

## A DESERT SAND STORM.

The following vivid description of one of the terribly destructive sand storms of the deserts occurs in "Fraser's Travels in the Khorassan." "Morning still found me in a wide and trackless waste of sand. The wind, which blew so piercingly all night, lulled, as it generally does, towards morning; but the hazy vapor, loaded with light particles of sand, through which the sun rose red as blood, gave warning that the calm would not continue long; nor had I pursued my course another hour before the roar of the desert wind was heard, columns of dust began to rise in the horizon, and the air became gradually filled with driving sand.

"As the wind increased, the whole plain around me, which had been heaped by former tempests into ridges, like the waves of a troubled sea, now got into motion; the sand blew from off their crests like spray from the ocean, and covered myself and horse with its dense eddies; while often unable to distinguish the true course, my horse toiled over the ridges, sinking up to the very girths in the deep, baffling substance.

"I continued for some hours to persevere, struggling against the fury of the gale and the clouds of suffocating sand. To my alarm my horse now became terrified and restive. He snorted, reared, and appeared unable as well as unwilling, to face the sharp drifting of the still increasing storm. In vain I tried to soothe and urge him on; caresses and blows were alike ineffectual.

"To abandon my horse would have been to give up hope, for I could not proceed a single mile on foot; yet to remain stationary, as I was forced to do by the animal's terror, meant certain destruction. Every thing that offered resistance to the torrent of sand, which sometimes poured along the earth like a rapid stream of water, was overwhelmed in an incredibly short time; even when my horse stood still but for a few moments, the drift mounted higher than his knees; and, as if sensible of the danger, he made furious efforts to extricate himself.

"Quite certain that my only hope lay in constant motion, and in the chance of gaining the leeward side of some hillock or mass of rocks that might afford a shelter till the storm should blow over, I gave up my true course, turned my back to the wind, and made all possible efforts to press forward; and, at last, when man and horse were exhausted, during a partial lull, I observed something like a rock looming through the dusky atmosphere. It proved to be but a bank of drifting sand with a hollow on the lee side, but here my worn-out horse and I found a tolerably good shelter for some hours till the storm lulled."

## THE SILVER CROSS.

BY MARY LIVINGSTONE SPALDING.

They passed each other on the steps of one of the largest churches in New York City last Easter morning. One was a dainty young girl, dressed in the extreme

style of the season, carrying in her hand a bunch of fresh violets. From the top of her nodding gray plumes to the patent leather shoes, peeping from below a "Redfern" costume, she showed the marks of a Fifth Avenue belle. One could not help gazing with pleasure at the perfect dress, but, after a glance at the sweet, womanly face under the shading hat brim, the external setting of clothes was forgotten. This was no frivolous girl, bent on chasing the bubbles which society floats in the air for a season. An expression of quiet dignity and friendliness lit her soft blue eyes with a sincere light, and curved the corners of her lips into smiles for all.

The other girl, who followed closely behind, was as unlike the first one as is a timid wren beside a white dove. She was dressed in black, a little rusty, telling its own story of sadness. The long veil had been pushed back from a young but careworn face, as if she were trying to let the sunshine of the glad Easter morn flood the

steps, they knew not each other's name, but what mattered it, for they met "In his Name," as the letters on the little shining cross indicated. Were they not "King's Daughters," and, therefore, sisters, and, as such, were they not acquainted?

Was it strange that Alice and Margaret were at home together, and that when the rich girl turned to the poor one and cordially invited her to sit by her in Judge Searle's pew, that the two should soon be bowing their heads together in silent prayer? Was not the same Lord risen that day for both, and were not the lilies, on which the slanting red light through richly tinted windows was falling, breathing their fragrance for both? Were not the voices of the choir hymning a song of joy, and the reverent prayer of the pastor for both?

After the throng had passed out of the church, the two girls quietly sat talking in an undertone, while the organ notes were dying away in the arches above.

With delicate friendliness, Margaret

and then we do things for each other. Many times I have noticed ladies wearing crosses, and they always have a kind word for us when they see ours."

Then Margaret told her how her "ten," made up of the girls in her set, were also trying to be true and noble daughters of the King. "We do not mean to be gay or frivolous, you know, and while we can't help liking to wear our pretty dresses and things, we do not think too much about them," she said. "But it is harder for us to be good than you imagine, though you may not think so, and we have everything we want. People always call us 'butterflies,' and think there is no good in us, or that we only act so for the style of the thing. You see how it is. Now we try to influence the other girls not to think too much about parties, beaux and dresses, and to be interested in doing good about the city. We save money from our allowance to buy flowers and fruit for the hospitals, and for fresh air funds. We try to forget about ourselves, and to remember that many, many girls all over New York are poor and friendless."

After these mutual confidences, the two girls parted at the door, but not until the bunch of violets had been slipped into the worn black gloved hand, and a promise had been exchanged to meet again next Sunday.

It was surprising how many errands Margaret found to do at "Macy's" big store after that, and how many of her friends dropped in there. Sometimes they asked Alice to go to walk with them on a holiday or to see some fine pictures and listen to choice music, and they always brought her fresh flowers.

The world has changed entirely for the lonely orphan girl, since she met Margaret on the church steps that Easter morning, and it all came about through that little Maltese cross, or rather through the loyalty of one King's daughter to another.

## THE RESTLESS BOYS.

All Sunday-school teachers have grand opportunity. Those restless boys are just ready to go to Christ: and, if you do not

lead them, they will of themselves go to Satan. Very likely they have no one at home to guide them aright. All the week long they hear worldly conversation, and are subject to unhallowed influences. But on Sunday, with the Bible open before you, and the Divine Spirit ready to confirm your teaching, you have these immortal beings committed to your care. You have but half an hour, you say. Then use it—use every moment of it. Prepare for that half-hour work. Pray with reference to it. And be sure your words are plain, practical and pointed. Why not once in a while say a word to John on the street about his soul; or, better yet, go and see him at his home, or write him a letter?—Rev. Dr. Stryker.

MORALITY without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy day by measuring the distance we have run, without any observation of the heavenly bodies.—Longfellow.



APPROACH OF A SAND STORM.

darkness in her life. And yet she did not look gloomy as she stood in the doorway, drinking in the fragrance of the white lilies, and listening to the low-toned organ voluntary. There was a far-off expression in her dark eyes, as if she heard angel voices chanting a song of gladness to the risen Lord. They passed each other, but as the gray dress swept by the shabby black one there was a pause and glance of recognition between the smiling blue eyes and the sad brown ones, for each had caught sight of a tiny Maltese cross suspended by a narrow, purple ribbon, which each wore. It was only a moment that the blue eyes looked steadily into the brown, before a small, gray-gloved hand stole into a shabby black one, and two hearts responded silently to a sisterhood of sympathy.

"Had they ever met before?" you ask. Do you mean had they ever been introduced by a third person, who, leading the shrinking figure in black up to the graceful one in gray, had, in formal tones, presented Alice Willard to Margaret Searle? No. As they stood clasping hands on the church

drew from the timid Alice the meaning of the black dress: "I am an orphan," she said, "and I was born in England. My father died on his way to America, during a rough voyage, but I cannot remember much about that, for I was only a mite of a girl then. Mother and I lived with my uncle in New York, six years, and were comfortable and happy, but mother died one winter, and my uncle, who had always been kind to me before, turned against me after her death, and told me he could take care of me no longer. Then I found a place at Macy's store, and have been there five years. It has been hard, as I have no pleasant home to go to, and many of the girls are coarse and bold. Last year some of the cash girls overheard a lady talking to another about the 'King's Daughter's,' and they learned what it meant. I had read about it in one of the papers, so ten of us clerks bought our little crosses, and ever since we have been trying to do little things 'in His Name.' We cannot do very much, but we try to be cheerful and courteous to the customers, no matter how tired we are,