

THE ROAR OF THE SEA.

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND.

"There it comes!" said Alice, clapping her hands, looking off from the piazza that fringed the big beach hotel.

Yes, the roar that so fascinated Alice Barton was steadily crashing down the white line of the beach. A wide area of glistening sand had been laid bare to the sun by the withdrawing tide, and the wonderful "roar" had retreated also, hushing to a soft, musical monotone this mild day by the sea. The tide though finally turned. The wind stiffened. Like the loud tramping of many impetuous feet, like the stormy voices of the clamorous mob, came the great flood out of the heart of the strange, deep sea.

"There it comes, Juno!" said Alice, again calling to it the attention of her servant companion, the big, majestic Juno. Her rainbow turban was in vivid contrast with her dark face, and rested like a crown on the stately figure of the woman.

"La, chile! I sees it!" said Juno.

"And you hear it, Juno?"

"Hears dat, chile? You don' spose I'm deaf! Can' hear nuffin but dat. Dat am a big sea!"

"I can shut it out with my hands," asserted Alice, covering her eyes with two plump little hands like the leaves of the violet trying to shut down upon its blue blossoms.

"De idea, chile! Tryin' to cubber up what yer Hebbently Fader made, dat great sea!"

"You don't know what mamma said about it, this morning, Juno," said Alice, anxious in some way to confuse by her superior knowledge this great Juno.

"Of course, I couldn't guess that, honey. What was it?"

"I heard her reading it out of her Bible, this morning, and this is what she said, Juno, cos, cos, I heard her; who—he—who—hath—"

Alice's powers of speech could not climb the next word, and Queen Juno was secretly pleased. She carried her head more proudly than ever.

"Who—he—who—" Alice was stammering again, unequal to that next word, "measure."

"Skip dat word, chile, an' take the nex' word."

"The waters in the hollow of His hand. There!" she added, triumphantly.

But what was the matter now with Queen Juno? Her lofty turban was suddenly humbled. All the rainbow colors in it, all the brilliant shades of hollyhocks, poppies and tiger-lilies, were hanging low in an abrupt grief.

It was Juno that now covered her face with her hands.

"What is the matter, Juno? Don't cry! Take your hands down, Juno! Don't cry!" pleaded and commanded the child.

Juno though was stormily awaying backward and forward, refusing to be pacified.

"In de holler ob His hand, and wouldn't hide away!" she moaned.

A word, a touch, a look may be the agency unsealing the soul's deep fountains of feeling, and the words of Alice had been the occasion of Juno's tumult. As Alice spoke, Juno's thoughts had gone far away to a Southern campmeeting and there she had been urged to "hide away in de holler ob God's hand."

"Dose were de words!" sobbed Juno, as her sensitive imagination transported her to the distant "camp," to its weird, solemn atmosphere, its invitations and its warnings. In this strange, abrupt fashion had the past come again before her. Alice could not pacify Juno, and she softly stole away from the place. As she went she directed her wondering eyes of blue towards the mysteriously agitated Juno.

"I will go to see the big Roar," she said, and strayed out upon the beach. She came back to dinner, but she rather avoided Juno, whose passionate mood puzzled her.

The latter part of the afternoon, Alice's mother missed her.

"Where is Alice?" Mrs. Barton asked Juno.

"She were here, missus, but she am gwine now. Somehow, she is giben to gwin' off to-day. She seems to keep away from me."

"Well, do look her up, Juno! Do look her up! Mercy!"

In a very few minutes, she heard a commotion down on the piazza. She caught

Juno's voice above the others. "Yer see dat child, off on dose san's! Dar she am! Look at it!" Juno was pointing out her discovery to several boarders, and Mrs. Barton flew down from her eyrie, to see what had happened.

"De chile, de chile! Dar she am? I mus' go for her," screamed Juno and flew down the piazza steps. Out on a tongue of land, uncovered by one tide and then bordered with deepening water again, stood a child. It was Alice. The sea cry which had so fascinated her had tempted her out upon the beach, and as it enlarged with the ebbing tide, she had trotted after it, delighted to notice how far she could follow it. She had reached this tongue of sand that the tide uncovered and now intended to cover again. Alice did not at first notice the return of the water. She was absorbed in her dis-

covery of a beautiful shell and then of a "five-fingered Jack," and at last improved her opportunity to "make a fort" farther out to sea than she had ever gone before. All the while, the roar of the sea went steadily on, throwing the spell of its wonder over the sensitive child nature.

That night Alice was trying to fall asleep. The window of her little room was open towards the west and the last of the sunshine was flushing the sea till its glory was that of the marvelous Sea of Glass before the throne in the rapt Apocalypse. Suddenly she heard a soft step. It did not come at all as a discord in the midst of that beautiful monotone of the sea hushing Alice.

"That you, Juno?"

"Dat am me, honey. Pears I must tell you what is on my mind."

"Oh, Juno, you hear me say my prayers?"

"Yes, a mimit. Dat's what I come fur partly. You know what you say 'bout de holler ob His han'?"

"Yes, Juno."

"Out in de surf I fought of it, an' I jes' want to say, yer ole Juno is a-gwine to creep into dat holler, and we will do it now."



INTERIOR OF CHILCAT MEDICINE MAN'S HOUSE. (See first page.)

There were two souls as they said, "Our Father," creeping into the hollow of the Heavenly Hand, and their voices blended softly with the sound of the great sea. And he who carries the latter, did he not have room for the former?—*Morning Star.*

"Most time to go back," she finally said, but which way? The tide had now insolated this sand-pit, and as if aware that Alice had thrown up very menacing fortifications, was angrily hastening to bury them. Did anybody know that a little girl could not get back? Did God know? thought Alice lifting to the sky eyes that were of as rare a blue. Did Juno know, or anybody at the hotel? Yes, Alice could see a stir at the door, a confused rushing out of people. And was not that tall, big woman Juno flying over the sands and rushing into the very surf?

"She must not go that way," shouted Ezra Robbins, an old bronze-faced fisherman

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

BY CARRIE W. TITCOMB.

It was a Wednesday night, and the church bell ringing. Lena Lovepeace stood before the little mirror in bonnet and wraps stretching her arms and twisting her neck in a helpless endeavor to cross the ends of her brown tissue veil behind her head. Just then the sitting-room door opened, and Levi Lovepeace walked in and set down his coal hod with a sudden and unnecessary slam of its iron bale.

"I do wish, Lena, that you could forget Wednesday night for once in your life.



CHILCAT MOTHER SEWING, WITH BABE AGAINST THE WALL.

who helped furnish the hotel table with attractions and whose battered cart was then halting before the door. "She must go furder round. An under tow there."

As if to show Juno the safer way, Ezra's clumsy boots were quickly making their big imprint in the sand. Juno though was heedless of under tow or over tow. She only saw two pleading little arms held out to her, and she soon folded the child to a confiding rest on her bosom. Then she splashed through the white boiling surf again.

"Go furder round," Ezra was shouting, but Juno did not heed him, and she did not understand his furious angular gestures. She forced her way through the breakers and brought her charge safely ashore.

Why need you be forever going to that prayer-meeting? Why can't you be content to be a reasonable sort of Christian like your neighbors?"

A little manish bang of the door and off he marched down to the basement once more, waiting not a moment for a reply for he wanted none.

Lena dropped her arms and looked at the face in the glass which the brown tissue veil, slipping down, revealed. A sad, questioning look the sweet face gave her, until she resolutely whispered, "I will," and then the answering face gave back a sudden smile. Bonnet and cloak were swiftly removed and laid in their places, and when Levi Lovepeace came in five minutes later, his little wife, with a placid face, sat by the table

sewing as deliberately as if it had been Thursday instead of Wednesday night.

The husband stopped in surprise as he opened the door, but quickly recovering himself, said nothing, and walking to the open grate, stood briskly rubbing his hands, meanwhile trying his best to think of something suitable to say—some simple remark appropriate to the occasion, you know, to make it seem as if it were the most natural thing in the world for her to be sitting there with him that beautiful Wednesday evening oblivious to the "come, come, come, come" of the church bell.

"Allan thinks it's going to snow to-morrow," said he at length.

Something simple and appropriate enough, I am sure, but when his wife looked up and said sweetly, "Does he, dear?" what made Levi Lovepeace mentally denominate himself a fool? He drew up the rocker, and sat down to his evening paper. The news was dry. He turned from market prices to telegraphic despatch and advertisements uneasily. Lena's steady hand came and went with exasperating regularity, as her needle and thread flew on their mission. Five minutes passed, and he could stand it no longer, but looking up, exclaimed:

"Why don't you go to meeting, Lena?"

"Because I love you, Levi."

"What a reason!" and the man returned to his paper, and the woman to her sewing, while the clock solemnly ticked off another five minutes.

"Lena, will you go to meeting now, if I'll go with you?"

"Oh yes, indeed! Will you go?" with a quick, glad smile.

"Yes. On with your things as fast as you can."

He threw down his paper, and slipped into his overcoat and gloves, and then stood waiting to cross the ends of the brown tissue veil. Then quickly they passed down the doorsteps together.

The meeting was half through when Lena Lovepeace and her husband walked into the little prayer-room.

"Humph!" thought Mrs. Smartweed. "I'd be ashamed if I were Lena Lovepeace, I'd stay away if I couldn't get anywhere till afterwards."

"Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love, The love of God for me:"

the worshippers were singing as Mr. and Mrs. Lovepeace entered and quietly took the nearest seat. On the blackboard before them in bold, white letters was announced the subject of the evening: "The love of Christ constraineth us."

The hymn closed, and a moment's silence followed, when Levi Lovepeace sprang with a jerk to his feet. Just what he said, neither he nor his wife could afterwards tell, but he was not long in making his astonished audience understand that he it was who had made his wife late to meeting, and he it was who had been for months fighting against prayer, and fighting against God, with all his might; but the love of Christ shown through his wife had been too much for him, he could stand it no longer; would they pray for him, a sinner?

Oh, the glad, earnest, pleading prayers that hastened and flew upward to the throne of grace, while Lena Lovepeace bowed her head beside that of her husband, and with him wept. And the Lord hearkened and heard, and there was joy among the angels, that night, over one sinner that repented.

Years have come and gone, and Levi Lovepeace now thanks the Lord most heartily that his wife was not a "reasonable sort of Christian" like so many other women. "But for my wife," says he, "I never should have known the happiness I find in my work as a minister of the gospel of peace."—*Sel.*

THERE IS NOTHING wrong in a Catholic clergyman declaring himself a prohibitionist. There is nothing that conflicts with any principle of my creed in announcing that I am a prohibitionist, and, as far as regards the suppression of the liquor traffic ultimately, I am an out-and-out prohibitionist; that is, I am in favor of rooting out and destroying the traffic as it exists and abounds in our country to-day, as soon as that becomes possible. In other words, I am in favor of killing the monster as soon as we possibly can, but if I find it impossible to kill him to-night, I will begin by starving him to death and killing him to-morrow if I can.—*Rev. Father Cleary, President Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.*