CHAPTER XXI-Continued. Dinah pointed her staff in the direc-tion she wished them to take; but Old Somonk, the only one that was not in an attitude to start right off, called

"We were left here by the chief, and sold to stay as we value our lives.
"Hold!" cried Untilla in clear, silvery tones. "Uncas, chief of the Montauks, is at this moment in the settlements of the whites, and he cannot command. I am his sister; I am Untilla, a descendant of the mighty Wyandauch, and, in my brother's absence, my word is law. I command you to leave here at once, and open not your lips about what has happened till my brother or I bid you

While Untilla was speaking, Old Somonk's wife secured her pot; and now she headed the procession that marched off at the bidding of the princess.

on at the bloding of the princess.

The Indians were out of sight in a few minutes, and then Dinah's manner changed like magic.

The trappings of the priestess had

answered her purpose, so she threw them off, and, going to the vault, she seized the flat stone that answered for a door, and rushed in. Untilla was close behind her. The

light was dim. as compared with the glaring sunlight without, but was still sufficient to enable them to distinguish the bed, and on it the form of a man. "We must get 'im out, honey," said Dinab. "Tink ye kin lift de half?" "Yes, Dinah; if need be, I can carry

him alone," replied Untilla. One seized the head of the bed and the other the foot, and in a few minutes they had carried Ralph Denham from the vault and placed him in the shadow of a tree.

With amazing quickness, the old woman drew the cover from his face. Except that it had a flushed, pained expression, as of one trying to break a bond by a tense physical effort, or to rally failing memory by an effort of will,

it looked very natural. Dinah was now all activity. She tore open his coat and underclothing, till his white breast was exposed, and against this she pressed the side of her face. increasing its blackness by the strange

She remained in this attitude so long that Untilla, unable to suppress her anxiety, called out:
"Dinah, Dinah! tell me if he will

"He 'pears strong, but he's droogid. Ha, I knowed he was droogid, or dead."
"And he'll live, Dinah?"

Untilla was beside him, chafing the strong hand, which the sun had bronzed to a hue much darker than her own. We'll fotch 'im to. Doan't skeer, honey. Dr. Hedges he sez Dinah's sham; now you see wat Dinah know."

The old woman removed the white turban from about her head, and hand-ing it to Untilla, told her to wet it at a neighboring spring, and then fasten it about the captain's brow. While Untilla was doing this, Dinah

took off Ralph's shoes and stockings, and running back to the fire, took therefrom the pot of herbs.

Tearing off part of her dress, just as if she carried it for surgical purposes, Dinah took the herbs, now steaming hot, and bound them about the captain's

He moved as if the heat gave him pain, and he heaved a long sigh

Dipping one of the unused herbs in the liquor in the pot, Dinah skillfully pressed open the Captain's mouth and teeth, and, by means of the moistened herb, slowly dropped several spoonfuls of the liquor into his mouth.

To her great joy, she saw by the movements of his throat that he was swallowing, and that with each effort the pained, intense expression on his face gave way to one of peaceful rest. They kept up their efforts for an hour,

"Now let him rest a wile." "And then you think he will be bet-"Den we can wake 'em an gib 'im

suthin' to eat. Massy, won't 'e be s'prised when 'e does wake up en see whar 'e ez. They walked back to the fire, and

Dinah took from the bottom of the wonderful basket some large green leaves, inside of which were a trout and a fat woodcock, both ready for the fire. "Now, honey," said Dinah, pointing to the articles of food, "dem tings'll

taste better ef you cook 'em."
"But will Ralph be able to eat?"

"A man ez can't eat ain't got long to lib; we'll tempt 'im, honey," replied The old woman lit a short black pipe and smoked while she watched

beautiful Indian girl preparing the meal for Raiph Denham. When the woodcock and trout were

done to a turn and placed on the corn cake which answered for an edible dish. Dinah knocked the ashes from her pipe and said, as she rose briskly to her 'Now I'll see 'o 'e 'pears."

Uptilla watched the old woman, and in her anxiety was about to follow, when she saw Ralph's hand thrown up and pressed to his eyes, as when men rouse from a long sleep.

Before Dinah could reach him, Ralph Denham was sitting up. Then he turned his head, looked about him, and pressed his hands to his eyes, as if to stop the dream that haunted him into wakefulness.

The old woman, with that rare penetration that distinguished her, divined the trouble. Running up to Ralph from behind, she laid both hands on his shoulders, and said, in her most cheer-

ful accents: 'Tairt a dream, Ralph Den'am; yei heah wid me en Untilia. Ye bin rackt. Wait till I put on yer shoes en stock-

in's, en I'll tell ye 'bout it."
She could not have lit on more appropriate words. Ralph Denham, in his own sea experience, had known of men who lay down calmly in bunk or hammock on shipboard, and woke up on a

strange strand with strange feces about them. Men, who frequently act bravely and conspicuously on occasions of great danger, have not the slightest recollec-

tion of their acts, when the danger and excitement are over. Something lke this flashed through Ralph Denham's mind, as with his eyes

closed he threw himself back on his couch, while Dinah put on his shoes and

"Last night I took too much wine on the Wanderer. She must have been wrecked off Montauk Point, after the rudder was repaired, and in some way was rescued; and here I am among old friends.

"Dar, de shoes am on," said Dinah, gleefully. "Now, try en walk to de fiah, where Untilla's got somethin' to eat."

grasped it in affection, rather than with any thought of wanting its support. He was stiff and sore, and when he gained his feet, he staggered, and would have fallen, had not a lithe, strong form sprang to his side, and thrown one arm

about him.
"Untilla," he whispered. "God bless you, Untilia!" They led him over near the fire, and

made him sit down, with his back to a "Where are the rest?" he asked, glancing about him, with an expression,

half-awe, half-wonder, on his handsome face. "Am I the sole survivor? How did I get here?" "Wait, honey, en arter a bit I'll tole ye. But now I'll say dat de Fader of de

lan' en water, en of all de worls, de Fader dat save ye from de waves in de pas', hez now saved ye from de chief of de Montauks," said Dinah, standing behind him, and smoothing back his curly brown hair. She had often stroked it when it hung in golden ringlets to his shoulders, in the days beyond his memory, in that other Long Island that was

"The Wanderer is wrecked," he said looking appealingly at Untilia, who was fanning him with a bunch of graceful

ferns. "Not that; wait and we will tell you,"

said Untilla. But how did I come here? Speak, I am strong enough to hear; or, if you have aught to communicate, that you think would unnerve me at this time, let me assure you that my anxiety to hear it frets me more keenly than any-

thing you can say."
"I'll tell ye; but mebbe fust it'd be mo' bettah ef ye was to tell us all ye kin rekmimbah sense ye lef Sag Har-bor on dat ship," said Dinah, squatting on the ground, where his eyes could

rest on her. Captain Denham stroked his forehead, and briefly recounted everything, up to the breaking of the rudder chair

and his going to sleep.
"Fn dat's all ye know?" "That's all, Dinah."

"Den ye mus' hev bin a steepin' nigh goin' on to six days."

"What!" he exclaimed. "Of co-az we does not know; but I'll tell ye wot me en Untilla does know, foh we've been watchin' foh dat ship to come back, and I never 'spected she'd bring Ralph Den'am back to land."

Then, with great precison, Dinah told all she knew, but she prefaced her recital of the present case by telling Ralph the story of his early life, sub-stituting, with nice art, another name, and somewhat dissimilar conditions.

With rare skill, she told of the part Fox played, and how Uncas was to complete his work. Without disclosing her own sources

of information—he could imagine them—she told of everything that had transpired among the Montauks and at Sag Harbor, in which he could have in-terest, up to the last night. "And you say a letter is said to have

been sent by me from New York to Sag Harbor, telling Mr. Hedges to turn over the command of the Sea Hawk to this man?" asked Ralph, still pressing his eyes, as if determined, by will-power o dispel an illusion. "Dat is wot I say, en de Wandrah's

now at Sag Harbor." "My God, the man's name can't be

"En it ain't." chuckled Dinah. name's Captain William Kidd." "Cantain Kidd!" Ralph Denham's eyes flashed like

fire, and, with an energy that was miraclous, he leaped to his feet. "Dat's de man; I know 'im." With out heeding Dinah's words, Ralph

Denham raised his elenched hands above his head and cried out: Oh, I have been a blind fool. Why did I not act on my suspicions, and no from the promptings of my heart? I dreaded the man, and yet I had no proof. I must away at once. The Sea Hawk, my honor, must be saved, or I

die in the attempt. He would have dashed off through the woods at once, but Untilla raised her hands before him and he stopped,

with his head bowed. "I have a boat and strong rowers awaiting you beyond the cliff. Come with us, and before the sun has been down an hour you shall be in Sag Harbor.

"En Uncas 'll see a ghost. Ha, ha! Wait, honey; de ind ain't yet." Under the cliffs, about a mile from this point, they found a canoe awaiting tnem, manned by six powerful Montauk rowers. Into this Ralph Denham got, and Dinak and Untilla followed.

CHAPTER XXII.

SAG HARBOR BECOMES WILDLY EXCITED.
AND THE CONTAGION REACHES THE SUR-ROUNDING ISLANDS.

Captain Ralph Denham had passed through an ordeal that would have prostrated an older, or less vigorous man. Indeed, if it had not been for the mental excitement under which be was now laboring he could not have kept up. He sat back in the cance, watching

the rowers as, with regular sweeps they plied their paddles, and flew across the shadows near the shore. Quick as was their speed, it was too slow for

him. At moments, he would close his eyes. and try to reason that it was all a dream and that he would wake up to find himself on board the Wanderer, in New York harbor, for it was expected the ship would reach that port the morning

after leaving Montauk Point. But Dinah's voice, as she spoke in low tones to Untilla, recalled him to a full sense of the wakeful reality of his posi-

Dinah's voice with her strange ac cent and earnest manner; it seemed to him that all his earliest recollections were associated with that voice. Memory could not carry him back beyond a time when it was not familiar. and often since reaching manhood, when wondering if ever the veil would be lifted from the mystery of his early life, the thought would come to him, and his reason would weigh it and reject it, that the old woman would explain it all.

So great was the speed made by the rowers that before dark Ralph Denham could see away to the westward the outlines of his own and Fox's ships.

Shortly after dark the men at the paddles, acting under the instructions of

Untilla, directed their canoe into a little cove and made a landing.
"Why not keep straight on to the asked Ralph.

"Wait till I send back the canoe and will explain," replied Untilla. She went back to the canoe, spoke to the Montauks in their own language, and they at once pushed out the canoe, and started back to the point from which

they had come. They were still on the land of the Montauks, and near by there was a fishing hut which was frequently occupied by the chief. To this Ralph Denham

followed Untilla and old Dinah. The place was provided with seat and a rude couch, and after carefully closing the door Dinah made a light on the hearth, and said:

"It 'pears to me like ye don't seem to see as dar's a sight of trouble on han'.

"I assure you, Dinah, I fully appreciate that, and hence my anxiety on board of my ship," replied Ralph. "Now, jes' let me 'splain 'ow I feels 'bout dat," said the old woman, coming nearer, and adding force to her words by her quick, nervous gestures. Untilla, she'll bar me out in sayin' dat I'm jes' 'tout right. En wen ye've heard me, den ef ye sez don't keer, I'se goin' board any 'ow, wy, den ye'll go, dat's all.

"Go on, Dinah; I will listen," said Raiph, crossing his arms and letting his chin rest on his breast. Dinah used no long words; she only knew a few of that character, and she

was never quite certain that she com-prehended them. Now, she wanted Ralph Denham to understand her distinctly and not to be diverted from her reasoning by any unusual address in her

Her vocabulary was limited to words of one syllable, which she invariably mispronounced. She seemed to prefer arranging them in ways that assured their inaccuracy from a grammatical standpoint; yet she never left her hearer in doubt as to her meaning.

Again she rehearsed all that had taken place in Sag Harbor during Ralph's absence. She showed him that his friends believed he was in New York, that one of his foes at least-Colonel Grahambelieved that he was dead, and that the others arrayed against him were sure he was in their power.

Dinah went on to show him that

neither friend nor foe looked for him in Sag Harbor, at this time, and that if he were to enter the town at once, Fox, who was in virtual command of both ships, not only could, but would have him killed at once, and so defeat the object, which Ralph himself had in view. This, and much more, she advanced, in her quick, earnest way, closing by saying that she and Untilla would go to the town at once, find Mr. Hedges, and Valentine Dayton, quickly tell them the whole situation, and bring them to the Captain, who, after a conversation with

them, would know how to act. Ralph Denham was burning with anxiety to be away, yet he was im-pressed by Dinah's reasoning and Untilla's pleadings; and he saw that they

were right.

"Very well, how long will you be gone?" he asked.

They told him they would return as soon as they found the officers they went in search of; they would be back by midnight, certainly by daylight.

But you leave me unarmed," he "Ah!" exclaimed Untilla, "I came near forgetting what has been on my mind

ever since we came here." She stepped on a bench, and reaching up to a few boards that made a little loft above the fire-place, she brought down a belt and handed it to Ralph. It contained two fine pistols, a dagger

with a horn hilt, and pouches well filled with powder and ball. You see," said Ralph, as he strapped the belt about his waist, "there is no knowing who may pay me a visit while

you are gone. They assured him that there was no danger of any one's coming, and then shaking his hand again and again, they left him alone in the hut.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Desperate Situation.

In my younger days, says an Oriental raveler, I acquired a taste for country sports, and when I went to India, where field recreations were of a more serious kind, I soon became expert at hunting the jackal, leopard, and tiger; but it was not for a year that I tried my hand

at elephant hunting.
When the eventful day arrived I was assigned to an elephant, and when the party reached the grove Tagore, an expert elephant hunter, called my attention to a tremendous fellow which we at once attempted to capture. Allowlenhants to attract the our traine wild elephant's notice, Tagore skillfully fastened a rope around his leg and to a large tree, and then we retreated to the rear and waited for him to tire himself out. Instead of that he broke the rope and made for us; and, as my elephant stood stock still as if paralyzed from fright, I promptly climbed into the nearest tree, while Tagore and the others ran for their lives. I imagined that was secure for the time being; but, to my horror, the elephant began to batter the tree with his head, and with such violence that I was nearly shaken from my perch. Finding that I still clung on, the animal changed his tactics an i began tearing up the tree by tall, and could perceive no possibility of

Finally, having loosened the roots, the beast again began to push again with his head, and I felt the tree yielding to the pressure. I fairly shricked in despair as I felt it falling, but to my inexpressible joy, the tree fell against a much larger one, and the topmost branches become entangled. I quickly scrambled into the new place of refuge, and then I think my nerves must have given way, as I remember nothing more until I heard the sound of firing below, and found that Tagore and his men had returned to my rescue and driven away my besieger. But I have not cared to ount elephants since that day.

Snow Irrigation.

No doubt the recent famine in Russia was principally due to want of irriga-The usual process of carrying tion. irrigation works from neighboring streams is too costly and slow, and besides is quite impracticable in South Russia, on account of excessive small falls in all the rivers in this part of the country. The streams, moreover, have very little water during the summer months, when the irrigation is princially wanted. Now in several parts of Siberia the water obtained from melting snow is used for irrigation. The limate of these parts is quite continental, with very hot, dry summer, a severe winter, with plentiful falls of snow. The snow irrigation is managed in the following manner: At the first warm winter day after a plentiful snowfall, the whole village, not excepting women and youngsters, meet at a previously appointed spot in the field situated on a slope of a hill. One portion, consisting of strong men, collect and carry the snow to form a large bank, while others press the snow down and spread it evenly. This operation is repeated several times during the winter, and by spring a large bank of compressed snow is formed, a dozen feet deep and weighing several hundred tens. With the first approach of spring, the snow bank is covered with pine branches, straw and dung: if such material is not at hand, earth and sand are used as covering, but in the latter case the layer has to be about eighteen inches thick. The same plan of irrigation would be quite applicable to Russia, and for countries where snow falls in abundance. For regulating the flow of water from melting snow in the bank, a ditch is managed on the lower side of the bank with two openings, one to be used as an overflow, in case the water is not wanted for irrigation, the other leads to the irrigation ditch distributing the water on the fields.

A Fat Men's Club.

fat men's club has been established in Paris under the name of "Les Cent Kilos," no man weighing loss than 200 pounds being accepted. On State occasions the club will parade in a body.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "A King Eating Grass."

TEXT: "The same hour was the thing ful filled upon Nebuchadnezzar, and he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws."— Daniel iv., 33.

Better shade your eyes lest they be put out with the splendor of Babylon, as some morning you walk out with Nebuchadnezzar on the suspension bridges which hang from the housetops and he shows you the vastness of his realm. As the sun kindles the domes with glist nings almost insufferable and the great streets thunder up their pomp into the ear of the monarch, and armed towers stand around, adorned with the spoils of conquered empires, Nebuchadnezzar waves his hand above the stupendous scene and exclaims, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?" But in an instant all that spiendor is gone from his vision, for a volce falls from the heaven, saying: "O King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken. The kingdom is departed from thee, and they shall drive thee from race, and thy iwelling shall be with the beasts of the field. They shall make thee to eat grass as oxen and seven years shall pass over thee, until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever he will."
One hour from the time that he made the boast he is on the way to the fields, a maniac, and rushing into the forests, he becomes one of the beasts, covered with eagles' feathers for protection from the cold, and his nails growing to birds' claws in order that he might dig the earth for roots and climb the trees for nuts.

You see there is a great variety in the Scrip-tural landscape. In several discourses we have looked at mountains of excellence, but now we look down into a great, dark chasm of wickedness as we come to speak of Nebu-chadnezzar. God in His Word sets before us the beauty of self denial, of sobriety, of devotion, of courage, and then, lest we should not thoroughly understand Him, he intro-duced Daniel and Paul and Deborah as illustrations of those virtues. God also speaks to us in His Word as to the hatefulness of pride, of folly, of impiety and lest we should not thoroughly understand Him, introduces Nebuchadaezzar as the impersonation of these forms of depraviry. The former style of character is a lighthouse, showing us a way into a safe harbor, and the latter style of character is a black buoy, swinging on the rocks, to show where vessels wreck them-selves. Thanks unto God for both the buoy and the lighthouse! The host of Nebuchad-nezzar is thundering at the gates of Jerusa-lem. The crown of that sacred city is struck into the dust by the hand of Babylonish in-solence. The vessels of the temple, which had never been desecrated by profane touch, were ruthlessly seized for sacrilege and transportation. Oh, what a sad hour when those Jews, at the command of the invading army, are obliged to leave the home of their nativity? How their hearts must have been wrung with anguish when, on the day they departed, they heard the trumpets from the top of the temple announcing the hour for morning sacrifice and saw the smoke of the altars ascending around the holy hill of Zion: for well they knew that in a far distant land they would never hear that trumpet call nor behold the majestic ascept of the sacrifice! Behold those captives on the road from Jerusalem to Babylon! Worn and weary, they dare not halt, for roundabout are armed men urging them on with hoot and shout

and blasphemy. and blasphemy.

Aged men tottered along on their staves, weeping that they could not lay their bones in the sleeping place of their fathers and children, wondered at the length of the way and sobbed themselves to sleep when the night had fallen. It seemed as if at every night had failen. It seemed as it at every step a heart broke. But at a turn of the road Babylon suddenly springs upon the view of the captives, with its gardens and palaces. A shout goes up from the army as they behold their native city, but not one huzza is heard from the captives. These exiles saw no splendor there, for it was not home. The Euphrates did not have the water gleam of the brook Kedron or the pool of Siloam. The willows of Babylon, on which they hung their untuned harps, were not as graceful as the trees which at the foot of Mount Moriah seemed to weep at the departed glory of Judah, and all the fragrance that descended from the hanging gardens upon that great

scacia and trankincense that the high priest kindled in the sanctuary at Jerusalem On a certain night, a little while after these captives had been brought to his city, Nabuchadnezzar is scared with a night vision A bad man's pillow is apt to be stuffed with deeds and for sbodings which keep talking in the night. He will find that the engles' down in his pillow will stick him like porcupine quills. The ghosts of old transgressions are sure to wander about in the darkness and beekon and hiss. Yet when the morning came he found that the vision had entirely fled from him. Dreams drop no anchors, and therefore are apt to sail away before we can fasten them. Nebuchadnezzar calls all wise men of the land into his presence demanding that by their necromancy they explain his dream. They of course fatt. Then their faithful king issues an edict with as little sense as mercy, ordering the slaying of all the learned men of the country. But Daniel the prophet comes in with the inter-pretation just in time to save the wise men

and the Jewish captives.

My friends, do you not see that pride and ruin ride in the same saddle? See Nebuchad nezzar on the proudest throne of all the earth, and then see him graze with the sheep and the cattle! Pride is commander, well plumed and comparisoned, but it leads forth dark and frowning host. The arrows from the Almighty's quiver are apt to strike a man when on the wing. Goliath shakes his great spear in deflance, but the smooth stones from the brook make him stagger and fall like an ox under a butcher's bludgeon He who is down cannot fall. Vessels scudding under bare poles do not feel the force of the storm, while those with all sails set capsize at the sudden descent of the tempest.

Remember that we can be as proud of our humility as anything else. Autisthenes walked the streets of Athens with a ragged cloak to demonstrate his humility, but So crates declared he could see his hypocrisy through the holes in his cloak. We would all see ourselves smaller than we are if we were as philosophic as Severus, the Empere of Rome, who said at the close of his life "I have seen everything, and everything is nothing." And when the urn that was to contain his ashes was at his command brought to him, he said, "Little urn, thou shalt contain one for whom the

contain one for whom the world was Do you not also learn from the misfortune of this king of Babylon what a terrible thing is the loss of reason? There is no calamity that can possibly befall us in this world so great as derangement of intellect; to have the body of man and yet to fall even below the instinct of a brute. In this world of horrible sights, the most horrible is the idiot's stare. In this world of horrible sounds, the most horrible is the maniac's laugh. A vessel driven on the rocks, when hundreds go down never to rise and other hundreds drag their mangled and shivering bodies upon the winter's beach, is nothing compared to the foundering of intellects full of vast hopes and attainments and capacities.

Christ's heart went out toward those who were epileptic, falling into the fire, or manines cutting themselves among the tombs. We are accustomed to be more grateful for physicial health than for the proper working of our mind. We are apt to take it for granted that the intellect which has served us so well will always be faithfui. We torget that an engine of such tremendous power, where the wheels have such vastness of circle and such swiftness of motion, and the least impediment might put it out of gear, can only be kept in proper balance by a divine hand. No human and could engineer the train of immortal faculties. How strange it is that our memory, on whose shoulders all the misfortunes and successes and occurrences of a lifetime are placed, should not oftener break down, and that the scales of judgment, which have been weighing so much and s long, should not lose their adjustment and their fancy, which holds a dangerous wand, should not sometimes maliciously wave it, bringing into the heart forebodings and hallucinations the most appalling! Is it not strange that this mind, which hopes so much in its mighty leaps for the attainment of its objects, should not be dashed to pieces on its disappointments? Though so delicately nuned, this instrument of untold harmony plays on, though fear shakes it and vexa tions rack it and sorrow and joy and loss and gain in quick succession beat out of it their dirge or toss from it their anthem. At

morning and at night, when in your prayer you rehearse the causes of your thanksgiving, next to the salvation by Jesus Christ, praise the Lord for the preservation of your reason. See also in this story of Nebuchadnezzar

The

the use that God makes of bad men.

actions of the wicked are used as instru-ments for the punishment of wickedness in others or as the illustration of some principle in the divine government. so I will go back with you to the history of every reprobate that the world has ever seen, and I will show you how to a great ex-tent his wickedness was limited in its destructive power and how God glorified Him structive power and how God glorified Himself in the overthrow and disgrace of Eis enemy. Babylon is full of abomination, and wicked Cyrus destroys it. Persia fills the cup of its iniquity, and vile Alexander puts an end to it. Macedon must be chastised, and bloody Emilius does it. The Bastile is to be destroyed, and corrupt Napoleon accomplishes it. Even so selfish and wicked men are aften made to uccomplish great and men are often made to accomplish great and men are often made to accomplish great and glorious purposes. Joseph's brethren were guilty of superlative perfidy and mean-ness when they sold him into slavery for about \$7, yet how they must have been overwhelmed with the truth that God never forsakes the righteous when they saw He had become the Prime Minister of Egypt! Pharaoh oppresses the Israelites with the most diabolic tyranny; yet stand still and see the salvation of God. The plagues descend, the locusts, and the hall; and the descend, the party of the there is a God. stroying ange!, showing that there is a God who will defend the cause of His people, and finally, after the Israelites have passed through the parted sea, behold, in the wreck of the drowned army, that God's enemies are as chaff in a whirlwind! In some financial panic the righteous suffered with the wicked. Houses and stores and shops in a nigh oundered on the rock of bankruptey, an healthy credit without warning dropped dead in the street, and money ran up the long ladder of twenty-five per cent. to laugh down upon those who could not climb

Dealers with pockets full of securities stood shouting in the deaf ears of banks, Men rushed down the streets with protested notes after them. Those who before found it hard to spend their money were left without money to spend. Laborers went home for want of work, to see hunger in their chair at the table and upon the hearth. Winter blew his breath of frost through fingers of icicles, and sheriffs with attach-ments dug among the cinders of fallen storehouses, and whole cities joined in the long funeral procession, marching to the grave of dead fortunes and a fallen commerce. ily the righteous suffered with the wicked, but generally the wicked had the worst of Splendid estates that had come together through schemes of wickedness were dashed to pieces like a potter's vessel, and God wrote with letters of fire, amid the ruin and destruction of reputaruin and destruction of reputa-tions, and estates that were thought impregnable, the old fashioned truth. which centuries ago He wrote his Bible, "The way of the wicked he tu eth upside down." As the stars in heaven are reflected from the waters of the earth, even so great and magnificent purposes are reflected back from the boiling sea of human passion and turmoil. As the voice of a sweet song uttered among the mountains may be uttered back from the cavernous home of wild beast and rocks split and thunder scarred, so the great harmonies of God's providence are rung back from the darkest caverns of this sin struck earth. Sennacherib and Abimelech and Herod and Judas and Nero and Nebuchadnezzar, though they struggled like beasts unbroken to the load, were put into a yoke, where they were com-pelled to help draw ahead God's great pro-

ects of mercy. Again, let us learn the lesson that men can be guilty of polluting the sacred vessels of the temple and carrying them away to Babylon. The sacred vessels in the temple at Jerusalem were the cups and plates of gold and silver with which the rites and ceremonies were celebrated. The laying of neathen hands upon them and the carrying them off as spoils were an unbounded offense to the Lord of the temple. Yet Nebuchad-nezzar committed this very sacrilege. Though that wicked king is gone, the sins he inaugurated walk up and down the earth. cursing it from century to century. The sin of desecrating sacred things is committed by those who on sacramental day take the communion cup, while their conversation and deeds all show that they live down in Babylon. How solemn is the Sacrament! It is a time for vows, a time for repentance, a time for faith. Sinal stands near with its fire split clouds and Calvary with its victim. The Holy Spirit broods

the trees which at the foot of Mount Moriah seemed to weep at the departed glory of Judah, and all the fragrance that descended from the hanging gardens upon that great deed must that man be who will come in the sancta and trankingense that the high priest hold of the sacred vessels of the temple. Oh, thou Nebuchadnezzar! Back with you to Babylon! Those also desecrate sacred things who use the Sabbath for any other than religious purposes. This holy day was let down from heaven amid the intense secularities of the week to remind us that we are immortal and to allow us preparation for an endless state of happiness. It is a green spot in the hot

desert of the world that gushes with foun-tains and waves with palm trees. This is the time to shake the dust from the robe of our plety and in the tents of Israel sharpen our plety and in the tents of Israel snarpen our swords for future conflict. Heaven, that seems so far off on other days, alights upon the earth, and the song of heavenly choirs and the hosanna of the white robed seem to mingle with our earthly worship. We hear the wailing in-fant of Bethlehem, and the hammer stroke of the carpenter's weary son in Nazareth, and the prayer of Gethsemane, and the bitter cry of Golgotha. Glory be unto the Lord of the Sabbath! With that one day in seven God divides this great sea of business and gayety, that so, dry shod, we may pass be-tween the worldly business of the past and the worldly business of the future.

the worldly business of the future.
But to many the Sabbath comes only as a
day for neighborhood visiting, field ram-bling, hotel lounging and political caucusing. This glorious Sabbath, which was in-

ing. This glorious Sabbath, which was in-tended only as a golden challes from which the thirsty should drink, is this moment being carried down to Babylon. I do not exaggerate the truth when I say that to tens f thousands there is no distinction between of thousands there is no distinction between the Sabbath and the week days except that on the Lord's day they do not work, while they eat more largely and dissipate more thoroughly. Sabbath breakers are like hunters who should compell their hounds to take rest while themselves continue to take rest while themselves continue on the weary chase, for men on the Sabbath allow their bodies, which are merely the animal nature, sufficient repose, while their immortal nature, which should be fed and refreshed, is compelled to chase up and down this world's highway. How shameful to rob God of His day, when He allows men so much lawful acquisition, even of a worldly nature, on the Sabbath, for, although men themselves are commanded to rest, the corn and the wheat and the grass grow just as rapidly on the Sabbath as on row just as rapidly on the Sabbath grow just as rapidly of the sabsult of the days, so that while they sit in the sanctuary they are actually becoming richer in worldly things. While you are doing nothing your bonds and mortgages are all accumulating interest for your state just as fast as on other days. hired by the month or year are receiving just as much wages while quiet on the Sabbath as they are the hard working week-days. No, I say how unutterably mean it is, when God is adding to your worldly estate on the Sabbath as certainly as on othe hat any should not be satisfied with that, attempt to seize additional secular advantage from the Lord's day. Have you never noticed the curious fact that our worldly oc-

cupation frequently seems to be divided into ections of six days each? Every week we have just enough work given us to do in six days. God makes just enough breaks in our continuous occupations thrust in the Sabbath. If you have not efore noticed, observe hereafter that when Saturday night comes, there is almost always saturally high collection your business. All things secular and spiritual in providence and revelation seem to say, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." When the six days of creation had passed, God stopped working. Not even a pure flower or a white cloud would He make, because it was the Sabbath, and, giving an example to all future times. He rested.

What an embarrassing thing to meet in leaven if we have not settled our controversies on earth. So I give out for all people of all religions to sing John Fav nymn, in short meter, composed in 1772, but ust as appropriate for 1897 : Blest be the tie that binds

Our hearts in Christian love. The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above. From sorrow, toil and pain And sin we shall be free, And perfect love and friendship reign

Through all eternity.

RELIGIOUS READING.

Before we knew that o'er our days of sun-

Could come such shade, Before we knew that in our midst an angel His home had made, How calm we were in our serene content-

ment-Our skies how blue-How light we held his living, loving pres Before we knew!

But now the sorrow of a vain regretting,
"Had we but known,"
Throbs sadly through our life of seeming

calmness In undertone.

Oh, could we hear once more the voice now silent-So dear, so true—
As in the old sweet days of love and glad-

ness Before we knew!

Mary Bingham Wilson, in Congregational-

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF PREACHING.

Fullness of knowledge saves a minister from the temptation of resorting to bizarre methods to attract a congregation. No mat-ter how clever a man may be, he cannot long hide from himself or from others the fact of his intellectual superficiality and limitation; and I believe that many a preacher who resorts to eccentric and sensational stratagems does so from the con-sciousness of the meagreness and frality of his theological and philosophical resources. No truly great actor becomes a Blondin walking a tight rope to draw a crowd; no truly great singer blacks his face and joins the minstrels to secure popularity : no great art-ist renounces academical law to astonish the world by daubing nightmares. Men of a much inferior order condescend to theatri-cals; gifted men have no need. And it is the same with respect to the Christian pul-pit. Henry Ward Beecher did not resort to dags and dulcimers; Bishop Simpson sucseeded without dressing himself in Oriental sostume; Joseph Parker gets on without a magic lantern; R. W. Dale used no stage property, posture or passion, and Maclaren discovers no anxiety to straddle the latest sensation. But the preacher who is conscious of deficiency in the deeper qualifications of his vocation seeks to awaker and maintain public interest by eccentricities and extravagances in the subjects maintain public interest by eccentrates and extravagances in the subjects he chooses or in the manner in which he treats them. Our congregations desire above all things clear, deep, Scriptural truth, and any ministry of real teaching power is sure of perennial popularity. The interest of the multitude in larity. The interest of the multitude in Christian doctrine is not speculative and arbitrary; it is personal practical, passionate. The people recognize in our doctrine the things by which they live, and he who can state evangelical truth with lucidity and feeling will find his ministry influential when the mere rhetorician and sensationalist have passed away.—W. L. Watkinson, D. D. (London), in Methodist Review.

Faith is not a state of inaction, security and contentedness: it is a constant reaching forth towar. higher and fuller life. The least exercise of it is productive of wonderful results. God has set such a value upon the least grain of faith, and given it such a power, that it can overcome mountainous difficulties and effect extraordinary transformations. But God means that the seed should become a tree. Plant a seed in flower-pot that is full of soil, motionless. changeless, inert, that would remain as it is forever, and at once the presence of the seed in the soil creates a vortex of motion and change. The seed, as it germinates and grows, draws the particles of the soil into its own composition and structure, to them a higher nature organizes the san to them a higher hattre, organizes the salu and makes it living material, attracts the dew and the sunshine, and brings all the powers of nature to its help that it may grow. And so plant a seed of faith in Christ in a dead human heart, and what a change in a dead human heart, and what a change and commotion it causes! It raises up the nature into newness of life; it lays all the powers of heaven and earth under contribution for its help and sustenance. But as it grows it accomplishes greater wonders in the tree-stage than in the seed-stage. The produce of the mjunte grain of mystard seed is the greatest of herbs, occupying a large space, and doing a great work. Look large space, and doing a great work. what a tree does in the economy of How it forms the source of rivers and streams, how it regulates the seasons, alters the climate of the locality! when it reaches the tree-stage and becomes a resting-place for weary creatures on its boughs, and gives refreshment to multitues by its shade and fruit.-Hugh MacMillan, D. D., in the Quiver.

Since all things are God's servants, all things must necessarily be His messengers, and therefore every event and dispensation of life has its message for us, let the aspect of the "messenger" be what it may. of our choicest gifts from our dearest friends come to us by the hands of very rough-looking messengers and are wrapped up in coarse brown packages. Do we, because of this, "despise and misuse" the messen gers and refuse to receive and open the pack ages? My neighbor who treats me unkindly, or my friend who wrongs me, or my enemy who magligns me, have each one as really a message from God for me as the clergyman preaches to me, or the Christian I who gives me a tract. And as I would not "despise or misuse" the one, neither must I the other. We little know of the rich blessings we lose because we thus despise and misuse the "servants" who bring them. Perhaps the gift of patience, for which you have prayed long and apparently in vain, is held in the hand of that very disagreeable inmate of your household, whose presence has seemed to you such an unkind infliction. Or it may be that the victory over the world, for which your soul has fervently hungered, was shut up in that very disappointment or loss against which you have retelled with such bitterness that it has brought your soul into grievous ness instead.—Hannah Whitall Smith.

Here is a lighthouse-keeper on the coast The sailor in the darkness cannot see the keeper, unless indeed the shadow of the keeper obscures for a moment the light.
What the sailor sees is the light, and he thanks, not the keeper, but the power that put the light on that dangerous rock. So the lightkeeper tends his light in the dark, and a very lonely and obscure life it is. No one mounts the rock to praise him. The vessels pass in the night, with never a word of cheer. But the life of the keeper gets its dignity, not because he shines, but because his light guides other lives; and many weary captain greets that twinkling light across the sea, and seeing its good work gives thanks to his Father which is in heaven.-Dr. Peabody.

Suppose you say to yourself: "This is an ordinary, shabby life of mine to look at—no great thing to do or be or hope for or grow to. I have just got to con-tent myself with drudgeries that must be every day the same, and never advance m beyond themselves. But I mean to put great cheer into all I do. I mean every-thing shall show integrity, shall speak of honesty, shall prove my truth; nothing that I touch that I will not adorn by some grace of soul." What will be the result? Where will be the paltriness, the worthlessness, of your life?—Rev. J. F. W. Ware.

"Into the life so poor, and hard, and plain, That for a while they must take up again, My presence passes. Where their feet toil

Mine, shining-swift with love, still foremost

-Adeline D. T. Whitney.

NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOMES. Eighty-two Per Cent. of Inmates on the

Pension Rolls. The report of the Inspector General of the

go.

Army on the several branches of the National home for disabled volunteer soldiers show them to be generally in good condition. amount expended for maintenance for the year 1896 was \$2,200,297, making the cost per capita of 17,141 inmates, \$126 against \$128 in 1895 and \$141 in 1894. There were 1171 deaths during the year, 205 of which occurred outside of the homes. About 80 per cent. of these men were buried in the home cemeteries. At the close of the year 82 per cent, of the inmates of the homes were on the pension roll, the amount paid them during the year being \$2,500,000.

## SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR

MARCH 7. Lesson Text: "The Ethiopian Convert," Acts vill., 26-40-Golden

Text: Acts vill, 4-Com-

mentary.

26. "Arise and go toward the south."
Thus spake the angel of the Lord to Philip
while he was in the midst of this great
work in Samaria. He is sent from what seems to be a very great work out into the desert, and he is not told why he is sent. Simple and whole hearted obedience is the one thing required of a servant or a soldier Angels that excel in strength do His com-Angels that excel in strength do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word. They do His pleasure (Pa citi., 20, 21). If we are good servants and soldiers, we will hold ourselves according to II Sam. xv., 15; I Chron. xxviit., 21; II Sam.

ili., 36.
27. "And he arose and went, and, behold, a man of Ethiopia." Phillip sees what may be the object of his mission, one man, an Ethiopian, the treasurer of Queen Candace, who had been to Jerusalem to worship. The who had been to Jerusalem to worship. The time will yet come when Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God, when from beyond the rivers of Ethiopia suppliants shall bring an offering to the Lord (Zep. iii., 10; Ps. lvviii, 31). But, whether a nation or an individual, God regards all who truly seek Him (Job. xxxiv. 29).

28. "Sitting in his chariot, read Esaias the prophet." What he had heard or seen at Jerusalem we are not told, but we may well

Jerusalem we are not told, but we may well imagine that he had heard somewhat con-cerning those who had filled Jerusalem with their doctrine and concerning Him of whom they spake. He must have been an earnest seeker after light, for God sent Philip all the way from Samaria to be his teacher and to

way from Samana 1. lead him to Christ.
29. "Then the Spirit said to Philip, Go near and join thyself to this chariot." What's ever Philip may have thought he now knew the object of his mission. His trained ear heard the message of the Spirit, and without hesitation or question he obeys. I believe it is possible to live always and fully under the control of the Spirit and have God working in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure. If this is our whole-hearted desire, He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him (Ps. cxlv., 19).

sire, he will faill the desire of them that fear him (Ps. cxlv., 19).

30. "Understandest thou what thou readest?" With this question Phillip introduced himself to the man in the chariot, having run to him as soon as he was commanded by the Spirit. When the Lord sees any one intent proper understanding. His word, He will take Spirit. When the Lord sees any one intentupon understanding His word He will take pains to instruct him. The marginal reading of Job x., 8, is very suggestive, "Thine hands took pains about me." Gabriel was sent from heaven to D iniel to make him understand and to show him the truth (Dan. x., 14, 21; xi., 2). The Holy Spirit has been given to every believer to teach and to guide into all truth (John xiv., 26; xvi., 13). 31. "How can I, except some man should guide me?" Thus graciously answered the treasurer, and he invited Philip to step into the chariot with him. How smoothly every-thing goes when the Spirit is working! Philip, sent by the Spirit, finds one in whom the Spirit has been working, and therefore one ready to be taught. The Spirit might have taught the cunuch Himself without the

help of any man (I John ii., 27), but He saw fit to use human instrumentality. He is blessed to be used of God! Only be willing. blessed to be used of God! Only be willing, and He will use you.

32, 33. "He was led as a sheep to t slaughter." Thus he read in what we would call Isa, lift., 7, 8, concerning Him of whom Moses and all the prophets did write, Jesu of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph (John 1., 45) but he knew Him not. The whole chapter will doubtless be the general confession of learned as a partion after the whall he have looked will doubtless be the general confession of Israel as a nation after they shall have looked upon Him whom they have pierced (Zech. xii., 10) in the day wher they shall say, "Lo, this is our God! We have waited for Him, and He will save us" (Isa, xxv., 9).

34. "I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this?" Whether the prophet was speaking of himself or of some other man, the eunuch could not make out. The prophets were types of Christ and did in their lives foreshadow in some measure the sufferings of Christ. Isaiah and his children were signs in Israel (chapter viii., 18), and Jeremiah says of himself, "I was like a lamb or an ox that, is brought to the slaughter" (Jer. xi., 19).

35. Philip began at the same Scripture and

35. Philip began at the same Scripture and preached unto him Jesus. He would probably go back to the Passover lamb of Ex. xii., and to the daily burnt offering, and possibly to the coats of skins of Gen. iii., 21; then on to the Lamb of God, of whom John the Baptist spake. He could easily find in Isa. lift. the sufferings, death, resurrection and future glory of Christ. But whatever line he took, he must certainly have shown Christ to be

the only Saviour of sinners and the fulfilment of every type and shadow.

36. The treasurer evidently took it all in and received Jesus Christ as his Saviour, for, coming to water, he asked for baptism. Having received Christ, he would as quickly as possible confess it before all who journeyed in the contract of the contract o with him, and doubtless he would preach Christ to many, for he could not keep the

good news to nimself. good news to nimself.

37. "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." This is the one only essential to salvation, that Christ be truly received in the heart. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe this confess with the mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe this confess." believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved"
(Rom. x., 9). To believe on Him is to receive Him (John i., 12), and if He be not truly received there is no saving faith (I

38. The driver of the chariot and other at-38. The driver of the charlot and other attendants may have overheard and understood the whole conversation. They certainly now beheld that which the treasurer could more fully explain to them as they went on their way. Whether the one bapwent on their way. Whether the one bap-tized was immersed or had the water poured upon him does not clearly appear. If those who think that immersion is the right way cannot love and bear with those who think pouring or sprinkling sufficient—there is more grace ready for them if they will have

39, 40. The eunuch goes on his way rejoic ing, and Philip, caught away by the Spirit, is found at Azotus, and preaches the gospel in all the cities from there to Casarea. The in all the cities from there to Cæsarea. The joy of the eunuch was due to his faith in Christ and to the fact that now he was accepted in the Beloved, justified from all things and a joint heir with the man at God's right hand (Eph. i., 6; Acts xiit., 38; Rom. viii., 16, 17). He believed and was thus filled with, 16, 17). He believed and was thus filled with joy and peace (Rom. xv., 12). God had other work for Philip, or rather more of the same work in other places, and sent him off to it. If he never saw the cunuch again on earth, he certainly met him long ere this in glory.—Lesson Helper.

OUR INDIANS STARVING.

Deplorable Condition of a Band Near Anaconda, Montana.

A number of Indians of various tribes who are camped south of Anaconda, Montana, near Timbered Butte, are reported to be in a starving condition. There are forty-seven of them, twenty-three being women and children. Several of them called on the County Auditor and the Commissioners and through an interpreter told of their condi-tion, but the county officials informed them that they were not charges on Silver Bow County and nothing could be done for them. They subsequently appealed to the city authorities with no better result. City Decamp to investigate, and reports that the Indians are really in a deplorable condition.
They have not sufficient clothing to keep themselves warm and absolutely nothing to

They begged Mr. Melklejohn to lay their case before the proper authorities, and he promised to call the attention of the Governor to it, but it is hardly probable that the Governor of the State can help them. Among the Indians are a number of Canadian Crees, against whom Governor Rickards waged such a fearless and relentless war and whom it was generally believed had all been shipped across the border to the Queen's domain. Unless something is done to relieve their present condition it is likely that the cold, the sulphur smoke and hunger will transport many of them to a land from which no transported Indian ever returns.

' Horse Swapping Conventions. To while away the time until the spring work begins, farmers in the vicinity of Maring, Ala., are to hold weekly horse swapping

A Craze for Sugar Beets. The craze for raising sugar bests has

etruck New York State.