IN QUIET BAYS.

In quiet bays by storms unspent I moor my boat with calm conte · I sought of yore the deep, wide sea. The tempest set my spirit free; I loved to match my puny power With Nature in her stormiest hour. But now I bring my little boat

In quiet bays, to drift and float Idly upon the idle tide: I seek no more my spirit's mate
The awful, wind-swept sea of fate.
—Charlotte Pendleton, in Lippikortt.

EBEN.

BY EVELVN A KING



the coach was ter of much importance to the inhabitants of the little village of Kinhope, which was situated within fifty miles of Boston.

As the coach approached the village this beautiful morning in May, it ascended a long, steephill, from the brow of which could be seen the many hills lying about, with the pretty wooded valleys between, and away off to the the coach was sengers riding on top of the coach was sengers riding on top of the coach was sengers riding on top of the coach was Eben Eames, and many, many years after, when his last days were spent in a house not then built upon this very hill, Eben resealed the bright anticipations of this day.

Eben was agoing home after having spent several years as an apprentice with Cobbler Gore in Boston, while two years of work in addition to the apprenticeship in which he had been industrious and saving, had enabled him the count of welcome, by a little sum.

The condition of the same and the same was a start of the coach was a shoult to say.

"I've been thinkin', Molly, "he said, how you might stay on here a while, an' I'll go to Boston first and prenticeship; in which he had been industrious and saving, had enabled him the count of the same prenticeship; in which he had been industrious and saving, had enabled him the count of the count was apprenticeship; in which he had been industrious and saving, had enabled him the count of the c

As Eben crossed the road, Molly saw

dashed in a moment. Recovering somewhat, she put her arms about

Eben, saying:

'Even so, Eben. We can begin again and live as we have lived these past few years. You are but twenty-

At last her sensible words and com-At last her sensible words and comforting touch reached nim, and he agreed to try to regain his cheerfulness.

A year passed. Molly saw with dismay the change wrought in Eben by his misfortune. He was restless, longing to do something, to go somewhere; irritable even, at times; so unlike the gay, good-humored husband of other days.

Mully feered she searchy have:

obstinacy.
"No, Molly, I'm a-goin' first."

tience to see the girl who was so soon to be his wife.

As Eben crossed the road, Molly saw him coming, and with a first impulse started to run down the garden path to meet him. Then suddenly a feeling of bashfulness coming over her, she drew back into the house. With Eben's knock at the door, there came a young woman with the fresh bloom of health on her cheeks, and Eben felt almost aby when he greeted Molly, she seemed to him so lovely. When about to leave, Eben said:

"An' then it will be this day week, Moliy?" and Molly demurely answered: "Yes."

A week later a 'few neighbors, with the immediately related families, were present at the wedding of Molly and Eben. From Molly's home they went to live on the main street of the village. There was a cosy house in the griggen and little shop in front, while a big sign, with its gilt letters proclaiming to all passersby: "Eben Eames, Shoemaker," was next to Eben, the pride of Molly's heart.

These were happy days. Molly singing about her work would stop now and then to hear the ray-ray-tap-tap of Eben's hammer. When the stitching began and all was still, the silence oppressed her, and after listening at the door to make sure no customers were in, she would open the door carefully, tiptoeing up to Eben who sat with his back toward her, when to his great surprise a pair of hands would be sounding in his ears:

"Guess, Eben."

Naturally Eben guessed correctly after a few trials. This play came to be looked forward to by the young man, for it was not always presented in the same way, Molly being a young monn or resources.

But after a time Eben began to be restless, the village was too small; he could not earn money fast enough, and "Wolly, I came for the answer." of Eben's hammer. When the stitching began and all was still, the silence oppressed her, and after listening at the door to make sure no customers were in, she would open the door carefully, tiptoeing up to Eben who sat with his back toward her, when to his great surprise a pair of hands would cover his eyes, and a sweet voice would be sounding in his ears:

"Guess, Eben."

Naturally Eben guessed correctly after a few trials.

This play came to be looked forward to by the young man, for it was not always presented in the same way, Molly being a young woman of resources.

But after a time Eben began to be restless, the village was too small; he could not earn money fast enough, and he began to think of going to Boston, when there came a rumor that a railroad was to be built.

"Molly, when that railroad comes, it will be a great day for us. I'll build a bigger shop and make shoes enough to send to other tewns, and hire several men to work for me. Oh, Molly, then we'll get rich."

"That would be well, Eben, but we was living those was loved for men. Oth, Molly, then we'll get rich."

It was a May day like the one when and said, "This day like the one when the one when the was a May day like the one when the one when the was a May day like the one when the was a May day like the one when the was a May day like the one when the one when the was a May day like the one when the was a May day like the one when the was a May day like the one when the was a May day like the one when the one when the was to be hold. It was the time had come home and said, "This day week, Molly, and Molly has to shyly answered "Yes." It was the time had come home and said, "This day week, Molly," and Molly has to shyly answered "Yes." It was the time had come to the was a woman about thirty-five years old, still fair to look upon, but with an expression in her face which told of anxiety and disappointment. The memory of another May was alive years old, still fair to look upon, but with an expression in her face which told of anxiety and di

Molly, then we'll get rich." fornia mining camp five years ago.
"That would be well, Eben, but we Surely I have waited patiently for my

with her usual light way, but meeting been working he sighed often, and there came to him the memory of a ABOUT LEFT - HANDED MEN no response asked:

"Eben, what's the matter of you?"
Then Eben, lifting his head, said heavily, "Molly, I am ruined."

"Ruined!"

"Yes. ruined. Mr. Simms, one of the head ones on the road, has just been in, and said the road'll not touch this town. It is goin' by on the other side."

Molly's face blanched, for she well knew what this meant. Money nearly spent on the larger shop. No one would buy it. All their bright hopes dashed in a moment. Recovering wife ask an old woman if the journey.

wife ask an old woman if the journey had been hard. For this was the first journey Molly had taken in the train. strangely enough.

The overseer's wife, Mrs. White, made her comfortable and then going to Mr. White said:

"How shall we tell old Eben?"
"Oh," her husband answered easily,
"we will wait, and it will work about
itself."

much interest. "This man once lived in Kinhope

much interest.

"This man once lived in Kinhope to many years ago, when he was young."

Molly gave her whole attention now.

"And," continued Mrs. White, "after living here several years, he went as afterwards reported he was dying. He did not die. After recovering, the luck he had been striving for did not to return to his home and wife until to return to his home and wife until he was rich, he remained until his ambition was attained. In all this time he had not sent any news of himself but once, to his home, and that was immediately after his recovery from the illness. This news never reached his wife. He returned to Kinhope full to find his wife had left Kinhope, married again. We have often heard him say:

"How could I have stayed away so long for money, money; I was blind."

But Molly had not heard the last sentence. With one gasp she had laid her head back and for the first time in her seventy-eight years of life, fainted.

It had grown colder. Near the fire sat two old people at dusk. The man was saying:

"When I found ye had married again,"

was saying:
"When I found ye had married again,

was disinterred, when it was found to be part of a petrified tree, and the petrification being only on the outside an inch or two the trunk was soon split open. It was found that it was filled with a soft, sticky mass adherent to the sides of the tree. On tasting this it was found to be very sweet, of the lusciousness of honey, and at last it was decided that it was honey which had been shut up in that buried tree, it was impossible to say how many years.

This was further confirmed by the discovery in the mass of objects, which, being examined, proved to be bees. It was a curious study to etomologists to observe that the insects were identically the same as of to-day was disinterred, when it was found to

Molly, then we'll get rich."

"That would be well, Eben, but we are happy now without riches," she would reply.

The railroad was begun. The tracks were laid almost to the adjoining town and Eben no longer restraining his impatience, began to build his larger shop, Molly said:

"I wouldn't hurry, Eben. You know the proverb tells us 'haste makes waste.' Better wait another year."

Unheeding, Eben pushed on the work of building.

One day a stranger came into the little shop; a fine-looking gentleman.

The new railroad naturally became a topic for conversation.

"It will do great things for our village," said Eben.

"Ah," said the gentleman, "have waited patiently for may many the petrification being only on the had possessed the man whom the had possessed had been spent, only enough being left to give him a decent burial.

So Molly was to go in her old age back to Kinhope. As the carriage in the host of the way, going to enlarge your business? Nice shop going up opposite."

Eben choked some inarticulate reply, and the stranger left, wondering what had happened to the cobbler, but little knowing or caring what grief his words had wrought.

A few moments later Molly came in the field, stopped had wronght.

A few moments later Molly came in fornia mining camp five years ago. Surely I have waited patiently for ma had the reply in a low voice was:

"I will a slow to core was:

"I will go with you. I've waited oping against hope to hear again inch or two the trunk was soons plit open. It was fourd the a petrification being only on the outside an inch or two the trunk was found to mich oping only on the outside an inch or two the trunk was found to mich oping only on the outside an inch or two the trunk was folled with a soft, sticky mas adherent to the petrification being only on the utilate from the vill go for for Molly forever. A chaise carried the two to a distant town, which for many years because the shop was closed for Molly forever. A chaise carried the two to a distant on the struck was folled with a soft, sti

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES

On the Power of Those Who Strive Perseverance the Sure Road to Success in Religion.

TEXT: "But when the children of Israel oried unto the Lord the Lord raised them up a deliverer, Ehud, the son of Gera, a Benjamite, a man left handed."—Judges iii., 15. Enud was a ruler in Israel. He was left banded, and what was peculiar about the tribe of Benjamin, to which he belonged, there were in it 700 left handed men, and yet so dexterous had they all become in the use of the left hand that the Bible says they could sling stones at a hair's breadth and not miss.

could sling stones at a hair's breadth and not miss.

Well, there was a king of the name of Eglon who was an oppressor of Israel. He imposed upon them a most outrageous tax. Ehud, the man of whom I first spoke, had a divine commission to destroy that oppressor. He came, pretending that he was going to pay the tax, and asked to see King Eglon. He was told he was in the summer house, the place to which the king retired when it was too hot to sit in the palace. This summer house was a place surrounded by flowers and trade and suffer and the summer house and said to King Eglon that he had a secret errand with him. Immediately all the attendants were waved out of the royal presence. King Eglon rises up to receive the messenger. Ehud, the left handed man, puts his left hand to his right side, pulls out a dagger and thrusts Eglon through until the haft went in after the blade. Eglon falls. Ehud comes forth to blow a trumpet of recruit amid the mountains of Ephraim, and a great host is marshaled, and proud Monds bumits to the conqueror, and Israel is free. So, O Lord, let all Thy enemies perish! So, O Lord, let all thy enemies mething in the right hand which corapelled him to use the left. Oh, the power of left handed men! Genius is otten self observant, careful of itself, not given to much till, burning incense to its own aggrandizement, while many a man with no natural endowments, extually defective in physical and mental organization, has an earnestness for the right, a patient industry, an all consuming perseverance which achieve marvels for the kingdom of Christ. Though left handed as Ehud, they can strike down a sin as great and imperial as Eglot weath gathering about them all their treasures, sauffing all the purerain of God's blessing into the stagnant, ropy, frog-inhabited pool of their own selfishness—right-handed men, worse than useless—while many a man with large heart and little purse has

and repentance for the smooth stone from the brook, take sure aim, God direct the weapon, and great Goliaths will tumble before you.

I learn also from this subject the danger of worldly elevation. This Eglon was what the world called a great man. There were hundreds of men who would have considered it the greatest honor of their life just to have him speak to them. Yet, although he is so high up in worldly position, he is not beyond the reach of Ehud's dagger. I see a great many people trying to climb up in social position, having an idea that there is a safe place somewhere far above, not knowing that the mountain of fame has a top like Mount Blanc, covered with perpetual snow.

We laugh at the children of Shinar for trying to build a tower that could reach to the heavens, but I think if our eyesight were only good enough we could see a Babel in many a dooryard. Oh, the struggleis fierce! It is store against store, house against house, street against store, house against house, street against street. Nation against Nation. The goal for which men are running is chairs and chandellers and mirrors and houses and lands and presidential equipments. If they get what they anticipate, what have they got? Men are not safe from calumny while they live, and, worse than that, they are not safe after they are dead, for I have seen swine root up graveyards.

One day a man goes up into publicity, and the world does him honor, and people climb up into sycamore trees to watch him as he passes, and as he goes along on the shoulders of the people in the printing press and mangled and the world world have an an a wild huzza.

The breath of hanging gardens floats in the sparkles like the wine and the wine high the printing press and mangled and provised, and hearts stop beating. The blow is struck. The blood on the floor is richer hued than the very same persons who applauded him the very same persons have a pre

I learn further from this subject that death comes to the summer house. Eglon did not expect to die in that fine place. Amid all the flower leaves that drifted like snow into the window, in the tinkle and dash of the fountains; in the sound of a chousand leaves fluttering on one tree branch; in the cool breeze that came up to shake feverish trouble out of the king's locks, there was nothing that spake of death, but there he died! In the winter, when the snow is a shroud, and when the wind is a dirge, it is easy to think of our mortality, but when the weather is pleasant and all our surroundings are agreeable how difficult it is for us to appreciate the truth that we are mortal! And yet my text teaches that death does sometimes come to the summer house.

Jesus walks. Oh, that in the phosphorescent track of His feet we might all follow and be illumined!

There was a gentieman in the rail car who saw in that same car three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniac. Ho was carefully guarded by his attendants; his mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the man was taken out into the asylum to waste away perhaps through years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars joited the chains ratied. On his face were crime, depravity and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger under far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every hour was gay as a marriage bell. Lifeglittered and beckoned. Her companion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss.

Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned culprits. They refused a pardon; they carry their chains. Oh, may it be with us that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father's walsoms!

Father's bosom! Father's kiss! Heaven!

Heaven!

## SUNDAY SCHOOL

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The SWA and a three continuity of the Continuity

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, JUNE 18.

"Messiah's Kingdom," Mal. iii, 1-32. Golden Text: Mal. iii, 17. Commentary.

1. "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me, and the Lord wing you seek shall suddenly come to His teemple, even the messenger of the cover of the state of the cover of the Lord of Hosts." Some 400 years after the restoration from Babylon, this servant of the Lord of Useral (chapter I, 1), and about twenty-five times we find "Saith the Lord" or "Saith the Lord" of Hosts." It has been called a minature of the times before the day of the Lord, when un sodiliness shall prevail and the Lord of Hosts." It has been called a minature of the times before the day of the Lord, when the state of the Lord at His first coming (Chuke i, 76), but Elijah will be the messenger at His second coming (chapter it, 5). John came in the spirit and power of Elijah, but he was not Elijah (Luke i, 17; John I, 21). Had John and Jesus been received the kingdom would have come, but both having been repeated the kingdom is postponed. Jesus Taylor of the Lord at the state of the Lord at the state of the Lord at the Lord of L The oblight and cannel one the laws are the control of the control