The Sculptor of the Deep.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Speaks of God Amid the Reefs of Coral.

This picturesque discourse of Dr. Talmage leads his hearers and readers through unwonted regions of contemplation. Text: Job xxviii., 18: "No mention shall be made of coral."

Why do you say that, inspired dram-

atist? When you wanted to set forth the superior value of our religion, you tossed aside the onyx, which is used for making exquisite cameos, and the sapphire, sky-blue, and topaz of rhom-blc prism, and the ruby of frozen blood, and here you say that the coral, which is a miracle of shape and a color to those who have not worthy of mention in with our holy religion. "No hall be made of coral." Job, t, did not mean to depreciate ne sculpture in the coral reefs he sea coasts. No one can afo depreciate these white palaces deep, built under God's direction. never changes his plans for the ding of the islands and shores; and uncounted thousands of years the oral gardens and the coral castles and the coral battlements go on and up. You may find this work of God through the animalcules eighty fathoms deep, or amid the breakers, where the sea dashes the wildest, and beats the mightiest, and bellows the loudest. These sea creatures are ever busy. Now they build islands in the center of the Pacific Ocean. Now they lift barriers around the continent. Indian Ocean, Red Sea and coast of Zanzibar have specimens of their infinitesimal but sublime masonry. The Algerian reefs in one year (1873) had at work amid the coral 311 vessels, with 3,150 sailors, been a great battle down there?" yielding in profit \$565,000. But the secular and worldly value of the coral is the reefs. It is the blood of the coral, nothing as compared with the moral and it makes me think of those who and religious, as when, in my text, Job employs it in comparison. I do not know how anyone can examine a coral of the Lamb. But these gems of ing him. Nothing so impresses me with the fact that our God loves the beautiful. Having garnitured this meaning are nothing to the gems of heaven. "No mention shall be made of coral."

Again I take your box? please the human race, and lifted a sea, and look more particularly than glorious heaven to please the angelic intelligence, I am glad that he has the flowers and all the shrubs of the planted these gardens of the deep to gardens of the land have their corplease himself. But here and there God allows specimens of submarine glory to be brought up and set before us for sublime contemplation. While speak, these great nations of zoophytes, meandrinas and madrepores, with tentacles for trowel, are building just such coral as we find in our text. The diamond may be more rare, the crystal may be more sparkling, the chrysoprase may be more ablaze, but the coral is the long, deep, who understood all kinds of precious stones, declares that the beauty and value of the coral are nothing compared with our holy religion, and he picks No one ever had a homely Christian up this coraline formation and looks at it, and flings it aside with all the other beautiful things he has ever heard of, and cries out in ecstasy of admiration for the superior qualities whom she bent with so many tender of our religion—"No mention shall be ministrations. When you think of the made of coral.'

through this bower of the sea, while I show you that even exquisite coral is that there is nothing that so much not worthy of being compared with the | beautifies the human countenance as richer jewels of a Christian soul. The the religion of Jesus Christi It makes first thing that strikes me in looking everything beautiful. Trouble beautiat the coral is its long-continued ac- ful. Disappointment beautiful. Everythousand miles long. Who built these reefs, these islands? The zoophytes, the coralines. They were cumulation. In Polynesia there are the coralines. They were not such workers who built the pyramids as were these masons, these creatures of the sea. Who can estimate the ages between the time when the madrepores laid the foundations of the islands and the time when the madrepores put on the capstone of a completed work? It puzzles all the scientists to guess through how many years the coralines were building the Sandwich and Gilbert groups. But more slowly and wonderfully accumulative is grace in the heart. You sometimes get discouraged because the upbuilding of the soul does not go on more rapidly. Why, you have all eternity to build in! The little annoyances of life are zoophyte builders, and there will be the small layer on top of small layer, and fossilized grief does not go up rapidly in your soul, but, blessed be God, it goes up. Ten thousand million ages will not finish saying to the commerce of the world: you. Up forever! Out of the sea of earthly disquietude will gradually rise nel"; "avoid the other channel." the hemispheres of grandeur and glory. Men talk as though in this life what we shall build in the next life, is as a striped shell to Australia. You go into an architect's study, and there you see the sketch of a temple, the corner-stone of which has not yet been laid. Oh, that I could have an architectural sketch of what you will be after eternity has wrought upon you! What pillars of strength! What altars of supernal worship! What pinnacles thrusting their glittering spikes into the sun that never sets. Lord, help us to learn that which most of us are deficient in-patience. If thou canst take, through the sea anemones, millions of years to build one bank of coral, ought we not to be willing to do work through ten years or fifty years without complaint, without restlessness, without chafing of spirit? Patience with the erring; patience that we cannot have the millennium in a few weeks; patience with assault of antagonists; patience at what seems slow fulfillment of Bible promises: patience with physical ailments; patience under delays of

If your children are well but not robust, they need Scott's Emulsion of Codliver Oil.

We are constantly in receipt of reports from parents who give their children the emulsion every fall for a month or two. It keeps them well and strong all winter. It prevents their taking cold. Your doctor will confirm

the hypophosphites is a splendid food tonic.

> 50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronte.

providence. Grand, glorious, all-enduring, all-conquering patience! Patience! The sweetest sugar for the sourest cup; the balance-wheel for all mental and moral machinery; the foot that treads into placidity stormiest lake; the bridle or otherwise rash tongues: the sublime ilence that conquers the boisterous and blatant. Patience like that of the

most illustrious example of all the ages -Jesus Christ; patience under betraypatience under the treatment of Pilate's oyer and terminer; patient under the expectoration of his assailants; patient under flagellation; patient under the charging spears of the Roman cavalry; patient unto death. Under all exasperations employ it. Whatever comes, stand it; hold on,

wait, bear up. Take my hand again, and we will go a little further into this garden of the sea, and we shall find that in proportion as the climate is hot the coral is healthy. Draw two isothermal lines at 60 degrees north and south of the equator, and you find the favorite home of the coral. Go to the hottest part of the Pacific seas, and you find finest specimens of coral. Coral is the child of the fire. But more wonderfully do the heats and fires of bring out the fewels of the Christian soul. Those are not the stalwart men who are asleep on the shadbut those who are pounding amid the furnaces.

says some one, "why cannot God develop me through prosperity instead of through adversity?" I will answer your question by asking an-Why does not God dye our northern and temperate seas with coral? You say: "The water is not hot enough." There! In answering my question you have answered your own. But he'll be dead before. Hot climate for richest specimens of coral; hot trouble for the jewels of the soul. The coral fishers going out from Torre del Grecco never brought ashore such fine specimens as are brought out of the scalding surges of misfortune. I look down into the tropical sea; there is something that How hard he breathes! Over looks like blood, and I say: "Has there come out of great tribulation and have their robes washed white in the Blood

we did at the beauty of the coral. All respondencies in this garden of the sea. Corallum! It is a synonym for beauty. And yet there is no beauty in the coral compared with our religion. It gives physiognomic beauty. It does not change the features; does not give features with which the person was not originally endowed, but it sets behind the features of the homeliest person a heaven that shines clear through, so that often, on first is the homeliest person I ever saw, when, after you come to understand him and his nobility of soul shining through his countenance you said: "He is the loveliest person I ever saw." mother. Whatever the world may have thought of her, there were two who thought well-your father who had admired her for 50 years, and you, over angels of God, and your mother among Take my hand, and we will walk them, she outshines them all. O that brough this bower of the sea, while I

> my friends, the religion of Jesus Christ is two bridges. It bridges all the past. It arches and overspans all the future. It makes the dying pillow the landing-place of angels fresh from glory. It turns the sepulchre into a May-time orchard. It catches up the dying into full orchestra. Corallum! And yet, that does not express the beauty: "No mention shall be made

I take your hand again and walk a little further on in this garden of the sea, and I notice the durability of the work of the coral. Montgomery speaks of it. He says: "Frail were their forms, ephemeral their lives, their masonry imperishable." Khizopods are insects so small they are invisible, and yet they built the Appenines and they planted for their own monument on the top of fossilized grief. Grace the Cordilleras! It takes 187,000,000 of them to make one grain. Corais are changing the navigation of the sea, "Take this channel"; "take that chanthe reefs, the islands, the continents, malcules beating back the Atlantic and Pacific seas! If the insects of the ocean have built a reer a thouwe only had time to build; but what sand miles long, who knows but that we build in this life, as compared with they may yet build a reef 3,000 miles long, and thus, that by one stone bridge Europe shall be united with this continent on one side, and by another stone bridge Asia will be united with this continent on the other side; and the tourist of the world, without the turn of a steamer's wheel or the spread of a ship's sail, may go all around the world, and thus be fulfilled the prophecy, "There shall be But the durability of the coral's

work is not at all to be compared with the durability of our work for in the fires of the last day, but our work for God will endure forever. The humblest good accomplished in time will last through eternity. I sometimes get discouraged, as I suppose you do, at the yastness of the work and at how little we are doing. And yet, do you suppose the rhizopod said: is no need of my working; I cannot build the Cordilleras." Do you suppose the madrepore said: "There is no need of my working; I cannot build the Sandwich Islands." And there are the Cordilleras. Ah, my friends, the redemption of this world is a great en-terprise. I did not see it start; I will not in this world see its close. I am only an insect as compared with the great work to be done, but yet I must do my part. Help build this eternal corallum I will. My parents toiled on this reef long before I was born. pray God that my children may toil on this reef long after I am dead. Insects, all of us, but honored by God to help heave up the reef of light across which shall break the ocean's immortal gladness. Better be insig-nificant and useful than great and idle. The mastodons and megatheriums of the earth, what did they do but stalk their great carcasses across he land and leave their skeletons through the strata, while the corallines went on heaving up the islands all covered with fruitage and verdure. Better be a coralline than a mastoden. So now I am trying to make one little coralline. The polyp picks out of the wave that smites its carbon-The oil combined with at of lime, and with that builds up its own insectile masonry. So out of the wave of your tears I take the salt: out of the bruise I take the blue, and out of the bleeding heart I take the

red, and out of them altogether I make

this coral, which I pray may not be

The Death of The Old Year. 6+0+0+0+0+0+00+0+0+0+0+0+0

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow, And the winter winds are wearily Toll ye the church-bell sad and low, And tread softly and speak low, For the old year hes a-dying. Old Year, you must not die; You came to us so readily,

You lived with us so steadily, Old Year, you shall not die. He lieth still he doth not move He will not see the dawn of day, He hath no other life above.

He gave me a friend, and a true true-And the New Year will take 'em away. Old Year, you must not go; So long as you have been with us, Such joy as you have seen with

Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim; A jollier year ye shall not see, But though his eyes are waxing dim. And though his foes speak ill of him, He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die: We did so laugh and cry with you, I've half a mind to die with you, Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest, But all his merry quips are o'er. To see him die, across the waste His son and heir doth ride post haste

Every one for his own. The night is starry and cold, my And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend, Comes up to take his own.

I heard just now the crowing cock. The shadows flicker to and fro: The cricket chirps: the light burns

'Tis nearly twelve o'clock. Shake hands before you die. Old Year, we'll dearly rue for What is it we can do for you? Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin. Alack! Our friend is gone. Close up his eyes: tie up his chin: Step from the corpse, and let him in That standeth there alone, And waiteth at the door.

There's a new foot on the floor, my friend, And a new face at the door, my friend. A new face at the door. -Alfred Tennyson.

Boys and Girls.

A SNOW MENAGERIE. The snow was falling steadily, and the Rodney children, strange as it may seem, were grumbling as they watched

"Of course it'll cover the ice for a week!" said Paul, who ached to try his

"And then everything will thaw all at once, and there won't be any chance at all," added Phil, who was just beginning to try cutting fancy figures on

"Vacation'll soon be over, too," sighed Alice. She had just learned enough from the boys to be able to skate alone. "Oh, dear me suz!" exclaimed a little voice in the corner. They all laughed. It came from small Bessie, who was It came from small Bessle, who trying to put on her big wax dolly's trying to put on her big wax dolly's tertainment. A lady turned to the little girl. "Your father is a very funny "We all have our troubles," said

"Well, we've got to do something or we'll explode!" exclaimed Phil. "I known sent Dumas the manuscript of vote for a snow man as soon as we can a new play, asking the great dramatist

"Me, too," said the others, and Bessie added, "Make me a snow dolly, won't you, Paul?" "Of course I will. I'll make you a woolly lamb, too," he said in fun. "We could do it, I believe," said
Alice, suddenly. "We could make a real one as big as life if the snow packs hard and dry. My teacher was telling us one day what you can make out of snow. Like sand modeling, you know. "I believe we could," said Paul, briskly. "We might have the picture of a sheep to look at, and some wooden shovels or slats to shape the heads with, and to scoop out the snow for tails and ears, and shape off the bodies with. We could make other ani-

mals, too. Bears-" "And—and elephants!" exclaimed Phil, jumping up. "Oh, I wish it would stop snowing, so we could begin!" And he went stamping around the room. 'There's a lot to do to get ready," "You know papa says a good workman is always careful to have his tools in order. Let's spend today getting ours ready. You boys'll have to make the shovels, or whatever

marked Paul, thumping the table in "Just flat pieces about four inches wide and say about a foot and a half long, with one end whittled down to take hold of. Let's get at 'em, ings terminated

"And I'll look up the pictures," said

"Of course," said Alice, hugging her. You're a lamb yourself, and we'll have

to make a snow image of you. Wouldn't

that be fun?" By evening the tools were ready and the animals chosen. A sheep for Bessie, a bear, an elephant, and Alice chose a beautiful picture of a large dog lying down to make her image from. There were other plans, too, should there be time to carry them out. "P'r'aps all the boys and girls'll help," said Phil, "and then we could get a lot done and have a Zoo." "Well, we may let 'em help," said Paul, grandly, "but they've got to do as we tell 'em, for we know just how." The next day was exactly right for making snow images. There were heaps of the white crystals everywhere; none of your soft, slushy kind that melts away fast, but good, firm, honest snow, that packs hard and is likely to last. The day was soft and gray and snap-

ping cold, so there was no snow to melt things, and no prospect of a thaw. As the children worked they found out many useful points about making snow images. They soon discovered that they couldn't very well make a sheep's body and then lift it up and set it on legs. The legs refused to be built, and the body lost its fine shape when they raised it. Finally they decided to make the bodies by banking up mounds of snow, imbedding four sticks to make the legs

⊙♦⊙♦⊙♦⊙♦⊙♦⊙♦⊙♦⊙♦⊙♦⊙♦⊙♦⊙♦⊙∮⊙ to brace the whole body. And after the sheep's head fell off two or three times they shoved a piece of lath into the neck and then built the head carefully around it. Pieces of coal made very good eyes and nose, and a bit of rope, caught in the split end of

> bear was harder to do, but with a strong, upright stick to which was fastened one set crossways for the paws, they managed very well. elephant's trunk tired them all out, for it wouldn't stay on until they decided to make believe he was picking up something from the ground and built the trunk that way, around a long, thin stick. Short pieces of wood made

> How the Rodney children and their little friends did enjoy that Zoo! Of course all the boys and girls helped, and other animals were added. A huge rooster with real tail feathers was one. A cat sitting up soberly, her tail curled round her, was another.

the tusks.

The menagerie lasted several days, for papa showed them how to pour water gently on the animals so would freeze harder in the night time. Even the grown folks of the neighborhood came to see the animals, and their teacher told the children they were real But alas! a sudden thaw melted them

in a hurry. The Rodney children are planning to have a snow menagerie every winter, and it's a capital plan for other children to imitate, for there's no better sport than working in the snow .- Youth's Companion.

A Smile: A Laugh. BESTELLE BESTELLE BESTELLE BESTELLE BESTELLE

"Susie cannot go to the art exhibiton; the puppy has torn up her hat." "Well, let her wear the red lampshade; no one will know the differ-

They were two little children, and they were painting pictures in their school books. One youngster finished a cow in blue, and then remembered never to have seen a blue cow. 'Never mind," encouragingly said the other, "we will say the cow is cold."

A visitor to Boston Common, pausing at a gathering of Socialists, heard peroration of a fluent speech: "When these principles are triumphant, we shall have comfort and happiness from Canada to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Alpha to

Donald, aged six, was a minister's son. One morning, when his mother was getting him ready for school, he was quite cross, and said: "O hurry up! When you wash me, you just remind me of papa preaching—you just go on and on, and never know when to quit!"

Uncle Davis thinks that a dictionary is the most useless book ever printed. He says that you can't find out by it how to spell a word unless you know how to spell it in the first place. This remark was made after an hour's search among the k's for the word "kwiet."

seen any small chickens, and he did understand that the smooth patches on the sides were wings. When one of the chicks tried to spread his wings Stewart cried: opening his pockets, and there isn't anything in them.'

It was the first time Stewart had

The late Bill Nye was fond of telling this story of his small daughter: At the dinner table one day there was a party of guests, for whom Mr. Nve was doing his best in the way of ensaid she. "Yes," replied the Alice. "Come here, pussie, and I'll put child, "when we have company."

> A youth to fame and fortune unto be his collaborateur. Dumas was for a moment petrified; then he seized his pen and replied: "How dare, you sir, propose to yoke together a horse and an ass?" The author by return post wrote: "How dare you, sir, call me a horse?" Dumas, by next mail: "Send me your play, my friend!"

Tommy, aged four, with great expectations as to Christmas, was disgusted to find one of his presents a baby brother. He requested his father away and take "dat t'ing back!" The next day he found his crib usurped by the new-comer. His face flushed and his eyes flashed with anger. Marching up he shook his clenched fist at the baby and burst out, "Oo put on oo sooses and stottin's, and dit out of my tib!"

A boy had been up for an examination in Scripture, and failed utterly and the relations between him and the examiner had become somewhat The latter asked him if there were any text in the whole Bible he could quote. He pondered, "Sort of paddles, I should say," re- out and hanged himself." "Is there any other verse you know in the Bible??" the examiner asked. 'Go thou and do likewise.'" was a solemn pause and the proceed-

A citizen of the Old Colony, return-"We must choose the animals, ing home one noon discovered a pile of bricks near the doorstep. Learning, on inquiry, that his four-year-old daughter and a boy playmate had hauled them in a child's express from a neighboring house, he told the little miss that after dinner she must carry the bricks back, and was trying to her understand that taking things in such a way was stealing, when, with an expression of astonished innocence, she looked up at her fa-ther and enlightened him with: "Herbie drove, and I was the horse horse can't steal!"

> DEAR SIRS,-Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary

IT NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE AND

CHARLES WHOOTTN, Port Mulgrave.

FREE TO BALD HEADS. We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bala head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address Altenheim Medical Dispensary, Dep't Y. E., Box 779, Cincinnati. Ohio. disowned in the day when God makes strong, and then scooping out the parts dress Altenheim up his jewels.

Picked Up in Passing.

said to be the Kin Pan, of Pekin, which has been published continuously for a short stick, which was then pushed nearly a thousand years. It started into the snow animal like a pin, made as a monthly, became a weekly in 1361 and since the beginning of the century has been a daily.

> A well known Washington horseman has discovered a fact in natural history which may not be generally known. It is that all four-footed beasts, in making the first movement in walking or running, or at any sort of forward movement, always employ the left hind leg as a starter. Even a child, if put on all fours, will make the first movement with its left leg.

> The story is told of Mr. Kipling that when a boy he went on a sea voyage with his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, the artist. Soon after the vessel was under way, Mr. Lockwood Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck Presently there was a great commatten overhead, and one of the ship's officers rushed down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr. Kipling," he cried, 'your boy has crawled out on the yardarm, and if he lets go he'll drown.' "Yes," said Mr. Kipmng, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter: 'but he won't let go."

The interesting fact was stated at the jubilee of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, in Brooklyn, that during its half century of life the church has given away a million dollars in charity, and has built a Congregational Church for every year of its existence. "Amid all the heresies of THE AREA SALES OF THE AREA SALES THE AREA SALES OF THE AREA SALES pastor, "it has maintained the faith delivered to the saints. Its ministers have kept abreast of the times and modern scholarship, and have steered the ship by the North star, with God and the Bible for chart and compass." Surely, this is a record to rejoice over.

> "Henry George," says the Westminster Gazette, "had a quaint humor of his own, and could tell a good story against himself. During his Australian tour one of his friends in Sydney suggested to the secretary of a local rac-ing club that it would be a graceful thing to send Mr. George a complimentary ticket for the race meeting then at hand. The papers at the time were devoting many columns to reports of George's meetings and discussions on George's meetings and discussions on his doctrines, but the sportsman had evidently not read them. "Who is Mr. George?" he asked. "I never heard of him before." "Why, he's a man of world-wide celebrity." "Does he own any horses?" queried the secretary. "Yes; two very fast trotters, 'Progress and 'Poverty.'" "Oh, all right," said "Oh, all right," said the now satisfied secretary; "here's a

one there

is health and keen enjoyment, for it is the symbol of the finest coffee grown.

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

is always the same. It is the Coffee that is bought by the best families of America, people who appreciate the good things of life and insist upon having them. When you buy Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee you get the Best.

It would be impossible for money or position to procure anything supe-

Fig Syrup Babies Like It.

It regulates the stomach—
It purifies the blood—
It CURES constipation—
It is pleasant to take. 15 cent bottles, 35 doses for Infants
25 cent bottle, 35 doses for Adults
Your druggist sells it.



Your Butcher? We would like to serve. All our meat is first class. Prompt delivery to all parts of the city. A. HICKS, 298 Richmond St



CONSULTING ENGINEERS HEAD OFFICE TORONTO A.FRASER SEC. TRES. G. M. GUNN & SON, AGENTS, Telephone 321. - - - 414 Richmond Street, London.

The Natural Flavors of Foods Cooked in the

Aerated Ovens

Are Greatly Improved

0000

The fresh, pure, heated air gives a delicious sweetness to the taste that is lost or destroyed by the use of other ovens.

Aerated Ovens are quickly, easily, and evenly heated, never burn food, save one-half

SouvenirS

Have special advantages over

ordinary stoves. If you are interested write

The Gurney-Tilden Co.,

HAMILTON.

Agencies in Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg.

Sold in London by Wm. Wyatt & Sons.



10 GOLD MEDALS.

P. D. CORSETS are in the lead, again having received the FIRST PRIZE at the Universal Exhibition, in Brussels, 1897. To be obtained in

all leading drygoods stores.