WHAT GREAT GRANDMOTHER DID.

Yow, my little daughter standing By my chair, is oft demanding, "Tell me, mother, what your grandmother us d to do.

Old she have much time for reading, Pauses heeding. And suce eding, Well with music, draw and paint on china, too?"

'No, my daring! Grandma naver Had the t me for such endeavor. For she worked from morn until the setting

She would call the cows so early, 'Daisy! Curl v! D n't be surly.' And the m lking then would speedily be d ne.

'She would strain t e milk and churn it; Make a cheess and deftly turn i ; Make soft soap and brew the nicest currant wine,

Dip the candles, nightly glowing, Little knowing, And bestowing Scarce a thought on what as future light would shine.

"Card and spin the wool nor leave it. Till she into cloth would weave it, And she raised her flax, and wove her linen fin .

In a quilting she delighted, All inv ted, None were slighted; Or a paring and a hustin; bee combine.

"She raised geese and plucked each feather, Cut cloth and sewed together Every strip, to make a home-made carpet gay;

And she knitted every stocking, Mesnwhile rocking. Oh, 'twas shocking, All the work that woman went through in a day."

## NAN'S CHRISTMAS GUEST.

A great event occurred in the Curtis tention the amazement of the assembled to her, and she delighted to build lovely family was too great for words. The castles for them to inhabit. two smaller children gazed at her in wideeyed wonder, and her father, when he at length found voice, remarked contemptu-

'Who'll come up here in the back woods, I'd like to know?'

But Nan was not to be discouraged. 'There is the mountain," she said, stout-

farm the day before, and Nan, devouring it eagerly, chanced upon the advertisebeing mistress of the house.

office when you go to town to morrow,' in his own mind, see why any one should ness, although he admitted that the view | year seem more gloomy by contrast. was fine, and the little turbulent stream spired him with a brilliant idea.

triumphant flourish.

seated in Farmer Curtis' jolting farm girl felt, and made a sudden resolve. wagon, rode slowly up the narrow road outline against the crimson sky. The It will be such a novelty. evening breeze, coming from the cool just congratulating himself that his host | dignity. had at last relapsed into silence that he might give himself up to the spel! which he caught a glimpse of a face peering out the heavy gray clouds were still hanging who came around the corner, thereby in at them. He was half startled for a moment, but it was only a moment, for upon a second look, he discovered that it was expected her city friend, Alice Niles, to caped with his life. a young girl's laughing gypsy face, with spend the holidays with her; but the bushes had set falling about in a most romantic scheme, and the real old-becoming confusion. The bright lips fashioned country Christmas which she neighborhood, and their tails wag when h d parted as the wagon approached, was so anxious to experience was indefi-and the girl was evidently about to ac-nitely postponed. Nan's disappointment I remember coming through one of the cost the occupants, when meeting the was very bitter. Ever since the de- narrow streets late one night, and as it stranger's eyes bent upon her, surprised, parture of her guests she had felt a loneli- was quite warm I suddenly took off my intent and admiring, she looked shyly at ness and sadness unexplainable to her-him for a moment, and then in confusion self. She said nothing to those about bark, then another and another followed turned and disappeared in the wood.

"I shall certainly see her again," he said had been very kind in her letter, and and the howl of the dogs ceased.

to himself, "especially if she is in the habit of haunting these woods." Presently a sharp turn in the road brought them in sight of the low farmof both horse and driver, the visitor guessed this to be their destination.

carelessly; it was the first time the question had occurred to him. "Yes," answered the farmer briskly, one more, a young lady up here for

her health, -likes the mountain air." see that there were two young women country girl, at least. upon the broad porch. One, fair-haired miration, took the young girl by the hand, and with no little pride in his voice, presented, "my daughter."

The summer days passed very happily to the little family in the lonely farmhouse. It was certainly a very strange coincidence that Mr. Raymond should very strange, too strange indeed to be believed, and Nan for one did not believe it. No, she was quite sure that the a fine romance about these two, and started back with a little gasp of surlaughed to herself as she thought how prise. "Mr. Raymond!" she cried. easily she had divined their little intrigue. They were certainly the best of friends, and the gentleman ever attentive to his delicate companion; but then he was household when Nan took summer board- secret blush his many courtesies. She move to allow him to enter. ers. When she first announced this in- liked these two, they were a revelation

> They were all very gay together, and Nan could not help seeing that they admired her, and pitied her for being con-

demned to a mountain fastness. The bracing air was having a wonderful effect upon the city girl, and she was able now to take many a long jaunt with wild, lonely place-someone from the shoulder, she with her book, both so longer. A newspaper had drifted to the Curtis to one another, as Nan told herself. Would be.

Oftentimes, however, at Raymond's earnest request, they made a family party ments for summer boarders set forth in its of it, and taking a lunch, had a pleasant expect that anyone was coming but my columns. She noticed that the chief in- day of it in the woods, building a gypsy ducements held out had been invariably fire and making merry generally. There the aforesaid pine woods and mountain was always something in Raymond's eyes you coming with Miss Niles, or didn't These she had to perfection, on these occasions which reminded Nan you expect to meet her here? She saidfor the little gray farmhouse clung to the of the first time she had seen him from that is, I thought-I was quite sure that intain side like the moss to the rifted her berry-picking in the wood. She you were- "but here poor Nan grew rock, and the grand panorama of sunrise could not define the look, exactly, but it all at once very red and confused. A and sunset, of silvery mists rising from was certainly flattering, at least, and had sudden amused look in her visitor's face the valley, and of purple clouds gather- it been any one but her friend's admirer, ing at evening about the lofty peak, could she would have been somewhat confused. be had for the mere exertion of looking | For some strange reason neither had ever out of the window. She loved these things | spoken of their first peculiar meeting, herself, why should not someone either to each other or to any one else else? She had been a little appalled at To be sure, there was nothing about it her own audacity at first, but now she that would greatly impress a disinterested was resolved to make the attempt at least, | person, but Nan found herself more than once dwelling upon the little episode "I shall write out the advertisement, with a certain romantic satisfaction. and you shall take it down to the post And then she sighed when she remembered that the gay summer days were all she said decidedly and with a business- too quickly passing, and that ere long like manner that duly impressed the fam- the pleasant companions would return to ily; and the indulgent father, accus- the gayeties of their city life, and the tomed to obey this dusky-eyed daugh- little boarding mistress would be forgotter, whose learning and shrewdness were ten, together with the other pleasant a source of unbounded awe and admira- things which had served to amuse them tion to him, finally acquiesced to the during their holiday. Nan began to new and startling scheme. He did not, question herself now as to whether her summer had been a success or not, since wish to come to their farm in the wilder- it only served to make the rest of the

It was not, however, until the crickets that tumbled over the rocks, clear as began their mournful chirpings in the crystal. The thought of the stream in- long grass, the nights to close in chill and damp, and the red leaves to appear "You had better put something in here and there in the ivy and occasional about the fishing," he said, as he went maple trees, that the two city friends out, feeling that he too, was something said farewell to their pretty hostess. It of a business man after all. And Nan, was a very sad leave-taking, on Nan's how, being a truthful girl, deny that he who was diligently copying the model in part at least, and Miss Niles was also was right .- Portland Transcript. the paper, added this last clause with a sorry to depart, for she had learned to love this shy little mountain flower, The sun was just going down behind blooming so far away from any comthe mountain as Mr. John Raymond, panion. She saw the pain which the

"I shall come again," she said detowards the Curtis farm. The great cidedly, "be sure of it-in the winter peak stood out in distinct and sombre sometime; I long to see you icebound.

Nan smiled gratefully and looked shyly heights, was full of a piny odor, strange- at Raymond, half expecting that he, too, banishing them; but the Turks-from ly invigorating, and although he could would announce a similar intention, for the humblest servant who dinot see it, the music of swiftly running she did not like to think that he either vides his crust with them, to the Imperial water told him that a mountain stream would forget her immediately. But he Sultan who has them fed from his palace was not far away, and made him think made no such offer, indeed, so careless -shows an affection for them which is involuntarily of the fishing rods in the and indifferent did he appear that Nan surprising. The dogs live in communback of the wagon. Save this and the began to grow hurt and angry, and it ities of six, eight, or ten, and each set melancholy note of a whippoorwill, all was a very cold good-bye which she at appropriates to itself a certain section of was perfectly still. The young man, last accorded him, although she could from one to three squares. The most fresh from the city haunts, appreciated not admit that he seemed very much im- intelligent dog seems to be the president the unusual beauty of the scene, and was pressed by her sudden accession of or commander of the group.

the lonely place was somehow casting dreary Christmas for the Curtis family. to those who pass along their highway upon him, when suddenly in a The snow had fallen at intervals during if they do not reside there. They guard clump of bushes by the road- the last few days. The trees were heavy their ground, and do not allow any other which they were approaching, with it yet, and about the mountain top dog to intrude. I noticed one stray dog

Until the last moment almost, Nan had was attacked at once, and barely esgreat dark eyes and a mass of jet black alarming accounts of the weather in the each block or square having its own hair, which evident contact with the North had discouraged that lady in her group of dogs. They seem to know every her, but at times it seemed that the suit. The guide told me I must put on John Raymond turned quickly to his companion, an eager question upon his lips, but seeing that the farmer had been utterly oblivious to the little by-play, he changed his mind and remained silent. hard to have it broken. The city girl sleeves. I took the advice of the guide,

among other interesting gossip informal Nan that she intended to startle her before long with some delightful news, astonishing as it was delighthouse, surrounded by sloping, well-tilled ful. Nan had laughed a little bitterly as

fields; and from the increased animation she read those words. They were engaged of course, those two, as if she, Nan, had not guessed as much long age. "Have you other boarders?" he asked How stupid Miss Niles must think her, -and why had they made such a tremendous secret of it, anyway, it seemed very ridiculous. Nan was a let cross for some reason or other; she intended to write directly and tell her friend that her As they drew near, Raymond could secret was no secret to one observing

And so, on Christmas eve, Nan sat and wearing a white dress, was idly herself down before the glowing fire, seated in a low chair; the other who, just feeling very melancholy and depressed then, had her head turned away, was indeed. She chose no light but preferred standing upon the step, and at her feet that of the fire, which flared and crackwas a basket of berries evidently just led gloriously, and sent a bright reflecpicked. Both were laughing gayly, and tion, like a beacon light, far across the as the wagon drew near and stopped, the untrodden snow. She made a very girl upon the step, with a sudden rush pretty picture, could she have but known of color to her brown cheek, turned slow- it, her slim hands crossed upon her knee, ly toward the two men. It was the girl and her eyes fixed sadly upon the glowwho looked at Raymond from the wood. ing logs; and if anyone had chanced to He could not help betraying his surprise | be looking in at the uncurtained window, and satisfaction, which increased tenfold he must have lingered long and lovingly as Farmer Curtis, noting his evident ad- despite the snow and the chill north

How long she sat there Nan did not know, but her musings did not grow more comfortable, for the tears had just crept into her eyes and one, indeed, had fallen upon her hand, when a gentle tap upon the door made her start, half alarmed, from her chair. Who could it discover in Alice Niles, Nan's other be, so late in the evening? Had Miss boarder, a familiar city friend. Yes, Niles decided to come after all? Possibly she had changed her mind at the last moment.

Nan, with a radiant face, flew to the one object which this artful young man | door and opened it wide. At first she had in view, when he sought the Curtis saw no one, and coming close to the homestead, was the hope of meeting this interesting invalid. Nan being of an ness. Then suddenly a great wave of imaginative turn of mind, had built up color swept over face and neck, and she

Her amazement evidently amused that young man, for he laughed gayly. 'Yes," he answered, "I have come up for Christmas, although you did not in almost equally as kind to his little board- vite me. Can I come in?" for Nan still ing mistress, and Nan recalled with a staring at him wonderingly, made no

"Yes," she said without any apparent shame at her inhospitality, "but you won't want to stay-didn't you know? She looked so very solemn that Raymond dropped his buoyant manner, and grew serious at once. "Know what?" he isked, anxiously wondering what catastrophe had happened.

Why, that she is not coming after all. I got the letter yesterday. What a her ever-ready escort. Nan watched them pity you should come so far to be disapty, "and the fine air, and the pine woods; depart, sometimes with a little sigh of pointed; and yet it is strange she did why wouldn't someone like just such a envy; he with a fishing-rod over his not tell you!" And Nan's face grew She knew how provoked he

But Mr. Raymond still looked extremely mystified. "I do not under stand," he said. "I did not think or self. Why should I be disappointed?"
"Why!" cried Nan, aghast. "Weren't

made her think that possibly she had been mistaken, after al., in her surmises. What if there was nothing between these two but a commonplace friendship. Oh, how foolishly she had acted-like a country girl, indeed. And if he had not come to see Miss Niles, why had he come? Nan's heavy lashes drooped upon her cheek to conceal her sudden consciousness. But her guest only laughed at her tell-tale, downcast face.

"What was it you thought?" he asked mischievously; but Nan only pouted and would not answer. She did not like to

"Well, never mind," he said at length, drawing her gently into the firelit room, where a moment before she had sat so disconsolately; "but now do you know what I thought?"

And Nan whispered "No," although in her heart there was a sudden conscious ness that she did know well enough. "I thought that you loved me," he said roguishly; "why else should I be

here in spite of your ice and snow?" And although Nan tried to be very angry with this conceited person for having been so sure of a fact which she would never admit herself, she could not, some

## Dogs of Constantinople.

The dogs of Constantinople form a class of as much importance as other Asiatic races. The Europeans have used their influence, backed by money, to destroy these dogs either by killing or by

They are very friendly with all the in-habitants who live in their special lo-It certainly promised to be a very cality, while they show no recognition fringing on the other dog's territory; he

These dogs have no special owner-

## PEV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Rizpah on the Rock." TEXT: "And Rizpah, the daughter of Aigh, took sackcloth and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water drooped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the ar to rest on them by day nor the beasts of the fie d by night."—It Samuel xxi., 10.

Tragely that bests anything Shakespeareau or Victor Hugolan. After returning from the Holy Land I briefly touched uponit, but I must have a whole sermon for that scene. The explosion and flash of gun-powder have driven nearly all the beasts and birds of prey from these regions, and now the shriek of the locomotive whistle which is daily heard at Jerusalem will for many miles around clear Palestine of cruel those regions were populous with multitudes of jackals and lions. Seven sons of Saul had been crucifled on a hill. Rizbah was sentenced to bang there.

So Rizpah takes the sackcloth-1 rough shawl with which in mourning for her dead she had wrapped herself—and spreads that sackcloth upon the rocks nerr the gibbet, and acts the part of a sentinel, watching and defending the dead. Yet every other sentinel is relieved, and after being on guard for a few hours some one else takes his place. But Rispah is on guard both ay and night and for half a year. One hundred and eighty days and nights of ing at the battery of Portillo she found that obsequies. What nerves she must have had all the garison had been killed. She scattered

Ob, if she might be allowed to hollow a place in the side of t e hill and lay toe bodies of her children to quiet rest! If in some cavern of the mountains she might find for them Christian separature! Oh, it find for them from the giobet of distance of the story of a moment she breaks the snare and chides herself as though she had been crue', and leaps up on the rock shouting at wild beast garing from the thicket and at vulturous brool wheeling in the sky. The thrilling story of R zpan reaches David and he comes

Let every one who does wrong know that he would be no end to the recital if I attempted wars not only, as in this case, against two generations, colldren and grandchildren, but show that woman's courage would rouse itgenerations, colledge and grandchildren, but against all the generations of coming time. That is what makes dissipation and uncleanness so awiul. It reverberates in other times. It may skip one generation, but it is apt to come up in the third generation, as is apt to come up in the third generation, as is apt to come up in the third generation, as is apt to come up in the third generation, as is apt to come up in the third generation, as is apt to come up in the third generation, as is show that woman's courage would rouse itself for great emergency.

But I need not go so far You have butterfly in society. Her hand had known no toll. Her eye had wept no tear over the course of t

Mind you, it says nothing about the second generation, but mentions the third and the fourth. That accounts for what you sometimes see—very good parents with very bad children. Go far enough back in the ancestral line and you find the source of all the turplitude. "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." If when Saul died the consequences of his iniquity could have one died with him it would not have been so said. Alsa, not Look on that hill a few miles out from Jerusalem and see the ghastly burdens of those seven gibbets and the wan and wasted Rizpah watcaing them. Go to-day through the wards and almehouses and the reformatory institutions where unfortunate children are kept and you will find that n neout of ten had drunken or vicious parents. Yee, day by day on the strees of our cities you find men and women worked of evil parentage. They are moral corpses. Like the seven sons of Saul, though deaf, unburied! Alss for Rizpah, whe, not for eas month, but for years and years, has

curity against trouble.

Who is this Rispan sitting in desolation?
One of Saul's favorites. Her personal attractions had won his heart. She had been caressed of fortune. With a mother's prile the scene changes. Behold her in banishment and bersavement — Rizpah on the rock! Some of the worst distresses have come to scenes of royalty and wealth. What porter at the mansion's gate has not let in champing and lathered steed bringing evil

when taken from a power mug. Sorrow is

massacre. Stephen of England sat on a rocking throne. And every mast of pride has been bent in the storm, and the highest mountains of honor and fame are covered

Darkness has come. Sorrows have swooped like carrier birds from the sky and barked like jackals from the thicket. You stant amid your slain anguished and woe struck.

Amid your slain anguished and wee struck.

Rizpah on the root.

No it has been in all ages. Vashti must doff the spangled robes of the Persian court and go forth blasted from the palace gate.

Hagar exchanges oriental comfort for the wilderness of Beershebs. Mark, queen of Scots, must pass out from flattery and pomp to suffer ignominious death in the castle of Fotheringay. The wheel of fortune keeps turning, and mansions and huts exchange, and he who rode the chariot pushes the barrow, and instead of the glare of festal lights is the simmering of the peat fire, and in place of Sau's palace is the rock—the coldrock, the desolate rock.

But that is the place to which God comer. Jacov, with his head on a stone, saw the shining ladder. Israel in the desort beheld the marshaling of the flery baton. John on barren Patmos heard trumpeting, and the clapping of wings, and the stroke of seraphic fingers on golden harps, and nothing but heavenly strength nerved Rizpah for her appalling mission amid the scream of wild birds and the stealthy trend of hum.

but heavenly strength nerved Rizzah for her appalling mission amid the scream of wild birds and the steathy tread of hungry monsters. The grandest visions of giory, the most rapturous experiences of Christian love, the greatest triumphs of grace have come to the tried, and the hard pressed, and the betrayed, and the crushed. God scoping down from heaven to comfort Rizzah on the roos.

the courage of woman amid great emergen-cies. What mother or sister or daughter would dare to go out to fight the cormorant and jackal? Rizpan did it. And so would you if an emergency demanded. Woman is naturally timid and shrinks from exposure and depends on stronger arms for the achieve ment of great enterpriser. And she is often troubled lest there migot be occasious demanding fortitude when she would fail. Not so. Some of those who are afraid to look out of the door after night-fall, and who quake in the darkness at the least uncertain sound, and who start at the slam of the and turn pale in a thunderstorm, if the day of trial came, would be heroic and invulner-

God has arranged it so that that woman needs the trumpet of some great contest of principle or affection to rouse up her slumbering courage. Then she will stand under the crossire of opposint hosts at Chalons to give wine to the wounded. Then she will carry into prison and dark land the message of salvation Then she will brave the pestilence. Deborah goes out to sound terror into the hearts of God's enemies. Abizail throws herself between a raiding party of

Among the Orkney Islan's an eagle mother to two and a relative to five of the boys. What had these toys done that they should be crucified? Nothing except to have that the boys were dead, why not take them down from the gibbet? No. They are to read to hang there. than the iron beak and the terrible claw sine hurs the wild bird down the rocks. In the French revolution Cazatts was brought out to be executed, when his naughter threw herself on the boly of her father and said:
"Strike, barbarians! You cannot reach my father but through my heart!" parted, and linking arms father and daugh-

ter wasked out free.

During the siege of Saragossa, Angustina carried refreshments to the gates. Arriv-ing at the battery of Portillo she toun 1 that to stand that! Ab, do you not know that a match from the hand of a cead artillery-mother can stand anything? man and fired off a twenty-six pounder, then man and fired off a twenty-six pounder, then leaped on it and vowed sae would not leave

grace and carry them still farther away and able pens have lingered upon the story from the haunts of mer, and then lie beside them in the last long sleep! Exhausted nature ever and anon ialls into slumber, but in queen's maids, wao ran to bolt the door, but found the par nail been taken away so as to facilitate the entrance of the assassin! She thrust her arm into the stable. The mur-derers rushing against it, her arm was shattered. Yet how many have since live 1 and died who never heard the touching, self sacrificing, heroic story of Catharine Doug-

forth to hide the indecency. The corpses had been chained to the trees. The chains are unlocked with horrid cank, and the skeletons are let down. All the seven are buried, and the story ends:

Naples walked to the castle of Mura, and how fearlessly Mine. Grimaldi listened to how fearlessly Mine. Grimaldi listened to contemporation, and how Charlotte Corpsession. But it hardly ends before you cry out, "What a hard thing that those seven boys should suffer for the crimes of a father and day smiled upon the francic mob that purgrandfather?" Yes, but it is always so, grandfather? Yes, but it is always so, would be no end to the recital if I attempted would be no end to the recital if I attempted

apt to come up in the third generation, as is suggested in the Ten Commandments, which say, "Visiting the iniquities of the father apon the children unto the third and fourth generation."

Mind you, it says nothing about the section of the says are the sail and make the sail

corpses. Like the seven sons of Saul, though dead unburied! Alss for R'zpab, who, not for six months, but for years and years, has on the bright marriage day. Confident in Furthermore, this strange incident in the Bible story shows that attractiveness of person and elevation of position are as watched there! She cannot keep the vul- God, she had a strong heart, to which her person and elevation of position are no se-curity againt trouble. day and year after year, and wolf and com-orant by her God strengthensi arm were hurled down the rocks.

You pass day by day along streets where there are heroines greater than Joan of Arc. Upon that cellar floor there are conflicts as flerce as Sedan, and heaven and hell mingle in the fight. Lifted in that garret there are tribunals where more fortitude is demanded than where more fortitude is demanded than manded than was exhibited by Laty Jane

der what exquisite fraco has there not been chacted a tragedy of disaster? What curtained couch nath heard no cry of pain? What harp hath never thrilled with sorrow? What lordiy nature hath never leaned against carved pillar and made utterance of wo? Gall is not less bitter when quaffed from a golden chalice than when taken the same of the court of the heavenly conditions are so great that it would not take her a half see mit to come to your bereft heart.

Oh, these mothers in heaven! They can do more for us now than before they went the notes of victory that speak from the sky? Many years ago the Forfarshire shamer the next is not broken down. They approach the next is not broken down. They approach the started from Hull bound for Danlee. After the vessel had been out a little while the Grey or Mary, Queen of Scots.

Now I as: if mere natural courage can
do so much, what may we not expect of wo-Many years ago the Forfarshire steamer started from Hull bound for Danlee. After the vessel had been out a little while the winds began to rave an i billows rise until a tempest was upon them. The vessel leaked, walk as to be worthy of the supernal chamwhen qualted from a golden chalice than when taken from a pewier mug. Sorrow is often attended by lunning footmen and laced lackers mounted behind. Queen Anne Boleyn is desolate in the palace of Henry VIII.

Adolphus wept in German castles over the hypocrisy of friends. Peiro I, among Brazilian diamonds shivered with fear of massacre. Stephen of England sat on a rocking throne. And every mast of pride has

Sleeping that night in Longstone light-house was a girl of gentle spirit and comely been bent in the storm, and the highest mountains of honor and fame are covered with perpetual snow. Sickness will frost the rosiest cheek, wrinkle the smoothest brow and stiffen the sprightliest step. Rispand quits the courtly circle and sits on the rock. Perhaps you look back upon scenes different from those in which now from day to day you mingle. You have exchanged the plenty and luxuriance of your father's house for privation and trial known to God and your own heart. The morning of life was flushed with promise. Troops of calamities since then have made desperate charge upon you. Derkness has come. Sorrows have swooped like averier light, form, and the highest house was a girl of gentle spirit and comely countenance. As the morning dawas I see that girl standing amid the spray and turnult of contending elements looking through a glass upon the wreck and the nine wretched sufferers. She proposes to her father to take boat and put out across the wild sea to rescue them. The father says: "it cannot be done! Just look at the turbing surf." But she persisted, and with her father bounds into the boat. Though never accustomed to plying the oar, she takes one and her father the other. Steady now! Pull away! Pull away!

The sea tossel up the boat as though it were a bubble, our amid the spirit and comely countenance.

were a bubble, ou; amil the for n and the wrath of the sea the wrec; was reached, the exhauste i people picked up and save). Humane societies tendered their thanks. Venith poured into the lap of the poor girl Visitors from all lands came to look on ber sweet fact, and when soon after she launched forth on a dark sea, and Death

Again, the tragely of the text displays sinner whom you taught to pray, and the outcast whom you pointed to God for shelter, will say: "You did it to them! You did it to Me!"

Again, the scens of the text impresses up-Again, the scene of the text increases upon us the strength of maternal attachment.
Not many men would have had courage or
endurance for the awful mission of Rizoah.
To dare the rage of wild beasts, and sit from
May to Octaber unskeltered, and to watch
the corpose of unskeltered children, was a work that nothing but the maternal heart could har accomplished. It needed more strength than to stand before opened batter-les or to walk in calmuses the deck of a foundering steamer.

There is no emotion so completely unsel-

There is no emotion so completely unselfish as maternal affection. Conjugal love expects the return of many kindnesses and attentions. Filial love expects peternal care or is helpe I by the memory of past watchfulness. But the strengto of a mother's love is entirely independent of the past and the future, and is, of all emotions, the purest. The child has done nothing in the past to earn kindness, and is the stuture it may grow up to maltreat its perent, but still from the mother's heart there goes forth inconsumable affection.

Abuse cannot offend it: neglect cannot chill it; time cannot efface it; death cannot destroy it. For harsh words it has gentle chiding; for the blow it has beneficent ministry; for neglect it has increasing watch-

istry; for neglect it has increasing watch-fulness. It weeps at the prison door over the incarcerated prodigal, and pleads for pardon at the governor's feet, and is forced away by compassionate friends from witnessing the struggles of the gallows. Other lights go out, but this burns on without extinguishment, as in a gloom-truck night you may see a single star, one of God's pickets, with geaming bayonet of light guarding the out-posts of heaven.

The Marchioness of Spadars, when the earthquake at Messina occurred, was caroarcaquage at Messata Occurred, was carried out insensible from the falling houses. On coming to her senses she found that her infant had not been rescued. She went back and perished in the ruins. Illustration of ten thousand mothers wao in as many different ways have sacrificed themselves

for their calldren.
Oa, despise not a mother's love! If heretofors you have been negligent of such a one, and you have still opportunity for reparation, make haste. If you could only just look in for an hour's visit to her, you would rouse up in the aged one a whole world of blissful memories. What if she does sit without talking much? She watched you for many months when you knew not how to talk at all. What if she has many ailments to tell about? During as to fifteen years you ran to her with every lit-She tle scratch and bruise, and she doctored your little finger as carefully as a surgeon would bind the worst fracture.
You say she is childish now; I wonder if

she ever saw you when you were childish You have no patience to wait with her on the street, she moves so slowly: I wonder if she remembers the time when you were glad enough to go slowly. You complain at the expense of providing for her now; I wonder what your financial incom, was from one year to ten years of age. Do not begruige what you do for the old folks. I care not now much you did for them; they have done more for you.

But from the weird text of the morning comes the rushing in upon my soul a thought that overpowers me. This watching by Rizoah was an after death watching. I wonder it now there is an after death watching. I think there is. There are Rizpahs who have passed death and are still watch-They look down from their superna and glorified state upon us, and is not that an after death watching? I cannot believe that those who before their death were interested in us have since their death become

now. Does it embarrass us to think she knows all about us now? If she had to put up with so much when she was here, surely she will not be the less patient or excasarory

Oh, this tremen lous thought of my text -this after death watching! What an uplifting consideration, and what a comfort ing thought! Young mother, you who have just lost your babe, and who feel that need of a nearer solace than that which neel of a nearer solace than that whith comes from ordinary sympathy, your mother knows all about it. You cannot run in an I talk it all over with her as you would if she were still a terrestial resident, but it will comfort you some, I thint—yea, it will comfort you a gool deal—to know that she unlerstands it all. You see that the velocities of the heavenly conditions are so constituted in the would not take her a half

walk as to be worthy of the supernal cham-pionships, and if to any of us life on earth is a hardgrind, let us understant toat if we watch faithfully and trust fully our blessed Lord there will be a corresponding reward in the land of peace, and that Rizgau, who oace wept on a rock, now reigns on a

## Westminster Abbey's Only Mechanic.

George Graham, the only mechanic buried in Westminster Abbey, was the son of William Graham, of Blackstone, in the County of Camberland, England. At the age of thirteen he went to London and apprenticed himself to Thomas Tompion, a noted clock and watch maker, and later was taken into partnership, and becaue famous for the excelleuce of his work. It was, however, his scientific investigations that gave him great prominence. He corrected the variations of the pendulum due to the changes of temperature, by inventing the mercurial bob. The great clock at Greenwich which regulates the time of the world, was made by him in 1727, was the oars nan, dutes and duchesses and mighty men sat down in tears in Ainwick and, although it has done duty for near-mighty men sat down in tears in Ainwick and, although it has done duty for near-ly and three-quarters, it is No such deeds of daring will probably be still in use and now could scarcely be auroessed in its mechanical excellence. No such deeds of daring will probably be asked of you, but hear you not the howl of that awful storm of trouble and sin that hat tossed ten thousand shivered hulks into the breakers? Know you not that the whole earth is strewn with the shiowreckel—hat there are wounds to be healed and broken hearts to be bound and drowning souls to be resound? So up have going down and you surpassed in its mechanical excellence. there are wounds to be healed and crowning souls to be rescued? So he have gone down, and you come too late, but others are clinging to the wrear, are shivering with the colf, are strangling in the wave, are crying to you for deliverance. Will you not, our in hand, put out to-day from the lighthous? When the last ship's timoer shall have been rent, and the last Longstone beacon shall have been thundere i down in the hurricane, and the last tempest shall have been licked up by the tongue of all consuming fire, the crowns of eternal reward shall be kindling into brighter gory on the brow of the faithful. And Carst, cointing to the inebriate that you reformed, and the dying