to acquire, and which produces an annual income of some three-quarters of a million, while also bestowing on her an enormous political influence.

Big Tunnel.

By awarding the contract for boring test holes along the line of the tunnel it contemplates building, the Canadian Niagara Power Company has commnced the preliminary work in connection with the development of power on the Canadian side of the river. When the big tunnel on the New York side of the river was built, similar test holes were sunk in order that complete information in regard to the class of rock to be met with in building the tunnel would be known. The test holes to be sunk will be 200 feet deep and 4½ inches in diameter. They will be bored with a diamond drill in order that a core of the rock may be brought to the surface and saved for inspection by contractors who desire to bid on the work. After the test holes have been sunk the sinking of shafts will follow, and when these are at a proper depth, the boring of the tunnel will begin. As yet the Canadian Niagara Power Company has not stated the size of the tunnel it intends to build on the Canadian side, but enough is known to warrant the statement that its dimensions will be ample for the development of a large amount of power.

The Plague.

Describing Poona's latest visitation of the plague, a special correspondent of the Bombay Gazette says: Poona is now the abomination of desolation. A day or two back a little bright-eyed boy, some six years old, was seated on the doorstep in the cantonment; he had wandered so far in search of a distant relative, whom luckily he found; he was the survivor of a large family, all dead, his parents as well; the house had been vacated, and he had nowhere to go. Owing to the vast number of cremations going forward, day after day, fuel is scarce and dear. Owing to the fear of catching the plague bodies are placed upon the pyre, the fire lighted, and the mourners very often depart incontinently, leaving the fire to complete its work unwatched. The consequence is that some of the bodies are not properly cremated, and jackals and hawks complete the consumption. Even at the burning ground of the General Plague Hospital the demand for fuel has exceeded the supply, and other measures have had to be taken. The poor are already feeling the pinch of the increased prices consequent on the closing of the shops and the paucity of rain. If we add scarcity to our present distress, the plague may greatly increase.

Lord Wolseley's Escort.

Lord Wolseley, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, in future is to have an escort of two officers and fifty rank and file when carrying out an official inspection of a district, the regimetal colors and band of the representative regiment being told off to attend the reception and departure of His Lordship. Her Majesty has been pleased to approve of this, as well as of his being accorded an escortof a sergeant-major and twelve rank and file.

DID NOT KNOW.

Plight of a London, Ont., Man.

Had Bright's Disease and Didn't Know It—Had Existed for Three Years Before He Found What It Was—Then He Found What It Was and Cured It By Dodd's Kidney Pills.

London, Oct. 9.—Mr. G. E. Brady, 229 Talbot St., this city, feels that he is a lucky man. For three years he as been slowly sinking into a quicksand, deeper and deeper all the time and he not aware of his danger.

Mr. Brady had Bright's Disease. Bright's Disease is generally considered incurable—in fact there is only one known cure. It is a kidney disease, those organs decaying and neglecting to filter the blood. Well, Mr. Brady never found out what was the matter with him until the disease had run three years and eaten right into the kidneys. He was sunk hopelessly in the quicksand. There was only one thing to save him.

Mr. Brady found out what was the matter with him by chance. He read a list of the symptoms of Bright's Disease in a paper and at once recognized his own case. Then came the cure. Again he was lucky. After trying several medicines in vain he struck the right one, the only one that is a particle of use in Bright's Disease—Dodd's Kidney Pills which have never failed yet.

Says Mr. Brady himself:—"I have been troubled for three years with Bright's Disease and did not know it until I read the symptoms in one of your papers. I tried several remedies, but none could touch the spot. I purchased three boxes of your Dodd's Kidney Pills and after I had used one box I felt the disease leaving me. I am now completely cured. I am a contractor here in London, and my friends will vouch for what I say. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

Pretty Little Novelties.

One of the latest novelties in ladies' purses has a border of gold pierced work of exquisite design.

A handsome collar buckle of gold is in the shape of two shells, each of which is set with a large sapphire.

A handsome brooch, in the shape of a swan, is thickly studded with diamonds and pearls, a ruby serving as the eye.

A handsome powder box of silver is triangular in shape. The lid is beautifully enameled and set with semi-precious stones.

A watch chatelaine in the shape of a fleur de lis of gold, profusely studded with emeralds and rubies, is among the latest novelties.

A heart and an anchor interwoven and thickly studded with precious stones is among the latest designs in cluster rings.

A combination inkstand is of bronze of massive construction. Two dolphins and a sea horse, when lifted, reveal three compartments for pens, stamps and ink respectively.