Emblect: "A Protecting Wing."

TEXT: "As a hen quihereth her chickens under her wonys, and ye would not."Matthew xxiii., 37.

Text: "As a hen pathereth her chicken wider her ways, and ye would not."

Matthew xxii., 37.

Jerusalem was in sivht as Christ came to the orest of Mount Olivat, a height of 73% feet. The soleadors of the religious cavital of the whole earth irradiatel the landscape. There is the temple. Yonder is the king's palace. Spread out before His eyes are the pomp, the weslth, the wickedness and the coming destruction of Jerusalem, and He burst into tears at the thought of the obduracy of a place that He would gladly have seved, and appetrophizes, saying, "Oh. Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would in her wines, and ye would not."

Why did Christ select hen and chicken as a similer Next to the opositeness of the comparisons that all can understand. The plainest bird on cart is the barryard flow. Its only deem and the waste of the comparisons that all can understand. The plainest bird on cart is the barryard flow. Its only deem and the waste of the comparison of them from a hight of the path of the head of the

art of simplicity.

We have to run a course of literary disorders achildren a course of physical disorders we come out of school and collegaloaded down with Greek mythologies and
out of the theological of the course of physical
down with what the learnethers as id,
and we fly with wings of eagles and a prowhile before we can come down on a course
while before we can come down on a course
while before we can come down on the system
into the sea, the spittle on the system
into the system
into the system of cond
things than many that fly higher and wear
brighter colors. She is not a prima donna
of the skies nor a strut of beauty in the
sisle of the forest. She does not tut a circle
under the sun like the Rocky Mountain
earle, but stays at home to look after family
affairs. She does not swoop like the condor
of the Cordillerss to transport arabitis fron
the valley to the top of the crazy, but just
scratches for a living. How vigorously
with her claws she pulis away the ground
to bring up what is hidden beneath! When
the breakfast or dining hour arrives, she
begins to prepare the repast and calls all her
young to partake.

I am in sympathy with the unpretentions
old fashioned hen, because, like most of us,
she has to scratch for a living. She knows
at the start the lesson-widelmost people of
good sense are slow to learn that the gaining of a livelihood imolies work, and that
successes do not lie on the surface, but are to
be upturned by positive and continuous
effort. The reason that society, and the
church, and the world are so full of failures,
so full of loaders, so full

daughters into fils shelter, "as a hen gatheres her chickens under her wing."

The fact is that the most of them will mever find the shelter unless while they are chickens. It is a simple matter of inexorable statistics that most of those who do not come to Christ in youth never come at all. What chance is there for they young without divine protection? There are the grog shops. There are the grog shops. There are the grog shops a there are the infidelities and immoralities of spiritualism. There are the business rayelities. And so numerous are those assailments that it is a wonder that honsety and virgus are not loss are.

The birds of prey, diurnal and nocturnal, of the astraint world are even on the airt. They are the samming of the sky. They have varieties of taste. The cagle prefers the fash of the living animal. The vulture prefers the carcase. The falcon kills with one

stroke, while other styles of beaks give prolongation of torture. And so the temptations of this life are various. Some make
quick work of death, and others agonize the
mind and body for many years, and some
like the living blood of great soult, and
others prefer those already gangrened. But
for every style of youth there is a swooping
wing and a sharp beak and a cruel claw,
and what the trians generation made is awing of protection.

Fathers, mothers, older brothers and sisters and Stobath-so loof teachers, be quick
and earnest and prayerful and importunate
and get the chickens under the wing. May
the Sabbath-schools of America and Great
liritain within the next three months sweep
all their scoolars into the kingdom. Whom
they have now under charge is uncertain.
Concerning that scraway, puny child that
lay in the oralle many years ago, the father

silther sociars into the kingdom. Whom they have now under charge is uncertain. Concerning that scraway, puny child that lay in the cradle many years ago, the father dead, many remarked, "What a mercy if the Lord would take the child?" and the mother really thought so too. But what a good thing that God seared that child, for it became world renowned in Christian literature and one of God's most illustrious servants—John Todd.

Remember, your children will remain children only a little wille. What you do to them as children you must do quickly or never do at all. "Why have you never written a book?" said some one to a talentel woman. She replie! "I am writing two and have been engaged on one work ten years and on the other five years—my two children. They are my life work." When the house of John Wesley's father burned, and they got the eight children out, John Wesley the last before the roof fell in, the father said: "Let us kneel down and thank Gol. The-children are all savel; let the resof the place go."

My hearers, if we secure the present and everlasting welfare of our children, most other things belonging to us are of but little comparative importance. Alexander the Great allowed his solidiers to take their fan iles with them to wer, and he accounted for the bravery of his man by the fact that muny of them were born in canno and were used to wrilke scenes from the start. Would God that all the children of our day might be born into the gram of the Lord!

Not need of letting them go a long way on the wrong road before they turn around and go on the right road. The only time to getchieves under wing is while they are cricknes.

Hannah Waitall Smith, the evangelist, took har little child at two years of age when ill out of the crib and told her planity of Christ, and the child believed and gave evidence of Joyful trust, which grew with her growth to womanhood. Two years are not too young. The time till come when by the faith of parants children will be born into this world and born into the bosom of Christ

can to get them under the wing of eternal safety?

But we all need the protecting wing. If you had known when you entral upon unabhood and womanhood what was ahead of yon, would you have dared to undertake life? How much you have been through! With most life has been a disappointment; they tell me so. They have not attained that which they expected to attain. They have not had the physical and mental vizor they expected, or they have met with rebuffs which they life not atticipate. You are not at 40 or 50 or 60 or 70 or 80 years of age where you thought you would be. I do not know anyone except myself to whom life has been a happy surpriss. I never expected anything, and so when anything came in the shape of human favor or comfortable position or widening field of work it was to me a surprise.

I was told in the theological seminary by some of my fellow students that I never would get anybody to hear me preach uniess I changed my style, so that when I found that some people did come to hear me it was a happy surprise. But most people, according to their own statement, have found life a disappointment. Indeed was all nead chal

a happy surprise. But most people, according to their own statement, have found life a disappointment. Indeed we all need shelter from its tempests. About 3 o'clock on a hot August afternoon you have heard a rumble that you first took for a wagon crossing a bridge, but afterward there was a louter rumbling, and you said, "Way, that is thunder?" And sure enough the clouds were being convoked for a full diapason. A whole park of artillery went rolling down the heavens, and the blinds of the windows in the sky were close1. But the sounds above were not more certain toan the sounds beneath.

were not more certain toan the sounds owneath.

The cattle came to the bars and mound for them to be let down that they might come home to shelter, and the fow, whates dark Brahma or Hamburg or Leghorn or Dominick, began to call to its young, "Cluck" "Cluck" "Cluck" and take them under the wagon house or shed, and had them all hid under the soft feathers by the time that the first plash of rain struck the roof.

time that the first plash of rain struck the root.

So there are su'den temptests for our souls, and, oh! how dark it gets, and threatening clouds of bankruptey or sickness or persecution or bereavment gather and thicken and blacken, and some run for shelter to a bank, but it is poor sheiter, and others run to friendly advisers, and they fail to help, and others fly nowhere sizply because they know not where to go, and they perish in the blast, but others hear a divine call saying, "Come, for all things are now ready," "The spirit and the bride say come," And while the heavens are thundering terror the divine voice proffers meroy, and the soul comes under the brooding care of the Almighty "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing."

The wings of my text suggest warmth, and that is what most folks want. The tack is that this is a cold world whether you take it itterally or figuratively. We have a big fireplace called the sun, and it has a very not account of the sum of t

So life to many millions of people at the south and many millions of people at the north is a prolonged shiver, but when I say this is a cold world I chiefly mean figuratively. If you want to know what is the meaning of the ordinary term of receiving the "cold shoulder," get out of money and try to borrow. The conversation may have been almost tropical for luxuriance of thought and speece, but suggest your necessities and see the thermometer drop to 53 degrees below zero, and in that waien till a moment-before had been a warm-room. Take what is an unpopular position on some public question, and see your friends fly as chaff before a windmill.

As far as myself is concerned, I have no word of complaint, but I look off day by day and see communities freezing out men and women of whom the world is not worthy. Now it takes after one and now

after another. It blooms popular to depreciate and defame and execute and lie about some popular. This is the best world? ever got into, but is the meanest world that some people ever got into. The worst thing that ever happened to them was their cradie, and the best thing that will ever happened to them was their cradie, and the best thing that will ever happen to these will be their grave. What he happened to the state of the st

What He endured, on, who custed, What He endured, on, who custed, Tes, the hen took the storm for the chickers, and Christ Lakes the storm for us. Once the temoest rose so suidenly the hen could not get with her young back from the new ground to the barn, and there she is un ler the fence helf deat. And now the rain turns to snow, and it is an awful night, and in the morning the whiteness about the gills and the beak down in the mud show that the mother is dead, and the young ones come out and cannot understand why the mother does not scratch for them something to eat, and they walk over her wings and call with their tiny volces, but there is no answering cluck. She took the storm for others and perished. Poor thing! Self sacrificing even unto death! And does it not make you think of Him who endured all for us? So the wings under which we come for spurtual satety are blood with the come of the sate of the sat

who endured all for us? So the wings under which we come for spurtuals astety are blood spattered wings, are night shattered wings, are night shattered wings, are tampest torn wings. In the Isle of Wight I saw the grave of Princess Elizabeth, who diel while a prisoner at Carisbook castle, her finger on an opan Bible and pointing to the work at "Come unto Me all ys that labor and we heavy laden, and I will give you tract." On, come under the wings!

will give you rest. In, come under the rings!
But now the summer day is almost passed, and the shadows of the house and barn and wagon shed have lengthened. The farmer, with syrthe or hoe on shoulder, is returning from the fields. The oxen are unyoked. The borses are erunching the oats at the full bin. The air is bewitched of honeysuckle and wild brier. The milkman pail in band, is approaching the barnyard. The fowls, keeping early hours, are collecting their young, "Cluck!" "Cluck!" "Cluck!" and soon all the eyes of that feathered nursery are closed.

ascended to their perch, but the heave seconded to their perch, but the hens, in a motherhood divinely appointed, take all the risk of a slumber on the ground, and all night long the wings will stay outspread, and the little ones will not utter a sound. Thus at sundown, lovingly, safely, completely, the hen broods her young. So, if we are the Lord's, the evening of our life will come. The heats of the day will have passed. There will be shadows, and we cannot see far. The work of life will be about ended.

will come. The heats of the day will have passed. There will be shadows, and we cannot see far. There work of life will be about ended.

The hawks of temptation that hovered in the sky will have gone to the woods and folded their wings. Sweet silences will come down. The air will be redolent with the breath of whole arbors of promises sweeter than jasmine or evening primpose. The air may be a little chill, but Corrist will call us, and we will know the voice and head the call, and we will come under the wings for the night—the strong wings, the soft wings, the warm wings—and without fear and in full sense of satety, and then we will rest from sundown to sunrise, "as a hen gather—the her chickens under her wing." Dear me, how many souls the Lor1 hath thus brooded!

Mothers, after watching over sick cradles and then watching afterwar tower wayward sons and daugaters, at last themselves taken care of by a motherly Gol. Business men, after a lifetime struggling with the uncertainties of money markes, and the change of tariffs, and the underselling of men who because of their dishonesties can afford to undersell, and years of disappointm and struggle, at last under wings where nothing can perturb them any more than a bird of prey which is ten miles off disturbs a chick at midulght brooded in a barayard My text thas its strongest application for people who were born in the country, wherever you may now live, and that is the majority of you. You cannot hear my text without having all the trustic scenes of the midolight ward. You knew mothing number of L.—world, for you had not seen the world.

By law of association you cannot recall the brooding hen and her chickes without

of t. World, for you had not seen the world, for you had not seen the By law of association you cannot recall the broading hen and her chickens without seeing also the barn, and the haymow, and the wagon shed, and the louse, and the room where you played, and the firedide with the big backlog before which you sat, and the neighbors, and the burist, and the wedding, and the deep snowbanks, and hear the village ball that called you to workin, and seeing the horses which, after pulling you to church; stood around the application.

the village bell that called you to worship, and seeing the horses which, after pulling you to church, stood around the old clapboarded meeting house, and those who sat at either end of the church new, and indeed all the scenes of the first 14 years, and you think of what you were then and of what you are now, and all these thoughts aroused by the sight of the old heavong. Some of you had batter go back and start again. In thought return to that place and hear the cluck and see the outerread feathers and come under the wing and make the Lord your portion and shelter and warmth, preparing for everything that may come serviced by the closing worlds of my text, "as a hen gathersth her chickens under her wing, and ye would not." An, that throws not." Also, for the "would note" If the wandering broods of the farm heal out their poother's call and risk the heaven and was the

freshes and expose themselves to the frost and storm, surely their calamities are not their mother's fault. "Ye would not?" God would, but how many would not! When a good man sexed a young woman who had abandoned her home and who was

when a good man asked a young woman who had abandoned her home and who was deploring her wretchedness why she did not return, the reply was: "I der not go home. My father is so provoked he would not receive me home." "Then," said the Christein man, "I will test this," And so he wrote to the father, and the reply came back and in a letter marked outside "Immediate," and in-side saying, "I fet her come at once; all is forgiven." So God's invitation for you is marked "Immediate" on the outside, and inside it is written. "He will abundantly pardon."

marked "Immediate" on the outside, and inside it is written. "He will abundantly pardon."

Oh, ye wan levers from Go I and happiness and home and heaven, come under the sheltering wing. Under this call I see you turning from your old way to the new way, the living way, the gospel way. A vessel in the Bristol channel was maring the rocks called the "Steep H himes." Under the tempest the vessel was unmanageable, and the only hope was that the tide would change before she struck the rocks and went down, and so the captain shood on the deck, watch in hand. Captain and crew and passengers were palled with terror. Taking another look at his watch and another look at the sea he shouted: "Thank God, we are saved! The tide has turned! One minute more and we would have struck the rocks."

Some of you have been a long while drifting in the tempest of sin and sorrow and have been making for the breakers. Thank God, the tide has turned. Do you not feel the lift of the billow? The grace of God that bringeth salvation has appayard to your soul, and in the words of Buz to Ruth I commend you to "the Lort God of Israel, unter whose wings thou hast come to trust."

A NEW PRIVATE SECRETARY. President-elect Clayeland Hus Chosen Lawyer Thurber of Detroit.

DETROIT, Feb. 25.—Henry T. Thurber, of this city, one of the law partners of Don M. Dickinson, received a tele plant (Raing Lim the private secretary-ship to President elect Cleveland, and has signified his intention of accepting

same to rresument erect Crevenant, and has signified his intention of accepting the appointment.

The appointment came to him without solicitation on the part of himself or his friends, and was extended in recognition of his admirable quipment for the position. Mr. Cleveland has known him for years, and made the selection as a result of thorough acquaintance with Mr. Thurber's qualities and attainments.

Mr. Thurber has been with Mr. Dickinson as a law student and partner for 18 years; has accumulated a modest fortune and is in receipt of a professional income of from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year.

He is a graduate of the University of Michigan, where he was a classmate and friend of Hon. Ben I. Cable of Illinois.

When asked whether he could afford to go, he singly said:

"Afford to ge? There is nothing to be considered but Mr. Cleveland's call. I hope he is not mistaken in his confidence and intention of the burk she had and intention of the bar had being the law to the head of the part o

tonsidered out an Coverand's can be be is not mistaken in his confidence and judgment of me, but he thinks that I can serve him, and I shall go."

HANLON AND ROSS MATCHED to Row for the Championship of America

New York, Feb. 25 -- A rowing match has been arranged between Edward Hanlon, of Toronto, and Wallace Ross,

thereby Ross and Hanlon are to row for the Fox championship challenge cup and a purse of \$1,000 offered by the do

The distance is to be five miles with a The distance is to be five miles with a turn; the race to be for the five-mile single-scull championship of America. It is to be rowed on Tuesday, May 30, 1893, at a place to be mutually agreed upon hereafter.

The trophy shall go to the winner with the purse of \$1,000, and the winner of it must be prepared to defend the same against all challenges according to the rules governing the same.

M'KINLEY'S LIABILITY IS \$90,000. The Governor and hits Wife Will Meet the Whole Amount,

the Whole Amount,
CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 21.—Gov. McKinley still remains in Cleveland awaiting
developments in the Walker failure at
Youngstown, in which he is so heavily
involved as indorser. The Hablility of
the Governor now amounts to more than
Sto Data.

the Governor now amounts to more than \$50,000.

Mrs. McKinley has arrived from New York very much improved in health. She joins the Governor in declaring that the notes shall all be paid if it takes every dollar's worth of property they possess.

The Governor's friends account for his being so heavily involved by saying that he suppose it many of the notes he indorsed were renewals of others which had been taken up and that he at no time believed he had founed his credit for more then \$20,000. A bost of friends called upon the Governor yesterday and tendered him their sympathy.

MANGLED IN A VAT.

Awful Death of a Carpenter in a Buffalo Slaughter House.

Burpalo, Feb. 25.—George Heintz, a arrienter, lost his life in a horrible man-ner yesterday at Dolds' Slaughter

Heintz was called upon to mend a leak

Heintz was called upon to mend a leak in the hoz scraper vat, a monster tub fitted with a sort of splasher with six arms equipped with sharp blades which, when hi motion, are designed to scrape the hair from the bodies of the hogs.

Heintz concluded his work, and the engineer, supposing he had left the vat, started the machinery. Hardly had the arms began to revolve when a terrible shrick issued from the vat. The machinery was quickly stopped, and Heintz was found at the bottom of the vat with his head crushed and manufied and his neck broken.

broken. He died almost instantly.

Among the Ball Players.

Among the Ball Players.

Naw Yoak, Feb. 25.—Eddio Burkehas signed with the New York Baseballclub, and Tom Burns with the Brooklyn
club. Manager Ward has not yet heard
from Kelly, and the Connor deal is in
aheyange. President Byrne, of the Brooklyn club, says he has received a letter
from Richardson, in which the latter expresses his willingness to play these

A Mether's Jone. A metners jong.
Husb. mp bally; a weetly real
Mother's boy feels no slarm;
Pillowed soft upon her breat, if
He knows not of earthly hirs,
What though life be dark and side
Mother's love can make it stid Mosher's love can make it gid

Little child, close to my hear See, I press you closer still.
For your dear weight heals its and Even I have known life's ill. What dream you of tears and white you gaze in mother's eyer

Baby mine, my bonny lad.

Haby mine, my bonny lad.

Do you guess your power, dear!
Earth cannot be dark nor sad

To this heart while you arener.
How can life be ought but swee.
When child-love makes it complete When competed in Harper's Bur

HUMOROUS.

We may not love the barber, we like to be mext" to him.

An escaping prisoner selden i pardon for the liberty he takes,

Binks calls his doctor his biograph for the reason that he s a: work of lıfe.

There is many a young manths able to cut into a fortune who can carve one.

The "how and cry" is general raised by the loy who has to chops the stovewood.

"What do you think of this day question?" "I think it a question to gives us paws."

Be a little cant ous about going curity for a man who takes no near paper and keeps two dogs.

A pleasant cemetery lot Awaits the person silly
Who puts on thinner clothes because
It doesn't seem so chilly.

A man who would steal hay not probably do so with the hope of pl ng out on bale if arreste !.

The man who can tell what he seen in his travels is intelligent. the man who can't is positively being liant.

When you see a man that's ran much inflated you wasn't jump at the conclusion it's because his wife blows him up

"To-day was prize day at 町 school," said Jimmie. "And did 町 little boy get anything?" acked pape Yep. Got kept in."

Mrs. Crimsonbeak-Why is brail called the staff of life, John L. Crimsonbeak—Because it supports # many bakers, I suppose. "Your speech is rather sharp, !

think' complaine l Mrs. Hawkins, of have to make it so to get it in else wise," retorted Hawkins.

They took in cold earnest his effort. Jj But never his zeal did it choke, And he smiled as fee murmured, "The see

is at best A very poor judge of a joke."

Willie-Papa, some one has invested a magazine guo. What kind is to Papa (reflective y) - it must be out that goes off once a month. "Thank goodness," said the calend

as the last of the late leapyeur week into the waste backet, of wont but to wo.k overtime this year." Trotter-That girt does not keet

what love is. Fo ter-How did for mine and she laughel at it.

The fellow who steals fuel for his neighbor's wood-pile and isd some of the sticks charged with dist mile my be said to strike a re-positi cord.

Grocer (beaming on her) you don't want any blueing. All have to do is to lo k in the wash with those beautiful blue eyes yours. When far from the line of 70

you stray,
And unfriendly remarks nearly roas!
Just think with what pride you would what they'll say
Some day on your tombstone about the some day on your day on your

"Mamina," said Tommy, and Tommy, of sugar ever cure anylody of thing?" "Why do you ask, my "I thought I would like to cate disease," said Tommy.

Justly Irate Party-Robert 100 a naughty boy. You want a good hiding. Robert (from Base — Pardon me, father, I may chastisement, but I do not want hide.

17 wish I were an ostrich.

18 hicks, angrify, as he tried to say the of his wife's bleanits and couldn't.

of his wife's biscuits and couldn't wish you were," returned Mr. He



oth the method and results rup of Figs is taken; it is pled d refreshing to the taste, and otly yet promptly on the Kids wer and Bowels, cleanses the on effectually, dispels colds, l es and fevers and cures hab nstipation. Syrup of Figs is ly remedy of its kind ever ced, pleasing to the taste and ptable to the stomach, prom-action and truly beneficial ects, prepared only from the althy and agreeable substance any excellent qualities comme all and have made it the

all and have made it the pular remedy known. Byrup of Figs is for sale in d \$1 bottles by all leading sts. Any reliable druggist ay not have it on hand will re it promptly for any one jakes to try it. Do not accept betitute. bstitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK.

ARMERS YOUR PRODI To F. I. Sage & Son 83 READE STREET, NEW YOU Selvers of all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, Game, Live and Dressed Poultry and I nce: Dun's or Bradstreet's to be found at any bank.



Unlike the Dutch Proc No Alkalies Other Chemic

are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & C **ABreakfastCo** which is absoluted pure and soluble in the strength of Cocoa with Starch, Arrows

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester,



PATENTS Washingto



Kidney Trouble for 12 Ye

Completely Cured. ANA SARRAPARILLA CO.
MISSRES-FOr 13 year i have been
Missres-For 13 year i have been
fixed with Kidney Trouble. Two
0 i had "Lim Grippe." which etc.
Attime it was hard work for me
of the control of the control of the control
irippe." a cross the room. On
any set across the room. On
any set across the room.

DANA'S SARSAPARILI dec, and have taken three conferonal ARULA and one bottle of DANA'S.

I am COMPLETELY CUB treatle with Midneys; he is not provided assetting, and I never the provided assetting and I never the second assetting as the second assetting as the second as t

while with Midmeyn; he good appesite, and I write yith. You may publish their y word in true. WESLES STEE