## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Preached at Capernaum, in the Holy Land

CHIECE."THE STORMY PASSAGE."

Texts: "Entered into a ship, and went "And He arose and rebuked the wind and the sea."-Mark iv., 39. Here in this seashore village was the tem-

porary home of that Christ who, for the part of His life, was homeless. On the this village, now in ruins, and all around this lake, what scenes of kindness and power, and glory and pathos when our Lord lived here! It has been the wish of my I cannot say the hope, for I never exbeled the privilege-to stand on the banks What a sclemnity and what a ture to be here! I can now understand celing of the immortal Scotchman, Robert McCheyne, when sitting on the banks this lake, he wrote:

It is not that the wild gazelle Comes down to drink thy tide. But He that was pierced to save from hell Oft wandered by thy side.

Graculal around thee the mountains meet, Theat calm reposing sea; at all for more, the beautiful feet Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

I can now easily understand from the contour of the country that bounds this lake that storms were easily tempted to make these waters their playground. From the gentle way this lake treated our boat when we salled on it yesterday, one would have thought it incapable of a paroxysm of rage, but it was quite different on both the occasions spoken of in my two texts. I close my eves and the shore of Lake Galilee as it now with but little signs of human life, disapsears, and there comes back to my vision the ake as it was in Christ's time. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance; the surrounding hills terraced, sloped, grooved, so many maging gardens of beauty. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful-all tyles of vegetation in shorter space than in almost any other space in all the world, from the palm tree of the forest to the trees of rizorous climate.

t seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene, and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oleander. loman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing this lake, and countrymen in fish smacks coming down to drop their nots, pass each other with nod and shout and laughter, or swinging idly at their moorings. O, what a

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf winked in the air; not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret; but there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation.

From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron, or deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessel, ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla, bearing messengers of light and life and peace. Christ is in the front of the boat. His disciples are in a smaller boat. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into sommolence by the rocking of the waves, if there was any motion at all, the ship was asily righted; if the wind passed from starboard to larboard, or from larboard to starboard, the boat would rock, and by the gentleness of the motion putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate, and His head teached the pillow, than He is sound asleep. of the lake run their finger. through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

Calm night, starry night, beautiful night. Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the mouning of he storm, as it comes on with great stride, and all the terrors of hurricane and darkless. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessel loosen, and the sharp winds track like pistols; the smaller boats like petrels poise on the cliffs of the waves and

Overboard go cargo, tackling and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat, and lay hold of Christ, and say unto Him: "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" That great personage lifts His head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel, and looks out into the storm. All around Him are the smaller boats, driven in the temptest, and brough it comes the cry of drowning men. ly the flash of the lightning I see the calm beard. He has one word for the sky and another for the waves. Looking upward He cries: "Peace." Looking downward He says:

The waves fall flat on their faces, the foam melts, the extinguished stars relight their The tempest falls dead and Christ stands with His feet on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are bailing out the poats, and while they are trying to untangle the cordage, the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then ato the calm sky, then into the calm Saviour's countenance, and they cry out: What manuer of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

The subject in the first place impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have Christ in the ship; for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson for you and for me to learn! must always have Christ in the ship. Whatver voyage we undertake, into whatever enerprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. All you can do with utmost tenson of body, mind, and soul, you are bound a do. but oh! have Christ in every enter-There are men who ask God's help at the beginning of great enterprises. He has been

with them in the past, no trouble can over brow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mount Hermon, and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After a while the storm comes and tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his lifeboat and he long boat; the sheriff and the auctioneer blasts or tropical tornadoes; I know not what s before you, but I know if you have Christ

try to help him off; they can't help him off; he must go down-no Christ in the ship. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadows. There may be in it Arctic with you all shall be well. You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane leck, and the decks are crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you do then without Christ in the ship? Take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your hold; then all is well; all is well for time, all shall be well forever. Blessed is that

man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded. But my subject also impresses me with he fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing. These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said: "What a beautiful day this is! What a smooth sea! What a bright sky this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat! And as for the waves under this leaf of the ader the keel of the boat, why they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful," But when the winds swept down and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that following Christ was not have had a smooth life, a smooth departure then those men, the disciples of Jesus Christ ought to have had such a departure and such a life. St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halbert. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets, St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, how they were all tossed in the tempest! John Huss in the fire; Hugh McKail in the hour of

at Christianity; the young men in the same store, antagonistic to the Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his religion, try to get him mad. They succeed in getting him mad, saying: "You're a pretty Christian!" Does that young Does that young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Or, you remember a Christian girl. Her father despises the Christian religion; her mother despises the Christian religion; her brothers and sisters scoff at the Christian religion; she can hardly find a quiet place in which to say her prayers.

Did she find it smooth sailing
when she tried to follow Jesus Christ? Oh All who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution; if you do not find it in one way, you will get it in another way. The question was asked "Who are those nearest the throne?" And the answer came back: "These are they who came up out of great tribulation-great flailing, as the original has it; great flailing, great pounding—and hal their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Oh, do not be disheartened! Take courage. You are in glorious companionship. God will see you through all trials and He will

deliver you. My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get very much frightened. In the tones of these disciples as they rushed into the back part of the boat, I find they are frightened almost to death. say: "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" They had no reason to be frightened, for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much affrighted. Perhaps more. In all ages very good people get very much affrighted. It is often so in our day, and men say:
"Why, look at the bad lectures; look at the various errors going over the church of God; we are going to founder; the church going to perish; she is going down. how many good people are affrighted by iniquity in our day, and think the church of Jesus Christ is going to be overthrown, and are just as much affrighted as were the disciples of my text. Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness. A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down with his shaggy mane covering the paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern and say: "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread, until the whole front of the cavern is coverel with the spider's web, and the spiders say: "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After a while the lion has got through sleeping; he rouses himself, he shakes his mane, he walks out into the sunlight; he does not even know the spider's web is spun, and with his voice he shakes the mountain, So men come spinning their sophistries and skepticism about Jesus Christ; He seems to be sleeping. They say: "We have captured the Lord; He will never come forth again upon the nation; Christ is captured forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after a while the Lion of the tribe of Juda's will rouse Himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What's a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple and

truth will come off victor. But there are a great many good people who get affrighted in other respects; they are affrighted in our day about revivals. They say: "Oh! this is a strong religious we are afraid the church of God is going to be upset, and there are going to be a great many people brought into the church that are going to be of no use to it;" and they are affrighted whenever they see a revival taking hold of the churches. As though a ship Captain, with five thousand bushels of wheat for a cargo, should say some day, coming upon deck: "Throw overboard all the carand the sailors should say: "Wby, Captain, what do you mean? Throw over all the cargo?"
"Oh," says the Captain, "we have a pock of chaff that has got into this five thousand bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard." Now, that is a great deal wiser than the talk of a great many Christians who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who are the subjects of revivals. Throw all overboard because they are brought into the kingdom of God through great revivals, because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff! I say, let them stay until the last day; the Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat. Do not be afraid of a great revival. Oh, that such gales from heaven might sweep through all our churches! Oh, for such days as Richard Baxter saw in England, and Robert Mc-Cheyne saw in Dundee! Oh, for such days as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton! have often heard my father tell of the fact that in the early part of this century a revival broke out at Somerville, N. J.; and some people were very much agitatel about it. They said: "Oh, you are going to bring too many people into the church at once;" and they sent down to New Brunswick to get John Livingston to stop the revival. Well, there was no better soul in all the world than John Livingston. He went and looked at the revival; they wanted him to stop it. He stood in the pulpit on the Sabbath, and looked over the solemn auditory, and he said: "This, brethren, is in reality the work of God; beware how you try to stop it." And he was an old man, leaning heavily upon his staff—a very old man. And he lifted that staff, and took hold of the small end of the staff, and began to let it fall slowly through between the finger and the thumb, and he said: "Oh, thou impenitent, thou art falling now-falling from life, falling away from peace and heaven, falling as certainly as the cane is falling through my haud-falling certainly, though perhaps falling slowly!" And the cane kept on falling through John Liv-ingston's hand. The religious emotion in the audience was overpowering, and men saw a type of their doom, as the cane kept falling and falling, until the knob of the cane struck Mr. Livingston's hand, and he clasped it stoutly and said: "But the grace of God can stop you as I stopped that cane," and then there was gladness all through the house at the fact of pardon and peace and salvation. "Well." said the people after the service, "I guess you had better send Livingston home; he is making the revival worse." Oh, for gales from heaven to sweep all the continents! The danger of the church of God is not in revivals. Agam, my subject impressed me with the fact that Jesus was God and man in the same limbs of a hickory tree which interlaced being. Here He is in the back part of the Oh, how tired He looks; what sad dreams He must have! Look at His countenance; He must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at Him, He is a man-bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, He falls asleep; He is a man. But then I find Christ at the prow of the boat; I hear Him say: "Peace, be still;" and I see the storm kneeling at His feet, and the temptests folding their wings in His presence; He is a God.

over sin, death and hell, I come to the front of the boat, and I kneel down, and I say: "Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, Thou who dost hush the tempest, hush all my grief, bush all my temptation, bush all my sin!" A man, a man, a God, a God. I learn once more from this subject that Christ can hush a tempest. It did seem as if everything must go to ruin. The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized, yet Christ rises, and He puts His foot on the storm, and it crouches at His feet. Oh, yes! Christ can hush the tempest. You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweet-est child of the household, the one who asked the most curious questions, and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolate castle, the owls of the night hooting among the fallen arches and the crumbling stairways. Persmooth sailing. So you have found it; so I haps it was an aged mother. You always went to her with your troubles. She was in your would say, if ever men ought to haps it was an aged mother. You always you; that old hand will do you no more kindness; that white lock of hair you put away in the casket or in the locket didn't look as it usually did when she brushed it away from her wrinkled brow in the home circle or in the country church. Or your property gone, you said: "I have so much bank stock. I have so many government securities, I have so many houses, I have so many farms—all gone, all gone."
Why, sir, all the storms that ever trampled with their thunders, all the shipwrecks, have not been worse than this to you. Yet you martyrdom; the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing. But why so into it smooth sailing? But why go into as you can, better than you can, history when we can draw from our O bereaved mother? Hushing the own memory illustrations of the truth of what I say? Some young man in a store trying to serve God, while his employer scoffs banks that never break." Jesus hushing the

If I have sorrow and trouble, and want sympathy, I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat and say: 'Oh, Christ! weary

one of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my

sorrows, man of Nazareth, man of the cross.

A man, a man. But if I want to conquer

my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory

tempest. There is one storm into which we will all have to run. The moment when we let go of this world and try to take hold of the next, we will want all the grace possible. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death; all the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul—the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the shriek of the wind, all seem to unite together; but that soul is not troubled; there is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears—calm, satisfied and peaceful; all is well. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. All shall be well, Jesus being our guide.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide; We're home at last, home at last, Softly we drift on the bright, silv'ry tide, We're home at last.

Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er.
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

#### CURIOUS FACTS.

Calico was imported into England by the East India Company in 1631.

Geneva is said to be the cheapest city

in Europe for a permanent residence. The two-months-old son of a Salem (Oregon) Chinaman was recently baptized in the Presbyterian church of that city. In the basement of the White House Mrs. Harrison has found two old mahogany cabinets which were used in the

mansion when it was first built, There are now enough French people along the line of the Maine Central Railroad to justify that corporation in posting its time tables printed in French.

There is a woman near Astoria, Oregon, who has to hold up her hand and get permission from her husband before she can go out. She is going to school to him.

San Francisco has a Chinese physician, Li Po Tai, whose professional income is stated to be \$6000 per month. He has been established in that city for thirty

Our word "butler" comes from an old English word, boteler, a man who has charge of the bottles. The chief butler of Pharoah, mentioned in the Bible, an officer of high rank, was more properly cup-bearer to the king.

A cork tree at Vistalia, Cal., was recently transplanted to the court house yard. It was planted from an acorn in 1857 in a vacant lot and has grown to be thirty feet high and twenty inches through the butt. The bark is one inch thick. A watch for blind people has been in-

vented in Switzerland. In the middle of every figure is a small peg, which drops when the hour-hand reaches the figure. The owner feels that the peg is down, and counts back to twelve to determine the A big poplar tree was felled at Utica.

Ind., recently, and as it struck the ground a large limb broke off, in the heart of which was found the antlers of a deer, a cow's horn, and a number of curious shells. The mystery is how they got Aleck Smith, living near Jeffersonville, Ind., is probably the only farmer in the

Union, perhaps in the world, who devotes all his time and territory to the raising of butter beans. He owns a small place and has on this for years grown the butter bean, realizing a comfortable liv-Rev. John W. Farnham, the minister

of the colored Methodist church at Charlotte, N. C., wears a boot the size of which is thirty-five and a half, which necessitates a sole of twenty inches in length and seven inches broad. Rev. Farnham stands six feet ten inches in his sizable stockings, and weighs 410 pounds.

## Two Boys and a Bear.

Two boys, aged fourteen and sixteen years, the sons of Abram Burger, a farmer, living on the East Branch of the Delaware, near Farlow Lake, N. Y. were hunting raccoons on Dry Brook Mountain a short time ago. When about half-way up the mountain they found a beech tree from which hung a large number of pods of ripe beech nuts. Leaving their rifles on the ground, they climbed the tree to thrash off some beech nuts to take home with them. They had hardly got into the tree when their dog gave a yelp of fear and shied away into the brush. At that moment the brush on the other side of the little clearing where the beech tree stood broke away and a huge black bear came out and walked

straight to the tree where they were. The bear smelt about the butt of the tree for some minutes, and then began to hitch himself up the trunk of the tree. The frightened boys climbed higher into the tree. The bear followed them however, until he had got to the very limb on which they were holding. The boys balanced themselves, first one and then the other, on the limb on which they were sitting, and then sprang for the the outermost branches of the beech. Fortunately for them they both caught a limb and then began a race for the

Before Bruin could understand what had happened the boys were peppering him from the ground with rifle balls from a pair of Colt's rifles. They finally hit him in a vital spot and brought him to the ground, -New York Herald.

## How Young Abe Lincoln Danced.

General Singleton, of Quincy, Ill., who was one of the bright young lawyers of Springfield when Abraham Lincoln was a green youth there, tells this story which we believe has never been printed before. The bevy of bright young ladies to which Miss Todd belonged before her marriage to Mr. Lincolnused to have a good deal of sport at this awkward young man's expense. One evening at a little party Mr. Lincoln approached Miss Todd and said in his peculiar idiom:

"Miss Todd, I should like to dance with you the worst way."

The young lady accepted the inevitable and hobbled around the room with him. When Miss Todd had returned to her seat, one of her mischievous companions

"Well, Mary, did he dance with you

"Yes," she answered; "the very

## worst."- Washington Post.

Catching Salmon by Hand. The canning of salmon is one of the greatest industries of Alaska. The canneries are situated near the mouth of some river or the outlet of a lake, up which the salmon passes in schools to deposit their spawn. As they return, the stream and the bay are so alive with them that they are caught by millions, and often tossed into the boat or on to the shore with the hand. The output of the can- rious ages: neries for Alaska alone during the past year is 500,000 cases, each case containing forty-eight one-pound cans, and worth at the cannery \$5 a case .- Mail,

## A BIG SILK FARM.

THAT IS WHAT THIS COUNTRY MAY BECOME SOME DAY.

Reeling Machine That May Accomplish Wonders-An Industry for Farm Women-How to Obtain Silk Eggs.

"I have just returned from Europe, said Chief Walker of the newly-created silk division in the Department of Agriculture, "with a reeling machine that seems likely to accomplish the great problem, the solution of which will turn the United States into a gigantic silk farm. This one difficulty, as things are now, alone stands in the way of the sikproducing industry in America. So troublesome and costly is the process of reeling silk with the contrivances thus far applied that manufacturers on this side of the water cannot afford to pay cocoon raisers here living prices for their product, if they are to compete successfully with foreign competition. For this reason comparatively few cocoons are overcoat to his chin, and settling his raised in this country-not more than 10,-000 pounds in all, probably-of which amount we ourselves buy one-half for experimental purposes. One fair-sized silk factory can easily consume 100,000 pounds of cocoons in a year. But if this new machine, just completed after my own designs on the ideas of a French inventor, fulfills my expectations it will be found to be practically automatic, so that, as one might say, the cocoons put in at one end will come out raw silk at the other. A contrivance that accomplishes this will so considerably reducthe expense of making the raw silk that American manufacturers can buy cocoons here for material, instead of importing it, in the shape of raw silk, from Japan and elsewhere abroad, as they do now. The moment that the cost of producing raw silk is brought down a big per cent. below the foreign market price of the article, the profits of silk manufacture will rise proportionately, and the business will jump into activity all over; the of course, arise for cocoons, and the market price for cocoons will go up suf ficiently to draw thousands of farme into the occupation of raising them.? "And why the farmers," asked a re-

"I should rather say the farm women It is to them that the great American sick manufacturers of the future will look for their supplies of cocoons. The production of silk cocoons is an industry espacially adapted to the use and opportunity of farm people. In France each farmer wife raises a few pounds of cocoons every spring, and makes a little money by selfing them; in this way mainly is the sil crop grown. Women of the agricultual his cold, wet hands and face, and told class in the United States are not oblig to work in the fields as French won. a are, and thus they have more time to devote to such a pursuit. There is a vist amount of waste female labor in this couldn't he do so now? country, or rather idleness, that initiat be turned to labor, and here is a purpose to which this spare 'hen-time' might be devoted for six weeks in the year at any rate, during the cocoon-raising seas No occupation could possibly be care easy and agreeable for a woman that he raising of cocoons, and it will offer a source of income to rural wives daughters north, south, east and west

quickly as this little mechanical problem is solved. This machine which I hope embodies the solution of it is already out together, and the first trial of it will be made at once." "But how is a woman to get started in the silk-raising business?" "Easily enough. Any woman is the United States, who will take the trouble to write to us in March of any year, with a request for silk-worm eggs, will be ent about April 1 a quarter of an oung of | I'll never go on the prairie any morethem, or about 9000 in a little box

eggs will have been kept on ice by prevent hatching, and all the beginner need do is to put them in a dry place where they will come out of themsel es. The 9000 worms will take up a table space forty feet square, and the rost convenient way is to put together roughly a tier of big square shelves for them, one above the other, with spaces of two feet between. On these or on ordinary tables the worms should be placed and allowed to feed four or five times Allay upon as many mulberry or osage leads as they will consume; no other sort of rood will do. When they are ready to pin their cocoods, light brush must be put over them for them to climb up on. Once spun the cocoons must be detached from the brush and thrown into boding water for a few seconds to kill the terms inside; otherwise they would be out and spoil the silk. With two oung eggs a year a woman ought to be able to raise fifty or sixty pounds of cocoons per annum, hatching the eggs April 15 and gathering the cocoons June 1. Th latter are worth about \$1 a pound now buy most of the cocoons at that rate from the women whom we supply with iggs. When the great demand for cocoon arrives-as it surely will before long-100,000 women, producing fifty pounds each per annum, will supply fifty factories with material for turning out an enormous amount of silken fabric."-Washington Star.

Called Out of Name.

Irish stew is a dish unknown in Ire Kid gloves are not made of kid, but of lamb skin or sheep skin.

German silver is not silver at all, nor of German origin, but has been used in China for centuries. Dutch clocks are of German manufac-

Baffin's Bay is not a bay.

Turkish baths are unknown to the Turkey rhubarb should be called itus sian rhubarb, as it is a Russian mo-

Why are turkeys so called? They do not come from Turkey. Slave means noble or illustrious.

Tit-mouse is a bird.

Sealing wax contains no wax. Shrew-mouse is no mouse. Rice-paper is not made of rice or the rice plant.

Cat gut should be sheep gut. Blind worms have eyes and can see. Cleopatra's needle should be named after Thotmes III.

#### Besetting Sins. Here is a list of the sins that are said

to most easily beset mankind in the va-Infancy......Over feeding. Childhood. Scanty clothing.
Youth. Late Rising. 

100 Doses One Dollar

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Ray's Pony. "Mamma, where do ponies growttle tinty tonty ones like this?" and e held up a picture of a number of

hetland ponies. "I don't know," answered mamma. "Out on the prairie, I guess. Mamthere?" pointing toward a large freadow that lay along the river. "I guess so. Run out and play," an-

vered mamma, without looking up. "All right. Good-by, mamma. I se ran to his own little room for the hings he thought he should need. There was his warm winter overcoat;

he must have that to wrap round him if he should camp out. His pen-pistol he must take to shoot bears and buffalo with, and his fur cap he should want if it should be winter before he got home again. Taking off his nice new shoes and

triped stockings, for fear he would spoil them, he laid them carefully away at the foot of his little bed; then stickfur cap on his sunny curls, he was all ready to travel.

"Good-by, mamma!" he shouted, but mamma was too busy to hear him. One faithful friend did hear him, and, looking after the odd little figure, wondered what new freak Ray had taken now.

That was old Bruno, who lay basking in the sunshine on the piazza. After watching a few moments, Bruno rose, and, after stretching his shaggy limbs, started after Ray.

Down through the orchard, over the hill and across the brook trudged the sturdy little figure; across the great meadow to the stream between that and the island. It was only fun to wade that, for the water hardly covered the chubby feet.

He turned and looked toward home, then caught his breath, for he had never been so far from home alone be-

Old Bruno followed slowly in his footstens.

The sun sank behind a great black cloud, and suddenly a clap of thunder crashed and crackled overhead, the lightning flashed and the rain began to come in big, splashing drops that wet even through his warm overcoat, Now Ray was afraid of a thunderstorm. He had not reckoned on that,

He forgot everything but home and mamma, but he could not tell which way home was; the rain blinded him, and the thunder roared so that he could hardly hear himself cry.

He stumbled and fell over a big rock and hurt his ankle, and then Bruno thought it was about time for him to attend to matters himself. Bounding to Ray's side he lapped

in every way a dog could of sympathy and protection. Ray started up with a joyful cry-he had often ridden on Bruno's back-why

Bruno stood perfectly still until Ray dragged himself up on one foot, and after many trials, was fairly seated on bis broad back with both hands clenched ir the hair on his shaggy

Then, step by step, carefully as though he knew what pain every more ment gave Ray, Bruno picked his way across the stream and the meadow, up the hill and through the orchard, to

The shower was over and the warm sun shone through the mist. Papa and John were looking everywhere for the lost boy, and mamma stood on the piazza with a face white "O, Ray! Ray! what made you run

away?" she cried. "I just wanted the pony, mamma, but I don't now," answered Ray; "and never."

"I guess not," said mamma. And she laughed and cried all the while she was changing his wet clothes. Then

papa came in. "What's this about a pony? Come out to the barn, little son. Judy has found a pony for you-just the cunningest lit le coltie you ever saw." And there in Judy's warm stall Rav

Tis sad to see a woman growing old before her All broken-down and hopeless when life should hold its prime; she feels herself a burden when blessing she should be

found his pony after all .- Youth's

Companion.

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