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again. 'The Lord was not in the wind. Next an earthquake came, and Mount Horeb shook clear down to his rocknot in the earthquake.

(Continued from first page.)

After the earthquake a thunderbolt look of gentleness and suffering. flashed, shattering the rocks at the proextinguished by the drenching rain, and the bellowing thunder reverberated ed and wondered. not in the fire.'

creant to his duty. And he is humble now, and penitent. 'And it was so, his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave.'

The prophet had been falling into a less iconoclasm that tears down temples as with fever. and altars, and all that amazes and ap-

palls. But the Lord shewed him that it is the still small voice of love and peace, the sweet persuasion of the Divine spirit working deep down in the national heart-it is that that does the real and lasting and large good.

much from the marching and counter- worldly possessions. marching of armies, the rude iconoclasm work of love-speaking and good-doing softening suddenly. that are to reform the nations and redeem the world. Let the love-tones of been with Dr. Claas to see him, and un-

and king-dethroning wars, nor the splash life. of bloody waves on a foreign shore, can ever do. Thus was the prophet taught, and so countenance a look of deep and perfect prices. we may be taught, that it is not by content. He kept his eyes on the ceilmight, nor by power, that the world's ing over his head for some time, his lips real good is to be worked out, but by smiling like a child's. the gentle Christ spirit of truth and

try again, for the Lord sent him back to she will be happy. Good ! his work. Let us be mistrustful of self. Let us not think we are all, and that the again. cause of truth and righteousness hangs Mebbe, he began doubtfully-mebbe sands of true hearts, where, in our kr

our united parts, the captain returned to as quickly as it came, and all was still the quarter-deck in a somewhat mollified mood

At the suggestion of Dr. Claas I went below to look after Tom. The brave roots, and seemed to sway to and fro as fellow lay stretched in his hammock in if he would topple over, and there was the close, small cabin, in a troubled sleep. a deep terrible groan as if the end of all The open collar of his blouse exposed to things had at last come. The prophet view a throat and chest of statutesque trembled. But soon all was still again, proportions; his curling brown hair was and there was nothing. 'The Lord was matted over his forehead; his face, haggard beneath its deep bronze hue, wore a

phet's feet, and with its hot breath set this fine specimen of Nature's noblemen The interest I had felt from the start in had mounted to enthysiasm, and I was impatient to know more of the man and of away among the mountain-tops until it his relations with the woman, seemingly was lost to the ear. The prophet look so far removed from his sphere in life, 'But the Lord was upon whom his appearance had produced so startling an effect. But as I stood

Then came a still small voice, a voice looking down upon him, noting his irregso soft and low, yet distinctly audible. ular respiration, and the contractions that Was it the murmur of a passing zephyr? from time to time passed over his features Was it the flutter of a wing, or the gentle cry of bird or beast? No. The Tom's too much might be demanded. The prophet know what it was. It was the enervating climate, and as I had every Lord's rebuke to him for being so re- reason to suspect, some strong mental excitement, had diminished the man's power when Elijah heard it. that he wrapped of endurance, and it was certain that Dr. Claas's solicitude was only too wellfounded.

Not to disturb the sleeper I would have very common mistake. He had been withdrawn noiselessly, but at the moment looking too much to the displays of Tom stirred, and opening his eyes gazed power-the thunder of words, the flash at me with a bewildered stare. His of the sword, the din of battle, the ruth- glance was uncertain, his lips trembled,

What time is it ? he asked, feebly. Have I slept long?

It is twelve, I answered. You have slept two hours, and can lie and rest as long as you feel like it. It is the captain's order. How are you feeling? I added, And let us learn that too. There are seating myself on the blue-painted chest

Better, now, answered Tom; but a of dynamite bombs, the wild revolution while ago my legs would scarcely bare me. of races and peoples clutching at one and my head whirled round like a rusty another's throats and drinking one an- capstan. It is powerful kind of you, sir, other's blood. But that is not the way, to come an' ask after me. An' how is the never the way. It is the slow quiet little chap gettin' on? he added, his voice

Very well, indeed, Tom. I have just Prices that defy competition will have a power and do a good that less we are much mistaken, the tide has neither the tornado of wild revolution, turned and the boy will recover. And nor the earthquake of throne-shaking if he does, Tom, it is to you he owes his

Words cannot picture the look that

Good! I heard him whisper. That does love. And catching the inspiration of that thought, let us go with Elijah and the me good to hear. The boy will live and

But after a while he turned to me

by the slender thread of our weak life. you mought a-guessed from what you saw, When we are done with our doing in that the little chap's mother and me the church and world, there will be wasn't no strangers, sir; an' if ye don't others better than we are to take our mind listening I'd like to tell ye how places, and do the work as well and things is, and was, sir; for I wouldn't



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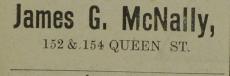
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poor selves, and they will stand by the to listen to his story if it would not fatigue cross and do their noble part. When Elijah is taken up to Heaven, there is him too much in the telling. an Elisha to wear his mantle, and carry forward his work.

away from his post, longing to die and the true facts. No, sir; Nell-that's her trying to die under the juniper-tree, or - Nell and me is no strangers. We was hiding in the cave at Horeb, the people he blamed so much for their unfaithful- born and brought up in a little village ye ness and want of devotion, were living likely never heard of, away down on the out the beautiful truth and earnestly coast of Maine. Ay, different as things witnessing for Jehovah in the land, under the very shadow of the throne. Thus were they truer to the truth than and me was playmates and friends as long he himself was, and nobler witnesses ago as I can remember, tho' her folks was for God.

And so still. We preach and pray. We seem to ourselves to be doing so ness make loud din, there are true hearts and true lives, men who fear God and for the Gospel than we are doing. Thank heart, and she on me. Every time I got God for the seven thousands that are home from a voyage I found her prettier

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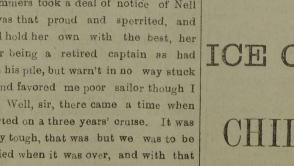
Yes, sir; came of his own free will, and she was that proud and sperrited, and submitted to a painful and even danger- could hold her own with the best, her ous operation to save a human life in no father being a retired captain as had way connected with his own. And I say made his pile, but warn't in no way stuck it is due to him that he should be pro- up, and favored me poor sailor though I tected from the consequences almost sure to ensue from any unusual strain upon his was. Well, sir, there came a time when strength. To s nd him aloft to mend a I started on a three years' cruise. It was broken yard under a sky like this, after pretty tough, that was but we was to be such a loss of blood, would be simply married when it was over, and with that look ahead, sir, being young and ambiti-The doctor's earnest speech had its

effect upon the testy but kind-hearted officer, and after some turther efforts on

No, sir; he said; it'll be a powerful relief to git it of my mind, along of her that When the great prophet was ignobly mought be misjudged, if ye didn't know is now, our folks was neighbors, and Nell

better off than mine, and Nell had a better chance at books and the like. So much-we prophets. But out yonder when I grew up and began to foller the on the street, and where trade and busi- sea, like my father and grandfather afore me, it come about quite natural that I follow Jesus, and they are doing more should begin to look on Nell as my sweet- alone.

> and s., eeter, and fonder of me; leastways I thought so then. She was a beauty in them days, sir, as ye can judge for now, tho she's changed powerful, poor girl! But in them times she led the fleet, sir. The city folks that came down to the coast of summers took a deal of notice of Nell



ous the time passed pretty quick.

(Continued next issue.)