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A CHEAP SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY THE "OLD UN."

Tom Blivins and Elias Sharp were 'townies;" that is to say, they were both born and raised in the town of Gilmanton, New Hampshire, the noble old Granite state. They came to Boston in search of fortune. Tom got a clerkship in a wholesale house on Central wharf, and plodded along the road that leads to success, living on a trifle and making a weekly deposit in the savings bank. Elias Sharp was in the employ of a grocer in North Market street. His name belied his character, for, though he thought himself the "smartest fellow in all creation," the fact is, that his paternal parent sent him to Boston, because, as he stated to his wife, "Elias was so allfired green that he was afeared, if the grass run short, the cattle'd eat him." He was always getting into scrapes and trusting to Blivins to pull him through, though whenever he was cornered in consequence of his own blundering, he always protested:

"I done it for the best—I done it for the best."

The young man boarded at a cheap but respectable lodging house in Hanover street.

One winter a genuine old-fashioned New England snowstorm, lasting for two days, cleared off, leaving splendid sleighing, and, of course, all the Bostonians went mad, as they always do with the first snow. It is their carnival. Nothing was talked or thought of but sleighing. Tom Blivins was unaffected by the mania, but Elias Sharp caught the infection, and it "struck innards to his gizzard," as he phrased it.

"Tom," said he, one morning to his room-mate, "I can't stand it no longer. Everybody's on the road. Get a half holiday, and jine me in a sleigh-ride."

"It's too expensive," replied the ever-prudent Blivins.

"You're allers throwin' cold water onto a feller's aspirations," rejoined Elias. "I tell yer it 'ain't no such thing. I know a feller in Portland street—Nathan Parker—that'll let me hev a horse and sleigh for the afternoon to go to Brighton for five dollars—that's only two and a half apiece. It's cheaper than stayin' to hum. Now's your chance. Speak quick or you'll lose it. Two and a half—and a half—and a half—quick, or you'll lose it—going—going—going."

"Yes—I'm going," said Blivins, se-

[illegible] of bein' in [illegible] we have a frolic [illegible] the fact is, I've agreed to take supper here with my friends. Every man pays his scot. This house is famous for venison suppers."

"How much will it cost?" asked Blivins, anxiously.

"Oh! about two dollars and half apiece. That ain't nothin'—and if you're short, or think you can't afford it, I'll pay for both."

"I thought this was to be a cheap excursion—to cost five dollars at the outside."

"Well, you see, I got roped in for the supper. But don't fret, old fellow; I'll pay for you."

"No, you won't. Since I'm in for it, I'll stand my hand, but mind, no further extravagance."

"Honor bright, old feller. How much money have you got about your trousers?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"I can match you. It's all right, old boy. And now come upstairs. I'll introduce you to my friends—jolly old fellows from the North End."

"I'd rather not," said Blivins, holding back.

"Pshaw! you're going to dine with 'em. They won't bite your heard off."

So Blivins was dragged up into a private parlor, and introduced to Capt. Hardcastle, Capt. Bower, Capt. Brown, Capt. Jessup, Capt. Jenkins and Capt. Cumpers, and there was much scraping and handshaking.

Capt. Hardcastle counted noses.

"There's eight of us," he said. "Just make up two tables. We'll have a game of whist."

Here he rang the bell as if he was hauling on a mainbrace, and ordered the frightened waiter to bring two packs of cards as if he was hailing to windward in a northeast gale.

"I beg pardon, captain," said Blivins, timidly, "but I am no card player—scarcely know one card from another."

"D'ye mean to say, young gentleman," said the captain, fiercely, "that you're going to make a marplot of yourself—to sheer off like a land lubber when your mates are going into action? Shiver my topsails, if I thought so"—and he looked very red and apoplectic, and the other sea captains began to mutter and growl in a very ominous manner.

"Well, gentlemen," said Blivins, "if, after my avowal of ignorance, any one of you is willing to accept me as a partner, I'll join you."

"I'll take you," said Capt. Bower "but, mind you keep your eye peeled, youngster. I shall watch your game like a shark watching for a funeral at sea."

After which ominous warning the party sat down to cards. Blivins thought they were playing for fun, but he was deceived; a little of the circulating medium was involved, "just to make the game interesting" as Capt. Bower remarked.

When supper was announced, poor Blivins found he was out five dollars. Moreover he had been "playing for money," a thing abhorrent to his principles. He sat down with very little appetite, and had a wretched time generally.

After supper he took Elias aside.

"'Lias," said he, "did you lose or win?"

"Lost, old fellew, lost."

"How much?"

"No matter. But, by Jove! I'll be even with 'em. If there's any game I do understand, it's whist. I'll show 'em I do, by hookey! before the even-in's over."

"You don't mean to say you're going to risk more money?"

"Certain sure, old fellow. Come along."

"Then you may count me out," said Blivins, firmly.

"Come, 'Lias—come, Mr. What's Your Name—your friend, there? All hands on deck! Tumble up; tumble up!" roared Capt. Hardcastle.

"He won't come," said Elias.

"Thunder!" roared Hardcastle.

"Let him alone," said Capt. Bower, glaring savagely at Blivins. "I can't abide a lubber that leads trumps after my kicking his shins under the table. I'd rather have an out-and-out dummy."

"All right, then," roared the captain. "All hands on deck except the skulker."

Blivins was left alone in the now deserted bar-room, watching the hands of the clock drag themselves slowly over the dial plate. At ten Elias came down looking very much flurried.

"My luck's sure to turn, old fellow. Lend me ten dollars."

Mechanically Blivins drew out the required sum, placed it in his friend's hand, and Elias darted upstairs again.

At eleven he reappeared with another requisition for the same amount.

"Not a cent," said Blivins, resolutely.

"Come, old friend," remonstrated Elias.

"Nary red," said Blivins. "Now I've ordered the horse and sleigh."

"Is that your last word?"

"Final."

"I never thought you'd go back on me—a towny," said Elias.

Blivins made no rejoinder. His face was set like a marble monument. The sleigh bells were heard at the door.

Elias skulked upstairs. He might have continued to play with I. O. U.'s, but reason stepped in and saved him from further folly.

He took leave of the "jolly dogs" upstairs, who were now engaged in singing "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," stepped into the sleigh, handed a "tip" to the hostler, took up the lines, and drove for a couple of miles in silence.

Then he said, rather sheepishly:

"I done it for the best, old feller—I done it for the best."

His attention was next directed to the actions of the horse; that unfortunate animal evidently preferred walking to trotting, though he was now heading homeward, and the utmost the "carver" could accomplish was to rouse him into an intermittent scuffle. When they were within one mile of Boston statehouse, the horse stumbled and fell. All efforts to rouse him were in vain.

"By Jove!" cried Elias, after an examination of the prostrate creature; "the critter's as dead as a doornail."

"Dead!" cried Blivins, jumping out of the sleigh.

"He's lost his chance for the Derby and Oaks," said Elias. "He's had his last sleigh-ride, and, by Jerusalem! I reckon I've had mine. What's to be done, now?"

"Foot it to Hanover street," answered Blivins.

"And the horse? Leave him here—the most valuable animal in Nat Parker's stable? No, siree! That ain't to be thought of. They'll want to stuff him and set him up in a nonatomical museum. Help me to boost him into the sleigh, and we two'll tote him into town. Don't think I'm loony or romantic," said the wretched youth, grasping his friend's arm. "I simply go in for justice—and—and—remorse!"

He covered his face with his hands and wept.

Then the two friends went to work, and by the aid of some loose rails managed to get the inanimate animal into the sleigh. After that they seized the shafts and tugged away at their self-imposed task. The ascent of Beacon Hill was a trial, but they accomplished it. Down Park street they went at a run; it was easy sledding along Tremont street, down Hanover street, and so on to the stable. The one-eyed hostler received the remains.

"Here's a rum go!" said he, gloomily, if not sadly. "Mr. Parker's been dreadful oneasy since he heard how you druv that 'ere horse over the Neck. He's got a peck of evidence ag'in ye."

"I done it for the best—I done it for the best," muttered Elias, hoarsely. "Take keer of the remains—I'll make it all right in the morning.

That dreadful night! that horrible morning! For with the morning came Nemesis in the shape of Mr. Nathan Parker. His bill read:

"Elias Sharp, Esq., to Nathan Parker, Dr.:

To hire of horse and sleigh....	$ 5.00
To value of horse killed by overdriving	150.00
Total	$155.00"

Immediate settlement or legal vengeance were the terms offered.

"What shall I do?" cried the wretched Elias, when the stablekeeper had withdrawn.

"You'll have to write home to your folks, who are able to help you, and will do so if you make a full and frank confession," said Blivins. "Parker will take his pay by installments if he sees that you mean to deal fairly by him. Meanwhile, I will assist you and advance you money, if you promise to be steadier in future, if you pledge yourself never to touch a card again, and never, under any circumstances, ask me to join you in a cheap sleigh-ride."—New York Weekly.

Never Saw a Chalybeate.

An American engineer and architect, Colonel Charles Nichols, has recently returned from England, were he spent several years, mainly in constructing and remodeling pretentious country seats.

"One of my employers," said Colonel Nichols," was a London tradesman who had amassed a fortune, and contracted with me to alter a country place he had bought to retire to. On it was a fish pond that he decided to clear out. When it was drained we found at the bottom a spring of colored mineral water. I told my employer that he had found a chalybeate.

"'I'm glad of it,' said he, 'as I never saw one. Put it in the basket with the other fish and I'll be over to look at t directly.'"—New York Herald.

Deprived of His Means of Support.

Beggar—Kind sir, could you help a victim of the trusts? I am starving!

Citizen—How are the trusts responsible?

Beggar—They shut down the factory where my wife had a job, sir.—Puck.

KING OF THE GUILLOTINE

UNIQUE POSITION OF FRANCE'S PUBLIC EXECUTIONER.

Government Functionary With High Sounding Title—Sinister Office Often Descends From Father to Son—Louis Deibler's Wife Daughter of an Executioner.

One of the best known Parisians of modern times has just passed away; yet there were not 50 men in all France who were willing to know him.

He was peculiarly popular, in a contemptuous way, among the lower classes, says Pearson's Magazine; yet no one workingman in ten thousand would shake his hand.

He had a unique position, alone of his kind. Though neither statesman, man of law, administrator or soldier, he was a government functionary with the most high sounding of titles; yet this title was unknown to the great mass of Frenchmen, who called him by another name—which was not his.

They called him "Monsieur de Paris." His real title was executeur des hautes oeuvres (he who executes high deeds). His name was Louis Antoine Stanislaus Deibler, and his profession was the cutting off of heads.

He was the sole public executioner of France and Corsica. His father had been public executioner before him. And his son succeeds him in the sinister office.

The father of Louis Deibler was public executioner at Rennes and in the five departments of Brittany. The stain was already in the family, and so was familiarity with the vocation.

What could the young man have done in life? Should he make himself a lawyer, a painter, or go into business. The stain would have followed him. He was the son of the guillotine, and there was not a girl in France that would have married him!

In France it is not as with us, where these dread responsibilities are diluted by division among a thousand sheriffs, each occupying for a few years only an office that is highly honorable, and in which the "execution of high deeds," if it comes at all, is the rarest of accidents and leaves no personal association in the public mind.

It has always been different in France. Under the old regime of kings, as far back as the 13th century, we find individuals whose life work it was to "whip, brand, hang, behead, break on the wheel and burn" in the name of the law. The title was that of "executor of high justice," a profession that demands long apprenticeship, because, according to an ancient ordinance, the bourreau (executioner) must "know how to do his office by means of fire, by the sword, the whip, the wheel, by drawing and quartering, by the fork, by dragging, pointing and pricking, by ear cutting, by dismembering, by fustigating, by the pillory, by the iron collar, and by other like pains according to the customs and usages of the land ordered by the law for the terrifying of malefactors."

In 1720 the bourreau of Paris had a fixed salary of 16,000 livres, equivalent today to $16,000, for himself and his aids. The guillotine was not yet invented, though the practice of torturing had almost died out and the chief work of Monsieur de Paris was the merciful cutting off of heads by means of the axe and block. In those days it was always "Monsieur de Paris," "Monsieur de Rennes," and so on—a strange title strangely shared by bishops. Thus the great Bossuet was known to the court of Louis XIV as "Monsieur de Meaux."

It was natural that the ill famed though highly paid office should run in families. A single family—the famous Sansons—occupied it through generations, from the year 1688 down to 1847, from the old days of torture to the merciful invention of the guillotine, through the merciful red waves of the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration of kings down to the very eve of the Second Republic. Generation after generation the Sanson family kept its memoirs; and their publication a few years ago, in eight large volumes, though scarcely more than a publisher's venture, with few important contributions to history, make strange reading.

Louis Antoine Stanislaus Deibler, who was born in the year 1823, had discovered early in life that his father was not like other men—he was "Monsieur de Rennes." A few years ago, in a moment of mournful reminiscence, he pictured to a friend his young wife's solicitude when his own little son began to ask questions.

"Papa is traveling," the child would prattle. The boy grew. Then one day he said "Papa is traveling!" in a tone she had never heard from him before.

And she knew that he knew!

I have said that there was not a girl in all France who would have married Louis Deibler. There was one in Algiers, however, who received his suit gladly—a charming young lady, well educated, virtuous, good looking and possessed of a handsome marriage portion.

What made this tender paragon receive the ostracized youth so kindly? She was in the same position as himself. There was probably not a young man of decent family in all France or Algiers who would have asked for her hand. She was the daughter of M. Raseneuf, the public executioner of Algiers.

Louis Deibler came and saw and was accepted. Indeed, he was doubly accepted, for he at once entered into the office of assistant executioner to M. Raseneuf. This was in 1858, and in 1863 his own father died, still executioner at Rennes. He himself continued to live in the family of his father-in-law and to assist him in his work until the law of 1871 came to suppress the separate posts of executioner in the provinces. Louis Deibler was called to Paris and, in the quality of assistant of the first class, he was attached to M. Roch, the "Monsieur de Paris" of the day. M. Roch died in 1879, and M. Diebler succeeded him and "exercised" during all of 20 long years.

Louis Deibler had barely entered on his functions as executioner for Paris and all France when he was called to Agen to guillotine Laprade, a youth of 20 years, who had assassinated his father, mother and grandmother. The execution was duly carried out on May 19, 1879; but the new executioner met with such resistance from the young villain that he was obliged to bang his head against the side of the guillotine until he was practically insensible.

His second victim was the celebrated Prunier, condemned in September of the same year for the assassination of an old woman with aggravating circumstances. Prunier was 23 years old and showed extreme courage in his last moment, smoking a cigarette as he walked jauntily to the guillotine. Another execution of his first year as "Monsieur de Paris" made a great talk. It was that of the policeman Prevost, who had a magnificent record for honesty and bravery, but was found to have robbed a jeweller and cut his body into 78 pieces. To the astonishment of his chiefs, he confessed to the previous assassination of a young girl. He walked to the guillotine with firmness, saying that he had not enough blood to wash away his crimes.

But Louis Deibler's experience of his sad mission in life was not to be limited even to the victims themselves. After Prevost it was Menesclou, in April, 1880; this one's mother went suddenly crazy in the crowd the moment the knife fell.

Henceforth the list becomes too numerous to mention, except, perhaps, for a few of the more celebrated. Tropmann, who had murdered an entire family; Marchandou, the valet assassin; Pranzini, the professional killer of women; Prado and Anastay; Eyraud, the accomplice of Gabrielle Bompard, who, after her recent pardon, was kept out of the United States; Vachier, the slayer of shepherd boys and girls; Sellier, the ghoul; and a series of anarchists like Ravachol, Henry, Vaillant and Caserino, the assassin of President Carnot.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

An old labor law in England in force in 1783 contained the following six clauses: Any tailor who joined a union was to be sent to jail for two months. Tailors must work from six o'clock in the morning until eight at night. Wages were not to be higher than forty-eight cents a day. Each tailor was to be allowed three cents for breakfast. Any tailor who refused to work was to be imprisoned for not more than two months. If any employer paid higher wages he was to be fined $25, and the workmen who took the increase were to be sent to jail for two months.

An amusing story is told of some of the richest men in the country who were attending a recent directors' meeting at New York. Around the table were J. P. Morgan, James Stillman, William Rockefeller, J. J. Hill and Senator Depew. A messenger entered with a package for the senator on which $1.40 was due, and after going through his pockets the wonderful Chauncey acknowledged he did not have enough money to pay the bill and asked financial aid. All subscribed as much as they had with them, but these multi-millionaires were good for only a little over $1 among them. A messenger boy had to advance the rest.

In 1859 some distance southeast of Lake Nyassa, in Central Africa, Livingston discovered Lake Shirwa, a body of water about thirty miles long and fifteen miles wide, which has now entirely disappeared with the exception of a few ponds in its bed. Lake Nyami, discovered by Livingston at the same time, has also disappeared. The cause of the change appears to be a gradual drying up of bodies of water in Central Africa. As marking the results of a single half century the changes named (with no doubt other equally important, but not recorded) show a rapidity of mutation in those inland waters not equalled elsewhere in the contemporary geographer's survey.

Discipline is severe in the German army, and the treatment of privates is sometimes unjustifiable. At Dessau a sergeant who had been drinking to excess insulted two young women who were escorted by a couple of men in the ranks. The privates protested to the minor officer, who drew his sword and attacked them, in his drunkenness wounding one of the girls. In the affray which followed the sergeant was disarmed and felled to the floor. All three were put on trial. The sergeant was sentenced to prison for five months, while the unfortunate privates were condemned to five years behind the bar at hard labor, were dismissed from the service and were deprived of their civil rights. Service as a private in an army so regulated cannot be a cause of pride in time of peace.

America is not the only country in the world that excels in canning meats and vegetables. At the St. Louis Exposition were shown canned rice birds from China. These little birds are much like our own reed birds, and as they live in the rice fields, they become very fat and luscious. They are esteemed highly in China and are preserved with skill. Portugal preserves immense quantities of fish. Germany has some interesting experiments in canning. One of these is called calorit, the name referring to the device whereby the vegetable or meat enclosed may be heated by puncturing the can. Two chambers enclose the inner can, one holding lime and the other water. The puncture permits the water and the lime to meet, and the slaking process which follows causes heat.

A Queer Horse.

"Uncle Ben" was the name of the reindeer that drew our pulk. He was a big, raw-boned deer with enormous horns. His coat was almost white and was thick and soft. His legs were long and powerful, and the sinews were plainly visible with every stride that he took. His hoofs were divided very high, so that when he placed his foot on the ground the hoof spread wide, and when he raised it, a snapping noise was caused by the parts of the hoof closing together.—St. Nicholas.

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Subject: "The Soul's Anchors."

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler occupied his old pulpit in Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Lafayette avenue and South Oxford street, Sunday morning. A very large congregation was present. Dr. Cuyler, who is now in his eighty-fourth year, preached with his old-time vigor on "The Anchors of the Soul." He took as his text Acts xxvii: 29: "They cast four anchors out of the stern and wished for the day," and said:

The account of Paul's voyage to Rome is one of those graphic passages of the New Testament which never loses its interest. It not merely throws a strong light upon ancient navigation, but is strong confirmation of the truthfulness of the Acts of the Apostles, for modern nautical services have established every word of the narrative. The chief interest to us to-day is its rich, practical, spiritual instruction. The story of the storm and the shipwreck you have all been familiar with from childhood. For fourteen days the ship had been in the clutch of a terrific "blizzard," as we would call it, but which is described in the narrative as a "eurocyldon." No sun or moon or stars appeared during that terrible fortnight. For safety much of the cargo was heaved overboard and they were obliged to bind around the crazy craft with hawsers in order to keep from foundering in mid sea. They imagined they were drawing nigh to the land, and heaving the lead it tells off twenty fathoms. The next cast of the lead shows fifteen fathoms. They are now close on the lee shore. Only one maneuver can save them. They cast four anchors out of the stern, and it is a striking fact that pictures on the walls of Herculaneum and Pompeii depict the galleys anchored in that manner. What a long and dreary night was that to the drenched and weary voyagers, while they listened to the terrific thundering of the breakers on the shore. But Paul, Christ's prisoner, is on board, and he is the real master of the situation. His precious life is insured from heaven, for, remember until their work is done. It was part of God's wish that the anchors should preserve the most valuable life then on the globe until Paul's mighty mission was accomplished.

Human life is a voyage, and all of you now before me are bound on it for the judgment seat and for eternity. It is not a voyage over smooth seas and before soft, south winds. Everything under God depends on the compass and the anchors. You observe that the anchors are not attached to anything afloat, but they plunge through the waves and bite into the tenacious clay. And so it is with our spiritual anchors. Make fast to God's immutable word and to the omnipotent Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. An anchor, too, is unseen. And so it is with the inward union with the unseen Christ that [illegible] many a one safe in the hour of [illegible] and brings composure in those in the depths of terrible trials. When Martin Luther was struck with a heavy head sea he used to let slip the cable of the forty-sixth psalm and, throughout the voyage of life you and I have vital need of the anchors which our divine Master, the Captain of our salvation, has provided for our safety. What are the four anchors?

The first and foremost anchor is faith. That is often defined as trust in an unseen God, and we take God's word more implicitly than we take the notes issued by the Government, because they bear the stamp of the United States with its vast resources behind it. But the mightiest spiritual force for you and me is the Christ-faith. Now, that is a great deal more than a mere opinion. Faith is infinitely more than a sentiment or feeling or opinion. It is an act; it is the positive act of the soul laying hold of Jesus Christ as our Saviour, joining our weakness to His strength; our unworthiness to His merits; our weak selves to His infinite and almighty Self. We are not commanded only to believe in Christ, we are commanded to believe on Christ, if we would be saved. A friend of mine was staying at a hotel in Albany and noticed a rope in his room and had faith in it because he saw it was a well-braided rope. At midnight he was aroused by a cry of "Fire!" On opening the door the smoke and flames burst in, and he grasped the rope and let himself down in safety to the sidewalk. He believed on the rope. That is saving faith when you rest on Christ, clinging fast to Christ, trusting in Him alone to uphold you to the end and assured of His promise. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Salvation of the soul is an actual experience. It is the actual testing of Christ; the actual attachment to Christ, the actual love for Him hid in the very depths of the soul. The British Government requires all its anchors to be stamped. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews is the Holy Spirit's record of the stamps on the anchor of faith. My mother's Bible was marked all through with pencilings on the margin, proving how these various promises had been tested, and the anchor never dragged.

The second anchor is loyalty to Christ and obedience to His commandments. Every day I attach less importance to a religion of mere emotion. It is very pleasant to sing and sometimes to shout on the mountain tops, but a religion of mere emotion is subject to its ebbs and flows and is not reliable in the strain and stress of temptation. Loyalty to the teachings of Christ, loyalty to the everlasting right must be imbedded in the conscience if you and I are not to drift upon the rocks. Even faith without good works would be dead. It has been this lack of loyalty of conscience to the truth, integrity and right which has strewed the beach with so many pitiable and disgraceful wrecks. The great demand in these days is conscience; the great demand in politics is conscience, and no man is safe under the temptations of commerce or of public life when his conscience is loosened from God's commandments. God never insures a man, even in the church, except while his anchor is fastened to the divine principles of right with the cable of obedience to the Master. I would say to these dear young friends, beware of the first false step; keep off dangerous ground. In Switzerland I saw the Mortenharah glacier, where Tyndall had such a perilous experience. He and a companion were lashed to a guide. They began to descend on the rough rocks and the companion suggested that they should walk on the snow alongside. They did so and their weight disturbed the equilibrium of the whole body and sent them down as an avalanche. Just before they reached the precipice the guide thrust his iron shod boot against a projecting rock and shouted, "In the name of God, halt!" They were drawn up when there was but a moment between them and eternity. I would say to every one of you, dear young men, if you find yourselves being carried away by your social surroundings or influences toward the precipice of ruin, plant your feet firmly against God's truth and God's right ere you are swept away.

The third anchor is patience. That was a tedious night of peril and gloom which laid upon Paul and his shipmates, but they held out and waited for the day. Patience is that staying power in the will which Paul in his epistle calls longmindedness. It is the power to endure a continued strain without flinching; it is the staying power that wins the prize. Mark how much of the Old Testament makes of waiting patiently upon God. In the New Testament the word often is endures, and I would say to all those dear young friends, who have lately been united with this church, that the start is not sufficient, "he that endureth shall be saved."

This patient waiting is opposed to every anxiety and the worry that fritters away strength and produces no result. I will give you three simple rules to put into practice. First, take short views; never cross a bridge until you come to it; never fight the battle until the evening is in sight. Second, discharge the duty that comes next to your hands; take the step that God points out immediately before you. If in ascending a mountain you look up you may grow weary, and if you look down you may grow dizzy. One step at a time is the secret of the successful climb, and there is no one with strength enough to bear to-day's duties with the worries and interests of to-morrow piled on top of them. Third, never yield to the demon of discouragement. You parents have need of patience with your children to encourage everything that is good, to bear with perverseness until you can correct it, instead of only increasing it by irritation. "Why do you tell that boy twenty times?" said the father of John Wesley to his brother. "Because," replied the wise man, "nineteen times go for naught and I shall not gain my point without the twentieth." Wise Susanna Wesley trained the founder of Methodism. God's delays are sometimes a test of faith. Look at that Syrophoenician woman plucking the garment of Christ. She persists, and clings to Him, until He says: "Oh, woman! great is thy faith," etc. During the first charge of my ministry I grew so discouraged that I was about to give up when my Master headed me off with one of the most powerful revivals I have known. The darkest hour was just before the dawn. Here in Brooklyn to-day God's voice to the churches evidently is to do their utmost work, to pour forth the most fervent prayer, to engage in the most personal effort and trust to Him for the blessing. The best enterprises in this world have had their periods of discouragement, when patience was the vital grace that won the day. That glorious old missionary, Judson, worked for five years in Burmah without a convert. Then the cloud burst and the great and permanent Burmah mission resulted. The lesson to-day, beloved members of this church, is: stand by the pastor, assist him in every movement, echo his every exhortation and, with united pastor and people, let us move on to spiritual harvestings and victory.

"The fourth anchor is that beautiful word, hope. That is not the possession of good things; it is rather the confident expectation of good things that are assuredly in store for us. "We are saved by hope." In our spiritual life hope is vitally important. I thank God that throughout my life He has enabled me to be an inveterate hoper. The word, however, in the New Testament has sometimes a peculiar meaning in describing the Christian. The apostle, in speaking of the hope of salvation, calls it "an anchor sure and steadfast holding to that within the vale." Let me ask each one of you this morning, Where is your hope? On what are you resting for this world and the next? Is your hope an anchor fastened to the Lord Jesus, or is it only a mere cable attached to sand? That great Christian, Harmon Page, who made it a rule never to be with any one ten minutes without saying something good. He went into his Sunday-school with a note book in hand and asked each one, "Have you a hope of salvation?" Most of them gave him an affirmative answer. He came to one man, a stranger, in the adult Bible class, who shook his head and said, "I have none." Sagacious Mr. Page, instead of rebuking him, in a very pathetic tone said, "Then I will put you down as having no hope." The gentleman could not sleep that night. He said, "Page has me down in his book as a hopeless man," and he laid hold of Christ and made his decision for the Master, and the next time he met the superintendent he said, "Thank God for your plain, loving talk with me, for I have a hope now like an anchor." I cite the case of that philanthropist who came to New York as a humble carpenter, and who wrought such a work that over 100 souls were converted under him. Brother believers, let the storms of earth howl as loudly as they will, if we have committed everything to Jesus all should be well, for so it came to pass that when the daylight broke the tempest-tossed mariners on the shores of Melita come safe to land.

So it will be with us, through the night's darkness, through perilous voyages we shall each have our souls fast anchored to the universalising Saviour, whom alone we can trust for salvation.

My last, loving counsel to every one of you before me, whom I am rejoiced to address once more from this dear old pulpit, is, make fast your anchors to the Lord Jesus Christ if at last you would find peace in the desired haven.

The Reason.

Christ came into the world, not to tell us what is right, but to give to our right doing the right flavor.—Rev. Frank Crane.

The London Spectator says our judges lack the standing and prestige that the English judges have, and that rich men dare not openly defy the law in England as they do in America. There is some truth in that, admits Harper's Weekly. Success in money making has overshadowed all other kinds of distinction in this country in the last forty years, and besides that, there is not the same reverence for official power as in England. England is still an aristocracy, where inferors instinctively look up to their superiors. Part of the prestige of the British judges is due to the habits of mind of the population they help to rule. Our democratic communities will hardly be induced to regard with like awe the judges who serve them, however worthy they may be of the highest respect. Our judges, as it is, unquestionably make themselves respected, but we think it is true that an American judge is not, relatively, as big a man as he was forty years ago.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

'Tis not a dainty the gods would relish—
Those feasting gods of mythology—
The name would never with grace embellish
The menus of high society.
But nothing can get more proper action
On the hungry spot 'neath a feller's jeans,
Can give more comfort and satisfaction
To a yearning stomach than pork and beans.

When the inner man for feed is craving
And the system is wrapped in a flame of yearn,
When the stomach rebels and is misbehaving
And the teeth in anxiety seem to burn,
How the gay glad light of anticipation
Through a fellow's optics in joy careens,
When on the air of the feeding station
He sniffs the odor of pork and beans!

When the purse is flat from a dearth of boodle,
When but a dime is reposing there,
When a fellow feels he could eat a poodle
And try to imagine it Belgian hare,
When a reg'lar dinner, with pie and puddin',
Is way up yonder beyond his means,
One feast is his, and a mighty good 'un—
A man's size platter of pork and beans.

Chicago, mart of the hog, we bless you;
With wreaths of gratitude deck your name,
And Boston, in love, we'd fain caress you
For the succulent truck you've given fame,
No combination de culinary,
From the dainty dishes of kings and queens
Clear down to poverty's commissary,
Can hold a candle to pork and beans.
—Denver Post.

JUST FOR FUN

She—The expression on my new photographs isn't natural. He—No, but it's very pretty.—Detroit Free Press.

"Did I see you kissing my daughter, sir?" "I really don't know, sir. I was too much occupied at the time to notice."—Life.

George—They say the fish bite through the ice. May—Heavens! And I had looked forward to such fine times skating.—Washington Post.

Cholly—D'ye know, Miss Pepper, I deahly love horses! Miss Pepper—I imagined so when I saw you hugged the neck of the one you were riding yesterday.—Cleveland Leader.

One of the Girls—Why, there's Mr. Scorcher! It seems strange that he should be studying medicine. The Man—Not at all. Doctors are allowed to exceed the speed limit.—Life.

"Did you buy your way to your present position of political prominence?" "Certainly, I did," answered Senator Sorghum. "If there is anything I hate it's a dead-head."—Washington Star.

Johnny—Ma says Mr. Pedaller is a most conscientious teacher. What does she mean by that, pa? Pa—She means he is a good man to take lessons from, but a very poor man financially.

He—I don't know of a thing I would not do for you. She—Then you will have mother come and live with us! He—Thanks for reminding me. But I don't know of anything else I wouldn't do for you.

Fweddie—That creature actually told me to mind my own business, y' know! Cholly—The impertinent wretch! Fweddie—Positively insulting. As if to insinuate, don't y' know, that I was in business!—Cleveland Leader.

Bilkins—I never knew Cockshure to acknowledge that he had made a mistake. Pilkins—I did once. Bilkins—How did it happen? Pilkins—He put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What's Gayboy cursing his luck so savagely about now?" "His wife caught him coming out of a jeweler's with a box in his hand. Now he's got to buy her some jewelry, too, for a Christmas present."—Town Topics.

Balty Moore—Oh, pshaw, old man, I wouldn't worry about Blowhard's opinion of me, if I were you. Calvert, Jr.—It isn't his opinion I'm worrying about. It's the grounds I happen to know he has for that opinion.—aBltimore American.

"Wat's all dis talk about revisin' de tariff, Weary?" "Why, de fellers dat is interested in pertectin' certain lines o' goods is goin' to cut down de pertection on de goods of de odder feller an' wicy wersy."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bertha—Only think! Carrie has refused Fred Sweetser, and we all believed she thought the world of him. Cassie—So she did; but he proposed by letter. Naturally, you know, she couldn't have any respect for a man who could be so unwise.

Fuddy—They used to wonder how the Stiltons came to fall in love with one another. Duddy—Well, and how did they? Fuddy—Propinquity. Duddy—Yes, but how did they come to fall out after they had been married a few months? Fuddy—Propinquity.

Mr. Cityflatt (reading)—[illegible] of that "commuter" who was killed in the railroad wreck has been awarded sixty thousand dollars damages. Mrs. Cityflatt—There—and I've been vainly trying to induce you to move to the suburbs for years—you mean thing!—Puck.

Mrs. Tittle—What a beautiful world it must have been when there was only Adam and Eve in it! There was nobody to say nasty things about them. Mrs. Tattle—But then they had nobody to talk about. Mrs. Tittle—Well, I guess after all, the world has improved since their time.

"Are you the 'Answers to Correspondents' man?" inquired the dyspeptic looking caller. "I am," replied the gentleman addressed. "What can I do for you?" "Firstly, what will dissolve a chunk of lead in the human stomach? Secondly, won't you please refrain from publishing recipes for plum pudding hereafter?"—Philadelphia Press.

"What did Sallie say when you proposed?" Dick—She asked me if I felt sure she was the brighest, prettiest, sweetest girl in all the world. Harry—And, of course, you said yes? Dick—On the contrary, I told her I thought she was a very ordinary creature. Harry—And of course that settled it. Dick—It did. She said it was evident we were a perfect match. She had the same opinion of me, you see.

The Italian minister of public instruction made use of 67,900 visiting cards in his 22 months of office.