

**Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Tal-
mage, D. D.**

It is not the great calamities of life that create the most worriment. We have seen men, felled by repeated flows of misfortune, arising from the duts, never desponding. But the most of the disquiet which men suffer is from insignificant causes; as a lion attacked by some beast of prey turns easily around and slays him, yet runs roaring through the forest at the

It was as when Joshua attacked the city of Ai. He selected thirty thousand men, and concealed most of them; then with a few men he assailed the city, which poured out its numbers and strength upon Joshua's little band. According to previous plan, they fell back to a burning defile, after all the proud inhabitants of the city had been brought out of their homes and had joined in the pursuit of Joshua, suddenly that brave man halted in the fight, and with his spear pointing toward the city, thirty thousand

Again: this Haman's history shows us that outward possessions and circumstances cannot make a man happy. While yet fully vested in authority, and the chief adviser of the Persian monarch, and everything that equibage and pomp and splendor of residence could do were his, he is an object-lesson of wretchedness. There he is, in a rooming sorrow under the crowns of royalty, and under the ragged cape of the homelike Persian, in the world's audience and safety in only misery in colors. Many a woman seated in the street at her apple-stand is happier than the great Bankers. The mountains of world honor are covered

the winter are signs of good crops next summer. So, many have yielded wonderful harvests of benevolence and kindness because they were for a long time covered in snow. Many have had a good many hard falls before they learn to walk straight. It is on the black anvil of trouble that men hammer out their fortunes. Sorrows take up men on their shoulders and enthrone them on their heads. We are always bitter. Men, like fruit trees, are good, yet, unless trimmed with sharp knives. They are like wheat—all the better for the flailing. It required the privation, sadness and chill to make John Bunyon's "Pilgrim's Progress" aware ice and cold felt at Vassar College and the whizz of bullets, to make Delawarean Washington, Paul, when he climbed up on the bench at Melita, shivering in wet clothes, was more of a Christian than the ship struck by the breakers. Prescott the poet, saw better without his eyes than I could ever have seen with them. Mordecai, despised at the grate, is only a professor of Mordecai, gratingly mounted.

Geo. Kee, who looks after the lights at the U. C. R. yard, was seriously injured about six o'clock on the morning of the accident. He was lighting one of the swivel lamps near the foot of Dorchester street when he fell to the ground, a distance of some fifteen feet. Ollie Irving, the driver of one of the shunting engines found him lying across the rails and removed him to a shed, where Dr. Andrews saw him. The physician ordered his removal to the hospital to which instruction he was taken in the morning. Dr. Kee was unconscious for many hours in fact he only began to regain consciousness about midnight. Dr. Andrews is afraid of concussion of the brain, and treatment of the extent of Dr. Kee's injuries it was impossible to get from the hospital that night.

Mr. Kee, who is foreman of No. 5 hose company, is well known, especially in the north end, and the accident was heard with deep regret by all friends.

"What does your wife do when she gets angry with you? Threaten to return to her parents?" "Oh, no; she takes revenge by repeating the fool things I said to her on our

SPILL NEWS

Arrived
7.—Bark Brilliant (Nor),

Boston, June 4. sons Henry
John; Abby K Bentley,

At Darien, Ga, June 5, ship Warrior, Kitchen, for Liverpool.

REED—At Kingwood, Mount Pleasant, O., June 9th, after a short illness, James Reed, aged 86 years.

STINSON.—At Pisarino, on June 6th, Sarah, youngest and beloved daughter of John and Sarah J. Stinson, in the twenty-first year of her age.