

WALMAGE'S SERMON

The Angels of the Grass.

"When God so clothed the grass, which is to die in the field and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith!"—Luke 12: 28.

This lily is the queen of Bible flowers. The rose may have disputed her throne in modern times, and won it; but the rose originally had only five petals. It was under the long-continued and intense gaze of the world that the rose blushed into its present beauty. In the Bible train, cassia and hyssop and frankincense and myrrh and spikenard and camphire and the rose follow the lily. Fourteen times in the Bible is the lily mentioned; only twice the rose. The rose may now have wider empire, but the lily reigned in the time of Esther, in the time of Solomon, in the time of Christ. Caesar had his throne on the hills.

THE LILY HAD HER THRONE
in the valley. In the greatest sermon that was ever preached, there was only one flower, and that a lily. The Bedford dreamer, John Bunyan entered the House of the Interpreter, and was shown a cluster of flowers, and was told to "consider the lilies."

We may study or reject other sciences at our option. It is so with astronomy, it is so with chemistry, it is so with jurisprudence, it is so with physics, it is so with geology; but the science of botany Christ commands us to study when He says: "Consider the lilies." Measure them from root to tip of petal. Inhale their breath. Note the gracefulness of their pose. Hear the whisper of the white lips of the Eastern and of the red lips of the American lily.

Belonging to this royal family of lilies is the lily of the Nile, the Japan lily, the lady Washington of the Sierras, the Golden Band lily, the Giant lily of Nepal, the Turk's Cap lily, the African lily from the Cape of Good Hope. All these lilies have of God's blood in their veins. But I take the lilies of my text this morning as typical of all flowers, and this Easter day garlanded with all this opulence of floral beauty, seems to address us saying: "Consider the lilies, consider the azaleas, consider the fuchsias, consider the geraniums, consider the ivies, consider the hyacinths, consider [the heliotropes, consider the oleanders." With deferential and grateful and intelligent and worshipful souls, consider them. Not with insipid sentimentalism, or with sophomoric vaporing, but for grand and practical and every-day, and, if need be, home-uses, consider them.

The flowers are the angels of the grass. They all have voices. When the clouds speak, they thunder; when the whirlwinds speak, they scream; when the catarracts speak, they roar; but when

THE FLOWERS SPEAK,
they always whisper. I stand here to interpret their message. What have you to say, O ye angels of the grass, to this worshipful multitude? This morning I mean to discuss what flowers are good for. That is my subject: What are flowers good for?

I remark, in the first place, they are good for lessons of God's providential care. That was Christ's first thought. All these flowers seem to address us today, saying: "God will give you apparel and food. We have no wheel with which to spin, no loom with which to weave, no sickle with which to harvest, no well-sweep with which to draw water; but God slakes our thirst with the dew, and God feeds us with the bread of the sunshine, and God has apparelled us with more than Solomon's regality. We are

PROFITEESSES OF ADEQUATE WARDROBE.

"If God so clothed us, the grass of the field, will He not furnish more clothes you, O ye of little faith?" Men and women of worldly anxieties, take this message home with you. How long has God taken care of you? Quarter of the journey of life? half the journey of life? three-quarters the journey of life? Can you not trust Him in the rest of the way? God does not promise you anything like that which the Roman emperor had on his table at vast expense—five hundred nightingales' tongues—but He has promised to take care of you. He has promised you the necessities, not the luxuries—bread, not cake. If God so luxuriantly clothes the grass of the field, will He not provide for you, His living and immortal children? He will.

No wonder Martin Luther always had a flower on his writing-desk for inspiration. Through the cracks of the prison floor a flower grew up to cheer Piccola. Miguel Par, the gray traveler and explorer, had his life saved by a flower. He sank down in the desert to die, but seeing a flower near by, it suggested God's merciful care, and he got up with new courage and travelled on to safety. I said the flowers are the angels of the grass. I add now they are the evangelists of the sky.

IV. If you insist on asking me the question, What are flowers good for? I respond, they are

GOOD FOR THE BRIDAL
day. The bride must have them on her brow, and she must have them in her hand. The marriage altar must be covered with them. A wedding without flowers would be as inappropriate as a wedding without music. At such a time they are for congratulation and prophecies of good. So much of the pathway of life is covered up with thorns, we ought to cover the beginning with orange-blossoms.

Flowers are appropriate on such occasions, for in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases it is the very best thing that could have happened. The world may criticize and pronounce it an inaptitude, and may lift its eyebrows in surprise and think it might suggest something better; but the God who sees the twenty, forty, fifty years of wedded life before they have begun, arranges for the best. So that flowers, in almost all cases, are appropriate for the marriage day. The divergence of disposition will become correspondences, recklessness will become prudence, frivolity will be turned into practicality.

There has been many an aged widower and a young girl who had a carefully locked bur-

eau, and in the bureau a box, and in the box a folded paper, and in the folded paper

A HALF-BLOWN ROSE,
slightly fragrant, discolored, carefully pressed. She put it there forty or fifty years ago. On the anniversary day of her wedding she will go to the bureau, and she will lift the box, she will unfold the paper, and to her eyes will be exposed the half-blown bud, and the memories of the past will rush upon her, and a tear will drop upon the flower, and suddenly it is transfigured, and there is a stir in the dust of the anther, and it rounds out, and it is full of life, and it begins to tremble in the procession up the church aisle, and the dead music of half a century ago comes throbbing through the air; and vanished faces reappear, and right hands are joined, and a manly voice promises: "I will, for better or for worse," and the wedding march thunders a salvo of joy at the departing crowd; but a sigh on that anniversary day scatters the scene. Under the deep-fetched breath, the altar, the flowers, the congratulating groups are scattered, and there is nothing left but a trembling hand holding a faded rose-bud, which is put into the paper, and then into the box, and the box carefully placed in the bureau, and with a sharp, sudden click of the lock the scene is over.

Ab, my friends, let not the prophecies of the flowers on your wedding day, be false prophecies. Be blind to each other's faults. Make the most of each other's excellences. Above all, do not both get mad at once! Remember the vows, the ring on the third finger of the left hand, and the benediction of the calla lilies.

III. If you insist on asking me the question, What are flowers good for? I answer, They are good to honor and comfort the obsequies. The worst gash ever made into the side of our poor earth is the gash of the grave. It is so deep, it is so cruel, it is so incurable, that it needs something to cover it up. Flowers for the casket, flowers for the hearse.

FLOWERS FOR THE CEMETERY.
What a contrast between a grave in a country churchyard with the fence broken down, and the tombstone aslant against the neighboring cattle browsing among the mullen stalks and the Canada thistles, and a June morning in Greenwood, the wave of roseate bloom rolling to the top of the mounds and then breaking into foaming crests of white flowers all around the pillows of dust. It is the difference between sleeping under rags and sleeping under an embroidered blanket. We want Old Mortality with his chisel to go through all the graveyards in Christendom, and while he carries a chisel in one hand we want Old Mortality to have some flower-seed in the palm of the other hand.

"Oh," you say, "the dead don't know; it makes no difference to them." I think you are mistaken. There are not so many steamers and trains coming to any living city as there are CONVOYS COMING FROM HEAVEN to earth; and if there be instantaneous and constant communication between this world and the better world, do you not suppose your departed friends know what you do with their bodies? Why has God planted "golden-rod" and wild flowers in the forest and on the prairie, where no human eye ever sees them? He planted them there for invisible intelligences to look at and admire, and when invisible intelligences come to look at the wild-flowers of the woods and the table-lands, will they not make excursions and see the flowers which you have planted in affectionate remembrance of them?

When I am dead I would like to have a handful of violets—anyone could pluck them out of the grass, or some one could lift from the edge of the pond a water-lily—nothing rarely expensive, or insane display, as sometimes at funeral rites, where the display takes the bread from the children's mouths, and the clothes from their backs, and something from the great democracy of flowers. Rather than imperial catafalque of Russian czar, I ask some one whom I may have helped by gospel sermon or Christian deed to bring a sprig of arbutus or a handful of China asters.

It was left for modern times to spell respect for the departed and comfort for the living in letters of floral gospel. Pillow of flowers, meaning rest for the pilgrim who has got to the end of his journey. Anchor of flowers, suggesting the Christian hope which we have as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast. Cross of flowers, suggesting the tree on which our sins were slain.

If I had my way, I would cover up all the dreamless sleepers, whether in gold-handled casket or pine box, with a king's mausoleum or Potter's field, with radiant or aromatic arborescence. The Bible says in the midst of the garden there was a sepulchre. I wish that every sepulchre might be in the midst of a garden.

IV. If you insist on asking me the question, What are flowers good for? I answer
FOR RELIGIOUS SYMBOLISM.
Have you ever studied Scriptural flora? The Bible is an arbutum, it is a divine conservatory; it is a herbarium of exquisite beauty. If you want to illustrate the brevity of the brightest human life, you will quote from Job: "A man cometh forth as a flower and is cut down." Or you will quote from the Psalmist: "As the flower of the field, so he perisheth; the wind passeth over it, and it is gone." Or you will quote from Isaiah: "All flesh is grass, and the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field." Or you will quote from James the Apostle: "As the flower of the grass, so he passeth away."

What graphic Bible symbolism! All the cut flowers of this Easter day will soon be dead, whatever care you take of them. Though morning and night you baptize them in the name of the shower; the baptism will not be to them a saving ordinance. They have been fatally wounded with the knife that cut them. They are bleeding their life away; they are dying now. The fragrance in the air is their departing and ascending spirits. Oh, yes!

FLOWERS ARE ALMOST HUMAN.
Botanists tell us that flowers breathe, they take nourishment, they eat, they drink. They are sensitive. They sleep, their likes and dislikes. They sleep,

they wake. They live in families. They have their ancestors and their descendants, their death, their burial, their cradle, their grave. The zephyr rocks the one, and the storm digs the trench for the other. The cowslip must leave its gold, the lily must leave its silver, the rose must leave its diamond necklace of morning dew. Dust to dust. So we come up, we prosper, we spread abroad, we die, as the flower—as the flower!

"Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changeest not, Abide with me!"
Flowers also afford mighty

SYMBOLISM OF CHRIST,
who compared himself to the ancient queen, the lily, and the modern queen the rose, when He said: "I am the rose, Redolent like the lily of the valleys," the other. Like both, appropriate for the sad who want sympathizers, and for the rejoicing who want banqueters. Hovering over the marriage ceremony like a wedding bell, or folded like a chaplet on the pulseless heart of the dead. Oh, Christ! let the perfume of thy name be wafted all around the earth—lily and rose, lily and rose—until the wilderness crimson into a garden, and the round earth turn into one great bud of immortal beauty laid against the warm heart of God. Snatch down from the world's banner eagle and lion, and put on lily and rose, lily and rose.

But, my friends, flowers have no grander use than when on Easter morning we celebrate the reanimation of Christ from the catacombs. The FLOWERS SPELL RESURRECTION.
There is not a nook or corner in all the building but is touched with the incense. The women carried spices to the tomb of Christ, and they dropped spices all around about the tomb, and from those spices have grown all the flowers of Easter morn. The two white-robed angels that hurried the stone away from the door of the tomb, buried it with such violence down the hill that it crashed in the door of the world's sepulchre, and millions of dead shall come forth.

However labyrinthine the mausoleum, however costly the sarcophagus, however architecturally grand the necropolis, however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the Resurrection. The forms that we laid away with our broken hearts must rise again. Father and mother—they must come out. Husband and wife—they must come out. Brothers and sisters—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. The eyes that with trembling fingers we closed, must open in the lustre of Resurrection morn. The arms that we folded in death must join ours in embrace of reunion. The beloved voice that was hushed must be returned. The beloved form must come up without its infirmities, without its fatigues—it must come up.

Oh, how long it seems for some of you! Waiting—waiting for the Resurrection! How long! How long! I make for your broken hearts to-day a cool, soft bandage of Easter lilies. Last night I had come in the mails a beautiful Easter card; on the top of it a representation of

THE "TRUMPET CREPER,"
and under it the inscription: "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." I comfort you this day with the thought of Resurrection.

When Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the heart of all England was stirred. The procession passed on amid the sobbing of a nation. There were thirty trumpeters stationed at the door of the Cathedral, with instruments of music in hand, waiting for the signal, and when the illustrious dead arrived at the gates of St. Paul's Cathedral, these thirty trumpeters gave one united blast, and then all was silent. Yet the trumpets did not wake the dead. He slept right on.

But I have to tell you, what thirty trumpeters could not do for one man, one trumpeter will do for all nations. The ages have rolled on, and the clock of the world's destiny strikes nine, ten, eleven, twelve, and time shall be no longer!

BEHOLD THE ARCHANGEL HOVERING!
He takes the trumpet, points it this way, puts its lips to his lips, and then blows one long, loud, terrific, thunderous, reverberating and resurrectionary blast: Look! Look! They rise! The dead! The dead! Some coming forth from the family vault. Some from the city cemetery. Some from the country graveyard. Here a spirit is joined to its body, and there another spirit is joined to another body, and millions of departed spirits are asserting the bodies, and then the spirits themselves in forms radiant for resurrection.

The earth begins to burn—the bonfire of a great victory. All ready now for the procession of reconstructed humanity! Upward and away! Christ leads and all the Christian dead follow, battalion after battalion, nation after nation. Up, up! On! Forward, ye ranks of God Almighty! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the conquerors come in! Resurrection! Resurrection.

And so I twist all the festal flowers of this church with all the festal flowers of chapels and cathedrals of all Christendom into one great chain, and with that chain I bind the Easter morning of 1888 with the closing Easter of the world's history—Resurrection! May the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will.

A Manifesto from Women.

The International Council of Women has issued a circular setting forth that it was the unanimous voice of the Council that all institutions of learning and of professional instruction, including schools of theology, law and medicine, should be as freely opened to women as to men; that the opportunity for industrial training should be as liberally provided for one sex as the other; that equal wages be paid for equal work, and that society should establish and maintain an identical standard of personal purity and morality for men and women.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1893.

The ten Virgins.

LESSON TEXT.
(Matt. 25: 1-13. Memory verses, 10-13)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the King in Zion.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: But ye behold him who hath been made a little lower than the angels, even Jesus, because of the suffering of death crowned with glory and honor.—Heb. 2: 9.

LESSON TOPIC: A Message Enforcing Readiness.

Lesson { 1. The Expected Bridgroom, vs. 6-9.
2. The Halted Preparation, vs. 6-9.
3. The Fatal Disappointment, vs. 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT: And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut.—Matt. 25: 10.

DAILY HOME READINGS:
M.—Matt. 25: 1-13. The necessity of readiness.
T.—2 Pet. 3: 1-18. Readiness urged.
W.—Gen. 7: 1-20. Ready for the flood.
T.—Exod. 12: 1-28. Ready to depart.
F.—Acts 26: 1-20. Ready for work.
S.—Acts 21: 1-14. Ready to die for Christ.
S.—2 Tim. 4: 1-18. Ready to be offered.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. THE EXPECTED BRIDGROOM.

I. The Bridgroom:
Ten virgins... went forth to meet the bridegroom (1).

As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall the Lord (Isa. 62: 5).

Can the sons... mourn, as long as the bridegroom is with them? (Matt. 9: 15).

He that hath the bride is the bridegroom (John 3: 29).

The marriage of the Lamb is come (Rev. 19: 7).

II. The Foolish:
The foolish... took no oil with them (3).

The foolish despise wisdom (Prov. 1: 7).

The thought of the foolish is sin (Prov. 24: 9).

A foolish man, which built his house upon sand (Matt. 7: 26).

O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe (Luke 24: 25).

III. The Wise:
The wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps (4).

He that gathereth in summer is a wise son (Prov. 10: 5).

There is... oil in the dwelling of the wise (Prov. 21: 20).

He giveth wisdom unto the wise (Dan. 2: 21).

Be ye therefore wise as serpents (Matt. 10: 16).

I. "Ten virgins... took their lamps, and went forth." (1) The virgins; (2) The lamps; (3) The outgoing—of variance.

2. "Five of them were foolish and five were wise." (1) The characteristics of the foolish; (2) The characteristics of the wise.

3. "The wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps." The provision of the wise virgins: (1) Lamps; (2) Vessels; (3) Oil.

II. THE HALTED PREPARATION.
I. The Midnight Cry:
Behold, the bridegroom! Come ye forth to meet him (6).

They shall see the Son of man coming (Matt. 24: 30).

The Son of man shall come in his glory (Matt. 25: 31).

The Lord himself shall descend... with a shout (1 Thess. 4: 16).

Behold, he cometh with the clouds (Rev. 1: 7).

II. The Unavailing Plea:
Give us of your oil; for our lamps are going out (8).

Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer (Prov. 1: 28).

Lord, Lord, open to us (Matt. 25: 12).

We did eat and drink in thy presence (Luke 13: 28).

Fall on us, and hide us (Rev. 6: 16).

III. The Pertinent Counsel:
Go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves (9).

Buy the truth, and sell it not (Prov. 23: 23).

Buy wine and milk without money and without price (Isa. 55: 1).

He... said all that he had, and bought and sold (Matt. 13: 46).

Buy of me gold refined by fire (Rev. 3: 18).

1. "At midnight there is a cry." (1) The time of the cry; (2) The import of the cry; (3) The effects of the cry.

2. "Give us of your oil; for our lamps are going out." (1) The flickering lamps; (2) The empty vessels; (3) The anxious plea.

3. "Go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves." (1) The needed oil; (2) The possible supply; (3) The prescribed purchase.

III. THE FATAL DISAPPOINTMENT.
I. Opportunity Missed:
While they went away to buy, the bridegroom came (10).

He seemed unto his sons in law as one that mocked (Gen. 19: 14).

As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone (1 Kings 20: 40).

How often would I... and ye would not (Matt. 23: 37).

If thou hadst known in this day! (Luke 19: 42).

II. Opportunity Ended:
They were ready went in... and the door was shut (10).

The harvest is past... and we are not saved (Jer. 8: 20).

Behold, your house is left to you desolate (Matt. 23: 38).

The flood came, and took them all away (Matt. 24: 39).

Now they are hid from thine eyes (Luke 19: 42).

III. Acceptance Refused:
Lord, Lord, open to us... I know you not (11, 12).

They shall seek me... but they shall not find me (Prov. 1: 28).

When ye make many prayers, I will not hear (Isa. 1: 15).

Then will I profess unto them, I never knew you (Matt. 7: 23).

I know you not whence ye are (Luke 13: 27).

1. "They that were ready went in with him." (1) The marriage feast; (2) The bridal party; (3) The accepted guests.

2. "The door was shut." (1) Including the wise; (2) Excluding the foolish.—(1) The brightness within; (2) The darkness without; (3) The separating door.

3. "Watch therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour." (1) The unknown day; (2) The imperative duty.

LESSON BIBLE READING.
WHO ARE FOOLS.

Atheists (Psa. 14: 1; 94: 6-8).

Blasphemers (Psa. 74: 18, 22).

Persistent offenders (Deut. 32: 5, 6; Prov. 13: 19; 14: 9).

The spiritually ignorant (Psa. 92: 5, 6; Prov. 18: 2).

The self-satisfied (Prov. 12: 15; 26: 12; 28: 26).

Pharisees (Luke 11: 39, 40).

Boasters (Rom. 3: 27).

Moderators (Prov. 30: 3).

Gossips (Prov. 15: 2; 29: 11; Eccl. 5: 3; 10: 14).

Drunkards (Prov. 20: 1).

The avaricious (Jer. 17: 11; Luke 12: 16-21).

The passionate (Jer. 27: 3; Eccl. 7: 9).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

The twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew has no parallel in the other Gospels. But its contents, as well as its position in the narrative, indicate that it forms a continuation of the discourse from which the last lesson was taken. The present lesson follows that immediately.

Hence the place was the mount of Olives, and the time late on Tuesday, the twelfth of Nisan or, beginning of the thirteenth, April 4, year of Rome 783.—A. D. 30.

L'Enfant Terrible.

Mrs. Shamm gave a small but very elegant tea the other evening, and, as a reward for being good for two hours, she allowed her son Bertie, aged 10, to sit at table with the guests. As an example of cold-blooded villainy we give a few of the remarks made by Master Bertie during the progress of the meal:

"Ma," he asked first, "whose spoons are these?"

"Hush, dear," said Mrs. Shamm. He husheo for a second, then:

"Ma, whose big glass dish is that?"

"Little boys should be seen and not heard," said Mrs. Shamm with a sick smile that did not conceal from the guests the fact that there was a fearful reckoning in store for Bertie on their departure.

"Say, ma," he put in, interrupting old Mrs. Moneyweight, who was the special guest of the occasion, "that ain't our silver cake basket, is it?"

"Bertie, didn't you hear Mrs. Moneyweight speaking?" chides his distressed parent.

"Well, I'll be quiet if you'll tell me whose pretty gasses these are. They're Mrs. Baxter's, aren't they?"

"Bertie!"

"Oh, ma, I forgot to tell that Mrs. Hooker wants you to be sure and send back her teaspoons to-night; and—oh, ma, did you know that Sally broke one of Mrs. Walker's nice teacups; and—oh, what a pretty plate this is! Who does it belong to?"

The doors had hardly closed on the last guest when the neighbors were apprised by the sound whose import could not be mistaken, that Bertie's time of reckoning had come.

Young Men, Read This!

It is very common for young men, I think, to determine the quality of their work by the price which they are paid for it. I only get, says such a one, \$5 a week and I am sure that I am giving \$5 worth of service; if my employer wants more, let him pay more; if he wants better let him give better wages.

This is spacious reasoning, but it is false; and it is destructive to the best work, and therefore to the best manhood. No man can afford to do anything less well than his best. He who better and better, does his best work, in always strives to do his best work, in the very process of striving will grow better and better. Not only will he grow more skillful in that particular workmanship, but he will be better equipped for other workmanship. This is an absolutely universal law. It is the absolutely universal road to promotion.

The man who is careful to give nothing more than he gets rarely gets more than he gives. The man who works for his own sake, who puts the best part of himself into every blow that he strikes, who mixes all his work with brain and conscience, who studies to render the largest possible service regardless of the compensation which it brings, sooner or later will find his way on and up. The world learns his worth and calls him to higher service. Nor is this all. By stirring himself up to do always the best he can, he grows in to a power to do better and ever better.

Fish Living in Hot Water.

There is a pond on the Lay ranch at Goconda, which is fed by the waters from the hot springs. This pond has an area of two or three acres, and the temperature of the water is about eighty-five degrees, and in some places where the hot water bubbles up from the bottom the temperature is almost up to the boiling point. Recently the discovery has been made that this warm lake is literally alive with carp, some of which are more than a foot long. All that is needed to catch them with a hook and line, have failed, as they will not touch the most tempting bait. A few of them have been shot, and, contrary to the general supposition, the flesh was hard and palatable. How the fish got into the lake is a mystery unsolved. Within 100 feet of it are springs which are boiling hot, and the ranchers in the vicinity use the water to scald hogs in the butchering season.

WOMEN IN A BREAD RIOT.

A Scene in Richmond in the Early Part of the War.

It was in the early part of the late war in, I think, the second year. Our armies (the Confederate) had been generally successful, and there was as yet little of that great suffering to which the people of the South were afterward to be reduced. The dearth of men in Richmond made it necessary to employ a large force of women in the various departments of the Government, a great many of them refugees, and many from the oldest and wealthiest of Southern aristocratic families.

The Treasury Department occupied on Broad street, in Richmond, a large store, and in that store a number of ladies were occupied in numbering and signing coupon bonds, and others in signing and numbering the one and two dollar notes with which the Confederacy was flooded.

One afternoon there was a rumor in Richmond that a body of disorderly women and boys had assembled on the Capital square, clamoring for bread. It was asserted that Gov. Letcher and the Mayor of the city had addressed them in the interest of law and order, and promised them relief.

But as yet little was known for certain, and I gave the rumor little thought, as I walked up Broad street the next morning toward the department, now only a few squares off.

"Bread! bread! give us bread!" amid a pandemonium of yell, startled me.

As I turned in an alarm, a score met my eyes that I will not soon forget.

Pouring out of a side street a motley crowd of women and boys surged up in my wake to the very building that was my goal. It was a striking and unique sight—not a man visible, but every woman in the city seemed to be there yelling for bread.

For me to be thus the unwilling leader of a mob was anything but a pleasant sensation, and hastening my steps, I reached the department just before it was closed against the mob. Halting in front of the building they vainly sought to force an entrance. Fearing that they might have firearms, our chief kept clear of the windows. But Mother Eve's vice got the better of us and we eagerly watched the crowd as they battered the doors, at the same time demanding that money should be given up to them.

Foiled in their attempt to obtain