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, With tears in the clouded eyes.

"I want some one to love me, Some one to tell me so." Be it heart of youth or maiden, The wish is whispered low.

"I want some one to talk with me I am weary of being alone," Is the silent echs in grandma's heart; For love she makes her moan.

The world is full of children, From one to eighty-one, Orving for loving comradeship, The one thing 'neath the sun-That satisfies the spirit, And makes all else seem tame; Be it health, or wealth, or knowledge, Be it beauty, or wit, or fame. —Ellen Fracker Pratt, in Washington Star.

"Come, partner, let us have our walk," Says an old man, bent and tried, To the faithful dog, whose love he knows Will never be denied.

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

Its place a train hardly less accursed, the coolie trade. The coolie was a Chinaman who agreed to leave his country for a term of years at stated wages, but after a while vessels were fitted out and dispatched to various islands in the Pacific and other seas, and theorements of patimes mean who and thousands of natives were ab-ducted and sold into perpetual slav-ery. These abducted people also came to be called coolies. Soon after the trade opened the Chinese govern-ment, which received so much for every coolie shipped away, began sending off its offeuders and malefactors along with honest laborers. Instead of giving a thief the bastinado he was sent to the coolie barracks; instead of lopping off the head of a pirate he was deported. Among every 500 coolies were at least 100 malefactors, and rewere at least 100 materiactors, and re-volts at sea were of frequent occur-rence. In the year 1868 seventeen vessels in the coolie trade were either burned at sea or captured by the na-tives aboard, and in case of capture not a man was spared. Our ship, the Princess, of New

York, was lying at Macao, south of Hong-Kong, in the fall of 1868, when four different craft were loading with coolies at the same time. Macao was one of the great shipping points, and everything was carried on under the supervision of government officials. I saw a Brazilian brig take on 480 coolies, and a worse lot of men could not possibly have been scraped to-gether in any country. They were to be housed between decks, and the brig carried two cannon and ten soldiers to keep them in subjection. They must be looked after as sharply as convicts on their way to Australia in the old days of the penal settlements. This brig, which was called the Don, got away a week ahead of us, and, through some blunder, with only a few of her water-casks filled. She had head winds for five days, and we finally overtook her before she had made 300 miles on her long voyage. We sighted her as the wind we dwing out one of her as the wind was dving out one afternoon, and were carried down to within a mile of her before we lost steerageway. We could make out her name with the glass, but even without that the odor which came across the water to our nostrils would have proved her a coolie ship. As our captain ob-served, after shutting up his glass and sniffing the air:

"That smell would settle it if I was deaf, dumb and blind and had no nose; she's a coolie!"

It was about six o'clock, when we lost the breeze, and the crew knocked off for supper and spent the following three hours yarning and smoking. The brig was all right, so far as we could observe, and we had no particular interest in watching her. About nine o'clock, however, we were all startled into sudden activity by a most horrible din from the coolie. It

When slavery was abolished in the Brazils there sprang up to take its place a traffic hardly less accursed, the coolie trade. The coolie was a Chinaman who agreed to leave his country for a term of years at stated wages, but after a while vessels were intervention of the term of the term of the term of the term wages, but after a while vessels were wages, but after a while vessels were wages intervention of the term of the term of the term of the term the term of term of term of term of the term will be alive by tomorrow night."

Our captain hung out for a while, While he hated to save the coolies to the profit of the traders, he was too merciful to be the indirect cause of their death, and he finally consented to ensure the control of motor to be the same of to spare five casks of water. Arrangements for the transfer were being made when the furious hubbub of an made when the furious introduction and hour before was repeated, only there was more savageness to it this time. It did not die away as before, but kept increasing in intensity and lasting so long that the mate leaped upon the rail and looked toward the brig and muttaread. muttered:

"The scound rels are making a break at last! Why don't the men use the guns?" His words were followed by the

reports of a dozen muskets, and they were still cracking away when some one stood on the rail of the brig and waved his hat in our direction.

"The coolies are loose!" exclaimed the mate as he made for his boat. "fhat signal is for me, but I'll return for the water as soon as the outbreak is put down." He was off in a moment, and his

He was off in a moment, and his men pullel such a stroke that their boat was carried to the brig's side in four or five minutes. She was run under the bows and the men scram-bled up over the chains. We knew that the outbreak was serious, for the hubbub increased, and we could see the crew rushing wildly about. There the crew rushing wildly about. There the crew rushing wildly about. There was a continued pop of musketry, and we became so excited that every man in the ship, cook included, hurried aloft to look down upon the stranger's decks. As we lay broadside to each other, and the distance was so short, we could see all that took place. De-spite the desperate efforts of the crew, the coolies were finding their way on the coolies were finding their way on deck. They were shot and clubbed and hacked, butthey came faster than they could be taken care of, and in half an hour from the time the mate's boat left us, the Chinese had posses-sion of a least nuch shift he brig. They sion of at least one-half the brig. They got hold of some of the muskets and cutlasses, and they knew how to use the former as well as the sailors. The forward gratings were pried off and the hold emptied of its living cargo, and during all this time there fierce fighting in the waist of the

brig. The coolies had no fear, and once loose their savage natures were thor-oughly aroused. When they got pos-session of half the vessel they capsession of half the vessel they cap-tured the water-butt on deck, and we saw them drinking with the bullets flying past their ears. The water seemed to add to their desperation, for startied into sudden activity by a seemed to add to their desperation, for most horrible din from the coolie. It soon after getting possession of it a seemed as if two or three hundred voices were yelling in chorus, and the sound did not cease until broken in upon by the reports of firearms, "I'll tell you exactly what's taking place on board that fellow," said the mate, who had been listening intently. "He's short of water, and the wretches have been put upon half or quarter allowance. They are suffering and

have been put upon hair or quarter quiet spectators of such a scens, we allowance. They are suffering and desperate, and the crew have had to be called away to help suppress the outbreak, but our captain shoot down some of the leaders. had a mortal hatred for coolies and I've seen 200 likely heathens go dead announced that he would not interfere for the wand die without making a tremen from fort to take the ship. We'll hear from that chap again inside of an hour, and I'll miss my plum duff if he isn't changside of us before long bartering that the rew driven aloft, a sort of groan went through our ship, and more than the rew driven aloft, a sort of groan the through our ship, and more than for fresh water." The mate was a prophet. In about half an hour there was another chorus of yells, shrieks and curses, and we plainly heard the rattle of chains. Three or four muskets were fired and all was quiet again. But it wasn't set was different to all. When the vile a hoat fine men pot into her and in the crew driven aloft, a sort of groan went through our ship, and more than one man muttered against our cap-tain's policy. When the Chinese got time before a cusk of rum was broached yet 10 o'clock when the brig launched a hoat fine men got into her and in the crew driven aloft, a sort of groan went through our ship, and more than one man muttered against our cap-tain's policy. When the Chinese got time before a cusk of rum was broached and served out to all. When the vile stuff began to take effect fury was let loose aboard the brig. Such a surging to and fro! Such jabbering and shout-ing and screaming! The bodies of the dead sailors were stripped naked, kicked about the decks and mutilated in the most horrible manner, and then flung overboard. At the very first splash we saw at least a dozen sharks make for the spot, and after that their dorsal fins were cutting the water in

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better. It was about 11 o'clock when the 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. They had muskets, cut-lasses, capstan-bars, belaying pins and other weapons, and while they were making preparations they kept up a yelling and whooping which would have done credit to Indians. Those who were to remain aboard Those who were to remain aboard defied and taunted us and evidently considered us certain victims. I don't think any man of us felt what people call fear as we saw the three boats leave the brig and pull toward us, but we could be forgiven for doubting whether we had strength to beat them off. The boats kept together, and it was evident that they meant to board on the same side. This was the better for us. Our bricks and other weapons were hastily moved, and while we were at this work the captain stood on the rail and shouted to the coolies and warned them to keep off. The answer to this was a shot from a musket, and the bullet whistled so close to his head that he lost no time in getting off the rail. We saw that we had got off the rail. We saw that we had got to fight, and we were as ready as we could be when they laid us aboard. Fortunately for us they had no strat-egy about them, but the three boats pulled together for our bows and hooked on in a crowd. The bark had were high hulwarks and the Chinese very high bulwarks, and the Chinese, very high bulwarks, and the chinese, even with their muskets; could do us no damage. We had but one point to defend, and a score of brickbats and a couple of pails of hot water took the sand out of the crowd pretty quick. In three minutes after getting under our bows they realized that they had under cut out a larger job than they could manage, and they were a well-scalded set as they let go and pulled to the set as brig.

Three-fifths of the crowd had been left on board, and the failure of the attack was greeted with such yells as mortal man never heard before. The boats were not hauled up at all, and the beaten coolies were no sconer aboard the brig than a terrific fight took place, which did not stop until 25 or 30 had been knocked on the head and flung over to the sharks. About midnight the boats were filled with men to attack us again, but there was men to attack us again, but there was a great jabbering and gesticulating, and the pian was finally abandoned. At 1 o'clock the calm was broken, though the breaze which reached us was a light one. The captain weighed all the circumstances in his mind. no doubt, and he came to the conclusion that it was the best way for us to continue our voyage and hope to fall in with a cruiser. The coolies set up a howl of vengeance as we made sail, and that we could not have made friends with them was proved by the fire of musketry which they kept up until we were out of hearing. The brig was turning roand and round The on her keel when last we saw her, and some of the fellows were aloft trying to loosen the sails. Thirty hours later we met H. M. S. Defiance, and gave her captain the brig's bearings, but it was a full year before I learned any further particulars. After a cruise of a week the man-of-war found the craft bottom up at sea, a long way from where we left her, with never a sign of a human being, dead or alive, in her vicinity. She had probably been caught in a squall, and as the coolies knew nothing of seamanship the brig had turned turtle and drowned them to the last man,-New York Sun.

spread lotth his hands in the midst of them, as be that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The fisherman seeks out unfrequented nooks. You stand all day on the bank of a river in the brolling sun and fing out your line and catch nothing, while an es-pert angler breaks through the jungle and goes by the shadow of the solitary rock and, in a place where on fisherman has been for ten years, throws out his line and comes home at night, his face shlaing and his basket full. I do not know why we ministers of the gospel need always be lishing in the same stream and preaching from the same texts that other people preach from. I cannot understand the policy of the minister who in Blackfriars, London, England, every week for thirty years preached from the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is an exhilaration to me when I come across a theme which I feel no one else has treated, and my text is one of that kind. There are paths in God's word that are well beaten by Christian feet. When men want to quote Scripture, they quote the oid passages that every one has heard. When they want a chapter people have been reading, so that the church to-day is ignorant of three-fourths of the Bible. You go into the Louvre at Paris. You confine yoursell to one corridor of that opulent gallery of paintings. As you come out your filten assive, you, "Did you see

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?" "No." "Did you see that Titlan?" "No." "Did you see that Raph-nei?" "No." "Did you see that Raph-nei?" "No." "Well," says your friend. "then you did not see the Louvre." Now, my friends, I think we are too much apt to confine ourselves to one of the great corri-dors of Scripture truth, and so much so that there is not one person out of a mil-hon who has ever noticed the all sugges-tive and powerful picture in the words of my text.

This text represents God as a strong

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and on anis he is now within the reach of every one here, eye omnisoient, heart infinite, arm omnipotent, mighty to save, even unto the uttermost. On, it was not half a God that trampled down bellowing Gennesaret; it was not a quarter of a God that mastered the de-mons of Gadara; it was not two-thirds of a God that lifted up Lazarus into the arms of his overjoyed sisters; it was not a frag-ment of a God who offered parion and peace to all the race. No. This mighty swimmer threw his grandeur, his glory, his might, his wisdom, his omnipotence and his eterally into this one act. It took both hands of God to save us-both feet. How do I prove it? On the cross were not both heads nailed? On the cross were not both feet spiked? His entire nature involved in our redemption! If you have lived much by the water, you notice also that if any one is going out to the rescue of the drowning he must be independent, self-reliant, able to go alone. There may be a time when he must spring out to save one, and he cannot get a life-boat, and if he goes out and has not attength enough to bear himself up and bear another up he will sink, and instead of dragging one corpse out of the billows you will have two to drag out. When Christ sprang out into the sea to deliver us, He had no lite buoy. His Father did not help Him. Alone in the darkness, alone on the battle charge in front of his troops, he had a whole army to cheer him. When Marshai Ney sprang into the contest and plinged in the spurs till the horse's flanks spurted blood, all France applauded him. But Jesus alone! "Of the people there was none to help," "All forsok him and fled." Oh, it was not a flotilla that sailed down and saved us. It was not a cluster of grondolas that came over the wave. It was one per-son, independent and alone, "spreading out fils hands among us as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim." Behold, then, the spectel of a drown-it was in 1948 when there wore six English

After Judge Morgan had sentenced Lady Jane Grey to death his conscience troubled him so much for the deed that he becau-insane, and all through his insanity he kept saying: "Take her away from Me Lady Jane Grey! Take her away from Me however great or small, but the conscient portige that matter before him, and at every step of his misbehavior it say. "Wrong, wrong!" Sin is a leproy; sin is a paralysis; sin is a consumption, sin is pollu-tion, is is death. Give it a fair chane, and it will swamp you and me, body, mind and soul, forever. In this world it on the from Soiesty For Saving Life From Subwreck suved 2120 lives. The Grer man Association For the Reseue of Lifeboat institution and our Lifeboat institution and our Lifeboat institution and our Lifeboat institution and our by a slight chill. "Why," you say, "ty-phoid fever does not seem to be much to 6 a disease." But wait until the patient has been six weeks under it, and all is na nilment which is only in its first stages but let it get under fuil sway, and it is an alleonsuming typhoid. Oh, if we could see our unpardioned sins as God sees them, our teeth would chatter and our knees

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOL & THE VICEI OF INTEMPERANCE.

"or Sale"-Work of American Mission aries in Combatting the Drink Evil in India-They Have Wrought a Note-worthy 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 yon'll catch if

up; Reason for selling out—I go abroad!"

A "good saloon"—whence came this aspect rare? "Wine place for business"—aye, 'tis on the

way The toiling masses pass, when homeward

bound- **A** trap, devised to make the weak its prey!

"• snap?" for whom? Who gathers up this polt Through daily traffe of this daily ware? Is it the suffering wife and helpless have, Or sorrowing mother, howed 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, And countless souls, perchance. forever lost!

And yet, "the powers that be" hold slack-ened rein. Nor check the rum-flend that enslaves the

low-Robs homes of want-builds up the bloated base, And mocks at sighs and tears of helpless woel

"For sale!" Can gold thus gotten move that load— The prayers, groans, curses of the hearts it broke? Can foreign scenes efface a sin-sursed

past, Or heaven's just retributive laws revoke? —L. S. Harris, in New York Observer.

The Missionaries and Temperance

-L. 8. Harris, in New York Observer. The Missionaries and Temperanco. The fact of the advance of total absti-fraction of the district, when of the party on the Queen's birthday, given by his missionary guests present all drank to the health of her majesty in cold water. The circumstance occasioned surprise, and was the subject of much comment by the kind host and his civilian friends. It is rare to find a missionary of any nationality in India to-day who takes liquor in any form, except for medicinal purposes. Even the German brethren, who indulge in their beer at home, do not make a practice, we are told, of using it in India. The change of sentiment in this matter during the last quarter of a century has been most marked. It is noteworthy that the Ameri-ican missionaries had the honor of being the derme was at time when they were looked upon as extremists and fanat-itioalities, and were subjected to no little ridicale. A firm, uncompremising attitude has had its effect. The influence on the native church has likewise been whole-some, the vice of intemperance has un-doubtedly decreased among native Chris-tians of Madras during the last twenty-five years, when we consider their numerical growth during the asme period. Not that the drinking habit has by any means been patients of the community that it once was. It is a matter of rejoiding that our own insison has taken an unflinching stand rom the first on this question....Mangla

Vasanam (India). "The Foor Man's Club." The Rev. Waiter B. Vassar writes as fol-lows 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 no-tions of the restraints of home, the saloons open their doors and bid him enter. The estimate is made that n intery per cent of ail drink-cursed lives began the career of the drunkard at the bar of the saloon. Wry strangely, we think, there are some who, with a false pity for the poor, are will-ing to uphold it for the sake of making what is called a "club" for the lowly. If a tree may be known by its fruits, we may not be charged with bearing false witness when we say the institution which is the renelezous of crooks, which is the center of every influence which makes for the de-makes it impossible to pass sufficient laws for civic righteousness, has no right to live. He who condones its presence in a com-munity is either bilnd to its effect or mor-ally on a level with it.

Danger in the Nip.

Danger in the Nip. One of the surest ways of ending one's days in a mathouse is to stimulate a fagged brain by constant "nips" of spirits. Over-indulgence in spirits injures the memory to on incredible degree. In years gone by no person who was known to be of intemper-ate habits was permitted to appear as a witness in the Spanish Courts of Justice, the authorities maintaining that alcohol-ism was so prejudicial to the brain that it was unsafe to accept the testimony of an incebriate. There is a singular instance on record of a merchant who grew so neces-tomed to jogging his brain by brandy drink-ing that unleas he could procure a "nip" he was utterly unable to work. Needless to fin the grear memory in the day that his brain collapsed he went home and insisted on putting every member of his family to bed, under the impression that they, too, had drunk not wissely, but too weil.

a boat, five men got into her, and in a very few minutes she was alongside, and a man who announced himself as the mate of the coolie was on deck. Everybody knew his errand. We had plenty of fresh water, but would our captain spare him a single pint? Most sailors hated coolies as no other elass did, and our captain had gone about that evening with round oaths falling off his lips to think that he had falling off his lips to think that he had one under his nose and was helpless. If he refused to spare the water the poor wretches would die; if he let it go they would be spared for a life of slavery. The man who boarded us was a Spaniard, and he had a surly water he provide the spare the surly the provide the surly the provide the spare the surly the provide the spare the surly the provide the spare the surly the provide the surly the spare the surly the provide the spare the surly the surly the surly the provide the surly th

was a Spaniard, and he had a safety they contrage well as possible. They dared not constremance and disagreeable voice. He didn't beat about the bash at all, shout to us, but they implored us by but walked up to our captain, who was but walked up to our captain, who was standing stiffly on the quarter-deck, touched his hat and said:

standing summy on the quinter-teex, "I'm mate of the brig yonder and am sent to see if you can spare us a few casks of water. Through a blun-der we left Macao short, and we can't putin anywhere until we get a breeze." "You ought to be ashamed of the

Depopulation of Ireland.

In 1845 the decadence of Ireland began in earnest, and it has kept up ever since. In that year the popula-tion was 8,295,031, the high water mark. On the 30th of last June it was 4,531,051, the lowest ever known. While emigration has been robbing the nation of its vigorous sons and daughters, the birth rate has been insufficient to fill up the gaps thus made. The marriage rate has been only 5.8 per 1000 at best for the last ten years, while just now it is under the miserable figure. The population decreased 13,084 between the first of April and the last of June. It is estimated that in 17 years it will be only 4,000,000.—Victor Smith is New York Press.

Science Must Not Claim Too Much.

Science Musi Not Claim Too Much. It is well that science has come to the aid of temperance. But science cannot win the battle alone. To say that alcohol acts so and so upon the body makes no impression upon the average mind. He needs the ap-peal to the heart. He needs the burning words of women who havefeit, and the im-passioned appeal of the reformed. He needs the recital of the sufferings of those whom the drink traffic has dasmed. The country needs a new campaign of scul-stirring song and speeches freed from everything save the need of immediate de-cision against the whisky devil—The Ep worth Herald.

Don't Treat

Don't Trent. The Omaha World-Herald preaches an editorial sermon on "non-treating clubs," and says, among other things: "The treating habit is responsible for the bulk of intemperance in this country. No one has ever yet been able to explain why it is considered the right thing to line up to a bur and drink on invitations merely because some friend has extended the in-vitation."

The Crusade in Brief.

Saloons are sin and disease breeders, but, while our Board of Health tacks up notices of contagious disease, the Board of Excise tacks up a license to sell drunken-neee

Medical science is more and more dis-posed to eachew the use of alcohol in the treatment of disease because other reme-dies, most of them po'sons, are safer and more effective.

Among the liberal bequests of the late Robert C. Billings, of Boston, was one of \$50,000 to the Institute of Technology for the assistance of students who do not use liquor or tobacco.