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THE QUIET HOUR.

Thou knowest all our trials, Lord,
Each sin and need and grief,
And Thou hast promised in Thy Word
Sometime to send relief.
But Thou hast set a task for each,
As soldiers in a war,
Who storm some point, the height to reach,
Through battles' thunderous roar.

Help us, for we are faint indeed!
Our little strength increase;
With manna true our spirits feed,
And bid our fears to cease.
From Thy great white throne far above
Thou dost our conflicts see;
O God of power, Thou God of love,
Our Friend and Helper be.

Let purity and truth be ours
While here we dwell below,
Accept and consecrate our powers,
Make every virtue grow.
Lead Thou through each perplexing strife,
Be with us all the way,
Lift up our hearts from death to life,
Crown Thou each passing day.

Oh, when our hope is burning low,
Its oil is well-nigh spent,
As up the rugged path we go—
The rocky, steep ascent—
Be Thine the voice resounding clear
With victory's thrilling ring,
To tell Thy people Thou art near
The needed aid to bring!
—Anna M. Wooden, in Union Signal.

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CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

No time need be wasted in telling the effect of this "assignment to quarters." Prolific a source of squabble as is the custom ashore it becomes intensified afloat, and, when coupled with it came a shaking up and rearrangement of seats at table, all hope of harmony vanished on the instant. The two brave young army girls still retained their seats at the captain's table; but two most estimable young women, Red Cross nurses, were dropped therefrom and transferred to that of the second officer on the port side, much to the comfort of a rather large percentage of their sisterhood who had regarded their previous elevation with feelings of not unmixed gratification. Then officers who had been seated with the general's staff had to vacate in favor of Mrs. Frank and Dr. Prober and Lieut. Billy Gray, whose father and the chief were long-time chums, and the Red Cross nurses who had been at the first officer's table fell back to that of the third. It was every bit as good as the other, but it didn't sound so, and they couldn't see it; and there were faces sour as the product of the ship's baker when that evening all hands went down to dinner, and the silence maintained, or the ominously subdued tone of the talk, at the other tables was in marked contrast with the hilarity that prevailed where sat the gray-haired, ruddy-cheeked old chief and the laughing coterie that listened to the fun that fell from the lips of Witchie Garrison. Armstrong, silent and somber, at the captain's right, looking forward from time to time, saw only one face at the general's table that was not lighted up with merriment; it was the face of the boy he envied, if envy of this kind ever entered into his heart, and he wondered as he looked at Billy's curly head what could have come over that glad young life to leave so deep a shadow on his handsome face.

One night, just one week later, Armstrong's eyes were opened. More than once in the meanwhile he had invited the young officer's confidence, and Billy, who three months earlier had been all gratitude and frankness, protested there was nothing on his mind. He had been very ill, that was all. As to Canker's charges they were simply rot. He hadn't the faintest inkling what had become of the purloined letters any more than he had of the whereabouts of his Delta Sig friend, young Morton, now officially proclaimed a deserter. But Armstrong heard more tales of Witchie's devotions to him in his illness, and the slow convalescence that ensued, noted how the boy's eyes followed her about the deck, and how many a time he would seek her side, even when other men were reading, walking or chatting with her. Armstrong looked with wonderment that was close allied to incredulity and pain. Was it possible that this blithe lad, who had won such a warm interest in the heart of such a girl as Amy Lawrence, could be forgetful of her, faithless to her, and fascinated now by this selfish and shallow butterfly? It was incredible!

But was it? The days had grown hotter, the nights closer, and the air between decks was stifling when the sea rolled high and closed the ports. Officers had taken to snoozing up on deck in steamer chairs. By an unwritten law the port side of the promenade deck was given up to them after 11 at night; but the women folk had the run of the starboard side at any hour when the crew were not washing down decks. Armstrong had been far forward about two o'clock one breathless night to see for himself the condition of things in the hospital under the forecastle. The main deck was crowded with sleeping forms of soldiers who found it impossible to stand the heat below; so on his return, instead of continuing along the gangway, he decided to climb the iron ladder from the main to the promenade deck. It would land him at the forward end of the starboard side. There he could smoke a cigar in peace and quiet. It was high time everybody was asleep.

But as his head and eyes reached the level of the deck he became suddenly aware of a couple huddled close together in the shelter of a canvas screen, and under the steps leading aloft to the bridge. He knew Gray's voice at once, and Gray was pleading. He knew her tones of old, and she was imperative, and listening with obvious impatience, for, almost at the instant of his arrival she spoke, low, yet distinctly: "Do as I say; do as I beg you when we reach Manila, and then come—and see how I can reward."

CHAPTER XV.

Manila at last! Queen city of the archipelago, and Manila again besieged! The loveliest of the winter months was come. The Luneta and the Paseo de Santa Lucia, close to the sparkling waters, were gay every evening with the music of the regimental bands and thronged with the carriages of old-time residents and their new and not too welcome visitors. Spanish dames and damsels, invisible at other hours, drove or strolled along the roadway to enjoy the cool breezes that swept in from the beautiful bay and take wistful peeps at the dainty toilets of the American belles now arriving by every boat from Hong-Kong. All the Castilian disdain they might look and possibly feel toward the soldiery of Uncle Sam gave place to liveliest interest and curiosity when the wives and daughters of his soldiers appeared upon the scene; and there was one carriage about which, whenever it stopped, a little swarm of officers gathered and toward which at any time all eyes were directed—that of the White Sisters. Within the old walled city and in the crowded districts of Bimondo, Quiapo and San Miguel north of the Pasig, and again in Paco and Ermita to the south, strong regiments were stationed in readiness to suppress the first sign of the outbreak so confidently predicted by the bureau of military intelligence. In a great semicircle of over 20 miles, girdling the city north, east and south, the outposts and sentries of the two divisions kept watchful eyes upon the insurgent forces surrounding them. Aguinaldo and his cabinet at Malolos to the north had all but declared war upon the obstinate possessors of the city and had utterly forbidden their leaving the lines of Manila and seeking to penetrate those broader fields and roads and villages without. Still hugging to its breast the delusion that a semi-Malaysian race could be appeased by show of philanthropy, the government at Washington decreed that, despite their throwing up earthworks against and training guns on the American positions, the enemy should be treated as though they never could or would be hostile, and the privileges denied by them to American troops were by the American troops accorded to them. Coming and going at will through our lines, they studied our force, our arms, equipment, numbers, supplies, methods; and long before the Christmas bells had clanged their greeting to that universal feast day, and the boom of cannon ushered in the new year, all doubt of the hostile sentiments of the insurgent leaders had vanished. Already there had been ominous clashes at the front; and with every day the demeanor of the Philippine officers and men became more and more insolent and defiant. Ceaseless vigilance and self-control were enjoined upon the soldiers of the United States, nearly all stalwart volunteers from the far west, and while officers of the staff and of the half-dozen regiments quartered within the city were privileged each day to stroll or drive upon the Luneta, there were others that never knew an hour away from the line of the outposts and their supports. Such was the case with Stewart's regiment far out toward the waterworks at the east. Such was the case with the Primeval Dudes on the other side of the Pasig, lining the banks of the crooked estuary that formed the Rubicon we were forbidden to cross. Such was the case with Canker and the—teenth in the dense bamboo thicket to the south, and so it happened that at first Armstrong and Billy Gray saw nothing of each other, and but little of the White Sisters, probably a fortunate thing for all.

Ever since that memorable night on the Queen of the Fleet, Gray had studiously avoided his whilom friend and counselor, while the latter's equally studious avoidance of Mrs. Garrison had become observed throughout the ship. The dominion and power of that little lady had been of brief duration, as was to be expected in the case of a woman who had secured for her undivided use the best, the airiest and by far the largest room on the steamer—a cabine de luxe indeed, that for a week's voyage on an Atlantic liner would have cost a small fortune, while

He knew Gray's voice at once.

here for a sea sojourn of more than double the time under tropic skies, and while other and worthier women were sweltering three in a stuffy box below, it had cost but a smile. The captain had repented him of his magnanimity before the lights of Honolulu faded out astern. The general began to realize that he had been made a cat's-paw of and, his amour propre being wounded, he had essayed for a day or two majestic dignity of mien that became comical when complicated with the qualms of seasickness. There was even noticeable aversion on part of some of the officers of the Dudes who, having made the journey from "the bay" to Honolulu with the women passengers, army wives and Red Cross nurses, naturally became the recipients of the views entertained by these ladies. Quick to see if slow to seem to see, Mrs. Frank has lost no time in begging one of the young soldier wives to share her big stateroom and broad and comfortable bed, and the lady preferred the heat and discomfort between decks to separation from her friend. Then Mrs. Garrison tendered both the run of her cabin during the day and evening; suggested, indeed, that on hot nights they come and sleep there, one on the bed and one on the couch; and they thanked her, but—never came. She coddled the general with cool champagne cup when he was in the throes of mal de mer, and held him prisoner with her vivacious chatter when he was well enough to care to talk. But, after all, her most serious trouble seemed to consist in keeping Billy Gray at respectful distance. He sought her side day after day, to Armstrong's mild amaze, as has been said; and when he could not be with her was moody, even fierce and ugly tempered—he whose disposition had been the sunniest in all that gray, shivery, dripping sojourn at the San Francisco camp.

But once fairly settled in Manila, the White Sisters seemed to regain all the old ascendency. Col. Frost had taken a big, cool, roomy house, surrounded by spacious grounds, down in Malate and close to the plashing waters of the bay. Duties kept him early and late at his office in the walled city; but every evening, after the drive and dinner, callers came thronging in, and all Witchie's witcheries were called into play to charm them into blindness and to cover Nita's fitful and nervous moods, now almost painfully apparent. Frost's face was at times a thundercloud, and army circles within the outer circle of Manila saw plainly that all was not harmony betwixt that veteran Benedict and that fragile, fluttering, baby wife. The bloom of Nita's beauty was gone. She looked wan, white, even haggard. She had refused to leave Hong-Kong or come to Manila until Margaret's arrival, then flew to the shelter of that sisterly wing. Frank Garrison had been occupying a room under the same roof with his general, but both general and aide-de-camp were now much afield, and Frank spent far more days and nights along the line of blockhouses than he did at home. The coming of his wife was unannounced and utterly unlooked for. "Did I consult my husband!" she exclaimed in surprise, when asked the question one day by the wife of a veteran field officer. "Merciful heaven, Mrs. Lenox, there was no time for that except by cable, and at four dollars a word. No! If any doubt of what Frank Garrison will say or do exists in my mind I go and do the thing at once, then the doubt is settled. If he approve, well and good; if he doesn't—well, then I've had my fun anyway."

But it made little difference what Frank Garrison might think, say or do when Nita's need came in question. It was for Nita that Margaret Garrison so suddenly quitted the Presidio and hastened to Hawaii. It was for her sake, to be her counsel and protection, the elder sister had braved refusal, difficulties, criticism, even Armstrong's open suspicion and dislike, to take that long voyage to a hostile clime. That she braved, too, her husband's displeasure was not a matter of sufficient weight to merit consideration. She was there to help Nita; and until that hapless child were freed from a peril that, ever threatening, seemed sapping her very life, Margaret Garrison meant to stay.

For the letter that came by way of Honolulu had told the elder sister of increasing jealousy and suspicion on the colonel's part, of his dreadful rage at Yokohama on learning that ever there—the very hour of their arrival—when the consul came aboard with a batch of letters in his hand, he had one for Mrs. Frost. She had barely glanced at its contents before she was stricken with a fit of trembling, tore it in half and tossed the fragments on the swift ebbing tide, then rushed to her stateroom. There she added a postscript to the long letter penned to Margaret on the voyage; and the purser, not her husband, saw it safely started on the Gaelic, leaving for San Francisco via Honolulu that very day. That letter beat the ordinary mail, for the Queen was heading seaward, even as the Gaelic came steaming in the coral-guarded harbor, and a little packet was tossed aboard the new troop ship as she sped away, one missive in it telling Witchie Garrison that the man whose life had been wrecked by her sister's enforced desertion was already in Manila awaiting her coming, and telling her, moreover, that the packet placed in Gen Drayton's hands contained only her earlier letters. In his reckless wrath Latrobe had told her that those which bound her to him by the most solemn pledges, those that vowed undying love and devotion, were still in his hands and that she should see him and then when at last she reached Manila.

Three mortal weeks had the sisters been there together, and never once it that time did Nita venture forth except when under the escort of her black browed husband or the protection of her smiling, witching, yet vigilant Margaret. Never once had their house been approached by anyone who bore resemblance to the dreaded lover. All along the Calle Real, where were the quarters of many officers, little guards of regulars were stationed; for black rumors of Filipino uprising came with every few days, and some men's hearts were failing them for fear when they thought of the paucity of their numbers as compared with the thousands of fanatical natives to whom the taking of human life was of less account than the loss of a game chicken, and in whose sight assassination was a virtue when it rid one of a foe. Already many officers who had weakly yielded to the importunity of a devoted wife was cursing the folly that led him to let her join him. The outbreak was imminent. Anyone could see the war was sure to come—even those who strove to banish alarm and reassure an anxious nation. And when the call to arms should sound, duty, honor and law would demand each soldier's instant answer on the battle line; then who was to care for the women? The very servants in each household, it was known were in most cases regularly enrolled in the insurgent army. The crowded districts in the city, the nipa huts surrounding the wealthy homes in the suburbs swarmed with Filipino soldiery in the garb of peace. Arms and ammunition, both, were stored in the great stone churches. Knives, bolos and pistols were hidden in every house. Through the clergy, in some instances and foreign residents in others, the statement was set afloat that every American officer's residence was mapped and marked, that the Tagals were told off by name—so many for each house in proportion to the number of American inmates—and day after day, awaiting the signal for their bloody work, were native devotees greeted with servile bows and studied the habits of the officers they were designated to fall upon in their sleep and slay without mercy. Even women and children were not to be spared; and many a woman, hearing this grewsome story, trembled in her terror. For a time, in dread of this new peril, Nita Frost almost forgot the other; but not so Margaret. She scoffed and scouted the rumor of Filipino outbreak. She laughed at Frost who all too evidently believed in it and was in hourly trepidation. He begged that the guard at his quarters might be doubled, and was totally unnerved when told it might even have to be reduced. Not so Mrs. Frank. She made friends with the stalwart sergeant commanding; always had hot coffee and sandwiches ready for the midnight relief; made it a point to learn the name of each successive non-commissioned officer in charge, and had a winsome smile and word for the sentries as she passed. It wasn't Filipino aggression that she feared. The men wondered why she should so urgently bid them see that no strangers—Americans—were allowed within the massive gates. There were tramps, even in Manila, she said. When the sisters drove their natty little Filipino team flashed through the lanes and streets at top speed, the springy victoria bounding at their heels to the imminent peril of the cockaded hats of the dusky coach and footman, if not even to the seats of those trim, white-coated, big-buttoned, top-booted, impassive little Spanish-bred servitors. The carriage stopped only at certain designated points, and only then when a group of officers stood ready to greet them. Not once had they been menaced by anyone nor approached by any man even faintly resembling poor Latrobe; and Witchie Garrison was beginning to take heart and look upon that threatening letter as a mad piece of "bluff," when one day the unexpected happened.

[To Be Continued.]

Unappreciated Vocalist.

Clara (an amateur vocalist)—If you had my voice, what would you do with it?

Maude—I don't know, dear; but I believe I would give it a holiday till the man came round, then I would have it tuned.—Pearson's.

THE ROUGH PLACES.

Dr. Talmage Indicates the Best Way of Getting Over Them.

Lesson from a Memorable Incident in the Saviour's Life—Following Christ Not Always Smooth Sailing

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

Dr. Talmage, who is now in Europe preaching to immense congregations in the great cities, sends this sermon, in which he describes the rough places of life and indicates the best means of getting over them and shows how many people fail to understand their best blessings; text, Mark iv, 39, "And He arose and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, Peace, be still."

Here in Capernaum, the seashore village, was the temporary home of that Christ who for the most of his life was homeless. On the site of this village, now in ruins, and all around this lake what scenes of kindness and power and glory and pathos when our Lord lived here! I can understand the feeling of the immortal Scotchman, Robert McCheyne, when, sitting on the banks of this lake, he wrote:

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

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm, reposing sea.
But, ah, far more the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

I can easily understand from the contour of the country that bounds this lake that storms were easily tempted to make these waters their playground. This lake, in Christ's time, lay in a scene of great luxuriance; the surrounding hills, terraced, sloped, groved; so many hanging gardens of beauty. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful—all styles of vegetation in smaller space than in almost any other space in the world, from the palm tree of the forest to the trees of rigorous climate. It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing this lake and countrymen in fishing smacks coming down to drop their nets pass each other with nod and shout and laughter or swinging idly at their moorings. Oh, what a beautiful scene!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf quivered in the air, not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret. But there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation. From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron of deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla, bearing messengers of light and life and peace. Christ is in the stern of the boat. His disciples are in the bow and amidships. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from starboard to larboard, or from larboard to starboard, the boat would rock and, by the gentleness of the motion, putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate and His head touched the pillow than He is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

Calm night, starry night, beautiful night! Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm as it comes on with great stride and all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessel loosen and in the strong wind crack like pistols; the smaller boats, like petrels, poise on the cliffs of the waves and then plunge. Overboard go cargo, tackling and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat and lay hold of Christ and say unto Him: "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?"

That great personage lifts His head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel and looks out into the storm. All around Him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ as the spray dropped from His beard. He has one word for the sky and another for the waves. Looking upward, He cries: "Peace!" Looking downward, He says: "Be still!" The waves fall flat on their faces, the foam melts, the extinguished stars relight their torches. The tempest falls dead, and Christ stands with His foot on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are baling out the boats and while they are trying to untangle the cordage the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm Saviour's countenance, and they cry out: "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

The subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have Christ in the ship; for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson for you and for me to learn! Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. All you can do with utmost tension of body, mind and soul you are bound to do; but, oh, have Christ in every enterprise!

There are men who ask God's help at the beginning of great enterprises. He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mount Hermon and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After awhile the storm comes, tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his lifeboat and the long boat; the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off; he must go down; no Christ in the ship. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadows. There may be in it arctic blasts or tropical tornadoes; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well. You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane deck and the decks are crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you do then without Christ in the ship? Take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help; then all is well; all is well for a time; all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing. These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said: "What a beautiful day this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat! And as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why, they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the winds swept down and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it; so I have found it.

Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ? You would say if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then those men, the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have had such a departure and such a life. St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halbert. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, how they were all tossed in the tempest! John Huss in a fire; Hugh McKail in the hour of martyrdom; the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing? But why go into history when we can draw from our own memory illustrations of the truth of what I say?

A young man in a store trying to serve God, while his employer scoffs at Christianity; the young men in the same store, antagonistic to the Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his religion, trying to get him mad. They succeed in getting him mad and say: "You're a pretty Christian!" Does that young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Or you remember a Christian girl. Her father despises the Christian religion; her mother despises the Christian religion; her brothers and sisters scoff at the Christian religion; she can hardly find a quiet place in which to say her prayers. Did she find it smooth sailing when she tried to follow Jesus Christ? Oh, no! All who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution. If you do not find it in one way, you will get it in another way. But be not disheartened! Take courage. You are in a glorious companionship. God will see you through all trials, and He will deliver you.

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

But there are a great many good people who get affrighted in other respects. They are affrighted about revivals. They say: "Oh, this is a strong religious gale! We are afraid the church of God is going to be upset and there are going to be a great many people brought into the church that are going to be of no use to it." And they are affrighted whenever they see a revival taking hold of the churches. As though a ship captain, with 5,000 bushels of wheat for a cargo, should say some day, coming upon deck: "Throw overboard all the cargo!" and the sailors should say: "Why, captain, what do you mean? Throw over all the cargo?" "Oh," says the captain, "we have a peck of chaff that has got into this 5,000 bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard!" Now, that is a great deal wiser than the talk of a great many Christians who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who are the subjects of revivals. Throw all overboard because they are brought into the kingdom of God through great revivals, because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff! I say let them stay until the last day. The Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat.

Do not be afraid of a great revival. Oh, that such gales from Heaven might sweep through all our churches! Oh, for such days as Richard Baxter saw in England and Robert McCheyne saw in Dundee! Oh, for such days as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton! I have often heard my father tell of the fact that in the early part of the century there broke out a revival at Somerville, N. J., and some people were very much agitated about it. They said: "You are going to bring too many people into the church at once," and they sent down to New Brunswick to get John Livingston to stop the revival. Well, there was no better soul in all the world than John Livingston. He went and looked at the revival. They wanted him to stop it. He stood in the pulpit on the Lord's day and looked over the solemn auditory, and he said: "This, brethren, is in reality the work of God. Beware how you stop it." And he was an old man, leaning heavily on his staff—a very old man. And he lifted that staff and took hold of the small end of that staff and began to let it fall slowly through between the finger and the thumb, and he said: "Oh, thou impenitent, thou art falling now—falling from life, falling away from peace and Heaven, falling as certainly as that cane is falling through my hand—falling certainly, though perhaps falling slowly!" And the cane kept on falling through John Livingston's hand. The religious emotion in the audience was overpowering, and men saw a type of their doom as the cane kept falling and falling, until the knob of the cane struck Mr. Livingston's hand, and he clasped it stoutly and said: "But the grace of God can stop you as I stopped that cane," and then there was gladness all through the house at the fact of pardon and peace and salvation. "Well," said the people, after the service, "I guess you had better send Livingson home. He is making the revival worse." Oh, for gales from Heaven to sweep all the continents! The danger of the church of God is not in revivals.

Again, my subject impressed me with the fact that Jesus was God and man in the same being. Here He is in the back part of the boat. Oh, how tired He looks! What sad dreams He must have! Look at His countenance; He must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at Him; He is a man—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, He falls asleep; He is a man. But then I find Christ at the prow of the boat; I hear Him say: "Peace, be still." and I see the storm kneeling at His feet and the tempests folding their wings in His presence; He is a God. If I have sorrow and trouble and want sympathy, I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat and say: "O Christ, weary One of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my sorrow! Man of Nazareth! Man of the Cross!" A Man, a Man! But if I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death and hell, I come to the front of the boat, and I kneel down, and I say: "O Lord Jesus Christ, Thou who didst hush the tempest, hush all my grief, hush all my temptation, hush all my sin!"

I learn once more from this subject that Christ can hush a tempest. It did seem as if everything must go to ruin. The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; yet Christ rises, and the storm crouches at His feet. Oh, yes; Christ can hush the tempest! You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweetest child of the household, the one who asked the most curious questions and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolated castle; the owls of the night hooting among the fallen arches and crumbling stairways. Or all your property swept away, you said: "I had so much bank stock; I had so many government securities; I had so many houses; I had so many farms—all gone, all gone." Why, sir, all the storms that ever trampled with their thunders, all the shipwrecks, have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why? Christ says: "I have that little one in my keeping. I can care for him as well as you can, better than you can, O bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away, God said: "There are treasures in Heaven in banks that never break." Jesus hushing the tempest

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

Into the harbor of Heaven now we glide;
We're home at last, home at last.
Softly we drift on the bright, silvry tide;
We're home at last.
Glory, to God, all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore!
Glory to God, we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

CALLS SCHOOLS TOO SOLEMN.

Col. F. W. Parker Addresses Illinois Congress of Mothers at Evanston.

Col. F. W. Parker criticised the parents for demanding monthly report cards from the public schools in his address "What Mothers Can Do for Education" before the Illinois congress of mothers at Evanston the other day. Col. Parker also advocated greater freedom for a child in selecting the studies to be pursued, and criticised the system of useless, tiresome work along lines which have no interest for the child.

Col. Parker said:

"It is torture and a crime to make small children sit for a long time perfectly still. The schoolroom is too solemn. A good laugh is one of the best aids to education. Still order is only desirable in rare moments, good order always being somewhat noisy. Children are made to report whether they whisper, whether they smile, and almost whether they have a happy thought. You never know your child until you see it with other children. There are infinite possibilities in human development. Give the children manual training, from the kindergarten to the college, and you will do God's work. You should go into the homes of some of the poor, neglected rich where the children have no work to do when they come home from school. If the women's clubs take up the school question and insist upon having intelligent heads to the schools and teachers the politician would retire from view."

Hardly Repentant.

Farmer Hayrake—Gosh! Here's a letter frum that green-goods feller what sent me home with a satchel full uv sawdust.

Mrs. Hayrake—Dear me! Does he repent?

Farmer Hayrake—Wa-al, he says here that he thinks one o' his diamond studs dropped outer his shirt and inter the sawdust while packing, but if I'll return it ter wunst he won't prosecute and no questions will be asked.—Judge.

The ministers of St. Paul have approved a project of making billiards one of the features of the Young Men's Christian association rooms.

THE CRISIS AT PEKIN.

All Communication Cut Off From the Capital of China.

Ten Thousand Soldiers and Marines Will Be Sent to Pekin to Back Up the Demands of the Foreign Ministers There.

London, June 11.—The Daily Mail has the following from Tien Tsin, dated Friday, June 8: "The wildest rumors are current here to the effect that Pekin is burning, but they lack confirmation."

Trouble has broken out at New Chwang. The state of anarchy around Pekin is likely to be imitated in many quarters. Asiatic artillery has been ordered from Hong Kong to Tien Tsin.

The admirals at Taku, acting in concert, are forcibly reopening the railway from Tien Tsin to Pekin. Gangs of laborers are repairing the damaged line, which is guarded by 1,500 men, composed of detachments from the foreign fleet. One hundred Americans under Capt. McCalla are among them. They have guns and armored trains for use when the line is repaired.

Ten thousand troops of all nationalities, according to a dispatch to the Daily Express from Shanghai, will be sent to Pekin to back up the demands of the ministers upon the government, or, if necessary, to suppress the Boxers themselves.

The American mission buildings at Tung Chau, 12 miles from Pekin, which were abandoned by the missionaries, have been looted and burned by the Chinese soldiery who were sent to protect them. Within three days 75 native Christians, well known men who had been trained for years by American missionaries, have been massacred near Tung Chau. Many of them were burned alive.

Shanghai, June 7.—In consequence of the representations of Japan the landing of a large Russian force at Taku is alleged to have been stopped. It is believed here that should Russia persist in sending a preponderating military force to the front a collision with Japan will inevitably result.

Tien Tsin, June 9.—It is reported from Chinese official sources that 4,000 Boxers surrounded 1,500 Chinese troops between Lofa and Yong Tsun Thursday, and, according to the latest news, fighting was still going on Friday morning.

Washington, June 9.—The following cablegram was received at the navy department Friday afternoon:

"Tong Ku, June 8, 1900. June 3rd landed forces to protect American interests with consent China; fifty-six Pekin, rest Tien Tsin. Nations sent force both cities; no injury so far. British, Russian, Chinese admirals and twenty warships here. Crops likely to fail, causing probably more trouble in the near future. Our landing force under McCalla, June 5, situation most critical. Russian force began fighting; landed fifty more men; have requested Helena be sent immediately to protect interests, or several vessels like her. Consider battalion marines necessary. Need gunboat as base inside. June 6, Tien Tsin Pekin railway cut. Will act concert naval forces other powers protect interests if necessary. Meeting foreign senior naval officers to-day. Present English, French, German, Austrian, Italian, Japanese and American; arrange for combined action to protect life and property if required. Nine hundred men ashore, 25 warships here." KEMPFF.

Tien Tsin, June 8.—In view of the conclusive confirmation of imperial connivance in the Boxer movement furnished by an edict published today denouncing Gen. Nieh-Si-Chong for killing some of the rioters, the strongest possible action of the powers, it is asserted here, can alone remedy the situation which has assumed the gravest aspect. The edict is couched in such terms that it leaves no doubt of th deep sympathy of the throne with the Boxers, who are described as "good citizens." Besides denouncing Gen. Nieh for killing the Boxers, the edict orders him to return with his troops to Loopai, 80 miles from the scene of the disturbances. It is claimed here that the first step of the powers for the preservation of foreign life and property ought to be the assumption of control of the railroad to Pekin.

Washington, June 10.—Adm. Remey informs the navy department that the gunboat Nashville with a force of marines aboard left Cavite for Taku. She is a light draft gunboat of the same type as the Helena, and it is presumed that she is sent in place of the latter. The Monocacy, at Shanghai also has been ordered to join Adm. Kempff at Taku.

Shanghai, June 10.—A dispatch from Tien Tsin, dated Friday, June 8, says 500 Russian troops are about to land there. The dispatch adds that Fung Chow has been burned, but that the missionaries are safe.

Dedicated at Last.

West Point, N. Y., June 11.—The dedication of the new Catholic church at West Point, over which there has been much controversy during the past three years, took place Sunday. The dedicatory sermon was by Rev. George Desbon.

Dr. Paul Gibier Dead.

Suffern, N. Y., June 11.—Dr. Paul Gibier, head of a sanitarium at Suffern and of the Pasteur institute of New York city, died at midnight from the effects of injuries received in a runaway earlier in the evening.

Banquet in Havana.

Havana, June 11.—The banquet given by the executive committee of the Spanish casino to the captain and officers of the Argentine training ship Presidente Sarmiento was a great success, causing much enthusiasm among the Spaniards.

National Negro Business League.

Tuskagee, Ala., June 11.—After consulting with substantial colored men in all parts of the country, Booker T. Washington, of Tuskagee, Ala., has decided to assist in the organization of a national Negro business league.

World's Temperance Congress.

London, June 9.—The world's temperance congress will open in London next Monday under the presidency of the archbishop of Canterbury, who will deliver an address and who on the following Thursday will entertain the members.

Ratification Time Extended.

Washington, June 9.—Secretary Hay and Lord Pauncefote signed a protocol extending until March 4 next the period of time allowed for the ratification of the reciprocity treaty with Barbadoes.

TOO LITTLE DEBATE.

Senator Green's Opinion of the Services Held in an Episcopal Church.

Senator Benton, of Missouri, one of the most conspicuous figures of the century in either house of congress, had a formidable antagonist in Senator James Stephen Green. Congressman Hitt, according to the Chicago Chronicle, relates this anecdote of the two gladiators:

"Senator Green was not only a man of splendid genius, but of charming manners. He boarded at the National hotel, where he was popular with men and women. The latter found out that the senator was not much of a churchgoer and insisted that he should mend his ways in that regard. One Sunday he was late for dinner. The women asked him why.

"'I have been attending divine worship,' replied the senator, gravely.

"'To what church did you go, senator?' asked a woman.

"'I don't know,' answered the courtly Missourian. 'I walked up the avenue, turned up Fourth street and entered a church on the left-hand side.' This was an Episcopal church.

"'How did you like the services?' asked another woman.

"'It appeared to me,' answered the senator, 'that there was too much reading of the journal and too little debate.'"

Sambo and the Freshman.

An American writer tells a good story of his college days. It relates to a negro gardener, a jolly fellow, with whom the boys used to have considerable sport. Sometimes he would floor them with his repartee.

One day in spring Sambo had been burning the college green in order to get rid of the old withered grass. A freshman came along, and, thinking to have some fun, shouted:

"Say, there, Sambo, you ought not to burn that stuff."

"Why?" inquired Sambo.

"Because," replied the freshman, "it'll make that grass as black as you are."

"Well, massa," retorted Sambo, "dat's all right. Yes, dat's all right. Never you fear; dat 'ere grass'll come up and be as green as you are!"—London Answers.

Revolution in Water Travel.

Experiments have proven that vessels, fitted with propellers which imitate the fish's f