

THE CRY OF THE HEART.

"I want some one to play with me,"
A little toddler cries
As he looks for a wee Joy-sharer,

"Come, partner, let us have our walk,"
Says an old man, bent and tried,
To the faithful dog, whose love he knows

MUTINY ON A COOLIE SHIP.
One of the Tragedies of a Branch
of the Slave Trade.

When slavery was abolished in the Brazil, there sprang up to take its place a traffic hardly less accursed, the coolie trade.

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sharp cutlass in the hands of a desperate coolie would be a wicked weapon.
"Down with you, lads, and prepare to defend the ship with your lives," called the captain, and every man responded with alacrity.

As we had no firearms of any consequence, everything which could be used as a missile or weapon was speedily gathered, and every utensil in which water could be heated was placed on the stove in the cook's galley.

The idea was appalling, not only on account of the great height, but those wicked dorsal fins were cutting the water about the brig in a way to make us shiver.

It was about 11 o'clock when the coolies made ready to attack us. The brig had three boats which they could get at, and each boat was crowded with men.

The coolies had no fear, and once loose their savage natures were thoroughly aroused. When they got possession of half the vessel they captured the water-butts on deck, and we saw them drinking with the bullets flying past their ears.

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would knock together, and our respiration would be choked, and our heart would break. If your sins are unforgiven, they are bearing down on you, and you are sinking—sinking away from happiness, sinking away from God, sinking away from everything that is good and blessed.

Then what do we want? A swimmer—a strong swimmer, a swift swimmer! And blessed be God, in my text we have him announced. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth stretcheth forth his hands to swim."

If you have ever watched a swimmer, you notice that his whole body is brought into play. The arms are flexed, the hands drive the water back, the knees are active, the head is thrown back to escape strangulation, the whole body is in propulsion.

On, it was not half a God that trampled down following Gennesaret; it was not a quarter of a God that mastered the demons of Gadara; it was not one-third of a God that lifted up Lazarus into the arms of his overjoyed sisters; it was not a fragment of a God who offered pardon and peace to all the race.

This text represents God as a strong swimmer, striking out to push down iniquity and save the souls of men. He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth stretcheth forth his hands to swim.

Behold, then, the spectacle of a drowning soul and Christ the swimmer! I believe it was in 1848 when there were six English soldiers of the Fifth fusiliers who were hanging to a capsized boat—a boat that had been upset by a squall three miles from shore.

If you have been much by the water, you know very well that when one is in peril help must come very quickly, or it will be of no use. One minute may decide everything. Immediate help the man wants or no help at all.

The world has had strong swimmers besides the one of the text, perhaps the greatest among them Matthew Webb, of the British mercantile marine service. He leaped from the deck of the Russia, the Cunard steamer, to save the life of a sailor who had fallen overboard.

New modes have been invented for rescuing a drowning body, but there has been no new invention for rescuing a drowning soul. In 1785 Lionel Lukin, a London coach builder, fitted up a Norway yawl as a lifeboat and called it the Insubmergible.

Saloons are sin and disease breeders, but, while our Board of Health tucks up notices of contagious disease, the Board of Excise tucks up a license to sell drunkenness.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Lay Hold of Christ—The Helpfulness of Religion in Fighting Life's Battle—Be Bold For the Right and Trust in the Son of God.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage employs a very bold figure of the Bible to bring out the helpfulness of religion for life in any kind of struggle.

The German seeks out unfrequented nooks. You stand all day on the bank of a river in the broiling sun and fling out your line and catch nothing, while an expert angler breaks through the jungle and goes by the shadow of the solitary rock.

You go into the Louvre at Paris. You confine yourself to one corridor of that opulent gallery of paintings. As you come out your friend says to you, "Did you see that Rembrandt?"

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THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICI OF INTEMPERANCE.

"For Sale"—Work of American Missionaries in Combating the Drink Evil in India—They Have Wrought a Noteworthy Change in Public Sentiment.

"For Sale! A good saloon—fine business place— Good will included too, its worth to laud! Here's a rare snap—if wise you'll catch it!"

A "good saloon"—whence came this aspect rare? "Fine place for business"—aye, 'tis on the way. The tolling masses pass, when homeward bound— A man devised to make the weak its prey!

"A snap!" for whom? Who gathers up Through daily traffic of this latter age? Is it the suffering wife and helpless babe, Or sorrowing mother, bowed by grief and age?

Going abroad! To seek luxurious ease, With coffers filled, regardless of its cost To countless lives, by a base traffic wrecked, An countless souls, perchance, forever lost!

And yet, "the powers that be" hold blackened reins, Nor check the rum-fiend that enslaves the low. Robs homes of want—builds up the bloated base, And mocks at sighs and tears of helpless woe!

"For sale!" Can gold thus gotten move that load— The prayers, groans, curses of the hearts it broke? Can foreign scenes efface a sin-cursed past, Or heaven's just retributive laws revoke? —L. S. Harris, in New York Observer.

The fact of the advance of total abstinence among the missionary body in India received striking confirmation at a dinner party on the Queen's birthday, given by the collector of the district, when of the nine missionary guests present all drank to the health of total abstinence in connection with the other missionaries of other nationalities, and were subjected to no little ridicule.

The Rev. Walter B. Vassar writes as follows in the Pittsburg Christian Advocate: The social side of the saloon is the deadliest and most dangerous phase of it. Just at the most dangerous period in a young man's life, when he is apt to form false notions of the pleasures of the world, the saloon opens its doors and bids him enter.

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