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HOW PROVIDENCE WATCHES THE PLAY.

Before the house is seated,
Before the footlights blaze,
Before the curtain rises,
Before the music plays,
Some [illegible] and 7,
Row L and Section 2,
For some selfish reflections
I want to spiel to you.

In youth I always argued
That every circumstance
And even human destiny
Was but the work of chance.
But years have taught me better
And now in riper age,
I see the hand of Providence
Supreme upon the stage.

For thirty years I've pondered
On curtains, flies and wings
Drops and sets and properties,
Prompters and calls and rings,
Table and chairs and sofa,
Trap and throne and tree,
Business and fall and enter
And exit L. U. E.

For thirty years I've watched 'em,
In noble and deadly deed—
Old man, soubrette and walking gent,
Character, heavy and lead,
Groans and laughs and muses,
Crosses and frowns and aside,
Old Dustan's stamp and King Richard's limp
And Hamlet's fearsome stride.

For thirty years I've studied
Productions grave and gay,
Opera, tragedy, drama,
Comedy, farce and play;
Parquet, lobby and foyer,
Balcony, box and aisle,
And over the tout ensemble
Kind Providence seems to smile.

For when did the leading lady
Forget her entrance one,
If the hero lay bound by the villain,
Where the night express comes through?
In thirty years' experience
I have never seen the day
When the hero instead of the villain
Was killed at the end of the play.

When the tenor loves the soprano
Does she sigh for the barytone?
Not she, for the dark contralto
Has caught him for her own.
And when did the heroine fail in love
With the comedy, high or low,
Or the whole estate by the long-lost will
To the wicked lawyer go?

Does the husband forgive his erring wife
Before 10:45?
Does the villain, instead of the good old man,
Turn up at the last alive?
So, taking it all together,
Author and plot and theme,
Opera, farce and drama,
Kind Providence reigns supreme.

—Portland Oregonian.

Story of a Black Chief.

Daring Exploits of Quobah, an Ashantee Warrior.

By JOHN R. SPEARS.

Few references to the lives of individuals who were carried from Africa to the Americas in the days of the slavers can be found in the annals of the slave trade, but one may obtain glimpses of two or three of them, here and there, and of the incomplete stories that may be written from these glimpses there is one that seems worth preservation—the story of Quobah, an Ashantee war chief.

In the year 1805 the slaver brig Caroline, owned in Boston, and commanded by a man known as Capt. Willing (his real name was Maurice Halter,) entered the Rio Volta, on the west coast of Africa, with a cargo of rum, guns, ammunition, cotton cloth, and trinkets. Here a small schooner was chartered for a voyage up the river, and in this the captain and a part of the crew proceeded as far as the Ashantee capital of Malee, a place of perhaps 15,000 inhabitants. There were slaves for sale in Malee to make a cargo for the schooner, and after a consultation with the king of the region, a raid into the interior was planned. For this raid the king supplied the men and food, while Capt. Willing supplied the arms, rum and tobacco, but Willing and several other whites went with the expedition, and to one of these, a boy known as Phillip Drake, we are indebted for an account of the incidents of the journey.

The party that marched away into the forest included many soldiers armed with muskets, women to care for the camps and cook the food, and cows that supplied milk and served as pack animals. There were also a number of slaves whose duty it was to carry extra arms and the supplies of ammunition. The whole party numbered 150 people.

At the head of these raiders was Quobah, the war chief of Malee, and a noble negro. His size and strength were conspicuous. His skin was jet and was kept glossy with palm oil. His head was [illegible] and of conical shape, and his woolly hair [illegible]. His teeth had [illegible] cheeks showed [illegible] and these marks [illegible] by borders of [illegible] in a loose sack-[illegible] yellow cotton cloth [illegible] and he wore a red [illegible] tassel on his head. [illegible] a huge spear, which [illegible] carried, and musket, a [illegible] war club that were [illegible], who were careful to [illegible] him at all times while [illegible]

[illegible] the black and white men alike it was a very pleasant excursion, for two or three days. The boy saw with delight the red monkeys that leaped chattering from limb to limb in the trees overhead; the birds of finest plumage that were captured with the hands alone, the flowers of gorgeous colors that were seen as they marched along a beaten trail.

In fact, the party was so merry that raiders from Dahomey surrounded them one evening. Some of the merry-makers escaped, but when the fighting was over the survivors who had not escaped found themselves securely bound as slaves to the attacking party.

Among these slaves were Quobah and the white boy. It had taken a dozen warriors to down the giant Ashantee, and then they succeeded only after he was repeatedly struck from behind as he leaped to and from among his assailants. And so unconquerable was his spirit that when marched toward the Dahomey village of Yallaba his captors found it necessary to fasten his arms to his side by means of a stone wooden hoop that was tightened by a wedge driven down between his back and the hoop—this in addition to the rawhide thongs used on ordinary prisoners.

At Yallaba ruled a king named Mammee—"an old black man, dressed in red muslin." Mammee's most sacred fetish was a scarf woven from the hair of many human beings and beasts, and ornamented with the feathers and claws of birds and the teeth of ferocious animals and deadly reptiles. This he supposed added to his prowess in war and protected him from enemies, but his priests told him that its powers could be greatly increased if, at a coming festival, the splendid fighter, Quobah, were sacrificed, to the spirit of the scarf. Quobah was condemned to die by torture, but when told of the fate awaiting him he curled his lips in scorn, and said he knew how to die like an Ashantee warrior.

Before the day of sacrifice arrived, however, two lions came to devastate the homes of Mammee's subjects, who lived in huts beyond the palisaded walls of the village. The planters fled to the village for safety, and for a time the people were as closely besieged as if an army of Ashantees lay in the forest. In the face of this danger the priests quickly decided that safety could be obtained only by an immediate sacrifice of the stalwart prisoner, and late in the afternoon of the next day, after the lions had driven in the planters, Quobah was conducted to the center of the enclosed village, where every inhabitant had gathered to see him die.

Out of the desperate straits into which he had fallen Quobah was able to find a way of escape from the priests. In a most politic speech he told the people that the way to use him as a sacrifice was to give him arms and let him go forth to meet the lions at the hour when they came in search of further victims. The king and the priests accepted the offer, thinking no doubt that if he were killed fighting the lions the wrath of the evil fetish would be averted. Accordingly, as the sun sank to the west, Quobah walked forth from the town, armed with his spear, sword, and his light carbines, his faces painted white in token of mortal strain, the women [illegible] and the soldiers clashed their swords and spears together as he passed the gate. And the gate was not yet shut when the male lion came to the edge of the brush and with mane up, and tail lashing from side to side, galloped towards the wall. But Quobah, who had boasted that he knew how to die like an Ashantee warrior, now advanced to meet the beast, and finally sank on his right knee, with his hand grasping his huge spear, which he placed on the ground with the point well to the front.

At that the howling of the people within the village died out entirely, and the lion crouched and leaped forward, while Quobah lifted the point of the spear so that it pierced his shoulder.

The impact of the heavy brute upon the spear broke the shaft just below the head. Quobah, by leaping to one side, avoided the brute, but it was soon on its feet again ready for another spring, in spite of the steel blade through its shoulders. Quobah raised the carbine to shoot the beast, but before he was able to aim the weapon a roar was heard in the edge of the brush, and a lioness, with too large kittens, came galloping into the clearing. Hearing the approach of these, Quobah turned to look at the new danger, and as he turned his head the lion sprang at him once more.

Quobah saw his danger in time, and as the lion landed and fell over on its wounded shoulder, he fired a bullet into its brain.

Dropping his carbine beside the carcass of the lion, Quobah drew his sword and turned to meet the lioness. An instant later she rose in a flying leap straight at the big Ashantee, but he caught her on the point of his sword, thrust it through her mouth into her vitals, and fell beneath the struggling brute.

For a moment the people on the palisade wall supposed that Quobah had been killed, but when the kick of the lioness showed that she was in her death struggles they flocked forth and released him, badly scratched, but not dangerously hurt. For this splendid fight Quobah was invited to become a member of the King's family. He might have become a Dahoman king in time, but he was a true Ashantee, and with his arms restored to him he walked away alone to his home.

A number of years later (February 13, 1817) the white boy, who had been ransomed by his uncle, Capt. Willing, sailed from the African coast on the ship Cabenda for Rio Janeiro with 850 slaves on board. The ship reached Rio early in April, and on the 8th young Drake and an old friend went to visit a large estate known as the San Benito. The owner of this estate was a man named Floss. He had been an overseer for a Brazilian planter, and by successful ventures in the slave trade had acquired the means for the purchase of an estate of his own. Both as an overseer and an owner Floss had been noted for his cruelty to the slaves (a common characteristic of overseers who became owners,) and while he was entertaining his guests the slaves of the San Benito revolted.

At the time of the uprising Floss happened to be away from the great house, and for two days he sulked around the plantation, while his guests with an overseer or two and a few faithful servants held the house like a fort. Eventually, however, the leader of the negroes found Floss's track and ran him to the mansion as a hound chases a deer to water. Then, knowing that they had their enemy surrounded, the whole mob gathered about the house, charged up, in spite of deadly shots from within, and set it on fire from every side. Night came on as the fire spread beyond control of those within, and the light of the flames revealed Floss and his friends to the enraged negroes without.

And when the leader of that negro mob, looking through a blazing room, saw his enemy, he charged through the flames, fearless of bullets, to reach him. It was then that young Drake saw that the leader had a high conical head, with wooly hair braided into stiff hanks, and scars on his cheeks that were outlined with red paint—saw that it was Quobah, the Ashantee warrior. In Ashantee words, Drake revealed his identity and asked for mercy. Quobah recognized him, and granted the request. The others were killed.

"Go and tell the white king how Quobah has revenged himself," he said. "Quobah is ready to die, but he will be a slave no more."

Quobah had been captured again by slave raiders, and this time had been sold to a Rio Janeiro slaver. Floss had purchased him, seeing that he was "a high-strung nigger," had flogged him repeatedly, "to break him in." Of the details of the raid in which Quobah was captured in Africa nothing was learned. Of his life after the revolt on the San Benito estate, it is known only that he fled with a few of his most capable associates to the interior where he joined a tribe of Indians and remained wih them unmolested.—New York Evening Post.

GUAINT AND CURIOUS.

As a rule dwarfs live much longer than giants. The latter usually have weak constitutions, their blood circulation is sluggish and they have brittle bones.

In the good old times 500 years ago there were no seats in Parisian schools, except stools for the teachers. The pupils sat on bundles of straw which they brought along.

A Swiss engineer has recently used successfully a suspension bridge for making fills in ravines where [illegible] depth would make trestle work expensive. He strings two single wires to support crossties and rails, and upon them hacks the train, so that the bridge only gets the weight of empty cars.

Last winter, during a spell of freezing weather, at a quarry in Aberdeen, Scotland, a large stone, weighing six tons, had been drilled for blasting, when the thought struck the foreman that the severe frost might be utilized. Water was pored into each of the holes and it was found after a couple of days that the block of granite had broken into pieces.

St. Louis boasts of a man who has no first name. As driver of a junk wagon, he was mixed up in a street accident not long ago, and a policeman turning to him said: "What is your name?" "Wolf," said the driver. "What is your first name," asked the policeman. "I haven't any," said Wolf. "Now stop your joking," exclaimed the policeman, "and give me your full name." "I am not fooling," replied Wolf. "I never had a first name; I can see no use for one and never wanted one."

Among the picturesque features of life in the Moqui villages are the town criers, who take the place of the daily newspapers in civilized communities. There are two of these functionaries, one representing the "hostilities" and the other "friendlies," the opposing political parties in the Tusayan villages. Twice a day these officials ascend to the housetops and, wrapped in their scarlet blankets, their figures outlined against the clear blue sky, call out in long-drawn, resonant tones whatever announcements or record of town happenings may be in order.

Near Perdun, on the south coast of France, there is a submarine hotel, which attracts large numbers of visitors every summer. The building is of steel on concrete foundations, and has been fitted with large plate-glass windows, from which the guests may look upon the beauties of submarine life at a depth of six fathoms. Elaborate machinery at the surface pumps sea air to those immured below, and at the same time drives away the impure air through draught tubes. It was in this hotel that the famous novelist, Richebours, penned some of his most thrilling romances when taking his annual fight from the bustle and noise of the French capital.

Good Literature in Demand.

In Harper's Mr. Alden refutes the idea that American literature is on the decline, and that there is no demand for good books. The fact that so many books and periodicals are published which have no relation to anything which may be properly called literature must not be taken as an indication "that all publishing enterprises have that detachment, and are of a wholly commercial character." The author of a novel that is real literature, declares Mr. Alden, gets his share of popularity. Continues Mr. Alden:

"We have no such constellation of great novel-writers as forty years ago brightened the English literary heavens. The interval has been made radiant by solitary stars, now and then of great magnitude. We may not soon see another group as thronged the field dazzling the view of the last generation; but the skies are nebulously rich for fresh nuclentions to satisfy the eagerly expectant eyes of the English-speaking people. The demand will surely be met. We are not confessing to the inferiority of our own present literature as compared with the past (excluding from the retrospect a single period, as brief as it was brilliant.) On the contrary, in America, literary taste and literary activity are far advanced since the days of Irving and Cooper. The quality of our literature is better than in those days; appreciation is quicker and more abundant, judicious criticism more exacting."

Regret.

"Did you ever do anything you were ashamed of in your political life?" asked the solemn man.

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "I once broke into an and found out later that I might just as easily have had a hundred thousand."—Washington Star.

ON JORDAN'S BANK.

Curious Ceremony by Russian Pilgrims in the Holy Land.

The traveler in the Holy Land will witness few sights which will interest him more than that of the Russian pilgrims at their annual Epiphany ceremonies on the banks of the river Jordan. A week before the festival itself crowds of these Slav peasants are seen trudging along the Jericho road with every imaginable kind of haversack and carry-all on their backs. Some of the pilgrims are old and weather-worn, others young and cheerful, while a few, overcome by sleep and fatigue, are lying prone along the roadside. But somehow the whole lot, young and old, manage to reach the banks of the river in good time for the ceremony.

They spend the night, perhaps, in the Russian hospice at Jericho, where they simply huddle together like a flock of sheep. Before dawn the rooms are empty and the whole crowd has gathered on the bank where Greek priests, who will presently drive a most lucrative trade, await them. The principal articles sold are branches of trees from various sacred spots, stones from the Mountain of Temptation hard by, plants from the wilderness and rosaries with olive stones for beads. To whatever religious value is claimed for these artices the Russian peasants implicitly give credence, and they willingly pay their money to obtain them.

During the hours immediately preceding the ceremony the motley crowd is occupied in prayer and silent devotion. To many pilgrims this occasion is one of the greatest life can bring, namely, to be permitted not only to visit the Jordan, but actually to bathe in its sacred waters. Suddenly chanting is heard, and the crowd quickly opens to [illegible] procession of purple-clad [illegible] as to the waters, [illegible] close in again [illegible] waves along the [illegible]ful. And [illegible] veiled cross [illegible] the surface [illegible] the stream [illegible] it, and no sooner does the sacred symbol touch the water than a dive is made into it by the enthusiastic crowd, which splashes and sprays and dips—altogether a strange scene. Such is the baptism, and the longer it lasts the greater the merit the pilgrim will enjoy.

All dripping with water each shroud is now wrung out and stowed away to serve as the cerecloth when the pilgrimage of life is over and the body is ready for the grave. As the traveler rides away the next day to Jerusalem he will see these childlike peasants, bedraggled with mud, and fatigued by constant sleeplessness, plodding along toward the holy city, chanting and singing as they go, and leaning on their sticks of reed. But there is now a smile on their faces, and joy in their hearts, for have they not bathed in the waters of Jordan?—London Telegraph.

Squirrels in Winter.

Gray squirrels do not hibernate, but seldom leave their nests during the very cold weather. On mild days in winter, however, they come out and race through the tree-tops and visit the large stores of nuts which they gathered and hid away in the autumn.

Red squirrels are smaller, but much hardier, creatures than the gray ones, and although they, too, have snug nests of cedar-bark in the hollow trees, they use them only at night, for no weather is so severe as to keep these little fellows indoors. They are about the most provident of all the creatures in the woods, usually storing away under brush-heaps, beneath fallen logs and in hollow trunks far more nuts than they can possibly eat in one winter. They do not put them all in one place, as a rule; they generally have several hoards at some little distance apart. This is a wise precaution, as it sometimes happens that one store is discovered and stolen by an enemy, and unless there was another supply to fall back upon the squirrels might die of starvation.—Woman's Home Companion.

He Filled the Bill.

"Why," he asked, when they had seated themselves alone at one end of the porch, "do you suppose it is that educated women do not marry?"

"But educated women do marry," she replied. "I knew of three or four educated women who have married within the past month or two."

"Oh, yes, of course, some of them marry. But why do so many of them remain single?"

"Perhaps it is because the educated woman's horizon is broader than that of the uneducated; because she demands more."

"Then it is not because she looks upon marriage itself as a bad thing?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"And you have declined proposals because you have demanded much?"

She tied and untied her dainty handkerchief and looked down and blushed and faintly answered:

"Yes. One of them was five feet three inches and the other couldn't have weighed more than 90 pounds."

Being six foot four in his socks, he then spoke out and got her.—Philadelphia Times.

A Career of Wedded Bliss.

If America had a fair at which a flitch of bacon was given to the couple had lived together without quarreling, the prize would undoubtedly go to Mr. and Mrs. John Iams of Washington county, Ia. They have been married for 74 years and protest that a cross word never darkened the happiness of their wedded life. Mr. Iams is 93 and his wife is 92, and they have 10 children, 36 grandchildren and 65 great-grandchildren.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Useless Presents.

An Ottawa small boy who had a birthday Wednesday had a big kick coming on the presents his aunt gave him. "They're two things I never use," he said. "What do I want with a toothbrush an' a handkerchief?"—Kansas City Star.

Hesitated.

He—And you say Miss Bitter is your friend? Well, I hope you don't give us also does.

She—Oh, indeed I don't. I think she was it horrid.—Town and Country.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE."

The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman Delivers an Instructive Message Suggested by One of the Most Beautiful Expressions in the Bible.

NEW YORK CITY.—The distinguished evangelist, the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman has never delivered a more eloquent and convincing message than is contained in the following sermon, entitled, "The Secret of His Presence." It was preached from the text: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Psalm xci.: 1.

To me this is one of the most beautiful expressions in all the Bible; beautiful because it is poetic, but more than that for the reason that it holds up before us one of the greatest privileges that can come to the children of God.

There is a difference of opinion as to who the author of the Psalms may be. We get into the way of thinking that David wrote everything in the Psalms, but Moses is the author here. The Talmud ascribes not only this one to him but the nine preceding as well. The rule is that all the Psalms without a name in the title are to be ascribed to the one whose name is given in the nearest preceding title, but this rule will not always hold good. This is the Psalm quoted by the devil when he was tempting Christ upon the mountain, and it has ever been throbbing with comfort for every troubled soul. Whoever wrote it, it is beautiful, and all will agree that the lesson taught is one touching our communion with God and our fellowship with Jesus Christ.

It is very true that all Christians do not occupy the same position in this world. All are saved, and it is by the same "precious blood of Christ." But there is so much more to the Christian life than simply being saved; that is only the beginning. The blessings here offered are given in a very general way. God is no respecter of persons, and so it is as if He had said, any one who will fulfill the conditions may have the blessing; and as there is only the one condition, namely, that we shall dwell in the "secret place of the Most High," you would think that all would accept, for the promise is that we "shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." The blessings here promised are not for all believers, but only for those who live in close fellowship with God. Every child of God looks toward the inner sanctuary and the mercy seat, but all do not dwell there. They run to it at times and enjoy occasional glimpses of the face of Him who is there to be seen; but they do not continually abide in the mysterious presence, and this is possible for every one.

It is with the desire that I might learn the lesson myself as well as bring it to you, and with the almost unutterable longing that we might know how to abide in the "secret of His presence" that I have brought you the subject. May the Lord help us every one! I have been on the mountain tops of Christian experience, when I have seemed to see the face of Him who loved me and gave Himself for me, and I am sure that you can say the same; but the text says that we may abide there in our thoughts while we may be all the time in the very thickest of the fight for God.

I like the verse. Every word is sweeter than honey in the honeycomb. It is so restful to know that there is any place in the world where we may abide. There is also something very winning to me in the fact that it is a secret place, for that surely means that God has something that is just intended for me, and for me alone. When I am there, I am away from the world. It is the place Mrs. Brown discovered when she wrote the beautiful hymn,

"I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all His promises to plead
When none but God can hear."

There is something about the word "shadow" that always interests, for there never has been a shadow without the light; thus the "secret place" must be a place of brightness. It is a place where God is, for the nearest of all things to me as I journey in the sunlight is my shadow, and he who walks in my shadow or rests in it must be very near to me; so that when I am in the shadow of God, I can reach forth my hand and touch Him; I can lift up mine eyes and see Him face to face. I know there is a sense in which God is always near us. He is in all things, and He is everywhere. But there is something about the "secret of His presence" to which every one is a stranger until he has dwelt there.

In the 139th Psalm the psalmist seems in the first part to be writing of the presence of God in a general sort of way. As another has said, "He had been beating out the golden ore of thought through successive paragraphs of marvelous power and beauty, when suddenly in the fifty-first verse he seems to have become conscious that He of whom he had been speaking had drawn near and was bending over him. The sense of the presence of God was borne in upon his inner consciousness, and lifting up a face on which reverence and ecstasy met and mingled, he cried: 'Thou art near, O Lord!'" If we could only attain unto this now strong, how happy, how useful we should be. It is possible as well for those of us who are in the very midst of perplexing cares as for the priest or the saint; for since the Master bids us all to abide in Him, and does not limit either His meaning or the number of people who may obey, I am absolutely certain that it rests with me and with you to determine whether we shall take advantage of our high privilege.

I.

The typical reference must be to the holy place of the tabernacle, which the priests were privileged to enter; but Peter assures us that we have become in this new dispensation "a holy priesthood," so that it is possible for us to enter on that ground. If this interpretation is allowed, then it is something too wonderful almost to describe, to which we are bidden, for in the tabernacle just beyond the veil was the glory cloud, and all the magnificence that could be wrought in gold and silver, purple and fine linen.

But I am persuaded that even that was as nothing when compared to that which awaits us when we enter the secret place of God. The writer to the Hebrews tells us just how we may enter. "Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh," how easy it all seems when we look at it in this way! A Christian is all wrong according to the text if he thinks that all the life here below must be turmoil and strife, for there is an abiding even here, and a sweet, undisturbed communion even in the midst of the tempest. A dwelling place is a home, not a temporary shelter to which one may run for momentary relief, as the birds fly to the boughs of the trees in the midst of the storm and then leave again when the storm has passed. It is the idea of a home. What can be more restful and comfortable? The Hebrew for the expression "shall abide" is "shall pass the night." Is it not a wonderful thing that the experiences that have seemed to us to be Heaven begun below, but have been as fleeting as the shadows sweeping the hillside, may be with us all the time? What place is so restful as your house? I know there is a rest that comes to me the moment he accepts the pardon that is offered by the Redeemer and the burden of sin is gone. "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." That is the beginning, and He never has failed; but immediately following that we possess is this: "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

I suppose one might stand in the forum and never come to the latter. Is not that the rest that comes to us when we are near enough to learn of Him, which is another way of speaking of the secret place?

What place is so comfortable as the home? There we are free from the importunate ties of the world; there we have that which we have bought and we alone. Could there be anything more precious than the secret of the [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] if they were not in the Bible; but it is the picture of the mother bird shielding the little ones. What so warm, so comfortable, as the mother's wings, or the nest that love has made? But listen to this: if you will only dwell in the "secret place," you shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty; and as if that would not be tender enough to woo us, we are told again, "He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings thou shalt trust."

Home is the place for explanations. There we tell our secrets. If the people of the world do not understand us, our loved ones in our homes do.

II.

It would be impossible for one to read the verses immediately following the text without being impressed with the fact that the most remarkable results will follow our abiding and dwelling in the "secret place."

In order that the subject may be the more practical and helpful I desire to suggest some things which will surely be ours when we fulfill the conditions.

1. In the "secret place" there is peace. "In the world ye shall have tribulation," our Master said, "but in Me ye shall have peace." I have read that a certain insect has the power to surround itself with a film of air compassed in which it drops into the mire of muddy, stagnant pools, and remains unhurt. And the believer may be thus surrounded by the atmosphere of God, and while he is in the midst of the turmoils of the world he may be filled to overflowing with the peace of God, because God is with him.

This is true whatever your occupation, if it is ever so menial. The Rev. F. B. Meyer tells us of Lawrence, the simple-minded cook, who said that "for more than sixty years he never lost the sense of the presence of God, but was as conscious of it while performing the duties of his humble office as when partaking of the Lord's Supper." What peace he must have had!

If you are constantly engaged so that you have said it was impossible for you to enjoy your religion very much because you were so busy, still you may have this peace, because you are in the "secret place." I know that it is impossible for one to keep two thoughts in the mind at the same time and do them both justice; but there is the heart as well as the mind, and while the mind is busy the heart may be rejoicing in all the fullness of God. The orator is conscious of the presence of his audience, and his heart is touched by their appreciation while his mind is busy in presenting the thoughts that move them. You may have all your mind taken up with the book you are reading or studying, but your heart is conscious of the presence of the one you love and who sits by your side. The mother may be very busy in one part of the house; her mind may be greatly engaged, but her heart is conscious of the feet that her little babe is in another part of the house, and the least cry will draw her to the child. So the mind may be occupied to the very fullest extent, and even be disturbed by the things about us, while the heart may be abiding in sweet communion and fellowship with Him because we are dwelling in the "secret place."

Those were comforting words of the Master's when He said, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid." So that I may have peace even when trial comes. David found this to be true, for in that beautiful Psalm, the 27th, he says: "In the time of trouble He will hide me in His pavilion; in the secret of His tabernacle will He hide me." The pavilion was a great tent in the very centre of the camp, and when he was there nothing could harm him; he could be at peace even if he should hear the sounds of his enemies. But the expression is even stronger than that, for David says that if it were necessary God would even put him in the "secret of His tabernacle;" that is the same as the Holy of Hollies; and who would not have been safe there? Here is our "secret place" again, and this is just where God has given us the privilege of going. Why should we be disturbed if troubles are about us and our enemies rise up to do us harm?

2. In the "secret place" there is purity. If our surroundings were only better in this world, our lives would be purer. It is very easy to be good in the company of some people we know; they seem to draw out all the good in us. To be surrounded by certain kinds of scenery is to be lifted near Heaven; to touch a little child pure as the angel of God is to receive a benediction. What could not the presence of God do for us if only we were all the time conscious of it? This is just what I may have, did I but dwell in the "secret place." One of the reasons which David gives for desiring to dwell in the house of the Lord was that "he might behold the beauty of the Lord."

I wish that it might be possible for me to make plain to you as I might understand it myself all the beauty that waits us in the "secret place." Think of the gorgeousness of the Holy of Hollies in the ancient tabernacle, which is a type of this! The wonderful curtains and hangings of the place, its blue and purple, its fine twined linen and threads of gold. Think of the beautiful veil with the cherubim, with the embroidery so fine that angel fingers must have wrought them, the table of pure gold holding the bread, and the seven-branched candlestick? Who from the outside looking upon the badger-skin tent would have imagined how glorious it was within? So I do not think it would be possible to make plain to you all that awaits you in the "secret place." He who has dwelt there with God could not tell his joy if he had an angel's speech; but this I know, that if you will but enter in and dwell there, the very beauty of the place will make you pure, and you remember that it is only unto "the pure in heart" that the vision of God is promised.

I suppose we might have been with Jacob when in his dream he saw the heavens opened and beheld the angels going up and coming down and heard the voice of God, and we only should have seen the dreary mountains round about. I doubt not by that we might have been with Paul when he was caught up to the third heaven, and we should have seen nothing but the humble surroundings of his tent. And I doubt not but that if Paul were here to-day he would see God here this morning, and he would have walked on the street with Him yesterday. Is not the trouble with ourselves instead of our surroundings or our times? Every permitted sin encrusts the windows of the soul and blinds our vision; and every victory over evil clears the vision of the soul, and we can see Him a little plainer.

The unholy man could not see God if he were set down in the midst of Heaven; but men and women whose hearts are pure see Him in the very commonest walks of life. And there is not a place in the world if it is right that we should have been there, but after we have passed by we may say, "Behold, God was in this place, and I knew it not." And if we can so say it, it is wrong for us to go.

3. In the "secret place" there is power. Oh! that we might all of us possess real power! This is our cry by day and by night, and yet there is nothing we may have easier. There is no promise with which I am familiar that tells us that we may have power of intellect or of human might. But there is a promise that we shall have power after that the Holy Ghost shall come upon us, and in the olden times He literally filled to overflowing the Holy of Holies, so that at one time it was almost impossible for one to enter. This will come to us likewise when we dwell in the "secret place." In 1 Chronicles we read, in the fourth chapter and twenty-third verse, of certain men who "dwelt with the king for his work." There can be no effective service that is not the outcome of communion. Our Lord's day precedes the week of work, and this is always the plan of God. That wonderful fifteenth chapter of John is founded on that idea. We must abide first, and after that we can not help but bear fruit. Oh! that we might be so pray to Him that we should be empowered and charged with a spiritual force that the world shall neither gainsay nor resist!

III.

[illegible] hill in the sun has the most practical meaning of all, and that is that we may have our souls [illegible] [illegible] something to abide that will make us very quiet. It may be [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] and by [illegible] the Son will reveal Him." It is impossible for any one to enter into the "secret place" of the Most High except through Jesus Christ. He said, "I am the way, I am the door, by Me, if any man will, he shall enter in."

It is just what Paul meant when he said, "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ."

There are some places in the Bible where the way seems plain. "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood dwelleth in Me, and I in him." And whatever else is meant by this feeding on Christ, this certainly is true—we are to set apart daily periods of time when we may have communion with the Saviour. Is it not because we are too hurried that our vision of Christ is blurred and indistinct? It is only when the water is still that you can see the pebbly beach below. You could not go alone with Christ half an hour each day, or even a less time, and sitting still, look up into His face, by faith talk to Him and let Him talk to you, without feeling that for a little part of the day you had been in heaven, when in fact it was only the "secret place" of the Most High. Christ would be in you and you would be in Christ, even as in the southern sea the sponges may be seen beneath the waves, the sponge in the sea and the sea in the sponge. Then we could say with Paul: "I live, and yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Again I have read in the Bible these words: "He that keepth His commandments dwelleth in Him, and He in him." And I have found that I have only to go the way I think Christ wants me to go and to do the things I think He wants me to do to be able to stand on the very mountain top of Christian experience; and that is only another way of speaking of the "secret place." You could not go where Christ has hidden you without meeting Him, and you could not meet Him without a blessing coming with the meeting.

After all this has been known, I have been told that the vision still tarries. Sometimes that is to try our faith; but He will come if you wait, for He has promised. If, however, after long waiting still He should tarry, take up this old Book, turn its pages with a prayer that God might open your eyes so that you might see Him. This is the garden where He walks; go on, you will meet Him face to face. This is the temple where He dwells, and knocking at the door, even though you wait it may swing noiselessly on its hinges, and He will lead you himself into the "secret place."

How a Business Man Was Saved.

An incident is related which occurred during Mr. Finney's meetings in New York City and which well illustrates the value of a little tact in the great struggle for souls. The big cutlery firm of Sheffield, England, had a branch house in New York. The manager was a partner of the firm, and very worldly. One of his clerks, who had been converted in the meetings, invited his employer to attend. One evening he was there, and sat just across the aisle from Mr. Arthur Tappan. He appeared affected during the sermon, and Mr. Tappan kept his eye on him. After the dismissal, Mr. Tappan stepped quickly across the aisle, introduced himself, and invited him to stay to the after-service. The gentleman tried to excuse himself and get away, but Mr. Tappan caught hold of the button on his coat and said, "Now, do stay; I know you will enjoy it;" and he was so kind and gentlemanly that the cutlery man could not well refuse. He stayed, and was converted. Afterwards he said, "An ounce of weight upon my coat-button saved my soul."

Two Pictures.

It is related that two painters each painted a picture to illustrate his conception of rest. The first chose for his scene a still, lone lake among the far-off mountains. The second threw on his canvas a thundering waterfall, with a fragile birch tree bending over the foam. At the fork of the branch almost wet with the cataract's spray, a robin sat on its nest.

Henry Drummond, referring to the two paintings, so unlike in their make-up, said:

"The first was only 'stagnation;' the last was 'rest.' Christ's life was outwardly one of the most troubled lives that was ever lived; tempest and tumult, tumult and tempest, the waves breaking over it all the time, till the worn body was laid in the grave.

"But the inner life was a sea of glass. The great calm was always there. At any moment you might have gone to Him and found rest. And even when His enemies were dogging Him in the streets of Jerusalem He turned to His disciples and offered them, as a last legacy, 'My peace.'"

Work, Our Highest Privilege.

Whoever attempts to escape work avoids his best friend. We read the story of man's fall in the light of subsequent revelation, only to find that work is not a curse, but our highest privilege. The fact that the seasons end urges us on to do our best. An endless probation is simply none at all. There is no more pathetic lamentation in all literature than this. The summer is ended and we are not saved. Probation is over. The Judge enters the field and counts the sheaves. The summer ever reproduces itself. They come in their annual succession, but each holds its own place. This summer will be this but once. Another will come, but it won't be this. Nothing is ever repeated. The second resembles the first, but is not to be identified with it. The sun never greets the earth twice the same. Probation is written everywhere.—Presbyterian Journal.

Man's Influence.

The only responsibility that a man can not evade in this life is the one he thinks of least—his personal influence. Man's conscious influence, when he is on dress parade, when he is posing to impress those around him—is wofully small. But his unconscious influence, the silent, subtle radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the trifles he never considers—is tremendous. Every moment of life he is changing to a degree the life of the whole world. Every man has an atmosphere which is affecting every other. So silently and unconsciously is this influence working that man may forget that it exists.—W. G. Jordan.

BROADCLOTH TRIMMING.

Most of us have noted the good effect with which broadcloth faces ever so many of the handsome new coats. And some have not been slow to adopt the idea for other purposes.

Broadcloth is especially well suited for bands and facings on most any material except light weight silk. Other smooth cloths may serve, but they aren't as rich. Some house dresses and lounging robes may be better trimmed in velvet, but you'll be surprised to find how many will be the softer and lovelier with the cloth. The $3 quality is the one to be chosen, and as a rule very little of it is required.

A lovely afternoon dress in white shows bands about the neck and shoulders in Grecian effect; these bands are of palest blue, with a design carried out in pearls. Gold or silver tissue applique shows up exquisitely on a white cloth band. The clever needlewoman may embroider these bands herself. Floral effects are good and the Egyptian figures are as striking as they are new.

There are many simple effects. Take a pretty rose colored robe (one of the soft shades) and use bands of palest pink cloth, which may be adorned with roses of deep wine silk stitching. Even this plain trimming will be effective.

HIT IT.

"I hear you are going to marry old Bluestone?"

"Yes."

"For his money?"

"Yes."—Baltimore American.

SIGNS OF GENIUS.

A wise man who had studied long
Desired to achieve renown:
He sought attention from the throng;
But did not play the crank or clown.
He trusted to his work alone,
And went unnoticed and unknown.

At last he donned a gaudy coat
And wore a hat with spreading brim;
He tore the collar from his throat
And people stopped to notice him.
He let his hair grow long and made
Men wonder at the part he played.

Thus showing eccentricities
That often made him blush for shame,
His work took on the strength to please,
The world was busy with his name.
That which before had won no praise
Served now to gladden and amaze.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

HUMOROUS.

Nell—He wants the earth. Belle—Why do you say that? Nell—He told me I was all the world to him.

Tom—You say she is costing you more and more every day, and yet you cannot live without her? Dick (sadly)—Yes; it seems that all necessities of life are advancing these times.

She—I wonder, daddie, why little men generally marry such large women? Father—I expect the little fellows are afraid to back out of the engagements.

Harduppe—What is your idea of an optimist? Borrowell—A man who lends money and expects to get it back.

Mrs. Blobbs—My husband is awfully jealous. Mrs. Slobbs—That must be horrid. Mine isn't jealous a bit. Mrs. Blobbs—That must be horrid, too.

He—It's funny that at a wedding the fellow who is getting married seems so unimportant. She—Oh, he's a mere ringer.

Blobbs—I don't see how you can laugh at all of Borely's chestnutty stories. Slobbs—I have to. I owe him money.

The Deacon—What is your record for rapid marrying? The Minister—Five knots an hour.

Mrs. Muggins—Does your husband ever lose his temper? Mrs. Buggins—Oh, yes; but he always finds it again.

"At last I am at the end of my troubles," exclaimed the optimist. "Which end?" gloomily asked the pessimist.

Rogers—You don't have much company at your house, do you? Blake—No. Should like to, but the thing is impossible. When our cook has her day off, of course Mrs. Blake cannot have company, you know; and on other days the cook objects to it.

"It's strange." "What's strange?" "The incongruous and antagonistic associations of money." "How is that?" "Why, cold cash and a hot time so frequently go together."

She (getting tired)—Speech is silver, but silence is golden. He—Well, if speech is only silver, one can better afford to waste it.

"My good man