



Japheth.

LAKE OF GALILEE.

Frontis.

A

VISIT OF JAPHETH

TO

SHEM AND HAM.

BY

SAMUEL A. MUTCHMORE, D.D.



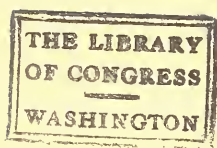
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VISIT OF JAPHETH TO SHEM AND HAM.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

NATURE, on the morning of our departure from New York, wept profusely at our going, seeming to join in the adieux of friends who waved dripping handkerchiefs from the window of a dilapidated warehouse on "Pier 41." Even from the face of the alien Bartholdi statue, standing on her pedestal at the entrance of the harbor, tears trickled thick and fast, as if reminded by our going of her own sad exile. These farewells, however, did not last long, somebody was glad in sky or earth, for soon the sun came out and gave us his beamiest benediction. But whether in the smiles or frowns of nature one would be unworthy of a birth in such a country as ours who had not a sigh nor a tear as home fades into the dim distance of the far-off coast-line. It keeps sacred all that has given life any value, all the suggestions that have given birth to thought, and all the associations which bring it back again. It started every ripple of joy in all existence, every tear as well, and assuages every grief. It holds the graves of our dead, and beams upon them with that thought of immortality which dismantles them of their gloom.

A voyage on the sea is, of necessity, one of moods; scenes shifting from shadow to sunshine make puppets

of our feelings, leaving no abiding sense and no impressions that can pass into ideas. There is an oppressiveness in lying between the moving cloudy seas above and the heaving billowy seas below. It is a sensation as chilly as a pack between wet blankets from which follows only bleachedness, the color going out even of one's thoughts. Life overwhelmed by boundlessness is the impression left on us. The sea at the first was husbanding its strength, hardly deigning in our highest appreciation of its beauty to give a sickly smile in return. It was unpleasantly suggestive of the rougher greeting so soon to come.

On the sea, as on the land, the same blessed law of compensation exists, so that when one source of comfort goes another comes. The sun had hidden himself behind his curtains to gleam at us from the surface of the moon, and never did this dark orb shine in greater though borrowed splendor. We could only think of the sweet song which our beloved Church loves to sing so well, "At evening time it shall be light." Nor were we wholly absorbed in the glory or brightness of this ocean night, for we knew it was shared by the loved ones left behind. It was broad enough for them and as glorious to them as us. We fancied that we could see their hearts beating and their thoughts shining on its serene face. It appeared as God's mirror, hung up so high that all created life might see itself in it; so when we would see home we look aloft and rejoice in the fact that there are no monopolies in God's providential care. When weary eyelids drew us down in sleep we closed the day with those we love, they in their homes and we in the straitened limits of our berths, giving ourselves and all we love into the care of Him in whose hand oceans are as drops of water, trusting

that He will bring us all at last unto the desired haven.

And now all sleep save the watchful eyes on our outlook, or at the wheel, or on deck, but we sleep in disturbed consciousness of the beating, aft, of that iron pulse against the chafing waters. Sleep could not stay a moment if this pulse should cease beating, and so life is measured at sea by its pulsations. When morning came home had gone into the chamber of memory and we began to look about for daily duties, real or imaginary; no matter, one or the other, or both, must give life on shipboard. Our ship is staunch and well manned by God-fearing men of our own faith. The captain is a member of one of the churches in Glasgow and maintains the dignity and Christian consistency of the land of faith, thought and martyrdoms. The crew are, in behavior, all of this style. We have no gambling, but little drinking, no vulgarity and no profanity, and on the Sabbath we have had reverence for its sacred hours. A pointed, old-fashioned sermon, direct and earnest, listened to and appreciated by all who could master their inward stirrings, not of conscience, but of stomach. The text was: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins," &c. We had that "guid auld" Psalm in which all joined with Scotch ardor and devotion, "All nations that on earth do dwell," &c.

The passengers are largely of the Scotch and Scotch-Irish stock, who left, some forty, some thirty or twenty-five years ago, with nothing but their faith in the covenants of God, and with their convictions of duty to God and man, formed around the family altar. Now they are returning to visit the scenes of their childhood and the graves of their parents, and not a few who went out like Jacob, with their wealth in a pilgrim staff, are now

returning in "two bands." In their absence they have changed the tense of the last verse of the twenty-third Psalm, which they sang at their parting. "Goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our life," is now "goodness and mercy *have* followed us," &c. We have sad misgivings, however, that they are not all so *spiritually* metamorphosed. Some no doubt have grown rich, and as mean as rich; some have learned the fatal art of effacing the pious impressions of childhood, and some are sitting in the seat of the scornful. And in all the hateful progeny of men there is no one so disgusting as an infidel Scotchman, hateful and hating, hard and spiteful against his Maker, a marred vessel, and the most shapeless and useless of potsherds.

The effect of prosperity on Scotch character is marvellous in either of its possible results. It will thaw out all its natural severities and make it growthful, or it will harden it until it becomes flinty, even as flints are hardened sponges. When the "canniness" of the Scotch character is united to cupidity it is terrible. We have heard of a Scotch experience, related too in gratitude, which had in it a single dash of this union, sufficient to explain our meaning. A poor, honest and diligent youth left his home in quest at first only of a living; he dared not hope for more. But his honesty was trusted, and his diligence and integrity crowned with abundant thrift, while Christian character continued upright and reverent. After he had become wealthy he returned to his native land, to the amazement and admiration of his early neighbors and kindred, richer than their Duke. He explained, with reverent acknowledgment of God's mercy, the cause. He had vowed when he crossed the sea that out of what-

ever prosperity God would give him he would surely returned him a tenth, which he did, and said he, "I think this was the cause of my prosperity. But," added he, in conclusion, "my brethren, if I had at the first known what I know now I think I would have given Him the one-twelfth!"

However, we believe that on the average there is no character more safely to be trusted to use wealth in Christ's cause than the Scotchman, for he has not only the impulse of gratitude to give to Christ, but he has a sense of the "oughtness" of obligation beyond all men. It comes to him as an inheritance through a long line of noble men and women, who have ever found a strong barrier between them and wrong-doing in the words:—"How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?"

This explains the good moral tone of our ship; the Scotch dominate, and weaker beliefs, rooted in the top soil, have to bow, and it is strange to observe how readily the subserviency is rendered. The Scotch say nothing, but look with calm dignity and it is done. We have some "Hickory Quakers" aboard who early announced that they were "Unitarian Free-thinkers," but nobody paid any more attention to it than to any other form of heathenism. Nobody controverted it or even bristled up, and the result has been that they have fallen into the orthodox ways, without the slightest rebellion, under the irresistible weight of public opinion.

In chronicling daily events none are more obtrusive than seasickness, the pest of the ocean for ages. Commonplace, and even vulgar, it still commands all resources and all attention. Seventeen years have elapsed since we have had any contact with it, and we find it still

the same remorseless foe to ocean happiness, though at the present, in many respects, modified. We have a steadier and larger ship, larger berths, but it is all the same, the curse lies on two-thirds of the passengers, and we only regret that it does not seize the other third. Hard-heartedness characterizes the third who do not have it; they look on the straining victim and leer and affect a superiority exasperating in the extreme. It would be a comfort to know that there were two she bears aboard that could be let loose upon them, not to tear them in pieces for their heartlessness, but to run them up into the masts to beg for mercy and help from the plague-smitten sufferers below.

There are strange and unaccountable freaks in humanity, but none stranger than the idiocy of going to sea on bridal tours. That must be a deathless love, which many waters cannot quench, which can live through three days' seasickness. It is a marvel if that wooing has not to be all done over. When we crossed seventeen years ago our eyes were opened to a fact that even married life has not dispelled. A young minister from about Boston stood by his beautiful wife on that Saturday evening, all bathed in sunshine, as we went sailing down the bay from New York city. Our dear friend, Dr. Robert W. Henry, of Philadelphia, was with us. He had parted from his sorrowing wife at the pier, the last glimpse was of her bowed head leaning on one of the oaken pile-heads, her face buried in her hands, little knowing then that it was a last parting. Seeing the happy, newly-married pair, we said, to cheer him:

“What fools we are! You ought to have brought your wife, and I ought to have had a bride like that

preacher on the rear deck with his little wife, pretty as a pink."

Said Dr. Henry, "She may change her color before we get over, and he may wish himself in our place."

Darkness intervened between us and his prophecy. On Sabbath morning the husband appeared, took a cup of coffee and munched a cracker. Monday he re-appeared forlorn enough. On deck Tuesday he climbed the stairs, dragging her like a sick kitten, her finery all laid aside, her coquettish smiles all gone. He laid her down upon a bench, and then, venturing much on ministerial courtesy, he found the writer away by the smoke-stack, rolled up in a buffalo robe and just able to live. With a clerical impudence really sublime, he said:

"My brother, will you not go yonder and roll my sick wife up in your robe? She is shivering with cold; I am deathly seasick, and she is worse, and to tell the truth it makes me sick to look at her."

Slowly and reluctantly the courtesy was extended, without other reward except the knowledge of the fact suspected before—that the ardor of even hymeneal love depends mightily on the condition of the stomach, an unromantic fact, unpoetical, utterly without fancy, but a truth that oftener finds practical verifications than men and women choose to tell.

But the saddest phase of this torment is its exhaustion to child-life. There are an unusual number of families and their little ones on board, many of whom have tasted early of the irritating depression of the sea. Little babes lying on the bosoms of sick mothers, getting on in the journey of life as best they can, looking in vain into mothers' faces for a smile or a tender word. The mothers are too sick or cross to

give either; the fact is, it is an inhuman kind of sickness. The mother finds some ray of comfort in being told that it is six hundred miles to Glasgow, but the babe knows not that all life is not to continue in chronic retching. Then their miseries are increased in the fact that there is not a mouthful of any but sour bread aboard. It is the great defect in this splendid ship's outfit—the bread is sour enough to set the children's teeth on edge.

We have been greatly interested in a little baby boy, a motherless darling, white as a lily, dimpled-faced, golden-haired, with bright eyes glistening through constant tears. His mother died in Pittsburgh, Pa., when he was only four days old. She kissed this precious treasure as the last act of her life, and looked to Him who had come in her youth to take her home, to be the stay and refuge of this motherless son, and to return to the child the care given by His own mother Mary as she watched over Him in babyhood, and whose soul was thrust through by the sword of anguish as she saw and pitied Him on the cross.

This baby was lifted from the cold bosom of the mother to that of his aged grandmother in Canada, who loves him with all the fervor of her own mother-life, strengthened by the memories of babes which she laid down from tender arms to their last resting-place. And now he is growing to be, in the twilight of her own sunset, the dearest earthly object between her and heaven. She is carrying this treasure over the seas to her own dear childhood's home in Scotland, to be invigorated by the mountain air blowing along the banks and braes until he shall pass the first childhood's dangers. In that foster-mother's heart is love untold and untellable. Those gray hairs are ever in view of

that young life, and the most thoughtless cannot but pause a moment to pray that this "Grandmother Lois" may live to see a young Timothy to bless the toil of her declining years, and that the church of mother and grandmother may be blessed by him in all the years and powers of his coming manhood.

This ship's owners have not overlooked childhood's wants, and have cows aboard, and fresh milk for the little passengers, and they enjoy it hugely, and when not sick can be seen tugging at their bottles all about, and while some sprawl and kick from pure delight, many of them taste to turn away weary heads.

There have been no deaths on the voyage as yet, and we hope there will be none. The saddest sight of life we ever witnessed was on a former voyage, in the death and burial of the child of a lowly German mother, who but for this death might have been turned out on the quay at Liverpool penniless. Her husband had been smitten by consumption, and with the longing so peculiar to this form of disease he thought if he could only see once more, and breathe the air of, his own boyhood's Rhine cliffs he would be well again. But being poor he had to cross in February in the steerage. The cold winds, scant fare and hard bed were too much for him, and he had but scarcely reached his home until hemorrhages attacked him, and he sent to St. Louis for his wife and only child, a son, that he might see them once again. The wife sold their scanty household outfit, and taking their babe, set out to see her husband's face ere she should know what penniless widowhood and orphanage meant.

She wept night and day, and most of all because she knew not what would become of this fatherless child. But soon she learned God's purpose; the child wasted

away; his mother's grief had robbed him of his natural nurture, and she could secure no other. The poor people with her taxed themselves, and the little milk left from cabin use was procured, but it turned to disease and death, and the child closed its eyes in its mother's arms. She sat with this form in her arms, bemoaning her sad fate and uttering her distrustful complainings, until the ship officers compelled its burial.

The ship carpenter prepared the rough box with the weights to sink it to its ocean bed; tender hands clipped the golden locks from the little head now resting, to be carried to the dying father, and what remained was parted over the pale brow. No wraps enfolded this form but the faded calico gown. A poorer neighbor spread her white linen handkerchief over its face, and the carpenter filled up the space with clean pine shavings, and as he did his work he groaned and said: "God bless this poor mother; God be thanked the wee bairn is safe." The captain came down to read the committal service according to the law. He was a hard-faced, swearing, blustering Englishman, but beneath had a manly heart. He said to the carpenter, "Screw down the lid."

"O no, captain," said the heart-stricken mother, "let me look on my baby boy once more."

He turned away and waited. Again he said to the grief-stricken mother, "I am sorry to deprive you of any comfort. God knows you have few enough; but I must proceed to read the service. I can do nothing else. Death, that robs us all, has made it my duty to give this form to the deep."

She lifted herself, and the carpenter screwed down the lid, amid the sobs of the poor around her and the tears as well of those happier in this world's goods look-

ing down from the upper deck. The captain read in plaintive tones the service, and his voice faltered as he read, "I am the resurrection and the life." Poor man! Why he faltered there at the anchor of human hope we could never tell. He took the box to lower it into its billowy bed, the mother shrieked, "O captain!" and laid hold once more of her treasure; the captain stood waiting for her to kiss that rough box, and then she said in her broken English, "Fadder, Thy will be done," and the little casket dropped into the sea, which took it quickly to its bosom, a little bubble rose, the sea's last messenger to tell us that all was well.

We had a lecture one evening during our voyage from Dr. Ker, an Irish Methodist preacher, who was returning from a visit to our country. He told us that Ireland had suffered much from bad landlords, but that things were improving. The Irish were better housed and educated, and had the advantages of the land tenure, &c., altogether making a very good showing for his country at present, and giving brighter prospects of things yet to come; all of which was entertaining and gratifying. It came in like a blessed refrain amongst the almost universal howls we have heard on our side about Irish distress; and strange to say, that while there were Home Rulers present on their return from their begging missions, with the begging muscles of their faces well straightened out from their pitiful contractions, they made no protests, but cheered in true Irish fashion, which brought us to a reflection which we give in the words of the patriarch, "Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass, or loweth the ox over his fodder?" which might be translated, when Ireland has bread and prosperity she does not care much who rules. The lecturer dilated much on

the services Ireland rendered to America in the founding of our country, and in the guiding of our national craft to this hour, which was very interesting, save it has become a little monotonous. We need not be reminded of our inabilities and obligations all the time, for as long as there is an Irishman afoot or afloat we shall not be able to forget them. Many of these good brethren forget that we are the descendants of that stock and want some share of the glory for ourselves.

THE IRISH GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

WE landed at Moville and took a miserable, dirty little tub, called a tender, and were soon on the bosom of Lough Foyle. We left the tug at Londonderry, pushing on hurriedly to Belfast, that we might be present at the session of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.

The sessions of the Assembly opened on the 8th of June, with a fair attendance. There is, at present, no great absorbing ecclesiastical question stirring the Church, which will account for the moderate numbers present. But withal there are about six hundred members in the Assembly. It is a remarkably fine-looking body of men—brainy, learned and eloquent. We doubt whether in the world so many men can be found ready and competent to speak, not only intelligently but forcibly, on every subject pertaining to the Church in its varied activities. With us, men are expected to make great speeches on great themes and on great occasions, but these prompt, fertile Irishmen can make great speeches on little subjects and upon small occasions. They are always ready, their knowledge is ever at their tongues' end; the difference between them and the Scotch and English is as the difference between

siege guns which go off with a boom that may shake a continent, but which can only go off occasionally and are so slow in loading that the foe may be out of range of light arms. The Irish are as flying artillery—they see quickly an advantage in position and are in it, limbered up and firing destructive missiles. Then, before the siege guns can be turned on them, they are off playing mischief at some other weak point. The mode of business is well calculated to make men ready and able. When a report is made the chairman is expected, either at the beginning or end of the debate, to speak. The man who seconds is expected to make a carefully prepared speech, if the measure is important, and then the next in support of the question is heard. Then the crackle of artillery and small arms is heard all along the lines.

All speaking takes immediately the form of debate, in which more of the personal appears than in any other country of which we have any knowledge. With us such personal thrusts, such merciless expositions of weak places in facts, statements and logic, would raise a storm which would wear out the Moderator's gavel. But here it rarely disturbs good-feeling, and after the question is decided they all meet in good humor again. The Moderator seems to have more power than in the Assembly of 1869, when I was present. Indeed, the supremacy of the presiding officer over the conduct of the house has grown more imperative in all deliberative bodies on the British side of the ocean.

We witnessed the first application of the movement of the previous question, or "cloture," as they now call it, borrowed from Parliament. Though it was the first time all deferred to its working, and debate ended when the house was hot with excitement.

The retiring Moderator, Dr. Ross, of Londonderry, is a tall, venerable man, impressive in attitude and speech, a ready speaker, never wanting in appropriate words, and has filled the office with entire satisfaction. He is a good preacher, and has been an able pastor in all the departments of that work. According to the custom here he made an address, touching on some subjects which in our Assemblies would be considered quite out of ecclesiastical range, but the public mind here is so saturated with the political condition that it is impossible to keep it out of the Church of God. Roman Catholic and Protestant are alike charged with it, and to touch either at the points nearest politics will surely bring discharge from the electric current within. But it would be a great mistake to think that the present political passions are nurtured in the churches. We believe that the best people of these churches dread the dangers which are threatening both from this wearying contention. The conservative part of the Roman Catholic communion fear the result on their religious life. The politicians are breaking down the loyalty of the people to the Papacy. Men are learning to resist the former healthy restraint of the Church on their lives—there is a growing lawlessness which is veering many away toward communism. Men will now denounce their church in political excitement who would once have been appalled at even seeming to distrust it. The terrible agitations in the island are not helping the cause of religion at any point.

The Moderator gave the Presbyterian phase of the question, and no doubt voiced a considerable sentiment in the Romish Church as well, in the following words, referring to Mr. Gladstone's bill which had confronted the Irish Assembly last year. He spoke in strong

terms of almost unfailing condemnation. Such a measure, in his estimation, "would have been equally fatal to the commercial and industrial prosperity and progress of this country. (Hear, hear.) It would, doubtless, have proved more detrimental to the welfare of the Irish people than to the interests of the sister kingdoms. Our opinions in relation to that measure, whose dark, portentous shadow still hangs in angry menace over our land, are not altered by the events that have since occurred. Our opposition to it has not been relaxed, but intensified and strengthened by observation and reflection, and the more we observe and the longer we reflect the less we like it."

The Assembly elected Rev. Dr. Orr, Moderator, who is tall and handsome and rather of the Scotch type. Dignified, yet kind in his official conduct, he is competent to every exigency of his task. His knowledge is accurate and his rulings quick and firm, so that there has not been, in five days' sessions, an appeal from his rulings. He is an able preacher and pastor, a man whom his brethren delighted to honor. The incoming Moderator is expected to address his brethren, and as there is but one theme different from the ordinary religious interest in religious bodies which would interest our readers, the relation of the Irish Presbyterian Church to the present political contest, we give the attitude of the Church of 1887, as declared by him in a few expressive sentences. "To God we look for safety in these troublous days, not to political parties or statesmen, which are but an arm of flesh. . . . accounting not Ulster only but all Ireland to be our native land, and we seek the spiritual, moral and material advancement of its inhabitants of every class and creed, and strive and pray that Irishmen everywhere may be welded together in a common brotherhood of love."

“Ireland’s drink bill in 1886, as taxed by government, is—British spirits, £4,965,217; beer, (made in Ireland,) £165,851; total, £5,131,068. To form any correct idea from these figures two points need here also to be kept in view. 1. All beer and ale imported into Ireland must be added to this amount, duty being paid on these where they are manufactured. 2. From causes on which we can make no comment here it is to be feared that a gallon of spirits as taxed by government represents a much larger quantity as consumed by the people. It is certainly within the facts to say that Ireland last year spent £10,000,000 on drink. The actual figures show an increase over 1885, in the matter of spirits alone, of £210,547, which, though £103,811 less than in 1884, is still a most deplorable record in view of the distressed condition of our unhappy country.”

There is a significant fact to be considered in connection with the bitter outcry against landlords and their rents, that, tyrannical as they may have been, they have not touched, in the production of poverty or its degradations, the domination of rum. The report says the actual figures for 1885, in the matter of spirits alone, were £210,547, which has no doubt had some serious connection with the amount of rents repudiated; so that it looks as if the repudiation of rents is simply getting out of one bondage into another.

One of the forms of British hospitality is the breakfast, and a profitable and enjoyable institution it is. After refreshments speech-making is in order, and the best of thought, feeling and wit flows freely. The Assembly met in this capacity in the spacious audience hall of the Young Men’s Christian Association. The Modera-

tor presided for a time, but being called to other duties, Rev. Dr. Wilson accepted the chair. The time was devoted to hearing reports from ministers and elders all over Ireland touching the reviving power of the Holy Spirit. It was a wonderful meeting; we have never witnessed its like. The Spirit of God was present with power, hearts were melted with the reports of what God had done for one church after another; and the work deepens and broadens until at no distant day hope points to the time when Ireland shall be baptized by the Spirit as she is now by the mists of her surrounding seas. Expectations are great, but their plans and purposes for work are greater. The reliance upon God for help is humble, but divinely tenacious. We have never heard so many men—young, middle-aged and old—tell with so much self-negation of the wonderful works of God, begun, in one instance, by the faithfulness of two boys and continued with power until a whole community was gathered in a barn and multitudes converted to Christ. But more, if possible, was made of conversions under the ordinary means of grace on the Sabbath in the churches, and surely that is more than an ideal work of God's Spirit which overcomes deadness and makes often the drone a saving power, for dead parishioners are never such hopeless cumberers as dead preachers.

We went down from this breakfast, which in years before had been given over to wit and hilarity, feeling as if we had been on the Mount of Transfiguration. Much of the success of the occasion was due to the management of Rev. Dr. Rodgers.

The subject of vocal music receives here surprising attention, and it is used, not as a church luxury, but as one of the means of grace.

The good effects of this special training is witnessed everywhere in the churches of Belfast. The singing and chanting in the churches of Drs. Johnstone and Williamson are grand, are soul-stirring. If there is preaching power in a man the singing will surely bring it out, and if any hearing or feeling capacity in the congregation it would stimulate this also.

IRELAND AS SEEN IN THE NORTH.

IRELAND is all and more than enthusiastic poets have depicted it. At this moment there is not a more beautiful spot on earth. Its skies are full of moisture, out of which comes the richest and most varied expression of subdued color. The land is wrapped in a garment of indescribable green. We have in our own country no such shades of summer beauty. Upon this exquisite ground-work are pictured endless variations of floral display. Art also has lent its genius to enhance these attractions for centuries past, and has left its trophies all around. The little farms in the north, with their sod-built fencings overgrown with timber, mark sharply defined outlines all over the face of nature, and to the eye the whole surface looks like a series of living mosaics, in which colors are changed constantly by passing glints of sunshine and flitting shadows.

The cattle feeding on these abundant pastures, the sheep reposing upon her hill-tops, the fowl in her

lakes and water-courses, the elegant homes embowered in clumps of natural growths or cultivated forests, so that the landlord and his tenants are tenants in common of all that God has given of a wealth of natural beauty—it is a very paradise set like an emerald in the bosom of the sea. But in paradise, as we know, came the first appearance of the devil of discontent, and men ever since have been more ready to rebel in the midst of abundance than even in the pinching necessities of the desert. One paradise could not give contentment to the parent pair, and twenty will not give it to their children. The Lord knew this, hence he reduced man to the minimum of earthly expectation when he taught him to say:—"Give us *this* day our daily bread."

Even the casual observer cannot fail to be impressed with the two prevailing characteristics here—beauty and co-existing dissatisfaction, both visible in this wonderful country whose loins are bound around with the ocean as its girdle. The fact is apparent here, if anywhere, that man never wants what he can easily get. The surviving instinct to advance lives in him in his deepest degradation, and his unrest is only the sigh of his former greatness and a prophecy of what he may become.

The chronic discontent of Ireland is a matter of standing amazement, in view of any reason which the discontented have assigned. There is plenty of liberty here to do right, and more than ought to be to do wrong. The policy of the wrong-doers seems to be to get their rights by doing wrong. But we shall not be diverted to the political condition of Ireland at present. We would confine ourselves rather to her economic and moral resources, that through these we may be able to

find some of the elements of that discontent which has become an almost constant factor in the problem of her existence. We will not take time to deal with Cathedrals and works of art, or even with the rare scenes in nature, where word-painting can give no true idea, and often belittles greatness by inferiority in comparison. We desire to write of acts divine and human, of human conduct as the best exposition of the life, present and past, of men. The past can be read in various histories, the living present we will give as far as we have the ability to transfer it to print.

As we are bound southward, and the names of the towns are called out, there is food for reflection as to the origin of the aborigines of the land, in the names they have left to the places of their probable founding. The prevalence of "Bel," or "Bell," is suggestive that at first it was Baal, and this has led to several theories as to where the first inhabitants of the island came from, and whether they brought Baalism as their religion. This will be no reflection on St. Patrick, now claimed by Presbyterians and Roman Catholics alike, and for whom, as we crossed the sea, a new claimant started up declaring him to be a Methodist. But the inquiry is interesting, to the curious at least, how this "Bel" business got into the country?

We know that it is not complimentary, even as a suggestion, to say that the far-off ancestors of some in this isle were Baalites and shouted themselves hoarse on Mount Carmel, and were worse defeated by the river Kishon than on the Boyne. We, of course, enter on this investigation with great gravity and without the slightest personal hostility to the aborigines or any of their survivors. The Phœnicians were like many of our time, very fond of "tin," the slang mean-

ing of which Americans will understand. These tin-seeking Phœnicians, who, as we know, came as far as Marseilles, and perhaps to Spain, may have coasted about the Emerald Isle and tied up about Cornwall. It seems strange that they should skirt about Ireland for this valuable commodity. But we believe that the history is entirely veracious, and that the instinct still survives and explains how it is that when the Irish are "hard-up" almost the first thing they do is to skirt about America for the products thereof.

There are other marks of Phœnician origin which might convince such simple antiquarians as we are. It is the instinct of the genuine Celtic women to put all her adornments on her head. The shawl is turned into a head-gear, so that a shawl over the shoulders and head is the invariable outfit of the women in humble life. If they have no shawl they are as inventive as the Phœnicians in finding some substitute.

In Dublin, on the way to the South of Ireland, in the sweltering heat of noonday, a young girl was seen traveling the streets with a man's overcoat on her head. At the railroad stations the Celtic women appeared with cloak, shawl, or any other cloth that could be utilized to this end. One woman had over her shoulders and head a double extra rubber horse-cloth when the heat was absolutely scorching. We are not criticising the universal custom—there may be, and is probably, reason for it, as there usually is for long existing customs—but we call attention to it as certainly Oriental. There is nothing like it existing anywhere else. The superstition of the lower classes sets in Phœnician directions, their myths point to tropical origin, while their continued idolatry gives additional probability to the theory. The Roman Catholic Church is over-

loaded with it, not because the Church has chosen this, or desires to continue it, but it must keep it or lose supremacy altogether. Intelligent Catholics will tell you that these gross superstitions are no part of their system, but rather adaptations to ignorant minds.

Southern Ireland is the country of romance and poetry, and its traditions are a part of itself. But there is not a doubt of the antiquity claimed for its early settlers, whether kin or not to any of its present population. The round towers, so prominent in the North of Ireland, take the mind far back into an antiquity the characteristics of which are still traceable. They have been assigned to the Culdees, to the Druids, and a half-dozen others before and after them. Near the City of Belfast is an amphitheatre of earth, covering about the same acreage as the empty reservoir of the East Park, Philadelphia; the clay walls are about as high. In the centre is a stone altar on which are supposed to have been offered human sacrifices of beautiful young maidens. It is but strictly truthful to say that while the circle and pile of great stones are there, there are mists of uncertainty about the kind of worship and who the worshippers were. It is located on a high hill, which is according to the Pagan fashion in the earlier centuries of the world's history.

Belfast, which we are leaving, is the most modern and lively city in the kingdom. It is filled with brainy, active and enterprising men, and has a great trade in almost every product of industry. There are no evidences here of any trouble in Ireland. Every man and woman in it know that they must make their own living or beg or starve, and to their honor, be it said, few will beg. The Protestants and Roman Catholics are nearly equal, and the respectable portion

of both sects live quietly and respect each others' religion, do business with each other, and live beside each other as good neighbors. There is a turbulent class, whose whereabouts is well-known, who get up mobs as a pastime; they usually have the name of the two religions they mutually disgrace, but seven times out of ten their hostilities spring from rum, but for which there would be few mobs. Belfast has wide streets and new buildings. The architectural effects are good in the main. The bricks of which it is built would not be thought as good in America as the ordinary "stretchers." The clay is porous, the face side of the bricks is rough and uneven. The finish is by painting them or plastering and then pointing. The bricks have holes through them for air passages and the drainage of moisture, these are made by pins in the moulds, which avoids the necessity of "furring" the walls for plastering. They make more use of bricks in ornamentation and with better effect than in the United States. Notched bricks are placed around the opening of the windows. Dead walls are relieved by terra cotta ornaments, smaller pillars are of the same material, and when large are sometimes filled in with brickbats, spalls and cement, giving the strength of stone at less than a third of the cost.

The bricks are thicker, and when pointed with cement of proper blending are very handsome. We are persuaded in our observations that the splendid bricks of Philadelphia would make a finer appearance if they were not smaller than four inches thick, and if possible five, and pointed up with colored mortar in harmony with the dark red. There is more attention given in Europe to variety in the corners of buildings; architects here avoid right-angled corners by either rounding them or setting them on handsome pillars with elabor-

ate capitals; often at the second story on the corner a little round tower is started and carried above the roof and finished as a pinnacle. There are very few wooden window-casings; an iron frame, either cast or wrought, about as thick as boiler iron, is set in, coming out flush with the bricks. Stone fronts are painted in almost every neutral tint with fine effect. Fences are made from thick bricks with ornamental openings and beautifully pointed with cement.

The houses for mechanics and people of limited means have more care bestowed on the exterior than in the United States, but they do not compare with the perfection within. The suburbs have been the work of centuries and are of surpassing beauty in those adornments which ages only of wealth and culture can create. One of the most attractive is on the Loch, at a spot known as Craigivad or "seal-rock," where through the hospitality of Mr. Hanson we spent a day full of delights. On the way the site of the castle of Con O'Neil was passed on a mountain range, but little of it is left. There is a story told of its destruction which illustrates one phase of Irish character to perfection. Lord Downshire, who came into possession of the ruin, desired to preserve it, and engaged a Celt to put a stone wall around it, which he did, and sent for the noble lord to see the work when completed. To the nobleman's amazement the castle was gone. Said he, "Pat, where is the castle." "Plase yer lordship, I tore it down, and took the stone to build the wall." Craigivad, the place of our host, overlooks the Loch, giving a view of miles of coast and of the Loch, broken into waves by the bows and screws of vessels of every kind.

Near this place is the estate of Lord Dufferin, now Governor General of India, known to many of our

countrymen so favorably as probably the most popular governor Canada ever had, a man of vast ability for affairs of high moral and religious character, whose estimable wife is a great helper to the Foreign Mission work in India. One is surprised that he could leave such an estate of wealth and beauty and consent to be an exile in lands where his only reward must be the bettering of the people. Opposite is the more beautiful estate, because in better cultivation, known as "Crawfordsburn," owned by Colonel Crawford, a banker of Belfast, which lies its whole length on the bay, presenting broad swards of the loveliest green covered with God's wealth of flowers. A large portion is thick with native forests of pine, trimmed with vines and ivy, in which also is a cascade, the waters of which are lighted all through the forests at night by electric lights. Opposite Craigivad, across the Loch, is Carrick Fergus, a place renowned in civil, military and ecclesiastical history. Here the Prince of Orange disembarked for his Irish campaign. He slept the second night of his march in a little house, still standing, near Belfast, and finished his work in the victorious battle with James at the Boyne, changing the tide of human events in all Europe. But all this can be found in Macaulay's pages, and our purpose is to write of things not in the guide-books and of events that have not yet become historical.

BLARNEY LAND.

WHETHER it is from the nearness of the people of the South of Ireland to the Blarney-stone or not, it is certain that they are an exceptionally polite people. It is refreshing to receive their hearty salutes in language so deferential—"Your Reverence," or "My Lord," or "Your Ladyship." They please and win one at first sight. Even those most revolting in appearance are transformed from native or acquired ugliness into another image. It is strange how soon they fall into the impudent habits of the worst Americans after coming to our shores, and take on airs which only make them ridiculous, changing their old identity and their attractiveness for a mixture of home and foreign vulgarity.

It is needless to say that wherever it is possible Ireland has been made a garden of beauty. Every kind of flower incident to a mild and moist climate grows here in unwonted prodigality. The whin or furze is everywhere, as if hereditary lord of the country. Its golden flowers impress one with the thought that this ought to be, if it could be so made, the land of gold. The mustard, another golden blossom, takes possession of the cultivated fields and abounds in the meadows and the wheat fields, modifying the green swards and conquering for itself the right to universal admiration. The daisies dapple all the fields with bright, gay colors; they are as abundant as

the white clover in springtime in our land. The hawthorn, pink and white, lifts its blossoms and holds them up for the admiration of both earth and skies, until the fields adorned by it look like orchards in spring blossoming. These hawthorns are utilized for hedges all along the highways, and among their branches are twined all kinds of flowering vines with names and nameless; trailing roses and eglantine adorn the hedges, peeping through every aperture. The ivy covers every thing that will endure its affectionate embraces. The trees of the forests are covered with it from root to farthest branches; it loves the rugged and barren rocks, and hastens to cover their nakedness, thus turning barrenness either into life or to the seeming of it. The wild strawberry is on all the scanty soil. On bog and mountain is the almost oppressive beauty of rhododendrons, growing ten and twelve feet high and covered with a gorgeous beauty from April to November.

But time would not suffice to describe the wealth of lesser beauties found on rocks and by the water-courses, on the highest mountains as well as in the most unseemly bog. Of this class is the fox-glove or digitalis, the forget-me-nots, beside a multitude which only the most skilled botanist could classify or name.

This is a country flowing with milk and honey, if only the people would care to cultivate it. The cattle are lying in the midst of an abundance which their owners do not know, and in a sweet content that recalls the satisfying pastures of the Psalmist. It is a great stock country. Cattle and horses are not large, but pretty and fleet; sheep are of the best quality; goats run on the mountain-sides, shod for rock and soil. The grass grows up to the dizzy heights of the mountains, and flowers blink from the clouds. The mountains that gird this

southern country about are nature's dykes against the incoming ocean, and she has not been sparing of the material, determined that restless Ireland should not again disturb, or be disturbed by, the sea. The face of nature is scarred by conflicts; the lightnings have been let loose to sharpen their bolts on these gritty mountain skulls; the tornadoes have run wildly against these monuments of past conflicts, to feel their hardness and to retire to the cave of the winds all discomfited; the clouds have broken their battalions and parted for the ends of the earth; the seas have dashed at their bases, and all have been disarmed. The ages have left their scars in grooves and wrinkles on the everlasting hills of old Ireland. The hills look weary and the mountains have scowled until the fierceness of the contests seems to be written on their brows. But all this does not mar their beauty, for here old age is not contemptible—sunsetting has as many beauties as sunrising.

There is no place where all the qualities we have vainly labored to describe are in better contrast than in County Kerry, and at its most historic centre, Killarney. The town is a sleepy old relic of the past, but can still get its old members into lively activity when it likes. There is nothing that affects their drowsy powers like the vision of a coming American. "Far off his coming shines." He is considered a good subject for purse recuperation. But even the Killarneyites are often sorely disappointed. Some of these have so long resisted the subscription book, and collection-bags, and mission appeals, and the poverty-stricken at home, that even the ingenious beggars of half a century or more of experience throw up their hands in despair and say, "God have mercy on your stingy

souls." But the average American succumbs either from pity, or through deception, or the gentler titillation of flattery, and a large harvest is reaped from June to November, which must suffice for the year.

In the streets we found the most terrible specimens of humanity—old, ragged, drunken, contorted bundles of rags and disgusting humanity, with the worst looking mouths ever appended to men or women, and the vilest tongues that could wag in such sepulchres. Only centuries of degradation could breed such amazing objects. The streets are also full of dirty children, many of whom would be good-looking if clean, but who, if they were washed, would not be recognized by the inhabitants, and even their own parents would be as much puzzled as is a hen, who has been imposed upon by a duck egg, when her fledgling takes to the water as if born in it. The streets are crowded with desperate-looking old men and women; with the middle-aged, marked by the severest struggles of unrewarded toil; with young men and maidens born to the same fierce encounters; children on whose young faces are the shadows of their parents' distress, and the forecasts of the same hard future. Old carts, old and wheezy horses, asses of all sizes, except in ears, which are constant quantities; geese squawking over their petty triumphs, and ducks waddling and quacking in content, the only contented creatures in all Kerry, are here.

But withal beauty reigns supreme all around; nature is here a constant delight in all her phases. The mountains rise in grand proportions, always enveloped in a mystic mist, which softens their hard outlines. The skies are not transparent, but pale and draped with the thinnest azure. The devil has been baffled in all his efforts to reduce this spot to ugliness. If all the people were furies

it would not mar the beauty of the spot, but there are noble, whole-souled people, kind and generous, many of them cultivated and courteous. It is the place of all we have seen where the best and the worst are brought close together; the authors of both good influences and bad meeting in sharp rivalry with each other.

We, of course, had to *do* the Lakes of Killarney, There would be no respect for an American who did not make this far-famed pilgrimage. Ignorance is the hand-maid to all such endeavors. The first part of the journey is delightful. The roads throughout Ireland are of the best, and the country, even in its rugged rims of mountains, can be reached by these well-made highways. The arms of great elms are arched over the highways, and fringes of hedges abounding in flowers welcome the passing pilgrim. The round is about thirty miles, seven of which are made in a carriage. But as we near the mountains which stand defying approach we see that the only pass between these frowning fortresses must be passed on horseback, and here the trials of the tourist's life begin. Beggars, peddlers, hostlers and steeds of every form, color and capacity from the braying donkey, who seems to know by instinct what part of a conversation to break in upon, and horses of ancient and modern style, straight-legged, spavined and spring-jointed; while some are standing on three legs holding up the fourth, some alternating between the two of one side and the two of the other. Then the rigging was execruciating to behold. The side-saddles had some two horns and some had one and a half and some were unhorned, some were placed on sore backs, so that, as the fair one mounted, the horse switched his tail and humped himself up or bent down in the middle, with an unearthly groan.

The men had a repetition of the same movements, except that all the hinder parts of the steeds rose and the foreparts went down, so that the rider's weight was set to an angle of forty-five degrees. The owners prodded them to gain speed, at the desire of the rider, and then there was a nervous switching of the tail, a little more uplifting of the vital craft, much as the motion of a schooner in the trough of the sea. Then there was a great calm, in which the rider braced himself in his stirrups to keep from sliding down the neck of his steed into the chasm just by. At last the steeds are in motion, and the beggars too; one old fellow broke in upon us claiming to be one hundred and seven years old, and he looked it every day, but the liveliness of his gait chasing the company for his shilling or sixpence awakened scepticism; little girls and young women follow for a mile as fast as one of these steeds can trot before they attain their end, or their heart fails them. The fact is most apparent that the gait of the horses and of the beggars is geared in concert. One woman followed us four miles, going as fast as two good horses could jog in a carriage. Her face was the color of mahogany, her feet were bare, but hard as a horse's hoof, so that the stones on the path did not hurt them. When the driver told her that she was wasting her time, she said pathetically that this was the hard way she had of getting her living, and never gave up the chase until some one gave her shilling.

Many of a much superior caste only begged the company to buy stockings of the coarsest kind and trinkets, the workmanship of their poor hands. A more pitiful sight was women with flasks of whiskey and goat's milk, urging men to drink for the sake of the blessing of the Holy Virgin. This offered bargain

tells the story of the poverty and shame of these poor people. They will drink, drink, everlastingly drink, and rum is, and has been for centuries, the oppressor of Ireland. With their present drinking and the shiftless habits superinduced thereby, they would be no better off in the Garden of Eden. It is not the curse of the day, but of long weary ages, until it has become a misery in the blood, so that multitudes are mortgaged to Satan from their birth. He is that landlord who has not been assassinated or boycotted, but who has evicted more from their homes than all the landlordism of the ages.

The short tour around the Lakes is one of wonder, for here nature has in agony brought forth marvels. Mountains lift their heads above the level of man's petty cares and strifes, and bathe them in serene grandeur in the clouds which seem to be appointed by heaven as their sole attendants. The rocks here are primitive and have fought their way up through fiery seas. The pass is narrow, and one grows giddy in looking down and is dazed if he look above. But the splendid views did not alone beguile the moments of our onward progress. The steed which we bestrode was famous in the fact that he had been bestridden by Dom Pedro, and this was his name. He was a specimen of broken-down nobility—his head had gone down so that he carried it not more than two feet from the ground, and no jerking of the reins would bring up this head of fallen greatness. His forelegs were at least six inches too short and a line dropped from his knees would have fallen four inches beyond the front of his hoof. In this condition one realized that only the crupper kept him from the grip of ruin—from suddenly falling to pieces.

The Lakes themselves are nothing surprising to an American, and cannot be compared to Lake George and its surroundings. It is doubtful whether the trip is worth the exhaustion it requires. It is far better to go through the lakes without undertaking the hard ride through the pass of Dunloe, unless the tourist has an abundance of cash and spirits. The two upper Lakes grow more beautiful as they break at the last fall into the great Lake Larn, on which is Ross Castle, an imposing ruin, the last that surrendered to the forces of Cromwell.

From County Kerry to Dublin is a great plain stretching away, covered with the richest green, upon which countless cattle are herding. It is a great prairie barricaded by notched, grooved and graceful hills. These are in the highest state of cultivation. There are evidences all the way of its aqueous origin, deposits of sea products are to be seen, and those in the lakes are still more apparent. Peat is constantly being lifted from the bogs. On the way to Dublin crops out the limestone, a mine of wealth to the builders and farmers; in some parts there is a lime-kiln on every farm, and as usual the production is almost exhaustless.

THE POLITICAL CONDITION OF IRELAND.

THE history of this island seems to follow the mode of its coming into the world. It was born in the tempestuous sea. Whether produced by fire or water, or by both, the wise in these matters have not fully determined. There are several counties which, in their present political heat, one might believe to be smouldering craters, born in upheavals and continuing to upheave. People are as their countries, for from these they get their ideals. In Ireland contrasted qualities are contiguous—sterility and fruitfulness, ugliness and beauty, goodness and wickedness, lofty patriotism and the most malignant, conspicuous, wonderful blindness, and the most atrocious cruelties. In Ireland are good qualities enough, if properly sorted, to form a paradise, and deviltries enough in some spots to locate perdition without any great exodus of the citizens. Loyalty and lawlessness often have hardly so much as a hedge fence between them, and these change places whenever it suits either patriotism or caprice.

In seven or eight counties the conditions are chronically as described, and all phases of them can be arranged around the two centres—landlords and tenants; these are the names which represent most of the present discontent. Nor are Americans likely to lose from their thoughts the real or imputed identity of each, and we would say that neither look half so terrible in

their home as they are represented to us. Ireland, with its loyalists hanging fast to England, and its disloyal elements hanging fast to America, is not unlike the calf which sucked two cows, and was only remarkable for becoming in the end a very big calf. The poor people denounce their poorer landlords, who have more wants than themselves and less ability to make ends meet, because they do not live on their estates; but the fact is the estate is not sufficient to sustain the tenant even without the payment of rent, and how can it maintain both. If the landlords live on their estates they will starve; if they try to get enough out of their tenants to exist they will be shot; if they stay away they will half starve and be everlastingly cursed.

The people in some counties are miserably poor and fretful, and it is only surprising that they are as patient as they have been; then to add to their burdens they have so many patriots to look after them. They are suffering from politicians as much as from poverty, and the politicians are forever taxing them to bring about better times. The country is cursed by political blather-skites, who must be supported up to their business, either as legislators or conspirators. So it stands thus; the landlord with his poor land stands midway between starvation and assassination, and the tenant is being ground fine between poverty and the politicians. One fact becomes more and more apparent—that is, landlordism must go in Ireland, not because the tenants will drive it away, but because the land will not support the population; the era for this kind of thing is past.

The present administration has now, after two Crimes Bills have been passed, to meet the land question, which

will try mind, soul, patience and flesh. The landlord has the best showing; the government may help him out, or he may get rid of his tenants by selling his land to them at some price, but will this rid the tenant of his plague, the pseudo-philanthropists, who use his woes to replenish their pockets at home and in America as well, where these pests follow him to consume his substance? There is not a possible doubt that Irish tenants in many localities have been oppressed for weary ages as few slaves have been. But to repeat this is little better than sentimentality; the people who have done this cannot be reached, cannot be shot or boycotted. The old rascals who laid the foundations for these monumental iniquities are dead, and all that is left to the tenant of just revenge is to heat their ashes to teach them that there is punishment after death. Many of these old roystering spendthrifts have entailed ruin alike on their own children and those of their tenants. The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge.

It must not be believed, as some are ever ready to say, that this conflict is the revival of the old contests between Roman Catholics and Protestants. Among the lower classes these class-feuds will live as long as ignorance abounds, but this contest goes beyond all this and is badly mixed. Roman Catholic landlords have not been spared for religion's sake when they undertook compulsory collection of rents, or *evictions*. It is also useless to deny that there is a considerable Protestant element deeply dissatisfied at the present state of affairs in Ireland. It may not be wrath specially with landlordism, it is ranged rather against English government in Ireland. The causes of trouble are hoary with years. Ireland has been educated by the British government to a state

of chronic discontent. It has been the theatre of oppression which bore alike on her Protestant and Roman Catholic subjects. The Roman Catholics by their uprisings and chronic fretfulness, and often want of wise conciliation, have had the worst of it, very likely have received just what they would have inflicted on the Protestants if they had had the mastery; in fact, just what they have inflicted on them in other places.

But whether this be true or not, the English government has gone daft over the absurd notion that the Celt cannot govern himself. Government is not a gift peculiar to any class. It is an exploded doctrine that kings are born to rule, and therefore must rule. We are glad that many of them have learned better. Any class of men are able to rule if God calls them to it. The Celt has been treated much after the style of political morality which has governed our treatment of the North American Indian, based on the idea that "the only good Indian is the dead Indian."

The English people overlooked, in their blind passion for governing Ireland by coercion, the fact that the only safe way of national unification is to educate into the prevailing form of religion when religion is a part of the State arrangement, and the Head of the State is the Head of the Church. If the government of Great Britain had spent half of the money in evangelizing Ireland which it has spent in cudgeling Ireland there would be no national antipathies. The Roman Catholics would have been as readily made Protestant as the Hottentots or Indiamen—peaceable Protestant Christians. The Protestant Episcopal Church had an independent support in Ireland for centuries; how much concern did it give to saving Roman Catholic

children? If it had even cared for these, and gathered them into homes as is being done for the poorer classes now in London, the problem would have been very different.

Nor are the dissenting Churches in Ireland altogether free from blame, though they have been greatly crippled by the Establishment. If they had wrought in Ireland as they are doing in India, Africa and China, there would have been just as much progress in soul-saving, and the result would have been far different in unhappy Ireland. That we may not be judged visionary or severe, take our Indians for an example. No ordinary man would have dared to assert forty years ago that the Indians, for whose destruction we were paying millions annually, could be Christianized and civilized. Only General Grant, in the flush of his military renown, could suggest a peace policy as the best for the Indians and ourselves. We are not making these comparisons to undervalue the Roman Catholic Church, but to show how, by peaceful and Christian means, the alien Irish people could have been brought into unity with the English people. The Roman Catholic Church might have been as strong as it is now, but more widely distributed throughout the kingdom.

That there is a sense of wrong inflicted by the English government in the breasts of both Protestants and Roman Catholics, is beyond question, and were it not for their bitter religious hostilities in the past they would make common cause, as would the Dissenters and Romanists in England. Establishment and dissent cannot live in the same country, except as one is the servant of the other, and everybody in the British kingdom has felt the domination of the Establishment. The outrages, corrected mainly since Queen Victoria's

reign began, show the intolerable oppression which dissenters of all kinds had to endure. At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign Dissenters could not be legally married except in the Church of England, and by a clergyman of that Church, nor could they have the births of their children legally registered, nor could they bury their friends in any church-yard, or public or parochial cemetery, by their own ministers and by their own rites. At that time there was no admission of Nonconformists to the so-called National Universities. Nor could a Dissenter, however distinguished for genius or learning, obtain any degree except on condition of violating his conscience and renouncing his faith, perhaps in the very place where it was sealed by martyr blood. No Jew could sit in Parliament without debauching his conscience. All Nonconformists were bound to pay rates to support the fabrics and services of the Church of England, and those who dared resist these exactions, which made our American heroes go to war, contending against taxation without representation, were liable to have their chairs, tables, their silver spoons, and even their Bibles seized and sold at auction. Even the marriage law, which has been enacted since Her Majesty's reign, permitting Nonconformists to be married by their own ministers in their own churches, had on it the stigmatizing mark of inequality which they are even now trying to remove, and the opponents to all these poor, meagre concessions, wrung like blood out of the government, were in the Established Church.

The fact of the unmistakable loyalty of Dissenters on the battle-field, and in every duty, is one of those paradoxes which can only be referred to the power of the sovereign grace of God, and not to any grace

from the ecclesiastical government of England. Nor is this all. After unavailing efforts, extending over thirty-three years, in 1880 the grave-yards were forced open for the burial of the dead of the Dissenters, of whom a large proportion of the noblest defenders of Great Britain are numbered. The children of General Havelock, whose monument adorns Trafalgar Square, who saved India, could not have been buried, previous to this crowbar-act by which the gates were pried open, in any of these privileged grave-yards, over whose portals the bishops and the priests of the Established Church of Jesus Christ stood as a police with bludgeons. Nor is this act any more than a partial fragment now, which justice will correct yet. But justice will have to fight churchmen all the way to the end, as Havelock fought the Sepoys at Lucknow.

The Irish Catholics, therefore, are not the only people who have fought a lifetime against oppressions of the Establishment. The abolition of the church rates levied on Nonconformists was carried on in a life-and-death struggle of thirty-four years, during which period many of these people took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and not a few suffered fines and imprisonment as well. The Irish race need not be discouraged in a fight in the House of Commons for some recognition of their wrongs when they remember that bills for abolishing Nonconformists' humiliations were carried seven times in the House of Commons and as often rejected in the House of Lords. The trouble with the Irish is that they defeat themselves by their violence and conspiracies. Honesty and justice will stand beside them, so far as public sentiment is concerned, if they mean to get rid of the burdens only in a legal way, or as O'Connell long ago advised them, by "Agitation," and

agitation by means of reason and not by dynamite. Nothing has ever been gained yet by pulling down pillars because rascality and oppression have perched upon them.

We have dwelt thus on the recorded efforts of the Establishment in England, where the majority are supposed to be pleased with it, to give clearer insight into the harvest of ills sown while it existed in Ireland, where the majority was oppressed by the minority. One of our surprises was to hear Dissenters in Ireland denouncing the discontent of the Romanists now, when seventeen years ago we heard a wail of long-wearied discontent, crying for deliverance from the Establishment. The same and worse afflictions than those referred to in the history of the dealing of the English government with English Dissenters were inflicted on Romanists and Protestants in Ireland. Protestants and Roman Catholics have been excluded alike from the honors of the so-called National Universities. This led to the founding of institutions of their own, made a necessity by this unjust exclusion. An Established minority, smaller than either Roman Catholic or Protestant, favored with the protection of law in privileges offensive to the majorities, and the social oppressions made by this legal segregation and patronage—all these and innumerable petty tyrannies too small to be described, but big enough to torment to desperation, caused hatreds and wide separations.

It is surprising how, in political excitements, extremes will meet. We heard in the General Assembly in Ireland, from the lips of several speakers heartily sympathizing with the present British government, complaints, loud and bitter, that the Presbyterian Church had been neglected in the past, and that any favors it had

received were tortured out of the government as the importunate widow gained the advantage of consideration on account of her continued coming; and more we heard, in words both eloquent and true, that the government was continuing this same petty policy. The Rev. Professor Pettigrew called attention to the recent appointment of a head-inspector where, he said, a Protestant Episcopalian was appointed over the heads of Presbyterians notoriously his superior, and when it was the turn of the Presbyterians to have one of their number appointed. The Rev. Dr. Hanna did not hold that the National Board was infallible; but with regard to the appointment referred to, he did not believe that Presbyterianism was at all considered. The Rev. Professor Robinson held that the Presbyterians had suffered all along the line in the past, and were still the despised and down-trodden of the country. They never got fair play from Dublin Castle in the appointments, and he did not believe they could expect it until they went manfully forward and wrung it out of the leaders.

It sounded not a little strange, and if possible more suggestive, to hear the most loyal and disloyal alike denouncing in strongest terms the long, exasperating, petty tyrannies they had suffered either through the Establishment while it lived, or by the wriggling of its dying tail. Nor have any of them suffered more than the Established Church herself, for by this the kingdom is full of bitter enmities, crippling her in her work. A single instance will suffice to illustrate. The stronghold of Mr. Gladstone's power outside of Ireland is the devotion of the Scotch. And who among the Scotch churches most closely adhere to him? Every Church but the Established—the

Free Church because they desire Disestablishment; the United Presbyterian for the same reason, and the same is no doubt true of all the rest. We do not say this to urge the necessity, or even the advisability of Disestablishment, for these Churches were never doing their work better than now, but to show how much of the political discontents in Great Britain have come, reasonably and unreasonably, from this source.

We now come back to the present condition of Ireland. Our apparent digression was to reach the roots of the present movements. We fear that the moral sensibilities of a portion of Ireland are hopelessly paralyzed; there is little shuddering over brutal murder in not a few places; it is spoken of as a war policy of a struggling nation against oppression. Assassination in several districts of Ireland produces no lasting sense of dishonor. It began as a remedy against obnoxious landlords, but the outlaws are practising it now among themselves as a police regulation extraordinary.

During the time we were in Kerry a man was butchered because somebody *suspected* an objectionable intimacy between him and a widow, in whose house he was stabbed to death by a band of regulators of public morals; and this is not an isolated case. As to rights to be enforced on estates, nobody thinks of them seriously; the landlord must demit; and as to compensation, that is a joke of course. There are noble exceptions, but this is unmistakably the undertone. The justification is that the landlords did not come by the estates honestly—that is, their ancestors were crooked, and therefore their children are fair game. The condition of affairs is made worse in the fact that the Roman Catholic Church is dominated by this element, and when the foundations are removed

what can the righteous do? The Church does not exercise the discipline, in this condition of things, which will punish or correct the debauched consciences of its members. This is not universally so in this Church, for there are many who abhor it, but they are not able to change it, and they argue that if they lose entire sympathy with the people all power for their future good will be gone.

Then beyond all that we have stated is the deep hopelessness, the causes of which lie beyond the power of either the government or the people. Ireland has 32,000 square miles of territory, and what is this among so many, when its wastes, its sterile mountains and barren heaths are estimated. Think of more than five millions of people living on a little more than 26,000 or 28,000 square miles of fertile land, and much of this worn down by centuries of exhausting farming. It is an impossibility, and all thoughts of Ireland as an independent government, with the increased expenses of the machinery of self-government, an army and navy, &c., to keep out of international broils, whose destructive circles would ever be whirling around her, is too ridiculous even to be absurd.

There are other hardships which are inevitable under any government, and which are felt alike all over the kingdom. Britain long ago adopted free trade and worked it then for all that it was worth, but she has worked it out, so that the sharp end of it is turned toward herself. Free trade might be equitable on all sides if all nations would adopt it, but England has come to the time when the penalties of free trade have come home to stay. Canada is destroying her farmers by its trade in cattle; Ireland is a cattle-growing country; her moist climate affords the best and most

constant pasturage in the kingdom, and now when there is a drouth which extends over England and Ireland alike, the poor farmers have, in summer time, to put their cattle in competition with ship-loads of cattle from Canada, and can get hardly any thing for them. This is, of course, exceptionally severe, for when they have had abundance of pasture they could keep back their cattle to the winter, when Canada is frozen up. But even the ice of the winter cannot help them much now, for the dressed beef trade of the United States is constantly impoverishing them. This is an effect of free trade which Cobden had not the gift of prophecy to foresee.

American machinery is crowding in at another angle. An Englishman said:—"Your clever American mechanics are playing the mischief with our poor people; even our bird cages are left unsold and neglected, and our sons and daughters do not want any more of those clumsy cages of wood and wire, but must have your delicate gilt wire, so ornamental to our walls." The next invasion, we hope, will be in the line of baby carriages, or, as our English cousins say, "Perambulators." They are great clumsy wooden vehicles, covered with coarse, black oil-cloth, nearly as heavy as an American buggy and twice as ugly. These illustrations have come under our eye, and are not given in the interest of tariff or no tariff, but to show how much greater difficulties confront Ireland and England than any that can affect the people either by wise and unwise government. The same is true of the milling interests. Mills, like landlordism, have ground themselves out; neither will ever be institutions again. Mills in Ireland worth thousands of pounds will never trundle a wheel again. India is the plague of the farmer in the

kingdom of Great Britain, so that the empire is devouring the kingdom, or the head biting the tail; the only comfort is that as the resources of each are different they do it turn about.

A rich miller said:—"I have given up my mills, I can buy the flour cheaper than the wheat; I have become a flour dealer, instead of a manufacturer, but," said he sadly, "what is to become of nearly all the capital I have invested in my mills?" More people are thus going to the wall than landlords and tenants, but we do not hear of them in politics. Yet it must not be taken for granted that England is going backward, nor is Ireland getting, on the average, poorer. The city of London increases 100,000 a year, the city of Belfast is constantly growing, wealth is increasing in bulk and is being better distributed. The poverty is largely due to the changes made by redistribution of wealth. "Old things have passed away and behold all things are becoming new." We witness the same changes in our own new country. In the towns on the New England coast, where whale-fishing was the leading business, wealth abounded; but when petroleum was discovered the population of these once thrifty towns were scattered, and many well-to-do were impoverished, so that now many of these are the deadest places on the continent. There seems to be a general settling-up of old accounts in the world, and a general redistribution of vital forces and of wealth, their creation.

Ireland is better off in many ways than it was seventeen years ago, when we first visited it. One is constantly surprised at the improvement in the quality of the material and taste shown in clothing of the laboring classes. The women put better shawls over their

heads, only few are without shoes, children are better dressed. Their houses are better; they are not palaces, but they are on an average twenty per cent. better. When they can get work they are better paid for it, and they do not drink as much grog, which has always been the curse of the country. The children are better educated, and there is greater desire on the part of the poor people that their children shall read. We encountered a bevy of little girls in the mountains of Kerry; each with but a single garment, a frock, but their faces were clean and hair combed; they were not begging, though it could easily be seen that a little gift would be acceptable. We asked, "How many of you can read?" and to our surprise they all said they could, and were as proud as princesses over it. When we had passed them, on the lonely mountain-side we found a little chisel-faced stone school-house of the government regulation pattern, and this told the secret.

Some cities, from one cause or another, are losing their financial and commercial importance. If there is not a change soon for the better Dublin will be hopelessly doomed. It is the brain of all discontent; the best and worst of Ireland's people have lived there, but the worst is getting the ascendancy, and they are driving capital and enterprise away on account of the insecurity felt by capitalists. Capital is ever sensitive, and it has always, sooner or later, the means of locomotion. The Mayor is on the side of the discontented, and of course, the government is on the other. The Board of Trade, made up of Roman Catholics, Protestants and non-religionists, are against the Home Rulers' policy, so far, at least, as it represents disunion, because they have every thing to lose. We have been informed by reliable Catholics that the people who own property in

cities and towns are against every thing that looks in the direction of independent government. But men of property, Romanists and Protestants, want more considerate legislation. They want the right to manage their own local affairs. They are worn out with the crippling process of having to go to Parliament if they want to locate a road or change a street. There is remarkable agreement, when their heads are cool, all over the island, in the desire for better and more helpful legislation, and this can be gained, and will be, if it is fought out within the lines of the present realm of Great Britain. Reforms must be in tolerable harmony with the sentiments of all the true lovers of Ireland; any thing further will forever make her a prey to the worst oppressions of England, as Ireland's dissensions first brought her under England's rule.

The last feature we mention, and perhaps the most momentous fact to lovers of Celtic nationality, is that plainly the Celtic race will never come to national supremacy. It is too late; it must be absorbed, and we say this in no want of sympathy with every noble effort to avert it. The Celt is going the way of all races who have lived out their day, going into other nationalities to build up a newer and better life from the fragments of the past. The Saxon is a living illustration of this necessary union of national fragments. It will be a long time before this will be accomplished, but the motion is in this direction. Ireland is too small for Ireland, and her sons and daughters, at the rate of twenty thousand a year, will be tempted away after their kindred in foreign lands, or after better conditions of life. There, by intermarriage and other changes incident to the existence of a dominant race, they will be absorbed. There is no help for this ten-

dency, as Ireland has not in herself the sustenance even to resist it, much less conquer it. Meanwhile, the Roman Catholic and Protestant faiths will live only as they agree in not worrying and vexing each other. Separations will help some, and it is to be hoped God's grace of charity will do more. If not, an event quite as sad, perhaps, the persecutions which both may receive yet from the haters of all religion, may bring them nearer in sympathy through a common suffering.

In these letters we have, from our standpoint and with somewhat limited advantages, aimed only at fairness; we have talked with both parties, ministers, priests and laymen; all have alike been communicative as to their several grievances, and we are sure that we have been enlightened and profited by what we have seen and heard. Whether we shall be able to do as much for our readers is yet an unanswered question.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

WE have come to London in the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. It could not have been a more joyous occasion to the old Israelite than this Jubilee has been to all Britain. There are soreheads and croakers, of course; they are necessary factors in the problems of life; by their disharmonies they increase the effect of harmonies. There are, also, sentimentalists who have hung their harps on the willows, and refuse to take any part in the general rejoicings. There are many unhappy because they are not directing the affair, and pity the nation that its rejoicings are so clumsily managed. The Irish, who hate every thing

English, are like the spoiled boy sitting on the stairs and refusing to come to his breakfast because "Sal would not pacify him," and are making a great mistake. The biggest fools of earth are the martyrs who cannot make martyrdom pay in some form. The Queen has not been the author of the Irishman's wrongs; she has signed every bill, so far as we know, for their betterment. It is ungracious toward a woman who has maintained a pure life through fifty years—who has had morally the most illustrious reign on the pages of history. Moreover, it is ungallant, which contravenes all our notions of Irish character. It has made a chasm, which will not, in the memory of the living, be bridged over, between the ill-advised who took counsel of their own hotheadedness and prejudices, and those in Scotland and England who sympathized with them and were willing to help in every constitutional way to the removal of their burdens and the enlarging of their opportunities for progress, but who will not insult a beneficent sovereign to accomplish it. Even to the most casual observer there can be no mistake about the loyalty of all to the Queen, excepting Anarchists, Socialists and Irish Home Rulers. Even if these last hated the Queen it was bad policy to show it. It has divorced them from the sympathies of those who have served them. It has given their enemies the plausible charge against them, that their struggles are not for liberty, but are a conspiracy against the government itself. It will associate them, in the minds of those who have no opportunities to look beneath the surface of things, with Nihilists, Anarchists, Communists, *et id genus omne*.

The troubles of Great Britain seem more serious in America than here—the ocean seems to act as a magnify-

ing mirror. Correspondents are narrow and often reckless in their statements. We read in a Philadelphia paper this morning that the Prince of Wales never expects to come to the throne. If one were writing to illustrate his absolute idiocy he could not have done better. Who has heard the Prince say this? and if he did say so, what probability is there of it, unless death or some unforeseen event shall cut him off. The English people have no such idea; they speak of him as their future sovereign, they cheer him on all occasions as such. They talk sharply about him, but who does not know that this is an Englishman's way; he does not like any thing over which he cannot grumble. But woe unto the man who joins in his denunciation. The Prince has grown in favor with the English people as he has grown in knowledge and become a more thoughtful man. He is developing a great ability in the management of affairs. His management of this great Jubilee shows the power of no ordinary mind.

That the English will ever turn to a Republican form of government will only be possible in the millennium, if it ever occurs. It is far more likely that our own people of America will be possessed with the ideas of aristocracy. Wealth, with its fooleries and unreal distinctions, certainly tends in this direction. An Englishman's soul has a throne in the centre of it, and a king or queen upon it; he does not know of any other form of life; he will not hear or think of any other, and the discontented Irish in this respect are just like him. The English nation grows stronger. Never in its history has she had the elements of moral and mental power as largely as now. Notwithstanding we hear of depressions in trade, there never was more equally distributed wealth. Ireland is distressed, but

not half so much as when we were in it seventeen years ago. We have been surprised at the increased evidence of prosperity all over Ireland, where it is possible for men and women to live at all. There are considerable portions of the island where human beings can never live; there is not enough on five acres to support a goat. No government can make things better, unless powdered rocks can be utilized so as to produce brains, muscle and flesh. Wherever there are any possibilities, with the exception of a very few counties, the people are better housed, better fed and clothed, and better schooled, than they were seventeen years ago. This does not prove that they are all in Paradise, but that even the poverty and ignorance of seventeen years ago have been greatly modified.

In Wales the same is true even to a greater extent. We speak of this because they were originally Celts; their country is not as good, on the average, as Ireland. They have more and larger manufacturing interests, and drink less rum, which must answer for much of Irish poverty and wretchedness.

The Jubilee has tended to centralize and unify English power. The subjects of the Queen are here from all parts of the realm, and from the colonies. It has been a wonderful time of reunions, after years of separations, among friends. Socially it has been as great an event as politically. Multitudes have availed themselves of this occasion to come back to the homes of their youth, and to gather up the broken links of relationships and friendships. Most of them have come to see old England for the last time, and not a few to look for the last time on the face of the Queen, so young and attractive fifty years ago. We have not anywhere seen so many old and respectable people gath-

ered together, talking over the events of their childhood, when the Queen, as the Scotch say, was but a "win-some lassie."

The world has rolled around and opened to our view a bright page in English history. The illustrious woman whom the good of all the world honor was born on the 24th of May, 1819, in the old Palace of Kensington. She was the daughter of the Duke of Kent and the Princess Victoria Maria Louisa, of Saxe Coburg, who had been married the previous year in Germany, by the Lutheran rite, and two months later by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the presence of the royal family. She was baptized in the drawing-room of Kensington Palace, where she afterwards held her first council. When six months old she lost her father, and was left to the sole care of her mother, an accomplished and elegant woman, who remained in England and brought up her daughter in severe simplicity. For three months a princess, born to the Duke of Clarence, stood between her and the throne; but this child died. For years she was kept in ignorance of the possibilities of her life; but when it was thought to be best to make it known to her by her governess, she said, "I will be good. Many would boast, but it has great responsibilities; and I now understand why you have urged me to learn so many things." Her uncle, William IV., the "Sailor King," died, and in the early dawn of June 20th, 1837, her two royal uncles, the Dukes of Sussex and Cumberland, the two Archbishops, the Premier and Lord Cottenham knocked at the gate of Kensington Palace, while the young Queen was yet asleep, and announced her succession. Half awake, and clad only in her night-ropes and a shawl, she received the call to her country's service which she has for fifty years so faithfully fulfilled.

The first effect of the Queen's succession was to give the whole kingdom the influenza. It is a matter of history that everybody had it badly. One is reminded of the beginning of the administration of our own martyred Lincoln, which was signalized by his having the varioloid, which, when it was revealed to him, he turned, as usual, to good practical account. He had been tormented beyond endurance by hordes of office-seekers, and as the doctor told him his disease, he said, "I am glad of it, for I have now something I can give to everybody." The influenza in England was so widespread that the offices of the civil service departments were deserted. Business of all kinds was suspended, because merchants, bankers, doctors all had it. At Woolwich fifty men of the royal artillery and engineers were taken into the hospital daily.

In this year, also, the earth's surface was contracted by the shortening of the distance across it by the establishment of steam communication with India, by the Red Sea, coming into harbor at Suez. Twenty days brought the mails from Bombay to Alexandria, and the time from Bombay to England was reduced to forty-two days. In this year, too, an embassy from the King of Madagascar arrived, and was presented at court. One of the embassy was a Hova, a man of years, dark-skinned and intelligent, and being for his peoples' sake desirous of making a good impression, he recalled many incidents of his long journey around the Cape in a sailing-vessel. When he had told all he could recollect, he asked if it would be agreeable to have him sing. He said he would sing a song that had whiled away many a weary hour in life's pilgrimage. Of course, all begged the venerable, dark-visaged old man to sing, expecting something heathenish or na-

tional, something social or convivial; perhaps a street song or a love ditty of this far-off land. But to their astonishment, and affecting not a few to tears as they saw the coming back of seed sown on the waters in missionary faith and zeal, he began in a thin, sweet tenor, in correct time and with the best effect,

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

He sang it throughout all its stanzas, each verse and line growing more subdued and tender. Afterward there was a deep, profound, awkward silence which it was difficult to break. “His name,” says the reporter of that day, “was as startling in length as his performance was surprising—Right Honorable Lord Rainiferongalarovo.” He was not a Christian, but a captive to its divine power and comforted by its solaces before he had yielded his life to its control. What changes hath God wrought in the life of the illustrious woman, loved by her people, but also revered wherever the gospel has gone! Her nation, by arms and diplomacy, has opened wide doors of opportunity to the missionary of the cross. Madagascar is now a jewel in Christ’s crown, one of the most wonderful of great conquests, without sword or blood, over a brave Christian and heroic people, who challenge the admiration of the world for their unconquerable patriotism, the peerless sacrifices they have made for their country and their faith—the crown of both never more resplendent than when on the head of a fearless and devoted woman. The Hovas still live, and every Christian patriot will pray that they may yet humble France and drive her in dishonor from their shores.

The progress of Great Britain in these fifty years baffles all calculation by figures. The accession of ter-

ritory manifests the gratification of British instinct. It is not the fruit simply of a desire for acquisition of territory adjacent, but any spot, barren or fruitful, sand deserts or rock ledges, extinct craters, or any thing that British feet can stand upon, or any thing that will take form in British imagination, is to them worth getting by purchase, stealth, or by conquest. Cyprus was taken, not because of any special service, but because it might become so. Aden, at the mouth of the Red Sea, in case of contest for empire in the East, would come, as some of our countrymen say, "mighty handy," for the same or better reasons. Hindoostan was annexed, and last of all the whole of Burmah. So the little island of Hong Kong was taken from China. Nobody could then see just why; it was done by the English instinct, and is now a stronghold of the British Empire. And when she cannot get all she takes a part, and getting her head, in the problem is solved as to the locality of her extremities. In this class are Borneo and New Guinea: Australia, which was but little better than a penal prison fifty years ago, unknown to England as to the rest of the world, is now a populous and prosperous empire of itself. New Zealand was not of sufficient importance at the accession of the Queen to have even a map of its own, and now it is among the Colonial stars that sparkle in Victoria's crown. She has pushed her way into Africa, and has there in process of Christianization and civilization in the South, Natal, Orange, Free State, the Transvaal, Bechuanna Land, &c. Egypt has been brought practically under the British crown. While there is sharp playing on the great national chess-board for this stake, England has it, and England keeps what she clutches; there has been only one great exception, over which we say, "Thank God!"—America.

The croaking is heard here which we so often hear, to wit, that the British Empire must fall to pieces from its own weight. Rome is the raw head and bloody bones of these lamentations. But the Romans were not Anglo-Saxons, nor are we English-speaking peoples living in the cycles of national decay. We heard all this, during the Mexican war, regarding our own country. One of the greatest orators and statesmen our country ever saw dug his own grave by it and heaped the clay upon himself in one of the most eloquent and classic speeches ever uttered. Extension of territory has been the life of England, for it has brought with it the extension of the Christian religion, civilization, better government, Christian humanities, extension of knowledge in all its departments. Discoveries have walked in the wake of her victories, and a wider dissemination of education both at home and abroad. In this half century of territorial aggrandizement England has opened up one-third part of Africa and handed it over to Christian civilization. Science, stimulated in these movements, has discovered the source of the Nile, traced the great Congo from its source to its mouth, explored the whole of Southern Africa, and discovered the great African lakes known only to the Jesuits of the seventeenth century. Except the unprecedented march in our own great country, there is nothing like it in the history of the world.

This progress has not been constant. England has staggered backwards more than once; the waves of progress have broken and flowed backward and been lost to observation; but these have re-formed and rolled up to the highest tidemark of to-day. After the terrific conflict with the French, ending with the battle of Waterloo, England began to feel a reaction from

long wasting. Croakers at that time prophesied further decay of trade to England, and of times when the fishermen would dry their nets on her wharves. The echoes of this we often hear from American pessimists, with whom the wish is generally father of the thought. The enormous national debt has been fully dilated upon, the extravagance of the government, &c. These, dark enough, but to which could be added a hundred more, it was said, would rupture England and cast her into the sea. These were evil prophesies of her own people. But no such calamities have come; and why? First, God is not done with England, nor her Protestant religion, nor her Protestant enterprise and civilization, nor her Christian propagandism, nor her inventive genius, inspired by the vitality and activity of her faith. God works in mysterious ways, while sin overreaches itself. Corruption consumes itself. Great sins stimulate great virtues, great extravagances waste a nation's substance and are followed by great economies, by which strong generations are reared out of the decay of the generations preceding.

The British national life seems to us to be directed somewhat after the policy of an eminent lawyer who was overwhelmed with professional business, and who was asked how he got through with it. He said, "Well, I wait till much of it does itself, then I do some of it, and the rest never gets done." An Englishman will go on suffering wrongs, staggering under anomalies until relief comes of itself in some sudden surprise, and often from an opposite direction from the objective point of national effort. He generally disappoints the croakers.

THE GREAT DAY.

ON the morning of June 21st the shout of jubilee broke forth in London from almost every thing that could make a jubilant noise. Salvos of artillery, steam-whistles from the river and rail, bells of every kind, chimes, in song and clangor, for hours sent up to the skies their glad, if not musical, notes. Bands in quick succession traversed the streets; bagpipes, accordions, mouth-organs, violins and harps, jew's-harp and penny trumpets, drums, songs by sailors on the crafts, on the streets, in the drinking houses were heard; busses, cabs and street-cars passed along filled with men and women shouting, "God save the Queen!" Great organs pealed forth in the almost countless churches. Thousands of devout and loyal hearts chanted in church and chapel the royal and loyal Psalms of David. Prayer, thanksgiving and praise from all went up in the name of the God of England, her strength and protector, the strong tower and refuge of his saints. Every thing that had history connected with it was remembered. England's monuments of the good and great were visited. Even Smithfield had its tributes of the living to read the inscriptions on the monuments of those who had given life to maintain the faith and freedom which now make England so strong and great.

The grave of John Bunyan in Bunhill Fields was not overlooked, nor were any of the places where pillories,

burnings and beheadings marked the moral progress of the nation to its Jubilee under its Christian Queen. The city was crammed. The air was heavy with hot, eager, human breaths. The crowds of the living were dense and apparently motionless, yet their motion was involuntarily toward Westminster, for in the jam there was no safety except to sway with it. Multitudes stood at Trafalgar Square and at Westminster, and for a radius of miles around, from six in the morning to half-past ten for a view of the first installment of nobility—the notables of the army from England, India and her colonies, in which Lord Wolseley was by no means a striking figure. In this group passed the carriage of the Indian Princess Maharajah Halkar and the Thakore Sahib of Marvi and suite. Then passed the Queen of Hawaii and attendants in cloth of gold; then Princess Francis and Alexander of Teck.

As far as the eye could reach even the walls were festooned with loyal life; men and women stood in windows, filled balconies, men hung from the sides of the walls, clung to the lightning rods, hung to turnbuckles, stood on the frames of awnings, climbed to the pinnacles and roofs of the Abbey, sat on the sharp iron points of the high fences on the wall around the Abbey. The police could not club them off, or if they did it was that they might climb up again. Men hung to the great rings in the mouths of the lion heads projecting from the walls and gates. Men hired out their backs and shoulders for a shilling for five minutes to hold up the Zaccheuses of the multitude. The roofs everywhere groaned under enthusiastic life bent on seeing the Queen. One of *Punch's* witticisms on the day before was realized. A nobleman advertised to let three chimney pots, as they are called here, (with us terra

cotta tops). Two of these pots were advertised at five guineas each, the third pot at the reduced price of three guineas, because of the necessity of keeping the kitchen fire burning to prepare dinner. The thrust will be seen as two-edged, one cuts the trafficking instinct of the nobility and the other is aimed at the fools who have been wild for places.

This Jubilee has been marked in every step of its progress; not only by the respect of the people for their sovereign, but for themselves. In all that crowd of nearly two millions of people, waiting in weariness and intense heat for the coming of their Queen, there was no disorder or drunken demonstrations. Men and women were fainting and were carried off by the police on stretchers; not less than one hundred such cases were within our observation, yet not an arrest was made of a drunken disturber. The purpose to keep their best offerings for the Queen was also as marked as all their other modes of respect. They cheered moderately the great personages, but a better demonstration was kept from even her children for the more venerated mother. Part of the royal family of children and grand-children passed before her. Foreign princesses of the blood and foreign rulers were mostly in state carriages, which are closed. But the Queen made a departure in regard to herself and children, ordering open barouches for them that the people might have the fullest opportunity to behold them. More handsome women cannot be found, as members of one family, in the world. They are all fair with well-shaped faces, none yet showing the family tendency of the George's to obesity. The male portion of the royal heads are diminutive with few exceptions. Prince Albert is a little above average height and begins to look like a big man. The Duke

of Edinburgh is of good size, but stature is the exception among the men so far as we were able to observe.

It was nearly two o'clock when the object of all desire and the cause of all the patient waiting through weary hours came into sight. Her surroundings were magnificent; the wealth and ingenuity of all the centuries of English history, her battles, her triumphs, her wealth, her martial splendors, her genius, her magnificent treasures of intellect and learning, were all expressed or symbolized in the coming pageant. The centuries of the glory of India were made prominent in a body-guard, shining in all that an Oriental mind conceives as splendid, for royal protection. The sight might engage the attention of the foreigner, but the eyes of England and its dependencies were on a motherly, thoughtful, Christian woman, on whose life was neither spot nor blemish. The head of the country, the head of the church, the embodiment of the civilization and glories of centuries, she was the grand personation of kingdom and empire. Her appearance was dignified but cheerful, she had for the first time since the death of the Prince-Consort taken from her person every sign of mourning and widowhood. It was a Jubilee to her people, and she would readily contribute to their happiness by removing every vestige of the long separation between them, on account of her many and grievous family afflictions. She is, contrary to all adverse criticisms, a very handsome woman, so far as we are competent to judge, and being a citizen of a country unsurpassed in the production of this article we are confident of rendering an accurate opinion. Her face is full, without being fat or flabby; age does not yet appear in deformity; and a more handsome woman at the

age of sixty-nine cannot be found on either hemisphere.

The last to appear was her cortege, drawn by those famous horses only used on state occasions, cream-colored, as the English say, but light dove color as they appeared to us, caparisoned in gold and jewels, and bestrode by men glittering in gold. The people broke into the resistless shout of "God save the Queen," and kept on rending the heavens until she was out of hearing. It was as the noise of mighty waters, of thunders such as reminded us of the descriptions in the book of the Apocalypse of what shall be given. What occurred within the walls of that monumental Abbey, the centre in all English records of history, in the shades of centuries of treasured greatness and in the ashes of heroes slain in England's battles, of martyrs and confessors to the truth, the great and good in mind and morals, her poets and statesmen, her inventors and explorers, we did not see, but read of her kneeling before the Great King at whose feet she laid her crown and confessed her sins; implored God's mercy in the name of Jesus Christ and begged for his strength for her duties until the day comes when He shall strip her of these borrowed vestments that she may lie down in the dust, where her humblest subject shall be her peer. But "Long live Victoria" must be the prayer of all Christian hearts.

This Jubilee has been made a time of taking account of religious progress and results. Missionary societies engaged in work at home and abroad are having both anniversaries and jubilees. Many of these organizations are as old as the Queen's reign. The Established Church is making the event a great occasion in its history, in reviews of work done and the

mapping out of work to do for the next half century, and the devising of plans and gathering means to do it. This may be said more or less of all Christian thinkers and workers. They are all preparing for new departures and adjusting plans and their working machinery more to the peculiar demands of the age. All Christian life in this kingdom is just now on a tour of inspection. Explorations are on foot. Calebs and Joshuas are out spying the land of future conquests, measuring the stature of the giants, estimating the kind and strength of the forces to conquer. Foreign missionary work is occupying more of the Christian thought and purpose than ever before. The bases of operations are being widened. More intelligent conception of the work is disseminated. Better workers are coming forward. Foreign Missions have certainly opened a large field for the surplus energy of intelligent Christian men and women of England, Ireland and Scotland. Ministers' children are taking it up conscientiously and eagerly. There has been but a limited field for this consecrated talent and learning heretofore; the ministry is a profession more than full, and can satisfy any demands that will promise even a scanty support. But now sons and daughters can find congenial work in China, India, Egypt; some are even going to the Soudan. These countries are not looked upon as so far away from here as from us. The line of travel is crowding eastward; men and women from these isles are going everywhere East, either as travellers or to do business. Wherever Christianity has gone in the person of a single missionary, or where the traders have gone ahead, even on the Dark Continent, they are calling in Macedonian cries, "Come over and help us!" Never in the history of

Missions were so many ready and anxious to go, and never was the whole Church of Christ so ready to send. The fields are not more ready for the harvests than are the harvesters to go into them.

And what is more cheering, the missionaries are not adventurers, but men and women born to the work. The leaders have come forth from out the loins of the ministry at home, born in the manse and parsonage, consecrated to God in their birth, and trained to all the duties and accomplishments of soul-saving as the business of life. Many of the men have stood in the front rank of the universities, well equipped in all the departments of knowledge. Not a few have studied the languages of the countries to which they go before entering the field. Great attention is being given to the medical arm of the service; medical colleges have in almost every class numbers of Christian young men preparing for this phase of the work, and for the Zenanas the brightest female intellects of the kingdom are preparing with great thoroughness for the treatment of female diseases, now shut away beyond man's skill or sympathy.

It is a constant wonderment how God distributes the vital forces of earth when and where he pleases. Intellect has felt on these isles the straitened conditions of greater supply than demand; but now God has opened a highway for the distribution of this force; he is giving a wider theatre for the disbursement of these values, and avenues of demand are opening in these dark places which will last for centuries.

There are other departures in the plans for the future in this world-conquering agency. It is not expected that Britons will convert these people in the mass, but rather lead in the raising up among them of a native

ministry educated in the faith, which will do it with less hindrance, with more wisdom as to the environments, and with the power which comes from race influences and affinities. And this is not only wise as an English measure, but philosophical and divine in method, for it is God's ordination in the incarnation, and in every form of its application, that man shall not only be saved by man, but every one by his own particular kind.

Another departure is in the process of realization, which is the increased use of the English tongue. It is no longer a problem as to what language will dominate the world in the future, and wherever there is any commerce with heathendom men know the advantages of speaking English, and they are eager to learn. "Yes, from pure cupidity," says the religious sentimentalist. No matter; if a man can be persuaded that his bread and butter and the salvation of his soul come alike from God, and can be had by speaking the English language, for God's honor let him speak it, help him to speak it. The *Presbyterian* has advocated this idea for years, and we are glad that it is beginning to be organized into a policy for a faithful and honest experiment. English-teaching and speaking schools are meeting with enthusiastic reception in commercial places in heathendom, and when we hear them speaking the language in which the gospel can be presented in its truest conception, in words with which no ideas of idolatry can be associated, we have them half won to Christ. It seems to us that the best way to save the heathen nations is to denationalize them as quickly as possible, and this is the policy on which politicians and statesmen have wrought and are working; that is, that the language of a conquered people must be changed before

they can be unified by the conquering government. This Germany is doing in Alsace and Lorraine; and Austria also has done this, and all wise nations formed from alien peoples who aspire to nationality must do likewise.

The school-mistress, especially when found in the Zenanas, is more than a match for heathenism. In slavery days, in the United States, it was considered beneath the dignity of young men and women in the South to teach school, so that the instruction of the South was given up to the North. Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, is reported to have said sneeringly to the great Massachusetts Senator one day, as a drove of mules and asses were going through the streets of the capital at Washington, "There goes a company of your constituents." "Yes," said Mr. Webster, "they are going South to teach school." There was more than the overwhelming of a mean taunt in this reply, even a drove of mules and asses going out to teach mules more ignorant than themselves is a force bound to conquer in the end. Not making any further comparison than to show the *principle* involved, we say solemnly and reverently that when the English-speaking school-masters and mistresses, constrained by the love of Christ, are once turned loose on heathenism the people will cast their idols to the moles and bats and will join in the triumphal chorus of redeeming love, saying, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

THE JUBILEE IN MISSIONS.

NO change has occurred on this side of the ocean more marked than the change in regard to lay work. There is a growing disposition to send out godly laymen to the mission work both at home and abroad without regard to the educational requirements insisted on in the Presbyterian and other Churches. The last Irish Assembly, at Belfast, so far adopted this policy that they determined to send forth an eminent man, whose services had been tried and appreciated among them as a missionary worker of piety, capacity, zeal and experience. The drift of opinion in the Assembly, as far as we heard, was in this direction, and this drift will grow stronger if the only exception they have ever made shall report success one year from the time of this meeting.

Foreign missionary zeal and sacrifice do not lag behind in Scotland. In some localities the spirit of missions has risen to an enthusiasm. The subject occupied an important place in the attention of all three of the Assemblies—Established, Free and United Presbyterian. The deputations visiting the Irish Assemblies all spoke, not only hopefully, but enthusiastically, of this arm of the service, and nowhere is this more manifest than in the Christian activities of the Established Churches, Scotch and English. In some respects they are leading the host. When the disruption in Scotland

occurred it left but little to the Establishment but the church buildings, livings and manses, but the few that remained woke up and took in the situation, concluding wisely that only a more active piety and a more careful looking after perishing men would repair the desolations and save them from everlasting sterility. They have caught up with the vital movement of the Free Church, which left all of worldly prospects behind at the disruption. There is not in all the history of the Church a greater marvel of recuperative power, nor can it be said now, as was truly said in the past, that the Established Church of Scotland is effete, or that it is likely to become so. This we say as a matter of simple justice, for we are not enthusiastic for Establishments, nor do we detract aught from the work of the noble Free Church in what we have thus said.

The English Establishment began to be stirred by two causes. The Romanizing revival called out all the energies of intense partisanship, or rather this monomania (Romamania?) of imitators, who always chafe to go further than it is expedient, worked hard on hostile sensibilities around them. Bigotry is the very essence of assumed religious superiority, Pharisaism is its vital breath; it lives and breathes in ceremonials, vestments, wax candles and postures. It soon produces a dialect all its own—a high religious cant, which is bound to call attention to itself. It lives in an air of contempt for simple, unadorned piety, even in the bosom of the same church, for those in the Established Church who would so far fellowship dissenters as even to wish them well would be held to be culprits, certainly against high caste, if not against heaven. These men are separatists—separatists in the hostility generated in their own position, and separatists from the fact that better men

and women desire to get away from them. Their presence is often plainly seen to be offensive, in the cars or at a dinner party, and even at a funeral.

If there was a difference between the advanced Ritualist and the Roman Catholic worth a penny we would toss it to the Romanist side, for Rome has been consistent; it is not an imitator, it is not a turncoat; its followers are not obliged to be excessive in ritual to show that they are genuine, and that past religious affinities have not in the slightest degree affected them. But even here one of the standing paradoxes of Christianity appears. Within this forbidding thorn-hedge there is Christian life, true, humble and devout, a piety that soars far above its enclosures. Nowhere is there more self-denying service rendered to the poor and needy, not by the people we have been describing, but by Christ's own whom they have corraled, and who are so busy in their Master's work that they do not care to know who are doing police duty. It is strange, but true, that while these High-church dignitaries, Ritualists and semi-Romanists exhibit not the best but worst phases of Roman Catholicism, rendering them so hard and uncharitable to others who claim to be the followers of Christ, and whose works show their sincerity, yet these same people work with an astonishing zeal and consecration for the destitute and depraved. No more prosperous and useful missions and agencies of every kind can be found in the kingdom than theirs; open air meetings, searchings in the slums, fishing out the lost from the very cesspools of degradation, and making the most ample provision for their^o wants, and adding also helps adequate to their eternal betterment. This party in the Established Church is not behind any other, and we would not intimate that their motives

and sacrifices are not sincere. They are, in our judgment, excessively narrow and bigoted, offensive to many Christians, but it is a small matter that they should despise other Christians if they will only do their duty to the world. It is better if they have Christ in symbolism than no Christ, better that their work should be narrow and one-sided than that they should not work at all. Their teachings, however, are often more churchly than Christly; Christ is too often made a prisoner in the Church.

But all this has called another class into existence, for action and reaction are equal. The Broad-church is the reaction from the High-Church. Ritualism and rationalism run always on parallel lines, and the one pre-supposes the other. Broad-churchism is about equal in strength to High-Churchism. It is less offensive in its spirit but more dangerous in its results, as it is easier to lower the moral tone of society by rationalistic treatment of God's Word than to raise it. The brightest intellects and the best educated in, at least, modern attainments, are on the Broad side of the English Church, but they have neither the intensity of religious conviction, nor the self-sacrificing spirit, of the Ritualists. The anomaly lies in the fact that both live in the same ecclesiastical connection, without positiveness enough on either side to attempt to crowd the other out. We know that the reply is made that there is liberty enough not to antagonize each other on non-essentials, but if the issues between them are enough to separate into two such classes, it is absurd and insincere to call them non-essentials.

But there is another great division who do not get along so well with the two we have described as the

other two do with each other. These people protest in their hearts, in their doctrines and lives against both broadness and narrowness alike. They have confidence in all that sincerely name Christ's name, they believe such are the Lord's own, and are in sympathy and fellowship with them. They hate the restraints of legalism and ceremonialism, on the one side, and they hate laxness on the other. They are *evangelical* in the highest sense; they work more out of personal love to Christ than for any churchly expression of it. They are members of the Church of England, and always will be, but their fellowships are outside of it, because it does not give them the form of life and activity their souls crave. They are vitalized Episcopalians. They declare their utter unbelief in sacramental grace and baptismal regeneration, &c. Such doctrines are not in their Bibles, and not, therefore, in the creed of their daily lives. These Christians go to the Lord's Supper to receive its benefits through memory, obedience and faith. They hear the word preached in their church, accepting what is according to the plain teaching of God's Word, and what accords with the experiences of Christian life. They love the Word of God and read it intelligently and devoutly, following it closely, and they gain grace to make their lives conform to Christ's command and example.

The kingdom is alive with such Christians, and their presence promises to make all good permanent. In all the church of God on earth there are no better people, or people working harder to promote God's glory in holy living or in efforts to save souls. This part of the Church will not probably number more than one-third of the members of the Established Church, but as Gideon's mode of eliminating his army of three hundred from

about thirty-two thousand shows that numerical strength is not always real strength, this one-third may have more than half of the real strength of the Establishment. And that they are doing one-half of the work which is now evangelizing England, and bringing it back to its loyalty to Christ, few who know the relative power of the forces will doubt. The Christlike zeal of this evangelical part of the Established Church is infused into both the High-church and the Nonconformists, for they work with the Nonconformists, and keep up in this way a vital connection between them and the Established Church, and both encourage the godly element within the High and Ritual, and act as a counter-irritant for good on the "exclusives," as we may term them. By these we mean those who know of no other way of serving God except by prelatical machinery and much millinery. The Evangelicals are in every movement intended to save and help men, and work with all likeminded in this direction. They are Episcopalians, and love their Church, as they ought, but are not forever using it as an instrument of mean torture to those who find their church affinities in other organizations. There are those in the Establishment, we fear, who by their exclusiveness, church pride and superciliousness, have never gotten beyond the notion, even in the nineteenth century, that *the* Church, as they are pleased to call it, is an ordained pillory maintained through the grace of an unbroken succession.

And this will go far to explain what many are pleased to call "the curse of Voluntaryism," or the tremendous movement toward unchurchliness in London. It would be next to impossible to estimate the evangelical work carried on in London through organizations not connected with any Church, but whose forces

come out of all the Churches. In this the Evangelical part of the Established Church can join without church hamperings. If they wish they can pray extemporaneously; if they wish they can attend the celebration of the Lord's Supper in Nonconformist simplicity. They can ask brethren of this body to preach and talk in these independent chapels, at the head of which are Evangelical Episcopalians. It is love of the liberty with which Christ makes his people free that builds and encourages these independent movements, and organizations of all Christians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, Presbyterians, Plymouth Brethren, and whoever else love the cause and are ready to give themselves and their labors to it.

We have gone into the subject of these divisions in the Established Church to explain some things not understood in our country. We do not mean to convey the idea that, with our limited opportunities, we have to any considerable extent comprehended all these strange movements, but we think we have at least given clues which will lead in the right directions. Notwithstanding all the divisions and apparent hindrances, the Established Church, in its several phases, is a tremendous power for good. It is shallowness and untruthfulness even to imagine that it is effete, or losing its hold upon the masses. Never in its history has it more fully comprehended the needs of the perishing millions, or more effectively set itself to meet them. One can only look in amazement at the work that is being done in every form which loving ingenuity can suggest. The Church of England reminds us of a fine forest over which the flames have swept, and while on the expanse stands dead timber, limbless and lifeless, yet there is a bewildering undergrowth full of sap,

covered with a foliage proclaiming the fullest measure of life, and as the tallest trees grow in clumps, so the young and ardent life of this Church of to-day is covering up the defects of the tall, but dead trees of the past, and soon will crowd them out of their places in the onward progress of renewed life.

DR. BERNARDO'S MISSION SCHOOL.

W E have taken the pains to go into some of the Home Mission fields that they might be examined in practical detail. The work of Dr. Bernardo is the most remarkable in its beginnings and progress, and peculiar in the class of miseries it has laid hold upon. Dr. Bernardo, who was a young medical student twenty years ago, was induced by Christian workers, as many medical students here do still, to teach in the ragged schools. He had for three years, as far as his studies would permit, conducted a voluntary night school among rough boys and girls, the children of the poor laboring classes. There was distressing poverty at times here—ragged, hungry and cruelly treated children. He thought that this was the depth of London poverty, but God gave him a surprising revelation of what he had never even dreamed about, nor would he have believed if he had. He was sceptical as to the existence of the genuine Arab class; but one night the curtain between truth and unbelief was lifted. After his evening scholars had gone one cold winter's night, when the wind sought every aperture in house and clothing to install its shiverings, standing by the fire in the school-room, and making no sign of departure, was

a miserable specimen of human kind whose limbs were scantily covered with filthy rags. The Doctor being ready to depart said, "Come, my lad, it is time to go home," but he did not move a limb or a muscle. Again the solemn command came to him to depart for his home.

"Your mother will be uneasy about you, and all the rest of the children are gone. Come along now, I am going to lock up."

"Please, sir," whined the lad, "let me stay."

"No, I cannot, I am going to turn the lights out."

"Please, sir, let me stop, I will do no harm."

"I cannot. Why do you want to stop? Your mother will be alarmed about you."

"I ain't got no mother."

"Where is your father?"

"I ain't got any."

"Well, where are your friends, and where do you live?"

"I ain't got no friends, and don't live nowhere."

The boy impressed the young physician that he was telling the truth. He called him near, and he came slowly, lifting each foot as though it weighed fifty pounds, but at last he stood before his inquisitor, either a mendacious little scamp or the saddest child ever seen. He closely scrutinized him to see which of the suppositions was true. He was but little more than a child, and to this hour, said the Doctor, "though nineteen years have rolled away, the face and figure of that boy stand out clear before my mental vision." From a leaflet we gather further description in the Doctor's own words:

The small, spare, stunted frame, clad in miserable rags—loathsome from their dirt—without either shirt,

shoes, or stockings, told me at a glance that here was a phase of poverty far beneath any thing with which the noisy, wayward children of my ragged school had familiarized me.

He said, in answer to my inquiry, that he was only ten years of age, though his face was not that of a child. It had a careworn, old-mannish look, which was only relieved by the bright, keen glances of his small, sharp eyes. This sadly over-wise face of his, together with the sound of his querulous, high-pitched tones, as he responded glibly to my questions, conveyed to my mind—I knew not why—an acute sense of pain.

Of course, I cross-examined him searchingly, but I am bound to say that, although I felt utterly puzzled and mystified by his statements, there was a ring of truth and reality in his voice, and an unconscious air of sincerity about him which convinced me, ere I had half done my inquiries, that I was on the threshold of a revelation.

“Do you mean to say, my boy,” I at length asked, “that you really have no home at all, and that you have no father or mother or friends?”

“That’s the whole truth on’t, sir. I ain’t tellin’ you no lies.”

“Where did you sleep last night?” I added.

“Down in Whitechapel, along o’ the ’aymarket, in one o’ them carts filled with ’ay. There I met a chap as I know’d, an’ he tell’d me to come up ’ere to the school to get warm; an’ he sed p’raps you’d let me lie nigh the fire all night.”

As I looked at him my heart sank within me, and then too for the first time I thought, is it possible that in this great city there are others also homeless as young as he and as poorly prepared against the chill

blasts of winter? May there not be many such in this great London of ours, so full of wealth, of open Bibles and gospel preaching? I turned to the lad as he stood awaiting my answer and asked:

“Are there other poor boys like you in London?”

With a grim smile of wonderment at my ignorance he replied:

“O! yes, sir! lots, 'eaps o' 'em, more'n I could count.”

I could not believe it, with all the boasted efforts of both church and philanthropy, and resolved to prove his ready statement, and said, “If I will give you as much hot coffee as you can drink and a place to sleep, will you take me to where some of these poor boys are, and show me their hiding-places?” He said “yes” with a will, as the thought of as much coffee as he could drink and a warm place to sleep gave emphasis.

He followed me to my quarters, giving me his hand, and his little bare feet pattered through the freezing slush. He was sat down by a warm fire and his warm food put before him, which he ate with such voracity that I feared he would suffer as much from over-feeding as from hunger. But the coffee put new life in him. As my experience since has taught that food and warmth and a sense of security have loosened many a slow tongue, so it was with Jim, for he told me his name, Jim Jarvis, and opened up his history in the fulness of his grateful heart. He was a gaunt little vagabond, and his sharp witticisms more than once disturbed my gravity, but there was an undertone of miserable recollections which frequently drew tears to my eyes as he told me about his trials.

He ran on in his own way to tell me, “I never knowed my father, sir. Mother was always sick, an'

when I wor a little kid'' (he did not look a very big one now) "she went to the 'firmary, an' they put me into the school. I wor all right while I wor there, but soon arter, mother died, an' then I runned away from the 'ouse!"

"How long ago was that?"

"Dunno 'zactly, sir; but it's more'n five years ago, I reckon."

"And what did you do then?"

"I got along o' a lot of boys, sir, down near Wapping way; an' there wor an ole lady lived there as wunst knowed mother, an' she let me lie in a shed at the back; an' while I wor there I got on werry well. She wor werry kind, an' gev' me nice bits o' broken wittals. Arter this I did odd jobs with a lighterman, to help him aboard a barge. He treated me werry bad—knocked me about frightful. He used to thrash me for nothin', an' I didn't sometimes have any thing to eat; an' sometimes he'd go away for days, an' leave me alone with the boat."

"Why did you not run away, then, and leave him?" I asked.

"So I would, sir, but Dick—that's his name, they called him 'Swearin' Dick'—one day arter he thrashed me awful, swore if ever I runned away he'd catch me an' take my life; an' he'd got a dog aboard as he made smell me, an' he telled me, if I tried to leave the barge the dog 'ud be arter me; an', sir, he were such a big, fierce un. Sometimes, when Dick were drunk, he'd put the dog on me, 'out of fun,' as he called it; an' look 'ere, sir, that's what he did wunst."

And the poor little fellow pulled aside some of his rags, and showed me the scarred marks, as of teeth, right down his leg.

“Well, sir, I stopped a long while with Dick. I dunno how long it wor; I’d have runned away often, but I wor afeared, till one day a man came aboard, and said as how Dick was gone—’listed for a soldier when he wor drunk. So I says to him, ‘Mister,’ says I, ‘will yer ’old that dog a minit?’ So he goes down the ’atchway with him, an’ I shuts down the ’atch tight on ’em both; an’ I cries, ‘’Ooray!’ an’ off I jumps ashore, an’ runs for my werry life, an’ never stops till I gets up near the Meat Market; an’ all that day I wor afeared old Dick’s dog ’ud be arter me.”

“O, sir,” continued the boy, “the perlice were the hardest on me; there wor no gittin’ no rest from ’em. They always kept a movin’ me on. Sometimes, when I’d a good stroke of luck, I got a three-penny loaf; but it wor awful in the lodging-houses o’ summer nights with the bitin’ and sc̄ratchin’. I could get no sleep, so I mostly slept out on the wharf or anywheres. When the perlice catch me sometimes they would let me off with a kick or a knock on the side of the ’ead.”

I gave up questioning him, and drawing his chair and my own close to the bright fire, I told him slowly, and in the simplest language I could command, the wonderful story of the Babe born in Bethlehẽm. After describing the goodness, compassion and love which the Lord Jesus had shown for everybody, I went on to speak of his trial before Pilate, his cruel scourging, and his crown of thorns. The little fellow, who had been listening all the while with the most intense interest, occasionally asked questions which showed his shrewd application of these events to the only life he knew. He was much moved to sympathy, and when I proceeded to tell him the whole of the sad story of our Lord’s crucifixion, and described to him the use

of the nails, and of the spear, and of the gall given to drink, little Jim fairly broke down, and said, amid his tears, "O, sir, that wor wuss nor Swearin' Dick sarved me!"

Then I knelt down and asked the Lord to bless this little waif of the streets. When I arose to prepare for my midnight journey, the poor child's eyes were suffused with tears, and I could not but hope and believe that this young heart, so long neglected, was being opened to the gentle voice of the Good Shepherd. It was after midnight when we started to fulfil his promise to show me where there were "lots of 'em" of his kind. He led me into Houndsditch. Here we ascended a step or two into a kind of narrow court, through which we passed. And as my doubts were coming uppermost as to his sincerity, he said, "We will come on 'em soon; they dursent stay about here on account of the perlice."

With bated breath he said, "You'll soon see lots o' 'em if we don't wake 'em up."

A high dead wall stood before us. I said, "Where are the boys, Jim?"

"Up there, sir," pointing with his finger to the iron roof of the shed of which the wall before us was the boundary. There seemed no way up; but Jim made light work of it by finding holes in the wall into which he planted his toes until he was up, and I followed. We stood on the stone coping, and there, exposed upon the dome-shaped roof, lay eleven boys with their heads upon the higher part and their feet somewhat in the gutter, but in a great variety of positions—some coiled up as dogs before a fire, some huddled two or three together, and others more apart, without covering of any kind upon them, though it was freezing cold. The

rags that most of them wore were mere apologies for clothing. One big fellow appeared to be about eighteen years old; the ages of the others ranged from nine to fourteen.

Just then the moon shone clearly out. I have already said it was a bitterly cold, dry night, and as the pale light of the moon fell upon the upturned faces of those poor boys, and as I, standing there, realized for one awful moment the terrible fact that they were all absolutely homeless and destitute, and were perhaps but samples of numbers of others, it seemed as though the hand of God himself had suddenly pulled aside the curtain which concealed from my view the untold miseries of forlorn child-life upon the streets of London. Jim looked at the whole thing from a very matter-of-fact point of view.

"Shall I wake 'em, sir?" he asked.

Overcome with the horror of my own thoughts, and with my heart beating with compassion for these unhappy lads whom I knew not how to assist, all I could say in response was, "Hush; don't let us attempt to disturb them."

I felt at that moment, standing there alone in the still silence of the night, with sleeping London all around me, so powerless to help these poor fellows that I did not dare to interrupt their slumbers. All I could do was to turn sadly away, wiser, but more miserable because of my utter helplessness in this awful extremity.

After we had descended, Jim, in his matter-of-fact way, said:

"Shall we go to another lay, sir? There are lots more."

I had seen enough, and wished no further revelations at that hour of the night. My future career was

determined, though I had to wait and toil long years before my purpose was to any large extent realized. I was a comparative stranger in London myself, but our Heavenly Father, who feeds the hungry ravens, heard the prayer of my heart, and gradually opened the way to accomplish the work I had set before me.

HOME MISSIONARY WORK IN LONDON.

THE inspiration to the life-work of Dr. Bernardo, when a young medical student, is given in the last chapter. We feel sure that our readers will wish to know what was the outcome of that night's search among the homeless. He never turned from that night's purpose, formed in silence as he surveyed the uncovered forms of those eleven boys in that freezing November's night. He began in a very small way. A little house in a mean street was first secured, in which he placed twenty-five homeless waifs. The old tumble-down house needed repairs in every part, which the young Doctor and his boys did, and many a happy hour was spent in whitewashing the walls and ceilings, and scrubbing the floors and making other repairs necessary to make it even tenantable for street Arabs. Then he went fishing for men, to which the Lord had called his disciples and promised to give them success. He spent two whole nights upon the streets, and cast the net on the right side of the ship and brought to the shore twenty-five homeless lads, all willing and eager to accept such help as could be given them. It would be hard to imagine a happier scene than that first evening in the old ramshackled house, when kneeling

down before they retired to rest, the first family of twenty-five, when the Doctor was not more than twenty years old. He and the poor homeless boys were alike dependent on God alone. Strength was to be in united supplication to Him who had said to all, "Ask and ye shall receive," and the boys could be heard following in confessing with him their sins and beseeching the continued care of Him who feeds the sparrows.

God heard and blessed from that hour; every day some token in some unlooked-for form of His grace surprised and comforted them. Soon the old tumble-down house was improved until it developed into a large and capacious building, large enough for three hundred and fifty boys. Other branches followed. The Village Home for Girls, founded in 1873, now shelters over six hundred little girls rescued from like dangers and destitutions, utterly homeless, wandering half naked the nights through, sleeping anywhere they could hide or keep from freezing. In all eight thousand poor boys and girls, many of them orphans, since that first night of adventure with Jim have been snatched from hunger and that more awful destroyer that feeds on virtue as a wolf on lambs, and have been taught to master handicrafts and brought under the sway of Christian love.

These homes are wonderful institutions, an unanswerable argument to the divine nature of Christianity, arguments against infidelity worth more than tomes of what passes as evidences and apologetics. The advantage of this work is that there are no explanations needed. There are, at present, thirty-three distinctly separate institutions in various parts of the kingdom and in the colonies, under the name of "Doctor Bernardo's Homes;" over ten thousand boys and girls have

already, by them, been removed from the vagabond life of the streets; from the perils of orphanhood, or taken out of immoral environments. These have all been educated, taught trades or fitted for domestic service. Many of them have been added as devout disciples to the church of Christ. We made a tour of inspection through two of these homes; in one were school-rooms where the boys were being taught in the elementary branches and were making as good progress as any similar number of well-to-do children in our own country. In other rooms the boys were tailoring, making and mending their own clothes, and in others making and mending their own boots and shoes; others were doing carpenter work; others in the laundry; others baking and cooking; and every thing else that could fit them for life's struggles and triumphs.

The place is spotlessly clean, and baths and swimming-pools are provided, where the boys are taught to swim. They are dressed in sailor costume, which gives splendid effect without being expensive. They have to work from five o'clock in the morning to six at night when they first come in order to test their willingness. To promote discipline they are all worked very hard, but are fed well and have appetites for their food, with which they are liberally provided. They have two hours a day for recreation in the yard of the Home, and half the day on Saturday, in which they are taken to outside places of interest. One hundred and fifty of these great strapping fellows, picked up off the streets and stowaways found on ships, speaking fourteen different languages, were in the service at Mildmay Mission in their blue trousers, white shirts and palm-leaf hats. In the breast-pocket of their sailor shirts was a Bible and copy of Sankey's hymns. They are under

military discipline and move like regulars, confirming what has been to us a long impression, that military discipline is essential in any well-regulated school. The habit of implicit obedience to a superior will is one of the best possible attainments for men. These once outcast boys, thrown clear away from the bosom of society, almost from humanity, ranged in age from sixteen to twenty, and cannot stay long in the institution, but long enough for many of them to be converted by faith in the Lord Jesus and to go forth a blessing to society.

We have never seen so many young men together without some one being trifling, and when they sang it brought the great congregation to tears, and well they might weep at the thought of their neglects and what possibilities there are in Christ Jesus for the veriest dregs of society. They stood before men and women, who had no temptations from want, to remind them of the fact that millions of such are lost because the Church has not yet come to believe that "it is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." It reminded one of the character of the congregation that must have stood around the Apostle Peter on the day of Pentecost—one hundred and fifty speaking fourteen different languages, black, white, copper-colored, European, Asiatic and American. Two black boys who had come as stowaways from their country and were reduced to starvation, would have starved but for this wonderful English Christian charity.

It will interest our readers to know what Dr. Bernardo can find for them to do. We have named several trades, but these are taught to the younger boys. In the temporary home for the older ones some

saw kindling wood from ship-loads of lumber waste that comes from Norway. It is cut and arranged into all kinds of kindling, and in shape for matches. Many make temperance drinks, which are a great institution on this side of the ocean in aid of practical temperance. Ginger ale, ginger lemonade, soda water, &c., are manufactured by these waifs by the thousand barrels and sold all over the kingdom. But what is of most interest is their emigration to Canada.

Doctor Bernardo cannot supply the demand for the services of boys and girls in England, because he will not send out any that cannot be relied upon as able to do what they profess. Nobody is rejected who applies night or day, but each applicant is put on trial for three qualities—honesty, truthfulness and moral cleanliness, every thing else is endured and usually cured. Of course, such men and women, with this training in skill and morals, would be in demand. But the Doctor, preferring to remove them from temptation and from the humiliating remembrances of their past, sends them to Canada to Christian and philanthropic people, who distribute them as far as possible in Christian homes. Many have gone to Manitoba and other north-western settlements. Ten thousand and five hundred have been so distributed, many of whom are heads of Christian families of their own, citizens of no mean standing, members of the churches, Sabbath-school teachers, and some preaching the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Doctor has gone several times to see them located, and is going within the next fortnight with one hundred and fifty choice ones, and soon will follow as many more. No one who has ever been in this institution is lost sight of; correspondence goes on regularly with the institution, and if a baby is born to any

of the former inmates, the fact is reported and prayers offered up for its future. There are many incidents connected with these lives which cannot be surpassed in true pathos of duty faithfully done under trying circumstances.

One of the boys was known by the name of Jack. He was a genuine Arab, who had "picked up" a living after the fashion of the traditional "yaller dog"—kicked and cuffed, homeless and friendless, he had been educated into grim stoicism. Under any grievance his response was a snarl. The sunshine had all gone out of him when he entered the Home. Poor Jack had been prematurely frost-bitten. Smiles and kind words embarrassed him; he did not know at first what they meant. He was gradually thawed out on the outside of his life, but, like a frozen apple set before the fire, while the heat might blister the outside, his heart was frozen. It took Divine power to thaw his, but Jack obtained it through prayers and tears.

His hard-hearted companions taunted him with their coarse wit, but Jack made no reply, except to say, "Fellows, I am not what I was. I will be a better boy with God's help, and by-and-by you will say that God has helped me." He had learned to read, and his Bible was his constant companion. In the long room of more than a hundred iron cots Jack would kneel down before his bed, no matter how weary, and pray for himself, at first in whispers, then becoming absorbed would pray loud enough to be heard by all the hundred boys. At first they came up to his cot on tip-toe from idle curiosity, or to make fun, but this soon stopped, as he, all unconscious of their presence, would plead with God for their salvation, calling their names;

and before long, as soon as Jack would kneel, a great number of the boys would steal up and kneel around his cot reverentially to hear his lower-toned commencement.

On succeeding days they would come to him to know what had changed him so that now he was so happy, and so Jack commenced to preach without knowing that he was a preacher, until, to the surprise of all the officials of the institution, a constant revival of religion was going on, and the boys were crying to God for mercy. They were having their prayer-meetings and inquiry-meetings, in which Jack was the central figure, expounding the Word of God and instructing his fellows, to the surprise of older Christians. Indeed, Jack was one of the best-known in connection with the missionary work in all the institution. The boys called him "Happy Jack," and they, whether Christian or not, were always happy in his presence.

When Jack's time expired he joined a company of one hundred and fifty going to Canada, and in the emigrant's part of the ship was busy day and night, and many believed the gospel as they heard it from his lips. The news of his preaching power reached the cabin, and at the request of the saloon passengers Happy Jack was invited to preach, which he did. All were thoughtful, many were impressed, and some followed to the steerage to hear him. One gentleman who heard him in the saloon was converted, and sent a thank-offering of seventeen pounds to the Home. When Happy Jack landed in Canada he was sent out into the agricultural regions, where the country was sparsely settled, and the nearest villagers, who had no regular preaching, insisted on Happy Jack becoming their minister, and built him a little church, and

Jack's ministry has been blessed all through the country, and many have turned unto the Lord.

Dr. Bernardo's Institutions are gathered around a famous old rum establishment called "Edinburgh Castle." The work has a fascination for us, so that it will be with reluctance and fear of tiring our readers that we turn away from it. On this ground, redeemed from the pit, is a large hall holding five thousand people. Dr. Bernardo soon found that he would have to be a preacher as well as a doctor, the double need and duty of caring for both soul and body. He preaches in this great house filled with men and women, Christians and sinners, high and low, educated and ignorant, all gathered under one roof to hear the wonderful words of life.

We preached to five thousand people after the doctor had expounded the Scriptures at least a half hour, the great audience following him with their Bibles, so that when they turned the leaves it sounded like the rustle of November winds among the dead leaves of a forest. The great congregation was deeply attentive in prayer, reading of the Word and preaching. An organ and a cornet led in its praises. But these were lost in the volume of living voice. There were three choirs. The young men of the Institution, which we have described, two hundred perhaps, were on the great platform. Below, raised from the floor of the hall about five feet, was a choir of one to two hundred voices of young men and women from out of the congregation of worshippers. In the rear gallery were one hundred or more of the boys of the Institutions, and these leaders before and behind held up the great multitude composing the congregation. No one can realize the power of praise who has not heard it in this fashion. It gave some

idea of the praises of heaven as described in the Apocalypse.

After the preaching open meetings were held all about the church, in the yard and on the streets, addressed by devout and zealous young men, whose sermons are largely made up of pertinent quotations from the Word of God. The music is also soul-stirring. A lamp is raised at some convenient corner of the street with modern burners by which petroleum rivals gas both in quality and quantity of the light. This great hall is opened to some service, Bible study, prayer or preaching, every night in the week, and is filled several times on the Sabbath. We were not a little surprised to find a conceit of ours realized. We have always urged the bringing of children, even babies, to the church, believing in the force of gracious habits all through life, and have declared, often to the merriment of good people over the idea, that there ought to be a nursery in connection with every church building for the accommodation of the little ones. Our readers may judge of our surprise when Dr. Bernardo announced, "If there are mothers present with fretful children they need not be disturbed in their hearing of the gospel, for there is a nursery adjacent where the babes will be well taken care of during the service."

We have been one-sided in our attentions to the recipients of this Home. There is a children's hospital and home, where poor little cripples are supported in braces, splints and all conceivable adaptations to malformations, to injuries and weaknesses. It is too great a strain on the feelings to stay long in the midst of crippled, suffering babyhood, but science and Christian love have by their sympathetic ingenuities done much for the relief of these most unfortunate. Many of these

children are cured and are as agile as if nothing painful had happened unto them.

The girls, gathered from the streets and out of homes of cruelties and all kinds of abandonment, have made as good a record as the boys; we do not mean to convey the impression that all of either sex have been saved, but we believe the worst have been made better and many saved. There are unfathomable mysteries in human nature. There was a young girl inmate, secured by great trouble, whose father was a professional thief and had served about seven terms in prison; the mother was also a thief, and had also served out several penalties of the law for theft. Strangest of all their daughter, ten or eleven years old, *would not* steal. No temptation in this direction had the slightest effect on her, nor would she speak an untruth. When she was sought for by the Home her brutal father had flogged her to make her steal, and she would not, and he finally kicked her into the street. When Dr. Bernardo asked him for her to enter his Home, he said, "Yes, I do not care what you do with her, she is no good to me." She became one of the loveliest of the many saved.

Another dear little girl called Katie, picked up out of the slums, became a great favorite. She was gentle, trustful and loving in her life and behavior, a little Christian. She was taken to Canada, and when she parted from those who had cared for her in the Home it nearly broke all their hearts. She was taken by a great big Englishman in Canada, six feet, four inches high, his wife was six feet also, and they had three boys, young men, tall as their father, but no daughter. When Katie reached the home she expected a kiss from the big woman who was to become her mother,

but the big woman was not demonstrative in that way, and Katie had to stifle her disappointment.

When they sat down to dinner the big man said to Katie, "Lay to, help yourself; make yourself at home," and the big woman commenced pouring out the coffee. But little Katie had not been taught in that way, so she put her little hands over her face and said her grace. The big man laid down his knife and fork, the boys looked confounded at each other, and the big woman stopped while the orphan child thanked God for his mercies in that far-off land. When she lifted her hands from her face the big farmer said, "Wife, we have never had a blessing said at our table before, and it seems that God has sent this poor child all the way from England to do what we have not done for ourselves." Then he turned to her and said, "My little darling, won't you say your grace aloud, and we will all say it after you?" So she did, and has ever since; the farmer and his wife and sons have become followers of her Saviour.

What blessings professed Christian men and women lose who prefer to install curs in their homes, and care for them in a way that would provide for some orphan homeless child who might become an angel to bring salvation to their households, and comfort in old age, and the sweet consciousness besides that in having done it unto the least of Christ's brethren they have done it unto Him. Let the dogs go out and the orphan children come in.

This letter would be unsatisfactory if we had no word about the sources of support to this Institution. They are various. Tender hearts, who have felt the bitterness of neglect and orphanage, who have risen to comfortable circumstances, respond. The patriot says,

“We must take care of the lower classes or they will take care of us,” and out of philanthropy and selfishness he may respond. In one of the rooms are all conceivable kinds of things sent to be disposed of for the benefit of these Homes—rings, bracelets, jewels hundreds of years old, every kind of value, sent from the costly houses of wealth, to the trinket, the last remnant of the sympathetic poor. Very touching is even a partial survey of the many offerings made to this blessed work. But the overwhelming preponderance comes out of the consecrated heart of the Christian Church, under all its names and forms. A single instance will illustrate the surprises of this giving in amount to support eighty-two establishments in the one system. A lady sent up a message to Dr. Bernardo that she wished to see him. He was very busy at the time and begged to be excused at that hour, and asked her to call again. But it was necessary for him to pass through the room in which she was sitting, and as he passed he bowed to her, and she said, “It seems to be very difficult to get access to you.” He replied that he was very busy. She said she only wished to make a little offering to his work, and fumbling in her bag she put in his hand a crumpled note of one thousand pounds—five thousand dollars. He could not believe his eyes, for she was a plain, unpretending woman. But she was not done. He began to apologize for his delay in responding to her call. She said it made no difference. She had been through and knew all about it, and while saying this put another one thousand pound note into his hand, and after that still another one thousand pound note—fifteen thousand dollars in all. He was dazed, and asked her name. She said it made no difference. He offered a receipt, and told her

the rules of the Institution required him to account for it, and he could not without her name. But she was silent, and left as she came—a stranger—and he has never known who gave it.

PLEASURE GROUNDS AND BATTLE FIELDS.

THE great Hyde Park of London belongs specially to the commoners, the people who will not suffer it to be closed against free speech, or even the slightest infringement of vocal liberties. In it all London may be seen, high and low, rich and poor, tradesmen and lordsmen, childhood and old age, and all life between these extremes. It is not beautiful in any sense; nature made it plain and art has not changed it much. It does not have the beauty of Central Park of New York because it has not the pleasing variety in rugged surface. And there is more and varied beauty in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, more acres of realities and possibilities, than would make a half dozen of it. And yet, in its way, it is the greatest in the world.

It is the place where the London political mind expresses itself more fully at present. The moral and immoral forces are here, active and loud-spoken, among middle and lower classes. It is the battle field of the giants. The Sabbath is the great day for every conceivable contest of opinion. We went hither to witness the open air services, to hear this field-preaching, and estimate as far as possible its moral value, and to see if it could be adapted to our cities and their moral Sunday pests—the parks. The Englishman in his mission work for the betterment of his fellow-man has

many advantages which we do not have. The government proceeds on the idea of the Christian religion being a part of itself, and the people recognize it. Only a few of the more desperate dare to dispute it, perhaps only this class desire to do it, and society came into possession of this governmental ideal, whether it wished it or not, as an English entail. There are no intoxicating beverages sold in Hyde Park on the Sabbath; during certain hours it is forbidden all over the city; in this London is worthy of our imitation. It is a triumph worthy of a nation to have the doors of hell shut five hours once a week; it is a comfort to think that the lost victims of the still-worm are even to this extent protected from their tempters.

There was no rowdyism, no boisterousness on the part of boys. No base-ball and its peculiar yells. No disturbances of drunken men. The people arranged themselves very much according to their several conditions in life; read, talked, meditated, or if a weary man wished to sleep he sprawled himself on the grass. Children romped, dogs ran, but amidst the almost endless movements of men and animals there was order and quiet sufficient, so that whether the people desired to recreate or worship there was no apparent disturbance of individual rights. All over the Park are clumps of trees suited for assemblages of from one hundred to five hundred, and in some places as many as ten thousand could be fairly sheltered by shade. Following an avenue from the gate we came to the first group of standing worshippers. They had a portable organ and were singing gospel hymns, after this a young man read the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles to a crowd of two hundred and fifty. He made practical comments as he read, and when he was through they

sang again, and another young man made an address of five minutes, then they moved on. This peregrinating service seemed to be managed by the Young Men's Christian Association, which is a power in London, where they understand that it means hard work, getting down into the hells and ditches of London degradation.

It is not understood in London that the Young Men's Christian Association is a dormitory, nor a place mainly for hearing and reading good things, but a headquarters of hard, disagreeable work in filthy and neglected places. Their houses are where wretchedness reigns, so that the people have them in their midst. A young man speaking of the palaces which adorn so many cities, instead of a half dozen comfortable places at the points where they can be minute men, said: "It is too fine, sir, the flesh can find plenty of reasons in itself for being lazy. It reminds me of what a cobbler said of some fine fellows that made the Association an occasional visit from a fashionable part of the city just to cheer them up and give respectability, 'Them's the kind of angels that leave heaven after ten o'clock in the morning to save man, and go back to sleep there at night.'"

The next crowd in the Park were being harangued by an Internationalist, a desperate man, known to the police—and known as one of the most dangerous in misleading laboring men. He denounced all institutions and government, all who believed in the present order of things. He did not give any platform, he only tore up what existed, he raved until he frothed at the mouth. The crowd around was a mixed one. There was every shade of belief. Those loyal to government and society and to the rights of property jeered

or asked provoking questions. Others listened in disgust, and a few desperate-looking men cheered.

Within one hundred feet was another crowd of three hundred who were hearing a man of ability preaching on the duty of repentance of sin and turning unto God—a Christian life as the only condition which will satisfy the soul of man. He spoke with pathos, which touched the hearts of many, of the unsatisfactoriness of all here below, and how easy it is to destroy all that ambition strives for in this life. He asked the sceptic how much he got out of his unbelief to comfort in poverty, sickness, disappointment and death. He referred to a well-known man who had a promising son. He sent him to the University of Oxford; he took honors, but took the typhoid fever too, and died. The speaker said:

“You know the unbelief of his father; you have heard him railing at the religion of Jesus Christ, and calling Christians hypocrites. When that young man came to die he did not ask for his father’s counsel once; he knew it but too well, and he knew it would not do to die by. His father sat by, broken-hearted, because his boy would not talk with him. When men are in the shadows of death worldly things do not interest them, and he could talk with his father about nothing else. All he would say was, ‘Poor papa, I am sorry for you.’ But with whom did he talk in his lucid moments? His mother. You have all heard her husband laugh at her superstition; but the dying son would put his arms about her neck and say, ‘Dear mother, I know you will pray for me that I may be forgiven and enter heaven, and I know I shall meet you there.’ He sent for two of his Christian classmates, and would not have them leave the room; and when he began to pass away

he bade his father good-by, and said, 'Follow mother and give up your infidel ways; what good will they do you when you come where I am?' and then bidding a tender good-by to his classmates, and sending kind messages to his Professors, he asked his mother to get behind him in the bed and support him. Putting her arms around him she began repeating the twenty-third Psalm, and he followed until, as they reached the verse, 'Yea, though I walk through the dark valley,' his head dropped back, but she finished it. You know all about this," said the speaker; "it is no preacher story. I am a plain laboring man. You know me, and you know I would not tell a lie. You know the rest. The father, poor, demented man, would not know you now if you were to meet him. No more that boastful, blasphemous talk. He is talking all the time to himself, muttering he knows not what. The doctor says he has softening of the brain and will be an idiot soon. I wish to God he had had that softening of the heart he used to laugh at in Christians. How much better it had been for him. You say religion is a sham. How much sham is there in that poor wife of his, who has to bear the sorrow of the loss of her son and the loss of reason, and God knows what more, of her husband? God make you wise, and may none of you end your lives as his is ending!" Some cried "Amen," and others, "That's the truth," and others in tears were more eloquent in their silence.

On the other side of the avenue, under another clump of trees, was a crowd quite as large, but boisterous—sometimes cheering, sometimes hissing, and most of the time doing both. A disciple of Bradlaugh was holding forth on the ten plagues of Pharaoh, trying to show the "horrid character of God," as he put it. He

had a Bible, but he knew only the portions he had picked out to assail. Like all his kind, he only knew it in scraps. He was as ignorant of his own language and of the history of his own country as a goat. When he spoke of the miracle of darkness he attempted to be witty, and said, "A great deal is here set off to darkness. What is darkness?—it's nothing."

Some rough-looking man shouted, "Is a London fog nothing? Young man, you must be from the country; you can't get that off on one who was born and lived by London Bridge."

The speaker replied, "Well, stranger, as you know so much about fogs, tell us how it was that to the Egyptians it was so dark, and to the children of Israel it was as light as noon; did God get up an electric flash for their special benefit?"

Somebody shouted, "You had better go to a ragged school and learn to *read* your Bible before you undertake to show that it is false!"

Somebody else said, "You had better go to the tavern; there is where you came from. It's open by this time."

But there was no closing that orifice. He told them that God had to put blood on the door-posts because he was short-sighted. He raved and foamed at the mouth like a wild boar, which is a common thing with these excited English Atheists. We cannot account for it; but a gentleman told us that nearly all his class had this mucus symptom of the rabies.

At this time a gentlemanly appearing man came into the crowd, and there was a cessation. The majority began to shout for the speaker to get down, but his crowd, a mere handful, insisted that he should go on, and the gentleman whose presence had created the

sensation insisted that they should hear him out. Said he, "We want fair dealing." The Atheist moderated somewhat, but repeated himself and raved until the crowd became so noisy that he had to give up. The newcomer then took the stand amid cheers. He was evidently, in the eyes of the majority, a well-known champion, a handsome, scholarly man of about fifty. He took up the fog business the first thing, saying, "I have heard with great pain this young man, who has the capacity for better things, assailing his Maker."

"No, no," said the crowd; "he was evolved from a protoplasm."

"From an ass," said some one.

"Yes," said another, "he is all mouth and ears."

The speaker said, "Gentlemen, fair play with this young man; he is misled; he has been reading Tom Paine and Bob Ingersoll, and I advise him, if he will be an Atheist, to read men of some respectability. No respectable Atheist would talk as he has done to-day about One whom the majority of this audience worship. Respectable Atheists have some respect for their fellow-men, and they would not be guilty of impoliteness and vulgarity. The noblest man, in my estimation, is a Christian."

Then the atheistic crowd began to howl; but the President of the atheistic club, desiring to be counted with gentlemanly Atheists, called order. Said he: "Mr. —, who addresses you, is a gentleman, and has insisted on fair play, and you must not interrupt him."

"I thank you, Mr. President, you have said what I intended to say when I was interrupted. I said, according to my idea the noblest man is a Christian and the next is a gentleman."

"Hear, hear," shouted the Atheists.

"I will not detain you. If I show you that any one of the positions of this young man is absurd in the light of revelation and reason, will you accept that as unsettling his whole argument?"

"Yes, if you can do it by reason."

"Well now stick to it. He said God ordered the blood on the door-posts to assist his sight, and he tried to make game of his Maker."

"He hasn't any," shouted somebody from the crowd. "His ancestors were gorillas."

"Stop, gentlemen, you do not do justice to the young man and you interrupt me. Have I stated your words correctly? Am I correct, Mr. President?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, hear me read from the Book." And so he read and said, "You see the blood was not put there for God, but for the Israelites, that they might see it and have a sense of security."

Then some shouted and the Atheists raved at them. The speaker continued:

"But once more, and then I am done. The young man dwelt on the darkness, and said it was a fog, and then he told you a fog was nothing. Mr. President, is not a fog an effect?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, is an effect nothing?" And then there was another shout.

"Be quiet, gentlemen. Ridicule is no test of truth. I have a word to say as to his ridicule of this Book about the darkness being so dense everywhere except in the land of Goshen. Mr. President, you seem to be a fair-minded man. Did you never see a fog so dense at the embankment that you could scarcely see your

hand before you, and taking the 'tram' you were, in twenty minutes, where the sun was shining in all his splendor?" And there was another outburst.

"But," he continued, "while I have answered this young man by facts indisputable, I tell you that I believe this to be direct interference of Almighty God. I do not sneak behind science any further than to answer those who will hear nothing else. I take the Word of God." And from this he preached a sermon of four or five minutes, in which we never heard a better presentation of the gospel.

Near this was a temperance meeting, in which both men and women were speaking, some dwelling on its ills, some on the necessity of repentance toward God and a godly life as its only cure. Some were for higher license and some for prohibition outright.

We could visit no more places, but think we have sampled the lot. There may have been fifty of these meeting places in the Sunday contests against evil. These disputants are all over the city, and wherever error lifts its head somebody has the courage to encounter it. We think we would be within bounds to say that there are five hundred such contests in London on the Sabbath. This does not include the places of street preaching; of these there are doubtless far more. Evil and good in London have clinched each other and are in a life-and-death contest, with the real strength on the side of good. Families are divided just as described by the Lord. As an example, the Atheist Bradlaugh is offset by a pious, godly brother, just as industrious on the side of Christianity, and a thousand times more conscientious than his blaspheming, God-hating brother; and what is of equal interest, the bad Bradlaugh is on the subject of religion no match for the

good Bradlaugh and avoids coming in contact with him on this subject. The good Bradlaugh prays for his brother and believes that he will yet be converted by the truth to the truth. He is a writer and publisher of religious books and tracts counteracting Atheism and Infidelity. He has his distributing agents on the streets and in all public gatherings, one of whom put in our hands the following:—"Answers to Infidel Objections," by W. R. Bradlaugh; "Autobiography and Lectures;" "Autobiography and Conversion;" "Why am I a Christian?" "Christianity Established by Jewish and Pagan Testimony;" "The Six Days of Creation;" "The Bible, Is it True?" "The Sceptic Defeated with His own Weapons," &c.

As to the service to religion by public debates we are not prepared to say. It strikes us that it would not be wise to open the sewers of the city because we had a sovereign disinfectant. Yet good may be done on the other hand by showing the uneducated that there are two sides to the question. There may be some advantage in furnishing ready answers, and to show that religion has no fear of its foes, but withal we are not sufficiently clear to recommend these methods. But we do recommend street preachings. And as to our Parks, we believe that if attractive pavilions were built and the best talent in the churches put into them good could be done. But these services ought to be at hours not interfering with the churches or Sabbath-schools, for no efforts outside the Church will ever compensate for the weakening of her hold on the unsaved. Young men who know how to make meetings interesting might do great good in following the crowds. The multitudes in the parks might be a good field of operation for the Young Men's Christian Association.

MILDMAY MISSION.

IN the northern part of London is this remarkable Institution, another stronghold of independent effort, or of manifestation of undenominational Christian life, in which London is a wonderful exception. This Institution occupies the larger part of a square of ground, on which is a large two-story chapel, which will in the audience-room seat thirty-five hundred people. In the basement are committee rooms, Sunday-school room, a capacious dining room, &c. On this ground is a house for the superintendent, waiting rooms for both gentlemen and lady visitors, a hospital and building connected with the audience hall, occupied by the deaconesses. There are also spacious grounds, in which outdoor meetings are frequently held. Once a year, in June, there is a three days' meeting, to which people come from all over the kingdom. It is a great gathering of great and good people of all forms of Christian faith. There are four and sometimes a half dozen meetings a day, and the strangest thing to Americans is, that these eager thousands *pay* to get in; a single entrance fee is twenty-five cents, and less for the whole series.

There are three large tents in this area for refreshments, each large enough to hold three or four hundred people; on them is inscribed the inevitable "first, second and third class." After the hours for eating these tents are used for prayer-meetings and short ad-

dresses. There is in this yard a famous mulberry tree, under which special services are often held. It has great outspreading branches and will throw its grateful shade over a couple of hundred of worshippers. As one hears the fervent prayers and songs for the outpouring of God's Spirit he cannot fail to be reminded of the passage in the Old Testament, "When thou shalt hear a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry trees," &c. This Institution came into existence through the discontent of the active piety of the most evangelical section in the Church of England, tired with its formalism, its coldness and inactivity. This government was strengthened by these same tendencies in many of the Nonconformist churches thirty years ago. About the time of the Disruption in Scotland there was a comatose state in both the Established Churches, and yet in both there was a large element of vital godliness, which longed to get beyond what was felt to be the servitude of life in these Churches. In the English Church there was no apparent schism, nor will there ever be, because the necessity is removed by these independent movements, where the devout who abominate mere ecclesiasticism and the continued eruptions on the body of the Establishment of "the old ulcer of Popery" as they call it, especially sacramentarianism, ordination by virtue of unbroken succession and baptismal regeneration, &c., will go into work and fellowship with those likeminded with themselves.

Mildmay is the place of all others where birds of a feather flock together, and it is a mighty big flock and has the life of Christ, and will be active evermore by its labors, prayers and alms for the perishing. The leading element is Episcopal, that is, many belong to the Established Church by birth and confirmation. Many

were born again there, and while they found it a good nest, found it was a poor place to develop their Christian life. But in this multitude that come up to the yearly meeting are Scotch from the Established, Free and United Presbyterian Churches, Irish Presbyterians, English Presbyterians, Plymouth Brethren, Quakers, Independents, Baptists, Methodists and everybody else who has any religious belongings, who can keep their freedom and yet find fellowship in the worship of this Institution. There are all kinds here. Cranks and crotchets fit each other, and the great multitude of religious personalities, with every possible variety of evangelical religious features, gather around the cross and magnify the Lord together, and so far as we could see, had as much individual freedom as a fish in Lake Erie. It is a psychological and religious riddle which heaven only can solve; an elective affinity drawing multitudes out of all church environment to a heart centre, where they agree on the fact that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The Treasurer and General Manager, James Mathieson, Esq., who is a wonder in his executive abilities, is a member of the Presbyterian Church. He is not only a manager, but has the piety and ability to preach, lead meetings, exhort, instruct, and in every sense is a bishop just as good in his way as any other bishop, and nobody is more ready to admit it than his Episcopal brethren who train in the Mildmay flock. He was, as we have been informed, a successful banker, but had given it up for the Lord's work, as many others do in England, so that on the Lord's side are many mighty and noble. As we turn our eyes to the list of the Board of Trustees we read the names of the Earl of Caven, Sir Arthur

Blackwood, K. C. B., and among those who are present at its meetings are such men as Lord Radstock, who has given up his life to mission work in Russia, the names of distinguished judges and lawyers appear, and not a few noble women by the two births, natural and spiritual.

The magnitude of the work can best be described in the fact that there is a congregation gathered within the chapel of thirty-five hundred to be cared for and instructed. The following are services through the several branches of the work:—"Sabbath Services for Deaf and Dumb," "Evangelical Services," "Bible Classes for Workers, for Servants, for Girls and Boys and Young Ladies," "Week Night Meetings," "Mother's Meeting," "Night-school for Men," "Night-school for Women," "Bible Reading," "Prayer-meeting," "Mission Work Carried on Through the Deaconesses," "Bethnal Green Hospital, Dispensary and Medical Mission," "Mission House, Institute and Coffee Tavern, with Lodgings for Men," "Convalescent Home," and twenty outlying missions managed by the Deaconesses.

Our attention was called to this system of Christian work by Dr. Williamson, pastor of Fisherwick Place, Belfast, who was one of the speakers at the Mildmay Conference, and delivered an address which made a profound impression, on "The Privileges and Responsibilities of the Servants of the King." It was pointed, earnest and racy, which cannot always be said about English speeches, which abound more in the solids, with but little of humor. We heard Dr. Williamson three times, once in Belfast in connection with the mission movements there, and believe him to have the true idea of evangelical work, and whether in his pulpit, to cultivated people, or in the slums, he is an eloquent and convincing preacher.

Many foreign missionaries of this Institution return bringing good tidings, and cheer the hearts of those who sent and support them. When opportunity offers they give an account of their work. The general work is usually presented by some eminent friend of the cause in England, and after the report the subject is open to the missionaries from the field. Africa was presented in address by Reginald Radcliff, Esq.; India and China by Leonard K. Shaw, Esq., Gilson Gregson, Hudson Taylor, L. L. Lloyd, of Foo Chow, Mohammedans, Africa and Asia by George Pearce, Esq., Major-General Haig, Andrew Jukes, Esq., M.D., Dera Ghazi Kahn. Railway Missions by Lieutenant-General Sir R. Phayre, K.C.B. and others. This is only a portion of the programme, but it will give an idea of the nature and characteristics of the work. The services closed with the Lord's Supper, in which nearly five thousand persons participated. It was a wonderful memorial not only of our crucified and risen Lord, but of the unity among men, which that death has brought into the world. Allusion has been made to the House of the Deaconesses, which is an institution of great possibilities, many of which are being realized. It is first a home for women whose friends are gone, and as we say, are alone in the world. The order originated in the ingenuities of the Christian love of Mrs. Pennyfather, the wife of the Rev. William Pennyfather, to whom belongs the everlasting honor of having founded Mildmay. In 1869 he was vicar of St. Judes, Mildmay Park. Its original intention was that it might be a centre of union for Christians of all evangelical denominations and for cooperative efforts in evangelistic and missionary work.

The order of female workers which now comes under our notice was organized according to Romans xvi. 1,

without taking any vows or staying any longer than they choose. They pay one pound or five dollars a week; if they are not able to pay this much, and have capabilities that can be utilized, provision is made for them. But one condition is imperative, that they give their whole time to ministering to the poor and ignorant. These Missions comprise visiting from house to house, mothers' meetings, night-schools and classes of various kinds. The deaconesses go two by two by invitation of the clergy, though their work has general superintendence at the Deaconesses' House. These women are not sent forth to this work unskilled. In the House there is a system of careful training—first ascertaining in what direction the pupil is best fitted in ability. They begin in the Probation House, and this is a test of their sincerity and persistence. Women who come in a pet because they have step-mothers, or are disappointed in love, or are moonstruck or merely sentimental, will not stay long, and the primary preparation will soon show what manner of spirit they are of. One of the most important departments of their work is in nursing. From this Home candidates are sent for training in various hospitals, both in London and provincial towns. There is in Newington Green a Home under their care for invalid ladies, terms from five to ten dollars a week. It is a house of rest for female invalids where the nursing is rather in the form of comfort-giving and recreation by diversion. There is also in care of these deaconesses an invalids' kitchen, to provide nourishment according to the highest formulas of scientific treatment.

But our space will only permit the mention of a few more of these operations—Dorcas societies, servants' registry, men's night-schools, medical mission hospital,

coffee and lodging-houses, railway mission, &c. It may be interesting to give some of the results. The mission at Bethnal Green has the proud preeminence of owning its own building, and no oasis in a desert was ever more grateful to the famishing than this house to the sufferers in this dense population, and the gratitude in every form of ingenuity that appreciating love can suggest is, to the stranger, touching in the extreme. A few months ago a little gipsy girl was brought into the children's ward. At first she was very restless and unhappy; but one day the deaconess searched through her stores of cast-off clothing, and arrayed the little wanderer in a bright-colored frock, and shoes with buckles. From that moment happiness took possession of her, and after her discharge she was continually haunting the premises, bringing thank-offerings in the form of terrible-looking "sweeties," wrapped in bits of paper. When she found that these tokens of affection were not appreciated as warmly as might be desired, she took to bringing half-pence, and was deeply wounded if even a shadow of hesitation in accepting the gift was manifested. Poor little waif! she was by no means alone in her gratitude. In many instances the kindness lavished on the children has a great influence over the parents. Sometimes a mother will bring a refractory boy to be spoken to, saying, "He will heed you more than any one else."

One touching instance is given in which parents who were addicted to drink were so touched by the sight of the hospital, and the loving interest shown to their boy, that from the day of the father's visit he entirely gave up drink, consented to let the lad emigrate under Miss Macpherson's care, and a few weeks after followed with three of his family to begin a new life in Canada, the

funds for outfit and passage having been contributed by the friends he had met at the hospital.

Another man who has emigrated was an avowed infidel when he became a patient. After some time he observed to the nurse that whether the things he heard of were true or not, "she at any rate must believe them, or she would not do the work she did." He was an unusually intelligent man, and when he came would not take a Bible in his hands, and turned his back on those at prayer. He now both reads the Bible and prays. This is only an incident, not an exceptional or sensational case; such have been avoided that the reader might have a fair estimate of the work of these godly women. Under the direction of the deaconesses are dispensaries and surgical departments, and all these are opened with prayer and reading of the Bible. You will see in the surgical ward fifty, sometimes one hundred or more, to be examined and operated upon. They are all, with all their ills and woes, in a reception-room. Usually the worst are taken first. A poor, shivering woman has a tumor to be removed. But before the operation the surgeons and deaconesses have a prayer-meeting, and she is commended to the Great Physician. A young surgeon said, "We do not need anæsthetics when a woman has been prayed for by these deaconesses, and is praying right lively for herself." This meeting goes on all the time, and while these worst cases are being attended to the sufferer can hear the voice of prayer for her, or the psalms or hymns of comfort; and as soon as the first news of successful termination comes there are thanksgivings, and these English peoples have no shamefacedness in telling the nature of the disease, or of delivery from peril, right out, as it lies in their sense of duty or sympathy.

Who are these women? Some of them are of the nobility who have money and plenty of it, but come because tired of the hollow frivolities of the life entailed upon them. Some are tired of the narrow limits of a formal church life. Many are women of first-class culture who have lost their friends, and while away their loneliness in relieving the miseries of others. Some are beautiful young girls whose hearts have been captured to the humanities of Jesus Christ and his mode of helping, who said: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The condition and abilities of the several classes are considered, and the work assigned according to their fitness and environments. Three young women of station and culture have given themselves to free-hand drawing, the result being a series of exquisitely designed and Illuminated Texts. Anyone who wishes to adorn the walls of rooms, or to select really choice cards for Christmas, New Year, Easter, confirmation, or birthdays, can send to the Deaconess House, Mildmay, London, for a list of these illustrations. Their sale last year realized no less than £1,172 12s. 10d. for the benefit of the Bethnal Green Hospital. These exquisite designs are incomparable, and our people who desire unique designs illustrating scriptural truths, or for wedding and holiday gifts, would do well to send for these, for we have nothing in our country worthy of comparison.

No greater benefactors to suffering humanity live than trained Christian nurses. Women who can not only give medicine and move weary bodies, but kneel down and commend troubled souls to God, stand at the head of earth's angel ministries. The record of these consecrated sisters reads thus:—In addition to a great

deal of private nursing all over the kingdom, and even on the Continent, the Doncaster Infirmary, a medical station at Malta, and a medical mission and hospital at Jaffa, are entirely nursed by the Mildmay "sisters," as well as the excellent hospital in Bethnal Green and the Cottage Hospital which stands close beside the Conference Hall at Mildmay. This beautiful building was the gift of one lady—a memorial of a beloved son. The wards have been painted and decorated throughout by the skilful hands of two or three ladies. There is also a convalescent home at Barnet, which was given to Mildmay a year or two ago by Lord and Lady Tankerville, and has been the greatest blessing to the poor patients from the East End Missions.

MILDMAY MISSIONS TO THE JEWS.

THERE is in America an almost universal scepticism about any large effect of Christianity on the Jews. If a collection were taken in many of our churches there would not be enough gleaned to buy a pair of shoes for this work. The Jews, as a people, have no hold on the sympathies of Americans; many are glad that the religious partitions exist. They think of them only as sharpers, and few can be found who cannot give, whether true or false, a personal experience. They are avoided in hotels, because their children are often the terror of guests at meals, and show their contempt for the feelings of Christians on the Sabbath by bringing their needle-work into hotel parlors, or absorb all quiet by their class boisterousness. These truths or prejudices will live; and the Jews are largely to blame

for it. They, as a class, take no pains to placate this dislike, and where they have money when they could be conciliatory they are domineering; they evidently covet their isolation and yet complain of it bitterly. It would be unjust to say that this is universal, for there are remarkable exceptions of men and women who have not only won friendships among our people, but their admiration as well. Nor would the exceptions of which we have spoken be so exasperating if they did not know better, for they are an unusually intelligent people and are well up in knowledge of the proprieties and amenities of good society.

We do not say how much ground, in truth, there is for these national prejudices; we would prefer that they were confined to our people alone, for they will give up these society hostilities, but the Jews have been so long wronged and embittered that theirs are chronic, and can only be removed by long effort in kindness with all patience. These antagonisms are not so widely observable now in Europe; the best of the race are more and more appreciated, and the humbler of the Jews are more appreciative. The frigidness does not exist that once did in large portions of Europe; this Mildmay Institution have taken the poor Jews and their condition under its sheltering arms. And their success has in considerable measure come out of the Millenarian doctrine touching our Lord's second personal coming, which is surprisingly prevalent in England. The moderate form of this belief would, in the States, be called Millenarianism, the more extreme Adventism, which is very prevalent, if not universal, among Plymouth Brethren and a very considerable portion of the clergy of the Church of England, and has a following also among Dissenters.

There are still distinct tracings of Irvingism. The people of this faith believe that the Jews must be restored to Palestine ere the coming of the Lord, and as it is always a wonderfully vital belief they take hold of the work of Jewish conversion with great zeal and aggressiveness, while to the Jew it is not an unwelcome thought that he shall return to his own country and to the land of the graves of his fathers. It takes hold on both his religious convictions and patriotism, and this makes him far more accessible to the missionaries. He is ready to hear out of the New Testament any promise of this long desired end. The following are the words taken from the report of 1876 as to the object of the Mission:—"To preach Christ in Great Britain and Ireland before the return of our Lord or the restoration of the Jews to Palestine."

In Mildmay Sabbath-school work hundreds of children are gathered. The night-schools have been a great success. Medical dispensaries are another helpful source of good among this people. As is the custom, the Word of God is read before and during examination and treatment, and it was strange to hear this people singing gospel hymns, the refrain to every verse being "Jesus, blessed Jesus," and what is more wonderful, to listen to the Jews disputing among themselves, and reading and comparing the Old Testament Scriptures to know if he indeed be the Christ, some affirming with great power and others doubting, but all, at least, reverent. We are informed that this service of discussion and searching the Scriptures goes on every week also in the mission of Rev. H. Grattan Guinness. The best method at our command to give an idea of the work going on in one Mission is to quote a few cullings from reports:

“Numbers of poor persecuted Jews pass through London and many stay here; a large proportion of each class find their way to the Mission House and hear the gospel, and some carry it to other lands; so that the work in London, we feel, must not be slackened, but, if possible, increased. The work in London—the medical mission, the convalescent home, the inquirers’ home, the children’s home and other branches of the work—together with the itinerant Mission and Hebrew New Testament distribution abroad, seems capable of unlimited extension. We are praying for the Lord’s guidance as to attempts to reach the Jews in Sanaa, in Arabia, and those in other parts of the world, as in India, Africa and China, as well as the three or four millions in the Russian Empire.”

One of these Mission services was devoted to repeating verses by the Hebrew children, showing that the Lord Jesus is lord of the hearts of the children, and that the curse that their parents brought upon unborn childhood is being lifted in hosannas. Three hundred children cried, “Hosanna in the Highest! God so loved the world; Jesus said, I am the way, the truth and the life, and no man cometh,” &c., and sang two gospel hymns. At another meeting, next evening, for Jews and Jewesses, the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah was read in Hebrew, and Dr. Laseron gave a gospel message to them in German and English. Many of the Christian visitors and workers in the Institution talked with Jews and Jewesses and were surprised to find so many admitting the Lord’s Messiahship, though fearing to acknowledge him openly. It is estimated that there are about three thousand converted Jews in London, but the number interested and attending Christian services and schools can only be counted by many thousands.

Of a single meeting at Mildmay (and in the several churches of London are many missions) the following account is given:—"Our largest gathering at one time is at Mildmay in June. To those in true sympathy with gospel work among the Jews, it was a wonderful gathering of more than five hundred and fifty. So eager were the Jews to be present that they stormed the ticket-gate at Broad Street Station so that they could not be counted till they got to Mildmay. The Jewish authorities at both ends of the journey tried to dissuade them from coming, but all to no avail."

We are informed that there is a wonderful religious activity among the Jews of Europe. Many of their strong men are studying the question of our Lord's Messiahship, not in a carping, cynical mood, but with deep and inquiring interest. The New Testament has been translated into Hebrew by Salkinson, and one hundred thousand of these were purchased by the Mildmay Mission. It had no money to pay for them, but let its wants be known, and a gentleman in Scotland sent a check for three thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds—eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, the full amount. These are now being distributed in Russia, Pommerania, North-east Prussia. One of the remarkable men in this work is Joseph Rabinowitz, about whom the following extract will throw some light:

"Concerning the state of our work here I can say, 'Who hath believed our report?' Thousands and tens of thousands are waiting for the permission from St. Petersburg to be baptized in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. My sermons and addresses, which I publish in the Hebrew and Russian languages, are forwarded by the post to all the towns where Jews

reside, and thousands of our Jewish brethren are reading them attentively, and rejoice over them as over great treasures, according to the letters which I receive daily. There is scarcely a town in Russia where there are not some who belong to the 'sons of Israel of the new covenant.' On the last Day of Atonement, which fell this year on Saturday, our place of worship was too small to hold all the Jews who came to hear my sermon, which I preached upon Isaiah lviii. and Rom. xiii. 8-14. Many of our Jewish brethren had to stand at the open window and listen to my uplifted voice telling my people of their transgression."

A copy of his sermons is before us, and to give some idea of the man's matchless power we have culled some of his illustrations from one preached to the Jews in Kischeneff, Bessarabia.

Having read Gen. xii. 1-4 and John viii. 51-59, and after having offered prayers, the preacher said:

"Brethren according to the flesh, many a time I have had the honor of attempting to rouse you from the sleep of sorrow in which you have fallen by reason of the great trials that overtook you in recent times, and to bring to your minds the words of the prophet Isaiah, (xlv. 25,) 'In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified and shall glory.' This I shall repeat even a hundred and one times, that it is in vain you try to justify yourselves before the European nations by your wisdom, in which the learned among you pride themselves and say, 'Among us Jews, too, are philosophers, doctors, and men well versed in every branch of science, who with their books enrich the libraries,' &c., and you therefore think you have a right to enjoy the fruit of their labors.

“It is equally vain to boast of your ancestry; that you are an everlasting people, offspring of the patriarchs of the world, the children of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, who found the truth at a time when the ancestors of the European nations were still living in gross darkness and after the lusts of the flesh. What has taken place recently, days in which you and the learned among you thought you needed no more the light of the sun by day, neither the brightness of the moon by night, looking upon modern science as your everlasting light, and learning to be your glory! this has sufficiently revealed unto you that, after all, you are poor and destitute of every thing. There is no listening ear to your wisdom; first, ‘the poor man’s wisdom is despised,’ said Solomon; secondly, because the Europeans say, ‘Your wisdom is ours, and your knowledge is our knowledge, and every thing new among you is ours! for have you brought any thing of this kind with you when you came from Asia to Europe whereby you could benefit her children?’

“The Talmud, with its ingenuity of which you boast, is still a sealed book to them. They say, ‘Jew, take what is yours; take the Talmud and go to Babylon with it.’ As regards your boastings about your ancestry, are they too well acquainted with the fable of the geese who complained at the farmer for putting them in a basket like prisoners and carrying them to the market to be sold, since their ancestors were instrumental in saving Rome? The owner only replied, ‘Yes, it is true, your ancestors were a means towards saving Rome; *but what have you done!*’ We have nothing but in God to glory. Only when we have turned in faith and love to the God of Israel, who alone is able to save, shall we be put on a level

with other nations; then our shame shall be taken away from us, and we shall dwell beneath the wings of our Messiah, Jesus of Nazareth, the mighty God, the Prince of Peace. O my people! you have fallen, you look sad, no one recognizing you. O yes, you are ill, and alas! long are the days of your illness. The wise of all nations are astonished at you, not at the duration of your illness, but at the perpetuity of your existence. You are like a ship that was wrecked, but not sunk. You can see the top of its mast above the water moving hither and thither. Many vessels pass by it, some reaching safely their destinations, others sinking to the bottom. But that wreck is in the same position; it does not float, neither does it sink. You are in a similar condition, my people Israel! You are sick, wounded, fallen and bruised; there is nothing whole on your body; your head is failing you, your feet are heavy, all your feelings dead. But the heart is still beating, and now and then one can see some of your members move and struggle, and some features of life manifested in your face. You are still alive; you still bear the name of Israel. You still reel to and fro in the sea of the nations; you are not dead unto corruption; neither are you alive among the living! And in this fearful state you have been for centuries. It is a riddle; and as such you have been looked upon by the wise of all nations.

“But they consider the subject indifferently, only as a strange phenomenon in nature. They do it like geological students about some island, instituting inquiries whether there was before all water, but by some means earth accumulated and became what it was, or it was before a large continent and the sea inundated it, and by-and-by it would be drowned altogether. It is in

this manner that the wise of the nations are investigating you. But this is not the case with your brother and your kinsman, whose soul is mourning over your present deplorable state without any token for good!"

He then describes the interpreters who have tried to account for the condition of the Jews without Christ, the Palestine folly of Mendelson as a future hope and realization of the prophesy. "When Israel returns to the land which she left eighteen hundred years ago it will be when Messiah Jesus leads. But how do they mean that you shall return? I will tell you what these vain talkers are like. They are like to three physicians who met around the bed on which was lying a man very dangerously ill, who suffered fearfully and who could not stir a limb. The first physician asked what his occupation was; the second inquired after his name, in order to be able to write the prescription, as if the name formed a vital factor among the ingredients; the third thinking how he could change the position of the bed! Not one of them thought of the dangerous state in which that patient was; the few numbered moments he had left vanished in the meanwhile, and his end came quickly to go into the grave where there is no question about names, occupation or places. Such are your physicians, O Israel!

"And what will you do now? Are you going to wait another two thousand years, trying the latest medicine, the colonization of Palestine with the money of the rich, a scheme which is founded on nothing?"

"Take this to heart, dear brethren! Reject not the love for untruth, but accept it in your hearts. Draw nigh to your Messiah and your King Jesus, and He will remove the blindness from your eyes. You are, allegorically, that blind man, concerning whom the dis-

ciples asked our Lord, 'Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?' And Jesus answered, 'Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.' (John ix. 2, 3.) You are blind, O Israel! the light of the world is hid from you, and you are beset with stumbling-blocks on all sides."

After the Sabbath evening service at Mildmay, Rev. Mr. Adler said that a communion would be held in a few minutes in the Jewish chapel. We had never seen a Jewish communion, and had only the history thereof enveloped in nearly nineteen centuries of shadows, when the Lord in the upper room took bread and gave to his Jewish communicants and bade them continue it until he should come again in memory of his death, so soon to be consummated. In this little upper room in London, fifteen or twenty feet square, were texts in Hebrew characters on the walls and a dim light, which impressed us with the thought that it was not unlike the upper room where the first supper was instituted. There was a little stand on which were four little pieces of bread and a cup of wine and about a dozen present, the pastor and his wife, the others young Jewish men; two of them had been baptized the Sabbath night before. They were devout and tender, when the Scripture was read they followed each word. The pastor read a portion describing the passion of our Lord and offered a prayer, and while he asked God's grace for these young disciples, so often sorely tried, he prayed for those who had gone so lately from that little upper room far away on their soul-saving missions. Two had just started, distributing the Hebrew New Testament in Russia. One was on the sea on his return from Africa, others were in other parts of the world, but he knew them all and

prayed for them, to every petition of which the young Jews, upon their knees, responded. The hymn sung was the one the closing line of which is, "Dear Lord, remember me." It was a scene of strange impressiveness and significance. We had never thought of communing with the Lord and his kinsmen according to the flesh. It was a precious season in which his presence was felt and the light of his countenance seemed to suffuse our very thoughts. The man of God gave to each of those young men a blessing as they took the emblems of that body which their fathers had slain. It is near two thousand years since Israel assumed a curse and sent it down upon the unborn of all succeeding generations, but the slain Jesus is lifting that curse and breaking its power and bringing Israel back to their long-lost fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. What wonders hath the cross wrought. We parted from those Israelites glad because of the precious privilege they had given us and confirmed in the hope that Israel will soon be saved.

THE ENGLISH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

FROM 1647 to 1662 the Presbyterian Church was established in England. In the latter year the Act of Uniformity to the Prayer-book was passed, and two thousand ministers for conscience sake gave up their charges and their places were filled by Episcopalians. In 1689, when the Toleration Act was passed under William III., the Presbyterian Church arose from the dead. In less than three years eight hundred united with the Independents, yielding much of

the Westminster Standards. After this "happy union," but deplorable blunder, discipline lapsed and sessions disappeared. Out of these Presbyterian defections from strict church government grew first Socinianism and then the Unitarianism of which we shall speak. The present Presbyterian Church is the survival of the remaining loyal part. Twenty-two congregations founded before 1730 are still in existence, while it is claimed that one hundred and seventy churches, originally Presbyterians, are now in the possession of the Unitarian body. Its unity then became a bundle of fragments, and nobody has been able to say more than that it has lived like a paralytic, with one side dead. It has lived because Presbyterianism represents the truth and the sacrifices God's people will make for the truth, and is, therefore, indestructible. But it belongs to the remnants of that glorious salvage unto which the apostle foreshadows final salvation. It lives now like a pear tree in the back yard, which thoughtless children have hacked half around its body, but it still bears fruit in its season, some plump and luscious, but much that never comes to perfection.

The case stands about thus between the two halves; the schismatic half has suffered most in deterioration. When a church breaks open one side slides downhill and the other has for a long time no progress; in long, weary years its life goes as sap or *serum*, with which the body covers its hurts, to repair its wounds, to prevent further decay. About one-half of the Unitarian fragment went toward the cities of "The Plain," where it is well watered and the land is redundant with liberty and covered with flowers whose odors were thought to be efficient for the healing of the nations. They have "progressed" over to Humanitarianism and Universalism,

and are now trying to get rid of Revelation, and have passed Redemption long ago, and are eyeing the heavens for a new star to guide their crazy craft into port.

The other Unitarian half is divided about equally between the Congregational form of government and the Presbyterian. What they have inside their governmental titles no one knows. The Unitarians claim, in all shades of color, three hundred and fifty churches in England, but they are sickly, and have no hope better than of a lingering death. There is no unity of movement, and ossification of the heart is imminent. They have made no real progress, having used up their vitality, and in a century more will sleep with their fathers. A respectable Unitarian, and a gentleman of high standing in the advanced faith, said, "You will not find five hundred Arians in the whole body in England." So much for progressive religion.

Of the Presbyterian fragment we may say they have kept the faith, they have not lost ground, and they have endured and hoped. They have united their fragments and are one again, and to change figures, they are repairing the old craft on all sides, which was so badly beached in the rupture, and are working her slowly out into the channel of public favor, and have more than a dozen strong churches in London, with able men at the helm, both as pastors and elders. They have determination and Presbyterian stubbornness in their fight against fearful odds. They raise a great deal of money for their ministers, and are, so far as we can see, using it wisely. They are pushing their mission work with loving zeal at home and abroad. The Presbyterian Blue Book shows superior care through Presbyterian commissioners or committees of individual churches. We must not forget that the obstacles in the

way of this Church are not only in the national set-back she got in the division, the loss of prestige, and the hostilities of her dismembered parts, but in the fragmentary condition of her own body, which continued through all that nearly hopeless period until within the last eleven years. There were three principal fragments. The United Presbyterian part was partially a mission of the same body in Scotland, receiving from the mother Church a yearly support of hundreds of pounds. When the union was consummated it was considered a heavy load to be taken by the two branches in England. The United Presbyterians of Scotland came generously forward and guaranteed the continuance of this large amount for five years. The disturbing fear was that the united body could not meet the exigency when the period of five years should be past. This they have done, and more, which is a mark of substantial progress. The elements seem to be in a tolerable condition of fusion; of course, reunions require a long time—indeed, until most of the representative men of the separate parts are gone, and the united church is crippled long after by a conservative course, lest somebody may be offended and some flaw in the weld discovered.

The Minutes of 1877 give 258 congregations, 266 ministers, 15 foreign missionaries, 46,540 communicants, and £164,862 income. At present there are 286 congregations, 285 ministers, 15 foreign missionaries, 10 Presbyteries; ministers without charge and probationers 42; 18 vacant charges and 61,781 communicants—a net gain of 15,341 for eleven years; 761 gain for the last year. Since the union of 1876 there have been 24 churches organized, 14 of which are within the Presbytery of London, which takes in the South of

England. These figures show that conversions and spiritual growth are not encouraging, but we hope that they have been hindered by the difficulties arising in their consolidation.

These English Presbyterian churches are hard-working. We have in our country nothing to compare with their work along certain lines. In teaching the truths of the Word of God, in season and out of season; in sowing seed in good ground and everywhere else; in steadiness of purpose and in an unwearying round of specified duties, they are simply wonderful. But in the eyes of a stranger there are most serious defects. We know some of our English Presbyterian brethren will repudiate this, and think it great impertinence for an American to criticise, for whom their feeling is too often that of commiseration or of patronage large and free. That a nation in its babyhood should have made so much progress in imitating England is altogether a marvel, in which a superior ought to encourage an inferior. Some of these dear brethren may not know it, but they have the idea that what they do not know about managing church work is hardly worth speaking of. We are not saying this from any pique, for they have treated us with great cordiality, so far as we have come in contact with them. Nor are our strictures laid upon all, for many Englishmen have been in our country, and if not, have associated with our religious people, and are cosmopolitan in their ideas and sympathies. We met not a few of this kind, but nevertheless there is a sentiment pretty generally diffused that any thing that comes from America is to be at least severely scanned, depreciated and generally thrown aside, except such modes of work as have so much power in them that they will bore through the

prejudices of old age, as a steam drill through chilled iron. A vast amount of real knowledge never finds formulation in words, it is known and read by intuition. "You feel it in your bones," and bones do not lie, though these "bone instincts" cannot always be presented in diagrams or axioms. We believe that there is far more of this thing in the English Church than in the Scotch. Largeness and generosity are akin, and wondrous kind. The Irish are almost entirely free from this prejudice, though as intellectual, and the reason is they are a more adaptable people, and shed their prejudices as freely as some creatures their skins. It is a blessed thing that death has passed on all that is unlovely as well as lovely, and that it is from the tops of gravestones that we survey the world's progress and step upward in its motions.

This criticism of what appear to be defects in English modes of works is not meant to exasperate the Englishmen, but to help Americans. There is a faithfulness to duty in England, often under the greatest discouragements, that is never seen or realized in action with us. We wish it could be so impressed that we would imitate all that is good in the work of our brethren in the faith. Our failings are the converse of theirs, we despise all that is old and has stood the shocks of the ages, while theirs, as it seems to us, is to undervalue the wisdom and energy of youth. Old age is an essential part of the Church ever to be revered, because the wisdom of the years is in it, but a church governed alone by old age, and moved in the grooves which the past has cut in its policies of progress, is surely dead. The mode of procedure is inadequate in the relation of the church to the children. Kirk sessions are afraid to trust children at the Lord's

table. They are too much afraid of the covenant by which children born of believing parents are made members, and if the covenant is sufficient to bring them into this relation it is sufficient to give them the grace of faith and repentance when they have come to years and grace to discern the Lord's body, and to carry them safely through.

We believe the covenant by which they come into relation with the Church at the first is potentially all that is needed to take them into the kingdom of glory. The gift of the Holy Spirit is included to open their eyes to their sinfulness, to their need of new natures, to the divine mode of giving and obtaining these through faith in Christ Jesus as he is offered in the gospel. If parents can trust their children to Christ through faith in him and for them, when they have come to consciousness they can trust his promises, which are so full in their behalf to bring them into communion with Christ in the church. When "they can discern the Lord's body" is when they discern their need of a Saviour and receive Christ as such and rely on him alone for salvation. Then what absurdity it is on one side and want of faith on the other to discourage a well-taught child of ten years from full membership by admission to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, when men and women at forty are admitted with the sins of years in weakening habits clinging to them, who do not know as much of Christ Jesus, whose consciences have been hardened as heathen who have every thing against them, who when they are received into full communion with the church have less clear and definite knowledge than the child of ten years in a God-fearing family. Such notions would destroy all our Foreign Missions and close the work, and write upon the frontlets of all heathen-

ism, "Without God, without Christ and without hope in the world."

We heard, on all sides, that while men and women attend church and are eager and ardent to study the Word and give the means of grace to the perishing, they will not come into the church themselves, and will not obey the Lord's dying command, and the solution is that they were not brought in soon enough, the unbelief of the church shut the door until the age came that they did not think that the Lord's command was either desirable or necessary. The church is looked upon too much as a field for sheep, but the lambs must be kept outside until they are old enough to be shorn, and there the devil has as fair a chance for the first fleece. The truth is the church is the place for the lambs, and weaklings are nurtured and disciplined until they are able to stand about as sentinels to guard it from all dangers. It is a commonplace remark that the church is a nursery; true, but is it for old age or childhood? For both, for in either extreme they are alike. We have no patience with the notion that men and women are to be received at the Lord's table by age or intellectual apprehension, rather let it be by need. God can take care of them, and what of it if *some* of the lambs do stray, there will not be so many as of those who are twenty-five years old and upwards, and the difference will be that the lost lamb will bleat for the fold in its last hours, while those received at maturer years who stray will go to the wolves.

More than once we have met men and women sick or dying over great earthly affliction, and have learned that they were backsliders, and found too that it was far easier to get them back as penitents over a way

that they had trodden before, than to teach aliens about Christ Jesus and his salvation and bring to the cross in dying hours those who knew little or nothing except what was told them, while braced up by anodynes or by the forlorn hope against despair of being saved somehow. It is a fatal lack of faith which rejects an inquiring, tender child asking for the arms of the Lamb of God. While the Church is touched to the heart at such an exhibition of childhood trust, it says, "Not now, my child," and recommends that it should be buried in a snow-bank, if it can live there some years, until it is seventeen, eighteen or twenty years; then the Church will bring it in and give it wine and milk and put its sheltering arms around it, especially as it has lived so long without the Church.

We verily believe that this Church unbelief plays no unimportant part in the manifest unchurchliness seen and felt all over England. If these children were received according to what we understand to be the Presbyterian faith and teachings, and afterward had that wonderful Christian instruction for which the English Presbyterian Church is so justly eminent, there would not be one in ten of them who would neglect the dying command of our Lord, "Do this in remembrance of me." The Church itself would ever be to them precious as the body of the Lord Jesus.

The second defect in the work of the Presbyterian Church in England is that it fails with the great class of artisans and shop-keepers, the middle classes throughout, while it has made wonderful provision for the degraded poor and is accomplishing much in this direction. There is an admitted failure on all sides to reach this most important class who are drifting off into infidelity, or into absolute indifference to all

Church relations. Of course, we do not assert that this is universally so, but it is far too general. In conversation with many of the best Christian workers it was admitted and deplored. Part of it is traceable to what we have indicated as a radical mistake in not receiving children into full fellowship when they are young and impressible under the Divine Spirit. Then again the middle class, intelligent and independent, with the pride and self-respect which the ability of self-support always gives, have fallen into the chasm between extremes. They will not go to a church where they are overshadowed by higher class distinctions, for it is in the churches very much as on the railways. First class, nobility, and as the English say, American fools; second class, for people in good circumstances, and third class for the rest. The third class receive great attention in Church work, because they are so low that pity and piety go arm-and-arm to their help. The first class has been provided for by the wealth of other ages, they are comfortable in great cathedrals and stately edifices that never cost them a dollar. Nor do they pay their clergyman, he is paid out of moneys provided by the dead. But the second class, the bone and sinew of England, the men out of whose brains and muscle come her daily products, have no second class churches or meeting-houses. They will not go with the nobility or the aristocracy of wealth, the most oppressive of the earth, often of their own level in society, who have climbed on the golden stairs. Nor will this class of thinking, active men and women go down to the miserable missions, as they call them, of pauperism. So that the standing, unsolved problem is, "To whom shall *they* go?"

What should be done is a vital question. Something effective will have to be done soon or the coupling between the two extreme ends of society will drop out. In our judgment this can only be realized by the blessed truth that by man shall man be saved; by encouragement to those who can be found in this class to work among their own kind—above all, to avoid, even in appearance, any idea of patronage. Building places of worship and schools for them must not be thought of, they should be started out to build their own churches and encouraged to help themselves. Let it be understood that they are managing and their friends are helping. Nothing disgusts men and women who have the self-respect of self-support more than pauper methods. Then give the middle class of England a fair chance, for from these neglected classes come the defence, the heroism and the might of the empire. Give them preachers; men who can adapt themselves to the intellectual and moral exigencies of the hour; men of magnetism, men of the people, and not dried snobs, ever lying, like Lazarus, desiring to be fed from the crumbs that fall from the tables of first caste; men who have faith to believe that the Church of Jesus Christ will go on and conquer if the Lord High Commissioner, or the Earl of Sunset, or Lord Morning does not preside at the missionary meetings, to give the work of Christ greater respectability. There is to a stranger, too, much of the eleemosynary in church and mission work to reach the class most inaccessible. To the poor there is not in the Christian world such effort to lift them. The labor of English Christians in this respect is absolutely sublime.

The third point of defect which a stranger would observe in the Presbyterian Church in England is that it

is a foreigner, an illustrious, glorious foreigner, greater and better than the centurion interceded for before Christ, because "he loved our nation and hath built us a synagogue," but a foreigner for all that.

The present English Presbyterian Church cannot be said to be indigenous to the soil. We have been in several of the churches during our two tours, and cannot tell the difference between any of them and those in Scotland. One would be as much puzzled as to the difference as Bridget was when, fresh from Ireland, she desired to go to worship in the cathedral of the late Bishop Wood, in Philadelphia. After being directed by her mistress she went to the western side of Logan Square, and soon got into "High-church" St. Clements, and there enjoyed herself exceedingly. She thought that spiritually she was in dear old Ireland, and in the Holy Roman Catholic church. When she returned her mistress asked her how she liked the church, and if there was any difference between the Catholic Church in America and Ireland. "None at all, at all, mum; except I could not find the holy wather."

We do not say aught against the grand old Scotch mother-church, from which some of our ancestors were driven in the very English experiment which the Scotch Church in England is making, trying to woo the English by Scotch church ways; the very thing the Scotch fought and shed their martyr-blood to keep the English Establishment from doing in their experiment long ago of ecclesiastically Anglacing Scotland. The Scotch hated King James' wooing, and his conscientiousness only made it all the worse. The teachings of Scotland and her doctrines based upon them are firmer than her granite, the best formulations of gospel truth and ethics on earth, and have made

Scotland what she is. Her church modes of worship, and policies, and habits of thought are the best for Scotland, but may not be the best for other countries. Keep her faith, but put it aboard a craft better suited to the headland reefs and shoals over which it must be navigated. Nothing stings the pride of nationalities, which even grace does not take away, like foreign religious importations. The raw material may be pardoned if the manufacturing at least be done at home. We all know how long our Scotch brethren in America (long may they live and prosper!) fretted their righteous souls because the Church of America would not work in Scotch harness. But with us, that Scotch foresight for which they are so renowned convinced them that if America would not go into Scotch ways the best and surest thing was for Scotchmen to go into American ways. Now, the Scottish lark sings more like the American mocking-bird than the bird himself.

The same fact which, as we believe, hinders the progress of the Presbyterian Church in England has hindered all our efforts to introduce Presbyterianism into Boston. There is some showing among the Scotch and Irish, and of those from the Canadian provinces; but Presbyterianism will never take root in New England until it does so through the Yankees. It must suit their tastes before it will be chosen, and this will be the result of wise Christian adjustment, by which some features of church polity will be adapted to their habits of thought, to the chronic condition of society, and they will throw overboard some things not worth carrying on the new craft.

We believe that the same national pride exists on the English that we know does on the Scotch side, and the English Church will have to grow more plastic, and

adaptable, and nimble in its modes of operation, or fifty years hence will find it no more English than it is now. Outside of the Established Church English thought and habit of life turns to Congregationalism, where the congregation at large has more to do with moulding the modes of operation in the church. We know how easily the Presbyterian form can be adjusted to this; our thousands of Congregationalist members, loyal and true, prove that this is not only possible, but easily done.

On the other side, for there are two directions for aggressive work, there are multitudes of heart-sick evangelical Episcopalians who cannot endure Ritualism and semi-Romanism. These cannot give up all their devotional habits, and such a liturgy as has been used in the great historic Presbyterian Churches, and is now used largely by the Methodist Church in England, would not, it seems to us, be without result. This may all be impracticable for the Presbyterian Church in England; all we can say we gather from facts out of the history of the Church in America. If the best congregation of this good old historic Church in Scotland were transferred to America its doctrines and preaching would be admired, but few would go into it but Scotch people "to the manor born." Their children would leave it and go to that which is indigenous to the soil, and soon it would be a monument of the good it *had* done.

To Christian men and women of our own faith it is unnecessary to say that we have any other animus than to give our people the impressions of one of their number of the superiorities and defects, as they appear, in the same Presbyterian Church across the ocean, just as we expect them to do about us; and indeed, what the

English people have done with great freeness and fullness, without the slightest shadow of apology.

The Methodists have in the average of about a century and half done well. They have of all shades eight hundred thousand members. They have shown their adaptability to English life and habits of thought. They push both down and out; their tap-root has run down among the lower masses, but they have sent their roots out among the middle classes. They have had none of the weakening effects of patronage from any quarter, expect only to support themselves and to push out into fields beyond by their own zeal and money. They have done it, and have demonstrated their right and ability to occupy England by growing from amongst the English. But they have at this time their troubles. Vital piety is not what it has been. An eminent minister connected with the Book Concern said, "We have never sold and put into circulation so much religious literature. We never had so much money; we would not dare set a limit to what our people could or would do for benevolent work; they will give every thing more readily than themselves. We have about five hundred thousand members who come to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, but multitudes will not come to class-meetings, and while the numbers of those who profess to be Methodists are increasing, the devout men and women who are ready to take up their cross and confess Christ in prayer-meetings and class-meetings are, we fear, decreasing. In other words, the Church is growing in nominal Methodism; the multitude is increasing of those who train under her banners on parade days, who say we are Methodists without its power of a sacrificial and holy life." And this is not peculiar to our Methodist brethren, but to all men

and women ready to march in line who are not quite ready for the fatigues of the battle. Many will study the Scriptures and give to benevolence who will not separate themselves from the general worldliness of daily life. These brethren have sown and are sowing bounteously. But their harvesting and garnering are not equal to their sowing, and nobody knows better than devout Methodists what is the cause. They need genuine revivals, old-fashioned Wesleyan revivals, the kind that make sinners tremble, and either kills or cures cold-heartedness and its hypocrisies, and creates heart-action, and from it vital heat and motion.

The Congregationalists are doctrinally mixed. They have not the real strength of some other bodies less in numbers because they are not as united in government and vital doctrinal beliefs. New England Congregationalism is a fair reflection of what it is on this side. Broad-churchism is more prevalent here than in any other of the evangelical denominations, unless it be in the Established Church. But with all these weakening deflections it is a strong body, fairly active in the great work of saving and edifying souls. It labors under the disadvantage of no general ecclesiastical organization, such as the Episcopacy, Methodists and Presbyterians have, and while perhaps it has more freedom, in a certain sense, it has less power. It has a fair proportion of strong men, not a few of spiritual and intellectual might. They have the advantage in their work of being born on English soil, it is said in 1580 under the title of "Brownists." The exigencies out of which the church came still exist, or it would be dying. Instead they have in England and Wales 2,665 regularly ordained ministers, 3,316 churches, and in-

creasing about eighty a year, and places of worship built by private liberality one hundred and twenty per annum.

The Baptists of the Nonconformists rank next in numerical strength, and are equal to the strongest in work and present progress, and are growing with unusual power. Mr. Spurgeon is the great central figure, though they have other men of quite his ability, but who have not his reputation nor his English level-headedness in good ecclesiastical management. He introduced new ideas into work. The complaint which lies against some churches of being afraid to receive the children into the church has no sympathy with him. He declares his belief that a greater proportion of them will attain unto eternal life under the same means of grace than of adults, and points to matured, stalwart Christians in his own church received at an age that would frighten many conservatives in all churches. His orphanage work is wonderful, but as we have described others of like kind we need add nothing further. One of the greatest services to the Baptist Church is a living ministry of devout young men, who have been inspired by his piety and genius, and taught by his aggressive and progressive methods how to reach the multitudes, and from observation we believe that the Baptist brethren keep the church more prominently before men as the divine provision for the spiritual upbuilding of the regenerated soul than any other Nonconformists. They have urged men and women first to Christ and next to the Church straight-way, and have more organized results from this method. The first General (Arminian) Baptist church is said to have been formed in London in 1607; the first Particular (Calvinistic) church in 1616. Churches in the

United Kingdom, 2,713; members, 315,939; pastors in charge, 1,893, besides about 400 ministers without a charge. Many ministers are also engaged in secular business.

*JETSAM AND FLOTSAM; OR, THINGS PICKED UP
IN LONDON.*

OF things picked up by the way in London it may be interesting to our readers to give a chapter of impressions suggested by things seen in daily walks. Things come before thoughts, and in the law of association they have a supreme place. They project events and often start directly the cheeriest or saddest emotions. An example of this commands attention and reflection in St. Paul's Cathedral in London. There is a recumbent statue in bronze, chaste to severity, but looking as if a thing of life, inducing the saddest reflections, for the cold metal statue seems to have come into existence as if lighted by a chastened soul. On the end, just at the feet of the recumbent form, is the inscription, as nearly as can be remembered, "To the memory of Charles George Gordon, who fell in the Soudan. Erected by his brother, who also lost a son in the same contest." The form wears the highest expression of the peacefulness of the warrior after the conflict is over. It is the best comment in existence upon the words, "Let the world rave, I sleep well."

The artist for the time must have borrowed the soul of the hero, for it is there as men knew him. He is represented in his uniform, for without it the world would not know the man. He is impersonated there

lying with his military cloak loosely wrapped about his person, and without title. The artist well knew that posterity would supply this. The titles of Christian and hero will live on the imperishable tablets of memory as long as either name shall be great. One does not care to stay long at this monument, because indignation forces reverence away, owing to the fact that the statue suggests more the dishonor of England than the glory of the name it bears. Others who never did so well for their country as Gordon have been brought home amid a nation's grief at the expense of the government. Vast armies followed their remains with reversed arms and muffled tones. Great orators spoke of their deeds; great poets sang. But this one, born for an ill-starred ending, was the martyr to perfidy, a martyr to his trust in a government not worthy of it, and to obedience unto death under deception. He was by his trust and truthfulness and obedience to command compelled to die as the fool dieth, and but for a brother's love and sacrifice his dust would be as dishonored as his name has been; for dastardly officials or party henchmen have tried to cover their own infamy in traducing one whom they had led to the slaughter. But the people have strangled his traducers, so that it is not now the thing to call him a crank, a drunkard, a plotter for his own aggrandizement. Where the responsibility lies we do not care to know. God knows, and the story, black enough to cast a shadow on the pit, will out, and when it does history will put the mark of Cain across the guilty names, though they may be written on bronze or on statue large, perched on pillar or under the fretted ceiling which covers the nation's illustrious dead.

England is great in monuments, but greater in living memorials of her Christianity. She believes, as no

other nation, in the saving power of God's Word—it is foremost. On her great commercial buildings is inscribed, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," on her palaces and her monuments, on the pillars of the throne, on the crown, and in the heart of her Queen it is written; in her humbler places as well, in hotels, in waiting-rooms, in railway stations, on arches, it is blown on the wings of the wind. Christian literature is wafted as leaves from the tree of life. If one sits down by a centre table while in a hotel there is the Bible or something short, attractive and good, challenging even careless attention, and such is the reverence of men for it that more than once have we seen men take hold of the leaflet-tract to tear it to light a cigar, but instead sit down to read it while they smoked. The tract, doomed with us, is a power here, and the reason is that it is not more than four inches square and not more than six pages long, and has first some scrap of history, some thrilling incident in life, some fact of modern science, ingeniously utilized to the work of saving the soul. All are readable, some exceedingly interesting, and some thrilling. Laboring men read them, children will beg for them, and people pick them up and carry them on the cars, and often will ask for and buy them to while away the time of the long journeys before them. In the stations no poor girl without money or friends need be led off by those beasts of prey who seek to entrap the unwary, for everywhere she will see printed in clear type the name of the "Young Women's Christian Associations" and kindred institutions, the street, the very door being described. In the waiting-room of the London Bridge Terminus no less than six places were thus described, and the homeless and wayfaring daughters of toil and

poverty invited. We could but ask how is it that we have no such literature and no colporteurs at the stations to thus warn and direct perplexed strangers, so easily deceived by apparent friends in time of need. The church has Boards ostensibly for this kind of work, but we do not see the literature except when mouldering on the shelves of the book-stores, and less than twenty colporteurs for the whole United States, and the income of a good candy shop, which the Assembly reduces by investigations that cost \$5,000.

There is an unestimated power in a single seed. In the Alps a seed dropped by the wind or a bird in a crevice on the rocky side of a mountain rose up heavenward in the shape of a lofty pine, whose leverage, in its growth, loosened great masses of rock from their ancient bed. So a word has done more in the moral world. It has broken stony hearts, subdued the wrath of more than iron wills, and has disarmed God's proudest foes.

There is a story illustrating the power of a single seed-corn of eternal life, which of itself alone gives assurance of the promise, My word "shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." One of those "wharf-rats," who live among the piles of freight and subsist upon the bounty of sailors, or upon which they can steal, was shivering in the keen December blasts which were sweeping up the bay. A Christlike Samaritan with an assuring voice said, "My little man, what are you doing here? Don't you know that it is not right for little fellows like you to be on the streets at night? Besides, the 'cops' will nab you. Come, go home."

"I have no home and no bed. Sometimes I get in among the sacks or under a tarpaulin, and then I

am all right, but I have had nothing to eat to-night, and am waitin' for the fellows to come. We have a dead sure thing of it if there is no slip."

"That's bad indeed. You will get caught and go to prison."

"O, I don't care much for that now as it is winter."

"But do you know that God will be grieved with you, because he has said 'thou shalt not steal?'"

"O, I guess he won't be hard on a poor chap like me. He says he'll take care of sparrows, and they are the biggest thieves agoin'?"

"This is very sad," said the Samaritan. "Would you go to a home and a warm bed if I give you one and leave off your bad ways?"

"I guess I would, quick; just try me on that tack, mister."

"Well, I will give you one. Here is the number." Before he could say more the wharf-rat was off.

"Hold on a minute," said the Samaritan. "I have not given you the key to get in. Here it is. When they ask your name you say John iii. 16. Don't forget it. You can't get in without it."

The boy started off, first on a trot and then on a run, saying every step, lest he should forget it, "John iii. 16," until he found himself at the door. He pulled the bell until it startled the whole house, and the door was scarcely ajar until he was shouting, "John iii. 16!"

"What's your name?" said the woman.

"John iii. 16."

"Where did you come from?" But he was not going to tell them that he was a wharf-rat or a thief, so he shouted, "John iii. 16!"

"How old are you?" said she.

"John iii. 16."

"Where are your parents?"

"Haven't any. I am John iii. 16."

"Well," said the motherly woman, "come in, John iii. 16. You seem to know nothing else, but it's enough to open heaven, and ought to open the hearts of God's people."

He was fed, washed and tucked away in a clean bed, and as he thought how much better than a cellar-door, coffee-sack or grain-bag on the wharf this was he said to himself, "This is a mighty good key to get into warm places. I wonder if all the fine houses I see would open to it as easily as this has done. I wonder what it means? I will ask first thing in the morning." So, for fear he would lose it, he kept saying it over and over, and dropped asleep, saying in smothered tones, "John iii. 16." When he awoke in the morning and came down-stairs among the other happy children the boys asked his name. "John iii. 16," he shouted. Some laughed and said they never heard of such a name; but one said, "You must be fools, fellows. It's in the Testament. I can show it to you. Here it is: 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.'"

"Is that what it means?" said the new-comer.

"Yes," said the older boy.

"But I can't read? How shall I know it?" •

"I will teach it to you," and so the precious work began of one waif teaching another the way of life.

But after his breakfast he was sent out again to find something to do, for the place where he had stayed was a lodging only for the night. He had nearly learned the sixteenth verse, and was so absorbed in saying it over to himself that a beer-wagon, driven at a furious

rate, ran over him, and he was picked up all mangled and carried to the hospital, conscious but nearly gone. And there he was again asked his name, but even in his agonies he determined, die or live, he would not give up his new name, so he said, "John iii. 16." He was asked again and again, but replied always the same. At last the superintendent said, "The poor boy is out of his mind, and I fear he will never come into it again. It don't make much difference. Write it down 'John iii. 16.'" Delirium soon set in, and day and night his mutterings were "John iii. 16," and fragments of what he had so lately learned of the blessed message, "God so loved the world," adding what the Samaritan told him, "It will do you good," and it did good all over the hospital. Men and boys were asking, "What does it mean?" Those well enough to read were reading it, and not a few were asking to know more in tears. The attendants commenced reading it, and the physicians spoke of it in tenderness as strangely touching.

"John iii. 16" got out into the minds of not a few in the city. Pastors read it in prayer-meetings, told the story and commented on it to their people; it went into the Sabbath-schools, infants listened in wonder. The older ones heard of it with tearful eyes, in many a household this chapter was read in prayer, because they had heard of it in new emphasis from the homeless sufferer. The sick and dying in their homes heard of it and when the Scriptures were read to them would ask for "John iii. 16." He recovered consciousness and was surprised that everybody, doctors and all, called him by his new name, and he asked how they knew it. Then and there they told him that he had talked of nothing else. Blessed employment! May we ever have our souls so full of Christ that when our consciousness is gone we may talk of no other.

In the list of things picked up it may be interesting to give a few to our readers about London. It is a strange city; only one of its kind ever has existed or ever will. The old city within the gates is substantial and often beautiful in its architectural designs. Beginning at the old landmark, the London Bridge, and the mounument erected to commemorate the plague and the fire that ended it, the buildings are simply and substantially grand. There is not much ornamentation, and what there is, is more for permanency than effect. These superstructures are mostly of stone, peculiar in the fact that lime and sand are combined in the stone itself, with considerable traces of iron. There is not much to burn in these buildings, wood being used sparingly. The new buildings within the line of the walls are of the same substantial character, but with more ornamentation. One was observed in which Philadelphia bricks held an important relation to the whole.

The streets have been widened wherever it was possible. Old "Temple Bar" has disappeared in the effort, with many other landmarks of the past, and the streets are well-paved with either asphaltum blocks of stone or wood. The wood pavements, thrown away in our country where wood is cheap, are very much used in both London and Paris, and are spoken of as lasting well, but it is observable that this pavement is put down with great care, there is not to exceed a quarter of an inch between the blocks. The new buildings outside of the old confines, especially being built for residences, are too often contemptible in both materials and structure. The bricks are a muddy yellow, very porous and as ugly as possible. The bonus houses of New York and Philadelphia are superior in material, comfort and furnish-

ing. Most of these have no cornices, only a narrow blue stone coping laid upon the parapets about three inches thick. Mastic fronts are fashionable and durable. It was a great surprise to know the cheapness of London suburban property. Two miles from the walls it is not as high in price as two miles from Chestnut street in Philadelphia, and not half so expensive as almost any good property on the Island in New York. Farming land about London, anywhere from ten to twenty miles out, is not worth more than good improved farms as near the centre of any of our large American cities. The impression is that at present farming and grazing lands are losing in value, and perhaps will continue until some measure of relief shall be found for the agricultural industry of England. One of the droll ideas in architecture, to the American, is the unending perspectives of chimney-pots. There is not, so far as could be discovered, a chimney in all London without one of these ugly terra-cotta contrivances. The palace and the rookery alike have the chimney surmounted by stove-pipes, straight and elbowed, with wind-wheels at the top, sometimes twenty feet long, without ornament to break the gauntness of the scene. Curtains, pantalettes, any thing that could relieve the disproportions, would be welcomed to any eye for terminal beauty.

Sometimes there are fifty little terra-cotta tops, as we call them, two feet long, about big enough for an ordinary two-story house on a fabric six stories high. Sometimes there is a variety of stove-pipes and chimney-pots intermixed running up like crags on a mountain side, with no approach to any law of uniformity. If the denizens of the upper world should ever be doomed, for any little misdemeanors, to look down on London,

and if they have improved, as we would expect, in æsthetics, they would look aloft at far-off stars as a relief, and beg to have any other form of punishment consistent with their position. The fact is the upper side of London was built without a thought of the possible return of any surveying parties from above. The Englishman's ideas are truly naval. He loves masts, any thing that will remind him that Britannia rules the wave. Masts are his delight on the sea and in port, and masts even of bewildering chimney-pots on his great metropolis.

English modes of locomotion are surprisingly strange to American eyes. The coaches for ten persons on the railways are marvels of creative art. The English instinct is to keep as wide a chasm between the passengers and operatives as possible. The "driver," whom we call engineer, is put upon a platform, and for better security of the train he has nothing between him and the pole star to obstruct his vision. The Englishman is so nautical in his notions that he cannot get beyond the impression that the cars must be steered by the pole star, or that to keep the engineer wakeful, like Jacob, he must have a contract for counting the stars, so the moon blinks at him, the sun scorches, the rain soaks, the snow chills, the hail pelts and the frost nips; but he endures all in the best interest of English locomotion. The guard (conductor) has a board ten inches wide, along the side of the cars, on which he walks, holding to an iron rail screwed to the side. This is to keep him nimble and mindful of death, or to give him ready access to the passengers locked up in the carriages, if any of them should get into a fight, or attempt to frighten or injure helpless women. There is a bell which can be pulled on the outside, if

the little window can be gotten down. Then they can have the relief needed if they will halloo the guard pacing his board four hundred feet away, or they must wait until they get to the next station.

The apartments are air-tight and water-tight as well; not a drop gets in to drink, and the only way to quench thirst is to go after it at the station, at the peril of being left. There is one small window in the door of each apartment about the size of a glass carriage-window, worked up and down by a leather strap in the same fashion. There is a glass window on each side of the door that might be worked the same way, and distribute a little more air to the panting passengers, but the sashes are nailed and puttied. The air-tight and water-tight compartments are highly ornamented. They are divided up and down by matched planks of about fourth-rate common pine, grained to look like oak. The first-class, for the aristocracy and such other people as can buy the privilege of going into them, is usually cushioned with drab cloth. The cushions in the second-class carriages are either of blue cloth or some kind of striped material, and the only difference between these two conditions of society and the great unwashed of the third class is that the latter have no cushions; they can put their coat tails between them and the boards, or any other material that may be most available. Above the cushions on the back are embellishments that remind the homesick American that he cannot get beyond his own country. Advertisements are pasted above to while away his weary hours—one everywhere appearing of an old-time four-horse coach filled with passengers, inside and on top, rolling through clouds of dust, under which is written, "Ye weary pilgrims, wash your feet with Pear's soap, recommend-

ed highly by the late lamented Rev. ————.” Near by is, “No refined gentleman or lady can afford to have a bad breath. It has produced many a disappointment and lifelong separation; use the fragrant S——.” In the group of highly-colored decorations is another, “If you wish health and refreshment in life’s duties take a cup of E—— Cocoa. Sold by grocers generally.” On others are pictures of Buffalo Bill and his Amazons and wild Indians; wonderful exhibition of scenes in the Wild West, hair-raising adventures, patronized by Her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and other royal heads, crowned and uncrowned.

Buffalo Bill is the most noted of our countrymen in these parts. He is petted by the nobility, is a central figure at the clubs, and is the “nobbiest statesman” we have—in the eyes of the English public. Letters are addressed to the “Hon. Buffalo Senator and Indian Commissioner of America.” Our distinguished citizen from the far West will hardly ever be contented in his own country again. Minister Phelps is said to have announced by a card from the Legation that the people whom he would present to the Queen must be people of distinction at home. This will be a bothersome question, for is not Mr. Barnum, the showman, the most distinguished man, in his profession, in the United States? Is not Sullivan the most distinguished pugilist? Buffalo Bill, who is Honorable all over England—and Honorable means something here when it is backed by the further description of Senator, (of course, the difference between a State Senator in a North-western Territory and a United States Senator at Washington is not put in parenthesis,) it will be interesting to see how Buffalo Bill, who

has been presented to the Queen, who visited his show, will manage it. If Hon. Buffalo Bill presents only the eminent in his country, Sitting Bull will have as good a chance as Mr. Phelps' marble-workers of Vermont, or eminent manufacturers in New England.

Of course, we are only guessing at the estimate of the Legation. We know nothing personally; have asked no favors; have seen the good Queen as often as we desire, without getting on all fours at the Legation. It is better, if Americans desire favors of this kind, to get them through Englishmen, who will grant them, if one has any claim to them, without the humiliation imposed by one's own countrymen. The Ministers and Legations who feel that it is their business to serve their own countrymen are exceptions to the general rule. The only favor we ever asked from any of them was for a permit to go into the House of Commons, in a reportorial capacity, but we were informed that only two passes a day could be obtained, and we would be booked two weeks hence. This would be of incalculable service to the press(?). We knew that this was only a pretence, and found that by applying to Englishmen or Irishmen we could get in every day. So if any of our readers have the ambition to be presented to the Queen they must submit to have their greatness investigated by the American Legation, and if they would avoid disappointment and mortification they had better apply to the Hon. Buffalo Bill, who is as influential among the nobility, and far more noted before the British public.

There is something to be admired in the English way of appreciation of abilities and success in every department of life's endeavor. Certain haberdashers of London have for a long time continued in certain charita-

ble works, and when the knighthoods were distributed the chairman of this estimable organization was knighted. He was not rich, or learned, or high-blooded, but faithful at his post, and as chairman represented a most reputable body of men who had been and were doing a commendable work. Fred Archer, the famous horse jockey who was killed a few months ago while riding in a race, was eminent of his kind. The English horse people, high and low, appreciated his talents in getting a nag over the ground. D'Israeli was not more mourned for in his place than the dead jockey in his. His photographs are displayed in the most brilliant windows in both London and Paris; and among the great ones, kings, queens, statesmen, generals, poets, heroes, artists of all the ages of European history, in a wax figure, true as life, is the jockey, in the gallery of Madam Taussaud. He will as surely have a monument, when his time comes, as any man in England.

There will be those of our readers who will desire to know what progress is being made in England in the work of temperance. To this we reply that their work in this direction cannot be compared with our own; they do not work in our ways. The church is the great instrument here, as it ought to be everywhere. Mere temperance sentiment, except as it is braced against the Everlasting Rock, does not amount to much anywhere. Man is a social being, and it is nonsense to expect him to give up his companions and his cups and go into a monastery, or become a social dummy for the sake of being temperate in the use of strong drinks. If you take him out of his bad companionships to save him you must straightway put him into better company, and the church is the only institution that insures this. Archdeacon Wilberforce is both ably and

fairly representing the best temperance work in England. The English have not much idea of help from legislation. The government will not give up its revenues, and the people have not much idea of isolated work; they carry irreligion, poverty, uncleanness, intemperance all abreast in their labors, knowing that they are different growths of the same bitter roots. The drinking habits of the people are terrible. It is still too respectable, though there are multitudes who set their faces against it as a flint. We have no conception in our country, bad as it is, of its power. It has the unshaken roots here of ages. People do not know how to drink water; it is tabooed in society. Ice is a luxury unknown to the vast multitudes, and what is more, they do not care for it. The majority drink nothing but preparations. Coffee and tea at meals, whiskies, brandies, malts, wines, lemonades—indeed, every conceivable decoction. Water has no friends. A man will confound the servants in an English hotel in asking for ice water, and all the guests by drinking it. It is not their idea of the eternal fitness of things to drink water. We may pace the streets of London from one end to the other and will find no provision for the thirst of the great toiling multitude, except the occasional hydrant and what is bought of the vendors. Temperance hotels are places of torture. We tried two until we panted like a hart on the desert. They have no water but the slush of the hydrant in dog days. If one obtain enough of ice to make a cool glass he will be charged a sixpence (twelve cents) for it. If he drink their wretched lemon juice and soda it costs a sixpence a bottle. And this is not all. The short turns of charging are practised; an extra cup of tea is the pretext of an extra sixpence in the bill. It

is an everlasting weariness, that even the general sentiment of temperance illy repays, to stay in them, because our people cannot live without water, as there is only about twenty-eight pounds of solid matter in an average American body, the rest being water; in other words, an American is an animated sponge, which must be filled, for in every ordinary sized body there are at least a hundred pounds of water. Tea, coffee, ginger-ale, lemonade and soda-water, at a sixpence for two-thirds of a glass, will not fill the aching void in mid-summer, and one's daily dilemma will be understood.

He cannot fill the pores of his body with air, nor with coffee and tea alone. He cannot afford to fill them, and keep them full in July, on water at a sixpence a glass, and he cannot drink rum, beer or wine and be *temperate*. Besides his body rebels at lemonade and Belfast ginger ale. Who will have the temerity to venture to help him out of his predicament? Those who come after will be benefitted, perhaps, by the answer—it will come too late for us. But somebody is ready to say, how is it any better in the publican houses, as they are called here, or gin taverns, as we call them? Only in this, that they do keep ice-water, which can be procured, at least at meals, and therefore there is some choice between dying of thirst and drinking concoctions.

There are other elements of demoralization in the rum trade in England of which Americans know nothing. The bar-tenders are almost universally women, who can be seen through every wide-open door, the more attractive the better. They laugh and talk to the young men and deal out death while radiant with smiles. The old are not beyond the seductions of women who

in every other respect except their wretched work may be of unexceptionable character—and more, may be members in good standing in reputable society or even in the church of God. This is one of the worst features in the whole business. But with all these awful forces at work practical temperance is gaining, has gained amazingly in the seventeen years that have intervened since our last visit. Men who drink are not so indifferent to public opinion. They are not so brutal in their ways. In more than three weeks we did not hear an oath on the streets of London. Practical methods to save men have increased an hundred fold. The cheap restaurants where weary men can get coffee, tea or temperance drinks, cold and hot, have increased, and are in sharp competition with the rum restaurants.

We were in a place built and sustained by Lord Radstock for poor, homeless men to save them from the low tavern. The basement was, perhaps, one hundred by two hundred feet long. In it was a great pool of water, four or five feet deep, in which the filthy incomer must first wash himself, then comb his hair. At one end there was a great fire, six or eight feet long, and what the English call a “grill”—we call it a “grid-iron”—on which he can cook his own food, under the supervision of the superintendents of the place, or at the other end of the building he can find a comfortable meal cooked, with a good, big cup of coffee, for three or fourpence, six or eight cents of our money. Upstairs, as far as the walls reach, are stalls and a little iron bedstead, with a comfortable bed, with a white spread, which he is expected to take off when he sleeps, and a long night shirt, a little table and light and a Bible, and all this for a sixpence; twelve cents of our money. So by these practical, sensible, humane

efforts England is doing a blessed work for temperance, cleanliness, order and godliness, for all these men must hear the reading of the Bible and prayers at night before they retire, and in the morning before they go out. There are also prayer and praise-meetings for them during the week, and preaching and other services on the Sabbath. So the Church is in sharp contest with Satan in all his efforts.

There is one more phase of English character which seems surprising. They are passionately fond of the sensational; no people are more easily carried away by it, and but for the constant moral bracings which they receive in education would be intoxicated by it. An Englishman has two intellectual motions, one toward steadiness in things, or conservatism, and the other to radicalism. He is so in politics. He loves exciting preaching, strange as it may seem, and to hear things out of the ordinary presentation. He is a great sermon reader, this is characteristic of the nation; sermons are thrown off and sold by the millions. There are, no doubt, far more of Mr. Talmage's sold here than at home; indeed, the published sermons of almost every popular American preacher have an extensive sale to the multitude if they are bound in cheap form. It is a marvel to us, since we have observed the English sensational character, that more English of the lower and ignorant classes have not become Mormons. That they are not is no doubt because of polygamy. One of the last sensations in this direction is one of Mr. Spurgeon's theological students, who is reported to have gone to Philadelphia and become a follower of the woman there who claims to be the saviour of the world. Pretty hard on the Seminary of Mr. Spurgeon, but mistakes will happen.

JETSAM AND FLOTSAM.

A FEW hours and the crossing of the Channel brings us into another land. France makes the impression of an extinguished Paradise. It is a strange fact that the loveliest spots of earth should be the theatres of greatest conflicts. There is no country on which passion has raged so fiercely in hatreds, carnage and death as in this garden of natural and created delights. It is entered from England at Dieppe after a terrible shaking up on the Channel. Most people are heavy and stupid after the ordeal, and not disposed to be attracted by any thing, and especially not by this old, sleepy, played-out city, which can only boast of her dock and an old Cathedral. Yet beyond these confines nature soon begins to beckon away from sluggishness and to wake up the drowsy senses.

The way lies immediately between two high bluffs of snowy white chalk, at least three hundred feet high. This chalk formation tells the story of the watery birth of England and the west of France. It is all one vast graveyard of life which has passed its day, little or long. One is overwhelmed as he thinks of hundreds of miles in surface, how deep it would be hard to tell, of former life, with its sensations and motions, where the last pang of the dying was the birth-pang of the life to succeed it—all, like ourselves, under the inexorable laws of dissolu-

tion and reorganization. Both life and death have passed upon all. One reads the one hundred and fourth Psalm with new emphasis and feeling, "These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled; thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust."

This chalk formation appears in England at Ramsgate and Dover, and extends through this gap to the Valley of the Scie and almost to Paris. The coastline of the ancient seas can be seen in the changing character of the rocks, in the boulders heaved up upon the coast surface. The thought of the myriads of life, of its different forms and intent, which once lay in the waters of these ancient seas, which died and dropped down, with their sarcophagi around them, to form this vast territory of chalk, is wearying. Over this are deposit of boulders dwindling down to pebbles and red sand, and then the soil. The chalk gives a strange appearance to the cuts through which the tracks are laid, and looks as if some tasteful hand had whitewashed them. It was a continuous interest to see so much timber in this old country, great stretches on both sides reaching far over the hill-tops, of young trees thick and thrifty, bordering fields of grain and grass, now being mowed and harvested. The wagons were coming in groaning with great loads of fragrant new mown hay, or of golden sheaves laden with abundant grains of wheat.

A Frenchman's thoughts are realized in æsthetical beauty wherever the work of his hands appears. No nation leaves its identity on its work as this one does. The world lives by thieving upon French creations. They are copied everywhere by the artists

of the world, who are ever turning to France. As a farmer he is all that he is in art. His farm is the highest expression of artistic taste. The farms of this valley are unsurpassed for fertility and beauty. If a stream of water goes through the farm, and a Frenchman will have it if possible, he adorns its banks. No drift-wood or obstructions of any kind hinders its rippling course. The grass on its banks is shorn like a lawn. Flowers are planted, lilies droop gracefully over the water, his gooseberry and currant bushes are in clusters here. On both sides he plants trees, so that his brook runs through leafy avenues. If willows they are trimmed; if Lombardy poplars they are kept in graceful cones. His avenues have the same living defilements to mark the way. The growths are of the general character of those in our country—maple, beech, silver-leafed poplars, ash, hawthorn, &c.

Another remarkable fact about the French peasant is the constant unity preserved between utility and beauty. All the trees of his forest are trimmed to the top branches, and this constant trimming makes the limbs grow out all over the surface, increasing the number of branches an hundred-fold. The trees stand up like sheared cedars in our lawns, fifty or sixty feet high. The limbs cut off yearly are used for fuel, so the peasant shears his forests as well as his sheep for their yearly fleece. He keeps his vines artistically, and those that climb over his brick chateau are trimmed and set both to ideas of beauty and utility. In this valley, not usual in Europe, are apple orchards, pruned after the same style, the dead and fruitless limbs being removed for fuel. The fences are hedges clipped in the prevailing style, and even these clippings are cut into little pieces and bound up like kindling wood in our grocery stores, and either

used or sold. The French know how to utilize all nature that she may yield to them her richest treasures.

Along this Valley of the Scie are evidences of manufacturing industries. The most graceful chimney-stacks that skill can execute adorn the many villages. They are round and built of a dark-red brick, pointed in snowy-white mortar, shafts seventy and a hundred or more feet, gradually tapering from the bottom to the top, at the crown or capital not appearing to be more than eighteen inches in diameter. Near Rouen the Valley broadens, giving wider range to its harvest beauties between its rugged chalk lines, and at this point the Dieppe and Havre lines unite and the River Seine first appears, as broad as the Susquehanna at Harrisburgh, and here the old historic city of Rouen rises into the range of vision. It was formerly the capital of Normandy, and is, through the earlier ages of English history, interwoven with most of its defeats and achievements. The Romans were here, and more vestiges of their occupation are to be seen than in London. It was seized in the ninth century by Rollo and the Norsemen, or Normen, the ancestors of the people who conquered England.

During the middle ages the contests between England and France on account of Normandy were fierce and bloody. These now peaceful and fruitful valleys were the highways of armies and their fearful desolations. The chronic contests were engendered by the fact that the kings of England were Dukes of Normandy, and Rouen for centuries was the scene of bloody frays between the two hostile nations, which only ceased when Rouen was restored to France in 1449. There is not much but age and historic spots and the beauty

of the surroundings to make it desirable. The Cathedral and church and that of St. Ouen are the objects of most historic and architectural interest; each of its own style is remarkable. The architecture of the Cathedral is of the twelfth century. It is four hundred and twenty-five feet long and superbly decorated in the stones, columns, capitals and friezes, &c. The Tomb of Richard Cœur de Leon is in the choir, while in the Chapel of the Virgin is the Tomb of Louis de Breze, Grand Seneschal of Normandy. The Place de la Pucelle, where Joan of Arc was burnt, would quicken interest to those fond of historic lore.

Down the Seine the same continuation of wealth and beauty appears. In these peasant homes abide the accumulations of wealth for centuries, and these French farmers are the custodians of the riches of the nation. Their wealth passes over to their children, as thrifty and saving as their parents, for a French peasant never changes his style of living. It all goes into the general entail. These are the men who rise in their strength, in great national calamities, and loan their money to the government. They reason that if the government is destroyed they go with it, property and all, and their only hope is to keep it up, and it will repay them, and France has not deceived them. In 1869 we saw hundreds of these men in blouses, sleeping at night on the pavements around the Louvre and Palais Royal, and when we sought the cause were told, "These men have come up from the country, as they do every year, to loan their money to the Emperor." And they now do the same to the Republic. They are the men who liquidated, to a large extent, the German war indemnity. The Valley of the Seine widens and grows richer in all products;

finer wheat never grew than in the little patches and long strips of these strangely bounded French estates. On the far-off chalk hills are vineyards now giving their luscious fruits to the sun for their final ripening. All along are villages of wooden houses painted white, or of white stone, or of thick bricks of yellowish-tint, pointed between with colored mortar. But the lines of rich forests bound the way all along. One of the most notable is the historic St. Germain. The very suburbs of Paris remind one of the growths on the Jersey sands on the way to Cape May or Atlantic City. Paris is entered through cuts, walled with stone, surmounted by round copings.

THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF FRANCE.

IT is a perplexing problem as to what Divine purpose such a nation serves. It is a strangely combined organism of evil with dashes of good. There is no law of combination which will account for its strange history. The lawless frenzies of the people are as inexplicable to themselves as to everybody else. The best of them will frankly say that they are afraid of themselves, their periods of unreasoning destructiveness in which they give their own lives, destroy the fruit of their own industry, and in subverting what is good, what in cooler moments they would commend is unaccountable, except as incarnate diabolism for the time. With the zeal of the Pharisees they build monuments to their heroes, to virtue and religion, and in their infernal frenzies will tear them down and stamp on their very dust. An example of this was seen in one of these

popular uprisings, when the people sacked the Church of St. Denis, emptied the sarcophagi of the bones of a long line of kings, which had laid there in peace for centuries, and threw them into the common ditch. The leaden roof of the church was run into bullets and the building itself turned into shambles. Later it was restored, but the sarcophagi, emptied of their royal dust, stand in their ancient places, a mute reproach to the nation. The same spirit of frenzy demolished the Column Vendome, which recorded the victories of the nation under Napoleon I. It was scarcely done before they were mourning the vandal act and were clamoring for its restoration.

It is a serious question whether the French people, a strange combination of generosity and revenge, of heroisms for good and madness against it, of sacrifices alike for the right and for the wrong, have not lived to do more monumental mischief than any other nation of like abilities and opportunities upon the face of the globe. The query is whether it is not a nation in which good as a national force has never risen above blind impulse, to be formulated into the steadiness of law. But it is no part of our work to account for these race enigmas if we could; we must rather turn to view the progress of events, to know which of the two forces of good and evil have for the future the best chance for supremacy. France is not a meteor among nations, though its orbit has been strangely eccentric; it belongs to the family of nations. It has numerical strength, intellectual force and has ever a troublesome progressiveness, sometimes on right lines, while often its course has to be sought in injustice and giant wickedness. Its influence in both is great. Whoever touches the nerves of organic France sends thrills

of pain through the greater body of Europe. This vitality, this far-reaching influence, with her susceptibilities to good impulses if rightly directed, lay claim on all Christian hearts, wealth, culture, and endeavor to help her into a better and more permanent future. The Christian world is feverish to know how the cause of Christ progresses in France, or if there is any hope of any thing better than Romanism gives which has been more debauched by France than France has been elevated by the centuries of her oppressive rule. If the day of better things has not dawned then "what of the night," is the cry of the sentinels upon the watch-towers of moral and religious progress. We all know that France needs the gospel, pure and simple. We all know what it did for her when she had it.

But does France feel her need of it? or is she not still beautifying her rags and crying, "I am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing?" Occasionally a half articulate message comes across the ocean, "France is showing life both at her heart and extremities." Is it only the hopefulness of that wish which is father to the thought? France has not yet reached in her revived life the domain of statistics; her devilments have long been there. Besides there is a reluctance on the part of her people to help in the estimate. So the honest inquirer is put to his wits to find the true inwardness of things. The Protestant Church has no literature growing out of her new life, if she has any, and is not disposed to help herself into a more intelligible condition. Perhaps it is the result of distrustfulness nurtured through ages of disappointed expectations, or from a better disposition than rules in our own country she is not too ready to number the host, or perhaps they do

not relish the inquisitiveness of other Christian nations; or are afraid of unkind criticisms. Whatever it may be, they are disposed to impute it to the difficulties of the interchange of thought from one language to another, and from the differences of the modes of operation. But what cannot be obtained through language often can be by intuition, and careful observation and reasoning. Impressions, we know, are not facts, but they will bring us to the facts.

There are several things to be considered, the first of which is that Paris is not France, and the second that Paris is not wholly bad, for there is good in it, fighting the bad with all its might; and though the good might exclaim, "What are we among so many?" yet when we know that numerical strength in sin is never real strength, and that the divine estimate is in the ratio of one to a thousand, the good need not be hopeless in the contest. Paris has wonderfully improved since 1869. There was a brutality at that time in the lower classes not to be seen now, nor do we believe that it exists to as great an extent; the people have more liberty, but this is balanced by more responsibility. They well know that the present form of government which they love rests on them, and that the enemies of the country expect to gain ascendancy by their failures, and this idea of personal responsibility has made them more conservative and better behaved, on the principle that good military discipline in an army also indirectly improves the morals of the men.

The Sabbath is better observed; but few large commercial establishments are open, and multitudes of shops are closed. There is as much ostensible Sabbath keeping in the respectable portions of Paris as in Chicago. The

people did not lose all by their defeat by Germany; they began to inquire for the cause, and one is surprised to hear thoughtful men, not professing Christians, say that "it was for our sins," and this is a far more universal impression among the thinking common people. Even the moderate Communists will say that it was the Nemesis of God against the Romish Church and the nation for being a party to the persecutions and massacres of the Huguenots, and it is a surprising fact that while the Communists curse the Roman Catholic Church, and cry, "Down with it!" multitudes of them have a kindly regard for the Christian religion as it is presented to them by the McAll missionaries and the sympathizing revived French Protestant Church. The words addressed to Mr. McAll, when here on a short vacation visit with his wife in August, 1871, to recruit his health, and which determined him to come, came from one of this supposed desperate class. "Sir, are you not a Christian minister? If so, I have something of importance to say to you. You are at this moment in the very midst of a district inhabited by thousands and tens of thousands of us working-men. To a man we are done with the imposed religion—a religion of superstition and oppression. But if any one would come to teach us religion of another kind, a religion of freedom and earnestness, many of us are ready to listen."

As usual we hear of the deterioration of France from the few who remind us of buzzards on the Western prairies, stately birds with sleek plumage, graceful motions and especially *red beaks*, which sail over broad acres of spring flowers and pounce down on the only carcass to be found in the radius of miles. There are visitors of two weeks in Paris who can descant by the

hour of its moral nastiness, who could not tell you whether there was a prayer-meeting within its limits, though there is not a night in the year that the man who loves it and wishes good to his fellow-men could not find from twenty to fifty. People who only prognosticate on the side of the devil have his born instincts in a high state of cultivation.

But, as we have said, Paris is not France, any more than the slums of New York represent the State. The problem as it stands to-day is, "What will the harvest be?" Seed has been sown and is yet to be reaped. What shall it be? Which of the two great men of their times, Calvin or Voltaire, great at the extremes of good and evil, shall morally represent France in the twentieth century? The teachings of Calvin and his co-reformers from Geneva inspired this nation first with the love of religious and civil freedom, and France, whenever an opportunity has appeared for the people to speak, has spoken passionately, destructively it may be, as a blind Samson groping in the darkness for freedom, and has but too often pulled down the fabric of State on her own head.

In the Museum of Madam Taussaud in South Kensington, London, the curious who may know something of the life and influence of Voltaire in the courts of France and Prussia will pause, amazed at the most repulsive-looking human "get up" to be found within the range of mortal vision—the skinniest, darkest, mouldy blue complexion and pinched features, a disgusting pattern in anthropology. He must conclude that character and appearance are the progenitors of each other. The native ugliness of this hateful creature is repelling, and the form is diminutive in comparison with the moral carrion of his dissolving character. One involuntarily

asks, "Can these dry bones live?" and reverently may it be said, "Ah, Lord, thou knowest." Aye, we know but too well that his moral deformities have not been buried, and the question is will the Christian Church suffer his distorted principles to stalk their way again through France? Shall it be said of him, as was said of the first martyr for the truth, "He being dead yet speaketh?" But the roots of the teachings of Calvin and the Reformers are deep, and like the willow and locust, the more they are cut or broken the more scions spring up out of their wounds. Each cut or bruise is an outlet for a new and more vigorous life. These roots will never be exterminated from France. They all unconsciously live in French mental and political life.

A few facts will give an idea of the time of this rooting and the force of it. To resist extermination Protestants confederated under the name of Huguenots in 1360 and in 1561. They alarmed Cardinal de St. Croix, who wrote to the Pope that the kingdom was already half Huguenot. But out of persecutions they multiplied; the bush burned but was not consumed. The massacre of St. Bartholomew was another desperate effort, and as we write we are in view of the spot where their king fired from the windows at his subjects, who had fought for France and who had only been loyal to France. But sixteen years after there were found two thousand churches braving the fury of this Papal eruption from the pit. Seventeen years more passed when by the gracious intervention of the Divine Head of his suffering body, and in reward for their faithfulness to the command, "Be thou faithful unto death," the government came to the conclusion that they whom they could not destroy had a right to live,

and the result was the Edict of Nantes in 1598. Their suppressed life bounded into surprising vigor, when Cardinal Richelieu in 1624 began the infernal policy of Rome, so often defeated, to exterminate this root indigenous to the soil of France. He pursued his purpose with Romish persistency, which culminated in the siege of La Rochelle in 1628, which, after the most heroic defence in history for fifteen months, in which one-half of the people died of hunger, was surrendered. Louis XIV., from whom the fiery breath of Rome came hot and sulphurous, fed by his own unspeakable moral depravities, and inspired by Madame de Maintenon, the strange granddaughter of the Protestant D'Aubigne, removed the dyke between them and death—the Edict of Nantes—ordered all their churches to be levelled to the ground, prohibited their worship of every kind, and exiled their pastors within fifteen days.

And now all the powers of ingenious evil were again turned loose to dig up these native roots and cast them forth as plagues from the bosom of France. Schools were closed, horrible tortures of every kind inflicted, and the Universities of Saumur, Montauban, Nimes and Sedan destroyed. The army hunted them with wolfish instincts. But the bush, whose tap-root was too deep and invisible to be reached, still burned, although not consumed. In their dangers night, a dark-winged angel, came to their help. They worshipped under its wings in forests, in caves on mountains. They could trust nature. She was loyal to her own suffering children, and so they whispered their prayers in her ears and wept on her bosom, and she never turned against them. Death finally called for this infernal old monarch, and the country had rest.

But as if with prophetic intuition or ability to interpret the foreshadowings of these coming events, two weeks before, Antoine Court, the bravest man in France, convened the Protestant churches in the first Synod that had met in thirty five years. It numbered nine ministers, and there, in the depths of the forest, united the peeled and bleeding fragments in Consistories, Synods and Assemblies, under the name of "The Church in the Desert." In God's holy presence they vowed that this church should live and come up out of its desert conflict with the devil, as the Son of God, the great head of the church, had done, gaining the victory at each onset by the force of the eternal word. And as they had the same weapons they believed a like victory was in store for them somewhere in the great future. Three hundred roofless churches were soon in the organization. Roofless theological seminaries were filled with students ready for labor or sacrifice. They lived in the utmost penury, and held their Synods in the guises of shepherds and in the blouses of peasants, and when surprised in the night, as chamois in the mountains, they leaped from crag to crag by the light of their burning houses. Fathers were dragged to the galleys for life, and mothers lay upon the dank stones of rayless dungeons. One is afraid to begin enumerating the thrilling incidents recorded of their martyrdom lest he may not reach the end. Again a ray from a rifted cloud dawned on them in 1787. Louis XVI. recognized the life of what could not be killed, and by an edict gave them the right to be born, married and buried according to law. It was a feeble flutter of long silenced conscience, but it was too late in waking to save the Papal tyranny from the harvest of their own sowing, or, to change the figure, the cup of

gall and the worm-wood which they had held so faithfully to Protestant lips through the centuries gone to sleep they had put to their own lips. Their accursed political policies were tried on themselves by those born out of their own loins and reared on the udders of the Papal wolf. It had used the sword and now it is to be put to the test of its own steel-edged charities.

The nation which had lived to outrage the God of the Huguenots had to behold a shameless creature, in the form of a woman, carried through the streets of Paris in the character of the Goddess of Reason and Infidelity. The legitimate child of an inhuman religion wrote over the cemeteries, "There is no God." And the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes saw its ill-starred brood come home to roost in the bloody Revolution of 1789. When Napoleon came into power he conceived a policy for the Protestant Church which reminds one of the queer shapes which a skilful manipulator can make in folding his pocket-handkerchief—now it is a rabbit, an old woman, or donkey, or a pocket-handkerchief as he chooses. Napoleon I. gave Protestantism the right to live, but reserved to himself the right to turn it into the shape of a rabbit or donkey or any thing else he chose. Persecution was better for the Church, for in his short reign it was comfortable, because it was comitose. In sleep is the time the Church catches Rationalism, which brings her into a condition in which her trouble is mostly in her head, though the heart may also be greatly affected. So what persecution could not destroy came near dying from suspended animation. This Rationalism did not shock men by its impiety as Radicalism, the feverish, frenzied state of this disease. It prayed, but it was to a God very far off, it was the twilight of what is now

called Agnosticism, in which it moved and had its being.

But the only true deliverance that the Huguenot Church had from its first persecution came not in the form of an edict from the throne of France, but in the power of the Holy Ghost, with the seal of its validity in the parting promise of her risen King, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end." This came in the form of a gracious revival of religion in the time of Louis XVIII., a little more than sixty years ago. It came down from Normandy, and came there from England, from the Wesleyan movement, and went with mighty power through all the Huguenot churches.

Then, as on another occasion in the early history of the church, men began to call upon the name of the Lord. The influence of this work was felt for fifty years. False and demoralizing remnants of Voltairism, and others of his kind, were given up and their devotees turned to faith in Christ, and many of the parents of some of the ablest pastors in the Church to this day were converted from Romanism. The parents of the celebrated Dr. de Pressense (now Senator) were converted then. The lamented Dr. George Fisch was brought to Christ in this great work of the Spirit. Revivals and missions are as inseparable as life and breath, and as might be expected, mission work in France received a great impulse. Louis Phillippe, under the influence of one of these great Protestant statesmen whom God has ever kept near the throne for just such emergencies, the historian, Guizot, his Prime Minister, persuaded him to grant additional legal privileges for the Protestant schools and a limited right of propagandism. This was Christ's first ap-

parent victory over this kingdom of darkness, and his servants appreciated and made the best of it, and the first missionary society was organized in 1833, called "Societe Evangelique," and soon came the special organization of the Reformed Churches of France, "Societe Centrale," which had a budget of three hundred dollars a year, three missionaries and eight stations. This is the first digit in the measure of the progress of the Church in the Desert, organized by the peerless loyalty and courage to the Great Head of the Church of Antoine Court in 1715.

In the second Empire the Protestant Church was crippled not by persecution, but by imperial manipulation. Men were diverted from religion to politics; the reign of Napoleon was feverish and uncertain. France never was cool enough for religious thought or progress. The aim of the Empire was supremacy through the senses. No liberty to do right, but no restriction on wrong doing; so they let the Empire alone, and the Church lay impotent and chilled at heart, and Rationalism came as a most natural result. But God, in the national disasters that ensued, put his hand upon the paralytic, with the command to "Rise up and walk," and the Church has not only been on her feet, but making progress ever since. The humiliations of France have done her good; they brought her to her conscience, they shook the atheism out of her and showed her that her weakness was moral. They recalled to her the long slumbering wrongs she had perpetrated, and as one of her greatest men said regarding the late war, "We fought Germany without conviction and without hope. We did not believe that there was sufficient cause for the war, and this had the weakening influence expressed by the patriarch when

he said, 'That which I had feared hath come upon me.'" In their humiliation new life was born; they felt that France must build again from the foundations. The ablest general left to them said in the Chambers, "The fall of France is in the homelessness of France." He told them that she would never recover until an army was raised in the home, in the sanctities of marriage ties, where patriotism alone is born and lives.

In these dark hours they began to gather up the fragments, so it was found that in the third Republic, under the administration of Thiers, who granted the Huguenot churches their first official Synod since 1661, there were more than seven hundred churches and nine hundred thousand Protestants in a population of less than thirty-seven millions, beside losing three hundred thousand in the detachment of Alsace from France in her translation to Germany. There was an inventory of doctrinal beliefs taken, in which great and fatal divergence appeared; but withal, two-thirds were holding firmly to the discipline and faith of the Reformed Church; and this anomalous condition appeared that, while the State made them one, a separation was clearly inevitable. As they are not at one the State will not call the Synod, but the evangelical party are not grieved over this, for they have formed a spiritual Synod free, but unofficial, in which Christ Jesus is the Supreme Head. Is it not wonderful that it has cost all this bloodshedding and washing through centuries for the Church in the Desert to reach Christ and his crown rights as Lord over his own spiritual commonwealth?

We have given, briefly as possible, these outline facts to help our readers to judge whether the martyr Church of

France, with its heritage of heroisms and histories, ought to live, and whether there will be more hope in the twentieth century for the doctrines of Calvin than for those of Voltaire. And now, having heard the voice of the Church declaring in the wilderness her right and purpose to live, we will give some of the evidences of her life and progress.

At the beginning let us give a few explanatory facts. It is but truthful to say that all the Protestants of France are not vital Christians. They are put in the same category with all State Churches—*i e.*, confirmation makes membership. But while this is true, a vast majority would be by us regarded in their life-fruits as Christians. Political elements enter into all church life—more than it does with us, perhaps not more than in England. The Republic is far more favorable to the spreading of Protestantism than was the Empire, for the latter was a government of class, but this is the government of the people, the imperishable ideal, without which the multitudes of France would not be French. One influence on the side of evangelization is the fact that the Roman Catholic Church is known everywhere to be against the government of the people. The Romanists here are reactionists, and understood to be even hostile to the Republic. It is this conviction that is now stripping them of their power, and in ten years, if not sooner, if the Republic lasts, it will end in disestablishment, and then it will be poorer than the French Protestant Church, which has learned to take care of itself in its sore straits, while the other, a great overgrown baby, will have to take its first lessons in being weaned from the civil public breast on which it was born, and from which it has drawn its life. The following well authenticated incident shows the readi-

ness of the people to leave it. There was a shipwreck on the coast of Normandy. Many of the bodies of the crew and passengers picked up were found, on examination, to be both Catholics and Protestants, and on the body of one of the sailors was found a New Testament. The people of the province called a Protestant minister to officiate at his burial, but the priests refused to have any thing to do with the service, or to let him be buried in consecrated ground. Immediately the whole community turned over and would have nothing more to do with the Church of their birth. Of course, these peoples could not be reckoned as Protestants, though many of them may have been Christians. They had every thing to learn, but were ready to be taught, which is the first condition to genuine discipleship.

— We have sought information from all sources; from moderate, or nominal, Catholics as to their estimate of the Protestant labors for good. The secular newspapers are now chronicling their movements, something unknown in the past. They speak in high commendation of their works of charity. An example of this was a Deputy of the Northern Department of France, whose name we know, but forbear from prudence to give. He had presided over a Protestant meeting incident to inaugurating evangelical work in his district. He was not a Protestant, had been born and reared a Catholic; but he was a moderate Republican, a representative of the people, and had a general interest in their freedom and prosperity. When the time for his re-election came this fact of his presiding over a Protestant meeting was placarded, and the priests used it, and every possible prejudice was stirred up for his defeat. But the people said, "Down with such intolerance," and elected him by an overwhelming majority. These

events show the drift of the public mind and its sympathies. Ten years ago no Protestant would have dared to open his mouth publicly on the subject in that district, now it has a flourishing mission. The people will come out and will hear whether they believe or not. They will even listen if they blaspheme, and many a blasphemer has been won when he came to understand the gospel.

In one of the McAll meetings, presided over by Dr. Newell, formerly a pastor in New York city and later of the First church of Newburyport, Mass., while a Frenchman was speaking, a big man rose in the audience with clinched fists to beat the life out of the speaker, because he urged the claims of the Lord Jesus Christ on the consciences of men. Dr. Newell, fearing a conflict, went down into the audience and laid his hand gently on his shoulder and explained the religion of Christ a little, when the man said, "You are American, and America has always been the friend of the French; you may say what you please, but I won't suffer a Frenchman to talk that way about our obligations to Jesus Christ." That man promised to come back, and has been a tolerably regular attendant on the services ever since. When the Salle or Hall Baltimore, meant for the higher conditioned classes of Frenchmen, was opened, fifty of the worst Communists appointed it as a rendezvous upon a certain night. But the police had a different idea of this work. They had seen the miseries it had relieved and the good it was ever ready to do, and without any orders from superiors agreed that fifty of them, off duty, in citizens' clothes would go and distribute themselves through the audience. But the Communists recognized them and either conducted themselves well during the service or

went quietly away. Some of them were placated and some won over to the cause.

Hand-shaking is a soul-saving power in France, strange as it may seem. The French are a people most impressible by kindness, as they are about the kindest people on the globe. They recognize class distinction, and as it was a coveted honor to kiss the hand of a superior or a benefactor, they have this same feeling towards those who have come to help them. This goes out especially to Americans, who are making real sacrifices for them and their children. No matter whether they believe the message offered or not their gratitude is aroused. The first thing that awoke our interest was a scene at the meeting at Rue Royal, conducted by Dr. Newell. His wife's presence at the door welcoming the people, saying, "*Bon Soir*" to each worshipper and giving each a hymn-book and conducting them to seats, was the best comment we have ever seen on the text, "For the love of Christ constraineth me." To see this elegant, well-bred woman, of the best associations of New York city, doing a sexton's work, taking the dirty hands of the lowest, the Magdalene even in her wickedness, and the best of Paris as well, and giving to each a gracious welcome in the name of Him who hath said, "Come unto me, ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," was inspiring. It brought the tears as we thought how many in our own country might be reached by the love of those who have had all the refinements of station and education if the soul-saving spirit of Jesus would lay hold on their hearts. In speaking with her about it she said, "This is the way we get our hold on the people. It is at first personal. They think it an honor bestowed on them and reciprocate it by their apprecia-

tion of us, and coming with no better motives, at the first, they are brought to Christ." These English-speaking people could never turn French heads by their French, which must, in many cases, sound absurdly enough to them. Even Moffatt records that in his first efforts to teach the naked savages when laboring for words they would prompt him, and then shout with laughter and roll over convulsed at the absurdities he was getting off to them.

But this people never smile at any mistake, and one who speaks the French fluently, through the use of years, said, "I have seen a congregation sit in tears listening to the absurdest French ever heard from a Scotchman. But that Scotchman's heart was on fire with divine love, and it was this that absorbed them. They were catching the Spirit of Christ and were interpreting it *for themselves*." The work of evangelization is as leaven unto the hearts of the people, bringing them to a consciousness of their sins. Of course, the teachers know but little of the people; many are present at every meeting whom they have never seen before at the McAll Missions. A man stands on the street by the door and invites those passing by to hear; he gives them first a card and then an invitation, and often takes them by the hand. They come in at first as timidly and distrustfully as if a trap were set for them, and sometimes they go out almost immediately, the women being most suspicious and most intensely bitter against every thing not Roman Catholic. But more stay, some get interested immediately, and this interest is seen in the intensity with which they hear. Sometimes forgetting themselves they cry, "*Bien, bien,*" "good, good." One can sometimes scarcely control his facial muscles as he observes their motions

about the singing. The popular gospel hymns are used, the greatest blessing in the world for interesting careless men and women. But the tunes are altogether different from those the French have been taught to sing, which have been a kind of pitiful hum-drum in the style of a chant.

These tunes, of such wide compass of voice and quick variations, are too much for them; although passionately fond of them and as anxious to learn them their voices will, however, break off at a tangent and they will laugh outright at their own mistakes. Soon they will sober and try it again, until the music becomes fairly good. It is hearty, which is better. The stranger looking upon them will ask, "*Cui Bono?*" But the answers come often like the workings of God, which are in mysterious ways. One poor crippled woman came to one of the lady missionaries and said that she sold thread and needles for a living, but she was not going to do it any more on Sunday. She was asked why she was going to make the change, for nobody had known how she had made her living, and not a word had been said *directly* to her about Sabbath-breaking. She said she had found out in the Bible that it was wrong and she would do it no more.

The following facts about the laws for regulation of marriage in France will explain some other things perplexing to the foreigner, and the cause of much that is universally condemned. It is almost impossible to get a government license to be married. It costs as much time and money as to get out title for real estate in Philadelphia under the old regime, for at present, through the companies, there is a little more despatch. A young man, belonging to the Protestant Church, with means sufficient, has been trying four months for a

license and has not yet succeeded. The history of the family is traced for generations, and any defect is the cause of a quibble or delay; hence for poor people it is useless ever to think of being legally married. So they live together and raise families under this anomalous arrangement, and this tells much of the sad story of the infidelities in the French married relations. The fact is the Romish Church has environed France for the devil's sovereignty. But the silent effect of the McAll Mission work may be seen in an instance similar to others which have more than once occurred. A man and woman who had been coming to the mission services for a considerable time had lived together in this anomalous relation, and three children had been born to them. They had not thought that there was harm in it, nobody had told them so, and the probability is if they had they would have justified themselves in their inability to get a license, or that everybody else of their class did so, but they had been searching the Scriptures quietly for themselves, and as the result the woman came to see Dr. Newell of the Mission, and said that she and her husband were satisfied that it was wicked, and they wanted him to marry them, not according to the civil law, for this was impossible, but according to the law of God.

The fact is indubitable that France is now in a wonderfully receptive mood. It is empty and must be filled, and the great question to the Christian Church of the world is, Who will occupy that void? God has opened new avenues on all sides. It is as if the windows and doors of all French dwellings were suddenly thrown open to the light. The foundations of the long, stony past are crumbling; the political power of Rome is broken, and no spiritual foundations or elevations are

being reared in its stead. The people are worn out with its oppressions. It reminds us of a description of idolatry in Hindostan given by the late lamented Dr. Henry R. Wilson, who said that when he first opened his school in India, when the boys passed a brown-stone idol they would prostrate themselves. "But now," said he, "after they have been with us and learned better they whet their knives on his feet."

This is what a large part of the people in France are doing with this worn-out political machine. Let it be understood once for all in this connection that we are passing no strictures on the soul-saving work of the Church of Rome in France or anywhere else. We say God speed this ancient Church in all that is according to his Word; and that God has an elect people in its bosom peculiarly his own neither truth or charity would permit us to doubt. But it is against the church as a political force, which has been truckling to every oppressor, or coercing those that would have been just but for this political trickstering or intimidation which is making her decrepit in her true work, and the object of hatred by those born within her own pale. In her political decrepitude the missionaries of the cross have freedom, and the people are rejoicing in it, by many if for no other reason as an occasion to show their hostility. Here they rage at the presence of the gospel power, as everywhere in heathendom, and the people imagine a vain thing, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and His anointed.

The anti-clerical feeling is at its height, but at the same time there is an awakened and deepening sense of need on the part of a large and increasing class of thoughtful men. We have gained much valuable knowledge on this subject from Dr. Hunter, formerly

pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches in New York, who came here, as we have done, in nobody's interest or employ, as an outsider to estimate the value of the work for himself and the church. He speaks the French language with great fluency and has been here at interváls for years. From him we gain the substance of the following statements of the result of careful personal observation:

These changes are becoming daily more apparent, as evinced in the character of the most learned and active French thought, expressed at the Conferences held at the Boulevard Capucines and the Anti-Atheistic League, which numbers many theoretical writers and philosophers, members of the Institute of France, Senators and Deputies, &c., in which the tone has perceptibly changed, if not toward evangelism, at least toward Theism. Atheism as a belief among the most learned and influential is going under. The wide-spread apathy is balanced by a remarkable lay co-operation, still kept in subjection to the idea of authority formulated in methods and church life. The more the Reformed State church of France is studied the more evident is the fact of a positive, deep, increasingly effective awakening of true evangelical zeal and spiritual life. There is greater fervor and spirituality in preaching, greater effort to increase the number and spiritual qualifications of those entering the ministry. The largest number of theological students ever known is now at Montauban, and not only here, but a fair increase is found in all the seminaries, including those of Switzerland. The majority of the Consistories which were a few years ago sceptical have become evangelical. The Sunday-school work, which is of only a few years birth, is growing and rooting in the native soil, so that

it will soon be a national institution in the estimates of Frenchmen. There are but two directions for heretics in the Reformed Church—they go into the rank of radicalism, and from this into government civil service as clerks, librarians, &c., leaving the active duties of the ministry altogether, or go back to evangelicism, and to this goal many have come.

Evidences of the Spirit's regeneration are sought for as perhaps never before, certainly not in ages. Knowledge of the Catechism is not the test of discipleship with Christ which will now satisfy and give admission to the Lord's Supper. This will, of course, change not only the spiritual outlook of the Church, but her mode of being into doing. Hence efforts are being made to establish and foster Young Men's Christian Associations within the churches, also prayer-meetings, which will seem strange to our readers, but it is a fact that the church prayer-meeting is a new-comer here, and has only made its way into a few churches. The reason is that the men to pray have yet to be raised up and inspired. Where they have been introduced the women have often to carry the heavy end of the burden in prayer. Let this be said to women's everlasting honor, another testimony that she keeps nearer the cross than man.

The last Synod (unofficial) meeting, held but a short time since, was a wonder to both its members and friends in the prayers made in the direction of greater spiritual life. The institution of the Deaconesses is one of the active instrumentalities and worthy of imitation. Everywhere their labors are of a charitable kind, ever acceptable, even to the foes of religion; in the list of good works carried on by the several charitable instrumentalities are visits to hospitals

and prisons, and labors among coachmen, and what is more important than we in America have ever seriously considered, counteracting at the railway stations the most desperate traffic in human virtue. The rum trade in our own country and England has its roots in the abominable revenues of state, municipal and federal and imperial governments. In France under the debaucheries of her history the municipal governments gather vile revenues from the destruction of female virtue, and in this city of Paris 50,000 of these destroyed and destroyers carry on their work by license. Society has not power to free itself from this legalized curse. But godly women, supported by Christian men, meet these soul-destroying agents and often rescue the innocents from the paws of these beastly creatures. Foremost in evangelical work in the Protestant Church of France is the Societe Centrale Protestante d'Evangelization. It is direct church work, which employs missionaries, establishes preaching stations which develop into churches, and organizes Protestant schools. It is fifty years old and has made slow but sure progress, but now under the Republic it is making rapid strides to overtake its lost opportunities, and ought not to appeal to our country for help in vain. It was born in an ardent desire to give France the gospel, to gather together Christ's scattered sheep, to house them in his churches. There are about four hundred laborers and sixty schools, and it has organized two preparatory theological schools with an attendance of about seventy in each.

There is another organization which has interested a few of our people, and ought to reach more. First, because of its leader, who was an eminent lawyer who turned away from his profession to serve his Divine

Master for his countrymen, Eugene Reveillaud, who, with his colleagues, goes up and down France calling on the people to repent and attain better lives. It is the voice largely of the laity to the laity to "repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand." It is the flying artillery which can limber up and be in action where a place can be found to stand—public halls, turner halls, coffee-houses, ball-rooms, market-places, park-gates or the streets. It has four agents who have visited one hundred and fifty stations during this last year. Its intrepid leader edits a sprightly and aggressive paper, filled with news both of the churches and their work, with discussions of matters political as they are related to religion. It is called *Le Signal*.

There are in the service of religion a multitude of educational institutions, Bible and Tract Societies, religious newspapers and periodicals; including reviews there are over one hundred different periodicals and newspapers. The contributions to benevolence amount to over one million of francs this year, five hundred thousand to the foreign work. And when the money for scholarships in the theological schools was withdrawn by the government, and the support of the candidates for the ministry was first thrown upon the churches, many were in trepidation. The sum of twenty-five thousand francs was the utmost expected, but instead the churches gave seventy-five thousand. In the estimate of the ministerial force in France the work of the Swiss seminaries must not be lost sight of. Neuchatel, Lausanne, Geneva and Balse deserve to have honorable mention. The efficient numbers of workers and works may be briefly stated. The State Protestant Church of France consists of two bodies. The Reformed Church eight hundred and nineteen ministers, the Augs-

burg Confession one hundred and three. In Alsace and Lorraine (now German) there are of the Reformed Church thirty-six; of the Church of the Augsburg Confession two hundred and twenty-four; the Methodists have forty; Baptists fourteen; the Free Church (Congregationalist) thirty-five; the Evangelical Secretary of Geneva has on French territory eleven ministers; the Department of Aix seven ministers; Independents two; making the whole clerical force one thousand two hundred and eighty-one.

It will be observed, first, that foreign churches have no strength. The Methodists have forty and the Baptists fourteen, the Congregationalists thirty-five, making in all eighty-nine, and this is to us conclusive that the work done from beyond France must be engrafted on the indigenous root, which has survived all that could destroy every thing not of divine planting. In our judgment France must be evangelized by the historic martyr church in it. All else will be exotics, which will require constant nursing and will be always feeble. All strength ought to be combined in the church known to the French. Whether the French believe in it or not, it is better that it should be known, even to be hated, than to toil its way into the consciousness of the people. We should as quickly and positively say the same to the Presbyterian Church of either England or America if it had a few struggling congregations. Turn them over to the people who understand the multitudes with whom they work, and know how to do it better, with more possibilities of success, with the martyr seed already sown, the promise of which is to the surviving remnant, who can do it more wisely and cheaply than all others.

A moment's reflection will show that this is not a superficial conclusion. In 1820, according to the statement of Dr. Bersier, Paris had but one church, now it has sixty. If we consider the political influence of the Protestant Church, which is a factor in all religious movements whether they choose or not, in the First Chambers of the Republic of seven hundred members seventy-five were Protestants, and now there are five French Cabinet Ministers Protestants, and none regarded abler or safer in the Republic. The conditions all around are favorable, but this does not mean that France is practically Christian. Never were forces hostile to good more active, never were men and women more wholly given to idolatry or to an indifference as bad as Atheism. Paris is a deep, stagnant pool, and the good done seems as yet to "surface" over its abysses as the scum on an inland pond. But there is fertile ground yielding the best products, and with the good that lives in Paris the evil can be conquered. This brings us to survey, in its true relations, the most remarkable religious work of the century, known as the McAll Mission work.

We may be confronted, at once, with our statement that foreign institutions cannot accomplish much in France, or indeed permanently in any other country. The work of foreigners in heathen lands is practically over when they have raised up and educated native workers. But the McAll work has never been independent of the churches and pastors of Paris. The self-negation of this wonderful Christian man, who is the founder and head, is monumental. It would have been the easiest thing in the world to have started a church bearing his name or any other name. He might have chosen any form of government he might prefer. But

instead he has wrought in the greatest harmony with the French pastors. He has advised with them, has had their constant help. Some of the most eminent preaching in these stations, two, three and sometimes four times a week, is by men of world-wide reputation, such as Dr., now Senator, de Pressense, Pasteurs Bersier, Monod, Recolin, Dhombres, Hollard and others. There is but one opinion about this work in Paris, nay in all France, which is enthusiastic and profoundly trustful. It is the auxiliary of the French Protestant churches, and at this moment we are told that there are a hundred applications for these helpers, for the churches throughout France, by their pastors and consistories.

The work, by its own momentum of grace, widens and deepens, and the cry, not only in France, but far beyond it, is to them, "Come over and help us." One of its most blessed fruits is in imparting a knowledge to the pastors of France of better methods of work. In the long inactivity of the church, when it was politically fettered, the tendency was to take the life and aggressive activity out of it and its pastors. Many had fallen into a hum-drum Conservatism, little less lively than the dead march. Then courage, which now works through their marvellous aggressiveness, was all repressed by the tyranny which, through ages, became the law of being. The pastors come up from all over France, and catch the spirit and learn its methods, and carry them home not in vain, as the wonderful revivals throughout France during the last two years have shown. To the ministry of France it has been better in its teaching how to work than a half dozen ordinary seminaries. The French clergy appreciate it, pray for it, French Protestants contributed

to it over five thousand francs, a great sum considering their condition and the demands upon their poverty. They commend it, as well they might, and God forbid that they should ever become so blind as not to feel that it is the pulsation of their own church heart. For they must never be separated. It would imperil, to our judgment, the hopes of the salvation of France. But it may be asked what are the results, not general, but organized; we ever search after the organic fruits of the gracious sunlight. It is not enough to know that it shines, we must know that it is to definite results. The French Protestant churches are receiving converted souls which they could never have reached. All the pastors who have wrought in this work have had accessions from it, pastors Bersier, Monod, de Pressense, &c., and so has it been with the Methodist, Congregational and Baptist Churches.

It is the mill and hopper into which the grists of the churches run. They can disarm church prejudices, hatred to the Romish Church is transferred to every thing of the name. The masses do not know the purposes and history of French Protestantism, and think it is but another form of what they blame with all their mishaps. Without the name "church" Mr. McAll and his helpers have carried out its purposes and aims; it is a life-saving service, without the denominational flag at the prow. The banner of the cross has been there all the time. A remarkable instance of this church prejudice was related to us, which will explain our meaning. There had been started a mission in a prominent place with every prospect of success, it had good workers and outfitting, but it dwindled all the time. A meeting was called to deliberate and devise on its condition, in which it was found that every thing had been done that had

given success in all the other missions. At last Mr. McAll, in his far-sightedness, said, "You had better carry out that old pulpit (which somebody had given them) at the end of the hall and get a stand in its stead." This was done, and at first the number increased to eighty, and it has been one of the most prosperous ever since. Notwithstanding this present hostility of the people the McAll Mission must come ultimately into closer relation with the churches which are built upon the very structure of the ages.

France must save France. The native Protestant churches realize this and ought to be bearers of the ark of God, for the "Church of the Desert," in its ordained progress out of the close of this suffering century into the glory of the next. And if the McAll Missions go out of this auxiliary relation they will not be worth either prayers or alms in the future hopes of the salvation of France.

We must not overlook the fact that organized churches are the exponents, nay more, the heart-throbs of all operative and co-operative charities which have in them any possibilities of success. Neither France nor the world, of which it is a fragment, will ever be converted except as all agencies work finally into the divinely appointed channel, *i. e.*, the church of Christ. To invite men to leave the Roman Catholic Church and go into the crazy crafts of individual voluntarism is like running away from a lion to meet a bear. God be praised! No such fear, at present, darkens the skies, but no one knows what might become of this now glorious estate at the death of the testator. We have patiently examined all the documents upon which we could lay our hands. We have interviewed until the brethren seemed weary. We have gone to the places of work and wor-

ship and have, in the heat of summer, found services well attended every night in the week and from three to five services of one kind or other on the Sabbath. We have examined all that could be seen with the severest criticism, and are convinced of the greatness and goodness of this McAll auxiliary work, and declare that it has not been exaggerated before our people. No better service calls for either money or workers. We do not believe that we shall find a more hopeful missionary field, in all our journeyings, than France.

To the Christian and philanthropic people of our country we will not give these estimates of our convictions and judgments unsupported, but fortify each statement with facts. Here in brief are the steps and history of its progress:

“What a joy to Mr. and Mrs. McAll. They had said to themselves, ‘It is worth while to fail in such a cause.’ But they were not to fail. How little did they then dream of the great things to which their Lord had called them! One mistake they had made—the little room was all too small for them. A large ball-room, 112 Rue de Belleville, was leased. More chairs were bought, and the people were invited to enter. This large room was at once crowded. The work broadened and deepened. Schools for children were held on Sundays and Thursdays. The children were delighted with the new sweet stories of the Bible and with the bright songs. Mothers’ meetings followed, Bible Classes for young people, visitation from house to house, distribution of tracts, gospels, &c.

“Then came the call to open a second station; then a third and a fourth. These calls were obeyed in the same trusting spirit as was the first, and with the same

divine blessing. Once more the Lord bids his servants 'Go forward;' this time, not to another quarter of Paris, but to other cities of France. Anxiously they listened to learn if this were indeed the voice of God. The moment there was no mistaking, they gladly obeyed. To Lyons, to Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes, and to many another city of France, the McAll Mission went, even to Corsica, Algeria and Tunis. And to-day the little room at Belleville has become a hundred stations, in which last year were held over sixteen thousand services, attended by nearly one million of souls. We might rest here, to consider what God hath wrought, were the call not urgent to still more extended endeavor. It really seems as though the purpose of God, voiced to Mr. McAll by that *ouvrier* of Paris nearly fifteen years ago, meant in its fulness, 'Thou shalt call a nation.'"

A COUNTRY WITHOUT A SABBATH.

THE English-speaking foreigner, on this day, will take his first lesson as to the extent of French moral degradation. Nature here has no restfulness, it carries its every-day, common-place appearance, because the best effects of nature can only be gained in repose. It may be said this is sentiment. No matter, the world's sublimities are but sentiment. A world might better be without stars, song or flowers than to be without these, as it is the sentimentality in man which alone can utilize these. It is exhausting to live in a dusty, secular world, where the Sabbath hours are perverted to an unceasing round of traffic and

folly by a people who are strangers to the serene joy that the day brings to one prepared by a week of weariness to enter into its holy rest. France is a country without a Sabbath. It has no bar between man's mind and soul and everlasting drudgeries. Even our American people have not yet awakened to the importance of the Sabbath as a dyke between the mind and body of man and his task-masters. The weary laborer on Saturday night has the arm of God and the law stretched out between him and his oppressors. Capital has to throw off the belts from its engines, to close its iron doors for thirty-six hours at least, in most lines of business.

Rum-shops and railroads have the monopoly in forever breaking the law which God has imposed for man's protection against the tyrannies of his fellow-men. But here in poor, oppressed France mammon rides over soul and intellect. Now and then there is a legal or church holiday, but they come to the weary in the wrong time. Instead of a day of rest, fitted to man's three constitutions, dividing existence by seven, that a new and restful seventh of life might relieve the friction of time, it is one continuous going on a dead level; no elevations are reached. The same muscles, same nerves, same sensations, without a Sabbatic variety. This phase of life is expressed by Dickens in that character who was doomed to turn the crank of the mangle, whose bitter complaint was substantially that it was one everlasting "grind," whether it be in a round of wearying, feverish pleasure or of drudgery to keep from starvation.

There is no set time here for meditation, therefore the people must be shallow and frivolous. To see the force of this let the scholar and the man of business think, in the English world, how much of his progress comes

from heaven's ordained measure of time. In colleges let the remnants of classes try to recall those who studied on the Sabbath, or used it alone for pleasure, and ask where are they now. We have never known a student, who gave himself either to mere pleasure or to his studies habitually on that day, who, in the professional race of life, has not fallen behind his more prudent or conscientious class-mates, or dropped into the grave-yard long ago. In conversation with an eminent Christian Frenchman we asked, "How is it that the religion which has given freedom, the traditions of which live in the history of the Huguenot, makes such slow progress here?" "How can it," said he, "when they have no time to read or think and form habits for either? How can you expect a Frenchman to know any thing or be any thing who has to work seven days in the week?"

The best average of laboring people in our happy country read every thing, their Bibles on Sabbath and newspapers in the week. The children of laboring people have their Sabbath-schools, where they learn good things and come home to find their fathers and mothers dressed nicely to receive them. They tell them all they have learned of God and good, and if the parents cannot read they can hear it from their own children, and can learn enough this way to make them good and substantial people, loyal to the great Master and their country.

But who can do this in Paris? If one wants to rest on the Lord day, his neighbor who will not takes his business or his employer discharges him, and his bread is gone. These poor people are now free, they can now speak their minds, but liberty has come too late. When the Frenchman can speak, he has nothing in him good

to talk about. All his knowledge, after he begins to make a living for himself, is gained in the few minutes when he is sitting in the *cafe*, or waiting for a customer, and his anxiety will not let him abstract his thoughts long enough to learn any thing; or if he is a clerk and wishes to read when he has no customer, then his employer says, "Dust, or put up the goods." So it goes all through the lower and middle life in France. The rich have no fixed time to read any thing that is good, such as our Sabbath gives. If they get any thing it is in fragments, picked up, which they never digest, they do not try. Some leave their souls to the priests and do not concern themselves; and the poor man says, "God will not deal hardly with me, he knows how severe is my lot and he will pity me and save me." Then my intelligent French friend shrugs his shoulders, saying, "This is the religion and hope of my poor countrymen. When Satan took our Sabbath he forever heathenized France. We never can be any thing until we have a definite time, defended by moral sentiment and protected by the law, when our minds, souls and bodies can be rested in learning something good, and in thinking about what we learn."

It was a sad confession, uttered in infinite pathos, and just as true as pathetic. When one wakes on that blessed day, which here has neither monument nor memories, he hears the cries of merchandise in the streets, their very wails are the utterance of mind and soul destitution. It seems as weariness wailing out its impotence. The faces of the most facile people have no Sunday smile of composed rest, the cry of trade is the utterance of the deep *miserere* of tired man, beast and nature. Flowers bloom, but there is no Sabbath on which exhausted lives may admire and be refreshed

by their fragrance. Nothing cheers men of labor, no matter what it be, like his home; but there are no homes in Paris, there can be none where there is no Sabbath; Sabbath is only another way of spelling home. The laboring man is rested in gospel lands seeing his children dressed by the mother's deft hands. He sees hope in those faces, reward for his self-denials, hard work, frugality and virtue. But, alas! the man who lives in a country where there are no Sabbaths does not always know that the children about him are his own, and hence he has but little concern. The laboring man in the happy land of Sabbaths loves to see his wife dressed too—he says she is as pretty as on the day he led her to the altar, and the wife loves to see her husband attired like a gentleman at her side, and will make any sacrifice to effect it. She is proud of him, his bronzed face is the joy of her life; she trusts his honor and virtue everywhere, and he has never had even a doubt about hers. But, alas! in this land without a Sabbath it is not so; no such fidelity arches the united lives, no such blessings are twisted in their bonds. In the blessed lands where Sabbath reigns one-seventh part of the time supreme, if a weary man walks out to survey nature, she refreshes him and he returns the compliment in a smile, a laugh, a song. Nature lives for him and he for nature, and they serve and admire each other. If his wife has but a pot of flowers hung from the ceiling he looks them over and smells their odors on the Sabbaths, he has no time, it may be, to do it on other days, but he is sure to do it then. If she has planted but a morning-glory he will pay it a visit and bless its beauties and praise the hand that planted it, and so the flower fulfils its mission and the wife is appreciated. And so we might go on, but it is enough to show that a country without a Sabbath

is ever near the gate of perdition morally, is intellectually weak and produces physical lilliputs, men so small that their clothes are padded to give them appearance. In her armies how can this country win, when her manhood morally, intellectually and physically ever grows diminutive because she has no Sabbaths.

JETSAM AND FLOTSAM.

THERE is but one city in the world, the queen city, all the rest ought to do obeisance to Paris, as all do pay their tribute to her. Rome is a dappled city with a patch of the wonders of architectural conception and skill, and then a patch of supreme ugliness. But Paris has but little within its vast circuit that is ungainly or mean. There are parts old and worn by time, broken and defaced by tumults, but what is left will carry the imagination to the time when it was beautiful of its kind. Nature is all in its favor. There never has been the necessity of hard grading, for while its site is not level its undulations are gradual. Its eminences were so related to each other that the best effects are easily obtained. The great objects of art, her palaces and buildings of state, her asylums and churches and imposing bridges are separated by long distances, so that to this only may be applied the epithet of "the city of magnificent distances," and to which ought to be added magnificent nearnesses as well, for all these great objects ever seem to be right upon you. There is that marvel of cost and beauty, the Hotel des Invalides, with its gold covered dome, which, from the Place de la

Concorde, appears as if one were in its shade, while in truth it is miles away.

The Church of the Madeleine impresses the observer as being within a stone's throw, though it is half a mile distant. The Trocadaro, with its two stately towers, at least three miles distant, is brought in vision to a few hundred yards. The idea of "effects" seems to have dominated everywhere and in every thing, and yet solidity and utility have never been sacrificed. The purpose of the structure is always apparent and its suitability to its purpose is as evident; withal the grand general impressions of vastness and unity are nigh overwhelming. The river Seine runs through the city, as the Thames through London, dividing it nearly in the centre, but the Thames is filthy in appearance, ever giving out vile odors, while the Seine appears clear and sparkling. The London Thames embankment is far-famed, but not equal in extent or beauty to that of the Seine, which winds in graceful curves beyond to Anteuil, and eastward beyond the limits of the city. The wall is in many places sixty feet high and five feet above the level of the streets, with superb copings, on which the people expose for sale all kinds of wares. This wall extends almost the whole length of the river fronts on both sides. The streets of Paris were laid out after the idea of a cat going around after its own tail, for no matter at what extremity one may be, if he will travel towards the centre he will surely find himself confronting some of its great central objects. To the glory of its construction must be added the beauty of its avenues, many of which have rows of splendid trees on each side of the foot walks; in the centre of these great avenues are lamps, and around them platforms of stone on which pedestrians may take refuge from the danger of passing

vehicles which are separated to one or the other side according to the direction in which they are moving.

The parks, so well distributed over the city, with their graceful and cooling fountains are for the people, and not for the rich only. They are brought so near the doors of the people that their children can play in them; the poor can spread their frugal meals in them. The house of the Frenchman is a dormitory and a resort in bad weather. He lives out-of-doors, eats out-of doors and whenever he can get a place to lie down undisturbed, sleeps out-of-doors; anywhere between the shore buttresses of the bridges and the river is a wide footway, and under the arches, close up to the wall, men and women are sprawled asleep in broad daylight. Passing along we saw an old woman sound asleep, her head dropped down over her lap, and moving one way and another as a buoy swayed by ripples of moving water. Her work lay beside her, she had been darning, her hand still thrust in the last stocking had dropped in her lap. She had slipped off one shoe, revealing the sore-worn foot that had gone on drudgeries for more than half a century. Her gray hair had fallen down at one side over her ear. It was a rare sight, a picture might have been made of it. Her utter unconsciousness of those standing over her, the profound repose which weary nature had snatched from the hard toil in which she had always been driven affected us. What trouble had dilated that old heart still beating, or what hunger, cold and shelterlessness, what wrongs she had suffered, what sorrows had ploughed furrows upon that old weather-beaten face? what sins had made them their records on her soul? Had she ever known the sweets of divine pardon? Had that weary old frame ever gone after Him who only sympathizes with the

poor, the heart broken and distressed? Was there any hope in that shattered tabernacle of a better life "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest?" Where are her earthly loves, for whom was she darning those well-worn stockings? Were they for the feet that ministered to her—the children of her youth and beauty and perhaps of affluence? perhaps when she rode in state? Such were our musings outside the curtains drawn between us and the past as well as the future. So we passed on not disturbing the rest so hardly earned and so uncomfortably sustained. Rest in peace, mother! You have started tender reflections in the hearts of those who have watched you for the sake of the world's dear motherhood. May you sleep sweetly until nature is revived, and when you sleep your last sleep may you wake in the likeness of "Him who giveth his beloved sleep."

One immense advantage on the side of Paris over every rival is the presence of the best building materials lying underground and all about. Such stone cannot be found this side of Greece, and in some important respects it is better, harder and more durable, and in dressing down into the ornamental is not so likely by flaws to spall. Until the time of Napoleon III. the most of the stone was taken up from under the ground on which the city now stands, forming labyrinths which Napoleon utilized in his great sewer system and underground passages for sending troops unseen from one fort to any other, or to any part of the city where they may be needed. He then contemplated the presence of no worse foe than his own people. But time, that spoils all calculations, taught him an unexpected lesson, one as sad as surprising. In some quarries the limestone

is laminated, in thicknesses of seven or eight inches, and of this kind is the palace Trocadero, one of the most beautiful in all Europe. The body is made of two layers of light stone, of about six inches thick, and one of red, making an exceedingly attractive surface. Lime and cements are incomparable unities, it may be, to the famous Roman cement, and are exceedingly cheap. Tiles, which fill so important a place in ornamentation without and within, are made near Paris of clay fine enough for China wares, in every conceivable form of fancy, and ornamented to the highest degree, and are not much more expensive than first-class paving bricks in the United States.

But beauty costs everywhere, and here in particular, for in the most important matter of comfort there are no compensations. In order to grand effects height is necessary, and Paris has it with its advantages and disadvantages. A store under a splendid mansion is here regarded as no objection. The house of the porter is the first story and then from the second up to the seventh are flats, the third and fourth being most desirable, according to French ideas, but there is the everlasting climbing which never wearies French limbs; if it does they do not complain. There are as yet few elevators in these great establishments, and even in the few hotels which have them they are so rickety and feeble in their motions, carrying but four or five, that the impulse is irresistible to catch something above and help them to move.

—Thesewerage of a great city is now a problem of vital importance, and it is more nearly solved in Paris than anywhere else. The usual way is to drain into the nearest possible water-course, but the tides bring back all the poisonous exhalations and forces them with great

violence through the sewers, into the air without and into the houses. Or if it be a river without tide, the depth and current varies with the fulness and flow and the trouble remains worse than when confined in pools. The sewers of Paris are only taxed with the surface drainage, all else is periodically and carefully removed and becomes a source of revenue. The sewers are visited by many natives and tourists, more from idle curiosity than profit. Descent is made near the Madeleine. At the foot of the stairs one enters a long black boat holding about fourteen persons; the whole gloomy scene is suggestive of crossing the river Styx. The main passage-way is about three and a half miles long, and is sixteen feet high by eighteen feet wide, built of solid masonry and cemented so as to be water-tight. From the boat a car is entered, the wheels of which run on trucks on each side of the sewer and is pushed along by man-power. The streets of the city are named and numbered underground as above, so the sewer system is Paris upside down.

The water mains and telegraph wires are in the sewers, for a Parisian would never live under unsightly telegraph poles and wires. A class of men make a very good living by skimming the fatty matter from the water at the outlet of the sewers and making it into what is called "Marseillaise Soup." There are seven hundred miles of these underground tunnels; they were constructed by Baron Hausman, in honor of whose life and services one of the finest boulevards of Paris bears his name, besides other unmistakable evidence of the obligations of the citizens to his memory.

—The Catacombs were originally stone-quarries, but now are devoted chiefly as a common receptacle of the dead. Cemetery lots are not owned in fee, but rented

for a term of years, and at the expiration of the lease, if it is not renewed, or the bodies removed, they are taken up and conveyed in the night on a bier covered with a black pall, the priest chanting the burial service, and are dumped into a schute and go whizzing to their second burial with the general mass, where any of them would be bothered to pick out his own bones from his neighbors, if they should ever be needed. The contents of a leaden coffin were one night emptied down this schute, they were the mortal remains of the once beautiful and powerful, but infamous, Madam De Pompadour, who wrote her own best epitaph when speaking of the appalling wickedness of herself and coadjutors, "After us—the Deluge."

—The absence of the distressing signs of poverty is very marked. There are no doubt many poor and degraded, but they are out of sight—horrid creatures are not often seen—more can be seen in London in a day than in Paris in a month. We do not say that it does not exist, for this is impossible, but how they keep it out of sight is perplexing. One way is apparent, nobody is permitted to solicit alms on the street, and nobody does except on *fete* days, which means freedom for beggars as well as everybody else. On one of the *fete* days, on the Boulevard de l'Opera, a blind man was led by a little yellow dog, who knew as well how to steer his master through danger as a helmsman does a great ship. If he was going into peril he would pull hard on the chain which his master held away from it, and if this would not move him with proper celerity he took hold of his trousers leg, and when he had guided him to the stand the master gave him a little tin pail, holding from a pint to a quart, which he held by the handle in his mouth all day long, looking into the eyes

of the passers-by as much as to say, "Don't you see my condition? I have a family to support. Don't you see that my master is blind and his family is dependent on me?" He made himself and his condition known, and but few Americans and English passed that little yellow dog that did not make his bucket clink. It was nothing new to the Parisian, but very touching to English-speaking foreigners. Sometimes ladies would drop in a contribution, and turning to see the patient little creature holding his bucket in his mouth and wagging his tail, would turn about and make another and larger one. He has never been seen since that *fete* day, and we know one who mourns his absence whenever she goes on the street. His life is doubtless a strolling one in the country towns where begging is not prohibited, and he and his charge will not appear in Paris again until another *fete* day.

The yellow dog is a wonderfully intelligent creature here. He is small but talented, often assuming the proportions of genius. He can be taught to read by cards on which are objects with which he has been long associated. It is reported in the newspapers that Sir John Lubbock, of England, has such a dog. We have been told a story of one of this kind which we have no reason to doubt from what we have already seen. A dog was employed, as before described, to lead a blind man to his place of begging and perform many little tricks for which money was put in his bucket and thus supported his master. They were inseparable, but hard treatment and cold rains and winds undermined the constitution of the man, poorly clad, and no doubt poorly fed and sheltered; he grew pale, thin and hollow-checked, the premonitory condition of consumption. He was seen growing weaker and weaker and coughing away

his remaining strength, but at last he came no more, but the little dog stood alone at the accustomed place going through with his antics and holding up his bucket for the reward of his service, which he took home to his dying master. At last both dog and master disappeared, and inquiry was made, to find the sad facts that the master had died and the poor dog, wearied of life without him, lay down and died by the grave of him whom he had loved and served.

The world at large knows but little of French inner life, how sentimental and yet how steadfast to convictions. The French people love liberty with a passion that belittles all the patriotism of those who have been so happy as to have it. His patriotism is boisterous because it is so excessive. The nations do not understand it, because it makes him so eccentric that he appears more like a lunatic than a patriot. We learned many things about the French on their three *fete* days in July, which we could never have been told, nor could we have understood by reading. The preparations, made by the government, were going on for days. The gas-fitters ruled the city. The houses are well adapted for displays by illumination, half-way up along all the principal street fronts are balconies running the whole length of immense squares; on these were gas jets close together for miles on both sides of the broad avenues. Then over the wide openings into courts, from which the ascent is made into the buildings, were arches of light; along the upper cornices in many great rows were these gas jets, and the observatories, of which there are from two to four on every row, were blazing often in beautiful design. The palaces and public buildings were ablaze with light, and the towers, spires and facades of the churches and great cathedrals, all

the fountains were lighted to the best effects, until in the night and by artificial lights they were wreathed in rainbows.

—The great Louvre and Madeleine, the Hotel Des Invalides, with its gold-covered dome, Notre Dame, the Conciergie, on the spot where Louis XIV. and Marie Antoinette were imprisoned before death, were brilliant. The Trocadora with its high towers lit up the very heavens, until the stars were ashamed and went into three days obscurity and would not come out until the gas business was over. The Arc de Triomphe was lost in flame, so that from one end to the other of Champs Elysees it was like a sea of fire. No such a scene of indescribable splendor could be possible anywhere but in Paris. No other minds could have conceived it, no other hands could have executed. The people travelled the streets day and night; one-third of the population never retired. They were not drunken; we did not see a drunken man on any of those three days and nights. They were intoxicated with joy over this anniversary of their liberties, which began in the destruction of the Bastile, and is now consummated in the overthrow of monarchy and empire. They sang the Marseillaise until they were without breath. They shouted in triumph, so that the skies and winds echoed it back again, old men and women on legs and crutches, old soldiers and young ones, children and dogs, babies and their mothers, all pressing on somewhere or anywhere their boundless joy led them.

We have never seen or heard any thing approaching it. Bands played, bells rang, chimes sent out their merry peals, cannons blazed and boomed, the crowd smothered all with their "*Vive la Republique.*" Men and women played in concert along the streets on some

kind of mouth organ, shrill and loud, but pitched in concert, followed by hundreds singing. At the corners of the streets were bands, and five hundred men and women danced at once on the smooth asphaltic streets. All night long for three nights the great Boulevards, two hundred feet wide, were blockaded by the dancers, and this went on in every part of the city without quarrels or ruffianly disturbance. It was a wonderful outburst of patriotic joy, as if their hope of liberty through weary bleeding ages had come forth in boundless fulness at last.

POLITICAL POSITIONS AND CONDITIONS OF FRANCE.

EVIDENCE of how little is known concerning the actual political condition of France is found in the absurd editorials in England and United States about the popular risings expected on the 14th of July last. The London *Times* had a column's editorial deprecating the condition of affairs and funeralizing on the probable deaths and bloodshed at the Fetes. An Englishman, who was reading it, whose business requires his residence here, exclaimed, "Was there ever such stupidity uttered! Think of it, only seven hours from London, in the *Times*, the greatest English paper, that such falsities should find place in an editorial leader. England is the most unmitigated ass on the globe when her prejudices and self-interest run together." The French people are excitable and have dangerous elements threatening their peace, but never were they so well in hand as now. The reason is if there is any thing in this life dear to the average

French heart it is this Republic. The masses are childish in their delight over their freedom, and they know every one of them who are their foes and how they expect to overthrow the Republic. The French people under governments where they have no responsibility are like an unballasted ship under high pressure—unsteady; now it careens on one side and now on the other, but load it down to the gunwales and how changed, how steady her progress, how she parts the waves on either side in her onward course. Every man of the multitudes of France believes that he is carrying some part of the burden of the Republic. He may talk about men and methods, but he will stop if he sees that his freedom is imperilled. Responsibility turns Radicals into Conservatives, but lately a violent Radical was given a prominent place in the present government and men said, "That's a bad choice, he is a fearful Radical." But President Grevy knew the philosophy of gravity, he loaded him with most important trusts, and the other day he delivered a speech that surprised all France for its ability, moderation and farsightedness into the nature of the perils that environ the country

Nobody ought to know better how to subdue Radicals than Americans, for in our last war a multitude were made moderate by putting them in the harness, and making them responsible before the high court of public opinion for their official conduct. We would ever define a Radical as a man who needs more ballast. The talk so current in our country about the dangerous character of General Boulanger deserves hardly any more serious consideration than the danger of a war with Great Britain from manœuvres of O'Donovan Rossa, although the General is a far better and more

reliable man. As far as we can understand, he is a dashing French officer, with more than usual executive or army organizing abilities, who has the not uncommon vanity of desiring what he does to be appreciated. He is a man of the masses, and has admirers among the irresponsible, loud-mouthed *café* people—and more, he has the hopes of many worthy people that he may be the coming man to defend their country in its perils. But they have not the slightest idea of following him into any revolutionary movements in France or anywhere. Beside all this Paris is not France any more, the Republic has distributed the ruling power and responsibility. War cannot be declared any more on the caprice or wounded vanity of any one man.

The Deputies represent all interests, and no immediate interests to France will anywhere be conserved by war. The most likely cause of war is merely sentimental. The people of Alsace and Lorraine are loyal to France and will be nothing else, and no doubt being disloyal to their new masters have to put up with many petty oppressions, and their constant appeals to their former countrymen excite some people in France very much. But the cry of their wrongs will not be loud enough to arouse France just yet. The war of revenge is a for-gone conclusion, but the *when* no man knoweth. If France knows any thing it is that she is not yet ready, and the people will control themselves first, by the desire to do it without danger of failing, second, by the fact which they well know that it is going to cost blood and treasure when it does come. More, France is prosperous, and a prosperous France is a contented France, or, in other words, then the best and safest elements rule.

The thrifty will not rashly vote away substance and life. Trade here is wonderfully good, the merchants

of the earth are here buying her stores. France is a manufacturer which will never have dangerous competitions. Her products are the embodiments of her genius. No nation has such conceptions of the beautiful, artists from all countries are copying her designs, taking them away to reproduce them, but as often failing; when done they are not French. This genius is, in part, climatic, in part the result of education from the beautiful creations of genius and art collected here, which are before them from birth to death, and partly in the mixtures of blood. These elements of prosperity will always be here, making France mistress of the beautiful and useful, and as the French rarely leave their country a source of continuous wealth. At this time all these industries are taxed to their full extent. While England with only her useful products languishes, France prospers, because the latter in her business has no competitors.

The ideas ruling in politics are more diffused, and the people are not tempted to rebel through curiosity, or because they have no share in the motives controlling their rulers. The people know the policies of their rulers about German affairs. The policy of the government is to compel Germany to the attack. They have determined to have this justification to satisfy and unify their own people. They desire the sympathy of the nations, and Germany will not be able to torture them into overt acts; this is settled policy and it is approved by the people. Beyond this the French know that the Emperor of Germany is exceedingly averse to war in his old age, and as long as Le is Emperor there will be none under any ordinary provocation. They know, too, that the Crown Prince and Bismarck are not one, and that serious differences on public policies have existed, and this will be in their favor.

Then last of all, they know that their army is not equal to that of Germany yet, and that they need time and means to perfect it and will build it up only as fast as it can be done without prostrating the industries of the nation. They have estimated also the effect on German finances and German patience of the increased army that Bismarck fooled the people into giving him, hoping that France would give him the pretext to fight soon. The quality of the French statesmen is improving, the government is growing stronger and having the more constant confidence of the people, and every noble interest in time goes on the side of the Republic; all good to France is in it, and she is stronger in every element than the nations profess to believe. Her alliance with Russia is, at least, a brake on the policies of more than one of her neighbors. She has been, and is yet, worrying England prodigiously in her Egyptian affairs, which has been caused by Mr. Gladstone's cowardice, inability or insincerity. England had all the rights she claims now when she had put down Arabi's rebellion, and ought to have taken them then. France was by her own choice out of the field, and expected England to assume the Protectorate. Germany urged her to do it, but Mr. Gladstone, who was never worth a button in foreign politics, had a shuffling sentimental policy, in which he was going to have a love-feast, in which he would claim the lion's share as usual for England, and the result of his fiasco was the slaughter of thousands of brave men, the insidious sacrifice of Gordon, and England, which is responsible, is now grievously tormented in the triangle between France, Russia and Turkey. She is eating "humble pie" on the failure of Wolf's mission. She may well feel it when Turkey slaps her in the face and exclaims "*et tu Brute.*" It is

not surprising that she has her navy out again and has sham battles on her own coast, to show the world what she would do if she could find an occasion.

SWITZERLAND—JETSAM AND FLOTSAM.

OUR movements carry us toward the sunrising. The sunsetting has in it all that life has been; all its sorrows and enjoyments are in that far away beyond the glowing clouds. Hope only leads on now, and we have given ourselves over to this helmsman and will let the man at the wheel alone. The journey through France is through a well tilled, skilfully planned garden. The chalk formation appears east of Paris as it did at the west, on to the coast of the Channel. Central France is chiefly devoted to grain growing and cattle raising. The farms seem larger than on the western side. The country impresses us, as all France does, as one of wonderful prosperity. Her factories are running away into the night. Her products are sold at the highest figure. Most products are as high here as in New York and Philadelphia, and if the duty is added higher. Living is higher than in New York for the same qualities; there is nothing European about which Americans are deceived more than in their ideas of the cheapness of living in France. Even wines, in which so many Americans delight, are as dear as at home; two francs a bottle does not seem much, but it is forty cents, and as good wines as the *vin ordinaire* can be purchased at home for this amount.

As the fatal border is neared it is easy to see how great the loss sustained by France in her territory by

the grip of Germany; two of the brightest jewels of the crown were taken away. The two Rhine provinces of Alsace and Lorraine are beautiful and fertile. Their hills are hung with treasures of wealth in their vineyards. Their valleys, through which run mountain water courses, are teeming in abundance. It must have been a bitter draught, the accumulation of more than a hundred years, but France must not forget that these Rhine provinces are only lendable estates. France took them from Germany, and forgot that they were never hers in fee, and had to learn the hard, but inevitable lesson, long ago thundered in the ears of national greed, "Thou shalt not covet any thing that is thy neighbor's." God measures out humiliations by the minutest exactitudes, he will teach that both Germany and France are tenants of his estates. Germany has drunk up her share of the cup of bitterness, his tonic for the health of the nations, and France had lost her tone and needed the same treatment for about one hundred and fifty years, and she might as well patiently accept the situation and feel that she has exchanged land for discipline which will be better in the end. At the very border of this territory, when there is not an indication that the boundary is reached, every thing looking French like, the cars are stopped, baggage examined by another race, separated from the "oui" "oui" by "Ja Ja," but a mighty chasm lies between. It is not long we stay in German dominion, for soon the Rhine, that river which has seen the birth of Europe and threads its way through its histories, was crossed and we were in the Republic of Switzerland, whose freedom, like our own, was gained against fearful odds, according to the divine formula, "one shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight."



Japheth.

SWITZERLAND.

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M. S. BRADSHAW

The history of the contest reads like a romance, with the hair standing up upon one's head. The people hold position now by the might of weakness and by the jealousies of their neighbors, as when dogs are fighting over a bone it is quite apparent that the bone takes no part in the struggle. Switzerland, now, would not cut much of a figure defending herself against any of her neighbors, when her mountain defences are half dug down by railroads. The first city to receive the pilgrim into the country without a king is Basle. It manufactured and dealt in history, civil and ecclesiastical, in the past. But both the city and its histories have all gone to sleep. It is the dullest place out of Turkey, a place, however, of wealth, beauty and refinement. Its once famous university was noted for such men as Erasmus, Euler and a galaxy of Reformation constellations, but is now reduced to the proportions of a school of about three hundred. The glory of Switzerland is in her Protestant struggles, and her triumphs for the faith as it is in the Word of God, all was measured by this, and all that would not come up to its demands was cast away as vile rags.

Basle was the brain of this intellectual and moral life; she is overwhelmingly Protestant yet. This boon, out of which came her freedom, was the price of blood, and plenty of it. There has been a prodigal sowing of martyr life in Switzerland, and much of it in the Canton of which Basle is the capital. Switzerland held to the Reformed faith, a more scriptural order than Lutheranism. The Lutherans have been fettered by the fact that connection in some ligaments of their faith with Rome was never in reality entirely broken. Luther was anathematized by the Pope, and cursed back again, but he never lost all the lineaments of his old

“Pap,” and many of his followers have kept them and have improved on them; hence there is a deal of High-churchism in Germany whose action is Romeward, and by reaction infidelward, and the cause of much of the deadness still extant. Luther’s sacramentarianism has been borne across the ocean and a small crop raised in our country—enough to sample the lot. Zwingli was a Radical, he stripped the very foliage from living truths that he might clasp them by their bodies. His doctrine of the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper was almost as bare as Luther’s was redundant. It was to him no more than a memorial institution, which in Calvin’s exegesis bore richer fruit and more of it. But it is even better in great moral crises that great truths were pruned than overloaded. Basle had the best moral and intellectual thought of this time woven into its history. Zwingli, Bucher, Bullinger, Calvin and others, either stars or satellites, glorious in all their relations, have left a lustre on her past more wonderful than the colored mists, the treasures of her mountains, which give her atmosphere such strange and peerless beauty.

But Basle is great in her past. The Pilgrim does not find much promise in her present. She, like all Switzerland and Germany and France, is fettered by the notions or neglects of these old reformers about the Sabbath. Moral life without a Sabbath yields but stunted growths. Sabbath-breaking is digging away the nurture from the tree of life. Religion, like animal and vegetable species improved by long culture, when robbed of its day of rest, given to moral meditations, goes back into the original type of heathenism. This is the worst form of deterioration the Continental churches have to resist. A people who work six days in the week and give the seventh to pleasure will know nothing, and Chris-

tianity without constantly increasing religious knowledge is like a bird without wings, or like Prometheus bound. We have an example before us this minute. This morning being Sabbath when we went to breakfast the *concierge* met us, saying there was a grand excursion on the lake of Zurich, the very thing. We could spend a splendid day seeing the mountains and from the mountains surveying the valleys. Grand! But we said, "We are going to church." He shrugged his shoulders and looked in mingled pity and disgust. We asked him if he knew any thing of Scotch Presbyterian services. "No! No!" and then a bright thought suffused his face, his eyes twinkled with delight, he had solved the dilemma for those who would lose the beauties of the excursion in going to church. Said he, "There will be a balloon ascension this afternoon, you can see that;" and as we write thousands of people are on the streets and housetops and everywhere else in the burning sun, waiting the balloon ascension, and they do not think that they are doing any harm, perhaps half of them, or even more, were at church this morning. The balloon is to counteract the severities of their devotion this morning.

The blight of State patronage lies over the whole Swiss church as over the whole of Europe. The symptoms of spiritual decay are ever apparent. The church breathes through one lung, her life is sluggish, her progress slow, if not uncertain, still there is life, and some good work is being done at home and abroad. The Seminary at Lausanne is sending forth an evangelical ministry; there have been some revivals of religion and modern evangelical methods are being introduced, but not to the same extent as in France, and to English ideas very, very slow. Switzerland has had no great

calamity as France to wake her up and set her people to the inquiry as to whether God has any thing special to do in national ups and downs. There is a tradition about Basle which would be admirable as the religious policy of the hour. In former times they kept their clocks one hour ahead of every city in Europe. This singular habit was a part of the religion of the people; one reason given was that they were lazier than other people and took this means of hurrying themselves up to time, a blessed suggestion to the church everywhere; the time has come to set our clock ahead, for we are behind our opportunities, we need to be goaded on by the vibrations of the moments. And so in this conception the late Dr. Merle de Aubigne, when the great history of the Reformation was being written, had chiselled on the stone over the study-door in Latin, "The time is short," and hence he wrote as if every moment was the last, and Calvin, in his house near by, while dying, wearied three amanuenses in the finishing of the last of his noted commentaries. But the best of sentiments will not keep either minds or souls alive without motion from deep, heart-loving convictions. There must be a revival here. There is no place in the wide world so pasted over with good and godly sentiments as Europe, but the people will sleep on them.

There is religious literature everywhere and in several different languages, but in countries where the religious sensibilities of the multitudes are blunted the power of the Holy Spirit alone can bring them to consider and relish scriptural or experimental truth. There is a slow change for the better, but this flood-tide of literature is not always the best or wisest. Everywhere in Switzerland is to be found a London republication of a paper published at Battle Creek, in Michigan, which has

a great deal that is readable and profitable, but there are long discussions as to whether the seventh day or the first of the week are the Bible Sabbath. It occurred to us how absurd many well-meaning people are in their efforts to do good. What is the use of long and labored argument about the seventh day of the week as the true Sabbath to a people who will not consider any Sabbath with any degree of seriousness. We do not believe in this seventh day business, but would be so delighted if they would only observe the Jewish Sabbath that we would not think it worth while to tell them that any other view in the church had ever prevailed. How much better if God's people could present a solid front on the subjects on which they are at one, enough surely to save the world.

We do not believe that immersion is the only scriptural form of baptism, but we would have little reason for regret as Christians if our Baptist brethren were bringing all unbelief and heathenism to Christ, and immersing every one of them. We do not mean to minify the importance of these great questions, but let discussion go on where it does not impress the idea of Christian disharmony in saving the world. This in our judgment is a greater evil.

A few hours journey east is Zurich, having all the activities that Basle wants, the most beautiful city in Switzerland, with the push of Chicago in every department in life, while it has a beauty of natural environments, of architectural grandeur that Chicago can never possess. It sits between its munition of rocks, beside its lake of bluest waters, as the Queen of the Alps. Her people are prosperous and well behaved, and from centre to circumference there is no shocking poverty. As the most thrifty people in Pennsylvania are the Dutch,

a fair mixture of natives with the blood of the German, crossed or modified by climate and environments, so the citizens of Zurich are largely a cross between the Swiss and Germans. While it is good for the race it is hard on both the languages, which are as badly corrupted as the mixed English and German called Pennsylvania Dutch. But the outcome is a larger and handsomer people, with great elements of physical, intellectual strength. Zurich has a glorious history and has had her hands to the elbows in the conflicts that have closed historic cycles, the last pages always written in blood. It has the honor of being the spot in Switzerland where the Reformation gave vent to the Protestant civilization which has changed the face of the globe, made all the geographies of Europe and changed them at its will, and will soon dominate the earth, all nations coming into its living, acting image.

It has in its arsenal relics of the men who gave her her dower of historic lore. In the old arsenal are the battle-axe and sword, the casque and coat-of-mail of Zwingli, and the bow with which William Tell shot the apple from his son's head. Of course, we do not forget that there are some who profess to show that all heroism is mythical, and that William Tell, Pocohontas and Captain Smith are all alike myths. There is this comfort, however, that not many of our day will provoke this exterminating instinct. It is a surprise that Zwingli has not suffered the same fate, and that men do not have to save their reputation by saying Zwingli, "if I may be allowed the expression." The Cathedral where he preached and denounced the errors of Rome is one of the institutions to which the native points with pride, and in sight is St. Peter's church where for twenty-five years the celebrated physiognomist Lavater

was pastor, who, when Zurich was captured by the French army, was shot by a soldier to whom a few minutes before he had given a cup of wine. His remains lie in the church-yard of St. Anne's.

The library and museum hold precious treasures to the scientist, historian and antiquarian. There are in the library three letters from Lady Jane Gray, written to Bullinger in Latin, one from Frederick II. to Muller, a Greek Bible, which belonged to Zwingli, with marginal notes in Hebrew in his own hand-writing. There is also a bust of Pestalozzi, who was also a citizen of Zurich. In the museum is the greatest collection of relics of the prehistoric lake dwellers—there is no doubt of the relics, they are before you honest and sure, ready to answer any curious fancy. The instruments of the stone, bronze and iron ages have, like Daniel, come to judgment. We propose to interest those of our readers, who have not and may never see them, with a careful presentation of the most perfect of each in the order arranged by the best scientific skill, first by the discoverer, Dr. Ferdinand Keller, and then by a series of eminent successors.

The existence of pre-historic villages in Swiss lakes is beyond doubt, and the first point of interest is—how were they built? By driving piles down in the chalk-beds of the lake; for the chalk beds seem to follow with but few breaks all our way from Dover, England. These stakes, or piles, were bound together by cross-ties or walled into a solid mass above high water mark, and on these houses of brush were built, the brush intertwined like lath and plastered, covered or thatched with straw. There are in the museum in Zurich fragments in such a state of preservation as to prove these statements beyond doubt, and if any are unbelieving they can go almost anywhere in

the peat bogs on the lake and digging through it into the soft chalk deposit find the ends of the piles in a fair state of preservation.

The second question is, why were they built? and this brings to memory the skeleton of a lecturer on the Catacombs at Rome, a quondam Frenchman who formerly inhabited the United States of America, by name of Professor De Launay. He said, "Vat is de Catacomb? Vere is de Catacomb and vy is the de Catacomb in de place vere it is?" The theory is that the lake dwellers built these houses in the lakes for protection, and when pursued by their enemies they scampered across the bridge, which was turned or dropped, and thus pursuit was checked.

Third, How did they get where they are now? Great antiquity has been assigned to the men who manufactured stone implements, they have been placed, generally by amateur scientists, far back in man's progress from the anthropoid apes up to this period of patent leather boots and "boiled shirts." It is thought by the anti-Mosaic cosmogonists that fire was a scarce article in those times, a luxury which sometimes cost its possessors much trouble to obtain and control, and that fire was produced in these lake dwellings by rubbing two sticks together until by blistered paws and friction it blazed, and when it had been thus gained it would be a treasure worth keeping. The Patriarch suggestively says, "Can a man take fire into his bosom and not be burnt?" If while these pre-historic dwellers were sleeping, sparks would fly out and ignite their feather beds, or start a blaze in a gown, or perhaps in the trundle-bed of the children, there would be a conflagration, and before the fire companies could get on the scene all the treasures of stone hatchets and cooking utensils

must have been burned and dropped to the bottom of the lake. But what is not a little perplexing is that there is no fossil human bone among the relics; either the denizens must have burned up clean and their ashes disappeared, or they were better swimmers than the antediluvians.

The first hatchets of the stone age have neither holes in them for handles nor indentations to hold the handle to its place when tied, showing, as is believed, the lowest form of mechanical ideas and skill. They were probably set into handles of wood, which had holes to receive them. But the next arranged series shows progress not only in the article produced, but implying the machinery producing it as well. These stone hatchets, &c., have holes bored through them. The inventive genius of the learned men who have discovered them appears in a contrivance to show how this pre-historic race accomplished these borings. The exhibition showed how a piece of alder wood, with the pith pushed out from it and the end trimmed down to a point or edge on the outside, put under gentle pressure by a lever at the top and whirled by means of a bow-string, the bow being drawn back and forward would give it the velocity of a drill, and by the use of hard sand at the point the hardest stone was bored like wood, the alder drill being tubular would leave a core of stone in the centre. There are specimens where this is the case, the boring had been given up from some cause before being finished. If any of our readers have the curiosity to try it they can use a piece of sugar cane instead of the alder for the drill and run it as a bow-drill so common among iron-workers; they will be astonished how easily the hardest stone can be bored by its own dust.

The progress in art of this people can also be seen in the elliptical hole in the hatchets, made by boring two

holes side by side and cutting away the parts between, making a hole in which the handle would not turn. The next objects of interest in these primitive contrivances were bone needles, the first were only stilettoes without eyes, and could only have served the purpose of awls. But, following in the advance of their ideas of adaptation of means to ends, were bone needles with eyes, at first some distance from the upper end, then right at the end, as we have them now. One cannot keep fancy caged all the time in scientific investigations. Those hairy pre-Adamite Adams, according to some of the man-making theorists, will appear in our mind's-eye as sitting cross-legged with the garments to be sewed pinned to their knees, and this will push us still further out into the domain of inquiry, and we must search for the knee-pins used in this primitive tailoring. Was the "goose" also a pre-historic contrivance? If so we must search for this too.

The next evidence of intelligence in art is the weaving, and parts of the fabrics were before us. This was done by hanging the threads of the chain perpendicularly with weights at the ends of each—and the weights are here for inspection. The wool was run through these hanging threads, making a fabric not light in texture, for as yet the drive of the loom was not even in conception. Domestic vessels for holding water, cooking, &c., seem very primitive, made of clay by hand and burned in open fires. Some of these are rather pretty in shape, but as yet there was no effort at ornamentation. There is also a mill for grinding corn, which is a stone with a hollow in it that would hold a quart of wheat and a round ball about three inches in diameter which was rolled over it. (The bread made of this flour must have been a gritty morsel, and those

old heroes, perhaps, ate so much grit in their lifetime that their easy petrification when dead might thus be accounted for.)

The impression of the identity of the people of this stone age and their implements with our own North American Indians is quite irresistible. This stony civilization must have obtained universal empire, and if we dared let imagination loose on a subject so solemn and profound, we could give a few embellishments to cover the appalling nakedness of its relics. We can hardly pass it by without a thought of the means of its universal diffusion. Did they roam about loose before the Atlantic Ocean was gathered in drops and given its bounds, while it yet floated in hot mists waiting for the northern blizzard to bring it into the globular form? Or were Behring's Straits only rippling rivulets so that they could easily wade through? Or had these stone-workers built crafts by which they could navigate the seas? If our readers do not accept any one of these suggestions it will not hurt our feelings. We have the profound conviction that the dwellers on the lakes in Switzerland, and the dwellers who, with their stone implements, sleep in our western mounds were the same race and descended from the same source.

We will begin our descriptive catalogue again in the transition from the stone into the bronze age, at which point they overlap. Hammers of stone and bronze are found together, the Nabobs no doubt having the bronze hammers and the Mudsills the stone, but being then as ever dependent on each other their implements are found together. One of the first signs of civilization at this time is the evident progress in hanging up things. The dame in the stone age, sewing with her eyeless needles, left the broom lying upon the floor, her gar-

ments there too, just as she stepped out of them; the clothes of the old man lay where he pulled his tired frame out of them. Towels, baby's clothes, hoop skirts, &c., like ottomans at present in dark parlors, tangled the feet and upset the incoming guests, and many carried the marks of these unæsthetical ideas down to the grave. But now in the Museum we see wooden clothes-hooks and deer's horns which had been fastened to the wall, on which extraneous things were hung in well regulated households.

Thus we see how long a good custom will last, and how it, like a golden thread, will go through the woof of ages. We have seen the walls in the agricultural dwellings in Pennsylvania and Ohio ornamented with the frocks of the good housewives and daughters, turned inside out, displaying the colored paper-muslin about the waist, and also variegated dresses over which these were worn, producing the best effects of beauty and suggestive to the beaus of the probable extent of the daughter's wardrobe. There are also water chestnuts taken from these ruins, of a kind extinct everywhere except at Lake Maggiore. Grindstones are to be seen on which this early sharpening and polishing was done, which are only flat surfaces, and over them the articles were rubbed backward and forward, of the same sandstone as that of which magnificent buildings of the city are now constructed. This overlaps the second period of the bronze age, which marks the beginning of æsthetics as a continuous display of art skill up into the iron age.

Ornamentation appears at first very elementary, consisting of lines, dots and circles and their combinations. Pottery has a change in shape and is ornamented, chisels, knives and spear-heads are also embellished in

designs which would not be out of place in our present advancement. And now we are at the beginning of the moulders' art; from this time on the moulds shape almost every useful utensil. Fish-hooks appear larger and clumsier, but in device not different from those of the present, and strangest of all, in the time of this bronze age were safety-pins. We suppose that necessity was then as now the mother of invention, and that the same necessities have continued along the lines of the race and we as the result have these both first and last. Crochet hooks, hair-pins in abundance with a knob on the end as we have them still, and clusters radiating as those now worn in Italy.

The second stage of the bronze period is marked as the beginning of beauty in art, in personal ornaments and domestic utensils, done by engraving needles. This is also seen on knives, pikes, spear-heads, combs and pendants, rings and buttons. Pottery became more graceful in shape, as were also sickles and swords. And what is even more marvellous, establishing the identity of child-nature and its wants in all ages of man's being, is the presence of rattles recovered from the wrecks of home life so long past. This introduces the iron age, in which the first noticeable objects are chisels with sockets for handles, ornamented, also hatchets, axes, swords, knives and all forms of utensils for peace, agriculture, mechanics and warfare. This will suffice to give an intelligible description of these wonderful treasures of the far off past. We have described them according to their arrangement to show development and progress through their ages. But while the theory is exceedingly plausible, because every thing in the Museum has been arranged to suit it, sense seems to dominate intellect as to any other conclusion. But there is necessity for

much that is pure assumption, such as scientists would never grant theologians.

The facts of the presence of these utensils in a rising order of progress none would dare deny, but was there of necessity any such order in time? The stone and bronze overlap each other, as do the bronze and iron. Why may they not have been contemporaneous? On the battle field of Tippecanoe, in the United States, bows, arrows, spears and swords, flint-lock guns and pistols are all found; would this prove that first a race of men lived there who used only bows and arrows, that these passed slowly away, and then swords represented a higher order, and then pistols and guns a higher order still. All these evidences of progress, gathered from the instruments found in the same or different localities, are not enough to prove the development progress of the race. They may be indicators of general advancement of different parts of the same race at the same time, and while we have no hostility to the theory we would be slow to accept it from remains arranged to suit any particular theory prevailing in the minds of those so arranging them.

After all this amateur philosophizing as to the untold ages of man's presence on the earth, on account of which many Christians have been scared out of their wits lest Genesis should be cast out, science itself dispels the mists around its own life, and we find that the great men who know most of it are very modest and conservative, and will not give a greater antiquity to these wonderful specimens than from fifteen hundred to two thousand years before the Christian era, a period ending just prior to the rise of the Roman supremacy. What has truth to fear in all the realm of the universe? God and his Word are one, and his Word cannot fail. Science

is itself a revelation of God, an unfolding of his mode of activity in the past; by it forecasting the future. Science is life, with the power in itself to reject what is not true. Its only cry to impatient men is "wait!" Patience and persistence are its dogmas. We shall know if we go on to know, and though her impetuous followers load up her chariots with ingenious conjectures, often for no other purpose than to antagonize what has been accepted for ages, true science strips them off as corn husks from the hidden grains, and gathers whatever of truth they may contain while it throws the husks to the swine. The truth, in however many forms of revelation it appears, is one, as the colors of the rainbow hide themselves in light. There may be antagonisms between the seekers, but none in the truth sought. Wait for the vision, when it shall come without intervening discoloring and distorting mists.

—David, not unlike many of our time, did not set a sufficiently high value on the privileges of God's house when he lived next to it, as people who live nearest the church are as a general thing the last to get into its services. But David changed his tune when he was beyond the reach of the temple. Only when an exile did he value what had been lost of the wealth of divine privilege. So he cried with a passionate love, which still thrills the soul of the believer, "My soul longeth, yea, even thirsteth for the courts of the Lord; my flesh and my heart crieth out for the living God," &c. We started in search of a place of worship in Zurich where we could intelligently comprehend and gather up our remembrances of His mercies as well as a deeper consciousness of our own needs, which we would have fain introduced into prayer for forgiveness and help into a better condition of life. But we were thwarted at every

turn. Not that there are not churches here, but their songs and messages of truth are in a strange tongue, and we could but ask ourselves, "How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" The guide-books said the Scotch Presbyterian Church had a service, and if our Scotch brethren but knew how the few wandering Presbyterian sheep, who do not give themselves up to the Sabbath-breaking habits of the country, would appreciate their services and the preached word, in which duty is clearly defined and enjoined in the midst of the dissipating influences of tourist life, they would not weary in their well-doing. We could only hear of an English Episcopal service, and even the servants could tell that it was "very high," which would be proof enough that it would be very dry. We have enjoyed Christian privileges with our Episcopal brethren, and should never turn away from a place where the prayers are fervent and the gospel is preached. But when it means a service altogether strange, and not found in the parts of the Prayer-Book in which we learned to read in childhood, it is perplexing and unprofitable, especially when it is accompanied by a little wheezy melodeon, poorly played, and when the back is all we can see of priest or rector. We must not be considered uncharitable if we say we prefer it at the old Roman Catholic font, and in Latin, droned so that we cannot understand it, where we can have some undisturbed reflections from our own. But so hungry were we that even this would have been endured but for the fact that when we reached a little back street, where it was said services would be held, the doors were locked. A solitary old woman stood by, dressed in black, with a silver plate on her bosom. When asked about the service she said, with great gravity, that there would be "Matins," with the accent

on the "t." "Matins" with one old toothless saint were not specially inviting. She was asked if she knew any thing of a Scotch service. She gnashed her teeth and said, with the utmost contempt, "Naw, I know nothing about it." We had some recollection of the devils being lured out of Saul by David's music, but that any prospect of such a disenchantment by the voice of this old servant did not occur. So we moved on, and after we had gone a square met a man bustling on, whom we supposed to be the rector, but his appearance was no more assuring than the words of the old body we had left. So there was but one alternative—which was to go home.

In the evening we sallied forth, but every church was closed. In our wanderings we heard sacred singing, several voices in chorus. It was a tune familiar to our ears. We located it as best we could, tried all the doors, and walked round and round until its last cadences died sweetly away. We waited and hoped to hear the voice of prayer following, but only silence reigned. Neither song nor praise was again heard. Some godly family had no doubt closed the day in an evening hymn, and had knelt in prayer, all unconscious of the interest they had imparted to the sojourn of the Christian pilgrim in their vicinity.

There is a new way of doing Christian work, the power of which is plainly seen in the countries through which we are passing. Indeed, in mission work it is almost every thing. It is "the hand-shaking gospel," not as a mere formal thing, as artificial as turning the crank of a hand-organ; it is not the ordinary "how do you do, sir," but a tender concern for others, felt in the touch of the hand. Be sure you understand it before you try it, for the gospel of hand-

shaking is a heart-grace. It is not the convulsive seizing of a man's hand with the grip of a vice, and a discussion of the weather, but the impressing him by very few words that your interest in him is of the heart. In Scotland an instance illustrative of this occurred. A church was located in a fashionable place, into which had gone a large congregation of people, who used the church to promote their social position. It was the sanctuary where the efforts were all for quality, style in dress and person. If they were not objects of worship they were of admiration. It was thought that this high-tonedness would certainly attract wealth and nobility. But they had reckoned without calculating the force of God's way of working, which is that "the weak things of this world shall confound the mighty."

A nobleman of wealth, birth and honorable place was hastening to this church on what promised to be a great occasion. Two of the most eminent men of the kingdom were to be present on that Sabbath. The foreign missionary cause, in which he was greatly interested, was to be presented. As he reached the vestibule the plate was being passed for the offerings, the elder dressed in faultless style. The plate he carried was filled with bills and sovereigns. He hastened to welcome the Earl, who was standing within the audience-room, waiting for the eminent elder, whom he knew, to give him a seat in the crowded church.

As he neared the Earl a modest, timid, elderly woman, whose face had been chastened by sorrow, who was arrayed in what seemed to be faded widow's weeds, came timidly near. She was poor, but bore the marks of Christian ladyhood, she had lifted her hand and laid a penny, the only one on the plate, amidst the heaps of shining gold. It was a lone thing in the midst of wealth,

a poverty-stricken copper among glittering crowns. The elder, tenderly enough in manner, lifted it from the plate and handed it to her saying, "Pardon me, we don't take coppers to-day." And then said to the Earl, "It will give me great pleasure to conduct you to a seat." The Earl made no reply, his eyes were fixed on the sadly retiring form, in whose eyes he thought he discerned falling tears. He, after a moment, said, "Pardon me, I think I will go and worship with the old woman whose penny you rejected," and without further words departed, greatly to the embarrassment of the elder and the minister, who had esteemed it a great honor, for the Earl had never been there before.

The minister asked what had occurred, was he offended because he had waited a moment for a seat? It cast a gloom over all expectations. The elder could give no satisfactory reason, but the words lingered strangely and accusingly in his ears, "Pardon me, I think I will worship with the old woman whose penny you rejected." It was not until the elder had retired at night that the secret flashed upon him, after the review of the day which had been a great success in raising money, and in soul-stirring eloquence from the great preachers. But none of them quite satisfied the elder's troubled heart and perhaps wounded vanity, that he had missed the honor of conducting the Earl to a seat. He recalled the words, "Pardon me, sir, I think I will worship with the old woman whose penny you rejected:" at last the meaning flashed across his mind in the Saviour's words, "Verily, I say unto you, that this poor widow has cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

Reproach seized upon him and shook his conscience. He could not even confess his sin for upbraiding himself for his dulness in spiritual things. "How is it," he said, "that I, a Christian of twenty years, could not understand the Scripture that I had read as a child with wonder and admiration? How strange it is that even in childhood I despised ostentatious giving, and now that I should have been so captivated with it and made so heartless by its glamour that I could insult the poor, broken heart by handing back what the Saviour had commended. I am not fit to be an elder, nay not even a beadle, for poor Jamie, who sweeps the house of God, would have been more considerate and Christlike. One of three things I will do, I will be an elder according to the spirit of my Master and his apostles in our church, or I will be an elder to the poor and grief-stricken, and measure ability by sacrifice, or I will go back to the pew consciously unfit for the beadle's place."

So saying he arose and confessed his sins, among them his want of that spiritual apprehension that could not detect the image of Christ in his poorly clad saints, and his very soul shivered as he asked the Lord to forgive him for worse presumption than Uzzah's in daring to take the penny from his treasury, and with it insult one of his little ones. He lost no time in telling his bitter experience, deploring his own guilt to the minister, who told it to the church, and many felt as much accused as their elder, and henceforth the church changed its course, so that now the rich and poor sit down together, and the pennies of the poor and the pounds of the rich lie together on the plate, for the Lord to weigh and give their true value.

But what became of the Earl? He quickly overtook the poor woman, with her penny still clutched in

her hand—she walked rapidly, and as she went frequently took her handkerchief from her pocket, and as he thought to catch the treasure of her tears. He walked behind her, but she gave no heed to his nearness. He tried to speak to her but no occasion would offer. By-and-by she was accosted by another woman, poorer looking than herself, who asked her for an alms. Then the rejected penny was brought forth, she had learned humility even in her poverty, as well as the elder in his abundance. She gave up that penny excusing herself saying:—"It is a' I hae or I'd gie ye mair."

The Earl hastened after her to see where she would stop, resolved to give her the twenty-five pounds which he had brought with him for the foreign missionary cause, but suddenly she turned into a door which swung back in his face behind her. It might be a humble place in man's estimate, for it was among the destitute, but it had been in the past the mother of a dozen of these up-town and more pretentious places. He entered after her, the service there was a half hour later, so they were both in time for a visit from another elder with his plate.

He was a venerable man with the few locks which time had left. He was reverent as a Scotch elder of the old kind only can be; he was more, he was tender, he longed for the dear ones "far awa," but most of all for him whom the Song of Solomon voices, as drawing forth the desires of the aged saint, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" He was cleanly arrayed, for how could the man of God carry the treasures of his house except in linen clean, and hands that had never touched bribes. The poor woman did not attempt to put an offering on the plate, for she had none, but she asked him for a seat, still with

the remembrance of her discomfiture, she added, "but I hae nae collection."

"Collection," said he, taking her by the hand, "come awa to my seat, it's you an' me, an' the likes o' us hungry bairns, needin' a bite, that come here an's welcome."

The Earl followed after and said as he passed, "I have an offering for the woman, and myself as well, it was what I had taken for the missionary fund, but I thought I had found the place where the Lord wanted it."

"And ye are a stranger too," said the elder, "come awa an' sit right doon in my seat."

It was an old church, which had battled with sin for more than a century, had comforted sad and weary sin-sick hearts through trials that could never be counted by days or years. The service was as bare of ornaments as the walls. No organ, no choir, only a "*clark*," as the Scotch say, with a tuning-fork, but a greater organ started at his key-note than at Harlem or St. Peter's, it was a living organ, revoiced by the Holy Ghost in regeneration. The strains of Psalm and tune swelled and swayed the hearts that worshipped before God's earthly throne. Sometimes, not by culture, but by intuitive perception, all was subdued as when the harper lays his whole hand across the throbbing cords and they breathe the sweetest harmonies in whispers.

There were more prayers than usual, but shorter and more emphatic, and direct and reverent; both hymns and prayers led first up to the sermon and through the sermon to God. The man of God, for this is the only title that suited the man and his work, preached first to the understanding, and then to the conscience, and then

to the affections; it was strong, convincing and tender. He began in a strange way, all his own, in a plaintive voice and look toward heaven almost weird like he cried out, "O that I had wings of a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest." Raising himself to his more than six feet of gaunt Scotch manhood, his face lit up for the first time with divine conception of the truth he was to utter, he cried out in tones clear and startling, "This text was the cry of a dead dispensation, only its graves are with us to this day. Decrepitude is written upon all its history. There is no voice any more—we only hearken for the whispering of the moaning winds in the tombs." And as he said this, his voice was subdued into a whisper and there was an oppressive pause. And then a shout, as of triumph, that startled every life: "Hear what the Lord says to you men and women of to-day!" and then dropping his voice into deepest tenderness says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

"There's no need now, brethren, for wings to reach our rest. It is given for the asking, a gift free as air, more vital than sunshine. All we have to do is both negative and positive. Not to walk in the counsel of the ungodly, stand in the way of sinners, nor sit in the seat of the scornful. And then take hold on eternal life and he will give you rest, he will rest, refresh, discipline and lead in such blessed alternations that out of them all rest will come to your souls. Come, come, come now, just as you are, take his yoke, you have now the yoke of sin and its galling habits, throw it off; the divine help is moving in your thoughts now. You know you ought to do it, and would like to do it; then take his yoke, it is easy, and stop the now vain sentimental cry of a dead dispensation, 'O that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest!'"

This is but the merest outline, but it may suggest the treatment and spirit of a discourse which brought responsive answers in sighs, prayers and tears, and comfort to the two worshippers, strangely different in outward circumstances, in the elder's pew. The nobleman, like the Ethiopian of Philip's sermon in the desert, departed a wiser and better man, and the poor widow whose Sabbath had begun in the rejection of her penny, went her way to struggle in poverty and widowhood, stronger and holier in the trust her Lord had committed to her.

AUSTRIA—JETSAM AND FLOTSAM.

OUR faces are set towards the Orient. Through the Tyrolese Alps, the way from Zurich to Innspruck is a new one, opened but a few years ago. The sublimities of this part of the range have been hidden from the world, except through wearisome journeys by diligence, or on the backs of beasts, ever since the upheaval of these mountains, if this was the way they came into existence. The practised eye, used to the pages of the world's rock-leaved history, will easily detect the formations as he passes through the deep cuts or tunnels which form so large a part of the route. They are chiefly crystalline, silurian and secondary, with obtruding granites and traps. These great buttresses of nature's framework have mines of wealth hid in their gaps, seams and crevices. Iron appears almost everywhere, rock-salt is found near. Innspruck and its marble quarries are further south. The tertiary strata of the Swiss and Swabian plains are totally wanting, and only on the lower water courses are there

any recent formations found, and upon these alone is any fertility, while the plains seldom reach a width of more than half a mile.

But the fascinations of this Tyrol range come from the peerless green which covers most of the hills from the last of May until October. It is a peculiar shade of green, which is not found in this blending anywhere else in the Alps. Most of the mountains are not above the timber line, on which grow the greatest abundance of hard woods of almost every kind in use, the beech prevailing. To this display is added a luxuriant humbler growth in vines and flowering shrubs and floral wealth. Nature beckons ever the weary eye to be seduced into obliviousness of time by these miles of unbroken green, clad in greater variety than those for whose comfort and delectation they were created; for we note that the heads of not a few of the intellectual and unintellectual gazers protrude above the capillary timber lines, with nothing left for their adornments but their ears and well-polished pates, scanty remembrance of the wealth of comfort and beauty of their youth.

We are pleased with the works of man, especially when centuries of his masterful labors are put together. But God's creative designs are so vast and awful, his plans as seen in his works so grand, that the mind is appalled both by their stability and venerableness. God is not an architect who cannot change his plans without endangering the unity of the whole. His plans comprehend all the changes needed to fulfil their purpose and existence. Some of these show that they are held in position by forces at which man's mind balks when they are called finite. But we turn away from the merely educational effects of these mountain wonders in creating a sense of the vastness of material

creation and resources, away from the awful, which a sense of their rugged grandeur inspires, away from the peace which they give as their loftiness, piercing the azure of the skies, impresses us, and soon come to the thought of their usefulness in a world where all things created include both means and ends to everlasting utilities.

The Swiss chateau, with its first story plastered and whitewashed, while the second in natural wood, weather-beaten, with its porches at the second story and flat pitched roofs, is succeeded by another of the same kind, as if built on a regulation pattern. Above this again are other cottages until the very mountain-top is surmounted. We have counted seven of these series with their little farms until the last is reached, as if set to guard all the rest. Hours and hours as they passed on brought only these views of mingled sublimity, prosperity and thrift. But the quest of the Swiss is beyond these comfortable abodes. He is hardy, enterprising and daring; want often inspires him to the lonely sacrifices which we will try to describe. Men and women drive the herds to the mountain-tops during the summer, and stay with them until the fierce blasts of winter force them down. Alone with their flocks, with only the shepherd dogs to protect them against wolves and bears, they hear the fierce screams of the eagles which contend with them for empire of the mountain ranges, and the voices of the winds and the roar of the thunders from their mountain batteries. They see the flash of the lightning glittering from glaciers and eternal snows. They wake to the crash of the avalanche, whose loosened accumulations rush past and sometimes over the stone hut, where they shiver in the night chills with no fuel to mitigate their damps. It is to us a life so unintelligible, because so

far beyond any experience of kindred hardships, that it stands solitary in its unapproachable grandeur as the cold head of Mount Blanc, which we can see, forever separated in its lone realm by a diadem of virgin snow.

We saw a little girl all alone in the Cottian Alps, in the late summer, who had been there with the flocks and the shepherd dog since May, and would not return until the middle of September. There is a story told among the Swiss of a grandfather and little grandson who had gone on the mountains to herd their flocks. They had a small *chalet* in which they kept a goat which supplied them with milk. Unlooked-for and premature storms overtook them, their scanty supplies gave out, and their fuel too, so that their only water was the melted snow. The milk of the goat dried up, the grandfather sickened and sought to cheer the child, and the child tried to save the grandfather by lying against his shivering form to give him the remaining heat of his own young life. He could partly warm, but could not bring back quick pulsations to that chilled heart. The child cried until his voice failed and went into a whisper. The faithful dog howled in vain for help over their distress until he died. The little boy lay all unconscious, withered to the bones, when his father and the neighbors reached him in time to save the wavering breath and restore him to life.

The products of these mountains are varied and profitable. Large crops of flax are raised, and all along the lawns it is spread out that the hard substance may decay, and thus loosen the fibre. Here we have first seen the green corn of our own country; we fear the frost will nip it, but that which will not ripen will be saved for fodder. Mosses abound, which are cut while seven or eight inches long. Clover grows quite luxuriantly; bees

and honey are in great abundance, for this is a land of flowers. The air is always humid and showery. Throughout these valleys are churches nearly all of a straw-color, as if all built after a regulation pattern. Here the style of architecture changes from the western to the eastern. The belfries or cupolas are after the Byzantine order, showing the proximity of the Austrians to Constantinople, and perhaps, how near the Saracens came to possessing and cursing the valley of the Danube. There is something very pathetic in the loving care of these simple-hearted people for their dead. The graves in the little cemeteries have the cheapest possible contrivances to mark them, usually a board painted black, the better conditioned have iron and stone, but the very poor have nothing but a bouquet of flowers under a drinking glass. But as nature is rich in summer in these smiles of heaven there are always fresh flowers on the graves. In the winter they bring the best they have; a pretty colored feather, a bit of calico which has been saved from the scanty dress, or a piece of ribbon, or the hair from the head of the surviving mother, sister or wife, ingeniously wrought into an ornament and laid, a treasure of undying affection, on the mound when mother earth lies frozen at the heart.

The Tyrolese Alps are very grand at Innsbruck. It is a little city, but somewhat thrifty, jammed in between high mountains, from which rise smoky wreaths, as if incense from these high altars of nature's cathedral was ascending forever and ever. It is damp here, and the temperature changes every hour; it is a place to be avoided by those suffering from rheumatism, catarrh, or pulmonary troubles. It is a summer resort largely occupied by Germans, Alpine clubs, &c. It has no

particular importance at present beyond a university, and the meeting-place of the Diet. The raising of canary birds is a great industry, of which the Tyrolese once had a monopoly—originally they supplied the world. There is, as usual, a cathedral, in which are statues of people long dead, most of whom have relieved the world by their departure. But there is no uplifting power this side of England for women, at least none where the confines of a living Protestantism are crossed; there is no honor or deference to woman, she toils in the fields, pulls beside the ass or dog on the streets. In Vienna she carries brick and mortar upon ladders, on head or back, to the masons; she reaps the grain, mows by man's side, and keeps up with him in mowing, stops in her drudgeries to give food to her children, but dares not take time to caress them. She is a slave without hope, both because she is not appreciated and because the imperial enginery of war draws her husband until he is forty-five years old and her sons at eighteen or twenty to the armies of tyrants, who spend the substance of the people in prodigalities, and snarl at each other like jealous dogs over the countries which they are destroying.

The women must go to the field in Germany—Germany, with her boasted civilization, her supercilious efforts at national superiority, while her wives, daughters and mothers are toiling in the fields, greater slaves than the blacks in the cotton-fields, because these German women know and feel their degradation, while the black women had known no better. Germany's "septennate" means the shackling of the women to the drudgeries of servile labor, so as to make the women support the national finances, while the men are forced into a service which takes the heart out of life and unfits them for its noblest duties. Then if Ger-

man women must go to the drudgeries of the fields the Austrians will aspire to no higher destinies for their wives, mothers, daughters and sisters. Austria must have a standing army because Germany has, and France sends her mothers and wives into the vineyards and corn-fields because Germany and Austria do, and Italy must do the same. It is the cursed policy of war which enslaves women and debauches the men. It will not cease while armed nations glower at and menace each other.

There is no Moloch so destructive of virtue, manhood, family relations, home and national resources as a standing army, and especially of a half million of men. There is a power in association of large bodies of bad men to transmit their abominations to all better than themselves, until an equilibrium is found, as heat and cold will distribute themselves equally through a room, the best always losing and the bad always growing worse. Fighting battles every week, with all their losses, is a moral reform movement compared with the ingenuities of evil and the violence of its dissemination in the *ennui* of enforced idleness. The bad thoughts sown by skilfully adjusted and picturesque words, the secret abominations, the decimations of solitary sins in thought and deeds, the contagion passing beyond into the home-life, until this becomes only a rank garden of the soul and body, filled with destroying spores of depraved and depraving plants.

This is but a feeble and inadequate attempt to describe the moral and physical condition of the Austrian army as it has been described to us by those who are compelled to know, and this will apply, as far as it goes, to all Continental and Oriental armies. "It is only for three or seven years," says the apologist.

Grant it, but if five or seven years are taken from a boy of eighteen he is robbed of the best years of education. He will never learn any thing but soldiering, or will be a vagabond around *cafes*, claiming support and consideration because he has been a soldier. If the service were exacted of men whose habits of business and morals had been formed, or who had families and property, they might come readily back to the peaceable and virtuous pursuits of civil life. The return of so large a portion of the American armies after the civil war to diligence in business, to quiet and virtuous lives, is the lone national miracle of the ages.

The Standing Army, with kindred causes of demoralization, has sent its deathly virus further into Continental national life. The disproportion between the number of males and females produced by this constant army drain is sadly apparent in the demoralization of women. One hundred thousand unmated women turned loose without the moral restraints of religion and home are worse than so many wolves. The unspeakable degradation of the great cities of Austria is appalling. The air is pestilent with the decaying of the Seventh Commandment. Respectable parents, as they are called here, will consent to degrading relations entered into with their daughters that they may have imagined advantages, which, in their poverty, they cannot give them. The relations of married life are not disturbed by the infidelities of either husband or wife. Money here is the great tempter, honesty is the ruling virtue, chastity is in the minds of vast multitudes only a satellite. The conditions grow worse through the loss of power in the Roman Catholic Church. It is regarded, pretty generally, as a political organization, and the late political

role which the Pope has been playing has only weakened the influence of the Church over the popular mind, especially that part of it which is longing for liberty, and sighing out of its oppressions even for anarchy. "For," say they, "it can't be worse for us than now." The Pope, they say, is plotting with Bismarck to help him rivet the shackles of servitude on the manhood of Germany. Seven years of worthless military service consumes all the life prospects of those in the army, and the substance of those out of it, or gives them to the vultures on the battle-field, for what? That he may gain some assistance in getting back his temporal rule to oppress Italy, to take the liberties of a people who have the best king Italy has ever known. But the Pope has no help nor consideration for the laboring man in his struggles to better his condition. The Roman Church is crumbling into moral ruin. The most observable feature to us in the changes of the past seventeen years is the loss of the grip of the Roman Catholic Church on the consciences of the people. In France there are twenty thousand churches beyond the number of available priests, and the military bill just passed will rob the schools for the three years in which their students could be fitted for the priesthood. Three years will unfit at least one-fifth of their present priesthood, and there will be none except those too much crippled for military duty to take their places. The same fatal facts exist in Austria and Italy. The loss of this power upon the moral character of the people is terrible. For any religion which restrains men in any thing is better than no religion. The confessional has lost its power as a restraint on unbridled passion, and how can it be otherwise when men and women will come to it reeking with their abomina-

tions, and by confession relieve whatever of protesting conscience they may have, that like the sow that was washed they may return to their wallowing in the mire.

We dare not give well-established facts of the social degradation of Austrian cities. Hundreds of English-speaking medical students come here from England and America, most of them from the latter country. By one who knows, and who would minimize rather than exaggerate, we have been told of the wrecked lives of numbers of our young countrymen. Some are utterly lost to all sense of moral decency. Young girls sent here to perfect their education in music are environed by the same dangers. Perhaps we cannot throw light on the revolting subject more clearly or less offensively than to say that the courtesan is not excluded from average society.

Last Sabbath the parents of a young woman from England, in good social position, possessed of considerable wealth, who had come to this city to complete her education in music, were sending telegrams asking, "What has become of our daughter?" A Scotch gentleman living here was worrying himself to find her, and persuade her to give up a soul-destroying alliance with one who was already a husband. Though having the assistance of the police he was baffled in every effort to reach the erring one, or to relieve the hearts of her grief-stricken parents. The dark shadows of this shame that lie over Continental cities, with which truth and faithfulness to our countrymen and women require us to deface this letter, do not warrant the conclusion that only badness rules. There are multitudes of good and virtuous people, as there are in Paris, but we may ask, "What are these among so many?" with State forces so terrible, so demoralizing that the nation itself is swayed under them.

It is with no pleasure that we write these things, but rather to give fathers and mothers an insight as to where they send their sons and daughters. We would prefer that a child should live in ignorance than to be wise with a burden of debasing sins, or even with the low conceptions of virtue which such an atmosphere is sure to give. The hospitals for foundlings are so managed as to be a constant temptation to the individual, and a deception to the community. Such institutions carried on in the secrecies of guilty knowledge are a curse to any community. They take away the responsibilities of parentage and relieve consciences from a sense of guilt that might bring the guilty to repentance and reformation.

AUSTRIA AND ITS CAPITAL.

VIENNA is reached by rail from Innsbruck through a valley. Its population, since the year 1883, has increased to over one million, but the denominational ratios remain unchanged—Roman Catholics, 602,522; Protestants, 25,021; Jews, 72,588; of all other professions, 3,341. There are about one thousand English-speaking people, mostly Protestants. There are both Lutheran and Reformed churches here, but Protestantism lies like Lazarus in the portico of royal favor, and the crumbs given are the price of its freedom. The result is a life passed at a poor dying rate, for Protestantism without liberty is a "Samson Agonistes;" it must have both freedom of thought and action to prosper. Those churches which lick their salt from the royal hand hinder all movements from with-

out, such as McAll Missions. It is believed that they incite the police to the espionage which crushes every such effort.

There is now in Vienna a German Methodist, a godly and earnest man, trying to build up a mission, but he can only hold his meetings in his own house with such people as will come in of their own accord. He dare not ask any to attend, and even in these meetings the police are present to watch and report any word that could be construed into a justification for his arrest. A zealous Scotch layman, a visitor in Vienna, started out from his hotel one Sabbath morning distributing tracts in German. He kept on until church time and then reported his work to the Scotch minister who is here under the care of the Free Church of Scotland, who said, "My brother, I appreciate your zeal, it is beautiful, but your judgment must be dethroned; it is a marvel that you are not now in prison, and a greater marvel if you are not arrested while on your way home."

There is, however, this Scotch Presbyterian mission station which has some promise in another direction. It gives almost unspeakable comfort to the work of our Scottish brethren, both of the Free and Established churches in the principal cities on the Continent, to be able to give the blessings of prayer, praise and preaching of the Word to the English-speaking people, and to the multitudes of tourists who come and go. This mission is sustained with special reference to the medical students from England and the United States, who number about one hundred and fifty each year, one hundred of whom are Americans. It was with peculiar pleasure that we read the petition addressed to the Free church of Scotland, through its committee, for a minister, and

for the permanent location of this mission. The petition bears the names of some of our countrymen. No diploma of skill and learning in their profession will commend them more to the confidence of the good and pure in their profession, wherever they may be located, than this. As we have already indicated, sore temptations surround these homeless young men, far from the restraints of their youth, but not beyond the prayers and help of God's people.

There is now here a young Scotch minister, attractive in manner, enthusiastic in his work, the very man to care for these young men, who in their profession, next to the Christian pastor, are to hold the most sacred and intimate relations to our families, and who should have all the advantages that Christian culture and fellowship can give. The mission and work of this young pastor should be known by the parents of the young men coming here to complete their preparatory education. His name ought to be a household word, and coupled with the petitions at the family altar for the son far away. His name is Reid Francis Gordon. We heard him preach a sermon which showed him to be a thinker, as well as devout and ardent in his appeals to his hearers. In the audience, to our joyful surprise, was Senator Scott, of Philadelphia, and his travelling companion, Mr. Smith, who agreed with us in our opinion of the superior characteristics of the sermon and services throughout. We have great expectations from his labors, but he must have a room as a central meeting-place for the foreign students, to be opened every night, which should be furnished with the best newspaper and periodical literature in the English language. In this the young students could meet each other socially and native English-speaking citizens, of whom there are some de-

lightful families in Vienna, and those who are tourists from their own countries as well. This place ought to be an intelligence office, from which they could get reliable information about worthy families in which they could find boarding, exempt from the desperate temptations of many *pensions* to which too many have fallen victims. This place should be advertised in the medical journals, and be well known to the professors of medical colleges, both in our own country and Great Britain, to which students could go from the cars on arriving in Vienna. Mr. Gordon is willing to undertake this additional work, and we hope the appeal to our countrymen for the few hundred dollars necessary to secure such a place and sustain it will not be in vain. We ask to this end that our religious papers of all denominations will join us in the effort. Contributions will be received at the office of the *Presbyterian*, forwarded and accounted for. No foreign work can be more needed or more promising than this.

Vienna is an imposing city, in some respects, and one of rare beauty. It is situated in a broad valley, coming down from the mountains on the north, spreading out from the Danube and its tributaries. It is full of history, for the world has been tangent to it at many points. The marks of many a conflict by which the world has marched on to its present condition are still apparent. It is still the city of Maria Theresa and her son, the Emperor Joseph. Their images are seen, not only in its history, and in the civilization of their time, but as the maker of the shield of Minerva wrought his own image into it so that even the features of the goddess could not hide them, so does Vienna still bear the likeness of these greatest of her rulers. The modern city is spacious and remarkable for the magnitude of its

buildings. Where men and women will climb into the heavens for domicile, grand cities are possible. The houses occupy squares, and are six and seven stories high, divided into compartments which have some advantages, but to our notion chiefly disadvantages. All that can be said in their favor is that they minister to the outward glory of Vienna.

The new city is arranged in irregular rings, the intersecting streets converging toward St. Stephen's church. It abounds in "Platz" or places, or what we, in our country, would call parks. It is splendidly paved and brilliantly lighted. It is more Parisian than any other Continental city. But from beginning to end it exists for the Emperor. Individual life, purpose, convenience or taste have not been so much as thought of. The wealth is in the hands of the few; the people are very poor, straining to keep up appearances, and the poorest people in the world are of this class. They are taxed just as far as ingenuity in fraud and force can extract returns. Their money is a depreciated paper currency, and wherever this is the case high prices for living are the result. Yet stranger still, in the abundance of their harvests this year they are the poorer for it, because they will bring nothing to the toiler. The buildings, so spacious and imposing, are largely shams, so well disguised that detection requires the sharpest scrutiny. They are chiefly brick, stuccoed, but stuccoed with a skill that ought of itself to immortalize any city. There are but comparatively few dressed-stone buildings here, but there are quite a number of iron fronts.

There are some fine palaces and three or four churches worth attention. The Votive Church is a copy of the famous Cathedral at Cologne, but smaller. It was the offering of gratitude to God by the people for

the escape of the Emperor Francis Joseph from the hands of the assassin. The corner-stone was brought from the Mount of Olives. We were in this magnificent church at the time of the celebration of the birthday of the Virgin. Hidden away somewhere among its arches was the most renowned band in the world (that of Strauss). Never did music so captivate us as it laid hold on the stony arches of the grand ceiling and shook them by its harmonies. It continued while high mass was being celebrated, the mass being left to its own lone silence while the people, sentimentally, were lifted above it, not to its profound spiritual significance, for this they do not understand, but in that overwhelming effect that human harmonics, adjusted to the senses, can produce. We shall never lose the remembrance of the impressions made upon us. As we lifted our eyes a moment, at a pause, to our wonder and delight we recognized the presence of the well-known and loved form of Dr. March, of Woburn, Massachusetts, formerly of Philadelphia, who seemed as much enslaved to his environment as ourselves.

The history of Austria has been largely bound to one family tree, known as the Hapsburg, originally of Swiss origin, of the canton of Aargau. Albert IV. laid the foundation of the future glory of this house. He left sons, the eldest of whom was Rudolph I., of Austria, who greatly increased the possessions and power of the family. They have ruled since the thirteenth century, sometimes well, much oftener they have been cruel, extravagant, tyrannical and blood-thirsty. Their remains lie about loose in Austria, Switzerland and Italy. In three of the churches in Vienna are the relics of these saints and monsters. Their hearts are in silver vases in the Church of St. Augus-

tine. Their bodies are in the vault of the Church of the Capucines. The cost of the sarcophagi would impoverish a nation. Magnificent and artistic in execution would poorly express their beauty. Some of these are of solid silver, weighing, from their appearance, well-nigh a ton. Silver sarcophagi, trappings of royalty doomed to the cellar and its chilly damp, this is the *ultimatum* of human greatness.

The saddest of these monuments is that of Maximilian, the gentle, unsuspecting, weak victim of the intrigues of Napoleon III. against Mexico as the base of operations against the southern part of our own country. Napoleon deserted him when the contest with the South had ended and he had received intimations that the remaining armies of both could be arrayed against him. Maximilian met his fate like a hero. His poor wife, Carlotta, sister of the King of Belgium, has been demented ever since. There is another pair lying here side-by-side whose lifeless forms unfold a history of infamies wrought to accomplish man's designs. These are the Empress Maria Louisa, second wife of the great Napoleon, for whom he divorced Josephine, and their young son, the Duke of Reichstadt, in whom were centered all the guilty ambitions of his father for the establishment of a Napoleonic dynasty.

There are some eminences near the city which command its outlines, and one of the inexplicable things, in this connection, is how a million of people can dwell in so limited a space. The area does not appear to be more than two-thirds of that of New York city. But we suppose it is explained by the fact that the people live in the clouds, or live higher up in the world than Philadelphians. From the wooded heights of the Kaalenberg the valley of the Danube lies like a pic-

ture. Beyond, upon a promontory, is the tower where Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned, and where he was at last discovered by his servant and friend, who, in the garb of a minstrel, determined to sing his familiar songs under every castle window until his master should be found. Upon the left bank of the Danube the battles of Aspern, Essling and Wagram were fought. Here also was decided the limit of Saracen aggression in Europe. So that we can say, in looking upon this valley, that here the destinies of Europe were shaped, and imagination cannot conceive the changes that would have been wrought had the tide of that day's victory been turned in favor of the mauraders.

The political condition of Austria is one of quiet fear, or perhaps the result of subduing fear. All over Europe there is a deepening impression that the nations are quaking over the beginnings of new destinies. Before the century is out new maps will have to be made with more or fewer kingdoms upon them. Austria must be on the border of the scene of conflict; she must be in it. It is now very much as when the Saracen started on his career; who could set bounds to his conquest? The Saracen has been beaten and driven back to his deserts, but the locusts are still breeding there for other devastations. The question now is, Shall the East, by Russia, dominate the West, and it is a momentous question, on account of which men's hearts are failing them through fear—the Western nations are following the strange injunction of the great Master to the apostles, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one."

Each nation is draining its vital resources and turning them into armies. Debt and its consequent poverties will soon attain universal empire. The Austrians are

a quiet people, who have never drawn a free breath, and only know what liberty is by their instincts, and by what they have heard of it from others. France is turbulent because the people have tasted its sweets and have been intoxicated. But it is not so here. The empire is governed by its army; for the empire, except its aged, crippled and women and children, is in the army. It is true there are legislative bodies and parties, but the Imperial policy is to so balance these parties that they shall nullify each other. If one grows a little stronger and becomes troublesome on this account the government will show favor to some other, until matters are reduced to equilibrium. So by pitting one against the other no progress is made, except by the Emperor Joseph, who is popular with his people, and is, compared with some of his predecessors, conservative, rather keeping out of troubles than conquering, and then utilizing his victory for the aggrandizement of his empire.

At this time there is trouble feared because of the determination of Prince Ferdinand, who has a palace in Vienna, to play king awhile in Bulgaria. A madder movement would be hard even to imagine. He has no supporters whose hands appear above the mysterious shadows which obscure all. There is a deal of love making between Austria and Prussia, but no heart affection. Austria has not forgotten any more than France the drubbing and robbing she received from Bismarck in 1866 or 1868. She has either more policy, or self-control, or less courage than France. We incline to the latter. These Emperors coquette because they do not know what else to do but dissemble. Joseph is afraid to offend Germany and Bismarck, and yet he has no more reason to trust Bismarck's sincerity

than that of any other public robber. It would be suicidal for Austria to go to war now, as her money is at a frightful discount. But she is no worse off, in this respect, than Russia, and there are always war resources enough in this sinful world. The opinion of Europe is that the great contest to settle the national political and economic destinies of the Continent for the next century must be fought on the Lower Danube. It is the only spot where England can fight with both armies, military and naval. Turkey will have to fight here, or be swallowed up. Hungary-Austria will fight for her borders and to settle who shall be her neighbors. France will fight England and her allies, on the side of Russia, if Prussian-Germany will let her alone while she is doing it.

THE GREAT PLAINS OF THE DANUBE.

THE Danube is not unlike the Lower Mississippi, muddy, but of an ashen color, rapid and full of sand-bars. The valleys are great plains, the boundaries of which lie beyond vision, in some places thirty or forty miles wide, then rising into uplands which stretch out until they pass into mountains. These plains are as fertile as the best Lower Mississippi bottoms. The soil is a black loam, with sufficient sand in it to keep it always porous, and this lies on a sub-soil of red clay. They are covered with grain and grass of every kind. The yield of wheat is enormous. The more we see of the wheat resources of Europe the more anxious do we feel for our own future wheat products, for unless there should be a nearly universal failure here, or great wars

here, no foreign demand will exist sufficient to put wheat up again to a profitable price to the producer. This Danubian valley would itself, if well-tilled, supply one-half of any extra demand of Europe.

As we are passing over territory little known to most of our countrymen we shall go into somewhat detailed descriptions of its appearance, its peoples and products. One of these great plains, stretching on both sides of the river, from the hill of Bisamberg to the mouth of the March, and from the margin of the river to the foot of the Hohenleuthen hills, is called Marchfield, and was the scene of the battle and victory of Rudolph of Hapsburg over Ottocar of Bohemia, which laid the foundation of the Austrian empire. Here too were fought the three battles of Aspern, Esslingen and Wagram. Aspern and Esslingen were made famous in history on the 21st and 22d of May, 1809, by the temporary defeat of Napoleon I. by Archduke Charles. Aspern was reduced to ashes, but a new city rose out of the ruins, and only a few marks remain of these bloody days. Napoleon, however, crossed in July lower down, and gained the decisive victory of Wagram. The Austrians were surprised and beaten by a feint by which he turned Charles' left flank, and the result is known in the transient splendor of that destructive meteor which came so quickly into the political sky of Europe and went out as quickly into everlasting darkness. Within sight is a spot where was perpetrated one of those many infamous acts which cling like warts to the memory of the Hapsburgs. This was the snubbing by the detestable ingrate Leopold of John Sobieski, the Polish hero. After he and the Duke of Lorraine had raised the siege of Vienna by the Turks in 1683 and saved his infamous head and crown, he held a consulta-

tion as to whether his kingship should speak to the great Pole. Said he, at last, "In what manner shall I meet him?" Lorraine, disgusted at his quibblings, said, "With open arms, of course." Leopold could not get over that chasm, for royal weaklings, between an Emperor of the blood and an elective monarch, and Sobieski received a formal embrace. There is a stone raised to commemorate this event, a monument to royal infamy on the one side, and universal historical and national disgust on the other.

We are now in Hungary, a country not as well-known by the nations as it deserves. Its histories are full of heroisms and its lists of the great are long and illustrious. Its people are generally large, good-looking, industrious and chivalrous. It is more like Ireland in the characteristics of its people than any other country. Talented and turbulent, they have failed because they could not control themselves in their decisive hours. Ever dreaming of independence, ever recklessly sacrificing blood and treasures, and even in servitude, the greater because of their useless bravery, they became an object of passing interest in our country perhaps thirty years ago, through the presence and eloquence of Louis Kossuth, the exiled patriot and orator. With all the disadvantages of foreign birth, he learned a language which had no affinities with his own by the aid only of the works of Shakspeare. This he did while in a prison which is scarcely out of sight of where we write. He so perfectly mastered the English tongue that he swayed the minds and feelings of our countrymen, not only by his passionate eloquence, but by his elegant diction as well, as no foreigner ever has done in all the years of our national history. The country in which we now are and from whose capital we write

was Kossuth's country. The hero still lives an exile in Turin, full of years, but the spirit of patriotism burns unblown.

Hungary is the country of "tongue products." The men are all eloquent, their national assemblies are debating societies, where all movements are born on the breath of national oratory. A people poetic, rash, brave, and as restless as a magnetic needle in presence of the loadstone; a people of boundless possibilities, which they spill out as water on the ground. We have a false idea of them from the degraded, quarrelsome and vagrant crowds which come into our mining districts, but who no more represent the Hungarians than the bog trotter from Ireland represents the cultured and elegant people who command our enthusiasm in her towns and cities and on her estates.

The Hungarians have a good system of State schools, Academies and Universities. It has been our singular good fortune to travel during the *fete* seasons of the several nations in our way. We saw all England at the Queen's Jubilee, were in France at the *fetes* of the 14th of July, in Austria at the celebration of the Ascension of the Virgin, and now in Hungary in the festivities of St. Stephen, at which there were not far from fifty thousand people on the streets and in the parks from all over the country. These would average in good looks, dress and intelligence any similar number from the centre of Pennsylvania. But withal there came sad reflections on the past and forebodings for the future, growing out of the fact that every ten or twelve feet apart, around their parks, were soldiers with sabre bayonets, and on the streets, with the crowds, were mounted police.

The people are restless under their present political alliance with Austria. It was the best they could do,

and they accepted it as such, but it is not all they want, nor all they will have. The Hungarians have more manliness than the Austrians, who do not dream of any thing as their own. In Austria, as in Prussia, every thing is for the Kaiser, or Emperor. But in Hungary manhood and ideal liberty have never been surrendered. The Imperial government has to defer to them. A Hungarian will correct one who speaks of Francis Joseph as his Emperor, "No, he is our king," and he must live certain stipulated months in the Royal Palace at Buda Pesth. The Hungarian army cannot be moved without consent of the Parliament, but still they have but little liberty, and the reason is they do not know what it is. There is an espionage upon the people all the time, religious and civil; the government of Austria throughout is meddling, small-hearted and contemptible in policy. But while the people in Hungary are high-spirited, chivalrous and brave they do not hold fast to their purposes, but are too vacillating to gain substantial victories. The best illustration of the Hungarian patriotism was in their response to the appeal of Maria Theresa at the commencement of her reign in 1741, when assailed by every possible foe on all sides, beleagued even in her capital by internal enemies, deserted by all her allies, except England, she was about to receive the deputation of the Hungarian estates, she arrayed herself in deep mourning, in the Hungarian garb, with the crown of St. Stephen on her head and girded with his sword. She held her babe in her arms. She told her grievances in a Latin speech, depicting to their impressible and fiery natures the dangers which threatened her kingdom, and throwing herself on the fidelity of her Hungarian subjects, and demanded their assistance.

The whole scene, so dramatic and pathetic, with the beauty and womanliness of the Queen, appealed to the veneration of the people by the sword and crown of St. Stephen. It appealed to their sentimentality by the Hungarian grief-associated drapery, which she wore, as well as by the helplessness of the infant at her breast. In an instant every hand was on a hilt and every sword gleaming from its scabbard, and by an irresistible impulse of passion, blind but resistless, "*Moriamur pro rege nostra Maria Theresa.*" They swore to defend her rights to the last drop of their blood, and while hot with passion repaired to the Diet, voted liberal supplies, and summoned the wild tribes from the remotest corners of the kingdom to rally around her standard. Croates and Pandours carried terror to the furthest extremity of the Continent. But this ended all successful efforts of public uprisings ever since, they have only boded disaster. The ruins of the palace, in which this dramatic scene occurred, still remain on a hill overlooking Pressburgh, and are as much a monument to the character of this people as to the Queen, who knew so well how to handle the Hungarian Irish of her realm.

To return to a general description of the country and its resources, one of the strange things to the observer is the almost interminable length of the fields. We suppose the land must belong to great estates in bodies of thousands of acres or this would not be possible. We passed by fields being ploughed where the furrows would be from three to four miles long. What was still more interesting were the Hungarian oxen, the most splendid creatures we have ever seen, tall as an ordinary horse, white or cream-colored, with horns two and a half feet long and from two and a half to three

feet between the tips. They walk like horses; in one field were twenty-seven yokes of white oxen, one after another ploughing. They are used singly also, in almost every kind of work where one horse would be employed. The finest herds of cattle, hogs and sheep everywhere revel in the abundant pastures of these great Danubian plains. The horses are the best in Europe. The government has great farms of thousands of acres where only Arabian horses of pure blood are bred, mixed blood can be seen and the Arabian characteristics easily pointed out in the great draft horses on the street, and finer horses were never seen than those in the cavalry service. Fast driving is a national passion. "Cabby" will give his passenger the worth of his money even if he is engaged by the hour. He makes one's head swim as he whizzes his wheels around the corners, and this is the only place in the world where he will drive as rapidly by the hour as by "the course."

There is a singular fact in regard to the English living in Austria. One is inquisitive to know what alienates any considerable portion of any country from the land of their birth. The English women come into Austria in great numbers as governesses in royal and wealthy families, for at present it is stylish and the desirable thing to speak English. The men from England are generally horse-jockeys. Austria is the greatest racing country now in the world, other countries trot horses, but here there is a passion among high and low for running them, and in this, as in many other better things, the Englishman is ahead. There are great race tracks fitted up in the extravagances of wasteful wealth in both Austria and Hungary, at which men, women and children bet from a kreutzer to thousands of florins,

and of course, all the demoralizations which proceed therefrom exist. A Scotch minister informed us that he desired to have a jubilee service in honor of the Queen of Britain in Buda Pesth, the capital of Hungary, but nearly every body had gone for the summer from the ministry and legations. He feared it would be a slim affair, but to his astonishment all the old and superannated English residents here turned out, and the governesses came, and the rest of the audience was largely made up of "jockeys" who had turned out to sing "God Save the Queen."

The northern and eastern portions of Hungary are occupied by the Carpathian mountains. The grandest part in natural mountain display is in Transylvania. Buda is an old city, now containing nearly one hundred thousand people. It was under the domination of the Turks for a century and a half. It has hot sulphur springs, a fortress and a palace and a Gothic church, converted by the Turks into a Mosque. This city sits like a queen on a mountain-side and is connected with Pesth by a suspension bridge. Beside the carriage-road up to the fortress there are several long flights of steps; upon one of these a conflict took place in 1849 between the Imperialists and Revolutionists, and seven hundred bodies were taken from the place a few days after. The royal palace, built in the reign of Charles VI., was destroyed by a bombardment in 1849, but is now restored in great splendor. Here the royal crown jewels are deposited, in which collection are the sceptre, sword and mantle of St. Stephen, which are regarded as the Palladium of the State, and upon the possession of which it is believed the fate of the kingdom depends. The removal of these to Vienna by Joseph II. alienated from him the hearts of his Hungarian subjects, who suspected him

of purposes against the independence of Hungary. The two arched ribs of the crown are superstitiously believed to have been made by angels and given to St. Stephen, in A. D., 1000, when Christianity was established in Hungary by Pope Sylvester II. When removed for coronations it was packed in an iron case and carefully guarded night and day. In the struggles of 1849 it was taken away by Kossuth and hidden in the ground near Orsova and recovered only in 1853.

Pesth, on the opposite side of the river, is one of the oldest towns outside the history of its sister, with which it is now joined. It is now the finest and most beautiful in architectural structure, and the most flourishing commercial city in Hungary, with wide streets and parks. The object of hatred and humiliation to the patriotic Hungarians is the "Barracks," which they have been anxious to tear away, and will soon succeed. It is an enormous building, four stories high with underground dungeons, built by Joseph in 1786, and because of these dungeons and the iron rings in the walls and pillars it was believed to be for the imprisonment of refractory Hungarian nobles. In it the patriots of the revolution pined, and many were placed standing against the walls and shot without trial. Pesth was bombarded in the contest of 1849, and nearly destroyed, but it has rallied and is now one of the most beautiful in all Europe. The two cities are joined as the capital of the nation under the name of Buda Pesth.

On the wharves, the stevedores, or longshoremen as they would be called in New York, are Slavs, low specimens of humanity in appearance, who indicate the varied character of the inhabitants from the highest to the lowest extremes. These Slavs are, however, industrious, economical and thrifty. There is a continuation of the

eastern European servility of the women in the most loathsome drudgeries. They make the mortar, carry up brick and plaster, pull great loads on hand-wagons, often working along side of great dogs—for dogs are not idlers in this country. Carriages are often drawn by one horse, hitched to the side of the pole; thus, if necessary, two horses or one can be used, and what is quite as surprising the one gets on about as well on one side as if he was in shafts.

The tourist will be struck with the appearance of the dominant race, in which are race marks not seen in any other people, and which partitions them off from all others. We hardly ever see a people whose language does not suggest likeness to other languages. The Magyars are totally distinct in features and language from all their neighbors, the Germans on the one side and the Sclavs on the other. Their lingual kinship must be sought among the Turcomans, and is, perhaps, nearer that of Finland than any other in Europe. This Hungarian country has a destiny before it which will enliven the pages of future history, whether for its political and moral betterment is a sealed secret for the coming ages. In the conflict pending in Bulgaria, in which the nations must engage, Hungary will determine the policy of Austria; her borders will first be in danger and her territory invaded. In the contest last spring, which came so near an issue, Hungary took the leading part; Austria in the coming contest, if she holds together, must protect the south-eastern interests of her empire. If she cannot reach the sea except under the guns of Russian fortresses she is undone. If Russia gets Bulgaria, then Moldavia and Wallachia will be endangered, and if Constantinople should go to Russia, Austria might as well surrender. She would be garroted;

so, more than England, is Austria bound to antagonize Russia. The nations concerned are chronically nervous, and Bulgaria is so wilful and persistent that any hour may bring the conflict.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF AUSTRO-HUNGARY.

IN Hungary are three millions of nominal Protestants—there are two thousand Reformed, that is to say Calvinist churches, and nine hundred Lutheran. They are recognized by the State and receive its aid, and of course, are under its asphyxiating power, and that they live is about all that can be said. They make no progress in numbers nor in power. They have no Foreign Missions, but do a little to help scattered and weak congregations. There is some change for the better of an evangelical character in their young ministers, especially those who study theology in Scotland, and the number of these is increasing. These young men are preaching to the conscience and heart and arousing men and women both to wrath and piety, a fact which freshens the point to a story long ago heard of a fossil Lutheran church in Pennsylvania where they had been instructed, but not shaken up. When a young preacher came, who did not make much distinction in favor of dead professors of religion, in his zeal for their spiritual life he would forget and call them all sinners. The consistory took it as personal, and one of the number called on him to correct his absurd opinions and expostulate against such charges. Said he, “Domine, you calls us all sinners, I bees no sinner, I bees one Lutheran.”

There are good roots in Hungary, but they ought to have more lively branches and more abundant fruits. There are foreign efforts being made toward resuscitation, but the Protestant churches are nervous and distrustful, and not half so fearful of deadness as of excitements—less afraid of death than of resurrection. There have been efforts made in Prague, that spot that is illustrious in heaven for its martyr cries of “How long” from under the throne, and weary hearts of earth are asking how long does it take martyr seed to germinate. The Scotch Free Church has a mission which is affiliated with the Reformed Church of Bohemia, but it has not yet accomplished much, though it is believed that prospects are brightening. The Congregationalists of our country have done better, perhaps, for being independent in their operations. What we have said about the brethren of the Reformed and Lutheran Churches has not been in a critical or uncharitable spirit, for there would be no theme which could inspire us like the knowledge that these glorious witnessing churches were bounding into life and progress. Considering the fact that their life is fettered by the government shackles of ages, they doubtless are doing as well as could be expected even in holding their own.

The anti-Semitic movement in Germany, Austria and Hungary presents a question which must be met and considered in the problem of the relations of the Jews to Christianity. It seems to be agreed upon on all sides that the Jew must be a quantity in the consummation at least of the work of Christianity on earth, but from present indications the conversion of the Jews by ordinary spiritual means will be about the last thing before the millennium. The anti-Semitic movement is nothing strange, the Jew is responsible for it. He is the uni-

versal "supplanter," and will live with nobody without exasperating, grasping unscrupulousness and trickery; by nature he will wear out his friends, and with all else he is a constitutional tyrant to all people but his own. This is the verdict written against him everywhere; how much of it is sheer prejudice and envy at his business prosperity we must leave those who know Jew and Gentile best to judge. The present race excitement broke out in Berlin in the form of an alarm at the sway of the Jews, and their antagonisms to the Protestant Christianity which had not given them any position better than one in a Gheto. The secular press of Berlin is in their hands, and its influence was thought to be not only negatively, but positively against the religion of the country, in the form of infidel and atheistic attacks. The Court Preacher Stocker, of Berlin, commenced the movement against what he regarded as their systematic hostility, which to the surprise of all became incident to a deep evangelical movement throughout Berlin. Efforts have also been made to arouse the multitudes in the church to a higher form and development of Christian life as against all prevailing irreligion, and to provide greater church accommodations as well. This has been of great service to the cause of vital religion in Berlin and to some extent throughout Germany. The hatred to the Jew was lost sight of in a general awakening to old spiritual destitutions, and to the hostility which had been aroused against the Church during its frigid condition. But the purely anti-Semitic sentiment spread into Austria, and especially into Hungary, intensified in a trial in which certain Jews were charged with being concerned in the slaying of a child and the use of its blood in their Easter service, which had really no substantial ground as an ac-

cusation. But the conviction is widespread among the common people in Hungary that the Jews do use Christian blood in this service. It has taken such a hold here as to have started a political party which has a dozen members in Parliament. But while this sentiment has developed, the reaction which usually comes from such movements on the sympathetic side has aroused throughout Europe the anxious inquiry, Can any thing be done towards Christianizing the Jews? and whether it is not more consonant with the spirit and mission of Christianity to reach them by greater efforts to convince, and win them by the spirit of loving endeavor in their behalf.

The movement which set in so adversely and threatened a curtailment of their civil rights, and perhaps, persecution, has warmed into life many of the old agencies in their behalf, and brought into existence new ones—some of these are purely sentimental, others on the extreme of Adventism, &c. Those who hold to the necessity of their national return to Palestine as necessary to the completion of their ideas of the second advent began to theorize as to how the control of Palestine could be obtained. Others concerned themselves more about the conversion of this race rather than about material and political state in the promised land. Prophecies are being rearranged and reinterpreted, other portions of the Scripture statements readjusted, and a new prophetic impulse given to the work. Others are moved by the facts of the relations of the Jews to the kingdom of God in all ages of man's history, and the obligations of Christianity to the Jews through the Saviour of the world, and through the apostles who reinvigorated by preaching the death and resurrection of Christ the only religion that the world had ever known which had

been of any service to the race. Others still were stirred because the Jew is a brother man without a Saviour, and a suffering man through centuries on account of this loss.

The seven-day Baptists are at work in upturning the Christian Sabbath, and substituting the Jewish Sabbath. Their discussions in their newspapers are to be found in bundles in most of the hotels, and they have enlisted several men of some distinction in the churches to advocate their views. These seven day Baptists are also pretty generally Adventists, and their efforts terminate ultimately on the Jews. There is, therefore, not only a movement against the Jews, but for them, and by them. There is a remarkable movement by them in Russia, under the direction of the eloquent lawyer Rabinowitz, from whose discourses we quoted largely in a letter from London. There is, at least, an uncommon restlessness among them, and they are in constant fear as to what may be the next surprise in departures from their faith. There is a great deal of study and quiet inquiry as to what these things mean, and they are far more easily approached on the subject than in years past.

Forty years ago, in the palace which crowns a high hill in Buda, overlooking the beautiful Danube and the city of Pesth, lived the Archduchess Maria Dorothea, the wife of the uncle of the present Emperor. She was a Protestant, the mother of the present Queen of Belgium, and worthy to be the mother of rulers of nations. She was a devout Christian, in whose heart lived that ideal of Christian life which can withstand all the demoralization of courts. She had learned to follow her Lord in childhood, and never departed from it in womanhood and old age. Her heart was grieved at the moral degradations of the people, which the

Papacy was either careless or helpless to restrain, and she longed for the gospel as she had heard it in her youth, but of this she had no hope, unless God would work it out in his own oft mysterious way. So at a window about midway in the palace, overlooking the cities given to the deep degradations of unrestrained moral wickedness, she prayed that God would send ambassadors of his grace.

As often as the moral destitutions of the land rose like the chilly and malarious mists of the Danube, in wreaths before her, the incense of her devotion was offered, she pleading all alone, the hand of the creature on the arm or the Almighty, that he would send a minister of his Word to preach in Buda Pesth. Her faith is monumental, for during seven long, disappointing, wearying years she renewed her hopes by her prayers before the object of her desire seemed even in the direction of realization. And the way was more wonderful, if possible, than the faith that poured its unseen strength in seven years of unanswered prayers. In Scotland, before the Disruption, other hearts were hoping and praying that God, who had commanded "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and had promised his presence in both hope and effort, would indicate a field of labor where this promise might be realized. It took the form of a proposal to start a mission to the Jews.

The sainted McCheyne, Dr. Keith, the author of the well-known book on the Prophecies, and Dr. Andrew Bonar started on a tour of inspection in quest of the place for the carrying out this purpose of prayer in Scotland. They went to Palestine, and on their return journey stopped, for some reason not known to us, at Buda Pesth. On one of the streets Dr. Keith swooned

away and was carried unconscious into the "Queen of England Hotel," where he sunk so rapidly that all hope was abandoned of his recovery, and the word was on the streets that he was dead. The news of the dying condition of an English clergyman reached the ears of the good Archduchess, who had so long prayed for the coming of a Protestant minister to Buda Pesth. She sent word to the hotel, his room being in sight of the window at which she had almost wearied heaven, that the physicians should leave nothing undone to save his life. The message came after they had abandoned his case and he was thought to be actually dead, and some preparation had been made for the grave. The word from the palace started them into making what they believed were utterly vain efforts only to please the Duchess. They gave stimulants, applied friction, poured hot wax on his breast, and continued other means until they discovered that as they held the lighted taper before his lips the flame wavered. The physician put his mouth near to the ear of the apparently dead man and asked, "Dr. Keith, are you dead?" The answer came, "Not dead." He was unable to speak again for many days, but slowly gained and in about two weeks full consciousness returned, and it was all to him as a dream.

The Archduchess visited him and the object of their journey was explained, when she begged that the proposed mission should be located in Buda Pesth, in answer to her prayers. It was begun, and in sight of the very window at which she had so long begged that God would intercede in behalf of her people and send the gospel in its simplicity and purity to their homes. She promised to help and protect it to the utmost of her power, and as long as she lived gave it her full support.

This mission has had God's special favor in answer, no doubt, to the prayers of the devout hearts founding it. Dr. Keith has gone to his rest, as has the sainted Archduchess. The devout McCheyne has gone also to his reward and his works have been following him for more than a quarter of a century. Nearly if not all of those interested at the beginning of th's work are gone, but the work abides, and its harvestings are apparent. The Austrian government did not mean to be outgeneraled by a woman's prayers into another innovation of this kind, and on account of the influence of this Archduchess they decreed that no Protestant should ever be united in marriage to the ruling house again, and this ended the royalty which in a better kingdom "shall walk in white, for it is worthy."

This mission work to the Jews has gone on, and while the numbers embracing Christianity have not been great, nor have these converts been all that was expected, still the work viewed in its past, in its present, and as estimated for its future has been satisfactory in its average results. The Jews are the hardest people on the earth to win to Christ. There is first intense race pride to be humbled before they will accept in any place of superiority the lowliest of their race, Christ Jesus. Caste distinctions are not stronger in India than with the Jews. Then they have wronged their own kinsman, and men who wrong their own without cause are the slowest to forgive. Then they have been persecuted on account of Him, and this has saturated their natures with malignity. They are a people who will tolerate only absolute conformity of opinion to tradition. The moment a Jew departs from prevailing regulation opinion among them he is persecuted, that there is no individuality in religious belief. The

individual is no more than a grain of sand in a heap, and to be independent is to be ostracized and tormented by Jewish ingenuity, which is infernal, and always has been so.

When they were supreme in their own country and kingdom their own prophets gave them this abominable character. Hence, the Hottentots are more easily reached, for, knowing nothing of Christianity, they can be taught, but the Jew thinks he knows every thing and that those who would teach him are dogs and ignorant, and can neither instruct him nor show him any thing better than he possesses. The trouble with the Jew is that if his long-expected Messiah should come and attempt to build up a kingdom on any other basis, or for any other purpose than that established by the leaders of public thought among them, they would crucify him, and cast him out into Gehenna. The Jew worships only himself, and only turns from himself to curse the publican who dares to confess even his sins to the God of the Jews. These are the leading characteristics of the race. We do not mean that this is the universal condition, for there are multitudes of the devout and God-fearing among them. But these are race-marks, which have been and will be conquered by God's grace, but in human estimates they make the work harder than missions to any other people. Nor do we say these things justifying in any way the persecutions which they have suffered, chiefly by the Roman Catholic Church, but we do say that these characteristics have often provoked it, and will do it again. Protestant Christianity has in the main labored to mitigate the sufferings of the Israelite.

A rabbi, who was espousing Christianity in this country, in an argument urged the Jews to receive the New

Testament teachings as all their own and only their own. He asked them why they should "reject the jewel even if it were set in a swine's snout." The overwhelming pride and contempt of the race for any thing which is not essentially their own is the cause of most of their calamities. This explains the difficulty of any work in their behalf; and yet such is the power of God's grace working through the unselfish labors and denials of the missionaries that numbers of this disdainful people have been won to their long-rejected Saviour, and are humbly working and enduring the persecutions of men and women of their own blood.

*RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF AUSTRO-HUNGARY.
WORK AMONG THE JEWS.*

THE work for the Jews in Buda Pesth is now under the direction of the Rev. Andrew Moody, a man of deep and earnest piety, who has a wonderful gift of tongues. He preached and taught seven years in Prague, and then came to Buda Pesth, acquired the Hungarian language, very difficult because akin to none, so well that though a Scotchman, he would be taken for a native. He preaches every Sabbath in German and English. He is junior pastor, associated with the venerable Dr. Koenig in the pastorate of the German-speaking church. We heard Rev. Mr. Moody preach, and as far as we could understand it was a first-rate sermon upon the text, "By the grace of God I am what I am," &c., to which the congregation listened with great attention, which is always a test of a sermon's power.

The church building is a modern one, built of brick, substantial and handsome, and belongs to the congregation, which was largely assisted in its building from Scotland, through the efforts of Rev. Mr. Moody. There is a school building near the church, admirably located and growing in value, which belongs to the Free Church of Scotland, in which four hundred children are taught during the week. One-half of these are children of Jews, who put no restrictions on the missionaries in their Christian teachings, so that these children are taught out of the Scriptures of the New and Old Testaments every day and are prayed for and taught to pray themselves. The practical and relative duties of religion are also impressed upon them. Many of these Jewish scholars, during the years of this educational work, have become Christians, and their children have followed the example of their parents. There is also a flourishing Sunday-school of more than two hundred children. They have under their care several young girls, two of whom were of one Jewish family, whose father was dead, and the mother, wishing them to be educated, gave them readily enough to the mission. But when the elder wished to be a Christian after being educated she refused to consent, and took her away, but when the girl became of age (eighteen) she herself came back and is now engaged in its duties. Later her younger sister was taken also into the mission, and is a baptized member of the church. The great need of this work for the Jews is a home for homeless Jewish children. It would be worth more in this peculiar work than all other appliances.

The only way to reach the Jews is by the children. All that can be accomplished in converting adult Jews will be for a long time comparatively little, either in

numbers or quality. The gathering of the Jews together in Christ's fold in childhood is the great work now for the Church. Jewish childhood stretches out its arms to the Christian Church, and the mistake will be fatal if the Church spends its strength in any other effort. She cannot do all, therefore let her work wisely. The Church is as much responsible to God for the exercise of common sense in her work as she is for her work. Millions of money have been lost, and also that which money will not buy, life, in efforts which have been failures in the beginning for the want of common sense in not choosing the places most promising. There is, in our judgment, in Buda Pesth no work comparable in the promise of the best, most genuine and lasting results to the Jews to the education of their children and caring for the orphan children of the poor. Money ought at once to be raised for this orphanage that a building may be ready next year for wider efforts in this Jewish work.

There is a corps of able and devoted teachers, men and women, who labor because they love it, and because they love the souls of the perishing. Every thing is promising in the restricted field, but they are able and willing to do more. Will not the Christian Church give them the means to an end so Christlike and glorious? The prayers of the founders have not been fruitless, they have already yielded harvests, and these are to be seen. Besides the prosperous church and school buildings there is a hospital filled with the sick and aged, which has the favor of all Buda Pesth. When it was evident that there would be war with Prussia and that no preparations were made adequate to taking care of the wounded, it was determined by the mission to start one, and to send to Germany for trained nurses

to give instruction to other nurses. There is in Germany a Sisterhood, or organization of Deaconesses, who are known over all Europe for their skill and ability in caring for the sick and wounded. They succeeded in securing a competent and faithful woman, who has been with them from the beginning, training women for the great mission to the pain-smitten and dying, and so this arm of mission work has gone on in answer to the prayer of that noble woman at the palace window. There are in connection with this hospital ample buildings, in which are seventy to one hundred rooms, and every needed provision for the work. The buildings are capacious and beautifully located near the great park, in the midst of a great profusion of natural and cultivated flowers and vines. It is called Bethesda, and a more beautiful spot never bore the name. The ground and buildings are paid for and belong to the mission congregation, and are, as is the church, in affiliation with the Reformed Protestant Church of Hungary. The hospital is in such favor that it receives help from the city. The sick are here healed, the dying have their sufferings mitigated and their souls enlightened in the dark valley, and comforted in their last hour's agonies, and the aged are provided for in their helplessness and blindness.

About forty miles from Buda Pesth lives a rabbi who is making a mighty stir among the Jews, exciting their wrath to the highest degree. He has confessed the Lord as his Saviour, and their policy is to crucify him. As they cannot do him personal violence, they have their usual ingenuity at work to kill his influence. They first said he did not write the pamphlets which he had published, that they were the work of the missionaries, and that he had been induced to sign them.

Bribery is always the first charge of the Jews against those who turn from Judaism, and it is not a little suggestive that the Jew can be bribed, else it would not be the first form of arraignment. They may have the remembrance that Judas belonged to them and others a little less eminent.

A member of Parliament, and somewhat famous among them, offered to bet a thousand florins that the rabbi did not write his publications, but he replied, "You had better keep your florins, for I will write in German and show you." After this game of bluff they urged him to make a confession and be baptized, and wished the missionaries to urge him. This was to get him out of the synagogue in which he was still officiating, for his people would not give him up, and as each Jewish community is independent they only could put him out. But he had been their rabbi for thirty-five years and they could not be persuaded to break the ties, as they said he was in no way neglecting his duties. So, being outgeneraled, his enemies are still at work, writing anonymous letters, distressing members of his family, setting spies to watch him, and trying to distress him financially through a sum of money which he had borrowed from one of them on long time, and so continue in Jewish ways, which are dark, and showing spirit which is rancorous. He had a son, a young physician of great promise, who had, through the self-denials of his poor parents and his own labors and sore distresses from poverty, graduated with distinction in the Medical University of Buda Pesth. On account of his abilities he had been appointed to the city hospital and had the promise of a bright future. His letters to his parents show his anxiety to succeed, and to put them beyond want in their old age, as the proper requital of a son to

them for the painful sacrifices they had made for him. He had labored until his strength was gone, and when he had received his appointment he broke down with hemorrhages of the lungs. In this critical stage the Jews were persecuting his father and taunting him—his dying condition had no influence in modifying their relentless hate. Oppressed with this opprobrium, and weakened by disease he yielded up his young life, glad to quit the turbulence which he could neither longer resist nor bear. So this poor rabbi can understand the words of the Psalm, "The bulls of Bashan have compassed me."

The Rev. Mr. Moody arranged a visit to the rabbi's home, and we spent the day with him, enjoying his hospitality and trying to comfort their sorrow over the loss of their son by Christian sympathies. The rabbi has lived in quiet and in the respect of his neighbors, Catholics, Lutherans and Reformed, who all say that they believe him to be sincere. His congregation is not large, a little community who have been located in this place over two hundred years. There is a very comfortable synagogue, the second on this spot since their organization, built by the liberality of some earnest Jew. His people are generally poor, living in houses not any better than the negro cabins in the South, but are intelligent and well-behaved. The rabbi's house was a little better, but a very humble place, dear to him as his home, the birth-place of his children and the death-place of his beloved son. He is a man of ordinary stature and does not look much like a Jew, is about sixty years old, but well preserved, of a modest mien and thoughtful in his utterances—he is hospitable in the Oriental sense. We were graciously received at the railway station, and a comfortable conveyance

provided to take us to his home, a mile away. When we had been seated wine and bread were set before us and we were assured of our welcome.

The day was mostly spent in talk upon themes akin to his position toward Christ and his religion, but the hospitalities of a Jewish household were not overlooked. Dinner was served, and Mr. Moody said, "The rabbi will ask us a blessing." He did not say any thing aloud, but broke a piece of bread and began eating; it was perhaps a symbolical affair, like the Catholic crossing, but Mr. Moody was too good a Presbyterian to eat his food on a wordless ceremony and was evidently not satisfied, for he closed his eyes and said another that could be understood. The meal was very enjoyable, but it was strange, and we could but think of the dilemma of Peter, and what an offence it was to old Jewish prejudices for our Lord to eat with publicans and sinners, and what a hubbub it raised when the apostles ate with Gentiles. But as soon as the grace of our Lord enters the heart how cosmopolitan it becomes; there is henceforth no more Jew or Gentile in its vocabulary. The name of our host is Rabbi Lichtenstein, of Tapio Szele, Hungary, whose mind was first turned to the subject during the excitement of the trial known as the Tisza-Eszlar case, where the accusation was the mingling of Christian blood in the Easter sacrifice of the Jews, to which reference has been made.

The second of the pamphlets already published by the rabbi is called "My Testimony," and has these remarkable words:—"My testimony for Christ is so simple and self-evident that I feel, if I were to keep silence, that the very stones would cry out." Its most marked utterances are the following: "Christ is the pillar of truth, the most glorious treasure of heaven, the bright-

est ornament of creation, the most exalted Son of Man who ever walked on earth, incarnate righteousness, the world's Saviour, the world's Messiah." "As the ocean receives the streams and rivers to itself, and they become one, so all the divine attributes are united in heavenly harmony in Christ, of whom Moses, in prophetic vision, said, 'The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken.'" "Where Moses ended, there Christ began." "The Mosaic religion, with its sacrifices and ceremonial observances, was for the Jews, but the Jewish faith—the worship of God, trust in God, love of one's neighbor, self-denial, sanctification, the sanctity of marriage, chastity and moral purity, the faith, the religion of the world—was founded and established by Christ. 'The law was given by Moses, grace and truth by Jesus Christ.'" "But why, my beloved, sorely-trying people, has this simple self-evidencing truth remained till now hidden from thee, and closed like a sealed letter? 'To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.'"

In answer to which Dr. Delitzsch, of Germany, wrote: "I have had great joy in reading your 'Testimony.' We are convinced that all Israel will yet worship at the feet of David's Son of Bethlehem and of Nazareth. We have often the impression that the throes of the birth of what is in the future might be felt already, and as one of the signs of the coming union of the mother, the Synagogue, with the daughter, the Church, in God and His Christ, we welcome your good confession, which is likewise a courageous act. You will have much to suffer, reproach will be heaped upon you, but remember the words spoken by the Lord to Ezekiel." (Ez. ii. 3-7.)

As predicted by the eminent Professor, the storm came, and it was God's storm to cut him loose from kindred, and from hindering affinities; and it was his time as well, and his mistake was that he did not embrace it to confess his neglected Lord in faith and baptism. He says he delays in the hope that he can bring his flock, which he has faithfully served for thirty-five years, with him. Most plausible reason, but one that will in all human probability be plausible enough to keep him out of the church of Jesus Christ, and swinging aimlessly between Judaism and Christianity, hated by the one and not cherished by the other. "No man can serve two masters." Nay, not even seem to serve two. The rabbi is now preparing another pamphlet, parts of which we heard, in answer to the allegations of the Jews, which still further confirms his previous position, and shows that he is coming into clearer light. His writings are in admirable spirit, and some parts have great force as well as pathos and beauty. Another will soon appear in print, and the rabbi will taste the cup of bitterness again. His poor wife said to Mr. Moody, "There is going to be a storm," and when he was about looking out to the skies she pointed to the manuscript and could not restrain herself from weeping. It is hard to endure persecution when we have convictions strong enough to sustain, but to be persecuted and cast out, to this poor woman, who only sympathizes with her husband and has not seen the light, is something terrible.

The Jewish problem with reference to an immediate movement towards Christianity is very much as when the chemical elements are in a state of commotion ere a new combination is to be made; there are heat and crackling until all is ready, and then the surprise

is that it was so peacefully accomplished. There is motion, but it is like the heating of water in a vessel, that which is next the iron is first heated and from the circumference the heat works inwardly. The centre is the last to come into equilibrium of temperature. There is a strange and abnormal excitement among the Jews; they know themselves that they are restless, but either do not, or will not, know the reason. The needle is quivering before an unseen magnet. The Jew will not acknowledge that it is from the cross, but it disturbs him all the same, and it will disturb him more and more. Such cases as that of the Rabbi Rabinowitz and Lichtenstein and others have always been coming to the front in Judaism. The Lord Jesus has compelled the Jews in all ages to confess him through their federal heads, and such cases will become more frequent as the time of their return approaches. The Jewish Mission work in various parts is averaging satisfactory results. It suggests to us a truth learned early in our ministry through an elder, a farmer, who told us the following in answer to a complaint of the hardness of the work in which we were engaged. Said he, "A young and ardent minister became so dissatisfied with his field of labor that he went to one of his elders and proposed to resign his charge, saying that he would rather pound stone. The elder accepted the proposition and told the preacher that he would give him the same salary and would expect honest service. The preacher was furnished with a long-handled hammer and put to work on one of those glacial stones which geologists say were rolled round in the glacial periods of the past, and which are known on the prairies as 'nigger-heads.' The preacher worked two days diligently, when he returned to his

patron, saying, 'I cannot break that rock; I have pounded until my hands are blistered.' His employer said, 'I did not employ you to break it, but to pound it, that is what you said you had rather do than to preach to our church. I insist on you keeping your bargain.' Stung by the intimation of his unfaithfulness to his engagements, the preacher returned, and after another day's pounding, the rock being crystalline, shivered all unseen by the blows, dropped suddenly to pieces." It is our duty to work away with the Jews. The results are with God, and their conversion will be the greatest surprise of our existence, except our own salvation, and it will come one of these days. If we look only on one spot the case is not so hopeful, but as one and another of our missionaries report, the work becomes more cheering and is as when a great battle rages over miles of level and mountainous territory; at one point a corps may be worsted, even routed, and the defeated may be saying our cause is gone. But the commander who, by his glass, surveys the whole field reports that other corps have beaten their enemies and that victory is gained over the ranks of the foe.

It is a consolation to the Church that she has One who surveys the whole field and who issues as his word of command, "Write the vision and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it." So plain that every Jew will be compelled to read what are God's predeterminations for his people, even to return with weeping and contrition of heart to Israel's King, against whom they have dashed themselves in pieces. And while the motions of the Divine purpose are to us, who measure life by minutes, slow, we can moderate our impatience and unbelief by the promise, "The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak

and not lie. Though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

The Prophet Hosea waited longer than any of us in an eclipse dark as that around the cross in the Lord's dying, and yet hope entering, fruition arched his horizon. We hear from all points of the compass reports of progress, a few have believed and more are inquiring, the fruit is in all its conditions of ripening, from the first faint tint of impression to the clearer lines of conviction, and on to the golden ripeness of conversion and confession of Jesus Christ King of the Jews. The reports of the Scottish missions alone demonstrate not only the possibility of final victory, but ought to cheer and impel the Church to anticipate its joys now in the dust and darkness of the conflict. These alone give far and near glorious preludes of the coming home of Christ's alien brothers.

We can only in these letters give impressions, but are diligent in all possible ways to get the truth from the missionaries, but not from these only. We ask those without and seek the sentiment prevailing in the communities. We believe that we have given a moderate estimate of this Jewish work, not only in Buda Pesth, but as it averages through all the stations, as well as the prevailing sentiment of the Jews themselves, for the increase of hostility among them shows that there are movements to be dreaded. We cannot close this letter without a word about the kindness of Rev. Andrew Moody and his estimable sister, who made our stay profitable, not only in helpful sources of knowledge, but in personal kindnesses, which made our stay a delight and our departure a regret.

DOWN THE DANUBE.

THE countries along the Danube are but little known to the general public, and but for the stirring political movements of the last few years would have little interest now. Great fertile plains spread out on both sides of the Danube, with little interruption, almost to Belgrade. Some localities are worthy of notice for what they have been in the past. On the right bank is the dilapidated town of Mohacs, with the dreary memories of the victory of the Turks in 1526 under Solyman, the Magnificent, who with twenty thousand men annihilated at one blow the army of Lewis II., leaving twenty-two thousand out of the thirty thousand Christians dead on the field, the flower of the Magyar Chivalry. The king was stifled in a swamp near the village of Czeize. His death was the beginning of the German dynasty in Hungary, but on the same spot in 1686 the century's disaster was ended, with the loss of only six hundred Christians, but by the slaughter of twenty thousand Turks, under the magnificent genius of the Duke of Lorraine, which ended all Turkish efforts to invade Hungary.

At Aftin, a dirty village, the people have established a mission much needed in this sinful world, and one which has done good since to the living and is not likely to be superseded while sin lasts; this is the raising of hemp and the manufacture of ropes by which not a few have changed worlds, and generally for the benefit

of this mundane sphere. All along the Danube are most interesting remains, one of which is Schanngrad, where the ruins of a temple of Diana have been uncovered and remain in such preservation as to be easily identified.

The scenery now becomes picturesque, and a range of young mountains come forth to greet the eye with their diversities, covered with a verdure of a peculiar green, which can be understood best as youthful green, and this is characteristic of all the grass and foliage of the mountains on both sides through the whole length of this wonderful river. Here the water changes color, the dirty Drave, according to the well-known law of deterioration, changes its upper purer waters into its own ashy hue which it carries with it, and only loses its degradation in the loss of itself in the sea. On the right bank is the famous fortress of Peterwardein, which has a history written in blood, for here Prince Eugene gained a decisive victory over the Turks in 1716. Some have called it the "Ehrenbreitstein" of the Danube, but this is in metaphor, for it has none of the strength of that famous fortress, though it would give a deal of trouble to an invading army still, for it presents to both water and land a very formidable face of walls, with tiers of green bastions. Under it there are chambers in the rock by which defence could be continued or by which armies could escape. On the same side is a broken-down town of five or six thousand inhabitants, which is great because it had greatness thrust upon it; its name is Karlowitz, and has its eminence only in the pages of almost forgotten history, as the spot where the first shearing of the Turkish fleece began in a treaty of peace in 1699, under the mediation of England and Holland, Austria, Hungary,

and Slavonia. It had for two hundred years been occupied by the Turks. The important acquisition of Transylvania took half of the Sultan's European fleece at one clip.

Semlin is on the borderland and is the last Hungarian town on the right bank. It is built on a tongue of land between the Danube and the Save, which divides Hungary from Servia and pours its waters into the Danube between the towns of Semlin and Belgrade. The only thing to be seen worth attention in this place are the remains of the castle of the crusader John Hunzady, the champion of Christendom in the fifteenth century, who delivered it from Turkish rule and died here in 1456 in sight of the rock-built fortress of Belgrade. The castle of Belgrade, the scene of the Hungarian hero's most triumphant victory, would, if history would permit, look down in proud contempt on its less pretentious Christian rival and victor.

Belgrade now appears and claims attention more from its figure in history than from any thing apparent in itself. It is the capital of Servia now, but in the past it has been for centuries the *ne plus ultra* to Mohammedanism. It has alternately been the bulwark of Hungary and Christendom, and the check to Turkish invasion. No other capital in Europe has had such victories and adversities. Constantinople had scarcely fallen before Belgrade became the next object of burning infidel quest, and Mohammed attacked it with an army of two hundred thousand, a force so enormous that it threw all Europe into panic, and but for the eloquence of the monk, John Capistran, who preached a crusade through Europe, and the bravery of General John Hunzady, who disciplined this mob gathered from everywhere, Hungary would have been lost, and

with it probably all Christendom. The Turkish fleet was destroyed, or driven off, and thirty thousand Turks killed. It was again taken by Solymán, the Magnificent, in 1522, and remained in the hands of the Sultans for about a century and a half, until the Elector Maximilian, of Bavaria, recovered it in 1688. In 1690 it again fell into the hands of the Turks, but was restored by the conquest of Prince Eugene in 1717 to Austria, who gave it back at the peace of Belgrade. It was captured by Loudon in 1789, and in 1791 the Turks received it back again.

Servia has for a long time been acknowledged by the Porte, according to the Treaty of Adrianople, as an independent state, governed by Princes of its own, with the free exercise of religion. Its form of government is constitutionally under control of a chamber, and the people are moving for a second, but they are not yet convinced of its need, though its statesmen feel it every day. By the Treaty of Berlin in 1878 it acquired three hundred and eighty square miles of additional territory to the south. Since the Turkish rule has been broken the Turk, who destroys every thing and is the grasshopper of the East, is leaving, and Belgrade would not now be recognizable to the citizens of a half century ago. New houses are constantly being built, some of these are quite stylish and modern. One of the great philanthropic movements in house-building has been carried on through the labors of a good Scotchman bearing the honorable name of the family of McKenzie. He was a man of fortune, but unmarried; he gave it all away in benevolence, except a comparatively small sum, with a part of which he bought a large piece of property in the suburbs of Belgrade. This he has utilized to the good of the poor laboring classes by building houses under

his own supervision, and for the least possible expenditure, which he sells to the people on conditions which they can meet and thus own their own homes. Hundreds of poor men now own their houses, or soon will, and such is the favor of the people that he is regarded in honor almost next to the throne. He has been prostrated by a severe illness, which it is yet feared, by many of his friends, will prove fatal. During his illness he was visited by the king and nobles, and the people stood in multitudes about his house to hear the last news of the doctors about him. Preparations were actually in progress, when it was thought his case was hopeless, to give him a right royal burial, but he did not relish this phase of royalty enough to give his friends a chance. He clung to life to the amazement of all, and to the disgust of some. He had made provision in his conveyance of the properties sold, that no one of them should be used for the sale of ardent spirits. One man defied him and carried on his miserable work under the Scotch Presbyterian's nose, but he did not know his mettle or he would never have ventured on that prank. Mr. McKenzie took the case to the courts, and had carried it to the highest courts when he was taken so ill, so the "rum-sellers," as we would call them, thought death had come to their aid. But they did not know the contrariness of a Scotchman when principle is at stake. The king tried to get him to let up on the publican, but he had been taught by John Knox not to yield to either the fawnings or preachings of kings, and so he kept on, steadfast to his purpose.

When he had lucid intervals he inquired of his physician about the suit, and when he could not speak he pondered as to whether there was a possibility of a Scotchman's dying when principle was at stake or on

trial. When he was but a little convalescent, scarcely enough on which to hang a hope, and the people of the city were sending in delicacies, both high and low vying with each other to honor the good foreigner, he said one day in whispers to his physician that while most of the people were no doubt sincere in desiring him to live, and that their delicacies were beautiful tributes of their affection, it would be to the interest of some that he should die, referring to his law-suit, and, said he, "I will taste none of them." The suit was decided in his favor; principle, so dear to his heart, was maintained, and he improved daily. Later on he sent for the recalcitrant publican and forgave the penalty, but not until he was adjudged a transgressor. The good foreigner is loved dearly for both his severity and gentleness, and both have made him great in the eyes of the Servians. But it is feared that he will never be well again, and he has just returned to his native land either to be restored or to sleep with his fathers. It is to be hoped that the man of justice and simple piety will live to carry on his good work and enjoy the confidence which he has inspired. But if God orders it otherwise men will pause at his grave to drop a tear over one who loved to stand with the right, to help his fellow-men, and be ready to enter the rest that remaineth for the people of God, the men of his generation reverently pronouncing the divine formula, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

The Servians are striving hard to gain a place among the well-behaved and well-governed nations. Their great desire is to be let alone until educational influences can be brought to bear to free the multitudes from the fatal power of ignorance. The present ministry are

working hard to this end to develop the mental resources of the nation, but this will come to nothing unless their morals improve, and true religion only can do this. But what chance is there under ignorant Roman Catholic and Greek priests, mere drones, constitutionally averse to all progress, both moral or political. Well they know that either will cast them out and their profession will be gone. The king is just what he has shown himself, a weak, vain upstart, without moral character, good sense or courage. His drubbing by Alexander did him little good. It cost many lives, both in Servia and Bulgaria, but the wise man hath described Milan in these words: "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with the pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." He hinders the government with his meddling; now he is lax and now tyrannical, nobody can tell why; he is unstable as water. Just now he is in a quarrel with his wife, and the people are on her side. She is regarded as a pure and good woman, cursed with a profligate husband utterly unfaithful to her and as unworthy as unfaithful. The people are so fearful that any disturbance on his account may give Russia or somebody else a pretext to meddle with their liberty that they put up with what in their heart of hearts they abhor.

Servia has great resources, though her territory is but twenty-five thousand square miles—not larger than Rhode Island. She has plenty of coal, iron, copper and lead, has good silver mines, once worked by the Romans, quicksilver, tin, &c. But her trouble is that she cannot develop these resources herself, and there is a jealousy through all these countries on the Danube which will not permit foreigners to organize and push these industries for them. There will soon be opened the

shortest route from Europe to Constantinople through Servia—in fact, her part of the road is finished. The trade in Servian hogs is prodigious for the territory, but this is explained by the abundance of acorns in almost boundless oak forests, and the flesh of swine fed upon them has a pleasant flavor and brings a good price in the markets.

The Danube becomes now the centre of indescribable beauties. It forces its way through a rock-worn channel, and frets and chafes against angular rocks and sharp projections thrust out to hinder its progress until its face is white with rage. The geology of this river is something wonderful. We have seen some of the most remarkable formations in our own country, but nothing in magnesian deposits to compare with these heights, as marked in their structure as in their combined grandeur. The Danube has not cut its way through, nor is its course the result of water forces, for the track of the river can be traced on the mountain sides, and after a few feet no marks of water wear can be seen; nor are there any indications of any lakes or great basins that could have held the forces to open this passage. The facts are apparent that this magnesian range has been lifted up and then broken apart, leaving this chasm, which the gathered waters from the heavens were ready to occupy. The breakage is seen in the fact that the strata on each side match and lie in the same level, and that the contortions or twistings of the rocks are alike. Many look as if they had been poured out in a melted condition to run down as lava from a volcano. These mountains of solid limestone of the most recent formation are hundreds of feet high. Of course, it is difficult to measure by the eye, but there can be no mistake in saying that they reach hundreds of feet and stand with

faces perpendicular, not overhanging, but as if broken open and then settled back, a little wider at the top than at the bottom. The sharp angles at the bottom have yielded to the resistless current of the river, which has all its way an unusual fall.

At one point the river narrowed down to one-fourth its usual width and rushed directly against a mountain, and no possible outlet can be seen until the prow of the vessel appears on the point of dashing against the rocks of the confronting mountain, when at right angles the river turns so short that it requires the helmsman's utmost skill to turn the boat into a narrow defile, on each side of which the mountains rise into the clouds, and the eagles scream wildly, as if their high places were in danger of being invested. Here the waters coming down from all the plains of Austria and Hungary force a passage to the Black Sea, and in the narrow channel eddies and boiling waves hiss with rage. Here the robber knights of the barbarous past fixed their strongholds, and from the opposite bank of the river bade defiance to all approach.

On the left bank a ruined castle is seen, which consisted once of nine towers, built on a projecting rock at an apparently inaccessible height, but it only declares that there has been a bloody past, where life was in constant peril and as constantly seeking security for itself. The foundation of this castle is believed to be Roman. Tradition says that the topmost tower was the prison of the Greek Empress Helena. The mountains, like all limestone formations, have caves, and strange projections often resembling the human face. In one of these tradition locates the slaying of the Dragon by St. George, the putrid carcass of which turned into gnats, which pour forth at certain seasons

and send death and distress to both man and beast within a radius of forty miles. There is no doubt about the gnats, but of their origin we leave our readers to decide. The probabilities are that they come from the marshes. They are not larger than ordinary gnats, but are able to kill horses and oxen by attacking the tender parts, on which there is no hair. They enter the eyes, nostrils and throat and produce such inflammation as to end life by suffocation. Children have been killed by gnats entering their throats and stinging their lungs into inflammation, producing the greatest agony, with all the symptoms of pneumonia and tuberculous consumption. These insects are perhaps in the main identical with the *culex reptans* of Lapland described by Linnæus. The only protection against them is in building great fires, to which even the wild beasts of the forests will come by the instinct of self-protection.

The river breaks down into cataracts at a place called Drenhora, and from this to Skela Gladova, a distance of twenty miles, we were obliged to ride in carriages. Here at disembarking we first encountered the Wallachians of this mountainous region, a strange kind of people, Oriental in size, dress and habits. This is our first introduction to clouted feet. The legs are wrapped in thick woollen cloth and bound with leather thongs, and a kind of leather moccasin laced upon the feet. Many had only a bundle of rags tied about their legs, and wore Turkish trousers and jackets of sheepskin, all scaly with sweaty dirt. They never wash unless they accidentally fall into the river, and their clothes are worn until they fall off. There were jackets that were patch upon patch, how long none would venture to surmise, the first fabric had been gone for years. They all have girdles, six or seven inches wide, by

which they keep up their trousers. The women wear dresses of white, coarse linen, also dirty, with long fringe of different colored threads hanging down in the back and in front a gay apron reaching below the knees, and are barefooted and repulsive.

These creatures live in inconceivable dirt. Their towns can only be matched in squalidness in Turkey. They are farmers and herdsmen and vine-raisers, for the vine on these limestone hills grows almost indigenously. They raise wheat in great abundance, for the limestone land, with its red clay subsoil and black loam, is the native place of wheat. The mills are as queer as the people. These consist of boats anchored in the swift waters of the river, with great wooden water wheels, fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, with the buckets or boards catching the water on the under side, for instead of the overshot wheels as used in our country mills, these are undershot, this simple contrivance giving velocity to the mills by gearing to the stones. To our surprise it is said they make good flour, and certainly the bread proves it. Another product is our Indian corn, called here "kukuruit," which is food for the people through months, in roasted and boiled ears, and so abundant is it in Wallachia that it sells for about eight dollars a ton. We passed orchards of large blue plums, in which the yield would not be less than five hundred bushels. These are made into jellies, marmalades and brandies. The mode of hay-stacking here is novel, to say the least. They stack their hay in the tops of the trees. A mulberry, catalpa or apple tree with outspreading branches has a stack started in the centre boughs, and if they bend to the earth under the load they are propped up. A ton of hay thus lifts its head in a graceful stack, and

this mode is labor saving, for the cattle can lift their heads and pull it down from below, and the hay will sink down as needed.

At the end of the carriage journey, which was not a disagreeable variation of the travel, we re-embarked upon the seething river, greatly enraged by its narrow bounds and rocky bottom, so that its velocity here is almost frightful. The rocks become more insolent and thrust themselves into view on all sides, some in crescent forms and some as battlements fierce for the fray. These frettings are caused by reefs of hard porphyry crossing the river obliquely like a dam, producing a fall of eight feet, beyond which is another with tremendous breakers, but only formidable in low water. Here the limestone gives place to the sandstone, red and white, projecting far into the river, worn and polished by the rush of untold centuries, from which we pass into water almost without a ripple, and then around a point crowned with a triple towered castle of Roman origin. The river breaks out into a broad expanse of laughing water after her fierce conflicts are over, and the white chalk cliffs, flanking the entrance to it, are conspicuous for a great distance, and surpass in height any precipice yet passed, and exceed in grandeur all others. At this point there is a wonderful display of engineering skill in a road built in 1840 which is cut through the solid rock, blasted out sufficiently to allow vehicles to pass each other. Here is colossal grandeur, the rocks to their giddy summits are perpendicular and the extreme height above the water is said to be two thousand feet, while the river is narrowed between to two hundred yards.

On the Servian side is one of the wonders of the ages gone by, which startles us into inquiry as to whether

the times in which we live are any more remarkable in their victories over the forces of nature than the dead past. In the side of the rock, ten or more feet above high water mark, are sockets seven inches square in which the ends of timbers were inserted upon which planks were placed, as on a bridge, forming a highway around this mountain overhanging the water. This was built by the Roman Emperor Trajan during his occupation of this country. This is not the only place where the work of the Romans appears on the Danube, but it is one of the least defaced by time. It was a tow-path, but a road also over which the troops and munitions of war were moved as well; and this balcony road extended for fifty miles above the swerving current of the river. A coin was struck to commemorate this triumph, bearing the inscription "Via Trajan." Below, a mile or two, is a cavern called Veteran's Cave, from the fact that a brave Austrian General who in 1692 had the chief command in Transylvania hid in it a garrison of four hundred men, by which it was resolutely defended for many weeks against a host of Turks. In 1728 it was again successfully defended by Mayor Von Stein.

The boat soon bears on to another famous spot where the Danube is narrowest in all its course, being but one hundred and twenty-three yards in width. At this point stood another famous Roman fort, at the end of the narrow defile through which the river rushes madly on into a wider channel. Upon a cliff on the right bank is a tablet bearing this inscription in honor of Trajan; the tablet is supported by two winged figures, with a dolphin on each side, and surmounted by a Roman eagle: "Imp. Cæsar Nerva F. Nerva Traianvs Avg. Germ. Pontif Maximus Trib. Po. XXX.," to

commemorate Trajan's first Dacian campaign, A. D., 103, and the construction of the wonderful road along the Danube.

The remote southern boundaries of Hungary are now reached. Orsova is the last of its towns, an old military station of about nine hundred inhabitants, left to desolation, which is usual with river towns when railroads go around them. Here the Wallachians appear in their best and worst peculiarities, a race distinct from both Hungarians and Slavs; their appearance is more wild and barbarous, clad in long shirts with rude belts around their waists and loose trousers. The rest of their garments are made of sheepskins dressed, and sometimes embroidered, but usually so covered with dirt that it is cracked like an alligator's hide. The fact must be confessed that "store-clothes" have much to do in making reputation in the world. It is said that this is a kind and comparatively harmless people, but their toggerly is against them. This was specially impressed on us in Orsova while taking a morning stroll for health and to explore the town. Near the hotel we were confronted by a woman leading a boy ten or twelve years old on whom there was nothing, except what nature had given, save the sunshine. The mother, a copper-colored individual with long hair, jet black, had on a badly worn jersey, which constituted nearly all her wardrobe. She desired to hold a conversation with the "Melican" on the subject of finance, especially in that part of Wallachia, but the "Melican man" turned his back and made for his hotel as fast as his locomotive powers would carry him. But the earnest financier and her Secretary of Leg-ation, whom she held by the hand, were equal to his longest strides. She labored to instruct him in Vallack, but he was not inclined to the

study of the languages, so it was nip and tuck until he reached the court; but she followed on until the "Melican" rose on the stairs three steps at a stride and the grand Wallachian financier and her secretary disappeared. But so great a fear came over the American that he never appeared on the street alone unless in a *voiture* behind a pair of fleet horses.

Another peculiarity of the Wallachians is the way in which babyhood is managed in order that the mother may carry on the business of life, which consists of every thing of drudgery that mortal can do. There is a long basket about ten inches wide, swung by straps from the shoulders, so that it lies horizontally across the mother's back at the waist. In this basket the little fellow coos, grumbles and bawls just as he chooses, while the mother walks, works, digs, tends masons, carried bricks on her head, stands in the markets, or drives oxen.

Orsova is most distinguished at present for having the spot of ground in which Kossuth hid from 1849-1852 the Hungarian crown of St. Stephen from the grasp of the Austrian government. The place where it was found is marked by a little octagonal chapel, in the centre of which is an opening in the ground perhaps five feet deep, bricked around, in which is now a cast of the famous crown, thought to be indispensable to the existence of the kingdom. The chapel is reached through avenues of the most magnificent Lombardy poplars to be seen in all Europe.

The "bougie" is a costly institution in this country. The "Sit Lux" over here costs. In one's room two candles stand upright, long and lank. One imagines that they have been created for the altar. One is lit and then the other, in order that the first may be seen. Fraud appears here in all its pettiness, as in our

country it is visible in its gigantic magnitudes. Down through these candles, through their whole lank lengths, are holes to help them out of existence with the greatest dispatch, so that the Irishman's method of candle-making is clearly disclosed, which was "to take a hole and run tallow around it." Each of these tall monuments of traditional fraud costs a franc, and as often as they can be removed two more are substituted at the same price, sometimes two for a franc, revealing a gleam of righteousness still surviving. An Englishman had for several weeks kept these coefficients of various francs, and determined to teach the practical lesson that it is a poor rule that won't work both ways. So as he was about to leave he rolled them up in paper and carried them down-stairs under his arm, and as is the wont all the servants, valets, coachmen, &c., by whom a franc is expected as the *pour-boire*, were waiting at the entrance. He opened his treasure and handed a candle to each, saying, "Here is a franc for you," and in their amazement made his adieus.

The only time an unmitigated fraud has been perpetrated on us up to this writing was in this town of Orsova. As there are no lingual affinities between the American tongue and the Wallachian, there were some difficulties experienced on the great bread question. A long, lank, hatchet-faced individual made his salaams as an interpreter. He was a veteran soldier, according to his own account, out of the service however, and that he "*parlez vous-ed*" only for the euphony and general agreeableness of the thing. He was too high-toned to be in the employ of any hotel. Our "bones," which never fail us, were against the junction sought to be formed so grandiloquently with shoulder hitchings, facial con-

tortions, &c. But necessity knows no prudence, and he joined himself to us. He was a knowing individual. He said there was a train for Bucharest at twelve o'clock, and conveyed us out of the town in a grand *voiture*, bag and baggage. He informed us that he had arranged every thing, and that the necessities of his family required his immediate attention, and began his pantomimic adieus. Of course, the grand old veteran was tempted with a fee (and we say in a parenthesis that the American need have no fears in offering a fee to anybody he meets), and our soldier friend moved quickly off.

We soon found that there was no train till after twelve o'clock *at night*; we were two miles from Orsova and all the carriages were gone! While we were musing, like Isaac of olden times, on the strangeness of human events, we saw coming through the avenues of Lombardy poplars visions of our own kind, dressed in English fashion; "good angels were hovering around." They drew near and we recognized them as an English gentleman, his wife and daughter. They greeted us in generous English fashion, asked us with a cordiality, which can only be expressed in the English language, to go with them to their chateau upon the mountain-side. We were too much overjoyed to stand on formalities and accepted. Miss Stewart, an English lady whom we had met the day previous upon the boat, was their guest and had told them of us. Mr. Hollway had been in our country, enjoyed its hospitalities, and seemed only to be looking for an opportunity to return them, and this was his and our time. He did it in a way that made the rest of the day as joyous as any in life. He and his delightful family entertained us till midnight, and he then conveyed us to the cars

and bade us farewell at one o'clock in the morning. He is in this Hungarian country taking care of mining interests of his own and of his friends, and is in a sense a voluntary exile. He has a family of bright and delightful children who feel the self-denials imposed, especially the want of church privileges, for they are Christians. Our remembrances of them will be long and precious.

During our stay we drove down the river to the "Iron Gates," so famed in the history of the Danube. Why these cataracts, not equal to the rapids of the St. Lawrence, are called "Iron Gates" is hard to tell, for here ends the magnesian formation and the slate appears; the water rushes over slate beds at a frightful rate, but there is a channel through which the largest boats run in high water. The Austrian government engaged, in the Berlin treaty, to put a channel through after the methods adopted in the opening of "Hell Gate" in the East River. This will be undertaken immediately and will be on the Servian side. The name is only a figure referring to the difficult passage. Further down below the rapids are the remaining three piers of Trajan's Bridge, intact amidst the rush of waters through the long centuries of pelting storms and the wastings of the air, monuments of the power of the Roman Empire in the days of its imperial greatness. From the vineyard back of the house of our English host could be seen the boundaries of Hungary, Roumania and Servia.

LEAVING THE DANUBE.

BEFORE we pass to new scenes we must say a word as to the political condition of Hungary, which is interesting, and is growing more so in the midst of the stirring events in European politics. There is a chronic hostility in Hungary to the Slavs, who are by blood affinities connected rather with Russia than with Austria. They are thoroughly distrusted and hated by the Hungarians. Their ascendancy in Hungary would be a great calamity. They seem to be a quiet, industrious people, but with little disposition shown hitherto to advance. Were it not for the unconquerable hostility of Hungary to Russia they would not be so objectionable. The secret of this hostility to Russia is not only because of fear generated by her disposition to grasp the territory of her weak neighbors, but because of the fact that Russia helped Austria to put down the Revolution of the Hungarians in 1849. But for her interference Hungary would have been independent. This will not be forgiven, and an opportunity is all that is wanted to plunge at once into a war of revenge. Russia knows this, and is setting up the same claim, to wit, oppression to her kinsmen the Slavs, which was made against Turkey concerning the Bulgarians. So strong was this natural hostility that Hungary would have refused any accession of Slav territory in the Treaty of Berlin had it not been accomplished by an appeal to her national vanity. The Emperor of Austria well knew that it could not be done by an Austrian, so he

used Andrassy, the Hungarian Minister, then so popular with the people, and through his machinations Herzegovina and Bosnia, Slav states, were added to Austria. But the Hungarians had no enthusiasm about it, and it was soon found convenient by the Emperor to make a personal visit to his Minister, which is always the forecast of a dismissal, which followed, in this case, soon after, and he has not been needed for more than ten years.

The present Hungarian Minister, M. Tisza, is a man of great foresight and power, and has vast resources of eloquence with which to make them effective. He is an antagonist whom Russia respects, a Protestant, of good standing in his moral life, and has with great ability nearly finished his ten years' term, and will probably enter another, as he is satisfactory to the Hungarians, which is the most important element to be considered in order to continuance. The Hungarians have been great friends of the English, and at one time the sway of Great Britain was almost supreme. But the indifference of the Gladstone government to the Russian encroachments, and the impression that England will only meddle in Turkish and Danubian affairs as long as it conserves her own interests, has produced a coolness. Even the English Tories are now distrusted as being indifferent to the fate of Hungary if it does not injure England. Those who know English policies and histories will wonder that the Hungarians have been so slow in finding this out. But with all these little inconveniences England can count on the support of Hungary, and with her Austria, in any attack on Russia, for the very reason which she imputes to England—selfishness.

In continuing our journey the river was left in order to cut off more than two hundred miles of its course, the shores of which are flat, swampy and without especial interest, to cross Roumania to its capital, Bucharest. Roumania is the surviving form of Moldavia and Wallachia. It is a most pleasing and fertile country, with great plains or prairies, on which are countless herds of the finest white cattle, and also herds of buffalo, distinguished by their bluish-black hides and peculiar horns, which start out above the ears and bend backward, curving at the end. They are heavy-bodied, short, compact, ugly, and compare in no way with the splendid white oxen, which are as intelligent-looking as they are beautiful. The land here is richer than the best in America, for the same limestone lies under it that has followed us hundreds of miles, with its red subsoil and black loam. Wheat and corn extend further than the eye can reach on every side. Wheat ricks are strung all along the way, four or five hundred feet long and sometimes ten or twelve in number. Fruits of every kind abound and acres of melons; every prospect pleases. God has done wonders, but man has wasted his bounties. The curse of war and abominable oppressions have been upon the land, until during Turkish rule the people would own nothing that they could not hide. They dressed then in vile rags, so that they might be thought beggars, to avoid the greed of the Turkish tax-gatherer. The present curse on them is nearly as bad. It is the army craze, which is fast impoverishing all Europe in soul, mind, body and effects. This little Roumania must support 30,000 soldiers. The manhood of the country is debauched from eighteen years of age by idleness and its vices. The soldiers consume the substance of the people and return nothing but utter demoralization.

Bucharest is a little city which has new life started within it, and is emerging out of its old ways, building new and handsome buildings, widening its streets and paving them, and presents the appearance of a butterfly with its head creeping out of the grub state. King George, of the House of Hapsburgh, is the ruler, with whom the people seem at present satisfied, and he is showing some ideas of progress in his administration of affairs.

Bucharest has about two hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and by the treaty of Berlin, in 1878, Roumania was made independent. It has a Senate, consisting of the heir-apparent, the Archbishops and bishops and sixty-six elected members, and a Chamber of Deputies of one hundred and fifty-one members. The population of Roumania is five million, and it has emerged from a state of semi-barbarism during the present century. The religious condition of Roumania is bad; the people perish for lack of knowledge. Dense ignorance prevails, which when punctured closes up like an opening made in gutta-percha. To raise this people from under the dull gravity of the Greek church you must not only open their understandings but keep them open, or the work of evangelization might be repeated every hour without a particle of progress. The Roman Catholic priest is inconceivably above the stupid Greek church papas, vain of his long hair, his good appearance, and acting even in his services as if heaven and earth were admiring the beauty of his person or the tones of his voice. There are no doubt exceptions, but the average are not better than described. Into the life of the Romish priest the progress of religion all about him has forced some elevating ideas of his office and its duties. But the Greek priest lives nowhere where there is any

progress; he would not be healthy in it. He and the Turk have been side-by-side so long that one is only the counterpart of the other. The people have no instruction, the only difference between themselves and their priest is that he is taller, larger about the waist, and has better clothes and a finer voice. The missionary is as much needed in all these lower Danubian provinces as in China, but the work would make more progress.

The missionary outfit is a Christian life and its sacrificing spirit, expressing itself in the patience of love, a good English education and aptness to teach, a kindergarten education and the facilities of its object-teaching, plenty of pictures to charm the young mind, a cabinet organ and ability to play and sing. At the first no more need be attempted than the sweet stories of the Scriptures, teaching them to read for themselves and to sing those gospel hymns with their choruses, the greatest Christian lever under the heathenism of the century; then they can be led to the cross of Christ as clouds and doves come to their windows. One need not bother with their language, but should compel them to learn ours. Supersede their language in conversation as quickly as possible, and an aristocracy of English-speaking natives will be built up which will draw the young into it, and with the English language on their tongues, the Bible in their hands, and a Christian life before them, they will be under the control of Christianity before they know it.

The Danube lies between Roumania and Bulgaria. Giurgevo is the last town on the Roumanian side, and from this disembarkation is made for Rustchuk, a place full of the history of long and dreary oppressions and atrocities. It is situated upon as pretty a spot as

is to be found on the globe, on an abrupt bank of limestone rocks high above the Danube, so that stretches of the beautiful river may be seen for miles, both up and down. Beyond this are the great plains of Roumania, fertile and beautiful, with herds of cattle flecking its pastures. Rustchuk, the former capital of Bulgaria, is a heap of Turkish dirt and ruins, for the Turk never cleans away any thing, he simply climbs up upon it. It would be hard to find a Turkish town of centuries old in which the accumulations do not cover the first story windows of the houses on the main streets—he allows even his mosques to be so buried that he has to make new openings in the walls fifteen or twenty feet, and sometimes more, above the original doorways. But since Turkish rule has ended in Rustchuk the city is going through a metamorphosis. The town council are appropriating old Turkish church properties and pulling down shanties, no matter to whom they belong, if they are in their way, appropriating material in a manner that shows that they follow the traditional policies of the Turks, and are building beautiful houses, widening old streets, taking up the old limestone rocks, pitched in every way, which is a purely Turkish fashion of paving, and has no approach to it anywhere in the world except in Philadelphia's cobble-paved streets. So the new redeemed Bulgaria is coming up out of the debris of old Turkey, and if let alone she will be the wonder of all Danubian provinces.

The same magnificent country continues down to Varna, on the Black Sea, for more than twelve hundred miles. From the Tyrolese Alps, on the north, this wonderful limestone foundation has held up the generous soil with its wealth of fruits and its lines of beauty. It extends north to the Balkan range, and even beyond it

to the wheat plains of Southern Russia ; a country, which, if properly cultivated, would feed half of Europe. But the one-handled wooden ploughs are still used as they appear in the hieroglyphic inscriptions in Egypt. One crop after another of the same kind of grain, usually of wheat, has succeeded each other for two thousand years. No idea of fertilization enters the agricultural mind. The struggle has only been for existence since the Turk conquered it, for if aught more were gained he took it. Dirty clothes and flapping rags were all that would throw him off the trail in searching for effects. The people dared not even clean up their houses or have any thing in them, because the Turk would take it.

In this country then from end to end one sees mud or stone huts about ten feet high, thatched with reeds, or the stocks of marsh flags or bulrushes, with the ground for the floor, teeming with fleas and often reeking in dirt. These huts disfigure the finest country on earth. These huts are not scattered on their farms, but are clustered in villages, with crooked and dirty lanes between, sometimes paved with every kind of stone, the whole village properties being sometimes fenced with brush. The people are bright—more than bright. They have a better intellectual development than any of their neighbors, are industrious, and ambitious both to know and to do. They are physically superior, better dressed, and the better classes are more rapidly becoming European. In other words, present Bulgaria is like a bird putting its head out of its shell—only the head is out, the body is still fettered in the filthy prison house of the past.

The common people are superstitious—slaves to their traditions. The Bulgarian Greek Church is a bundle

of dissolving ignorance, its life is malarious. Its priesthood is, with few exceptions, ignorant, superstitious, lazy and low, and often comes out of the dregs rather than the heads of society. Most of them can do little more than read and write. They have no resources with which to instruct the people. The English Consul at Rustchuk said of most of them that one would not invite them into his house. He also said that when he first came into Bulgaria inexperienced he stopped at a village hotel, and desiring some brandy asked the village priest, who was near him, according to English fashion, to drink also. The priest graciously accepted. After awhile the Englishman offered him another glass, which he soon disposed of. And again, before retiring, he determined to take another glass, and asked the priest again, who was about to accept when one of the people came to the Consul and whispered in his ear, "You are a stranger, and it is not right that you should be deceived in your hospitality. The priest you are treating is the owner of this hotel." The Consul said that they were secularized, when not too lazy to work at all. It is not surprising that the people have been demoralized in the past, and that the great mass will continue to be for ages to come. But the uplifting lever, the *disastase* that will surely transform, is working in the apparently inert mass, and if left alone her regeneration has begun. The power of the native church must and will be broken, for it is hardly as progressive as Mohammedanism. There will come first a great falling away, and infidelity, because of the discovery of the worthlessness of the present church, will abound. But this will only be the disorganization which must precede reorganization. Already it is said that many of the young graduates

of the Robert College are all at sea, having lost confidence in the native church, and having not advanced to a resting-place for their souls. From one of the Professors we learned that sceptical tendency is not greater here, considering the difference in early training, than in our own country, and if it were greater it ought not to be a surprise, for this is always the result of dazzling light let in upon the mind faster than it is able to apprehend the realities and relations disclosed. In religion, as everywhere else, there must be disorganization of error before there is reorganization into higher forms of life and its moral and intellectual activities.

BULGARIA.

THIS beautiful country, as God has made it, is to witness and feel the conflicts which will map out Europe for the next hundred years, if human judgment is worth any thing in forecasting the future. It is, as the Russians have said, the "Bridge" over which the forces in the future conflict for the survival of the fittest must pass on to victory, or over which the broken ranks of the defeated must retreat. This can be easily seen even by a study of the map of Europe, and of the characteristics and environments of the nations compelled to mingle in the struggle. The daily movements of this insignificant principality are sending nervous chills through nations. Every trifle is telegraphed abroad and read with breathless interest. The nations are begging her to be prudent, to walk the slack-rope over the chasm without staggering. No people ever had so much demanded of them in the way of modera-

tion with so much to drive them to frenzy. She must please Russia, who will not be pleased, and whose emissaries are everywhere goading her to desperation. Turkey, like all broken-down families, must have her honors, and as these are all she has she demands them with punctiliousness. She has the passionate memories too of her people to hold in check for the sake of prudence. Austria is constantly telling her how to behave lest she may embroil her in war. England lectures her on the necessity of good behavior and placidity lest she may involve her, and France is doing some things against her and trying to exasperate her by recalling her Ministers. Germany is working after the style of the photographer whose advice to a corpse which he was photographing was, "You may wink as much as you like, but don't you speak."

These are Bulgaria's present political environments. How long she will wink without speaking she does not herself know. We shall be obliged to look to her past for the key of her most probable future. Bulgaria was inspired by the great Pan-Slavistic idea, which has much more in it than most think, to start a small revolution. But it was not so much the idea of national union that gave her an impulse to rebellion, but instigation from Russia, who wished to use her to bring on a crisis in which she could get in her work according to her unfailing maxim, "On to Constantinople." Away back in the sixth century Russia planned, through a quarrel with the Greeks, to get her capital on the Danube. In the days of Vladamir it was the court question, nor is it strange that a woodchuck shut up all winter should like to sun himself at the end of his long imprisonment. Russia is not to be blamed for her instinct to get out on the south side without going under the guns of hos-

tile fortresses. So she stirred up Bulgaria by telling her the truth—that she had been and still was outrageously peeled and wasted. She told the Bulgarians that they were akin to Servia, and Servia would help them; that she herself would officer their armies, and if they should get the worst of it she would take a hand in the business herself.

A few people in Bulgaria believed all this, only a few peasants, however, and men generally irresponsible, and the Turks soon pressed them sore, and Servia did not come up to time, and soon the extemporized army melted away. Then Servia thought she would begin, and the Turks soon finished her. Montenegro had more pluck than both of them, and came near using up a third of the Turkish army. As it was, they crippled it until it staggered in all the contests with the Russians.

It is hardly necessary to recount the predestinated stubbornness and stupidity of the Turks in rejecting the conditions offered by the Powers assembled in Constantinople. The rest is well known. Russia espoused ostensibly the cause of Bulgaria and her little bantling Servia. She attacked Turkey at Ezroom, whether in real earnestness or as a feint it matters not. Then she crossed the Danube at Sistova, pressed through the Shipka Pass, defeated but not in despair, until she reached St. Stephano, not more than a dozen miles from Constantinople, and was kept out of the city only through fear of England and Austria. The treaty of St. Stephano was made. But the rest of Europe became alarmed, and Beaconsfield sent the British fleet. The Powers determined to take a hand in the contest, which they had no right to do. As they had withdrawn from Turkey, they had no good reason for interference. But fear

always makes its own reasons, and a conference was called at Berlin, at which they proceeded to divide up the domains of a sovereign Power to suit themselves, and to denude another nation of all the fruits of her losses and victories. Nothing like it has ever occurred in the history of the world. We do not say that it was not the best for the greatest number, but there is only one precedent, and that was the division of Poland by Russia, Prussia and Austria, and this was only analogous in one or two points.

Bulgaria received autonomy, and the Sultan obtained suzerainty, and so it went on until Russia did not get so much as she could hold between her fingers for all her blood and treasures spent, her victories and defeats. It was maddening to Russia, and led to the assassination of the Czar Alexander, who never had any heart after the council. As the armies of Russia were finally beaten by diplomacy, she thought it cheaper to accept the situation, for a while at least, until she could recover her strength. Her bitter disappointment was chiefly in the loss of Bulgaria, for she had fought for her co-religionists, and to be told that the end of the stupendous war was gained, "for, are they not free?" was entirely too sentimental for a country governed by military ethics. So she thought to keep Bulgaria under her thumb, so that by one device or another she would still get it when she needed it. So she was quite well satisfied with Alexander of Battenburg as long as she could use him, which she did at the first. He was only a boy, then under twenty-five years of age:

Russia began early in shaping events, causes and effects to this end. Bulgaria was by the treaty of Berlin to be a constitutional monarchy. The leading spirit, it is said here, in the preparation of the constitu-

tion was an American bearing the name of Grant, a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who was assisted by a young Bulgarian, a graduate of Robert College, and both worked through the committee to which the work of preparation had been given. Russia encouraged this liberality in the hope that it would defeat itself, thinking that the Bulgarians had neither education to comprehend nor self control to carry out its provisions without falling into anarchy. But the Bulgarians showed capacity for self-government which surprised and alarmed Russia, who then proceeded to use Alexander, whom she persuaded to annul this constitution. But as soon as he perceived the trap, and how he had walked into it, he restored it, causing thus his first breach with Russia. He fell into no more, his German shrewdness and great good sense kept him awake. The next move was to have the Bulgarian army officered by Russians, which would have revolutionized Bulgaria. But Alexander found it better for his personal liberties and country to surround himself by loyal Bulgarians and get the power into his own hands. This problem was worked out in a strange way. It will be remembered that Austria refused to go into the Berlin treaty unless Bulgaria was prohibited from acquiring territory, thus forming a strong and menacing government on her frontier. So Roumelia, a part of Bulgaria, was cut off simply to please Austria. But Russia stirred up Roumelia to revolt, hoping to gore Alexander between the horns of the following dilemma, to wit, either to break the Berlin Treaty and incur the special hostility of Austria himself, and through her all the Powers and of Turkey with her rights, or to lose the good-will of Bulgaria, which was outraged at the separation, and sympathized with Roumelia as the body with its suffer-

ing member. The foresight and courage of Alexander on this occasion lift him among the shrewdest and boldest of European statesmen. He was in England at the wedding of his brother when the word reached him of the position of affairs which Russia had created. He at once took the lead of his army and did the thing by which they expected to throttle him so quickly and grandly, that instead of bringing down upon him the wrath of the Signatory Powers, all Europe wondered and became enthusiastic over his splendid military campaign. Men would have been more enthusiastic if they had understood the nature of the obstacles overcome, which required executive genius as well as military courage and foresight.

As soon as Russia discovered that her diplomacy had been defeated, and all her intrigues turned against herself, she oppressed him in every conceivable way, stirred up the Porte to send troops to put the movement down and to occupy the country, and failing in this incited Greece to fight Turkey for Macedonia, while Servia was induced to fight her dear brethren the Slavs, on account of whom Russia had espoused the cause of Bulgaria, showing what everybody knew, except the poor fools deceived, that the Slav business was from the first a Russian humbug. England kept Greece out of the fray and spared Alexander from this danger. But Servia would fight in the critical moment, and Russia determined to crush Alexander by ordering home every officer in the Bulgarian army, leaving every company, brigade and division headless. But he was equal to the emergency, he filled the vacant places out of his own ranks, and what these officers lacked in knowledge and experience was more than made up by courage and patriotism. The war came and Alexander, as

all know, whipped the Servians handsomely. He was becoming too fast a central figure in Europe, the poor little Tom Thumb Prince of Servia was in danger of being beaten again in his own dominions. Austria interfered, in which, of course, Russia had a hand. After the war was over Russia wished to send back her officers to control the victorious Bulgarian officers, but Bulgaria and her Prince could not see it. The troops had fought splendidly, her officers had endured and suffered and conquered, and one of these, a graduate of Robert College, saved the life of the Prince by putting his own body before the blow. None but an unprincipled ingrate would permit such a supersedure. None but a fool would suffer his army to be deprived of such officers, besides he would have been a strong man who would have dared to dishonor his army by degrading his faithful and competent officers. This was the last grief of Russia; the kidnapping plan and its execution followed. Russia had nothing against Alexander except he was too much of a man to rule in Bulgaria at a time when her purpose was to bring Bulgaria under control. The last step was a dastardly outrage, which those who admire Russia and even pitied her that she lost the fruit of her sufferings in the war could not justify. It was a policy only fit for slave dealers. It overreached itself, for Bulgaria at the heart's core is professedly hostile, nothing that Russia did for her is now considered a moment, and ingratitude has become a national virtue.

Now, the attitude of Russia is that of a constant rowel irritating to the Bulgarian body. Her emissaries are all over the land, watching for and making opportunities to get her into trouble, that in some way she may profit by it. The high dignitaries tell her people that

Russia would not disturb her in her liberties, but Russia must have Bulgaria as a bridge to future operations, or in other words, the most available way from Russia to Constantinople lies through Bulgaria, and as we have already said, Bulgaria must be the ground on which the nations will be obliged to settle their chronic squabbles. England cannot afford to fight Russian advance in Afghanistan or on the plains of India, for then she would be obliged to fight with her left arm, the navy being her right in any conflict. So England must surrender her position among European nations or fight in the region of Constantinople. Austria is by her position forced to succumb to Russia or fight on the Danube or Black Sea. And so for some cause, locality or affinity, here the gathering together of the nations must be. The crime of Bulgaria in Russia's sight is, according to her own account, the quickness and daring with which she thwarted Russia's future plans, defeating them so that they have all to be reconstructed, and bringing her in hostile attitude on this account to other nations. The present effort of Russia is to drive away the Prince-elect, whom her official newspapers declare not so acceptable as Alexander, for he is a Roman Catholic, and the Greek Church is more hostile to Romanists than to Protestants.

The latest move of Russia is to use the Porte to oust Prince Ferdinand. The Porte is frightened, but not out of its wits, for the masterly policy of Turkish government is to splutter and do nothing. Turkey will, as far as possible, serve Russia, for she is profoundly afraid of her. The patience of the other Powers is understood by Turkey. She has trained them in this grace for ages, and will strain it again to the utmost. The new Prince is the grandson of Louis Philippe of France;

his mother's great-grandmother was Maria Theresa, the famous Queen of Austria. He must have had some intimations somewhere of help, or that he would be let alone, or he is little less than a madman to undertake to rule Bulgaria against Russia, Turkey and everybody else. The impression is that Austria has discouraged him for outside effect; Germany will not trouble him if she can help it; England and Italy will not encourage any further disturbance, and the Pope will use his influence, as far as it will go, to seat a Papist on what may be a very influential throne. Besides, his mother is rich and influential, and has influential friends in Russia. The young king is a soldier by education, is German in appearance, fair and with a nose which beaks almost to his chin, a long lip and quiet demeanor.

From an English gentleman who accompanied him to Sofia, and who was present at all the ovations by the way, we learned several important facts concerning him and his prospective future. The people on the way frankly told him that Alexander was king in their hearts, but as they could not have him, and it was necessary for the good of the country to have a Prince, they would support him, and if he was a good ruler they would love him. This was honest and a better reception than if they had shouted themselves hoarse with "Long live Ferdinand!" He took the oath and started out on a career the end of which nobody knows. At the present he is drifting, and only paddling to keep himself from difficulties, first on one side and then on the other. He may make his way into a secure harbor. We know no reason why we should wish him well or ill, for well to him may be ill to the Bulgarians. If he rules for the Bulgarians alone Russia will probably contrive to have him kidnapped. If he rules for

the Russians the people will drive him away. He will in every event be overwhelmed with advice, and there can hardly be in the world of fortune a worse condition than too much advice and neither disposition nor ability to take it, leaving one to spin about like a weather-cock on the point of diverse public opinion.

Already at various times the religious condition of this country has been described, so far as there is any religion in the question. There is plenty of what calls itself by this name. But there are certain other definite movements, Christian in their nature, which are working results different from those now extant, which are as yet little more than leaven working on the edges of the mass, and these are worthy of careful description and identification.

The American Board of Foreign Missions in the south has an independent work, called the "European Turkish Mission." The cause of separation from the parent society sixteen years ago was the necessity of using the Bulgarian language. There is one station in Bulgaria proper, a mission in Eastern Roumelia, and one in Macedonia. At Samakov are two educational institutions—one a girls' boarding-school, and the other a collegiate and theological institute for the training of native pastors and helpers. The main purpose of all mission work is constantly kept in view, to wit, to *help* these foreign fields until they can take care of themselves. But until then the home Boards ought never to let the control go out of their own hands. One of the best lessons taught the Armenians, ever too much disposed to find fault with the missionaries, is that as soon as they can support themselves they can govern themselves, but that absolute self-government based on outside support is neither grateful, safe nor wise. It is

very easy for them to fall into the view that they do as much work as the American ministers and ought to have as large salaries, and that if trusted at all as Christians they should be also trusted with the government of the churches. But the fact that a man is a Christian by no means proves ability and experience in ecclesiastical government. It takes most Christians a long time to be able to govern themselves and much longer to govern the church.

As to the question of salaries, it is wholly relative. The Armenian minister can live as well as the average members of his congregation, and have all his necessary wants supplied on one-third of what will supply the necessary wants of the English, Scotch or American, and without which they would be unfitted for labor. Besides, the churches at home are bound to support their brethren abroad in an average condition with the ministry at home, else it is a snare to the church, a wrong before God, and an injustice to conscience, a reproach to the church before herself and the world.

We have said this much on our own motion entirely, and at the suggestion of no one. If any exception be taken it attaches to the writer, who only advocates such equity as the different conditions impose. Sometimes one gets an insight into causes of frictions without being told of them, and it is with the hope of removing them that this word has been offered. But while this is true, self-control by an educated and tested native ministry, and by the native churches, the missionaries acting only in an advisory relation, are the supreme ends to which all mission efforts ought to be directed. The helpers, as they are called, are novices, and are just what the name indicates—learners, both in knowledge and in the way to use it. They are preachers in training, if

they have the ability and zeal to fit themselves for their work, and when they have obtained the learning and administrative skill are put to pastoral duty, This will also indirectly show the necessity of the girls' school. Christian women of culture to be their wives are as important to the real progress of the gospel as the college and Seminary itself. But this is only incidental to other and greater results from the education of women in Christian culture.

There is a girls' boarding-school in Samakov which has thirty boarders and fifty-two in attendance, and the progress of mission work can be seen in these female seminaries in greater force than in the colleges for boys, for we must consider in their progress what prejudices have enslaved women, which have relegated women, in ignorant servitude, to a hopeless obscurity. It is not many years since in some of our mission fields it would have exposed a missionary to death to have suggested the education of women. Now how does the case stand? Now even the Turk is pleased at the thought of his daughters being educated. This is not general, but true of representative Turks, and it will soon be general by the force of example and family pride, if for no better reason.

These young girls, even when educated in the merest primary elements, show their superiority, and thus please their parents, make a sensation in the circles from whence they came, and are models to society. Many leave the schools outspoken Christians, and their influence is direct and aggressive, but if only generally impressed of the superiority of their teachers to themselves, and that this superiority is the result of the religion of Christ Jesus, they will have in their homes and social circles higher ideas of morals and of their relative

duties. Often they leave these schools, as they do in our country, thoughtless and apparently hopeless, so far as any evidences of practical religion can be seen, but the truths which impatient teachers too often say "go in at one ear and out at the other" stick in their passage and wait there for those inevitable teachers in life, disappointment, sickness and death, to give them form, and when they do it is always proved to be in Christlikeness that these transient images were left. When sorrow makes them spell over again old lessons through lenses of tears they become fixed and stay evermore.

We shall never forget an incident in pastoral life which illustrates this point. We were requested to officiate at the marriage of a young girl who we knew came from a family intensely worldly. The bride came to the place where the service was to be performed giggling and so irreverent that we waited some time for her to compose herself. At last the silence was so painful that she became thoughtful. The service over no more was thought of it, except that she was a very silly woman and that it was a great pity that a sensible man was married to her. Two years after a young man called, whom we failed to recognize, who said, "You married us, and I am on a sadder errand now. We had a darling little boy, the light of our household. He has gone from us, and we are heart-broken." At the funeral service we recognized the silly girl, dressed now in the deepest mourning. But what a change! The mother had received a new life during her watching over that dying babe, and the sad but wise lessons it taught. She immediately gave her life to her slighted Maker, of whom she had heard so carelessly during her girlhood's years, and became one of the most active and

devout in all good works of the church of which she was a member. It taught us the lesson never to despair, or give up teaching the careless, thoughtless and irreverent. Sorrow is the best of all tutors, and it is just as sovereign with half-trained heathen as with the thoughtless who have been educated to no moral purpose in Christian lands. Just such changes have occurred in the seed sown in this Bulgarian school, and will come again just as often as sorrow continues to moisten lifeless seed with tears.

We had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Miss Cole, one of our own countrywomen, and from her lips learned valuable facts about the school over which she is principal at Monastier, in Macedonia, which is still a part of Turkey, but lies alongside of Bulgaria and is largely Bulgarian, at least in sympathies, though Greece is trying to get it away from Turkey. This school is prosperous and has forty-five scholars, fifteen of whom are boarders. It is young but well rooted, and if there are not political disturbances which upturn and scatter every thing good, the work will be felt as described not only in Macedonia, but Bulgaria as well. Here, as almost everywhere else within the bounds of the present work, the apostle Paul went on his untiring missionary tours; we have no doubt crossed his tracks in searching for that seed sown in weariness and persecutions and tears, so long buried out of sight but soon starting into life again. The Word was once supreme, why may it not be again? More faithful is it to repeat, "My word shall not return unto me void." In the Macedonian field, with Monastier as a centre, there are four outstations, all of which are increasing in numbers and influence. In Philopolis as a centre there are nine outstations. And

with Samakov as a centre there are eleven outstations, out of the total of twenty-five, there are seven organized churches and a total of four hundred and eighty-three members, of whom thirty-eight were added last year, which was one of great revival work. There were in this mission alone two revivals remarkable for their extent and thoroughness, one in Samakov and one in Monastier, both beginning with their educational institutions. There are five pastors, fifteen licensed preachers and fifteen teachers. The elementary schools are in the hands of the natives, and there are eight with one hundred and eighty-one pupils. There are eleven ordained American missionaries, one of whom is a physician, and a number of unmarried lady leaders. There are Sunday-schools at all the stations, conducted on the American plan; two-thirds of those who attend the services attend Sunday school also. The children contributed to the missionary ship Morning Star and also to the relief of the sufferers from famine in Tarsus.

Eastern Roumelia properly belongs to Bulgaria, but on account of the desolations of war and political uncertainties benevolence has been retarded, though the war gave opportunities for personal mission work in barracks and hospitals. We can with good faith say that the work in Bulgaria is firmly rooted, but the dark problem of her future is still unsettled, and its consequent darkness discourages. If it were not for faith in God it would be paralyzed, for if Russia gets possession of Bulgaria the fate of the missions, judged by her present religious intolerance, would be sealed. But the roots are there and would spring up as fast as trodden under. If the nations will only content themselves in snarling and showing their teeth over this bone for a few years Protestantism will be too strong for even

Russia to exterminate. In any event she would have to give it room and make a truce with it or it would beleaguer her, for there are about one hundred graduates of Robert College in Bulgaria; some are Christians, all are in sympathy with Christianity as the giver and sustainer of civil freedom to the nations.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF BULGARIA.

THE Greek Church in Bulgaria is rapidly losing all hold on the popular mind. Its strength is in the villages, where the people are ignorant and superstitious, but it weakens in proportion to the size and culture of the towns. There was a downright revolt against it in many places before the Turkish and Russian wars, and many of the bishops were driven out of their charges, but it was one of those ebullitions which end in nothing, for what is gained in casting away old oppressions if a people ally themselves to nothing better? What is gained, as the proverb has it, "in burning down one's barn to get rid of the rats?" It is not desolation the race needs, but reformation. The men of Bulgaria do not attend the Greek Church except on great patriotic, state or military occasions; only the women and children still adhere, and this is a force by no means to be despised, and unless a better faith can be given them it were better they should, for a poor religion is better than none. The Bulgarians, notwithstanding all these and other disabilities, are more accessible to Christianity than any of their neighbors, they are more brainy and manly and have more in them worth saving than any of their neighbors. Can they be reached? Yes, for they have been reached with the limited opportunities afforded.

There are indubitable cases of genuine conversion of profligates, drunkards and wife-beaters, who have been reclaimed and are living consistent Christian lives.

PUBLICATION WORK.

There is issued from Constantinople for Bulgaria a weekly and monthly paper bearing the same name. The weekly is religious and political, and has an average circulation of thirty-five thousand. A monthly illustrated paper for boys and girls, with a religious department, had up to the war a circulation of three thousand, but has lost one-half through war adversities. Books, tracts, &c., are issued according to the state of the funds; hundreds of thousands of tracts are distributed, but the books are sold. There are copies of the Scriptures, Commentaries, Evidences of Christianity, Bible Dictionary, Hand-book of the Old and New Testaments, Life of Luther and the Reformation Sermons, Pilgrim's Progress and Hymn Books. In this publication department are found Drs. Riggs, Barrington, Bond and Alexander. We are indebted for these facts largely to the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Jr., the efficient Secretary in this Bulgarian work.

THE METHODIST MISSION WORK.

The Methodist Church was invited by the American Board to occupy the northern half of Bulgaria and accepted the work in 1878. Dr. Long, now a Professor in Robert College, was their first missionary. A life-long friend of the late Bishop Simpson, who always comprehended the situation and its needs and gave it his own hearty support, he was far in advance of the Church in his plans and supplies for the work. The trouble was in the impatience of the rank and file. They are used to send work and quick results in

America, and the slow sowing to be reaped a half century hence did not always arouse popular enthusiasm. Another discouragement arose from misapprehension, which Dr. Long foresaw that he could not get the people to appreciate, was in the delay of the rebellion of the people against the Greek patriarchs and priests. As the old fabric was toppling the enthusiastic, warm-hearted Church said, "Now is the time, Bulgaria will come right into the arms of the Christian faith." But those who know the effete people and their effete institutions, know that the roots of many a tree remain vigorous down deep in the soil, while the trunk is dead and falling down with its decay. This is exactly the case in hand. While the Greek bishops were expelled the institution was still there in the hearts of the people, they knew nothing else, and while they used the missionaries to help in expelling the hated and oppressive ecclesiastics, they would not turn to them for any thing better. These facts were depressing to the home Church, not to those of its men like Bishop Simpson and others, who comprehend and measure results, but to the men who gave the money.

About this time India opened up with such wonderful promise and success that the full strength of the Church was turned thither. No doubt it was all for the best, for churches, like armies, will not thrive on sieges alone, they must have some victories to keep their faith and courage up, and India gave these. Notwithstanding these discouragements good work has been done in Bulgaria by the Methodists, but not enough of it for the present demands, and our brethren ought to send more men and money or they will lose a glorious opportunity and reward. The missions on the field are doing good work, but they might exclaim, "What are we among so

many!" Their present force consists of the following missionaries: Rev. Messrs. Challis, Lounsberry and Ladd; Natives, Thomoff, Economoff, Constantin. We believe they are all graduates of Drew Seminary, the first two being graduates of Robert College. We regretted exceedingly that we did not see the missionaries Lynd and Lounsberger at Rustchuk, both being absent, but we heard of their work through Dr. Long, who has done more than all others in literary as well as ministerial service. He made a dictionary of the Bulgarian language which is the first step in the introduction of intelligent Christianity and its civilization. From him we obtained the following about the schools; in Loftcha is a girl's school, in Sistoff and Sistova are Academical and Theological schools, the latter having thirty students, there are also schools in Varna, Rustchuk, Plevna, Lon Palanka, Locha, Sevelervo, Turnova, and about one hundred Sabbath-schools. In all school centres are preaching stations, all making fair progress.

We have given enough, we think, of the political and religious condition and possibilities of Bulgaria to cheer the heart both of the Christian and patriot for her future. Though she may come up into it out of great tribulation she will conquer in the end, for all Europe, except Russia, is on her side, and her conflict will inevitably be that of all. This the people know, and it inspires them, not to idleness, but to the renewing of her strength. She is to show Europe, by her ability to govern herself and her ability to fight for herself, that she is worthy of assistance in the final struggle. The Bulgarians are a reading people, more so than any others in Eastern Europe. In every village, though the houses are often built of mud, is a

fine two-story building, the pride of the village, and that is the school-house. Their high schools are admirable, their teachers being largely from Germany. While they were under Turkish rule and outrageously taxed, they imposed on themselves a voluntary tax, with which they supported independent schools. This will bring forth an intellectual regeneration, and if the church does its duty they will go together and will yet make Bulgaria the Star of the East

ROBERT COLLEGE.

Through the wisdom of that wonderful man, Dr. Hamlin, who is ending his work in a glorioussunsetting, Robert College has a famous position on her lofty cliff. It can be seen far off on the Bosphorus both from above and below, and looks like a royal palace from the Asiatic coast. Unless it be Hanover College in Indiana, there is no College with natural position so grand. But beyond all others does her location figure in the thrilling scenes of ancient history. Darius crossed the Strait almost opposite, and from this hill he surveyed his troops. Xerxes made a passage across the Bosphorus near this spot. Mohammed the Second crossed here, and a tower and wall of his building are still standing. A Temple of Hermes was here. Back from the College on a little eminence is a monastery of Dervishes, whose house marks the place where the Mohammedans say the first martyr blood was shed in their efforts to capture Constantinople. We saw the superior of the house, who tried, as far as his language would hold out, to be agreeable to the man from America. His face told the story of the fanaticism of this order, and while half-disguised in smiles, one doubted any very sincere intent.

The College is the monument to two noble men—Mr. Robert, of New York city, who generously furnished most of the funds, and laid the foundation on which will be built a regenerated race and a gracious church, and Dr. Hamlin, the head of a noble succession of men who are now bringing it to this expected end. Its values may be estimated as follows:—Ground and buildings, \$75,000; endowment, \$100,000; other gifts, \$50,000; but Mr. Robert has spent on the College from first to last in buildings and in sustaining it, \$250,000. The building is of stone taken from its own property, is substantial, handsome and exceedingly well adapted, considering its size, to the purpose to which it is devoted. It needs another building, indeed, it will be a hindrance to the work if it does not have it. Will not some of our wealthy men or women who wish to make some fitting memorial to departed friends or for themselves, build it for them? for there is no monument to the dead worth any thing, in the estimate of either God or man, which does not promote the good of the race. Costly monuments in cemeteries are useless, condemning alike the living and dead for want of a noble purpose, want of humanity and want of a becoming estimate of the virtues of their friends in the attempt to preserve them in cold, hard reliefs in stone. One of the signs of the progress of true Christian sentiment is the change that is taking place in our ideas as to the becoming way of showing reverence and preserving the memories of our dead. This new building is needed for a library and chapel, where the services of religion can be more effectively administered. The number of students in attendance is one hundred and twenty-five boarders and one hundred day scholars. It has already sent out into the responsible duties of life more than

one thousand young men. It has now sixteen professors and tutors. The language of the College is English. Its graduates are occupying commanding positions in the new states of European Turkey.

There are religious services on the Sabbath which all must attend. At 3 o'clock there is a Bible lesson and a night service of prayer, exhortation and praise. The College was not intended to be a propaganda, but Christianity was to appear in all its work, and this is the end constantly kept in view by its devoted faculty, many of whom are known to us. We cannot, from the character of the men, doubt their Christian motives nor their modes of disseminating the truth. Dr. Washburn is widely known, and his fidelity is greater than his fame. We regret that he was absent during our stay. We saw, however, Professor Long, known alike favorably in the Methodist Church, where he belongs, and to Congregationalists and Presbyterians, who have been co-workers with him. We enjoyed both the information which he gave us and his hospitality in the midst of his delightful family. The inquiry has been started, and will be again, How far does the College incidentally contribute to scepticism? The question is, Is it better to give men light, even at the peril of stranding some, than to leave them in soul-destroying darkness? In conveying men from darkness to light some will be imperilled by the breaking up of old superstitions which have held the place of religion. But if even a few are bettered in the change this will be a full compensation. It is a fearful ordeal to young minds to find that the religions of youth must be given up, and many lie down and die where they were stranded into the light. But there are no more perils of this kind in Robert College than in our own colleges. And then who can tell what

changes the future, with its sorrows, trials, pains and pangs, may bring forth to bring them to the truth which they heard so carelessly in their college days. Our business is to let the light shine, even if men are sunstruck and stagger from it, as was Saul of Tarsus, until sorrow sends some Ananias to say, "Brother Saul, receive thy sight."

NORTH-WESTERN ASIA.

DIRECTLY opposite Seraglio Point, across the Bosphorus, on the Asiatic coast, is a city known as Scutari, which faces Stamboul and the "Golden Horn." Near it is a little done-up village, Kadikeui, the once famous Chalcedon. It was a standing joke among the ancients that the people who took the side of Chalcedon instead of Byzantium were blind. The story got its basis in the story that when the Megarians asked the oracle of Apollo at Delphi where they should send a colony the oracle bade them fix themselves opposite the "blind men," and when sailing up they saw a town opposite this much superior spot they concluded that its inhabitants must be the blind men Apollo meant, and were assured of their locality. It was true then, and has been ever since, for Scutari is the blind side, as regards prosperity, of Constantinople. While it is beautiful for situation it is abominable in appearance, a tumble-down dirty old town, located in the midst of surprising natural beauty, only to show by contrast what the Turk gravitates to when let alone. He was born natural heir to a sty, and if he is not forever in it it is because somebody has him by the ears. Here upon a lofty bluff the American Board has one of its chief

mission stations. It is the key to Western Asia. From this eminence the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus and "Golden Horn" lie sunning themselves in the subdued light of heaven. Eastward can be seen Bithynia, and the remnant of the old famous capital Nicomedia, and the Bithynian Olympus, clad in its diadem of virgin snow. To the east is a beautiful outline, enclosing wonderful displays of natural beauty. But the survey is sadder than beautiful, for it is worse than a moral desert. If it were only an unoccupied desert it would be well, but its long and deadly growths must be exterminated before any thing better can be trusted to take its place. This is the hourly prospect before our brothers and sisters whom the church has sent to hold the outposts until she can conquer and occupy the space between. Sometimes we are half-puzzled which to wonder at most—the faith that brings men to Christ Jesus that they may be saved, or the effect of it, which takes them solitarily into these moral destitutions to save others. One feels rebuked and ashamed at the thought of the discriminations made at home, and the scramblings of both ministry and people too often to have their fields of labor in the midst of respectable, cultured, well-dressed humanity, asking more about the social position of the people in the fields to be occupied than of souls perishing, when the filthiest humanity in our worst places is better and more hopeful than the average in Asia, where loathsome sins are nearly national, the names of which we dare not mention. And these places are chosen by the missionaries instead of the cities, where they could have some social advantages.

Pastor Dwight, of this Scutari Mission, when speaking of the comfort of a little *coterie* of English-speaking

friends about him said, "Most of the brethren turn away from the difficult work in the cities and prefer to go alone into the depths of the country, where they can have better assurance of the prosperity of their labors." There has been an idea extant that the body of missionaries are below the average of educated men and women in the Christian and ministerial work in England and America. It was always untrue, but the idea does exist that they are rather good than great. We have been gratified at every step in finding them intellectually *above* the average of pastors in either country, and above, in culture, the men getting the same relative amount of salary in our own country. The female teachers in the schools and the wives of missionaries are cultivated women, and in personal beauty and attractiveness of the highest average. Indeed, some of them would in their own countries be the peers of any who are called the belles of society.

The most prominent object on the heights of Scutari is a Female Seminary, standing over against the palaces of the Sultan, an imposing building given to the care of the American Board as the memorial of a devoted husband, Mr. Capen, to his wife, and is called "Barton Hall," costing about \$25,000, to which is an addition nearly as large. These school properties throughout are worth about \$60,000. In connection with these is a chapel, a large piece of ground, and three or four dwellings used by the missionaries as residences and school rooms, &c., adding \$10,000 or \$12,000 more to the value. All the properties are worth about \$75,000. In this Female Seminary English is the leading language, and all the girls are instructed in the Scriptures and their personal obligations to God and man, as taught by the Protestant religion, and by precept and example

all becoming efforts are used to bring them to a personal knowledge and vital union with the Lord. The teachers are not only competent as teachers, but in the highest sense cultivated Christian women, who do not lose sight of the fact that literary education should be only subsidiary to the greater work of saving and educating the souls of their pupils. There was a medical department, but this was paralyzed by the change of the purposes of life of its chief instructress, who has entered another partnership, which requires in a narrower, though not less important sphere, her time and abilities. The building has the capacity for ninety boarders, and has had from fifty to sixty, and about as many day scholars. It receives from the Ladies' Foreign Aid Society in Boston \$2,000 per year, and the rest of its support comes from tuition, which, including music, &c., costs \$150 a year. The scholars are Armenians, Bulgarians and Greeks in about equal numbers, and the rest are Jews and Mohammedans. These girls generally apply themselves to their studies with enthusiasm, and often graduate surprisingly well educated. While there is no direct effort to change their costumes, little by little as the idea of the eternal fitness of things dominates they do it themselves, their teachers becoming their patterns, so that when they go to their homes in the towns in the interior they become leaders in society at once, and whether professing Christians or not they are Christians in ideas and theory. This will be understood by many parents in our own country, who have been put through new ideas after the return of their daughters from college, both father and mother being reconstructed at once. The father, who has, according to old-time ideas, put his food in by his knife, is in his hoary hairs warned of dangers to his mouth and tongue

of which he had never dreamed. So he is to change all life's habits and learn under the direction of his sixteen-year-old prodigy to hold his fork, to butter his bread on his plate, and to eat his peas at the end of his fork, to wipe his mouth on a small table cloth, and to stop the suction process of eating his soup. He had resisted his wife and kept on in his old ways despite of her counsels. But alas! he must settle all neglects now. We heard one say with touching pathos, "This is what I get for my toil and anxiety in educating my daughter. All the tomfooleries of college are to be put in execution on me."

Now this is the state of the case in the Armenian, Bulgarian and Greek households when the young ladies return from Barton College. The young miss hardly alights before she says, "Father, take off that sheepskin jacket, you look like a fright. Take off those old shoe soles and wash those dirty legs, they look as if they had not been washed since the days of Solyman, the Magnificent. Brother Pete, get out of those hateful Turkish trousers, I can't abide seeing them flopping about; take off that belt and get European trousers, you are too ridiculous for any thing." The mother is subdued and a war is declared on the fleas and other like torments, and decency is installed, and all the neighbors begin to put their families and homes through a like discipline, so that it often happens that one college girl will revolutionize a whole town. Pretty soon the country people too, who always ape the ways of town, begin a feebler reformation until the college ways are seen all over a province. Nor is this all. Girls have gone home to set up the altar of Christian prayer in their homes, to read the Word of God to aged parents, to quote its promises in sickness and sorrow, and at the

grave's side to throw glints of heavenly sunshine across the dark places—to start inquiry into the wonderful words of life. These scholars become as oases in the desert. Congregations will gather about them in amazed wonder to hear the things which they learned in the schools. Minds and souls are enlightened and their convictions dropped into the dark places, as a stone into a stagnant pool, which at first disturbs its surface with a bubble, but soon creates circles, at first broken and confused, and then more and more perfect and wide-spreading until their pulses are felt on every shore. To give a digit of the beneficent work of the American Board, she has four hundred schools, sixteen thousand scholars, and yet there are Congregationalists, as there are Presbyterians, listening to the stupid taunt that “Foreign Missionary work has been a failure, and it takes five dollars to get one dollar to the field.” We wish either higher conversion or everlasting sterility to all this race of croakers.

There is a marked departure from the old policies in the matter of language. Henceforth the English is to become supreme, as it ought to be. Men and women ought now to be educated in the native languages to oversee the work—to be bishops, for here only a bishop is needed. All other teaching, as fast as the change can be made without inconsiderate violence, ought to be in English, as the commerce of the world is in English. It is becoming the fashion in Europe. In Germany, men and women are not considered educated without it; this is known to heathen natives who can easily acquire it, more easily than our missionaries can learn their tongues. Then when they speak and read English, the missionary can command the situation, and the Protestant Church is master, and the doctrines of

the Word of God will hold a supreme place. So the American Board is not only working wisely but surely in this direction. In their theological seminary at Marsovan, the school of the Western Mission is changing its instruction into English. This school has a property worth about \$60,000, consisting of a preparatory department, three missionary houses, seminary building and girl's boarding school with two hundred scholars, twenty-five theologues and forty students in the girl's seminary. And here is a remarkable manifestation of the philosophy of Christian life, or the gospel mode made practical. Lot would in all probability have been a decent man but for that graceless wife. Even Abraham would have been better if his wife had given up her innate idolatry. What we mean by this is to show how much a Christian wife, who tends the altar fires with the ardor of Christian love, is to a minister, Christian or missionary. One of the fathers, whether ancient or modern is not known, is said to have remarked in a sermon on the excuses offered in the parable of the great feast. After disposing of the first two he said, "Finally, brethren, an irreligious wife can drag a man faster to perdition than three yokes of oxen." He might safely have added twenty.

Hearing once the fine speeches of the young men of Lincoln University and observing the unmistakable evidences of culture, a lady at our side said, "But who are these cultured young men to marry? This is the question of their future. Will they marry coarse, uneducated and unrefined women below them in every thing, who cannot appreciate their husbands' literary tastes nor their cultivated ardor for Christ's work? These women will neutralize half the labor bestowed upon them." We have thought about her remarks ever

since. But the American Board has not only thought about its dangers but solved the problem of their supply, besides adding in helpfulness to their work, by having schools in Asia, and wherever else they have schools, to educate helpers, they have also schools for the education of female helpers to be wives abreast with their husbands in mental and moral culture, so that the native minister's home may be a model Christian home, and that their piety and Christian nobility may be sustained by cultivated Christian wives. The American Board in Europe and Asia have three central mission stations, and from these centres outstations or preaching places where there are churches and schools.

There is in the chapel in the Mission of Scutari Armenian preaching service at 10½ A. M., which we attended, and while it was in a strange language the Spirit of God conveys much truth to the devout heart, and it is a profitable service to the pilgrim far from his own house and its services. He can commune with his Master, and with his own brethren, join in the prayers without knowing the words which are spoken; for he and the people partitioned from him by language are one in Christ Jesus, and have the same soul-wants, sorrows and sources of comfort, and the Holy Spirit will take the things of Christ and show them to each in his own tongue in which he was born. We heard the sweet tunes of home, some from the Gospel Hymns, which we have already heard in five different languages, and expect to hear wherever Christ's name has been proclaimed. There were present at this service about one hundred persons, and after this was a service in English to about forty persons, and precious it was to our hungry souls. Pastor Dwight officiated and asked

us to preach, and in all our ministerial life there has not been so great a favor. It is an incomparable sorrow to the servant of Christ to be silenced from any cause. But this first Sabbath in September, when for the first time we trod the soil of Asia Minor and enjoyed the hospitalities there of our own countrymen and the fellowship of brethren in the same Christian faith, will be to us a happy recollection in heaven. Dr. Dwight waited on us in the true missionary style, and extended the invitation by which we were made acquainted with the work, and also kindly furnished us with the facts appended, which embrace Western Asia Minor, Constantinople and the territory of the Western Turkish Mission, and show the comparative progress of ten years.

	1876.	1886.
Stations.....	6	8
Outstations.....	76	110
Laborers—Men and Women.....		
American.....	66	64
Native.....	167	232
Churches.....	27	29
Church members.....	1,311	2,196
Received on profession in the year...	107	199
Schools.....		138
* Total under instruction.....	3,679	5,559

I have also notes of the statistics of the four Missions of the American Board in the Empire (Bulgarian Eastern Turkey, Western Turkey and Central Turkey) for the single year 1885, as follows:

Stations.....	18
Outstations.....	281
Laborers—Men and Women.....	
American.....	156
Native.....	768
Churches.....	102
Members.....	8,811
Schools.....	408
* Total under instruction.....	15 177

*Including pupils taught to read at their homes, as a few adults are.

WORK OF PUBLICATION IN TURKEY.

This is the publishing centre of the American Board; here the tree of life is shaken that its leaves may be scattered for the healing of the nations. As a field for missionary teaching and preaching it is not equal to others, but it is the brain and heart of all the rest. Here all moneys are received and disbursed. There is here a fine building with capacity and appointments sufficient for the whole work, which does not belong to the mission, but is the gift of generous men in New York for the use of the mission in all its work, and is held in trust for them by a Board of Trustees. It has in it the publication rooms of the American Board of Publication, Bible rooms and also accommodations for the British and Foreign Bible Society. These brethren dwell together in unity and work into each other's hands at all tangent and helpful points, and the work done and doing is incalculable, and the grip of the Christian church by it on these heathen multitudes will never be broken. They have been so long here that even the Turks have made up their minds that they are going to stay. Persistent Yankees, with gimlet-ends to their purposes, ever boring in no matter how they are turned, backed by the Scotch with the stability of their eternal decrees, will not be ousted by any power short of omnipotence. The work of these faithful men has written its own record.

The total amount of property of the American churches in the Levant Agency of the American Bible Society and the missions of the American Congregational Foreign Missions is thus given:—Total property of the American Bible Society, \$125,902 06. The total property of the American Board Congregational Foreign Missions, \$420,642 74; Bible House, \$98,204 55.

Total of all the property, \$644,749 38; Sales of American Society during 1886:—Total of Bibles and parts of the Scriptures, \$7,846 01. Total of those sold and given, 905,299. Sales by the American Board of Congregational Foreign Missions of religious and educational books, \$4,837 98. The property of the British Foreign Bible Society in the same building is, in stock December 31, 1886, £105,081 85, or in dollars \$525,409 25. Sales by private agencies of the British and Foreign Bible Society of 1886, £722 94, or in dollars \$3,610. And this is the moneyed result of less than fifty years. But still we hear shallow fools and stingy Christians saying, “Foreign Missions have been failures.” A more maliciously ignorant statement was never made. Let all such add these figures together and honestly confess their ignorance and wickedness before God and man. Let Christians take courage for the work of missions, for through the most difficult period of their existence, when incalculable work has been done for the souls of men which God only can compute, and the seed sown which will take centuries to gather, the cause has prospered. More than a million of their gifts in capital are intact and still at work for Christ and his church. Let the people praise God.

We are indebted to all the brethren for personal kindness and help in our work. Mr. Peet is the efficient Treasurer and Financier of the American Board. Drs. Pettibone, Greene, Barnum and Bliss are all efficient in their work and eminent in their places.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

IT would be a symptom of insanity to attempt to describe Constantinople, and we will avoid the appearance of so rash an undertaking. But there are some things about Constantinople that would mark a man as a fool if he did not describe them. There is no city equal to this for natural position in the world. Nowhere are so many extraordinary conditions, fitting for imperial sway, gathered together. It was created to this end and can by no mishap get away from it. Northward there is a peerless country whose waters are tributaries to the Danube, which can find no outlet but through the Bosphorus. These are wonderful waterways, bringing their burdens here, and they can leave them nowhere else. They are not only sources of un-failing wealth, which not even the devastating Turk can destroy, but bring each its trophies of beauties as well, for such waters lie nowhere else on the bosom of the earth.

There is the Black Sea, enclosed in its bastions of mountains whose heads break the clouds into raindrops for its supplies. There is the Bosphorus, beautiful in itself, but beautified by its rugged coasts on both European and Asiatic sides. The Golden Horn is more than its name suggests, lying in the midst of the city and opening out into that wonderful Sea of Marmora so famed in all history, so old yet so beautiful in its age, the scene of the most stirring events of earth. And from here all are poured out as by an Omnipotent hand, which compresses all into a watery thread in the far-famed

Dardanelles; as if all the world were to learn that nature had one spot where national navies might be arrested and held at bay as floating toys.

As to the coasts, one cannot so distinguish between their beauties as to give one the supremacy over the other, and even imagination is bewildered. The conformation of the city is solitary and unique. It is not seated on thrones of hills in figure but in fact, and these are so related to each other that the general effect of all is heightened. Each is to the city what a dome is to a cathedral, and upon each is located some object of interest. Palaces adorn the river on the side of Galata and Pera. On the Bosphorus is a palace built on a platform rising from the sea, in which the Turks say is imprisoned the insane Sultan who was deposed in 1876, but this our readers are not obliged to believe on our authority, the sources are only Turkish, and he may have gone to his celestial houris years ago. All along are Turkish establishments almost as gorgeous in appearance as the palace. Pera is the division of the city extending up the mountain on the Galata side, which at one point comes down to the sea, but further down recedes in the form of a crescent and takes to its dirty bosom the bodies of the thousands who have defiled it. All up the sides of the mountain are the narrow rocky lanes, supposed to be streets, crooked as the ideas of a Turk and as filthy as he. Galata was so-called probably from the Gallæ, Gauls (or Gallatians), who had occupied the neighboring regions of Asia Minor not long after the time of Alexander the Great, and some of whom had settled there. This is the part at the foot of the hill down to the water's edge; full of all kinds of cattle, human beings, creeping things and bad smells. It was a mere suburb in Roman times and bore the name of

Lycaë, the Fig Trees. In the middle ages it became the seat of a fortress-colony of the Genoese, who carried on a great trade on these seas and had their forts and factories all around the Euxine.

Crowning the hill or mountain above is the castle of Galata, an object identifying the district in every other part of the city, and as far as vision reaches in Asia. It is the work of the Genoese during their occupancy. A little to the west of this is the European quarter, the finest in the city, but in Western Europe it would not be much thought of. The streets are perhaps a few feet wider, but just as crooked as in other parts, though the crooks are not so frequent. But in this city it is wonderfully refreshing; one goes up there to get his ideas out of twist and tangle, to know whether he is in the body or out of it. It is a relief as a place to recall one's identity, and to settle belongings moral, mental and physical. Here are the great houses of the European ambassadors and consulates, and here the American Consul is supposed to live, but there is no token of national life except a small sign. There was no flag out, a thing so grateful to the American patriot; if we could only have seen this we could have borne our grief at not seeing the Consul. There was a Greek or Armenian in the house who could grant a pass to get out of Constantinople at sixteen "somethings" in Turkish money; we never knew how much and do not care to remember.

Let any of our friends who intend visiting Turkey anywhere understand that they must have passports viséd, and local permits to *get out* as well as to *get in*. Examinations and delays are numerous, with fees put into official palms stretched out from behind until he wishes he were dead. The dogs of Constantinople

are the only natives that we have met who do not cheat the stranger. We must solemnly declare, in justice to these much despised and kicked and thumped Turkish dogs, that they give their service full and free, and to your utmost satisfaction, and seem satisfied with what they receive. We never had the slightest difficulty in settling with them yet, though they usually have the last word.

Let it not be forgotten in our generalizations that we are still in the European quarter, the only part of Turkey which looks as well inside as out. The palace of the Sultan is on this side further north-west, and stands on a high eminence on this mountain range, buried in Oriental splendor without, and irremediable moral and physical nastiness within, so that "Sublime Porte" has come to mean sitting on a throne on the apex of the pile where the abominations are so unspeakable that they are *sublime*. The Sultan is as thoroughly cursed by his people as any tyrant that ever lived. But there are our own Europeans of easy conscience who say he is a good fellow and a man of high culture, which means that there is a thin tinted enamel on a detestable life. It is boasted that he is opposed to capital punishment, and this would make an idol of him in the eyes of humanitarians, but when it is considered that it practically means that he will not sign the death-warrant for the execution of Mohammedans, but that you must not try him on anybody else, it amounts to little. As a result murderers and base criminals have an immunity and are constantly increasing in Constantinople and everywhere else, until it is not safe to travel in many parts. Brigandage has the highways in its control almost throughout the Empire.

The Golden Horn, about which we hear so much, is the little inlet from the Bosphorus which runs up into the land somewhat in the shape of a horn, and whether the term "golden" is applied to the color of the waters, which in the sunshine are as beautiful as the term indicates, or whether it has reference to the color of the coasts, or of the houses that skirt it, the prevailing color all through the Orient being straw color, we cannot tell. The guesses of any of our readers will be as good as any given, for the Orientals are a figurative people, and what is quite as remarkable, there is in their minds not the slightest need of any likeness or analogy between their figures and the things represented.

Opposite to what we have been trying to describe, crossing the Golden Horn, is a tumble-down bridge, with piers of a new one decaying beside it because the Turkish government will not keep its contract with a French company who put them down. Across this is the old city of Constantine, which the Turks call Stamboul, lying principally between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, and narrowing down to a point of land which was the site of the first Megarian Colony, and which marks the entrance from the sea into the Bosphorus. On this spot the fabric of history of thousands of years has been woven. For fifteen hundred years it has been the seat of empire, and for a longer time commerce has set its prow hitherward. In the future from her position, in the hands of new rulers and institutions, which must come, the ships of all nations will have to lower their flags, if not in deference, to pay tribute. There is not on earth a peer in histories and possibilities, physically, historically, architecturally, socially and politically. To see this it will be necessary again to call attention to its geographical advantages.

First and foremost it is on the watery link which connects the Black Sea with the Mediterranean, and is the line of separation between Europe and Asia, and thus it dominates two seas and two continents as well. All exports and imports of those vast and fruitful territories which drain into the Danube and those of Southern Russia run past Scamboul within easy range of the guns of her fortresses. The north coast of Asia Minor and those fertile plains and hills around the Caspian must also come under her command. And in the future, when neighboring countries are opened up by railways, it will be the centre from which lines will radiate all over Europe and Turkey and the whole East. Already a line is being opened to the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris and on to the borders of China.

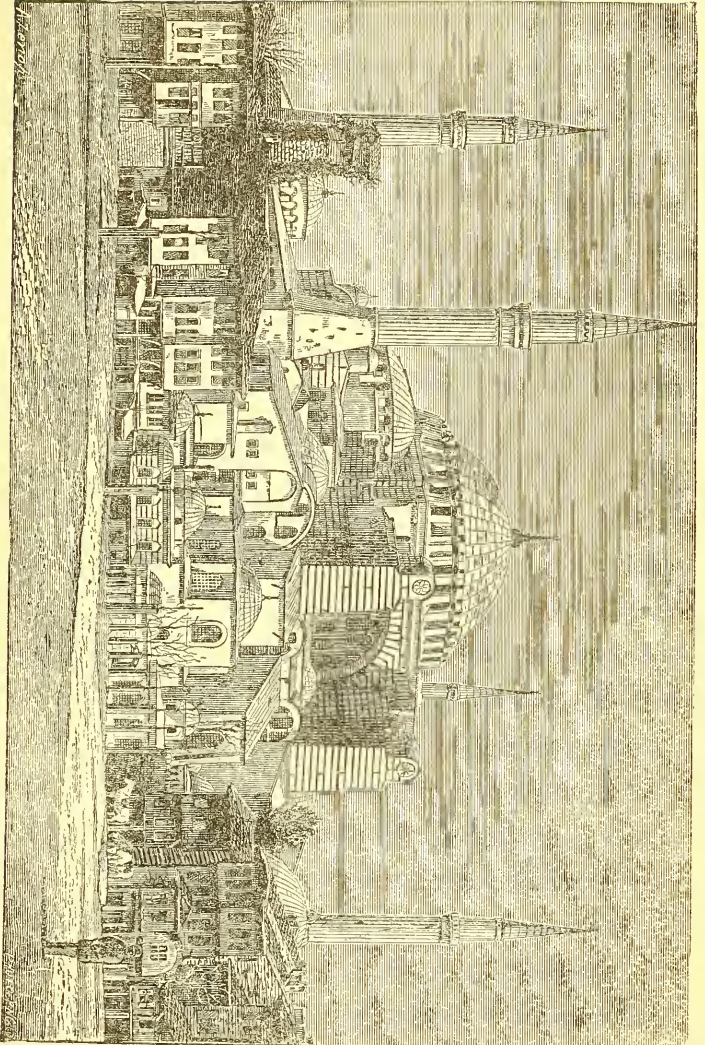
Seraglio point is the extremity of the peninsula of Scamboul; a wall separates it from the rest of the town and it is near the settlement made by Constantine. It is surrounded on three sides by the sea and originally had a fortress on the land side, where the emperors dwelt and nursed their vices beyond the gaze of human eye. The Sultans kept here their harems and enacted dark deeds of licentiousness, treachery and murder. From its walls the last favorite, whose charms had waned, sewn up in a sack, was flung into the swift current which ran into the sea; the victim having the Turkish choice to die or become a mermaid, according to her fancy. No palace ever existed which was its peer in crime, for none ever had such opportunities to conceal it. It became so terrible that its crimes seemed at last to produce spontaneous combustion and a large portion was burned; that much of it was purified by fire, and we hope this is the first installment of a just judg-

ment. The Seraglio is a place to be trodden, even in its ruins, with dread. Its god is Malice and all evil, and its breath is so malarial that it poisons. It has a kind of beauty, but is a bedizened lie. It is now deserted, and all the life in it that could be punished for the sins of the past is that of the vermin, left to crawl over or hide in its walls, as blood-thirsty as those upon whom they fed when it was in its infamous glory. The Turk never rebuilds, so what is consumed is a victory for a future civilization, which will come when he has destroyed all that can give him subsistence. The only living things, except the tenants described, are the old cypress trees, which cast their long shadows about as if anxious to be forever covering something that might start up from the shades of the past.

In the Seraglio immediately beyond the mosque of St. Sophia stands a Turkish effort at a museum, and it is not wonderful that he who has destroyed on the earth the most beautiful things should not care to perpetuate their fragments. This marvellous gathering of odds and ends is the symbol of the Turkish mind. It consists of a bare room, opening upon a courtyard, in which lie helter skelter every conceivable thing—the remains of exquisite Greek art from the Isles and ruins of Asia Minor, statues and fragments of statues, stones covered with inscriptions, pieces of pottery and old wine and beer bottles, vessels of honor and dishonor, all in democratic order, like the contents of an uncovered army pit, where officers and privates, horses and equipments, have been covered up together without a name to tell what they were, where they were from, or how they came here. The beautiful church of St. Irene, the church of Holy Peace, is in the most exquisite Byzantine archi-

ecture, but the Turks saw in it a peculiar fitness for an armory, and so all down the rare aisles and along the walls are rusty guns, swords and lances, and field pieces in the midst. And so the Turk is seen again presenting the church of the Divine Peace as filled with the trophies and memorials of battle. Despite all this the place keeps a passing shadow of grandeur which the Turk can no more manage than he can the sunlight, and it is a point that will ever command admiration.

The Turk can never be out of sight, nor out of the reach of smell. He is grand only in remote perspective. He heaps his offal on his most sacred objects and would dump his abominations on the prophet himself if he did not get out of the way. The mosque of St. Sophia is buried a quarter of the way up its sides in Turkish dirt. This accumulation is so high that to get down into it he has made steps of stones, pitched in, only equaled in their unevenness by the cobble-paved streets of Philadelphia. It actually made us homesick to go over them. The mosque, struggling like a giant with the defilement heaped upon it, is still a world-wonder. It is the only great Christian church which has been preserved without material alterations. It is the only building on the earth that will admit comparison, as to its grandeur, with the ideals of centuries. Its vast area is capped by a dome presenting the effect of a lightness that could only be sustained by wings. This is produced by its flatness, its angles are so low that it looks like a thing of air. Dividing the recesses from the immense central area are rows of superb columns brought by Justinian, who occupied thirty years in building it. The most famous heathen temples contributed their treasures of marble, in the idea that the



Japheth.

ST. SOPHIA.

p. 360.

heathen should be Christ's inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth his possession. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, is represented in wonderful columns, and the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, as well. But the Turk is always daubing every thing with his everlasting whitewash. This is the only thing he does by instinct, which he does well. The ceilings, so marvelously beautiful with their emblems of divine conceptions set in Mosaics, a continuous design in these wonderful settings, the highest testimony in the world of the limitless patience of genius, are whitewashed. To keep the Turk steadfast texts from the Koran are inscribed, and the letter Alif is said to be thirty feet long, though it appears only ordinary in size. This will give some idea of its height to the roof.

It is impossible to describe the effect on the imagination of this great church; it is simply awful to the superstitious, and wonderful in proportion to the man of culture. Even the Mohammedan service, the baldest in respect to sentiment on earth, awes and solemnizes. At the end next Mecca there is a niche where they keep the Koran, and in front stands the Mollah or priest, while the worshippers stand in long parallel rows down the body of the building, with an interval of three or four yards between. The Mollah recites the prayers in a sing-song, or rather a cross between the guttural and the whine, and the people follow repeating the prayers, accompanying with swayings of the body, rising and flinging themselves about regardless of every thing but their shoes, which they set down before them in rows, each keeping his "trigger eye" on them lest his next neighbor may "cut it short" and get off with them. So he does his part well, both watching and praying. In their great feasts the building is crowded,

and then the clatter of feet on the pavement is repeated distinctly three or four times in the arches, and when the whole congregation rise to their feet with that strange rustling of crowds, those in the spacious galleries hear it again and again as the noise of a cataract, first in one part of the great dome, repeated until it dies in whispers, and then heard in another loud and vibratory echo until every section has gone through these strange repetitions, an experience bordering on the awful. There is not on the globe another temple like it in any of its great essential particulars, none inspiring such solemnity by the aid of mere human construction. But as one looks upon its age-marked walls and considers what it has beheld and withstood of violence and slow decay and what glory has shone in it, one asks, is there any such fact as ages or divisions of time? is it not all in this great church an eternal now? Here was celebrated solemn mass by the Cardinal Legate of the Pope at the union, so long desired and so soon dissolved, between the eastern and western Greek and Latin churches. Within its walls the last bloody throes of the Byzantine Empire were endured, on the 29th of May, 1443, when the walls were stormed and a vast crowd of priests, aged men, women and children were gathered within these walls, hoping the sacred place would protect them. But there is no place but the grave where a Christian can hide from the fierceness of the Turk. The soldiers fell upon them, no condition excited pity; nor was that all, women and children were bound with cords and driven off into captivity and its spoliations, so that before the shades of night came to hide the infernal scene every vestige of Christianity was destroyed. With insolent pride the Musselman will still point to a peculiar formation in

the marble, in a column not far from where the great altar once stood, which has a faint resemblance of a hand, as the mark of Mohammed the Second's blood-smeared hand as he smote against it in triumph crying, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

The weight of the dome has spread the walls apart, and they have been supported by great buttresses built in comparatively modern times, and on these and other parts the Turks have built with their abominable soft bricks and yellow stucco, so that by his dirt at the base and his plaster at the top the outside of St. Sophia is nearly obscured. There are other moæques after the same pattern, very beautiful, one of which, erected to Solyman, the Magnificent, would be beautiful a thousand miles away from St. Sophia. These white structures, domed and marked by needle-like minarets, produce an indescribable effect, subduing even the thoughts of inward ugliness and unspeakable uncleanness.

There is in the heart of Stamboul once a year a bloody performance, which would be permitted nowhere else. There is an order of fanatics indigenious to the East, the prominent phase of whose religion seems to be Persian, hence fire-worship is observed. They enter at the time of this celebration a court in which is a temple. All the premises the night before are a blaze of light, and what goes on within is only known to the initiated. The next day they collect to the number of about four hundred in the open square and begin a service which relates to three of their prophets, whom somebody in the past slew through ignorance of their divine claims, and for which a yearly atonement by blood must be made. This is done by forming a ring of about

four hundred, each pair holds the other by one hand, while in the other hand is a sword, with which they cut themselves. At the end is a priest inciting them to a frenzy of violence; so they cut their own faces and bodies until the spotless white robes in which they appear are drenched in blood. Many fall faint and some die outright before the bloody, savage scene ends. It is said that the Turkish government contributes to its success. The next day the dead bodies are buried with great ceremony in Scutari.

These are all solemn things, but as we, weary of the scenes of degradation, were jogging down the crooked streets to the bridge across the Golden Horn an occurrence happened which dispelled for the moment the sombreness of the shadows of the past. An old, fat Turk with a pair of trousers as white as snow, and a red jacket covered on the back and around the edges with gold lace, was sitting with his pipe in his mouth on a little donkey singing in Turkish fashion, whether of love, war or religion we could not tell. The donkey seemed to be enjoying the music; his ears dropped gracefully backward and forward and his dreamy eyes were well closed. But the thoughts of an Oriental donkey are not to be divined by men. Whether an irresistible impulse overtook him to lighten his burdens, or that he did not approve of the sentiments of the song, or whether somebody prodded him, we would not dare conjecture, but in a twinkling that great dignitary sat in the mud, six inches deep, and the hand of Mohammed the Second was not half so well marked on the marble column of St. Sophia as the rear end of his form in that slush. As he rose and rubbed his hurt the mud dropped from his bagging breeches, his red coat, gold lace and all retained the filth upon them.

Nor was this all. The dogs that infest the streets and belong to nobody, formed a ring about him, barking in what seemed mocking ferocity over his misfortune. To a Turk the immersion in street mud is no such dishonor as to be howled at by a dog. He kicked at them, displaying his ridiculous plight; they only pitched their chorus somewhat higher. He tried to get a stone from the street but they stuck fast. The contest was deepening and intensely interesting, and everybody seemed to be paralyzed by the situation, when a broom-maker charged on the hostile host with one of his staunchest handles. The sequel can be supplied by any ordinary imagination.

There remains but one more division of Constantinople, the least interesting in most respects. It is the Asiatic quarter at Scutari opposite to Stamboul, the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus lying between. The passage of two miles is made in fairly good vessels. The wharf is a tumble-down affair. The place is all in decay, with crooked streets filled in with every kind of stone—pieces of columns, half-split capitals, polished slabs with inscriptions still legible, rough limestone cobble-stones, the heads of Moslem grave-stones, and other curiosities of architecture too tedious to mention. But with all these strange mixtures in it, it is as imposing as a whole as any other part of the city. It rises from a plain on the mountain sides, broken by ravines, the effect increased by their pleasing varieties.

Among the most impressive objects is the Moham-medan graveyard, spread over hundreds of acres on the side of the bluff looking toward Stamboul and Pera. It is full of that most wonderful tree, itself full of suggestiveness, the cypress, which grows in Asia Minor to great height, needle-like in form, and is

peculiarly Turkish, like the minarets on their mosques. There are hundreds of them, under which the dead Mohammedans of centuries lie. The Turks have the idea that they will yet be driven out of Europe, and that it will be better to lie in Asia. We hope Asia too will become too hot for them, and as to where else they may find a burying field gives us little concern. The grave decorations are peculiar and suggestive. The standing of the dead man is indicated by the turban or head-gear on the tombstone. Each stone of the higher order of society has a head on it, the supposed likeness, as far as Turkish art can conform to it, of the defunct individual beneath, and on this stone-head is the gear that tells whether he was judge, general or ecclesiastic. Many of these quondam dignitaries have no heads. Time has knocked them off, and the suggestions in the negro song, "Where now are the Hebrew children," come up as we hear in memory the verse:

"Where now is John the Baptist,
He went home without any head on,
Safe in the promised land."

The only other object of interest is a long yellow building on the Sea of Marmora, full of the sad reminiscences of war and its horrors, heard in groans, seen in wounds and dying on the one side, and the blessed radiance of Christlike charity on the other in the person of Florence Nightingale, who first demonstrated that it was possible to give relief and mitigation to the sufferers in the hospitals which war fills, to throw the radiance of the cross upon their dying features, and to plant hope on the graves of the battle-field.

CONSTANTINOPLE IN HISTORY.

IN A. D. 330 Constantine, then Emperor of Rome, desiring to found a new capital which could be better defended against the barbarian hordes of the north, selected this site because of its natural strength, through which it had baffled him so long in his contest with the Eastern Empire, then under the Emperor Licinius. Another thought influenced him which has cursed men ever since, though it then seemed grand, and does so still in the eyes of those who adore state religious establishments. This was the founding of a new centre, which to Christianity was to be as Jerusalem to the Jews. Rome was full of the monumental remains of heathenism, and the new religion, it was thought, would gain a grander and more rapid ascendancy in a new place where it would not be influenced by the presence of the tempting creations of idolatry. He gave it the name of New Rome, but his courtiers called it Constantinople, and this it will hold forever.

The city immediately started into unprecedented prosperity, and was more densely inhabited than now. Constantine lured the distinguished from Rome and everywhere else by concessions made to commerce, so that in a hundred years the population had increased to more than two hundred thousand. Large sums were appropriated to the erection of palaces, law courts, churches and other great public improvements. Works of art were brought to make it greater than its Pagan rival. In Stamboul can still be seen a brazen column in the

place which was the former hippodrome, now half buried in Turkish dirt, for the Turk knows no place for rubbish except the street. It is below the present surface twenty-five feet, and the column consists of three twisted serpents. It was brought from Delphi, where it supported the tripod from which spake the Oracle of Apollo. After the great Persian war the victorious Greeks made it a memorial of the captured wealth and weapons and shields of their conquered foes. The tripod has long since vanished, and the serpents have fought with men and time and have suffered by all. One of them had its lower jaw struck off by the battle-axe of Mohammed the Second. The heads of all are gone, but the lonely twisted column stands, the most remarkable and best authenticated relic in the world. In all reverses it kept its place, and may yet struggle with as many in the future as it has withstood in the twenty centuries since it was set up in the Pythian shrine.

For more than eleven hundred years Constantinople remained the capital of the Roman Empire of the East. It was besieged in wars civil and wars urged by the barbarians. The Persians were its most vindictive and continued foes. The Arabs nearly destroyed it in capturing it and have been destroying it ever since. The Russians besieged it, having crossed the Black Sea in vast fleets, and only five years ago came within twelve miles at St. Stephano. All these former foes it repulsed. Once it fell by the assaults of French and Venetian crusaders, who A. D. 1204 deflected their proposed expedition to Palestine to attack and capture it. They deposed the Emperor and put a Frenchman in the seat of the great Constantine. This was its greatest shame, and from which it never recovered,

though they were driven out, and in 1261 a native Prince ascended the throne. His territory was gone, his people weakened, his moneyed resources exhausted, and when the last most terrible foe came there was nothing but its hills, history and waters left. It succumbed to the Turks in 1453, and thus perished the Eastern Empire. It was like the ark in the Tabernacle and Temple in which were kept the law and testimony sacred, and when the dispensation of the law and prophets was past the ark was destroyed.

To old Constantinople was entrusted during the long ages that lay between Constantine the Great and Constantine Palæologus the Sixteenth, her last Christian sovereign, the keeping of the treasures of ancient learning. Most of the Greek manuscripts which have come to us and some of the most valuable of the Latin were kept in her libraries, and finally scattered by her downfall over Western Europe. A succession of writers in a feeble manner kept up the traditions of Greek style and made records which contain almost all that we know of the histories of these countries of Europe and Asia. The flickering light that flared within her walls in her decline was spread among the Slavonic peoples of the Danube and the Dnieper. Then followed the dark and dismal beginning of ages of eclipse, the end of which is still in the scroll of the judgments of God.

From the bloody ending of the former chapter until now there is in this spot, once so glorious, nothing left but a record of deception, lying, assassinations, debaucheries and cruelties indescribable, the blankest and blackest of all the Mohammedan courts. In Bagdad, Cordova and Delhi there was a feeble gleam of literary culture, not better than moonlight on an iceberg, but light even from the putrescence of decay is better than

no light. But in Stamboul the only light was in the glaring eyeballs of infernal fiendishness. Some of the Sultans, as Mohammed the Second, Solyman the Magnificent, were great men, and there cannot be human greatness denuded of all elements of goodness. But their goodness took no shape, only shimmered as sunlight on the face of a rippled sea. Of the majority of the Sultans there is no record except it be of their gigantic crimes. In Stamboul the monumental deeds of the long line of Turkish Sultans cling like malarious damps to the walls. Outside of the dark confines of lost souls there is not another spot with histories so thrilling, so secret and so appalling.

From this historic city, so grandly situated, we made our way along the coasts of Greece and the Islands thereof.

JEWISH MISSIONS IN PERA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE irreverent wit in America who told the story about our staid forefathers having a stated place in their prayers for the Jews, and never varying from the order if the house were on fire, might tell it of the Scotchman, who is the only Christian friend the Jew has. He prays for him persistently and lets the world laugh. The Scotch Churches through all the ages of their own persecutions prayed for the Jew, and when they came out victorious they still prayed for him, and while the Jew was driven as the chaff before the wrath

of men the Scotch said, "He is of the household of faith and must be brought back again," and a Scotchman always works in the direction of his prayers. The final restoration of the Jews is surely in the Word, and if there then the predestination of God toward them is signified there too, and the clear duty of his followers is to pray and work for this consummation. In this conscientious persistence we see the Scotch character clearly. A true Scotchman does not naturally take to any thing which does not dangle on the rim of impossibility. He likes hard duties, and the more the half-hearted world around him says a work cannot be done the more he determines within himself that it must be done. These features of Scotch faith and character account largely for the fact that their churches are, as a worldling said of them, "half daft about the Jews." When in London we tried to find the place of Rev. Grattan Guinness, where there is a Jewish dispensary, and where meetings are held. We engaged a Jew to guide us to the place. On our way he asked, "And you are after the Jews too, are you?" He said that every inducement was held out to tempt them from the faith of their fathers. We inquired, "Who are after your people hardest?" "O," said he, "the Scotch are the worst," and added that "even the English are led by some Scotchmen." The Jew was right, and we were glad to hear it from him, though he did take our money, and instead of leading us to the Jewish dispensary landed us at Lord Radstock's place for Homeless Men, which was no mistake on his part; it was an evidence of the genuineness of his descent.

Our first work in Eastern Asia was done on the side where we have had the least faith. It was not only to find truth for our readers, but to confirm it for our-

selves that we went straight to the oldest missionary to the Jews in Constantinople, Dr. Alexander Thompson, who began twenty-six years ago a mission under the care of the Free Church of Scotland.

Up the Golden Horn, about two miles from the great bridge which connects Galatea with Stamboul, there is a quarter which is occupied almost exclusively by Spanish Jews, descendents of those who were driven away by persecution from Spain. They have two Rabbis, one a Pacha, a civil officer, and the other an ecclesiastic. Between the two the poor Jews were in former days as grist between millstones. They were ignorant, and were isolated, not only by their religion, but by their unfortunate nationality. There the young Scotchman sat himself down to teach a Spanish mission school, and the Bible and the Christian religion. The parents, seeing their children in ignorance, would gladly enough have sent their children to his school. But the Pacha Rabbi put the law in force against them, and the Rabbi ecclesiasticus so managed the torturing machine that it looked as if the Scotchman would have to go to the wall. But he did not lose his wits, and God helped him in the emergency. There were Jews of other nationalities who had married Spanish Jewesses. These men were not under the control of the two Rabbis, and they determined that their children should not grow up in ignorance. If the Rabbis would not furnish instruction they would get it for themselves, and with a spirit of independence bordering on defiance they patronized the schools, and their children made such progress that the Rabbis could not control their Spanish charges, and soon the school was crowded. The young Scotchman got his work in by putting the Spanish, their mother tongue, into Hebrew characters,

and these Scriptures became the text-book in school and so got into the families, and were read by the parents, or heard from the children, entirely dispelling from the minds of these Spanish Jews the horrible stories which they had been made to believe about the Lord Jesus Christ and his followers. When they found out the truth for themselves they were disgusted at the deception practised upon them. Their Rabbis had studiously kept from them all ideas of the temple services and the fact that sacrifices had once been offered for them, and that now there was no more sacrifice, that the temple had been reduced to ruins so soon after the crucifixion of Christ, and that sacrifice is still required.

The teaching of the mission, without seeming in any way to antagonize their religion, had a deep and lasting effect upon their minds. In the Spanish text-book, in Hebrew character, prophecies were quoted and their significance pointed out, and their fulfilment as well, in such a way as to stagger their unbelief. They were ignorant, and it was their great ambition to be able to say the prayers of the synagogue in Hebrew, only pronouncing the words without knowing of their meaning. With this they were satisfied, saying, "If we do not know, God does, and it is all the same." But this teaching of the missionary, in their own tongue, showed them how worthless such a service was, and broke the yoke of Jewish superstition from their necks, making them susceptible to the indirect influences of Christian religion, while their children grew up, as all pupils, to have more confidence in their Christian teachers than in the Rabbis.

Dr. Thompson has also made school-books from the Old Testament Scriptures, illustrated. One begins

with the cosmogony of Moses, and following the divisions of geology and paleontology, he illustrates by the fossil forms discovered in several ages of the world's history the insect and vegetable life, of which there are pictures. These books have had, and are having considerable sale, and are used in some of the mission colleges as text-books.

This mission is now in a prosperous condition for an Asiatic institution, there has been a fair *per centum* of conversions considering the difficulties of the work, the most of these have been faithful against the persecuting instinct of the Jews towards those who leave them. Many of the converts are in Christian work as ministers and colporteurs, and are faithful and useful. This mission is now under the care of Rev. Mr. Spence, of the Established Church of Scotland, Dr. Thompson having gone into the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society, but he still loves his first work and claims the *soubriquet* of "Missionary to the Jews."

There is a second Jewish mission in Constantinople, in the part known as Galatea, which is ministered to by the Rev. Mr. Tomory, a Jewish convert, which is also prosperous. We visited it, and were greatly delighted with its workers and their works. The buildings are near the Tower of Galatea, are large and in good condition, with ground enough to build a home for orphans, about thirty of whom are now in the institution under the care of Mrs. Tomory. If they had a suitable building the number could be increased to its utmost capacity, and this is the most hopeful phase of the work. Day scholars have much of the Christian impression taken away from them, or neutralized, by home influence. But when they are for four or five years under both teachings and examples they become

fixed in their convictions and cling to Christianity with Jewish tenacity. We hope the Scotch brethren will not overlook both the need and opportunity here, as well as in Buda Pesth, for this is the best outlook and outwork.

The two day-schools are well patronized. We were conducted from room-to-room, beginning with the "little tots" in the midst of the kindergarten exercises of lifting their hands, patting them and singing, their bright eyes sparkling with delight—pretty children as the world has produced, and as seemingly devout, as they went through the attitudes of prayer. These Jewish children are mostly German, many Polish, and their parents do not permit their prejudices, to any great extent, to hinder their children from learning what will be helpful to them in life and make them personally better, because it is Christian. One Jewish mother said, "I do not want my children to study alone in Jewish schools. I know there is good in Christianity, for I have seen it, and to keep them all the time under Jewish influence makes them narrow and exclusive, and they see and know only the Jewish side of life. I want my children to be good, more than Jewish," and there are hundreds who feel like her. Many of these children are born of mothers who themselves went to these schools, and they cannot be moved in their devotion. The schools have been in existence forty years, and a half dozen classes of mothers have gone from its hallowed precincts. The girls ranged from the kindergarten, which was composed of both sexes, up to sixteen or more years, all were gathered together in a large room and sung from Gospel Hymns "Jesus loves me, yes, I know," "Shall we gather at the river" and "Onward Christian Soldier," their voices were young

and sweet—their German teachers had taught them well, not only in tune and harmony, but in the devotional spirit of praise as well.

The German female teacher is remarkable for abilities, scholarship, enthusiasm, and unflagging patience. Those in charge can teach every thing, and are thorough and conscientious. Goodness seems to crown their being and fit them for this kind of work, where not only scholarly fitness is required, but patient and enduring love to accomplish the desired end. The whole Bible is taught, the New Testament specially, and many of the children delight in it. As an illustration of the difference between the loyalty of Jewish mothers and fathers, a little girl went home deeply impressed with the thought that it was the duty of the whole family to love the Saviour, and said to her mother, "I think I ought to love him, do you not?" "No," said the mother. Discouraged she went to her father, who said, "Yes, darling, if that is the way you feel, and if you will do it instead of talking about it."

There is a morning prayer-meeting which is entirely voluntary. A dozen or more of these young girls attend and often tell the story of their devotion to their Lord, what hindrances they meet and how hard a life it is when love is suppressed and one must not tell of the object of its supreme devotion. About thirty of these girls belong to what is called the Bible Union, which meets to read the Scriptures, encourage each other in their faith, to engage to read Scriptures, printed on a card, at a particular time, and to pray for themselves and friends and to seek out those prayed for, to lead them to the truth. Bible union is not only for school-girls, but for all Christian women. In the number are not a few of the former members of the school who are mothers and

to whom the moral and religious condition of their families is a matter of deepest concern. There are now in the school six young girls of mature age who have confessed their love for their Saviour, and others who are waiting an opportunity to face the wrath of their families. One need not go beyond the confines of these schools to find martyrs and confessors.

The boys' schools were next visited, and as we approached all instantly rose to their feet and stood during the time of our stay, and this was the order too in the girls' school. A speech was demanded which, being in English, a considerable portion of the boys understood. But that all might understand the teacher interpreted. To the inquiry made for the boys as to how boys became great in America, the reply was given in a story about a small boy who wished to enter as a sailor on a great ship with the hope of some day being the captain. The captain asked him what he had done to give him fitness for a place on the ship. He said, "All last winter I sawed all my mother's wood, she is a widow, sir, and had no money to pay for it." "But," said the captain, "this was a manly thing, but I can't see how this will fit you for a sailor. Have you done any thing harder than this?" "Yes, sir, I went to school all last winter, and I never whispered once, because it was against the rules." "Well," said the captain, "You can tell your mother you can come aboard. A boy who can hold his tongue because it is right is fit for service on any ship, and I hope to see you the captain of this ship." Years after, when he died, he was the owner of a famous line of ships. The boys cheered and said it was about the right thing, but feared that if not whispering in school was the way boys got great in our country we had not many great men. The boys also sung, the

teacher taking the bass, while the air and tenor were harmoniously blended by the boys. In these schools the highest number last year was one hundred and four. In the girls' two hundred and thirty, making three hundred and thirty-four with the twenty-five in the orphanage, and gives the outline at least of the work of this most promising mission.

The Free Church of Scotland has three competent and efficient men in Jewish Missions here; men of faith, contented to work on patiently in the strength of God's promise and wait God's time for apparent results, or to let others harvest them. We have been impressed throughout with the remarkable fitness of the men for their places in the Scotch Mission in piety, learning, skill and patience. The superintendent is Rev. J. Henderson, a young man of superior abilities and culture. He has the care also of an English service which is held in the chapel of the Dutch Legation, which is one of great importance to the English-speaking people here. We shall not cease to bless God for the great blessing bestowed upon the English-speaking residents and pilgrims in most of the cities of Europe by the Scottish Presbyterian Churches. There is nothing more chilling to Christian spirituality than being away from the regular means of grace in the places where one has been wont to worship. Irregularity brings on spiritual decline and too often spiritual death; duties become perfunctory, and where there is no preaching in our own tongue an excuse is furnished which the enemy of souls never fails to use.

The saddest feature visible in the Americans who are travelling is the utter carelessness of multitudes, even of professing Christians, about their Christian duties; they will neglect them and yield to tempta-

tions which would shock their sensibilities at home. Many fall in too readily with that maxim of the devil, "Do in Rome as Rome does." Many travel on the Sabbath, ride about sight-seeing and never inquire for places of worship. They go to theatres, but rarely to church. They sneer at Foreign Missions without ever inquiring for a mission. Their stock of mission opinions is furnished by vagabond dragomen, too often by godless Consuls or bloated hotel-keepers. Nor are our countrymen alone in this, for in Paris an English clergyman and his family took the Sabbath to visit Versailles, and another declared that he had left his ministry at the station in his trunk, and from his conduct we were fully prepared to believe that it was much further off than his trunk. This is said sadly enough, and for the purpose of urging upon our Christian people either to send ministers to the places frequented by our countrymen or help to support those there of the evangelical faith. The Christian Church can well afford to help the Scotch Church in the support of her missionary preachers at Vienna, where so many young men attend medical schools, and so many of our people visit.

In Constantinople is the greatest need of all. This service is now sustained by Pastors Henderson and Hennington, who are, without compensation, doing this work out of love for the shepherdless English-speaking flock. They ought to have a building suitable to be a meeting place for English and Americans, a general headquarters where they could go on their arrival and learn all that is necessary to their physical and religious comfort, where social contact, so desirable to travelers in foreign lands, with their own countrymen could always be secured. In this building should be a chapel for worship, and the pastor should be sustained.

There is a medical missionary belonging to the Jewish Mission, and a dispensary for the Jews alone, under the care of Dr. Hennington, an efficient minister in the Free Church and a skilled physician, doubly armed for his Master's work. Both hands have done constant and helpful service. He was a missionary in Africa until his health failed, when he was transferred to a work for which ministerially, as well as medically, he is well fitted. One of the saddest phases of this work is the desperately depraved nature of the diseases to be treated both among men and women, diseases infectious morally and physically in the extreme. Very often the poor victims would be turned away as hopeless, but they are healed for the sake of others whom they may destroy. We had hoped better things of the Jewish communities, so well instructed against these evils in their law, but alas! it shows that they belong to the same sin-stricken and self-destroying humanity as the Gentiles whom they despise, but whose worst vices they imitate.

There is also a dispensary from which treatment and medicine are given to the Jews only. The waiting-room will hold fifty, and this is often full. Before examination and treatment religious services are held, reading the Scriptures, explanative exhortation, and discussion of prophetic Scriptures. Another convert keeps the home in which are several young men receiving instruction. There is in this mission a chapel which will hold about two hundred, in which are two services on Saturday well attended, three on the Sabbath and two during the week.

More might be said, but it will not be required, as what we have given, nearly all from personal observation, will show that missions among the Jews are not

failures, and while the work encounters greater difficulties it has compensations and indubitable successes, and will have more if Christians will believe in God's promise. Of this band of workers, long tried and long ago found worthy, is Rev. Alexander Tomory, who is a Jew, converted about fifty years ago, educated in Edinburgh and married to a Scotch wife who has been his efficient helper in all his labors. He was a co-worker with the venerable Dr. Thompson in the founding of the Spanish Mission.

Mrs. Tomory has established a home for Jewish girls which has at present twenty-five inmates, eight of whom have been baptized upon confession of faith. Here they have all the advantages of a Christian home and are fitted for self-support. Many girls of this home are now occupying positions of usefulness and influence.

BIBLE WORK.

Another most interesting phase of mission work in the East is that of the Bible Society. This agency of the Church of God is wonderful in its present results and in its certain future outcome. If the Christian Church had nothing else as the fruit of its labors and moneyed sacrifices in Turkey, this would be sufficient to show the duties, possibilities and responsibilities of Christian Missions. The English government may be very selfish in its policies, very tenacious of its rights and very ready to shed blood in war. While we have not the slightest intention of defending its foreign political policies, we cannot help pointing out how God's providences have overruled for man's moral good in all of them. Mr. Gladstone in his speech at the reception of the silver service from America, in defending our country from the reproach of being

meddlers in British affairs because of their sympathies for the Irish people in their wrongs, said, "With what nation has not Great Britain meddled!" and after a pause added, "I fain would hope for the betterment of humanity." The apparently fruitless and bloody war of the Crimea would come under this category, for marvels of good are coming out of it. Before the Crimean war it was impossible to get the Scriptures in the hands of the Turks, but on the battle field, in camp, on transports, the British and Turkish soldiers and officers were thrown together battling for the same cause. The British soldier did not forget that he belonged to Christianity in some form. He carried his own Bible, which he read to his Turkish comrades who, like soldiers generally, were so weary of the humdrum life of the camp that they would listen to any thing that might kill time. These Christian men carried also Bibles to give away in the Turkish language, which the Turks could not very well refuse, and when overcome with weariness would peer into them or listen to others until they became exceedingly interested in what they had never heard, but which suited their conditions of sorrow, sickness and dying. Then they began to ask for them, and two thousand a year were given away for two years. After this time they were sold for a small sum, and the first year the sale was two hundred and sixty copies, and now reaches about six thousand a year.

This tells the story of progress, for what men buy and pay for they want, and when a man will buy the Word of God, who would not touch it twenty-five years ago, he is in earnest and his whole moral life is changed. As an example of hindrances in the way of giving the Bible to Turkey, a Turk who merely assisted in the

translation of the Scriptures into the Turkish language was condemned to death for it, and but for the intercession of the English Legation would have been put to death, and was finally exiled for the rest of his life.

The Scriptures were translated into the Turkish language by a committee, half of whom were of the American Bible Society and half of the British. The only one of our American translators recognized by us is the name of the venerable Dr. Riggs, brother-in-law of our most esteemed friend, Rev. Dr. Monfort, editor of the *Herald and Presbyterian*. An edition was prepared of two thousand; the faith and cash of the committee stopped at that figure. But God confounded the good and careful souls by creating a demand which took all they had almost as soon as offered, while the people were calling for more all over Turkey. This led to the second edition, which consisted of seven thousand copies at six shillings each, and five thousand at three shillings. These were soon gone, and there has been a constant demand from this Turkish source of from five to six thousand copies yearly ever since. It would not be hard even for the sceptic to see the outcome of this, for observe that the larger Bible is worth more than a dollar and a half in our money and the other over seventy-five cents. We can get no such prices for the corresponding volume in America, and this dispersion by sale of the Word of God is an unanswerable argument on the side of the progress of Christian foreign missionary work. Men do not throw their money away on Bibles, if they do cast from them their opportunities.

The work of this same blessed agency has been even more wonderful in Greece in view of the difficulties it has overcome. The Greek government con-

siders proselytism as an attack upon the government, and punishes, as far as it has power, every effort to clean this sepulchre of moral rottenness. For the Greek Church in its present condition is only Christian in the name which it bears. Its corruptions and the weaknesses they superinduced invited Mohammedanism into Europe, and the rule of Mohammedanism has not been worse, bad as it is, than the continuance of such an effete and powerless concern. An English Consul said that below the bishops in Bulgaria no one would invite a Greek priest into his house, "because," said he, "they are most ignorant and idle—the lowest of the low." Many of the priests are keeping low grogshops. This institution, utterly devoid of moral power, the Greek government has been bolstering up by persecutions of the truth. But the Scriptures have been stronger than the Greek government. The Bible Society in Constantinople first sent copies to be given away by Christian men and women travelling and living in Greece. But many of these being destroyed in not being wisely distributed to those who would care for them, the Society determined only to sell. At first the books, being well printed and bound, were attractive and were used as school-books. But the government set its face against them and introduced secular books. Then the Society sent out colporteurs, mostly Jewish converts, who wrought in Smyrna and about Athens and Thessaly, and now the circulation has reached 25,000 a year.

There is another exceedingly interesting fact showing the opening hand of Providence preparing the way of the Lord. Albania is without a language suited to any religion, the Greek priests tell her that the gospel is too pure and sacred to be put in such a heathenish

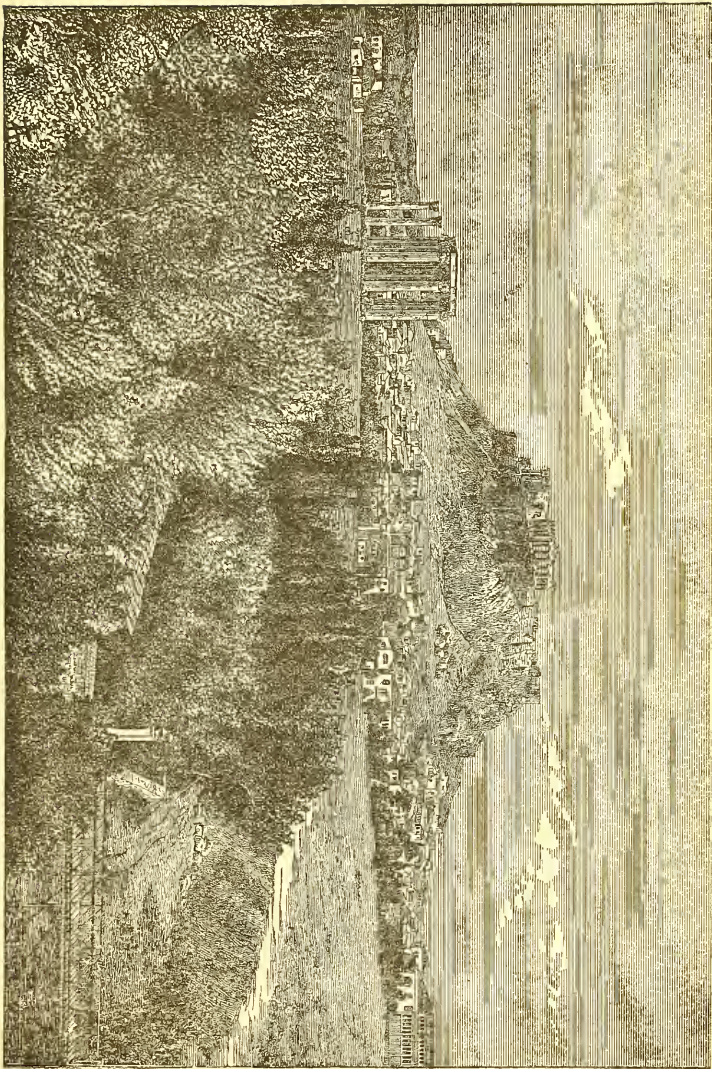
language, so they read the prayers in Greek, not a word of which the Albanians can understand. The object of this is to unify them with Greece in worship by the use of one language and in the hope that they can thus absorb them. To do this they oppose all efforts to improve their language or to give them the gospel in it. The Turks, on the other hand, seek to deprive them of a language by which they could become a nation, for if they did they would soon want autonomy, as they are a bright, aggressive and brave people, so they are, as the proverb goes, "between the devil and the deep, deep sea." The Bible Society in Constantinople has already provided a translation of the Scriptures and is sending them into Albania, and they are beginning to be well received. They are taking hope that they will be unified and uplifted by means of their own mother tongue, and the missionaries are looking for glorious results for the Lord's cause.

CRADLE AND GRAVE OF ART.

GREECE still stands as a monument to the surprising fact that a nation may be cultured to death. There is no more power in art and æsthetics or general civilization to create, sustain and perpetuate a nation than in pebble spectacles to restore sightless eyes. Greece was cultured out of all moral sense, and her splendid ruins only advertise the splendid failure. Paul was moved when he saw it wholly given to idolatry, and if he were again to stand on Mars Hill he would be moved again to see it steeped in idolatry bearing the name of Christianity. It has not made much improvement. In the apostles' time it revered its own creations, which were, of their kind, triumphs of genius; it now worships a dead form of Christianity where there

is neither opportunity nor ability to manifest genius. The Greek Church cultivates nothing, either religious, moral or intellectual. What intellectual progress is made in Greece is made despite of it, for it contributes nothing to this end. It furnishes an everlasting humdrum of obsolete dogmas wrapped up in superstition. Here, as everywhere, its priesthood, with few exceptions, are ignorant, immoral, stupid and tyrannical, having no thoughts above the lowest level, and can inspire none, hence the cultivated intellect of Greece, as a whole, is sceptical, atheistic and scornful. It is therefore about the hardest missionary field in the world. The name Christian, to the people, never suggests more than they see around them, and for this reason is scorned. This is no surprise, for they could not do much else and remain rational. Nothing depresses the Christian like surveying the ruins of those cities where the great Apostles preached.

The Parthenon still stands and the stone steps are still visible on Mars Hill, but these are monuments of the heathen past, only four churches represent the teachings of the Apostles to the Gentiles. And yet the work of Foreign Missions cannot be said to be a failure here, for the seed has been sown, and there are contrasts furnished to the people between true Christianity, in teaching and example, with what claims to be the true church of the Apostles, which will compel reformation or cause the church to be cast aside as a thing with only the name of life while it is dead. This Greek work has had its vicissitudes, but while its branches have been stripped by adversities its roots remain. The work has been mainly under the care of Dr. Kalopothakes, who is known to the Church in America, for he was educated in our country and or-



Japheth.

ATHENS.

dained as a missionary in the Southern Presbyterian Church. This mission was started by Dr. King of the American Board in 1829. The contests into which Dr. King was brought necessitated the starting of a newspaper to defend the rights of native Protestants and to present their convictions to the public. Dr. Kalopothakes started this paper and carried it on through this crisis, and afterwards became agent of the Board. During this time the Virginians sent a regular contribution, which they continued until the war. Being left without support the work was transferred to the American and Foreign Christian Union, and in 1873 it was dropped. Then the Southern Presbyterians formed a mission and the work returned again into their care.

Dr. Kalopothakes first worked alone, then with three helpers, and the work was extended from Athens to the Pireus, Valo, Salonica, Yamina in Epirus. The Greek ministers became satisfied that they could do more by carrying on the work themselves, and so Dr. Kalopothakes withdrew from the Southern Mission and asked the Southern Committee on Missions to confine their mission work to the Greeks in Turkey as, practically, they had no work in Greece. This has led to misunderstanding and dissatisfaction. We were informed by Rev. Mr. Sampson, of Salonica, that the Southern Church has no objection to the Greek brethren making the experiment of supporting themselves, and were pleased with their efforts, but can see in this no valid reason why they should abandon the field, as the Greek mission effort might fail. The territory is too large to be cared for by those who would do a remarkable thing in supporting themselves. On the other hand, Dr. Kalopothakes and his co-labor-

ers think that the known fact of their receiving help from abroad from an organized source would cripple them and weaken their efforts to get the native churches to carry on the work as their own for themselves.

The method adopted for continuing this work is primitive, but commendable, and works well. To help in the effort Dr. Kalopothakes arranged with the British and Foreign Bible Society to superintend the work at Athens and Valo for one hundred and fifty pounds per year. Dr. Kalopothakes and his co-workers put this money and what comes from the people into a common fund, out of which is taken necessary expenses of each—rent, food, fuel, clothing, doctor bills, &c., and what is left is divided according to the providential needs of each, the size of family, &c. This plan has gathered from the people three times the amount of revenue ever received before. It is better for the churches to feel the responsibility of supporting their ministers, and appreciate their sacrifices in their behalf. It also frees the clergy from the charge of being mere foreign mercenaries, preaching for their salaries and having no heart-interest in the people. Under the care of the Board the native churches did not give even one hundred drachmas, now they give two thousand francs, and the ministers are satisfied with their salaries, though they are greatly less than when under the Board. It has also a good effect on outsiders, who supposed that the work was done only for money, but seeing these sacrifices, they realize that *principle* is underneath.

With \$3,000 a work is done now in Greece which cost the Mission Board of the Southern Church \$10,000. Since the separation there have been larger audiences and more additions to the churches. In the Bible

work there are from eight to ten thousand copies disposed of every year. The government is not unfavorable, but the Greek Church, through its priests, both hinders and persecutes. Their chief difficulty is the conviction of the oneness of the government and the church, so that if there should be any defection from the established church it would be esteemed disloyalty to the government—the same curse of the union of church and state, which destroyed the Christian Church founded by the Apostles, and made it more hopeless than heathenism.

The native mission, through the direction of Dr. Kalopothakes, publishes a child's newspaper which has a circulation of eight thousand among the Greeks. They distribute tracts, a gift from England and America, at the rate of from 60,000 to 100,000 a year. Some of the missionaries teach, and some take boarders into their families to increase the common fund from which they all live, and if sacrifice represents any thing the work ought to take on new strength in Greece.

AMONG THE RUINS OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

THE ship reached the magnificent bay of which Smyrna is the crown jewel in the gray mists of morning. The sun saluted us from out of his curtains of tinted clouds. He had just come from Jerusalem, and still bore upon his bosom the images of Mount Olivet, Mounts Zion and Moriah; his locks were still wet with the dews of Hermon. He cast his many colored rays over the beautiful bay, and to each craft floating on its dimpled surface he lent a smile and a welcome as he looked down from his throne of hills, just as he did eighteen centuries ago, when the Apostle Paul came to it with his message from the skies. Smyrna is

by far the most beautiful of the cities skirting the Mediterranean—indeed, except Beirut, it is the only one worthy of the name. There is an ample and peaceful harbor with a quay to which ships could come, but the Turks insist that it is better to anchor out, and torment the nations with small boats and vagabond boatmen, in order to keep up a system of pillage, which is far firmer here than the Ottoman government.

Smyrna, a clean, well-paved town on the side of the bay, is the most important city of Asia Minor, and before the Greek occupation was one of the Amazonian cities and fortified. It endured the vicissitudes of wars for ages and was abandoned four hundred years, but restored by Alexander the Great, tradition says, by reason of a dream in which he was warned to do so by the Goddess Diana. It had a school of rhetoricians and Sophists and was called the "Forest of Philosophers." Christianity was early introduced and in it was one of the Seven Churches. In A. D. 166 the Christians were persecuted and Bishop Polycarp murdered. It has endured also earthquakes, fires and plagues. The present city is clean, well-paved and on one side the bay is a wall, extending two miles, of cut stone, with brown stone copings. But when the bay is rough the waves dash over it back to the wide avenues, in front of the first line of buildings. The pavements are of stone blocks about two feet square and the handsome buildings are of finely cut stone, or brick, covered with tinted plaster, generally of a delicate straw color, elaborately ornamented, the color being mixed in the plaster, so that the tintings remain. There is on the bay side, back from the wide avenue bordering upon it, a mile or more of splendid walls, new and now being constructed, inclosing gardens of

exceeding beauty, in which are fig trees whose bodies are twelve inches in diameter, with great outspreading branches fifteen feet from the body of the tree, gently drooping with their most luscious harvests. There are the olive trees, small leaved and thin of covering, a modest kind of tree, looking a little like our locust, but smaller, not growing high, but, like all real worth, unpretentious, full of fatness, the very marrow of health and strength. There are acacias of no service but for beauty and shade, and then, like minarets located for effect, the stately cypresses, the slenderest and most graceful curves in all vegetable life, running up sixty to one hundred feet. There are pear trees, peaches, apricots, oranges, with their fruit in every condition, from the green to the richest gold—grapes such as only can be produced in the dews and temperatures of these wonderful skies.

In the spring there are flowers which are now gone, but others, tropical, are always present. Fountains and birds, birds of song and birds of beauty, songless and the nightingale. It costs nothing in the way of money to live here, but every thing in the way of privation to those who know better. Nature has been lavish on every hand, but man has done little except pervert it to his own degradation. In the midst of this beauty and bounty of God and of the abominations of man, who has been born and nurtured in it until he has hardly any conscience in any form, lives a company of our own countrymen and women, together with their kinsmen, the English and Scotch, struggling to awaken in this noisome sepulchre some feeble pulsations of moral life; they are striving with Christian heroism to make them see the difference between the right and wrong and to choose the right from the love of it. It is a

hard service done cheerfully, out of love, for no other reason except that given by the Apostle Paul, charged with madness for doing the same thing, "For the love of Christ constraineth us."

There is no better practical evidence of the divine nature and power of the Christian religion than this willingness to be exiles, all through youth and that part of life which has laudable ambitions, in a country where the multitudes despise them and show it on all sides and occasions. These servants of Christ, knowing themselves to be superior, are yet snubbed by creatures who do not know enough to keep themselves clean or to separate themselves from vermin, and are not morally better than the vagrant dogs that infest the streets. That they endure cheerfully all this until infirmity overtakes them, simply to help those who only look like humanity into better ideas of life, into better moral conditions, into decent cleanliness, is an argument for the sacrificial nature and character of the religion of Jesus Christ which ought, to men of common honesty, to dissipate all scepticism. These men and women are not ignorant fanatics, but graduates of the best Universities of America and England and Germany. They stood high in their classes, have mastered some of them four and five languages, have studied the philosophies of Paganism and the hoary deceptions of heathenism.

The Christian women also conducting these schools for the heathen, where common decency has first to be taught, where inborn lasciviousness and deceit have first to be stifled, are graduates of our best schools, and have mastered these foreign language so that they can write in strange and to us unmeaning characters; they can converse in Armenian, Turk-

ish, Greek and Arabic. These things show the unspeakable ignorance and dishonesty of many at home who have not even a sense of right sufficient to do justice to the truth, and to honor those who intellectually and in cultivation are as superior as their depreciators are shallow and unjust. The simple self-denials of many of these accomplished and really beautiful women touched us as no other demonstrations of goodness in all our lives had done.

We were talking on shipboard with some from our own country and Canada, and asked them how much the American Board paid them; they replied, "Four hundred and fifty dollars a year." "Are you saving any thing for the time when nervous exhaustion or the general breaking down of old age shall come?" "No, we cannot when we have paid board and for clothing, &c. When our girls are sick and are poor, as many are, we pay their doctor's bills, for how could we see our poor pupils suffer?" Others who get their thousands in America and England let the poor suffer, oftentimes their own employees. But these poor missionary sisters, who denied themselves of home, friends, country and all its opportunities, said, in simplicity, "How could we see our poor girls suffer in order to save something for sickness and old age?"

There are in Smyrna several forms of missionary work. One of the most interesting is "The Rest" for sailors. It is a peculiarity of the English, the world over, that wherever they go, even to the ends of the earth, they plant some memorial of the Christian religion. The English may go with sword in hand and cleave their way into the heart of heathenism and their presence may be recorded in blood, but the religion of Jesus Christ, in some of its countless forms of sacrifice,

is left by them. They conquer, it may be said, for selfishness, but they hold their conquests for the betterment of humanity. Here both Scotch and English are working together to the same blessed end, that is the evangelical part of the English Church. The High Church will work with nobody and does very little; no one here does aught but significantly shrug the shoulders when that name is mentioned. It is the reception church exclusives always have and ought to have.

"The Rest" is one of the most hopeful agencies in Smyrna. It was originally the idea of an American, Miss West, who had been laboring among the Armenians in the East, but it has been realized by the English in the form of coffee-rooms, with such modifications as the country and circumstances demand. It was made effective at the start, as we understand, largely by the former efforts with their results of Mrs. Jaffray, of Aberdeen, Scotland, who had been doing missionary work all through and around Smyrna, wherever her strength and Christian ardor would carry her, reading the Scriptures and persuading, as best she could, the homeless in the very words of the Master, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The cry was directed specially to the Greeks, though all were welcome, and she found entrance and respectful hearing in the *cafes* where none would have pledged her security from insult. But God turned the hearts of these rough men by the conviction that she was doing all this for them, that she was not obliged to make her living in that way and it must be a work of love, therefore she was specially theirs and they were obliged to protect her. In 1879 this woman's work was concentrated in "The Rest." An exceedingly advantageous location was obtained and on it was inscribed, "Unto

Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood be glory and dominion forever and ever." The need for such a place will be readily seen; steamers touch there from all points of the world; its population is 200,000; 100,000 Greeks, 80,000 Turks, 12,000 Jews, with a mixture of Europeans, Armenians, Levantines, &c.

"The Rest" was a success from the beginning, God overruled it and men claimed it as theirs, a place which their wearied hearts had long desired. In this rest a comfortable meal can always be had a little lower in price than anywhere else; it has also a reading-room with the freshest literature, secular and moral; a room for the workers, prayer and conference meetings. Bibles in many different languages are for sale at a moderate price. Books are put up in bags for the sailors going out on their voyages, to be exchanged for another bag-full when they come back, and as a general thing they return the books conscientiously and in good condition. The scroll on which was written, "Unto him who hath loved us," is spelled out and commented upon reverentially by the crowds who attend or pass by, and a Greek came one day and copied it, with which to decorate the walls of his house. A lonely Jew who had been troubled about the Messiah was passing by and reading it said, "Yes, this is the place for me." These mottoes are so much appreciated by the people that when they are old and speckled, and are to be replaced by new and cleaner ones, they will beg for the old ones, which they hang in their own chambers. The working staff consists of a manager, two waiters, and a policeman who watches at the door to keep order. The manager is James Wilson, a burly Englishman, who had been for years a hopeless drunkard, rough, profane and un-

ruly, but now he is the impersonation of patience and gentleness. What interested us most was the fact that he was converted in the city of New York, and as we understand, in the meetings of that wonderful man, Jerry McAuley. God only can estimate the blessedness of that saved rescuer of the lost, for whom all mourned at his death.

The Jewish work, ever near the hearts of our Scotch brethren, has had a blessed manifestation in power in "The Rest" in Smyrna. Jews have gathered here to read the Word, and in contact with Christian thought, though indirectly, they have studied the evidences of our Lord's Messiahship and have attended the services more readily because they were in a coffee-house. At the first there was service every Sabbath afternoon in Turkish, and the room was filled, but before three weeks the Greeks were importuning for a service also, and their enthusiasm and determination were the occasion of the coming of the Rev. George Constantine, who was educated in our country, and is so well-known as a faithful and eloquent missionary worker through a long life. He was at Athens, but the call took him from what he had a short time before said was a hopeless field to a point where he has done the best work of his life. The Greeks received him with great favor and crowded the rooms.

A few months since a mob, which had its beginning in a few noisy boys, but which rapidly increased in numbers and violence, stoned "The Rest," where Dr. Constantine was preaching, his house, where his wife was alone with a servant, the school of the American Board, and the houses of the native Christians. The windows were all broken, but fortunately no one suffered injury. The mob was incited by the Greek

Church, always jealous, lazy, ignorant and suspicious, both hateful and hating. The occasion was the uniting of a somewhat prominent family in the Greek Church with the Mission church over which Dr. Constantine is pastor. The American Consul, Mr. Emmett, immediately interfered, and telegraphed to the Turkish government, which at once answered that they should be protected. Turkish protection means quartering soldiers on the injured party, and this required the additional expense of employing two servants to watch the soldiers, to keep them from carrying off all they had.

It is a pleasure in this connection to record the admiration and gratitude of the mission workers for the American Consul and his defence of his countrymen. It is by no means the universal treatment which missionaries receive at the hands of these officials, who too often show no sympathy with their countrymen, and as often in a contemptible way traduce them and their work, telling travellers that they are largely living on the substance of their misguided countrymen, and are doing no good.

The work of Pastor Constantine is independent, though the American Board contributes to his support. The means to carry on "The Rest" is sent to him mostly by individuals, together with support given by native Christians themselves. It was thought that in having it independent it would better reach the class with whom he wrought, beside giving him a better opportunity to develop the disposition to selfsupport, and also the spirit of individual sacrifice in sustaining the gospel among them. The populace have had no idea of doing any thing for nothing; they expect to be paid for caring for their own souls. This Pastor Constantine is trying to change and laboring to get them to

support themselves, and to do missionary service as laymen for love of the cause. Though his work was injured by the mob, and by the attacks of the native papers terrorizing the people, still we believe it will come up all the stronger for its persecutions. But he has no helper, and does not know where to find the man to take the pastorate of the church in order that he might give himself entirely to evangelical services.

We only regret that our space limits us, for the work is worthy of a half-dozen letters. It is producing fruits everywhere; the very winds are its ministers carrying its seed and laying it down on sea and land in secure places, and when God calls the roll of the givers and helpers to hear the report of their labors, we can think of him as calling to the nations to stand up and give their testimony. Many in that day will rise and say, "I heard the gospel and accepted from 'The Rest' in Smyrna;" another, "I had a leaflet, when sorely tossed on the billow, which I read to kill time, and it saved me;" another, "I was told by my companion up the mast what he heard in the house of 'Rest' in Smyrna, and I believed;" another, "I had a Testament and it saved me, and others heard out of its pages and it saved them;" others had crumbs in the form of letters and texts, and others were cared for when penniless and sick, and as these wondrous revelations are made from out of graves and from the depths of the sea, and from the uttermost parts of the earth, would it be strange if the wonderful drama in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew will not in some part be realized? "Lord, when saw we thee a hungered or athirst," &c.

There will be such a harvesting, for fruits have grown from this stalk. The truth has manifested itself in the desire and its actual accomplishment of restitu-

tion. Zaccheus has been represented in this home by those who made restitution of ill-gotten gains. Heroism in confessing Christ Jesus has been witnessed too. Here, where every thing is made of a good name among associates, and where a taunt withers men to the roots, Pastor Constantine said, speaking of this weakness, "I doubt if any of you have the New Testament, and if any have, you would be ashamed to own it," when at least fifty hands went up quickly. The desire to buy the Word of God is increasing, and if our people who let it be neglected would think what this means they would be ashamed of their estimate of the pearl of great price. The price of a day's labor is not more than five cents of our money; consider then, after a man has supported himself and family at this rate, what toil and sweat he must put into one dollar and seventy-five cents to obtain the whole Word of God. Yet there are thousands of such sacrifices made for it every year. Contribution boxes at the doors gather of the voluntary earnings of these poor people from fifty to an hundred dollars annually. The cause of temperance has its share in the general progress; in the midst of abundance of wine at twenty cents a bottle, and as common as water, men and women drink water. A young man was reproached for his attendance at the gospel temperance meetings and replied, "All I once earned went for drink. Now I have two suits of clothes, money in my pocket, no headaches, no heart-aches, and this is what I have gained by attending the temperance meetings." Another said, "For twenty-seven years I have been a wine-bibber, a liar, a thief, and no one helped me, but at 'The Rest' I was taught my danger and sinfulness. Now I am a respectable man, a forgiven sinner, and a happy Christian." Gen-

eral results are unmistakable. "Do not be disheartened," said a prominent merchant. "We in the battles of life see what you cannot see in the missions; your work is seen in the markets, on the docks, daily in less disposition to lie and cheat, less profaneness, and a purer conception of life's social duties." The enemy is also at work, but this in itself is an argument in favor of the work. Bands blow, monkeys perform, and hand-organs set up opposition. An advertisement was plastered over the walls of the city and scattered in hand-bills that a man on a donkey would, on the same hour as service, ascend in a balloon; but "The Rest" people were in their places in full force. Sunday schools, night-schools, Bible classes, temperance and prayer-meetings, free conversational services, only partly make up the daily programme. Fully ten thousand people each year hear the gospel in some form or language in this place. How easy it would be for thousands of English and Americans to support such places, for they do not cost more than half as much as mission churches in either England or America. In the church of Pastor Constantine there are about eighty regular members, but in these heathen lands, as in Christian, a work cannot be measured only by its communicants.

The work of the American Board is in good state of progress. It has here a valuable property of fully a half square, on which is a beautiful chapel only finished last year, which is the preaching place for three services for each Sabbath, Greek, Turkish and Armenian. It has one or more Sabbath-schools. There is a mission house of the proportion of a small palace, occupied by the teachers and others connected with their Female College. They have just finished a large and elegant school building, with recitation rooms and

dormitories. The chairs and extension tables had just been received from Boston. We felt like taking them by the legs and giving them a hearty shake in the name of our country, which, with all its wickedness and shortcomings, is glorious in her work for the perishing in heathen lands. Beside these are other buildings, inferior in style, and room for a building for a Bible and Book Depository, which will soon be built. The property of this mission aggregates more than \$50,000. In the school there are thirty-five boarders and as many day scholars, who pay, if they are able, about ninety dollars a year, but many receive help. Dr. Bartlett has a school for boys, a new work, in which are several boarders, a kindergarten, in all amounting to about one hundred. Dr. Bartlett has been on the field twenty-six years, the best of his life being given in this self denying, wearying service, the rewards of which have ever been largely in the domain of hope, but in the first rays of his sunsetting they are beginning to appear within the line of vision.

The Scotch are here also after the Jews, of course, who, when the remnant according to grace is gathered in, we shall expect to see coming up to their final inheritance led by the Scotch. There is a medical hospital in good prosperity, under the care of Pastor Donaldson. This work was retarded for a while in the death of Rev. Mr. Spaith, at whose service there was an average attendance of more than one hundred. This servant of our Lord had the confidence of the Jews and could preach to them with wonderful power and attractiveness. We are sorry that only fragments of this work could be gathered, as the superintending physician and head of hospital department were not to be seen in the brief time allotted to this mission. On

our way to the steamer we met Dr. Scott, himself a Jewish convert, who has, through his abilities, a great influence. He told us that over six thousand each year are treated. He is not an ordained minister, but does his work as a layman, and on this account has some advantages in his religious work. The workers in this field are able and faithful men and women, agreeable companions, and who made our stay delightful, and we parted from them with regrets, most of all that we should never see all their faces again. Some of them are nearly worn out, and we can only wish that the close of life may be serene, and that the toil of years for the Master may come in rich rewards, with angel faces to smile upon them and break the shadows of the eventide.

Smyrna lies in a crescent of a mountain range. Near the top of one is a lone cypress tree, under which are the ashes of Polycarp, or rather, perhaps the place where he was burned. A Turk, with their usual impudence, built his tomb on top of it, and had himself buried in martyr ashes, perhaps only sorry that he had not had the pleasure of reducing them; or perhaps overwhelmed with the sentimentality of the lying prophet, who seduced and destroyed the nameless prophet of God, sent to warn Jeroboam after he had been slain, and then said with infinite coolness, "Bury me in the same grave."

EPHESUS AND ITS RUINS.

THE journey is made by an English railway in about two hours and a half, the distance being about forty miles. The road is up a valley, which is a bed of pebbles, boulders and sand. There is not a doubt that the ocean waves swept through this vale for many ages. It is a valley of wonderful fertility. Vines cover the ground, and among these are scattered, like orchards, olives which are a delicate silvery shade of green. Here are the most luxuriant fig trees, hundreds of them, with their great notched leaves on branches fifteen or twenty feet from their trunks. The mountains on each side are covered with soil, and in the spring are rich in abundant pastures. But they are the homes of the brigands, who are increasing in number and ferocity under the effete Turkish government. They venture into the very streets of Smyrna, and by their allies therein they mark every stranger who may be thought worth robbing, or whose friends are able to pay a ransom. It is, therefore, somewhat perilous to visit the ruins, and will become, in all probability, more so, until there is a government able to cope with these brigands.

As the ruins of Ephesus are neared the mountains open out until the valley in which are the ruins is entered, and at the point of entrance they close in so as to include a circular plain of probably five or ten thousand acres, with Mount Prion within the circle. The first object in view are the arches, about thirty

feet high, on which the aqueducts rested, some of them in a good state of preservation, while many are gone. The water-course can easily be identified, and its flow from the mountains traced, but at the time of their use there must have been far more water than there is now, for such a city could not have been supplied from any source now attainable.

Beyond, on the east, on what the Turks call Ayasuluk, is the Acropolis, a splendid ruin, Roman in its material and structure. It has been faced with marble and backed up with brick, which is peculiarly Roman. One is reminded of the same construction in ruins in Rome, such as the Baths of Caracalla. The destruction of such arches, seven to ten feet in thickness, is an unaccountable surprise, but earthquakes, the storms of the heavens, and the slower but surer destroyer, time with its neglects, will account for it. The real desolation of this once magnificent city does not appear, for nature hates ruins and does its best to hide or adorn them. Life is always fighting death, and the ivy and myrtle will begin at once to cover up the wrecks of the past. God has appointed for all things graves or hiding-places against the time of catastrophe or of decay.

It is a disappointment to find the ruins of the Temple of Diana in the plain between the Acropolis and Mount Prion. A building of such proportions, to our ideas, would have had a much better effect on the mountain, but ideas, like men, are as changeable, and it is useless to speculate. This ruin was discovered by the English archæologist, Mr. Wood, who at his own expense has made most of the excavations now to be seen. The pavement was the first part reached from under eighteen feet of alluvial deposits, then the walls, gates

and columns, most of which have been carried to the British Museum. There is little now to be seen except a great pit, half filled with water in the rainy season, but as we beheld it, full of rubbish and dry dirt, but the grave of the Temple is here, and as in all other of man's greatest creations, they lie down at last in the capacious bosom of earth.

The Temple was of the Ionic order, with eight columns in front and two rows of columns on the sides, these were five feet in diameter and thirty-six of the number sculptured. The Temple was one hundred and sixty-four feet wide by three hundred and forty-three feet in length. The whole structure rested on a platform nearly ten feet from the pavement. The Statue of Diana was made of wood and kept veiled. According to the Apostle Paul, the Ephesians believed that it had come down from heaven the gift of Jupiter. On her head was a mineral crown, on her breast the signs of the zodiac, the necklace was of acorns, lions were engraved on her arms to denote power; her hands stretched out to receive all that would come. The Temple had large estates and immense revenues, and was an asylum for criminals and debtors. Its priests were eunuchs, many of whom were descended from Athenian Princes, and took the title of kings. The priestesses were virgins so beautiful that King Aristarchus, the Great, left the city to avoid their temptations, and all this is reduced to skeleton fragments and powdered dust. There is not a graveyard so poor as this grave of once colossal grandeur. Only goodness is immortal. The poor Asiatic who surveyed it and was persecuted on account of it, with his companions, lives, and the superstructure which they built on the rejected corner-stone remains, all else is dust. The destruction of this eighth

Temple is imputed to a decree of Constantine, dating between A. D. 341 and 352. While he may have issued the decree it was but the echo of that uttered in the last message from heaven to the seven churches. Dead orthodoxy, a sound creed but a cold heart, was its curse. The decree was written against a loveless heart, the same decree of death which the apostle Paul wrote as a postscript to one of his letters, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema, maranatha." So the Temple of Diana is gone, her statue is gone, Demetrius and all the men of his craft are gone and their shrines also, and the worshippers of the great temple are gone too.

The pilgrim treads carelessly in its rubbish. The air is filled with clouds of dust, of the ashes of the multitudes who lived and died in the glory and decay of the wonderful city whose curse was "Because thou hast left thy first love." On the south side of Mount Prion many tombs have been uncovered, and their contents have either been carried away or have gone into imperceptible dust. Some of these have Greek inscriptions, and belong unmistakably to the Greek period in the history of the city. These costly tombs extend fully a mile, so that on this side of the Mount the dead have had a long sleep, but they have to go back into the earth with the rest, for there are no distinctions that time has made which time does not also destroy. It did seem hard that these old dignitaries, before whom heralds went crying at their glorious comings, and before whom the multitudes bowed, who had such splendid funerals and were ambitious as to who should have the finest tombs, should be upset and their marble houses taken from under them, while strangers look into the sockets of their grinning skulls or profane hands should toss

them over into the common rubbish piles of centuries. The shadow of fallen greatness crept over us in sadness for the moment, but then the sense of the ridiculous, that mischievous intruder into sacred things, brought up the picture of the final helplessness of the world's great and rich ones in such light that greatness itself appeared like a farce, a Punch and Judy performance, first for the world to stare at and then to laugh at. In Alexandria, when the English opened up to travel their railway to Cairo, it was said that the stokers upon the engines kindled their fires with the spicewood coffins and the mummies which they contained, and that they would say to their helpers, "Here, we have had enough of those *plebeians*, they don't burn worth a cent; hand us on a king."

Appearing from the mountain-side are archways, whether they were highways or waterways or streets is not certainly determined, but under the rubbish of centuries lies buried one of the finest cities the earth ever bore on its bosom. Only little holes have as yet been made into its secrets, it would require millions to uncover and years to explore. We may be pardoned if we deflect a little to give a short account of the guide who led the man who is trying to describe to us these mysteries. When the railway was reached and inquiry was made for the hotel-keeper, he was absent, and we were left to the tender mercies of those Oriental vultures known as "guides," "muleteers," "donkey drivers" and their kind. We saw posted on the walls of the hotel that a horse and Turkish saddle was to be had for five francs, and the guide was five francs. This was settled as the price also by a bargain, but bargains will not last through breakfast here, and while we ate other counsels prevailed. When ready to start there

were three horses in waiting instead of one, one for the traveller, one for the guide, and one for the boy who was expected to hold the horses where riding might be impossible. We commenced an investigation at once into the suspicious proceeding. The guide was called, who was a little bow-legged, big-footed, squint-eyed individual, with European trousers patched at all points of the compass, of whom we inquired, "What does this mean?"

Shrugging his shoulders in the usual way, he replied, "Nothing, nothing, monsieur, only a horse for you, one for me, and another for the boy who holds the horses."

"How much do all these cost?"

"Just what you wish to pay."

"But this does not suit me, and if I do not know I will not go," and we then began moving toward the railway station, saying, "I do not want to see your ruin anyhow, its nothing, nothing."

Then he said, "Twenty francs, and that is nothing to see Ephesus and the Temple of the great Diana."

"But you said ten francs before breakfast."

"Ah! that was for myself, I am a philosopher, and Plato, like me, knows a great deal." And putting his hand to his forehead indicated the vastness of his knowledge.

We imitated the gesture, putting the hand to the head, and said, "Plato walked, you are a peripatetic, you can carry your knowledge on your legs; I am an Epicurean, I'll ride."

By this time he was boiling with rage and screamed and gesticulated wildly saying, "I get fifty francs from Mr. Wood, the Englishman, and show him every thing."

"Very well, I'm going back," and started for the station. He grew calmer and began to argue, and said that he would walk with the American gentleman through the ruins and show him every thing for five francs. It was noontide and the heat was going up from the earth in tremulous waves, and he fanned himself furiously, thinking that the banter would not be accepted, but we said, "Come on." Crestfallen and utterly routed he started, leaving the horses and saddles with their masters, who looked as if they were making the air blue. The old guide got over the sulks somewhat as he described, in a mixture of Turkish and English, the discoveries by Mr. Wood, of which only an occasional word could be understood. But, having studied the ruins before, we were able to understand the position. There was a marked difference in the length of the legs of the explorers. We moved on in a healthful stretch, he walked a little, and to keep up was then obliged to strike a trot which made him pant. As he had posed in the beginning on his knowledge, we said, "You know very much, you are a great man, how is it you cannot keep up, you have to run?"

He said he could not see how one could go so fast in the heat. We said, "Hurry up and we will explain so you will never forget. You see my legs are like the hind wheels of a wagon, and yours are like the little ones before, yours have to go round nearly three times to my once, don't you see, Plato?"

"Yes, but it's so warm."

"But I can show you that this is best for you. In the winter the pores of your skin are stopped up with dirt, but the heat in summer blows the stoppers out, and the waste of your system goes out, do you see, Plato?"

"Yes," gruffly and pulled off his sheep skin coat.

"That's right, you will feel the better for that, had you not better take your jacket off too, for we are only getting in motion. Now explain all about the school of the philosophers."

As we moved on in double quick he sat down and said, "You kill me! If you go so fast I can't think, can't tell you nothing, I am hot, my head must be cool or you will learn nothing, and you will lose your five francs."

After we had taught him that he was not half so cunning as he thought, we made a compromise which, but for the great moral lesson intended, we would gladly have made half an hour before, and passed on then leisurely.

Following the line of ruins from the south around by the west, where they are more exposed, the wonders of buried and broken art began to appear in fragments of marvellous workmanship, foundations of prodigious proportions, patches where the walls are yet perfect, and steps up the sides of Mount Prion. We passed the ruins of the Greek schools over arches perfect and of almost matchless workmanship. As we stepped from one wonder to another we were borne back into the glories of centuries past. Northward the brick backing again appeared, so characteristic of the time of the Roman ascendancy. The Theatre, one of the most wonderful, was cut out of the rock of Mount Prion, and would hold ten thousand people, and the whole mountain side was full of this dismantled greatness. We passed over the sites of mysteries of Ceres and the Eleusinian, and the School of Magic. In the Temple of Hecate the Emperor Julian started on his apostacy, which had such a tragic ending. He

became, like many others who have fallen since, probably a Spiritualist, then known as Magic. He fell low indeed, and woke to a consciousness of it in dying, as he flung the bloody dust in the air and cried, "O Nazarene, thou hast conquered!"

The ruins on the north are most imposing, though not in the highest style of art, because perhaps less protected and in some respects in better preservation. The whole plain has been covered, but the debris has settled, and it would require the removal of probably fifty feet of fragments and earth to disclose all. The city of Ephesus once reached to the sea, but the sea has receded until it must be three miles away, just as some time in the past it left this whole valley.

On the east side the ruins continue, not so visibly grand as on the south, west and north sides, but here there is a stretch of ancient wall several hundred feet long and about twenty-five feet high. This is supported by arches crossing at right angles, under which may have been a street or a market. It is now a place of shelter for the caravan, an extemporized kahn, in which the camel traders take refuge in their journeys. The ruins are all that is visible of the great city of the Ephesians, one of the wonders of the world, the cradle of Hellenistic mythology, next to Athens in art, and next to Jerusalem in holy associations, almost the birthplace of Christianity, at least its stronghold for ages, the scene of the most wonderful apostolical labors. The remnants of its architectural splendor may be found in Constantinople in the church of St. Sophia, in Pisa, and also wherever the Turk could scatter them; in his stone fences will be seen pieces of beautiful columns, capitals that would have delighted Praxiteles. The Turk creates nothing,

and spoils every thing. On the way is a Turkish tomb, plastered and whitewashed as usual, in the likeness of an old Pennsylvania Dutch bake oven, the door of which is made of a piece of marble, picked out of the rubbish, covered with exquisite designs in the highest conception of art. The Turk has taken these beautiful columns and built on top of them, of unburnt brick and plaster, a harem, a tomb, or any thing else that suited his atrocious instincts. The other five Apocalyptic cities are utter desolations, hardly enough of ruins left to identify them if man had left them alone. But there is a resurrection for all dead things, and it has come here. Nations have been exploring and rifling until only insignificant remains can be seen. Other lands have been adorned by the beautiful things exhumed here.

MARSINE.

IN one of those mornings of mingled mist and sunshine, while the clouds still hung over the hills, our ship anchored off this beautiful little city. It is strung along the shore and presents a peaceful appearance, all the apparent activity being in the movements of the boatmen, with their many colored costumes, fezes and turbans. Here we went ashore in quest of our countrymen, the missionaries. They are always hospitable and glad to see those from the far-away fatherland. A guide conducted us to the house of the only American who represented our country, and we mounted one stairway after another, pounding at the doors as we passed, not knowing whether we were going into a home or a harem, until a room was

reached on the walls of which hung certain identifying pictures, familiar to walls at home. The first was "The Spirit of '76," the drumming up of recruits by the old heroes. There was also the spirit of '64 in the battle of Gettysburgh, and other more peaceful pictures, which assured us by their severe welcome that this was a home in which both religion and patriotism dwelt, and were sustained at the same altar.

Pushing on a little further we received the hearty greeting of Rev. David Metheny, M.D. We had never looked into each other's faces, but were friends at once. He was at his breakfast, and with his genuine missionary hospitality had at his table a family of Italians, feeding them for Christ's sake. They had been converted from Roman Catholicism in one of the Missions, and were on their way to Egypt to find employment because of the famine now prevailing in this part of the country, caused by the utter failure of the winter and spring rains. His family were at their home, eighteen miles up in the mountains, but owing to the clearness of the air it was in sight and did not seem more than five miles away. At this mountain home the school is kept in the warm weather and down in the city at the ocean's side in the winter. These two properties belong to the Doctor personally. We infer that he is blessed with means, and with the more blessed spirit leading him to use them in the Master's service. The work done by him in Latakia during the last twenty-three years, and the work recently begun here, show both the liberality of the plucky little church he represents, the Reformed Presbyterian, and his own benevolence in its behalf. It makes a showing of which any Presbyterian church might take comfort, and especially when it is considered that this denomination has

only about eleven thousand members in the United States. But they are of the right stuff. Possibly this may be the reason why they are not bulky.

This mission has a good neighbor, the American Board, and good fellowship and helpfulness comes out of their mutual friendships. As an evidence of this Dr. Metheny pointed to a place in the first story of his house and incidentally remarked, "This is where brother Montgomery, the famous missionary of the American Board at Adena, keeps his horse. I keep mine out of doors." It will be understood that in the construction of Oriental houses the ground story is devoted to such uses. The American Board works mainly with the Turks, the Reformed Presbyterians with the Arabs. In Marsine, under care of Dr. Metheny, are schools for both boys and girls—forty-two pupils in the boarding school and about thirty-five girls in the day schools. In Tarsus there is a boarding school of thirty-two boys and ten girls. In another village school near Marsine there are thirty boys and twenty girls. In Tarsus is a day school of thirty boys and ten girls. In another there are five boys and thirty girls, and still another near Tarsus has fifteen boys. There are religious services in all these, preaching wherever a place can be found to stand upon and people to hear. The Reformed Presbyterians are slow in receiving people into their communion even at home, but more careful here. But they have over two hundred communicants worthy of the name. In Latakia the Turkish government closed several of their schools. Nobody thinks of asking any reason for this. The Turkish government does any thing it pleases, and no reason that ever governed any other people would explain their action. Nothing but what is known in our

country as "pure cussedness" will approximate to a conclusion. Still there are several schools in good condition doing good work under the care of Rev. H. Easson in Latakia.

Dr. Metheny's work is specially among a hereditary sect, which do not propagate their religion by proselyting. They number about three hundred thousand, and are different in language and customs from any others. They are a solitary people in their badness. It is a secret religion, with degrees and secret means of recognition; attached to the violation of any of the obligations connected with this mystic secret service is a penalty executed by a Committee of Twelve who adjudge the case, and who become responsible for the execution of terrible penalties whenever they deem it expedient. One of this sect, on professing Christianity, divulged the secrets of the order, and was overtaken years after and slain and his tongue cut out, which is still preserved in a bottle in Tarsus. The facts concerning the case have been published in Beyrut.

It is hard to take in the terrible changes which have come here. Tarsus, "no mean city" as the apostle says, with its Grecian and Roman culture, its poets and orators the most famous, her Asiatic son Saul, such a city in ruins, nothing to mark her once splendid history, a miserable and almost forsaken village marking the ancient site, with nothing to show but dirt, dreariness and squalor, inhabited by a people determined to know no better, is one of the paradoxes of God's providence, before which we are speechless. The apostle only gives a glimpse into this darkness in the first chapter of the Romans. But how is the grace of God magnified in relieving contrast by the fact that men and women, for the unconquerable love they have for Him who re-

deemed them, will leave home, friends, ambition, family ties, literally forsaking father and mother, strangle patriotism, give up the luxury which wealth tempts all men to long for, for foreign missionaries are not all poor and they have had good social relationships, laying all down at Christ's feet, and patiently enduring here as seeing him who is invisible. Let infidelity bring out its heroes or close its lips forever. Let it sneak back into the rear, a camp-follower in the army of advancing Christianity and civilization.

The work at Marsine could be greatly extended at the present if the Reformed Church would accept the generous offer of Mrs. Metheny to give a lot on which to erect a school building for the children of the poor, not only an orphan asylum, but a home for the penniless. There is a famine in the land just now, and multitudes of parents would gladly give their children to save them from starvation, all the more gladly because they know these devoted missionaries. They have the utmost confidence in Dr. Metheny as a physician, and they know that health would be cared for, and also because they know the value of a Christian education and moral training, and it is impossible to find parents so depraved as not to wish their children to be better than themselves. Many would gladly have given their children before this but for the fearful oppression of opinion and the ostracisms of caste. But now they have an excuse which even heathenism cannot resist, which Mohammedanism cannot gainsay, "Is it not better that the missionary should have them than that they should starve?" The offer of Mrs. Metheny's generosity is a lot which lies between the Doctor's house and the sea, in the most favorable condition for health and comfort. It is an opportunity to push the work of missions

which will come to a church only once in a lifetime. We hope the Reformed Presbyterian Church will not miss this most favorable providence of God.

In this far-off heathen land bloom the rare flowers of self-sacrifice. A young Jew was engaged in a clothing house and came into friendly relations with Dr. Metheny, who in course of conversation remarked incidentally that he too belonged to the household of the faith; which led the young man to inquire how this could be. He took up the Scriptures with him and read the promises of the Jew's Messiah, his character, his work, his treatment, as described by the prophets; and then compared these with the facts of the New Testament. Patiently the young man studied for himself, for he was a first-class Greek and Hebrew scholar, until he was able to give sufficient reason for a change of heart. His employers became restless and warned him about his friendship with Dr. Metheny, saying that he would upset his faith, but he said, "*He* has not done it, but the Book," and commenced showing them out of their own Scriptures. But this was all the more exasperating, and they told him he would have to leave. But he said, "Am I not doing your work as well as before? am I worth any less to you because I believe what the Jewish Scriptures have written?" Here was trial at the beginning; to be an outcast from all his people and lose three hundred pounds a year and his commissions beside. He could have kept his place, and his convictions too, if he had not been baptized. But in the face of all, he confessed before them his rejected Lord and was baptized. He was ostracised by the Jews and hostilities were awakened by them in the minds of the natives. His father, who was rich, disowned him, and he was, as his first-born, entitled to

every thing. As is usual, when a Jew gives up the faith of his fathers, funeral services were held, curses were pronounced against him and all born of him, and he declared a vagabond on the earth. But he endured all rather than give up his convictions of the clear teachings of the Scriptures. As he was penniless and without friends or any possibility of making a living, he applied to Dr. Metheny to send him to America that he might get away from the curses of his people. The Doctor gave him the means of going, saying, "This is but loaned to you; I will not give the slightest occasion to the Jews to repeat their usual story that I bought you. If you are never able to pay it back, or are sick, it will be forgiven; but if you are prosperous you must return it," and the morning of our arrival Dr. Metheny had received a letter telling him that his money was ready for him.

Another case is almost as remarkable. A Greek bishop sent his children to the mission school, for which his people persecuted him and called him a Protestant; for the hostility of the dead Greek Church to missions is greater than that of the Roman Catholic Church in Spain. But the bishop kept on; he would not deprive his children of the knowledge of the truth which had perished in his own Church ages before; and what was the secret of all this? It will show the indirect influence of mission example and teaching. He had been reared in his youth under the influence of Protestant missions in Syria and had absorbed the quiet influence, which so shaped his life that he was ready to stand the persecution of his people for the good of his family. Now, his daughter is a teacher in one of the mission schools and is doing good work, though reviled by her own people. She has not left the Greek Church, but is living a

Christian in it and doing Christian work out of it, and soon her life will tell on the young among her companions ; for the good will always conquer and opposition will develop her superiority, and her profession will win others. Thus the work of reformation will go through her father's congregation, and before they know it they will be lifted to a higher plain of life and duty.

A little change in our consular arrangements would help these self-sacrificing countrymen, and we are sure if the President or Secretary Bayard understood the petty torments which the Turkish government inflicts upon them without mitigation from our consular service, they would change it. The fact is but too apparent that these consuls of ours often have no sympathy and no sense of justice to their countrymen in this struggle. Often, being worldly men, they do not believe in Foreign Missions, and say, "What is the use of bothering about such an abominable people as these Turks, they are not worth saving." One of our consuls said to me, in 1879, about the Syrians, "If I had my way I would send them all to the devil." Others say, "Their religion is good enough for them ; let them alone, you only make them good-for-nothing in giving them any other." If this had been the logic of the church the world would all be in heathenism, it would have left our own shores in barbarism. Heathen Turks, Armenians, Arabs and Egyptians are not a particle worse than heathen Indians, whom we see Christianized every day.

Of course, we are speaking only of a troublesome minority of our consular service, but it needs correcting. In Marsine the man who acts as consul is an Englishman who has no sympathy with any thing American ; he is a

hindrance, and our people could get on better with the Turkish officials without him. In no case ought a foreigner to be appointed unless an American cannot be found. The missionaries, if they will accept such a position, are the best fitted for it, for they have the confidence of the people and represent the country to them as no foreigners can do; they are loyal and loving to their country, some of them have served in its battles and hospitals. It would help their influence if they were made either consuls or vice-consuls instead of consular agents. In this country a government title means every thing; and this need not increase their compensation, where they get any, and where they do it without compensation it gives them ability to do their work better. For instance, the consul at Beirut, of whom we hear only in terms of universal satisfaction, would be helped greatly in his usefulness if he were made consul-general. Wherever we have a first-rate man, he ought to have all that dignity which the government can give, especially as he does not get much else.

There was a verse familiar to our childhood which we found verified in every part of the globe:

"If you roam the world below
 You will find New England men,
 And if you roam the world above
 You will find them there again."

New England men are planted all over Asia Minor, not only as missionaries, but as adventurers in trade. Agricultural implements of every kind are everywhere offered for sale, reapers, mowers, separators, patent medicines. In sight of where we anchored, right in Alexandretta, is an American engine puffing its best, snorting until the mountains echo in genuine American fashion, press-

ing and preparing for the Philadelphia market the licorice root with which the tobacco which our countrymen masticate is mixed, and with which they make self-ejecting squirt guns of their mouths. There are also railroads, either owned or managed by Americans. Strange as it may appear there is a railway into Tarsus, which is far beyond the prophetic dreams of the apostle, though he had travelled in thought into the third heavens. Nahum was the only railroad prophet, but even he did not say exactly when "the chariots should rage in the streets or jostle against each other in the broadways, or shall seem like torches and run like the lightnings."

From Marsine to Tarsus, about eighteen miles, is a railway which was intended to be carried on to a junction with a road through the valley of the Euphrates toward China. Our own countryman, Mr. Elliott Shepherd, of New York City, was here, whether or not in railroad interests we do not certainly know, but he did not leave this part of Asia Minor without memorials of his Christian sentiments and beneficence. There is a school in the bounds of the territory of the Reformed Presbyterian missions, founded for him and sustained by him. There is another worker well known in our country and deservedly so, for he has founded and is carrying on a grand work for the American Board. We regret exceedingly that we did not see "Bishop," as we shall style him, G. F. Montgomery, whose headquarters are at Adena; he has one of the largest mission churches in Asia Minor, if not the banner church, with a building which would appear well in any of our home cities, and hundreds of communicants. His people are Armenia-Turkish; he has a denominational school, a female seminary and district schools all over the

country, and we were informed that he had from three to five hundred persons at his ordinary prayer-meetings. His brethren believe in him and love him, both for himself and his work; and from their enthusiastic accounts we infer that he is a missionary war-horse with the bridle pulled off.

This little city from which we are parting has some history worth a word of recapitulation. In sight of the harbor is the spot once covered by a fort and city called Pompeiopolis, built by Pompeii for the purpose of cutting off the ancient pirates, who nearly dominated this part of the coast. In the mountains in the background, whose heads are bathed in the mists which creep up from the sea, is a notch or deep depression known as the "Cilician Gates," through which the great Persian generals led their hosts backwards and forwards in their contests either in victory or defeat. This morning, deluged in rain, we find ourselves anchored in a snug little bay between famous ranges which enclose it from storms, just opposite the town of Alexandretta. Before, as in a little valley in a crescent of the mountain, is the spot where Alexander the Great gained over Darius the famous victory of Issus. All over these mountains men speared and thrust each other until their dead bodies rolled into the sea and their blood soaked the soil. No marks are left; the green mountains have cleansed themselves long ago of the stains of human cruelty and the marks of violence through human ambition. It is peaceful now and a September sun has conquered the storm, and the light dances on the ripples of the blue waters in the bay, while the noontide rays have climbed to the mountaintops, where they are glorifying in gold and opal the clouds of mists so reluctant to quit the scene.

The town, which squats on one side of the bay, was, as its name indicates, intended to perpetuate the name and fame of a man whose soul went out on the breath of Bacchus. It is a fit monument of one who died as a fool dieth, and this greatness is only the background to show his amazing folly. The town is like all Turkish remains; the few houses standing look imposing, for whitewashing with the Turks is the ultimatum of splendor; but if one ventures upon the shore he will return disgusted. There is an old version of Jonah and the whale associated with it which may give a better picture than jaded imagination. It is said that after the whale had gone all through the Mediterranean with his human freight, and was not able to relieve himself, he saw Alexandretta and it made him sick, and Jonah was shot out on dry land.

WHAT IS MISSIONARY WORK?

WE have given the subject too narrow limits, confining the minds of the people and discouraging the work by a wrong definition. The popular idea is that of converting man from sin and ignorance, and their degradations unto God, and starting in their souls by the Spirit of God impulses of eternal life. This is the ultimate of all mission work, but it branches out into a thousand avenues. Whatever even tends in this direction is missionary work. Limiting the work only to the conversion of souls or the building up of Christian life leaves out all the patient service of seed-sowing before harvest can be thought of, and even seed-sowing is not the first process. There is the preparation for this which requires long labor and patient endurance in

acquiring the language, by which truth is conveyed, gaining the confidence of men into which the truth is received, impressing them of their need by uprooting the hindrances. In other words, "preparing the way of the Lord, making his paths straight," then sowing and enduring the slow processes of germination and cultivating, and then the harvesting, the converting and gathering together into the church, whatever contributes to this end is missionary work and essential. Much scepticism in the minds of the world, and much depression in Christian hopes have resulted from turning the work upside down and making it rest on its apex instead of its base.

To illustrate, if a man wears a shirt-collar in this country until the natives make up their minds that it is a good and becoming thing, and imitate it, he is a missionary and has done a good work as far as it goes, and has contributed to the ultimate of Christian life; for a man may have a new heart put into a dirty body, but it will not stay there without making the body clean. Men and women came here as missionaries from England and America, with the conviction that their first and most special duty was to convert these heathen to God, but toiled apparently in vain, their hopes set to this ideal perished, but all the time they wore handsome European shoes, and in a few years the natives have European shoes, clean feet and stockings, and have been convinced without knowing it that missionary ways were better than theirs, and began a life of assimilation and imitation which leads to the adopting of moral ideas as well. Such have done good missionary work, for it all tends to the desired end, salvation and its sanctification.

A man comes as a missionary having the saving of souls as his ultimatum, and while laboring for it ties his shoe-strings neatly until every heathen ties his the same way, he has done missionary work and will not lose his reward. This has been impressed upon us in a new light, and with great force, in the contrast between the clothing of the people of this country now and seventeen years ago. Our companion at that time, Rev. Stewart Mitchell, of Bloomsburgh, Pa., will bear us out in our statement that along the natives we did not see a dozen pairs of European shoes from Jerusalem to Beirut; then they had a single sole or a piece of wood with a strap through which the foot was thrust, or red shoes, turned up at the end like a skate, or were bare-foot. Stockings on the feet of native men or women were not seen once a week, now the finest shoes produced anywhere are worn by a large proportion of the people in towns. Women wear beautiful French made shoes, and European coats and trousers are seen frequently. All this has been brought about by the residence and example of the missionaries, who came before commerce or railways or tourists, who prepared the way for them, made the highways safe, so that now knowledge is running to and fro in the earth.

What is this but missionary triumph? The fact is so apparent that one need not look for its confirmation, for it will thrust itself upon him, that the natives are following the styles of the missionaries and adopting their ideas, and have already admitted their superiority in modes of life and becoming conduct. Even the Turks are getting ashamed of their marriage relations, because they recognize the inferiority of their wives and daughters to Europeans with whom they are brought in contact. A Turk sat at the table on the

steamer with European and American gentlemen and ladies. We saw him observing them as they were eating, and when they would eat certain kind of food with a fork which he was about to eat with his knife he dropped it and took his fork also. So he learned more in those eight days as to the proprieties of life than he had learned in all his life before. He had his wife and daughter on board, veiled of course, and stowed away out of sight, neither of whom could have eaten except with their hands. When they came to the time of disembarking he stood at the other end of the steamer and they climbed down the ship and into the boat as best they could, and when he thought that the eyes of those who had sat at the table were turned from him he sneaked down and got in the boat with them. This thing will not last in this state of the case, he will not stand the shame much longer, and will break caste and bring his wife and daughter to the table with him.

The direct results of mission work have been marvelous, but the indirect and incidental have been a thousand fold greater and will bring proofs soon which will confound unbelief. All causes contributing, however indirectly, must be estimated in results, and missionary work is no exception. The man who from a Christian country brings a rake or reaper, and demonstrates the superiority of that country where the Christian religion controls, is a missionary and has done a good missionary work, which will appear in the evangelizing results; so that they who pity and they that sow and they that reap shall in due time rejoice together.

A missionary's wife, who has done much among the women, was for a time prevented from taking part in direct evangelizing work because she had a family of little children and was confined to her house. But she

washed her little baby every day, and the natives, who bind theirs up in rags and never wash them, indeed never wash themselves, watched her, surprised and outraged at first, sure it would kill the baby. But it did not, and so they wash their babies because the missionary's wife, the model lady, washes hers, and they follow the fashions. This Christian mother was doing her common-place duty to her family, she could do no more, and yet she has created a revolution which has, and will do as much lasting good as any thing her husband has done in the same length of time, for cleanliness is next to godliness. A Mohammedan never mentions a woman unless it is absolutely necessary, and then prefaces the allusion by the expression, "Ajellack Allak"—"May God elevate you above the contamination of so vile a subject." One married a woman who had been educated in our school at Beirut. He never could find language in which to express his gratitude, for said he, "She don't curse or swear or raise the devil generally; she don't scold and storm and beat the children, and I have not had to beat her once." This is genuine missionary work, and will reach the Mohammedans when they are accessible by the removal of the Turkish government from the earth. The fact is clear as day that the gospel of the missionary is a gospel of contrasts which ever challenges to "look on this and then on that." Heathen countries must be won to Christ by contrasts.

Another example of true missionary work and how it is made effective is in an incident related about the Rev. Samuel Jessup while he was a missionary in Tripoli. He lived near a Turk, who came to him and said, "You have a good wife, a very good wife. I have lived next to you for years, and I have never heard

her scold or raise a ripple, or beat her husband or the children, nor has she quarrelled with any of the neighbors." Mrs. Jessup, though one of the most competent and hopeful of the missionaries' wives, never did better missionary work than when she convinced this old Turk that Christian women are peaceful and can master their own spirit, greater in the eyes of the most famous Oriental than he that ruleth a city.

This is the country where women and the ass are on a par in native estimation, and whatever lifts woman is gospel triumph, for the people can never be converted to Christianity until their abominable ideas of woman's inferiority are annihilated. When female children are born the whole family go into a panic of disgust. When a male child is born a sweetmeat or pastry is prepared, made of rice and flour, sweetened and spiced, and is sent to all friends of the family, who are expected to congratulate the happy parents. It was thought to be a desirable thing and in the line of the gospel ideas of the equality of men and women to break down this abominable cruelty. So Mr. Tanni, of Tripoli, was one of the first to attempt the breaking down of this dishonoring prejudice of lamentation over the birth of a daughter. A daughter was born in his household, and as he was the American Consul, he ran up the American flag over the consulate. Messengers were at once sent to inquire the reason, whether it were on the occasion of the anniversary of some great battle or deliverance, or whether he had received news of some important national event, or if it were a fete or fast day in his country. Mr. Tanni replied that it was neither a memorial day nor a fete or fast day, neither had the government gained any victory. But

he had had a daughter born in his house. They retired disgusted, wondering whether the Consul was a fool or a fraud. But the custom was continued among the missionaries of sending out the congratulatory sweetmeat when daughters are born. Dr. Henry Jessup, of Beirut, and others have done it, until now many of the natives are doing the same thing, and without being conscious of it a custom hoary with age and dishonor to woman is being exterped, and woman is in her birth being raised to the place the gospel gives her. Is not this missionary work and triumph? From the misconception among English-speaking people as to what missionary work is and this narrowness of the popular notion, hostility is roused to the cause, for it is impossible to express it in conversion of souls at any particular date. As well attempt to express the light of the sun by a sun-glass. Was not Livingstone doing missionary work in exploring Africa? Was it not the missionary life he lived which caused the native woman to revere him for his purity towards women?—one of the grandest testimonies ever offered to his character and Christian service. Heathen as she was, she could distinguish between the morally clean and unclean. Missionary work must be estimated in and by its revelations, it must be represented as standing on its broad, immovable base and not oscillating on its head, by intelligently answering the question, what is missionary work?

TRIPOLI AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

MEASURED by its surroundings Tripoli is a town, but estimated by population it is a city, being the centre of a province of more than 214,000 souls and with its seaport itself numbering about 25,000 inhabitants. This is another of the strange things that appear to the pilgrim in Asia Minor, the unaccountably large population for the size of the town. When told the number in Marsine by Dr. Metheny our surprise was so apparent that he explained. Said he, "Do you see my yard?" "Yes," we replied. "How many men and women would it hold if they were lying down side-by-side?" "Two or three thousand." "Well, it was full last night, you can count their bodies by their marks in the dust; multitudes have no other home, I let them sleep there, they never disturb any thing and are gone by sunrise!"

Tripoli is quite imposing from the sea, but within is disappointing. There were three ports of entry in the ancient city, which was of considerable importance in the past. The ruins of a wall eighteen feet thick are still to be seen, and west of this wall the whole promontory is strewn with ruins. The modern town still stands about two miles from the sea imbosomed in orchards of orange, lemon, apricot and apple trees. El Kadisha, the Sacred River, which starts from near the remaining grove of ancient cedars on the Lebanon, runs through the town, irrigating and making the whole plain very fertile. Tripoli is the northern boundary of the mis-

sion field in Syria of the Presbyterian Church, the mission extending from Acre to Hymath and from the sea to the Lebanon mountains, about forty miles on the south and eighty on the north. This mission was among the first started by Messrs. Foote and Wilson and then Dr. Henry Jessup and his companion Lyons, who wrought together until Dr. Jessup was transferred to the Beirut Mission. Mr. Lyons, though in ill-health, determined to stay the full ten years which the Board requires, but his health was so impaired that his physician sent him home in the ninth year of his work so utterly broken down that he was bed-ridden five years. An anecdote is told of his shrewdness in managing the people in whose midst he had lived and whose prejudices he had to encounter. On one of his tours he encamped in a town of the Maronites, Roman Catholics malignant and persecuting, who commenced a series of rude and provoking acts. He knew it was to get an opportunity to kill him, so he used his superior knowledge of their superstitions; he took from his pocket a piece of paper and with pencil began to draw, looking in the face of one of his assailants and then transferring the features in great eyes and nose, occasionally he would say, "Stand still till I get your nose." This frightened them so that they ran almost breathless to the nearest village and sent him word that if he would stop taking their pictures they would do any thing he wanted. The power in the device was in the stories their priests had told them about the Protestants. They tell their people that Protestants are devils and will take their pictures, and when they have finished them they cut off the paper heads and then the head of the one represented will drop off. After the departure of Rev. Mr. Lyons and Rev. Henry Jessup, Rev. Samuel

Jessup came, and he and Dr. Wilson and others carried on the work with great success, until Rev. Samuel Jessup, a few years ago, was made manager of the publishing department of the Board, where he is doing a work useful and blessed.

Tripoli has now three missionaries, Revs. C. J. Harding, T. W. March, son of the honored Dr. March, so long pastor of the Clinton Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, and medical missionary Dr. Ira Harris, of Albany, New York. There is a boy's day-school and one for girls at the Port. There is an organized church with about twenty members, but whose congregations are much larger, for in our mission preaching stations people attend from the native Greek churches who never hear any thing worth listening to in their own. Mohammedans will hear preaching who could not be moved out of their nominal faith, and there is also always an element of transient people brought by business, commerce, or travel, who come and go as their affairs determine. There is a flourishing female seminary under the care of Miss Legrange, a grand teacher and worker and a model woman, whose presence among this people is elevating, a missionary if she does not speak a word. Miss Holmes is also very efficient in her own personality and its capacities. Miss Ford is now on her way to this field.

The territory of which Tripoli is the centre contains one-half of the Presbyterian missions in Syria, and includes the following considerable cities, Nunis and Namath, in all of which are church organizations, schools for boys and girls, beside twenty-five out-stations, in nearly all of which are schools, and in Nunis is a native pastor. Here was the battle field of Zenobia, who was the daughter of a Syrian chieftain, and mar-

ried the second time Odenathus, Prince of Palmyra, who, after his brilliant campaigns against the Persians, was declared Augustus and co-regent of the Empire by Gallienus. Odenathus was murdered and Zenobia ascended the throne, assumed the title of the Queen of the East, declared herself independent of Rome and extended her authority over all Syria as well as parts of Asia Minor, Mesopotamia and Egypt, governing all with singular ability and energy. But when Aurelian marched against her she commanded her armies personally, and was defeated at Antioch and Amesa, and shut up in Palmyra. She attempted to escape, but was captured and compelled to walk with her hands chained before the Emperor's Triumphal chariot into Rome in 274. The beautiful story of Zenobia, by Ware, so popular with the English-speaking world, has been translated into Arabic as a serial in a monthly journal.

The Orontes flows here, rising in the Antilibanus, and is historic all its length. In its valleys lived the Hittites, the descendents of Heth, with whom Abraham had dealings about a graveyard, who exhibited that apparent Oriental hospitality which professed entire negation of rights to Abraham to take and do as he pleased with the cave. But Abraham was too well-posted in real estate matters and titles to entrust his dead on any such guarantee, so after a spell of Oriental dickering he paid up and had right, title and interest to said possession.

The Hittites were roving speculators, and are frequently mentioned on Egyptian monuments, as well as in the Bible, and are believed to be mentioned in the cuneiform inscriptions after the conquest of Palestine. It is certain that they established a kingdom in the

Valley of the Orontes. The Hittite stones were discovered near the Hammuth, one of our missionary stations. A couple of casts of the principal stones were taken after difficulty. The original lies in the Sultan's graveyard in Stamboul in the seraglio, called by compliment a museum. This stone had been discovered in 1812 by Burckhardt, but in 1870 Mr. Johnson, American Consul, and the Rev. Samuel Jessup, now of the Presbyterian Syrian Mission, found it in Hammuth, where he was then laboring. Messrs. Jessup and Johnson discovered not only Burckhardt's stone, but four others closely resembling it.

Captain Condor in a letter to the London *Times*, and now published in a book, gives as the result of decipherings the following:—"The net result of the discovery is that the hieroglyphs were carved by the early ancestors of those very races which still dwell in Northern Syria and Asia Minor, as represented by the Turkomans and Turks, mingling as the Hittites did with the Semitic races of Palestine and Arabia. In fact, my belief is that the Hittites are still represented in Syria and in Palestine by the Turkomans, who are to be found even on the plains of Esdraelon and of Sharon. A belief which I ventured to express three years ago in 'Heth and Moab,' now appears to be founded on fact, though these actual tribes are later immigrants from the East."

The same author contends that the stones discovered at Hammuth and Charchemish are at least as old as Moses, and perhaps as old as Abraham, and there are good reasons to suppose that they are the oldest monuments yet found in Asia. There is a very interesting book published on the general subject by Dr. Wright, who first suggested the Hittite theory as the solution of the inscriptions.

There is another exceedingly interesting work of a people bordering on the Board's territory, among whom the Reformed Church is working, already described in connection with Marsine and Latakia. It is the remnant of the people cast out by Joshua for their abominations, of whom there is nearly a quarter of a million. It is a great oath-bound, secret organization. Dr. Harris went up among them, treating the diseases of their sick, curing those suffering from disorders within the possibilities of the surgeon's skill, but with his medicines for their bodies he carried the remedies for their sick and dying souls, Bibles, Testaments and portions of the Word. In one of their towns the Governor sent word to him that he must report at headquarters as to what he was doing and why he was selling Bibles, &c. The messengers came into his presence and he refused to go, saying that he had seen the Governor and had a permit from the Sultan. Then they said he must wait until they could report, which he did, and the Governor sent a man to examine the books, who took up a copy of the Bible and began to read, became deeply interested and finally asked the price of the book. Dr. Harris said, "I will give you a copy." He said he would prefer to purchase it, paying ten piasters, forty cents for it, and commenced reading it to groups of men, who would listen by the hour. Others came and purchased the whole or parts of the Scripture, and in a short time he had none left, and the demand was increasing. An old man, who had diligently read the Koran all his life, declared that he got more comfort to his soul in one hour's reading of the Bible than in the whole of his life before.

This entire territory, with its hundreds of thousands, is opening up to the gospel. The Reformed Presbyterian

Church has schools and could do a work almost boundless in future results for good if they had the men and means. This mission, whose centre is at Latakia, which has already done so much with its limited means, owes its prosperity to the efforts and liberality of Dr. Metheny, whose name has already been mentioned in connection with the work at Marsine. He has the reputation of being a great surgeon; he charges the poor people nothing for medical service, but the rich are obliged to pay full price, and the report is abroad that he made enough from his profession to build most of the commodious buildings at Latakia. But the good he has done as a minister of Jesus Christ comes out in surprising ways. A poor woman came to him from the vast heathen population already described, the Musairijeh, outcasts of the Canaanites. She had a terrible tumor, such as makes the heart of the most daring surgeon sick, and begged him to remove it, but he said to her, "I could do this easily enough, but every thing is against you. There is hardly a hope that you can recover if I take it away, and you will soon die if I do not. Then your people are heathen and are afraid of death, and if you should die in the operation they would never forgive me."

"Take it away," she said, "I am a Christian, I am not afraid to die."

"What," said he, "you a Christian, who are a woman not considered worth saving?"

"Yes," said she, "I am a Christian, and there are many more women among our people who are Christians and not afraid to die."

"And how is this?" he asked.

"Well," she answered, "you remember one of our orphan girls in your school some years ago?"

“Yes,” he replied. “I did not know what had become of her.”

Said she, “When she came home she gathered some of us women together and took us away into the woods and said she had something to tell us, ‘There is religion for women, I have found it out in Latakia, in the school. Jesus Christ, God’s Son, died for women, and he blessed women while he lived, and when he died he spoke to them in love,’ and then she told us how to have his love and help, and there in the secret place in the depths of the forest she taught us to pray and read to us out of His Word, and many of us believed it, and we are Christians and are not afraid to die. I am a Christian and you can take the tumor away if God will hear my prayer, and if I get well I will bless his name, and if I die it is all right.” So she laid herself down for the knife and endured in Christlike meekness until it was removed, and when it was over thanked him, and all the time she lay upon her bed, which became her death-bed, she praised God in pain and pang. She did not have strength to recover, and when the end came she said again, “It is all right, Doctor. You told me my danger and did all you could for me, and I am a Christian and am not afraid to die.” She sank away in peace, in the sweetest repose, in the acceptance of that Saviour of whom she had heard in the woods from the young girl.

Among this heathen people, from whom the martyr woman came, the Reformed Presbyterians had twenty-five schools and a large number of scholars. But the Turkish government has shut most of them up. This will be confusing without a word of explanation. The Turkish government only draws its soldiers from the Mohammedan populations. They will allow no Chris-

tain in the army. The Christians are taxed for its support, but the fighting is done by the "faithful." These descendents of the Canaanites are nominal Moslems, and are therefore a continued source of bullet targets, and whoever among them becomes a Christian is at once beyond army regulations, and if any part of the Mohammedan population embraces Christianity it is just as if so many had deserted from the army. This will explain the hostility of the government to all Protestant progress, it is largely political. The relation of mission centres to the field is a subject which, so far as we know, has not been fully explained. Sometimes the centre is the weakest point in the whole field. But centres are chosen with reference to the health of missionaries, teachers, or schools, or convenience in reaching the several points included. The centre of a wheel is its smallest point. The hub, except the hole, is at the smallest fraction of the circle, and this is the case in the field of which Tripoli is the small hub and axle, of very great spoke and fellow influences.

From the discoveries being made, stirring up the scientific mind and prophetic inquiry, Syria is becoming the sweet Canaan of all literary, scientific and religious cranks. They are tending hitherward in their various vagaries as the needle to the pole. They are going up and down the earth in quest of novelties, the genuine descendents of the "Gadites," self-called apostles of scientific adventures, archæologists and relic-hunters and frauds of the most imposing kind. The latter work upon the credulous, but well-meaning, of wealth in England and the United States. The fog ends of Adventists, who cannot recall the doctrine in moderation, but make it ridiculous by their pranks. Some

are here to watch and wait for the second advent of our Lord, esteeming themselves so well prepared for the event that they will start on for the first welcome. Others are here to hurry up the fulfilment of prophecy. One man passed through the land trying to fulfil the words of the Master, who said, "And the gospel must be published to all nations." He learned a few sentences in Arabic, as a parrot, and then went from town to town getting off his message, which could not be understood, in order to fulfil the words of the Master to bring the woes and blessings of the Lord's coming. Another went about preaching that death was done for and that there would be no more death and sorrows and tears and graves; *he* had disposed of all these, and because he lived they should all live. But one said, "Suppose you die, then what will happen?" Said he, "The whole thing will be *bust up*."

Another, a man of great wealth in England, offered to give twenty thousand pounds if one of our missionaries would procure him twenty missionaries full of the Holy Ghost to preach to the Bedouins. The same man sent an offer of a like sum to purchase the land about the waters of Meron and settle the Bedouins on it. Nobody would undertake the job because the land belongs to the Turkish Government and could not be bought for any such purpose, and if it could it would take it back the next day and keep the money and land too, so the title could not be obtained. To catch the Bedouin would be like coralling and lassoing so many wild ostriches.

There is on one of the heights of the Lebanon an old couple, English people, he a clergyman and his wife a constitutional crank. She was possessed with the idea that the English are of the lost tribes of

Israel, and also mixed in with this Second Adventism in crazy proportions. She has been stirred up by the discovery of the Hittite stone, the results of which she combines with the rest of her vagaries. Though people of wealth and some social standing she left England, bringing her husband with her and all her effects, to live in Palestine, to be ready for any thing that might turn up in a prophetic way. She had a great gypsy wagon with room for living in it, &c., a machine so large that the ship had to rig extra tack-ling to get it off, and required all the draft horses attainable in Beirut to pull it up the mountain. In this she expected, with her husband, to ride about, over the mountains and through the valleys and waddies, until they would meet the Lord in the clouds, and then she would either leave the travelling house or she would be taken up in it.

The natives when it was landed walked around it dazed with speechless wonder, afraid to touch it, not comprehending whether it was a part of a menagerie or Mohammed's coffin. It now stands on the mountain where the sixteen horses left it, and nobody can even guess its purpose. Some of the natives seem to think that it is a chariot waiting to be caught up on clouds of flame when the time comes for the departure. She has built a house with walls of great thickness on one of three hills, beside which she believes she has discovered stones with Hittite inscriptions, though what relation this has to her celestial aspiration reason would not be so unreasonable as even to conjecture.

A CHAT WITH THE BUILDERS OF THE THIRD CENTURY.

SPIRITUAL communication would be convenient and agreeable if we could call up the spirit of Antoninus Pius and interview him about his purpose and ambitions in building the magnificent fabric whose ruins seem near enough, as we write, to lay our hands upon them. It is a strange atmospheric phenomenon of this country that every great thing seems disposed to keep within sight. The Mediterranean seems to creep up to the very tops of the Lebanons, so that it appears within a stone's throw, though thirty miles away. The mountains are always crowding on one's pathway and receding gradually, and what seemed to be across the way are distant a half day's journey. This remnant of Baalbec stands out from every object around, solitary but ever present. There was a fancy in the minds of the old builders to put their great wonders at the terminus of great valleys with mountain background. The architectural wonders of the world are so situated. Athens is in an amphitheatre of mountains, even the horizon of the Parthenon is limited by mountain ranges on which the mists hang their mystic draperies. It was so of Ephesus, and is peculiarly so at Baalbec. It is near the water-shed from which flow the tributaries from the Lebanon down into the classic Orontes, and into the valley on the east side down which runs the waters of Litany. The valley is about wide enough to hold the city, with room for an effective perspective. On each

side are the high mountain ranges of the Lebanon and anti-Lebanon, with a valley scooped out for a teeming population, and by its wonderful fertility able to support them. It receives the constantly decomposing lime from the mountains, and this is mingled with a soil strongly impregnated with oxide of iron; for in this mountain range is plenty of iron ore, and the practised eye from the bituminous coal regions will detect unmistakable marks of coal on the way from Beirut to Baalbec.

Our readers need not go into despair under the impression that we are going to prepare a guide book, for this will suffice as to general appearances; any thing more will have to be seen to be appreciated. But there are questions about the building of the temples before us that would indicate the utmost of stupidity not to describe and discuss, while longing to know the secret purposes under the first stone laid, kept alive through years of inconceivable genius and labors by which they were brought to their completion. The more wonderful purpose too, and its agencies of war and earthquake, by which God's supremacy is forever written in their crumbling ruins. If Antoninus Pius conceived the purpose and executed it, then we bow before his genius and its semi-omnipotence. If he only selected the men who could do it and commanded the resources of wealth, vital force and creative genius by which mechanical forces were employed to do what no physical force or genius on the earth now can do, then we ought to reverence the value of Antoninus, the Pius, as no other living man.

One is prodigiously bothered in measuring the genius represented in a modern cemetery, but when he looks back seventeen hundred years, along certain lines of

advancement, he cannot but ask if the race is not either declining or is starting up out of the ashes of the greater past, and still in its infancy. Standing by that monster stone, seventy-one feet in length, fourteen feet high, or thick, and thirteen feet wide, the thought arose of the once busy hands that dressed it, and of the mighty mind that conceived and executed the plans of the structure of which it was to be a part. One is bewildered in seeing it lying away from its fellows, all uncovered to the storms and decay of the ages, and no man even able to conjecture why, all at once, it was left. What voice from heaven said, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further?" What convulsion turned to ruins the purpose or the foundation on which it was to stand? It is the most confusing and paralyzing problem of human history. Or to lower the problem to the controlling causes of our own times, we might ask if the bottom fell out of the royal treasury? Was there a strike or a panic? and if so, who told the big lie which made the stampede? One thing we do know, that if it were a lie that made them scamper it was probably a monster, or if it was the truth that made them bag their hammers and chisels it was a direct revelation from above, for if they were like the present occupants of this country they could not have held on to the truth long enough to get from the town to the stone-quarries.

But another mystery nearly as great is, how did the three stones which are in the wall of the Acropolis get into their present position? The quarry from whence they were taken is a half mile away and lower than the wall on which they lie, and their position is thirty feet above the moat, which would not be deeper than the foundation because it would have endangered

it. There are in place in this wall three stones sixty-four, sixty-three and sixty-two feet long and thirteen feet high, or thick, and as wide as thick, which, according to the best estimates, would weigh 12,000 tons. The next mystery is, who did all this, and why was it done? The conviction of the learned world is that this is the Heliopolis of Græco-Roman authors. The Greek name only suggests that it was devoted to worship of the sun, and Baal is nearly identical with the God of this luminary. The only definite statement suggestive of any personality is from the seventh century, to the effect that Antoninus Pius erected a large temple to Jupiter at Heliopolis in Phœnecia, which was regarded as one of the marvels of the age. From which we gain two reflections; one is how it is that false gods have always had all the grand establishments of the world except one, and that had to be demolished to keep men from going forever into idolatry. Is great architectural display consistent with and helpful to the Christian religion, or does it not alienate the nations from the pure and simple forms of Christian religion? History, which is recorded human experience, is unmistakable in its declarations that great architectural display and religious decay are the same. Architecture and music started from the seed of Cain, "that evil one." Abel's seed have never, so far as we know, to any great extent been famous in this kind of art until they had fallen back in religious life in the Christian church, or if they had not in the beginning, they reached spiritual decay before they were done with it. We simply propound as a conundrum from all this, not in death-like seriousness, but as worthy of passing speculation, does Christian life in the well defined graces, as given by the Master and his apostles, hold its own or make progress in the

highest expression in church architectural display? or is the grace of God in its average manifestations most effective in churches that cost comparatively little?

The other query is as to the character of Antoninus Pius. He must have done something remarkable in this line or he would not have had the name, for the names men give themselves do not stick, nor do the names their admirers give them, except as they are the exponents of good qualities. So there must have been some superior quality which would continue to this time, for a man has obtained a considerable degree of worldly immortality who gets and keeps his name in Bædaker's or Murray's Guide Books after nearly sixteen hundred years. A man has managed well for the main chance who, after being dead so long, compels all the Dutch, French, English and Americans to repeat his name and read of his fame, or know nothing of Baalbec. But another aspect of the case is bothersome. If he must be recognized as "Pius," whose money did he use? his own would not be a possible conjecture; if he got the designation in using other peoples' money, all we can say is he did not die without issue, his genealogy would read as familiarly as the spelling book. It is indeed wonderful how this form of piety survives; and more, it will never die out as long as anybody else has any money. Then, again, if he built a temple to either the sun or Jupiter, we would like to know whether it were not with the expectation that the sun would not light up the works of Antoninus the Pius for general observation. If it was for the glory of Jupiter might not Jupiter, in his thoughts, have been the medium through which Antoninus the Pius could be seen. It may not seem reverent to question the piety of seventeen hundred years, and all we can say is, if Antoninus

had died without issue we should have had no occasion to seem irreverent. There are a few standing objects of this great man which challenge our admiration even in their dismemberments from their relations, solitary parts which carry the mind to some vague conception of the past glories of art gathered in this far off country.

The entrance to the vast ruin is through a vault, one or two parallel subterranean passages, connected by a third, and on each side are chambers, probably used as stables. Emerging from these, one passes around through piles of stones and debris to the portico of the Acropolis, in front of which are the bases of twelve columns which have disappeared. The Arabs transformed this into a citadel, piling the immense stones irregularly upon each other, without regard to architectural fitness, capitals and sections of columns built into an unsightly wall, which served admirably their purpose of defense. The bases of two of the columns are inscribed in Latin, in which the building of the temple and its dedication are attributed to Antoninus Pius and Julia Domna. Fragments of the richly sculptured mouldings are still to be seen on all sides. Three portals, one large and two smaller, lead to the hexagonal court, of which the walls with empty niches, once occupied by statues, alone remain. Beyond this is the entrance court of the temple, with niches separated by pilasters of Corinthian style, having highly ornate capitals. One of these, near the entrance at the right, is larger than the rest and is supposed to have contained a colossal statue.

This court opens into the great temple, of which six huge columns, about sixty feet high, of yellowish stone, only remain in place. These shafts are composed of three stones held in place by iron clamps, but the

Turks have barbarously defaced them and other parts of the ruin by making holes to get the iron. These columns, bearing an entablature seventeen feet high, which have defied the destructive forces of time and nature, are undermined and will probably soon succumb like the rest. Columns and fragments of columns lie prostrate on every side.

The Temple of the Sun is smaller, but in a better state of preservation, and is not connected with the larger temple. Parts of the peristyle of fifteen columns on each side, which surrounded it, are still quite perfect. These are surmounted by an entablature and ceiling elaborately ornamented in mathematical designs, the intervening spaces filled with busts of emperors and gods, surrounded by foliage. On the south side four columns are in their place, and of the rest only the bases remain. One of these has fallen against the wall and is so strongly held together by the iron clamps that the wall has given way, but the sections of the pillars are not separated. The ceiling of the temple was of enormous blocks of sculptured stone, which have fallen, leaving the enclosure open to the sky. The rectangular portal is flanked by huge monoliths carved in various graceful devices. On each side of the entrance were stairs leading to the roof; a portion of one still remains.

The walls were filled with rows of niches, three of which are well-preserved. At the end opposite the portal stood the statue of the Sun God, in whose honor the temple was built. It is said to have been hollow, admitting a priest, who entered from beneath and delivered the oracles of the God. Trajan came to consult this God before going to war with the Persians, and received the assurance of victory, but the oracle proved

false in the result. Beside these described are numerous rooms for various purposes in different parts of the ruin, some of which communicated with subterranean passages. The outer walls have been miserably bungled by the Arabs, who have built upon the original foundations, much of which have defied their destructive ingenuity, quite as disastrous as time or earthquakes.

In the dirty modern town, near the main ruin, is the smallest of the temples, dedicated to Venus and well-preserved. Eight exquisitely carved monolithic columns surround it, surmounted by an architrave and frieze, ornamented with wreaths of foliage and tooth decoration. Justinian transformed this place, which had witnessed orgies of wickedness under the name of religion, into a place of Christian worship. Many of the columns and statues of these temples were removed by Constantine to enrich Christian churches, and some of the former are still to be seen in the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople.

In Baalbec, a city full of polytheistic relics, begun in idolatry and whose history is only the record of its heathenism, the gospel has taken root, growing like a solitary shoot out of the ruins of Paganism. Here are two Christian missions working side by side as the branches of the same living vine. The first visited was founded by Mrs. Bowen Thompson, of England, in 1860, and has had unparalleled success, for it has dealt, to a greater extent than any other, with that class hitherto impossible to reach, the Mohammedans of the Turkish Empire, the reasons for which are almost entirely political, and have been already explained. It is another of those beneficent agencies for which Great Britain is foremost in the world, and is un-

denominational, though in the highest sense evangelical. It is a reactionary force from High-churchism, and recognizes all that believe in Christ Jesus as the Saviour of the world, and work to this end, as brethren in him.

This Baalbec mission has had as many as three hundred scholars, most of whom have been of Moslem parentage. We were present at the weekly lecture and prayer-meeting, the services of which were conducted by the native missionary of the Presbyterian Board. There were present from forty to fifty, as many as would be found in many churches in the cities of our own country. They sang gospel hymns and stood while praying, and the whole scene seemed strange only because we, in America, have never yet risen in faith to the Apostle's statement, "the gospel is not bound." This mission is one of many founded by Mrs. Bowen Thompson, an English lady, of whose further work we shall speak later, and is now in charge of Mrs. Mott, sister of Mrs. Thompson. It is under the care and management of English women, who have, in the midst of violence and sometimes bloodshed, dwelt here without fear, according to their favorite promise, "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, saith the Lord."

This is only a teaching mission, having women workers, and being after the good old style of thinking, they give the formal preaching over to the men, and as the Turkish government, out of its inborn cursedness, will not permit the chapel in our mission building to be opened for preaching, the two congregations hold their public services under the British protection. This mission has flourishing stations at Damascus, Hasbeya, Tyre and Zahleh, each under the superintendence of

European ladies. They have a troop of Bible readers, who get into the Mohammedan household to instruct and comfort that secluded ignorance, that wretchedness where help is unknown and pity a stranger. They conduct orphanages and send the children into Christian homes. They have also hospitals, schools for the blind, night-schools, missions to soldiers, schools to teach trades, &c. The following figures will give an idea of the work, which extends all over Palestine. There are 3 male teachers, European ; 15 European lady teachers ; natives, 96 ; schools, 29 ; pupils, 3 245 ; preaching stations, 4 ; average attendance, 310 ; Bible readers, 29 ; number of children in Sunday-schools, 1,484.

The other mission in Baalbec is one of the monuments of the beloved Gerald Dale, who died last spring in Zahleh. How shall we speak of his piety, ability and sacrifices for the cause of Christ among this wretched people? We can only give a true idea of his sacrifices by comparison. He was born and reared in refinement, was of cultivated tastes and scholarly in his habits. He could have lived in elegance in his own country, for he had the abilities and opportunities, but the Spirit of Christ impelled him to this change. He had no tastes that were shocked at the work Christ gave him to do. He chose the foreign field knowing and weighing its self-denials. He entered the work in the Syrian mission early, learned the language, which is a most difficult task. He married the accomplished daughter of Dr. Bliss, President of the Protestant Syrian College in Beirut, who had been born in the field, and loved its poor, ignorant, down-trodden people. The Spirit of Christ dwelt in her also, and perhaps never were two natures more strongly set in the same direction. He entered the field at Zahleh, the metropolis of the Lebanon ;

to an ordinary American observer a forlorn and depressing place, a people whose exterior would be, to one who could not appreciate their possibilities in Christ Jesus, revolting. The sight, much less the contact of such people, would repel any one who was not moved by the value of their souls and the guilt of their neglect.

He became one of them both in duty and affection. Their lot, without the comforts of the gospel, was hard indeed, and he became poor that through his poverty he might make many rich. He received them into his house in Oriental style with a welcome whenever they chose to come, and often they chose very unseemly times and came in a condition which would have been hard for any not looking beyond the clay tabernacle in its rags and baser accompaniments to the soul that had brought the Redeemer from the skies to go through unspeakably harder trials. He encountered treachery and deception, but met it with gentle firmness. The devotion of the people was manifested on every occasion from his first entry into the field. Most missionaries have to live and work years to get such confidence. His marriage to the daughter of Dr. Bliss, so long and favorably known, added to his influence. This is her native land, and they recognized her as a Syrian, speaking their language and knowing their trials and peculiar character. This marriage was the signal for a general Oriental demonstration on the fashion of the parable, "Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him." When the groom and bride arrived at the place where the road from Beirut to Damascus is left for Zahleh, to their surprise a breakfast had been prepared for them. Then, as they mounted on horses to reach Zahleh, seven miles distant, they were met by a company of mounted

Lancers, who divided into escorts on each side of their way, going through graceful evolutions, throwing their lances and rending the air with their mirthfulness. As they neared Zahleh the people of every condition poured out to meet them with shouts and music on their rude instruments, and as they entered the streets threw from the doors and roofs of their humble houses sweet-meats, grains of coffee and flowers, and thus brought them to their door and left them until the next day. Then the people began visiting; about six hundred appeared, each claiming the privilege of kissing the hands of their pastor and his wife. So they were installed in their home, in the hearts of their people and in the confidence of the natives.

When their first daughter was born, which is regarded as a calamity, the people made their appearance in subdued demeanor. They were surprised when their pastor brought out his little daughter proudly and lovingly in his arms, and this was so amazing to them that they went out among their friends and brought them in, saying, "Come and see a man who thinks as much of his daughter as if she had been a son." And from that day opinion regarding the birth of daughters was modified, and a great revolution in behalf of the unfortunates of all Oriental times changed for the better. This pastor, so beloved, gained the hearts of his people, not by condescension, but by becoming one of them. When he went on his long missionary journeys through the Lebanons or in the valley, he took no articles of European comfort, but ate with the people on the floor, slept on whatever they had to give him, always their best, though often poor enough, but it was sufficient for him that it was the best they could do. He never lost faith in men, and believed that there

were some possibilities of good in each. He won the hearts of the people and became their ideal of what was right and proper. They loved him and imitated him, believed in him and followed him. They would kiss his hands until, if he had been of a less royal nature, he could not have kept his humility; in the schools, in the church, on the streets they were not happy if they did not kiss his hands in token of loving subjection.

His enemies were made only on account of his influence and his attractive life, which was gaining such supremacy, but even they respected him. He had sharp contests with the foes of Christ's cause, and common, manly honesty was sure to win. They, therefore, were throttled at their first endeavors. He was brave and could not be cajoled nor intimidated. He had a contest with the largest and wealthiest family, just before his death, for the possession of a school property on which he had paid advance rent, yet they refused to give him the keys. But he gained the victory in the perseverance of the right, and withal kept the respect of the family to which his opponent belonged. He wrought incessantly, not thinking of or sparing himself. The more the community appreciated him the more he tried to labor for them. He preached with great acceptance, and there had been increased religious interest for months, taking him away to the outstations, for he was the Bishop of the whole Bekaa Valley as well as of the Lebanon range. He founded our mission in Baalbec, which we have visited, secured a school property and built a house for worship, which the Turkish government has not permitted to be opened. But it does not matter, his life and his works are too deeply written in the hearts of men for any government to hinder or efface.

Never were fields so ripe for harvesting, never were such opportunities opened up when the shadowed hand of Providence was laid upon him. It was a Father's hand, but so mysterious that his family and the Church have not been able to penetrate the mystery. A little daughter languished for weeks before his own death, swinging, as it were, backward and forward in the light of hope and shades of death. His wife was too ill to be out of her bed. He had not disrobed himself for sleep in weeks. The Sabbath came, but its duties were not suspended; he preached and conducted his teachings as usual. In the meantime a swelling had made its appearance behind his ear, the result of the bite of an insect, to which he had, in his absorption in his work and family, given no attention, until with excessive weariness he laid down never to rise again. His strength failed painlessly, he expressed astonishment at the weeping of his wife and friends, who knew he was going into his last sleep. When the true nature of the disease was suspected it was too late to give any hope. Dr. Post, the most eminent physician in the Levant, made all possible haste to reach him, but he had gone to his rest. He had breathed his life out sweetly, after an illness of two days, in the spot where he had wrought for his crown. It is a dark Providence which has settled on this mission. The people were overwhelmed; as one said to us in almost unintelligible English, "Our hearts are still bleeding." The whole community was staggered and felt the chill at their heart, for he had been imparting an activity even to the dead Greek Church. The persecuting Maronites had been softened in their implacable hate, the Druses believed him to be a man of God.

Beside the publishing house in Beirut is a spot over which angels watch for the blessed remnants of those

who are in the Lord, a veritable "God's acre," in which stand the stately cypress trees, living monuments beyond the skill of art, native sentinels casting their pensive shadows over the graves of the best who have trod this desolate lands in all the centuries of its decline. Here lies this young martyr to the constraining love of Christ; a red granite block of about two feet square marks the spot, on which are inscribed the words which bereavement suggested. But he is not alone even in his dust, his mortal remains are here with a noble host of companions, who, like himself, fell in the contest which love wages against sin. Near by is the tomb of Dr. Eli Smith, further away is that of the weary laborer, sleeping so well, Calhoun, and near the sainted remains of Pliny Fiske; close by, under a hackberry tree, covered with the fallen berries, lies Danforth, near are Wood and Whiting, and of the women that followed the Master and wrought here only a short time and laid down to rest in the eventide, was Mrs. Aiken, daughter of Judge Cole, of Albany. Never was there a spot where it could be more truly said, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

It has seemed almost impossible to fill the vacant place in this Zableh Station—there are not half enough men in this Syrian field—the field is white but the laborers are few. There are so few who can acquire the language and have the consecration and health for the work. May we never again witness the God-distrusting spectacle of checking the flow of young life into the ministry. The foreign field alone, if the Church would provide for them, will require more than all the candidates under the care of the Church. Dr. Dennis, Professor of the Theological Seminary in Beirut, has been laboring to keep the work together and to ad-

minister to the people in their afflictions, but it has been too much for him and he now lies prostrate with fever. But now, at length, it has been settled that Rev. Mr. Ford, son of our venerable and most useful missionary, a young man of ability, and the proper person for the work, shall take the place. He has been in the field of which Sidon is one working centre, in connection with his companion, Rev. Mr. Eddy, both being sons of fathers who were co workers, Rev. Messrs. Ford and Eddy, still at work in Beirut. Mr Eddy's son remains in the Sidon field, and will have the duties of both himself and his co worker, but if his health does not fail has the abilities, consecration and learning equal to and beyond many ordinary workers. Dr. Dennis has had in the Zahleh field the assistance of Mr. Hurlburt, who has now all the duties on his hands until Mr. Ford's arrival. He has had assigned to him the duties of teaching ecclesiastical history in the Theological Seminary, and is spoken of as a young man of ability and promise.

MISSION WORK IN SYRIA.

FROM Dr. Henry Jessup we have gathered outlines of missionary work in Syria which will contribute to a clearer understanding of the progress of the work by enabling our readers to classify the events and trace to their causes the effects visible to-day. The first founding period was from 1820-1840. This was the time of faith simply; there was nothing to comfort those self-sacrificing men and women but the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." It was the time of Fisk, King and Goodell, the men who, out of weak-

ness, were made strong, whose lives were overshadowed by the beatitude, "Blessed are they whom having not seen have believed." There was no more apparent hope in the field at that time than there would be of a harvest of corn in the Saharan desert. The first shaking of the tree of life that its leaves might fly on the winds for the healing of the nations, was in setting up a printing-press in Malta in 1822, and in Beirut in 1832. But this, and its accompanying agencies, had hardly begun to be known when the hand of God appeared in those confounding reactions which, to the human mind, tempts it to ask, presumptuously, whether God cares for his own work.

War began with its destructive influence, diverting the minds of men from all that was good, with its destructiveness of business and property, with the intense uneasiness accompanying it, reaching far beyond its apparent desolations. Pestilence walked at its side with its destructive depressions and its wastings of life, accompanied by the paralyzing fear of the things which were coming on the earth, and banishment joined these, forming an infernal trinity, threatening all society, and all hope for the future of men's souls. When all these had subsided one small row-boat would have held all the Protestants in the Turkish Empire.

The first revival movement was made in a girl's school, started in front of the church door by Mrs. Dr. Eli Smith and continued to her death, which had its ups and downs, but through all made steady progress. This founding period had to be consecrated in blood. The law of life is that neither salvation nor moral progress can be without the shedding of blood. Martyrdom crowned the founding efforts of this mission. A young man, living near the base of the Lebanon range, overlooking Bei-

rut, a Maronite and nephew of the Bishop, received the truth into a hungry, thirsty soul, and held to it with a tenacity that death could not conquer. His soul expanded in spiritual growth, his conduct was transformed into the sweetest ideal of Christian life. He was a young man, not only of talents, but genius, with an enthusiasm that conquered and glorified all about him. His influence was growing, and all around felt its pulsation. But the Maronite priests, the most hating and hateful in all the Lebanons, determined to crush it out of him. His uncle, the Bishop, had him arrested and brought up to the monastery, not far from the cedars of Lebanon. He said, "You must pray to the Virgin." But he answered, "No. I will pray to the Lord Jesus Christ." He was then placed in a monastery which hung up on the cliffs of the mountain-side, overlooking the river Kadisha, more than five hundred feet above the bottom of the ravine and a thousand feet from the top of the mountain, a place of awful loneliness, where no life ever stirs except the monks, the jackals or the flitting shadow of the passing eagle. It is approached by a blind path, and here he was placed in a cell. In this solitude he lost his mind, but would preach by the hour and sing the songs of redeeming love until he would fall prostrate from weakness. He was cruelly beaten by the monks daily, and was finally walled up in a cave near by, where he died of starvation. His body was taken out and hurled down into the chasm below, and his bones lay strewn in the rocks of the ravine. But his name, Asaud Shidiak, lives, the people talk it over when by themselves, and sigh as with bated breath they tell over the steps of the awful tragedy, and when they discuss model Christian character instinctively refer to his.

There has been and will be a greater harvest of blessings from that martyr blood, blood with which the first tabernacle of the Foreign Mission church was sprinkled.

The second period was, in many respects, the formative period, from 1840-1860. It grew into form in tumults, as all great organisms do; there were political commotions all over the land. In 1831 Mohammed Ali, of Egypt, made an alliance with Emir Beshir, Prince of the Druses, and sent his son Ibrahim Pasha, already celebrated for his victories, into Syria. He took Acre and Damascus and gained victories over the Turks in the North, the campaign being carried on after the European military order. But for the interference of the European powers, specially Russia, he would have kept on his victorious march to Constantinople. The people were heavily burdened by taxes during the Egyptian occupation, and the tyranny of Mohammed Ali aroused their hatred, so that in 1840 Lebanon revolted, and the French government was also soon alienated from the Mohammed. Soon after the Sultan Abdul Mejia regained possession of Syria, with the aid of England and Austria, and re-established the authority of the Porte.

In 1860 the Druses, instigated by Turkish officers, organized a general massacre of the Christians of Lebanon and Damascus. Ahmed Pasha not only withheld his protection, but is said to have given the signal for the slaughter. Many took refuge at the English and Prussian Consulates, twelve hundred fled to a courtyard, and being promised protection gave up their arms and were all murdered. Six thousand perished in Damascus, the whole number throughout the country being estimated at fourteen thousand. The Turkish government took no steps for punishing the offenders

until the indignation of all Europe was aroused; then tardy justice arrested some of the ringleaders, among them Ahmed Pasha, and beheaded them at Damascus. A French army of ten thousand was sent which, with the help of the Maronites, put down the Druses.

Turkey lost control of the Lebanon district by her perfidy; it passed under the protection of the Powers. But the mission cause was helped by a firman from the Sultan protecting the missionaries from persecution and insult, and after this was granted a charter securing the same protection and privileges from the Grand Vizier. Previous to this, in 1846, impulse was given to female education in Beirut by Mr. De Forrest, who continued in this connection thirteen years. There was also a successful boy's school. And in 1848 the first Syrian church was organized with a membership of eighteen. Soon after the translation of the Scriptures was undertaken by the Rev. Eli Smith, who died in 1857, and the work was taken up by Rev. Dr. Vandyck, who did the rest so well that it will have the hold on future Syria that King James' translation has on the English-speaking world. It was finished in 1865, a monument to the scholarship, faithfulness and deep spiritual insight of this eminent servant of God.

The massacres of the Christians started, in 1860, a new life in Syria—the stunted growth of the Protestant Church, by its oppressive limitations, now bathed afresh in blood, started up with unwonted power. The sympathies of Britain and America had been drawn out by the sufferings and martyrdoms of their brethren, and appeals in their behalf and the church for which they suffered, which would, as it seemed, have to be replanted, stimulated to prayer and giving; men and women offered themselves to the field in the devotions

of the highest religious heroisms. And a new impetus was given to education. The Prussian Deaconesses started an institution in Beirut with one hundred and thirty scholars, which has been productive of incalculable good, and has increased in its benign influence upon ignorance and superstition until now its roots have struck down into the family life of the people so deep that a greater future opens out before it in opportunity and blessings. British Syrian schools were opened in 1860. There are twelve of these, and in them are 3,000 children, 1,500 of whom are in Beirut.

The Free Church of Scotland, in the youth and vigor of her life, came also, and started the Beirut boy's school, which has sent its life, learning and moral force into society for its leavening. And the old Kirk determined not to be behind in the race of soul-saving progress, and turned her heart and help to the lost sheep of the house of Israel in the form of a Jewish mission, which is having slow, but encouraging success, at least to the Scotch brethren, who believe in the Jews. If Israel ever turns to Christianity it will enter its fold as a flock with a Scotch shepherd leading and the whole Scotch Church behind coralling them.

In 1863 a crisis arose in the management of the American Board which resulted in the permission of the Board to certain of the missionaries to start a college if they could raise the money outside. The purpose was formed out of a sense of need and of the future possibilities of such an institution. It was a bold undertaking in itself, and bolder in the fact that most of the funds would have to be raised in the United States in the darkest days of our civil war, when the tide of national disasters had set heavily against us. Nothing but the audaciousness of Christian faith would have

meditated such an undertaking. But Dr. Bliss was the man of both faith and works. He landed in New York hoping to get ten or fifteen thousand dollars. But when he reached New York and laid his purpose before the Hon. William E. Dodge and others, they said he could do nothing on so little, and so the amount was set at one hundred thousand dollars, which was realized, all from the following named persons, some of whom are gone, but one cannot realize it as he surveys the magnificent buildings of the Beirut College and sees their Christian lives being transferred to the crowd of young life, who transfer it again to other lives which will take their places as of centres of influence in the work of recreating this dead Empire. The revered name of William E. Dodge stands first, and next of those gone is the name of Mr. Marquand; they are not dead, not even are they sleeping, no two being more in the world, more actively or beneficently. They live in the paradox of that illustrious one of whom it is said, "Being dead yet speaketh." Of the illustrious living who will share their immortality when they go out of time is Mrs. William E. Dodge, Dr. Alfred Post and the Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, who is still working for it with all his resources in devotion to its progress and necessities.

By the liberality of these and other friends, whose names we do not know, Dr. Bliss returned with his heart full, hope full and pocket full; he stopped in England to increase the amount, so that there would be no need of trenching on the one hundred thousand dollars given for buildings. He was invited to a parlor meeting in London to present the claims of Syria to British liberality. He told them of the gifts of his American brethren, but the chairman did an ungracious thing,

which shows the sentiment in certain circles toward our country in its peril. He said, loud enough to command all ears, "But, Dr. Bliss, your one hundred thousand dollars are in greenbacks," an unkind cut.

But his reply was prophetic, and no man would have dared to make it who was not loyal to the heart. There had been a change in the last twenty-four hours from about eighty to forty per cent., which had not been heard of by the men in the meeting. Said he, "I see by this morning's despatches that there is only a difference between the currency of my country and gold of forty per cent., and I believe that you will soon see a premium for the bonds of my country in gold in British markets."

It brought down the house and dismissed the unmanly sneer, and he received from England twenty-five thousand dollars. The building was begun and completed in 1874, through all the harrassments of the Turkish officials and many of the natives, which try the patience and develop the ingenuity of every foreigner who determines to live in this country at all. The oath of four Mohammedans settles every question in a Turkish court; they do not even hear testimony from either plaintiff or defendant, as the case may be, and four such witnesses can be bought at almost any time for a dollar each, and as missionaries do not purchase testimony the case is one of pure ingenuity. It is a great point in Syrian courts, as it is in the United States, to be the plaintiff, so it is a race as to who will first get the ear of the court.

Dr. Jessup gave an experience of a case gained by him, against a native, by this device:—A Mohammedan commenced building on the ground of the mission, claiming prior title, and temporary injunction was ob-

tained, and when the case came to final issue, Dr. Jessup being plaintiff, had in readiness his four Mohammedans to swear that the ground belonged to the mission, that they had received it from the officer, opening a street in lieu of a part of the mission ground taken for this purpose, a square up, as it would be called in Philadelphia. After the witnesses had made their statement "in the face of Almighty God," which is their form, the judge said, "the case is decided," the defendant objected that he had fifty witnesses who would swear that it was his, but the judge said, "It is decided." Dr. Jessup, the plaintiff representing the Board, had four Moslems to swear that it belonged to the Board and nothing more could be done. The devices of foreigners to keep any thing are often exceedingly ludicrous. The officials who had the opening of the streets were about to open one along the College grounds and a tree stood on the edge. If the street authorities were allowed to cut it down it would give them some advantage in their tortuous proceedings.

Dr. Bliss was willing to cut the tree down himself, but would not permit them to do it, so one morning they put in an appearance to remove the tree, but he forbade them. They persisted, when he took a stool and sat down by the tree, putting his long sinewy legs around it in a way which those who know him will appreciate. The Turkish official insisted that he had the right to cut the tree down. "Yes," said the Doctor, "but you can't cut it down without cutting my legs, which is contrary to Turkish law." But the official was not willing to be put off in this fashion, the thought was humiliating that the Turkish government should be beaten by a pair of Yankee legs. He insisted, and the Doctor wrapped his legs more firmly around the

tree, saying again, "My legs are in the way, and besides these legs belong to the United States government, and if you cut them you will have trouble." Even Turkish officials have a sense of the ridiculous, and when they are fairly outwitted give it up, as did this one, and Dr. Bliss removed the tree himself according to promise.

The College building in Beirut and others connected with it are the finest on the Syrian coast, commanding in situation. It is large and most admirably adapted to the purposes of Oriental education. The dormitories are separated by arched partitions, through which pure air circulates. The ceilings are high, with ventilators at the top. The recitation-rooms are well lighted and aired. The only defective part is the chapel, which has an echo impossible to overcome. But even this has been solved by the son-in-law and daughter of the late benefactor, Mr. Marquand, as Mr. Monroe and his wife are about to erect a "conference hall" in the campus, beautiful and well-suited to this most important establishment for Christian education, and the old one in the main building will be turned into a library. Near this building is a rival in beauty and adaptation—the Theological Seminary. The rooms are large and well-furnished—a better building, though not so large as some in the United States. These are built from a straw-colored sand-stone, taken from the mountain-side not far distant, and trimmed with a lime-stone. The effect, with that wonderful sea in front, as changeful in color as the chameleon, is incomparably beautiful. This building is the gift both of the departed and the living, William E. Dodge and Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, and as a memorial of a deceased daughter of the latter, Ada Dodge, who died in India, and A. L. Dennis, Esq., well-known in New Jersey, and better known in

Syria as the father of one of the most accomplished and able professors in the Theological Seminary, who occupies the Chair of Didactic Theology to the highest satisfaction of his brethren and the students who have the privilege to be instructed by him.

There is the Medical College, not inferior to either of the others, built of the same straw-colored stone, which, in this country, where the mountains are nut-brown and the sea the deepest blue, contrasts so well. This, also, was the gift of the late William E. Dodge and the late Mr. Marquand and Dr. Alfred Post. It is fairly furnished, but ought to have money to give it a better outfit in that work, next in importance and sacredness to the gospel ministry, the saving of the bodies of men from the diseases peculiar to the deadness of the nations to vital religion. The statement may be startling, but we believe true, that no great revolution will come to the souls of these Orientals until there is an improvement on the gospel basis of their hygienic conditions. The Medical Missionary College and the medical men and women, which such institutions are producing, are doing the work again of John the Baptist, "Preparing the way for the Lord," and opening up avenues for the gospel, inaccessible in any other way. The institution has an able corps of professors. But of the number Dr. Post would be renowned in any land, he is not only eminent in his medical profession, but as a minister of Jesus Christ as well, and he does not permit the profession of medicine to overshadow his *cure* of souls.

There is still another building related to the rest as the preparatory department, and differing only in appearance in being somewhat smaller and that the body

of the building is of white lime-stone trimmed with the straw-colored. This is also well-arranged to its purposes, and is understood to come from the same unfailing friend, the Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, who will not permit his name to be used in connection with his quiet, yet beneficent work.

The grounds contain, as nearly as we can estimate, ten acres, reaching within a few hundred feet of the sea and has an outlet to the sea, which has a rock bound coast, and gives the best facilities for bathing. The house of the President, Dr. Bliss, is capacious and sits like a queen arrayed in tropical beauty on her throne of hills. There is nothing wanting in either loveliness, fruitfulness or fragrance in its surroundings. There is the stately Date Palm, with its pendant fruits, tinted in every color, crowning its symmetrical shaft like a graceful capital. There are the Banyan and the Banana tree loaded with fruit going into its golden hue, Fig trees covered with luscious fruit, Orange trees bending under their loads, Lemons, Grapes, Pears, besides others whose beauties are in their abundant and graceful foliage. There is an entire hedge of Rose Geraniums and Scarlet Geraniums as high as a man's head. Coleus ten feet high, a Passion flower vine, two years old, covering half a balcony, Pond Lilies, Pepper trees with long drooping clusters of lavender pink flowers, and golden Pomegranates tinged with red. The combination was peerless, the whole adorning the high coast line of the most beautiful sea on the earth and backed by the far-famed Lebanons, wrinkled with age, but beautiful in the midst of the spoliations of time.

The College is prosperous, and those who have given to its founding and prosperity may rejoice that it is keeping alive the names and benevolent purposes of

their departed loved ones, and it will do the same for those now sustaining it when they too are gone. English is the leading language, though other languages are taught, and the wisdom of this will be seen in the advantages in conveying and impressing on the most learned and influential men of the country true conceptions, freed from the decay of ages, of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. The professors are earnest Christians, men of real capacity and learning. We regret that we have not seen all of them. But we have met Professor Harvey Porter, who has the Department of History and Mental Science, and is one of the most effective preachers in Arabic as well. He has conducted a service in Ableih all this summer which has been well attended.

There are in the Literary Department seventy-five students, some from Egypt, not many Moslems, for the reason that they will not be put on a par with Christians, nor attend prayers at College. In the Collegiate Department are sixty three medical students. Of the numbers in the institution about fourteen are Maronites, who are the Roman Catholics natives, and if these remain any length of time they throw off the prejudices of their ignorance, and often their old belief itself. A few of the students become infidels, but this cannot be helped. The Greeks are the most liberal and best disposed to educational and missionary efforts. Few of the students as yet have entered the native ministry, probably because there has not, until lately, been a Theological Department, and they have not been able to go abroad for the necessary preparation. One of the most promising Professors is Mr. West, of Harrisburgh, the son of the estimable brother, pastor of one of the Harrisburgh churches. He is the young-

est of the number, but is at home in his Department, and from what his co-workers said and from evidences of his work remaining from last session on the blackboard, we conclude that he is well up, at least, in the mathematics of astronomy, and for the comfort of his father and mother we say we heard only good of their son.

The religious condition in all these institutions is good. The tendencies of the Medical Department are all on the side of Protestant Christianity, while a fair proportion not only care for the bodies of their fellowmen, but lose no opportunity to direct their great influence, through their profession, to the uplifting of their souls. This will not be surprising when we know that all the professors, who are to be their advisers in future, as well as instructors in the present, are Christian men, and the head of the institution and others, we believe, are ministers of the gospel. We met but one of the Professors, Dr. Kay, of Virginia.

These institutions have a Board of Trustees in New York city. The President is the honored William A. Booth, who has been a helper from the beginning and a rightful sharer in the joys of its progress, as has also been Mr. Morris Jessup. The property is now worth \$250,000.

There is also another institution, not mentioned, of equal value, though not so extensive in equipments — the Female Seminary, with less means, yet, in the estimate of the greater value of the home and its education of wives and daughters, is not a whit behind in its moral and intellectual progress. The history of this institution began in the policy of the American Board, in the past, not to appropriate their funds to buildings. But realizing the necessity of such furniture they gave authority to Dr. Jessup to collect money for the pur-

pose, which he did, mostly from the Presbyterians, who had the same confidence in the American Board which has happily existed in all its history. This money was given by the well-known names of their time, and will continue as long as benefits of their good doings shall follow them. Philadelphians will readily recognize the honored names of Matthias W. Baldwin and Messrs. Brown and Alexander Whilldin; the latter will be comforted in the sorrows of his sunseting by the fact that this portion of his scattered fortune has not gone to waste, but is bringing blessed returns in the thought that through life's sunshine and vicissitudes he has not lived in vain.

In this honored list is also Mr. Jay Cooke and Mr. Pitkin, the latter helped Dr. Jessup in many ways to the blessed consummation. In New York and other places the amount was made up to \$15,000; the donors' names we do not know, but they are entitled to all the blessings and more than we have been able to describe. This school was the first in the Levant to charge tuition fees. Many were the dark sayings of wiseacres on their harps of a thousand strings that it would prove a failure, but last year tuition fees, paid by people most of whom in our country would be called poor, amounted to \$1,200, which shows that in half-heathen lands, as everywhere else, any thing of value, in the estimation of the people, can be paid for.

The Principal of this School is Miss Everett, of Plainfield, Ohio, and next in place is Miss Thompson, now acting Principal, the daughter of that eminent missionary who gave to the world that interesting work "The Land and the Book." Both these leaders rank high in scholarship and executive abilities. There are as regular scholars from eighty to one hundred. This

School is a part of the Presbyterian Board's possessions and receives a small yearly appropriation from it.

Before leaving our educational institutions in Beirut a word will not be out of place in regard to the duty of the Church and of all interested in the welfare of their fellow-men in this land, from which the world has received so much. These institutions cannot carry on their good work on the properties they have; these are only tools and we thank God that the Church has so many and that they are so good, but tools will not keep themselves sharp, neither will they work themselves; they must be kept in order and worked, and tools well-worked create necessities for larger furnishing. Neither can a greater service be rendered by multitudes of Christians and philanthropic men and women of business who have been successful and would help needy causes if they knew where and how, and especially in this year of jubilee in our churches. Let such remember how much more they can get out of a dollar in this land than at home, more to comfort when the hollowness of wealth is disclosed to the soul in those shadowed hours that must come upon all. All these schools need greater facilities. Many can help at the close of life or when sickness has laid them aside by sending their libraries, which will do them no more good, to the Theological and Literary Departments of the College. Christian or philanthropic physicians can send libraries that they need no longer, or by giving money to procure apparatus, &c., to the Medical College. Those who can do no more could furnish a room or found a scholarship, which does not require a great amount of money; or those searching for objects to which to devise their estates in their last will and testament cannot provide for usefulness when

they are gone in any way, in our judgment, that will make them live so long or well. On all these points definite information can be obtained at the Board of Foreign Missions in New York city.

BEIRUT AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

ONE would grow sick at the scenes of moral dreariness everywhere pressing on the beholder were it not for the compensating reliefs in the supreme beauties of nature. The whole East is a land with the shades of death upon it—a land of tombs which has outlived tombstones, but still their shadows are athwart. Its dust is only the fragments of life greater in its past than in its present. There is an air of sadness, the gaudy garments of brightest colors only disclose the depressed, half-hopeless spirits of the forms within them. The tones of the voices of men and creatures have indescribable elements of sadness in them to the European. The cries of traffic, the calls to prayer, the calls to beasts of burden all tend to depress by their strangeness. There is nothing here keyed in the major diatonic scale. The minor is all that is breathed forth or heard in the Levant.

Wonderfully beautiful is nature, as we have seen it in spring-time in her garments of exuberant green, countless flowers cling to the very niches—how full of blossoms and heavy of odors is the softened air. This is the land of peerless skies, where the clouds are illuminated. No fierce overhanging storms, with wrathful flashes or mutterings, disturb the calm equipoises of nature. The sea is clear as crystal, and with no greater movements than bubbled ripples, no raging tides dash

themselves against her shores, no roar of waves, no winds let loose, howling or moaning like lost spirits. Here a child can wade into the sea without losing its poise. But what is as strange, the air is so colorless that great objects come and crouch at your feet. The Lebanons rise in majestic grandeur and recede from the sea fifteen or twenty miles to their summit, but at the coast they look so near as to tempt one to lay a hand upon their heads. Ascending these heights the sea, a dozen miles away, seems so near that one fears to go down lest he step into its bosom.

Beirut is the gem of the Syrian coast, in the main well built, with wider and straighter streets than most Eastern cities. The houses are of stone, large and comfortable, in the Turkish style of graceful arches supported by light columns, with great windows in the front, so that half of the second story front is glass, with sash in variegated mullions in circles and shapes to correspond to the arches. Most of the houses have beautiful gardens full of half-tropical fruits and flowers. The houses of the wealthy Turks are palatial, ceilings from twenty to thirty feet high, with halls thirty to fifty feet wide, enclosed by great stone walls, entered by a lodge and imposing gates. Beirut began to assume importance when the missionaries were driven to the Mediterranean by the massacre of the Druses and other Turkish bloodthirsty fanatics. The impress of the missionaries is seen in every thing, the whole population becoming unconsciously European.

The schools are doing the work of breaking down long cherished customs, and it is becoming the fashion for women who have the means to be educated, and it is impossible for ignorance to battle against such a tide. The American Presbyterian mission here is a grand

one, with roots strong and a body that has stood the storms and grown in their violence. Turkey has done her best to uproot it, but she has weakened at every effort. The Book Publishing Department, one of the most constant aggressive agencies, has been hindered and throttled, but never seriously injured. It has been, and is, furnishing a large percentage of the school books of this part of the Empire. It is not hard to see that those who make the school books of a nation will shape its thoughts in religion and future destiny.

In the upper part of Beirut, towards the mountains, is a splendid property or properties, speaking as confined to their several uses. The Publishing Departments are spacious and admirably adapted to the several lines of the work. At the entrance of the buildings are offices, sales-rooms and depositories, rooms for book finishings, press and binderies, type founderies and finishing rooms for the plates of thirty editions of the Scriptures, approved and stamped by the Turkish Empire. There are store-rooms for unfinished work, electrotyping, folding, packing and engine rooms, and all that pertains thereunto. The building is not large, but every inch of space seems to be utilized. The field has been somewhat curtailed by the capriciousness and oppressions of the Turkish government and by the rivalries of the French Jesuits, who are supported by the French government, so far as can be seen, purely for political reasons, still there was never so grand an outlook for this work.

In Sierra Leone and adjacent territories are about twenty millions of Mohammedans speaking only the Arabic, and they are applying for the Arabic Scriptures, and as the Publishing House has the most perfect

edition ever issued, in clear type and fine binding, having the advantage of the *imprimatur* of the Turkish Empire as entirely satisfactory, they at once naturally commend themselves to Mohammedans. Beside these thirty editions of the Scriptures, so approved, they have about two hundred and fifty editions of other books just examined by the government censors and also approved. We intended to give the number of volumes on hand and the sales, but fear that it may crowd out other interests which would be more readily read. All we will say is that in our judgment this arm of the service is most effectually managed in the interest of the Church for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom by the Rev. Samuel Jessup.

The next object of interest is the church property, built by funds given in America and by the Presbyterian Church of Scotland and the people of Beirut. In front is a high iron gate which opens into a yard under delicious shade from well-grown trees of the country, and in the centre a fountain playing in cooling jets, wreathed in rainbows, the most inviting object we have seen, especially in a land where water and moving air are twin blessings. The building is of the same stone as the College, in handsome architectural proportions, surmounted by a clock and bell. Just here an incident will show the changed temper of even the Mohammedans. The bell and clock had arrived from America when the stone tower was about half finished, and there was no money to complete it and no expectation but in waiting, no one knew how long, until somebody would give it. But the people of the city, Jews, Greeks, Europeans, and Mohammedans, who hate bells and have destroyed more of them than any other people on the earth, contributed liberally to finish the tower and

put up the bell, so that the wags had their fun out of it, saying that the Jews put on the cross and the Mohammedans put up the bell of the Syrian Protestant church. But there was a reason for this unusual disposition on the part of the Mohammedans. Dr. Jessup is the prince of Arabic speakers, using the language not only with accuracy, but fluency; not being a native he euphonizes its harsh gutturals, but more, he tells them such truth as they do not hear anywhere else, of which they recognize their need. Then he is one of them, as a neighbor respecting all that is good about them, living justly before them, dealing honestly and truthfully. Then, too, in this church is no image or picture of any kind, which is so offensive to Mohammedans. Not infrequently those who have not been in the church and desiring to hear Dr. Jessup came to the door and looked in, and seeing no pictures anywhere will exclaim, "This is the Church of God!" and go in wholly placated, and reverently listen to the Word, to their delight, in their own tongue.

This is the country where personal influence in living a Christian life tells. Dr. Jessup's name is authority even in a Turkish Custom House, as some young men told us, when in difficulty and not knowing the language they kept repeating his name, and the officers became more complacent and accommodating. He was their neighbor, and so they would treat them kindly for his sake.

At nine o'clock on a sultry Sabbath morning, when the air blistered like heated steam, we entered the portals of this beautiful church to worship God in Arabic, but God's worship has his spirit in it in any language, and to any hearer who worships from his heart. The first hymn took us straight home quick as thought could

fly, and to the cross as well. It was "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me," the people sang to the organ accompaniment. We sang in English and the congregation in Arabic, but it all went into the volume of praise, God only could sort out the nationalities. It was one in his ears. Dr. Jessup read the Scriptures and the people followed on the pages of their Bibles, and when he prayed they rose to their feet, and when he came to the close they all recited the Lord's Prayer in concert. The next hymn had a golden link of association. It was "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." The sermon was impressive, this could be read in the faces of the people.

Singing in this country is not an accomplishment generally—there are serious difficulties against it. The vocal organs of the Arab-speaking people are defective in the production of complete harmony, and then there has been little cultivation of the voice in singing. It was, therefore, a surprise that the whole congregation sang so well, but one told the secret, which we appreciate, and venture to assign it a place in the labors of the accomplished wife of Dr. Jessup, whom we have had the great pleasure of knowing as a daughter of the estimable family of the late Rev. Peter Lockwood, of Binghamton, N. Y. Mrs. Jessup organized a choir and instructed its members, and by them the congregation, until their church and congregational music would be respectable anywhere.

Dr. Jessup is an exceedingly impressive preacher in his manner. One may not know the language in which he speaks, but it is impossible not to know the spirit. The people show its effects in their attention. A little boy not more than six years old sat in front of us doing what was an amazement—he never took his eyes

away from the face of the pastor, so far as could be seen, all the sermon through, which was about thirty-five minutes long. Dr. Jessup is graceful in manner and earnest, and from his long beard, rather than from years, looks like a patriarch, and one of the best too, Abraham perhaps; we know he is not like Jacob. There was a good congregation present, though many of the people were away on their summer vacation. But the church, which holds about seven hundred, was two-thirds full, and when the people are in town it is always well filled.

After service we entered the beautiful chapel, the gift of Mr. Chauncy Dale, of New York city, brother to the lamented Rev. Gerald Dale, who built it as a memorial to a departed son. It is worthy of a father's faith and affection, who soothes his sorrow in turning his life more nearly to Christ. The church and Publication House are on the same plot of ground, the Female Seminary is near and the whole is valuable, and growing more so. At a fair average the Publication property, the machinery and stock on hand, the church properties of the mission, including the school buildings, are worth \$250,000. So the Presbyterian Church has for its twenty-seven years work in this mission all the good of every kind, all the impressions yet to go into action, all the seed sown, all the saved in these years gone to their rest, all the possibilities of the young life born of the age past, and \$500,000 in property to show for its sacrifices and labors in Syria, and yet there are heartless, unbelieving members of the Church at home saying, "What's the use? The money is sunk; it has done no good; it takes five dollars to get one in the field." Will any point us to a firm, starting with no capital but diligence and faith, that

can show so much, with so little loss even in a money calculation? It has been more than prosperous, rather a magnificent success.

On the mountain is a village so high that the temperature is moderately cool, which is a great blessing to the missionaries in Beirut and the families. It is known as Aaleih, and here most of our workers spend the hot months. But the work goes right on, Dr. Jessup preaches every Sabbath in Arabic in Beirut. In Aaleih is a church to which Professor Porter ministers during his stay, preaching in both Arabic and English. There is a work in this place which several of the missionaries' wives conduct—one of real Christlike charity. They gather in, once a week, the poor native Greek and Druse women of the village, and the sight would sadden the hearts of the most careless. About sixty of these women come, bringing their babies and sometimes all the children of the household, as they cannot leave them at home. Twenty-five babies at this meeting would be a moderate estimate. The mothers are barefoot, many of them have hardly enough clothing to be decent. This meeting is conducted by Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Jessup, with a native teacher. The latter is an example of what Christian culture can do for the natives in mind and soul by which the very features are beautified and the whole general appearance changed. These natives have some features which redeem them from the vassalage of poverty and its degradations, they have the brightest black eyes ever seen in a human face, the whitest and most perfect teeth, and when listening their long suppressed intellects flash out as they pay the deepest attention. These Christian teachers read Scripture text, which they memorize and repeat, and they are taught to sing

hymns. At the meeting attended, Mrs. Porter addressed them on the Scripture, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be made white as snow," and when any thought absorbed them they would ask questions, and approving would nod their heads or speak out in their enthusiasm. Their home duties, even of the most practical kind, are kept before them, and their progress under all their disadvantages can be seen sometimes in surprising ways in bearing their great trials. The seed of divine truth will grow wherever life itself can survive, and often the brightest trophies can be gathered like diamonds from the dirt.

About two miles away from Beirut, at a village named Suk el Karob, is another missionary station and school, under the care of Pastor Pond. Here is a handsome stone chapel, built under this pastor's direction, in which we heard him speak in Arabic to about one hundred and twenty-five people. It seemed to us a good sermon in its spiritual effect, and to a soul in its receptive mode this can be conveyed without a knowledge of the language, but we saw men in tears, and Rev. Samuel Jessup, who spends his vacation here, and is himself one of the best preachers in Syria, said it was a most effective discourse. The school is of long standing, and one of the best. In this place is a memorial of the devotion of one of our country-women, significant of her appreciation of the toiling sisterhood in the life saving service; it is a well-constructed stone mansion on a spot overlooking the ocean and exposed to the cool breath of the Lebanons, intended for the use of the female teachers of the schools during the summer vacation.

We had the great pleasure of enjoying the hospitalities of these young ladies, and by invitation of those present led in the dedicatory prayer by which it was

set apart to its beneficent purpose. The only regrets were that the givers were not here to behold its present and future prospects, that Miss Loring, formerly of Scranton, Pa., now Mrs. Taylor, we believe, and the sisterhood that helped her accomplish this work, had not been present to enjoy its opening, its beautiful surroundings, and the future prospects for blessing which arched its future skies.

Two miles further south is the village of Shimlan, in which the British Syrian Mission has a school. We only saw the school house, for it was vacation, but the hospitality of Miss Eddy and her sister-in-law, the daughter of our esteemed friend Dr. Nelson, was abundantly apparent. The occasion was one both enjoyable and profitable, for beside the delightful social intercourse of the occasion we met the Rev. Mr. Eddy, now Bishop of the Sidon field since Mr. Ford left it. He will be one of the future strong pillars of the mission work here if his life is spared. He has been nine years in this field, and his sister has the care of the girl's school. Sidon is the working centre of a district, has training schools for both male and female native helpers and a preparatory department to fit students for college. In the girl's boarding department there are from forty to forty-five, and day scholars about seventy. In the boy's boarding school are forty and sixty day scholars. Sidon is also the centre of book distribution and colporteur work, having twenty-five out-stations. There has been great progress here since our former visit seventeen years ago, as there is now a group of churches near Mount Hermon.

In the Basaltic region, on the Hermon range, we stopped on our former visit under an oak tree for lunch, and while there about forty of the most vil-

liant looking Druses encircled us, and whetted their knives on the soles of their sandals, feeling their edges and occasionally casting a glance to see the effect upon us. We felt that the same policy would be prudent, so taking out our revolvers we commenced examining them, and the experiment was a success. They made an orderly retreat, beginning with the youngest and down to the eldest all moved off, till only the Sheik remained, to whom we extended some hospitality.

Strange to say, in the village immediately at the foot of that hill on which we then sat is now one of our churches, and a whole cluster is near Hasbeya, the place of the massacre of 1860, where the Turkish government has closed the schools, and of course the consequences will not surprise when we say thirty six murders have taken place in the last three months. But there are in this group of churches seven hundred Protestants, who are ministered to by Mr. Eddy, with his co-worker, Mr. Ford, who has just returned from a tour of pastoral work and inspection. The work here is chiefly among the people of Greek and Maronite faiths, very few Moslems ever become Christians, one reason being that as soon as one is converted the Turkish government immediately drafts him into the army. There is great desire on the part of both Greeks and Moslems for teachers, as they believe that our teachers are better than all others, both in the things taught and in their religious lives, and have better influence over their children. The bishop of a Greek church, in the Northern part of this district, secured one of the native teachers to be the head of the school in his district, and said no one was fit to teach except those trained in American schools.

The centre of this district, Sidon, is a dilapidated old town on the site of the historic Sidon, and yet such is the power of association, of birth and the devotion to duty incited by the love of Christ that we heard Miss Eddy say, "Dear old Sidon"—the place of her life work. The ruins of its former grandeur are here, at least what has not been carried away, and more are being excavated. Last spring a discovery was made of great value to archæologists and of interest to all who care to compare the past with the present. We are indebted to Rev. Mr. Eddy, who assisted in its disclosure, for an account of it. There are men who work these ruins for the stone which can be gotten out, which nearly pays for the work. One of these quarrymen, who had been getting out stone and seeking for curiosities, discovered a shaft thirty feet deep, at the bottom of which were four doors entering four chambers, the roof of which was natural rock, and the floor paved. In the south chamber were two sarcophagi, one was of black marble highly polished without carving, the other of the purest white marble, with a great lid of the same, carved into an arch, but not open. From the four corners of these lids projected lions' heads, and on its front were two symbolical figures facing each other with uplifted wings, and like figures were at the other end, but with this difference, in one set the bodies were of animals and the heads of birds, the other was the solitary body of a bird with a human face.

There was on the sarcophagus an ornamental frieze, consisting of figures on the front, two Centaurs facing each other and attacking a fallen warrior, who appears to be protecting himself with his shield. On the back were two Centaurs carrying a stag. The whole sarcophagus was about ten feet long, eight feet high and

five and a half wide. Water was dripping from the roof and had filled the smaller sarcophagus, whose lid had been removed a little to one side. In these were found three human skeletons and five of grayhounds. In the east chamber were two sarcophagi of the finest marble, on the side of one was represented a funeral pageant, first two female mourners, then two horses with grooms walking by their side, neither saddled nor bridled. Then four horses abreast drawing a chariot in which stands a warrior. Then four other horses, drawing a covered two-wheeled chariot, which answered the purpose of a hearse. This was followed by two figures walking. The sarcophagi were carved to represent the porch about a temple, with eighteen statuettes, each about three feet high, standing between the columns, three upon each end and six on each side. The capitals of the columns were Ionic, with the exception of those at the four corners, which were Doric. This is not offered to our readers as a description, but as a suggestion which will lead the mind into a general conception of the buried marvels of this famous old city.

The work of excavation is hindered, as usual, by the Turkish government, which is as much at heart opposed to the disclosures of the past as to the spectres of the coming future, and when hidden things are unearthed the Turk takes them to Constantinople and puts them in his archæological Aceldama in the Seraglio. Within the circumference of this old city of Sidon are great heaps of shells, "Murex," from which was extracted the famous royal and priestly Tyrian purple. These are not a product of this coast, but were brought from Greece, Sidon is only the manufacturer. This place has no more living importance, its value is that of the cemetery, its trade will be largely in the relics of the

past. There is no harbor and nothing to harbor. Its people are poor and miserable in appearance, but the spirit of intellectual aspiration is stirring in their hearts for their children, they have made great sacrifices in their poverty to this end.

The Mohammedans would employ and support missionary teachers if they could get them. They cannot trust their own even in the commonest ideas of morals. Their desire that those who come after them shall be better than themselves is at least commendable. The great want here is more teachers who can teach in both Arabic and English. The one is helpful to the other. In the mission schools is taught the Bible with Scripture proofs and the Shorter Catechism. They have Sunday-school every day in the week but Sunday, and would have it then too, but the teachers go out to preach or hold religious services. Seed-sowing goes on; this is the business of life, but there is a deal of quiet harvesting, examples of which are ever coming into observation.

A Mohammedan father was imprisoned because he allowed his son to attend the mission schools. After a long incarceration he was released, but it had broken his spirit and he soon died, but the work for which he suffered went on. This son after his death returned to the mission. The thirst of his childhood, for which his father suffered, came back, and he asked to be examined in the Catechism as one of the conditions of entering the school again, and it was found that he knew it better and comprehended it more fully than the average Christian children. But such examples among Mohammedans are not frequent, they are fanatical, ignorant and as a whole debased, though there are exceptions, mere remnants that could be made better if they were not

entangled, soul, mind and body, in the most ingenious system of bondage on earth. As a class they are depraved to an extent that appalls and to a depth that beggars description. All the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah are practised, and in greater variety of abomination than inspiration has dared describe. The fine sentiment which we hear from lauds of comparative religion have no existence, they are gilded lies to neutralize the necessity and power of the only religion that has or can save men and nations.

We hear most plausible stories of the temperance of the Mohammedans. We are told that the Koran forbids wine and that no Moslem disobeys it. This is true. He will not drink wine, "that is the Christian's drink," "the pig's drink." He will not break the command of the Koran, but he will drink himself drunk for days on fig brandy or grape whiskey. Moslems are only temperate in wine drinking, they fill themselves with whatever else will intoxicate. In some places, where the contact is close, he drinks absinthe as greedily as the worst of the French and Italians. The fact becomes more sadly apparent that there is no place where the depraved human appetite will not gorge itself except where conscience reigns supreme, and where both the individual and society live a sacrificial life, animated by the highest conceptions of the law, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Missionary effort here is directed to the destroying power of drink, for drunkenness is as great among the nominal Christians of the Greek Church as among the Mohammedans. The fact is the vices of one are largely the vices of the other, and how can they be different when the priesthood of the Greek Church are far more ignorant of the Bible than the Mohammedan of the

Koran. A single example of this ignorance, well authenticated, will suffice to assure our statement. A Greek priest, addressing a school in the hearing of one of our missionaries, said, "The Lord sent Jonah to Sodom and Nineveh, and he prayed that the city might be spared if there were ten righteous in it, but the Lord said if they were all righteous except ten he would destroy it, and so he did." The children in the missions are taught all that is possible of moral and hygienic truth, and have the examples of the strictest abstinence to save them from the fell destroyer.

The question of Foreign Missions has become the test of a standing or a falling Church. Almost all evangelical churches are in the ranks of the saving host. On a mountain, in sight of which we write, is the mission of the Friends or Quakers of England and America. Philadelphia or Pennsylvania is represented in both life and benevolent moneys in this institution. It is a beautiful place. As soon as it was devoted to the work it was planted over with the Lebanon pines, which have grown up and clothed the nudity of the stony cliffs. These pines are highly odoriferous, and the air is loaded with their exhalations, so invigorating and helpful to diseases of the throat, lungs and also to catarrh of the head.

In this young forest our Quaker friends have one of the best institutions in Syria, and in a quiet, but practical way are working the leaven of the gospel into the depraved masses around them. They have changed the character of the people about them, some have espoused their form of faith, although this has not been the most prominent feature of their work, which has rather been to make the people better in the practice of virtue and religion. They have a hospital and

schools for both boys and girls and lecture upon themes of general interest. They not only make men and women better, but wiser, or perhaps wiser to be better. It is a testimony which gladdens the heart to see in it all real unity in the purposes, spirit and work of the Church of Christ. Here living side-by-side are people widely different in several points of doctrine of Christian modes and policies, but one in heart, one in aim and one in their faith in the great sacrifice who gave Himself for us, who also henceforth made it the law of our spiritual being to give ourselves for each other.

In the heart of the city of Beirut is the order of Prussian Deaconesses, one of the most Christlike in spirit and work in the world, pure, devoted Christian women, who, for the love of Christ their Lord, give themselves first for five years and then, as most of them do, for life, to the practical duties enforced that great dramatic parable in which our Lord causes to pass before us the final judgment scene and the principles on which it will proceed. "Ye did it" and "ye did it not" to my brethren, for or against me their federal head. Many of these women are of noble birth, many of families of the highest distinction, all are, so far as we could learn, devoted to their work, faithful to God and to their duties in helping and saving men. The Sister Superior in Beirut told us that there were about eight hundred in the order, scattered all over the East, and even as far West as our city of Pittsburgh, Pa. There is here also a large hospital, built by the order of the Knights of St. John in Prussia, which is under their care as nurses, and under the treatment of the medical faculty of our Presbyterian Medical College.

There is a Scottish mission working in the general harmony, under the care of the Established Church, a

mission nominally to the Jews, but working in any or all directions within their reach. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Mackey, ministers to the English-speaking population worshipping in the church built jointly by the Scotch and Americans, in which Rev. Mr. Jessup officiates in the morning to his Arabic congregation. We regret that the Rev. Mr. Mackey was absent, and that the schools were not in session during our stay.

WAYMARKS IN PALESTINE.

CROSSING the Lebanon range, a day's ride in a diligence, Damascus is reached, and its Bible history will ever make it a place of deepest interest. Naaman, the Assyrian, who defended its rivers, Parphar and Arbana, was certainly more patriotic than wise—his servants, as is often the case, had more sense and were better logicians than their master, and saved him from the chronic doom of pig-headedness. Beside, neither one of these boasted rivers is of much importance, and would not pass for creeks in America. The water is good in both however, but at the time of our visit neither were deep enough for a man to dip himself once, and seven times would cause a water famine. Here, too, along the crookedest and dirtiest street the proud Saul of Tarsus was led from blindness into light. If the same pavement existed then as does now it was a hard road for a blind man, and if it was called "straight" it must have been by the blind Saul, who could not know better, or else it was a grim joke. It is a hot, dusty place, and but for its past would have no present worth a passing notice. But how grand a page in the world's history is that of Damascus, and how

little it takes of moral force to make a commonplace town great. All spots are illustrious where the grace of God gains victories. Here Paul spoke the first words which declared to the world his new manhood; here he was received into loving fellowship with those whom he had come to put to death, and here the Apostle had to submit to his first, and perhaps greatest, humiliation, which was being let down, between two days, in a basket.

Damascus has not improved much in appearance since we saw it last, but has an increasing business, not only in its own peculiar products, but as a centre through which the trade from further East must come to Beirut. There has been a mission here for more than thirty years, it was baptized in the martyr blood of 1860. We regret not being able to know more than the fact that it is making slow progress in this very hard field. The United Presbyterian Church of America carried it on a long time in connection with the Irish Assembly, Dr. Crawford at its head; it is now exclusively under the care of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, and has several prosperous schools on the east side of the Lebanon.

The Lebanon Mountains cannot be seen or crossed without thought of the extensive business carried on between King Solomon and King Hiram. Solomon, being a Jew, was too much for Hiram in a bargain, as may be inferred by what the latter called the cities which he received for his cedars delivered at Jaffa, he said they were "shabby," which in our time would mean that he felt himself worsted in the transaction. The pilgrim on this range, now so barren, can hardly believe that the whole mountain was covered with

swaying pines and odorous cedars. Only a few of these remain, but in spots the ground is covered with a young growth which in half a century, if left alone, will bring back the former beauty and humidity to Palestine by bringing back the two material blessings she most needs—timber and moisture. The odor of cedar greets the senses all about Beirut. It is sawed there every day by the old-fashioned whip-saws until the air is filled with its grateful perfume.

Another waymark thrusting itself into vision is the Carmel range. One never hears this word without the recurring memory of the great conflict on it, between Elijah, for God, and the idolatrous people, for this was Baal's country, who, no doubt, had his throne and chief followers at Baalbec, about sixty miles north. Jezebel belonged to this form of idolatry, and Sidon was a stronghold of the priests of Astarte. They were known by their robes of Tyrian purple, for which this city was so famous. The contest settled the question of sovereignty as between omnipotence and impotence; and this victory has sent its impulses down to the present hour. The spot is well marked, for such is the character of this country that historic spots cannot be entirely lost—the conformations are so sharply defined, so close, so real and ever present, that one is compelled to the conclusion that God intended it as a stereotype cast on which the coming ages might read as they run. There is now scarcely an important spot mentioned in the Bible or concurrent history that cannot be so identified or approximated, so that cavils are evidences of idiocy. The mountains and valleys are so crowded that one can stand but a stone's throw from the actual spot, and vision will compass it surely if no nearer approach has been made.

From Carmel can be seen the great plain of Esdraelon, through which runs the river Kishon, and in sight are the sites of Ahab's palace. Jezreel is here, from which Naboth's vineyard was in sight. Leaving Jezreel and its tragic memories we come to a spot of blessed relief. It ought to be called hospitality made immortal—one of the flowers in life's deserts. It was called Shunem, and a resurrection or resuscitation is its chiefest monument. It was to Elisha what Bethany was to the Saviour, where unselfishness dressed the wounds and healed the hurts which selfishness had made. Hospitality always pays, laying up treasures for us which moth and rust do not corrupt. It entertains angels and brings more than angelic blessings, giving us a good face wherewith to ask mercies from both God and man. The woman knew where to go when trouble came; she had had the opportunity of discovering real worth in her own house. Very quickly mercies come to those who have not been forgetful to entertain strangers, for all whom they have received are straightway changed into kin, wondrous kind. The prophet dropped all in the moment of such grief. The Shunem of the prophet's day is gone, and only some mud buts are left, but we saw here a strange indication of the truthfulness of the Bible statements that this was a land of milk and honey.

The only fuel of the country is a mixture of manure and straw made into little round cakes an inch thick and six in diameter. Of these a pen about three feet in diameter and five feet high was built, and of it the bees had taken possession and had filled it, so that the honey, melting by the heat of the sun, had run down the sides until the outside was covered with the precious sweets.

Esdraelon is a museum of tragedies. In it Gilboa rises, the altar of the slain. Here Saul and Jonathan

fell, whose death inspired David's peerless eulogy. Out of it gushes an inexhaustible fountain of the purest water, enough to supply an army of one hundred thousand men, and this has, no doubt, been the cause of the fiercest battles for possession of this boon to thirsty men in the almost tropical heats of more than half the year. Gilboa is a cone-shaped hill, symmetrically round, on which, in springtime, are boundless treasures of flowers set on living green. It seems to have been cut out of the lime-stone and rolled into the middle of this wonderful valley and set on its base as a monument of the battles that have raged and the slain that have fallen in this cockpit of the historic centuries.

In sight is Nain, where the Lord wrought an anticipative miracle, pointing to the grandest consummation of his redemption. Still in sight is Endor, the monument in ruins of ancient spiritualism, and in view also is Mount Tabor. It appears as if God knew that men would fight, and arranged the fields of battle so that in their insane rage they would evolve great issues not for themselves, for armies never get the advantages of their own victories, but so that their posterity should rise on the grave hillocks of the battle-fields into the moral advantages gained. The Plain of Esdraelon, like that of Philistia, had all the advantages of water and position for which armies strive, and so it has felt the measured tread of the hosts of Assyrians and Babylonians from the East, and Egypt on the South, France from the West; indeed, what nation has not at the ocean end of this plain, or on it, entered in bloody fray? The valley determined the style of its warfare, the fiercest and deadliest both in courage and weapons.

When the Israelites, so victorious in their mountain fastnesses, had to confront the Canaanites in this val-

ley, they murmured, saying that the Canaanites, who dwell in the land of the valley, have chariots of iron. But courage and a just cause are more than a match for these, for Barak, inspired by the song of Deborah, rushed from the hills and demolished the nine hundred chariots of Sisera. Over the very ground on which our eyes rest passed the army of Sennacherib, here he came down like a wolf on the fold, and was followed by the Roman, the Crusader and the Turk. Tabor itself was not too sacred to give name to a battle fought in sight of it by Napoleon when marching from Egypt by way of Jaffa, and though dead he still speaks in the infamy of his inhumanities, which floats in the air along this coast, which neither wind of ocean nor sirocco can purify nor bear away. This was the scene of the massacre of prisoners, and where he ordered the wounded, sick and dying to be poisoned in the hospitals. He was the man who said, "I both propose and dispose," but whose vain boast was turned into utter discomfiture by a few invincible English troops, who help the fort at Acre.

It is a field of blood, a veritable Aceldama, and so deeply was this impressed on the popular mind, or on this account prophetically chosen by inspiration, that the Apostle John, in his Apocalyptic vision, locates the last great conflict of the world, which is to close its ages for the incoming reign of peace, the battle of Armageddon, which is Megiddo, the ancient name for the Plain of Esdraelon.

The elements of peace and war are always found side-by-side, only a mountain separates this blood-stained valley from the home of the Prince of Peace—Nazareth. But peace is never obtained without exhaustions, it is always victorious over conflict. A terrific lime-stone

mountain must be climbed, the worst for horseback traveling ever encountered, and when the height was reached the descent was worse. The hoofs of the horses and asses of at least forty centuries had worn a groove on the soft rock in the beginning, but by exposure and use it has become as smooth as glass, so that when the horses entered this cut a stream of fire followed their hoofs, shod with steel plates. But this could not go on without a brake, it was becoming dangerous. We had often heard of the value of the tail hold, and if it slipped what would come after? But the value in this case was estimated and appreciated. The donkey-men took hold of the ponies' tails and slipping slowly let us down in safety, but not without fear that the tail hold would slip, and horse and his rider be cast heels over head. Nazareth was not reached without perturbation, and with but little admiration. It is a place exceedingly mixed in population, with constant frictions between Latins and Greeks as to who possess the holy places, and both enforce their claims in a most unholy way.

The miracles claimed to have been wrought are oppressive. One of these is that on the 10th of May, 1291, the house where the Virgin bore the Saviour was miraculously carried to Recanati, from thence to a neighboring mountain, and from there to Loretto, Italy, where it is still held in the greatest veneration. But all the value it has is in the fact that the wonderful life given for the redemption of the world had its unfolding here. There are three places which must be illustrious, Bethlehem, Nazareth and Calvary. The carpenter's shop is shown in which he wrought, the synagogue in which he delivered his inaugural address after he had read from the prophecy of Isaiah those wonderful words which have comforted, cheered, deliv-

ered and inspired ever since. The facts are all straight, whether the sites are or not. The fountain to which the daughters of Nazareth came to draw water is no doubt genuine, and women are still staggering under their burdens as they did two thousand years ago.

The town is now all nominally Christian. It is said that there are no Jews in the place, they are Greeks and Latins. A few miles north is the famous Cana of Galilee. On the dim outlines of the battle-ground, over toward the Sea of Galilee, is Lubia, where General Juneau held the Arabs, falling back on Cana, where he was reinforced by General Kleber, and by the combined army defeated them.

This is a valley of great fertility, broken only by the ridge that forms the hilly rampart back from the shore of the Sea of Galilee. On the top of the range, which ends in this bluff, was fought the great battle on which turned the fate of the Crusaders in Palestine. Here and in Italy, Spain and Mexico vital religion lost nothing by the defeat, for the Mohammedans are no more hopeless to Christianity than the ignorant Papal hordes that her domination has or would have produced. On the shore of the Sea of Galilee the Saviour's greatest words and works come up out of the shore which time has desolated. We hear "thou Capernaum and Bethsaida." The hills beyond locate the great miracle of the feeding of the five thousand, and the encounter and disenchanting of the Gadarene demoniac. Among the Oleanders, even now in richest blossom, lie columns at the former sites of Capernaum and Bethsaida, which will rival those standing at Athens; they are prostrate and the sections are separated, but it is easy to see that they helped each other up once into grace and beauty.

Tiberias, of the Roman occupation, is sitting in his ruins, commanding the Sea of Galilee, the only object that has not been worsted by time. It looks incongruous to see her so bright and well favored, her face wrinkled only in rippled smiles, while her mistress at her side is so tattered in her garments. Earthquakes have shaken down her palaces, broken the gates of the city and filled her streets with the rubbish of her former grandeur. It is now a filthy graveyard of things worn out - desolation is written upon all. The only living creatures are the fleas. Here, tradition says, lives the king of this tormenting order. Our experience on a former occasion would lead to the conclusion that when the devils went into the hogs, which ran down violently into the sea and were choked, only the hogs were choked, the fleas on them and the demons in them formed a junction and *live* and possess and torment. The only relief we had was in having our iron bedstead carried out into the margin of the sea, and washing off the stock on hand we got in before they could swim up to renew the contest.

The Scotch brethren have a medical mission to the Jews here. It is just like them to be always hunting for opportunities on the rim of the impossible; but they have a good man, patient, hopeful and long suffering, and even the Jews will be obliged to surrender, though it may not be until the morning of the resurrection. It did seem a little rough to send a missionary to contend at the same time with the Jews and the fleas, but the Scotch character is both forceful and comprehensive, and their faith in it will be found equal to all emergencies. The rest of the coast, until the great Plain of Sharon is reached, is barren and uninteresting, but behind the coast line are places that

have their names written in the imperishable Word, and cannot be lost because of their past activities, though they are out of sight in the present.

Over the first installment of lime-stone rocks, on the way south towards Jerusalem, is Dothan, a name that will be recognized by the children, to whom Dothan and Joseph will ever be inseparable. Here the lying cruelties, which cost his brethren so much years after, began and were consummated. We seemed to hear the echoes of his tearful pleadings still in the winds that sighed over the bleak hills. From here they could see him slowly taken from their gaze, as they thought, forever. Here also Elisha saw the hills round about alive with horses and chariots of fire. These are monumental memories which still light up this scene. Looking to the south, at the descent of this range, is a cone-shaped mountain, beautiful for situation and surrounded on all sides by a fertile plain, which, when clad in its spring beauties, must have the glory of the tropics. Its sides are terraced round and round in spiral form, the earth is held in place by walls of beautiful ashler eight or ten feet high, in some parts as perfect as the day it was laid. This is Roman work, as are all these ruins. In the days of the past the soil was carried up on these levels, and in it grew Vines, Olives, Figs, Pomegranates and the richest treasures of flower wealth. The mountains around are all grooved, wrinkled and brown with age.

The terraces extend to the mountains, forming the circle in which Samaria sits as mistress, even in the common ruin. On the north west side are magnificent columns, some standing and some in ruins, with heads separated from the shafts, as if time itself had erected a bastille for decapitating art and had carried

on the work to nearly the end of its destructive abilities. The ruins under foot had all the sacredness of human remains, for what wonders of life had they seen, each fragment had been an eye-witness to thrilling events out of which the world's history has been built. The city which once crowned the mount dates from nine hundred years before Christ, when Omri, king of Israel, bought the mountain for two talents of silver and built a city upon it, which he called after the name of Shemer, the former owner.

Here, one hundred years later, we find a splendid capital in which Ahab, at the instigation of the unscrupulous Jezebel, built the Temple of Baal and a palace of ivory, and here this female demon wasted, debauched and destroyed the people until the land stank with her infamies. The resources of this famous city can be understood in the fact that it withstood a three years siege from the army of the Syrians, who came from the North and invested it so effectually that there began a lively trade in human flesh. In the end God delivered it in such a way that men were bound to acknowledge that he alone saved them. On these heights the Prophets Elisha and Elijah stood, and they traversed the paths over which we are walking. Their shaggy forms and grim visages are constantly coming into mental vision.

The Romans, who idolized magnificent positions and all that art might create, were not slow to appreciate the possibilities of Samaria, and made it the capital of Central Palestine. It was the heart's delight of Herod the Great to find a place to decorate with architectural adornments. He erected that colonnade which is over a half mile long and must have had not far from five hundred columns, for after the earth-

quakes, wars and convulsions of twenty centuries sixty are still standing, and these are not less than ten feet in diameter at the base and about sixty feet high. All these were in place, and the magnificent work was in its splendor when our Lord so often passed backwards and forwards from Jerusalem to Capernaum. He does not mention it because it was no part of his mission to descant on what man had done, there was but one fact in his history worth talking about, and this was that man had gone astray and that he had come to lead him back into his lost purity and its estate. He would not have even mentioned the Temple in Jerusalem but to point the fact of the nation's rejection of heaven's proffered mercy and to teach other nations the desolations that come from being abandoned of God.

Over a mountain range and down a valley, a valley, however, only in name, is Nablous, once called Sychar, old in incident and the maker of history. Jacob was its first hero, who probably passed through it the day after his troubled sleep on his hard pillow at Bethel, and like a new convert, when first sensible of the greatness of his deliverance, was purposing great monuments of gratitude. All along, as Jacob trudged up the narrow valley that led into the ancient city, he was ruminating on the size of the altar he would build to God when he got rich. It might even pass into a pyramid, so great would be his sense of obligation, if it kept on increasing as it had ever since he left Bethel. He saw himself coming back in a very few years to keep his vow. But it is astonishing how these young fervors give way before selfishness, and how men imagine that somehow the things they begged of God as the greatest favors get to be their own in fee when they are, as they suppose, out

of danger. Two Irishmen, it is said, were out on a lake in a crazy craft in a squall; they had only poles to work it, and soon they were beyond poling depth. One began praying to the Holy Virgin, but the other kept on feeling for bottom, and when he had touched it, he cried out, "Paddy, what's the use of praying when you can touch the bottom with the pole?" Jacob went on and got into the sheep and cattle business, which is trying to a weak conscience. It is reported of the late Dr. McCluskey, of Western Pennsylvania, when mourning the desolations of the church created by the rich men of his congregation buying the farms of the poorer ones and putting sheep on them, that he said, "My brethren, I fear the devil and the sheep will run all the Presbyterians out of Western Pennsylvania." It is certain that the devil and the sheep got the better of Jacob, as Jacob got the better of his father-in-law.

The altar business was doubtless relegated to the past, and Jacob excused himself for his enthusiasm, as some backsliders of to-day plead the "baby act" for giving up the church; that they were so young when they united with it, or that they were excited, or they did it to please their friends. Whatever was Jacob's line of defence for neglecting his vow for eighteen years we do not know, but we do know that the Lord punctured the callousness which had grown around his heart by the sharp, incisive command, "Arise, and go up to Bethel and . . . make there an altar unto God." One of the strangest things in human nature is that in its afflictions it fails to make connection with neglected vows for an explanation of disasters. Jacob passed through a sorrow the spectre of which made him shiver in dying, and yet it never once suggested to him, so far as we know,

Bethel and its unkept vow. The perfidious conduct of his sons toward the Shechemites, consummated in their murder and the disgrace of his daughter, ought to have started a resumption of payment of all unredeemed currency, but it did not. But this must be said in his favor, that he arose and went at last; how he was hurried off we know not, but he did not start a moment too soon, for following events came thick. He had scarcely commanded his family to put away their idols and be clean, and had no more than buried them under the oak and got to Bethel and completed his long neglected vow, when Rachel died. A man is in a sorry plight to bear staggering sorrows when his unkept vows come and grin defiance and reproach in his face and laugh at his calamities and mock when his fear cometh.

Nablous has some business activities. It has not been laid to sleep. There are seventy springs rushing from its mountain sides, joining each other they hasten down to the sea, and the people seem all unconsciously to be following their babble. The city has age enough to be respectable even in the Orient, for it started before the captivity, before the ten tribes were carried away to Assyria, and its history is older than Jacob's. The oil presses are at work as they were in the Saviour's time. Soap of the best quality in the world is made in abundance, but all the armies of the Crusaders could not compel the people to use it. Soap and unspeakable dirt lie side-by side, but there is no power equal to the producing of an universal oneness of the twain. There are facts which first saw the light between these mountains which have given it a world-wide significance and interest. Here the last remnant of the Samaritans, not over one hundred and fifty souls, are gathered, awaiti: g

their departure out of the land of the living. All they have left to show the traveller for his pains is a little stunted, dilapidated synagogue, daubed with alternate layers of whitewash and the dirt of ages, and yet it has a manuscript of the Pentateuch which they declare to be the oldest in the world. It is yellow enough to have been soaked in the first freshets of the flood. They have nothing else left but pride, presumption and dirt, but, fortified by these, they declare themselves to be *the Church*, the true Church in a line of unbroken *hand* succession from Aaron.

The only surviving priest of Aaron on earth reiterated this fact at our previous visit, rather harped on it, declaring that there was not even a fractured link. We said, as pleasingly as possible, "You have your symbolism in the bears." "How is that? In his strength?" "No; in his extremities, he trusts in his paws." Whether it was the villianous character of the pun, or whether he comprehended a distant analogy, to our surprise he did not *enthuse*. Three times a year these people go up to Gerizim and keep the festivals prescribed by Moses, and are the only Jehovah worshippers who still offer burnt sacrifices. Only from Gerizim does the smoke of the dim offering of the past still arise.

The utmost minutiae is observed in the keeping of the Passover. With hasty repast of bitter herbs and unleavened bread they eat the Paschal lamb, with girdles about their loins and staves in their hands, as if about to take instant flight. Their real history most probably dates back to the times of Nehemiah, when, offended at not being permitted to take part in the rebuilding of the Temple, they separated from the Jews, and have added another to the miraculous tenacity of

humanity to the ideas that gave birth or progress to some moulding force. The ascent of Gerizim was made through exhaustion and profuse perspiration. All triumphs are, in this country, washed in this kind of preparation. This is the Mount of Blessing, but across it are lying some shadows of Ebal's curses. It is six hundred feet above Nablous and about two thousand five hundred above the level of the sea. As we were making the ascent the sun was coming forth in the varied glory of his Oriental costume, sweeping the dews from the earth with the skirts of his robes.

Gerizim is the stairway to Ebal, the twin altars heaved up from out of the fiery bosom of earth to be the altars on which the law as a blessing or a curse was laid, and when our feet stood on the hoary brow of the Mount of Blessing centuries rolled in upon us with their fragrant records, and we were subdued thereby. But a glorious prospect rewarded the toil of hours. On the west the Mediterranean Sea lay like a sleeping giant clad in his purple, skirting the sea at the south was the Plain of Sharon, on the east Jacob's well and the valley gladdened by the springs that come down the mountain sides. In the distance, gleaming in the sun, was Joseph's tomb, which is kept well whitewashed. What a strange perversity of human nature is shown in the fact that about the only patriarch who did not need whitewash should have so much of it. North, in full view, was the top of Ebal. On Gerizim are ruins, almost lost to sight, which point back to a magnificent temple. The Mohammedans occupied it with a little Mosque, now turned into a lime-kiln. From here the blessings of the law were shouted across whatever of the city was between, and curses sent back after them.

The Jews were always after skilled in pitching curses after others, and so the Jews and the Pope of Rome have had a monopoly of the anathema business ever since.

From Nablous the way lies down a widening valley, exceedingly fertile. At the entrance, between the mountains Gerizim and Ebal, is Jacob's well, as it is called. It is, however, a cistern, the water was brought into it through a conduit from some of the many springs on the mountain sides. Jacob's cistern is now one of those broken cisterns that will hold no water; like all the spiritual supplies of Jacob it has run out. But we hope the time will come for the digging out of these old wells for water which, as the Lord said to the Samaritan woman, as he rested on this well curb, will be of the kind "which if a man drink thereof he will never thirst again."

From Nablous to Jerusalem is about twenty-five miles; this is guessing, for distance in this country is measured by the horses one bestrides, or the donkey or pony. The site of Shiloh is passed, but here are only a pile of stones, a few black goats, two or three lonely trees, and this is all, her glory is departed and she is left in her shadows. Once the dwelling place of the Ark of God, now a goat shed. It is a soiled and faded leaf in God's many paged book of earthly vicissitudes. Bethel alone is worth a passing moment between us and Jerusalem. All that is left to mark the place are the countless lime-stone rocks of every size and form, and Jacob must have had his head on some of them and his body on as many of the others as it would cover. It seems strange that he took of the stones of the place one for his pillow. We cannot conceive by what law or analogy he made choice, or how he could

have found, if he had desired, *any thing else* on which to put it. But it is the dream that has transferred Bethel into veneration and given it a holy place in the most sacred experiences of God's providence. We see Bethel by brighter vision, by the enlarged vision of faith, by faith itself made the evidence of things not seen. We have the declaration of the Lord, "Hereafter ye shall see heaven opened." We have had the heavens opened wide and the King of Glory has gone through. Its gates have been ajar ever since for prayer, and angels have passed and repassed from the chambers of the penitent and dying in carrying supplications to their destination and blessings to expectant hearts in exchange.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

THIS poetical conception must be purely heavenly, for in no sense is Jerusalem in Palestine golden, either in wealth or beauty. Its hills are covered in the spring with living green, this is exceedingly short-lived, and soon becomes the color of an American butternut. But Jerusalem may be added to the general illustrations of the fact that the world moves. It has not moved off its hills, but moved onward while upon them. The growth of the city in the seventeen years since we saw it is to us a constant astonishment. It is now nearly as large outside the walls as within them, and the buildings are incomparably better. Seventeen years ago the Russian hospice was about the only building outside, now the exterior city extends to the top of the hill from which descent is made on the way to Damascus, and to the northward in line with the Dam-

ascus gate there must be from three to five hundred houses; several European countries have large and handsome Consular houses, built of the white marble so abundant. This stone is little harder than chalk when taken out of the quarry, but hardens quickly. It is no great thing to be a practical sculptor or stonemason in Jerusalem. If Solomon's artists had had to cut American or Scotch granite there would not have been so much to admire in the ancient city.

The population of this new Jerusalem consists of Jews, who have come to rest after the toils of business life; some, perhaps, with the idea that Palestine will be restored to them, and that they must be on hand to get the best sites, or perhaps they have come to see the last sunset on the hills of Judea. They are pouring in from all points of the compass, speaking all languages, but still Jews in face, manners and mental and moral characteristics. There is a goodly number of German Adventists, a few Mohammedans and some American and English cranks. Jerusalem is the better for their presence and their improvements, for they have built handsome residences of dressed stone, with red tile roofs, have paved the streets and kept them clean, and in Palestine especially cleanliness is next to godliness.

We shall in the outline description we propose to give begin at the Jaffa gate and go around on the south side. First we come to the Tower of David, near the Jaffa gate, the foundation stones of which certainly belong to the ancient structure. There is always evidence distinctive and clear between Mohammedans' building and that of every nationality before or since. The Mohammedan builds only out of the ruins of what he destroys; his wall has every thing in it; capitals of exquisite

beauty are pitched into the wall upside down, with pieces of columns and the bases on which they stood, great stones and small ones lie in ridiculous confusion. This Tower of David, as it is called, is about eighty feet high, has a moat around it and is solid up to the last story. An ancient draft or bevel upon the edge of the stones place it, in antiquity, at Herod's time at least.

Below is a steep hill covered with rubbish and fragments of ancient walls and buildings which fill the valley. There is enough of depression to identify it as the place of the pools, now empty, one above the other, and once connected with Solomon's reservoirs, about eight miles south of Jerusalem, near Bethlehem. While we are on this side of Jerusalem we may call attention to the improvements of the last three years. There is now a well-graded road finished to within three miles of Bethlehem, which will before long be complete to Hebron. Bethlehem is a lively modern town, the most European in Palestine, except Nazareth. The French Catholics have occupied this place with monastery and schools for a long time, and the population is largely French—there are few of the native population left. The reservoirs of Solomon are still in a good state of preservation, and rank among the greatest marvels of the East. They are about the same size as the reservoirs of Fairmount Park in Philadelphia, are built of cut stone in beautiful finish, the work being in most parts as perfect as when placed in position. Only one has water in it, though the springs supplying are un-failing. During the lifetime of Sir Moses Montifore they were repaired and kept in good condition by him, but at present the supply is cut off. The water was brought over eight miles by mains of stone, a hole was

bored through blocks eight or ten feet long. One of the reasons for their going out of repair is that the shepherds cut holes in the conduit to get water for their flocks. The engineering skill at the time it was made is marvellous. Along the grades on which these mains was laid was most probably the royal chariot-way of the king.

The new macadamized road crosses Gihon just below the first pool, on the south side of which is now a row of about fifty two-story houses, newly built for poor Jews by the Rothschilds. On this side is David's gate, and from here the valley breaks down into the ancient Hinnom. The name suggests the idolatries of the Canaanites, who here worshipped Moloch and caused their children to pass through his fires. On account of its human sacrifices it became accursed and the synonym of perdition. It received the offal of the city, which was burned day and night, so that the fires never went out. It was the figurative Gehenna, and originated in the New Testament Scriptures, "the smoke which ascendeth forever and ever." Overlooking it is the "Hill of Evil Counsel," on which, tradition says, Judas consummated the terms of the betrayal of Christ. It is suggestive at least that the two places should be adjacent, evil deeds and places attract each other. It shows also the connection between sin and all misery, for at this south-eastern end of the wall is the leper quarter, where the poor creatures, separated from all human sympathy, die unpitied and unhelped. The sight is appalling, and one wished that curiosity had not prompted this awful vision of indescribable misery.

Further down on the south bank of Hinnom is a tomb-like place, built of stone and running into the hill, called *Aceldama*, said to be the place for the

burial of strangers, which was bought with the money of Judas' infamous traffic. Here are remnants of human bones, and it is frequented by hyenas, but our readers will judge for themselves whether they will accept it as that spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles. Still further down, near the junction of the valleys of Jehosaphat and Hinnom, is a well of abundant waters known as En Rogel, which will be remembered as the place where David's spy communicated what was going on in the palace between Absalom and his advisers, while King David was an exile from his throne.

Toward the east wall, at the Zion side, is a fountain of bright and sparkling waters gushing out of the Hill Ophel, once within the walls, which still bears the euphonious and sacred name of Siloam, to which, as in the long centuries of the past, the women come with pitchers, jars and skins, and by whom the whole village of Siloam is supplied. Some of these water vessels are the skins of goats with the hair on, which helps to keep the water cool. The skin is just as it is when stripped from the goat, with the holes sewed up. Young women carry one of these full of water, which is a staggering load, but it is a woman's lot here to be the water-carrier, it being considered an everlasting disgrace for a man to perform the service.

To understand the city it must not be forgotten that there are three mountains, Olivet, which faces the city on the north-east and forms one side of the valleys of Jehosaphat and Kedron, and Mount Moriah, which forms the other. On the top of Moriah stood the temple. Between Mount Moriah and Mount Zion, upon which was located the king's palace, was a deep valley now nearly filled up with the rubbish of centuries--the Tyropean Valley. It rose above the Jaffa gate and en-

tered between the valleys of Jehosaphat and Hinnom at the point of the spring of Siloam. Across this valley, once nearly one hundred feet deeper than it is now, was a magnificent stone bridge from Mount Moriah to Mount Zion. Parts of the arches of this bridge are apparent. On the Moriah side of the valley is the "Jews' wailing place." Here, no doubt, the stones are to be seen which belonged to one of the ancient temples, and which the Jews in their passionate grief or traditional style have kissed until the surfaces of some are worn away by the pressure of human lips. That this is sincere on the part of a few sentimentalists and a few old men and women might be admitted, but that the vast multitude care for any thing more than mere custom would be a lack of sincerity to the plainest convictions to declare. It is the continuation of the same abominable heartless formalism which the Saviour quoted against them, "This people do worship me with their lips, while their hearts are far from me."

They can, with the greatest facility, carry on their reading of the prophecy, their waiting and tear-shedding while observing every stranger that approaches. We could not but think of the story of a young widow, who was wailing in a most distressing way over the body of her husband at the grave and who, misunderstood her pastor who was advising her to be patient, and cried out, "You say I must be patient, I am; you ought to have seen the way I went on at the house. This is nothing to the way I went on at the house."

We now continue our way up the valley of Jehosaphat until the Kedron, which enters it, is reached at a point at which the east side of the wall would cross, if continued, to the Mount of Olives—or to make it plainer, if possible, the brook Kedron opens out into

Jehosaphat. The name Kedron means "black valley," from the rocky sides which cast their shadows over it. We climbed the steep hill, on the Mount Moriah side, to observe the only exposed part of the ancient wall remaining to our time. Here a tunnel was run nearly a hundred feet below, which disclosed the foundation stones, which can be identified by the peculiar bevel around their edges. On these stones, in Venetian red, the numbers and drafts by which they were shaped are as distinct as if made but yesterday.

This wall was over one hundred and fifty feet high, the reason for which will be seen in the fact that the top surface of Mount Moriah was not sufficiently broad for the structure and court to be placed upon it, hence the necessity of building this retaining and fortifying wall to so great a height. After the wall was built the hillside up to the wall was filled to a level with the top. But inside the walls rested on tremendous arches and pillars, confusing labyrinths of these still remain under the pavement, and structures now occupying the place of the former temple, whether from the time of Solomon or Herod, is not well settled. This southeastern wall is all that remains, except the part next Mount Zion, already mentioned, known as the "Jews' wailing place," which claims any antiquity. This was the pinnacle of the temple from which our Lord was tempted to cast himself down. Throned on this height rose the Temple of Solomon with its columns of precious stones and roof of gold. It stood out solitary and clear and could be seen, it is said, from the south side of the Jordan and Dead Sea.

There is a strange peculiarity in the atmosphere here which crowds upon the observer objects fifty miles away; distance is annihilated by the laws of reflection and re-

fraction. But it was not the temple only that gave glory to Jerusalem. Upon Mount Zion, one hundred feet higher than Mount Moriah, on which the temple stood, was seen the splendid palace of the great king. Nor was this all, Jerusalem in every part was a city of palaces. The first rays of the rising sun were captured by their polished pinnacles and glowing roofs, and the last rays of the setting sun lingered on them until shrouded in darkness. "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth." Beautiful in the sunrising, beautiful in its noontide, and more beautiful in his parting. It is not strange that it should have suggested to the Prophet of the Apocalypœ the idea of the heavenly battlements, the gates of pearl and the streets of gold.

Following the wall of Jerusalem along the Gethsemane side the "Golden Gate" is reached, which was once a thoroughfare into the area of the temple, the one most used, not only because most direct from the East, but because itself a part of the temple surroundings. It is now built up, the Mohammedans having a tradition that when this gate is opened it will be by a conquering army, and that they will have to go. Three or four hundred yards further on the same side is what is known as Saint Stephen's Gate, getting its name from the martyrdom of that most illustrious New Testament deacon, which tradition holds to have taken place outside just beyond. But the best authorities are against it; it is believed now that the martyr's death occurred outside the Jaffa Gate.

We must, in thought, go back now to our point of departure, for every object around is luring and there can neither be logic nor continuity of thought where there is so much to tempt into intellectual vagrancy. We return to Jehosaphat at the point of the junction be-

tween it and the Kedron. On each side of the hills which shut in the valley are graveyards; the Moham-medans bury next the wall and the Jews on the opposite side, on the Mount of Olives. Every pious and impious Jew wants to lie here in this sacred spot. They have a traditional idea that the worthy who dies out of Palestine will, on the morning of the resurrection, bur-row through the earth like a fourteen year locust, and come up with a song in his mouth in the Valley of Jehosaphat. They pay great prices for a place where to lie on these rocks. It is a hard bed for the weary in life's conflicts, and there is not soil enough to cover them. Sometimes it is brought in baskets and heaped over the body, and then a great stone of a half ton's weight is rolled upon the grave. But the hyenas dig under the sides and strip the flesh from the bones. The wealthier Jews are now constructing more secure places and giving some little attention to adornment.

On this side of the depression known as Kedron are tombs in the rocks; one is called the Tomb of Zechariah, which was cut out of the solid rock, and is about fifteen feet square and of the same height. The top is pyramidal in shape. The tomb was not only in the rock, but was cut out of it, and when it was finished there was an area of about five feet all round it. It has a Doric finish on the front; no entrance has been found into it. There are Roman tombs near it, which have no connection with Jerusalem except as the tombs of the oppressors of the people. There is, however, a beautiful shaft-like form, the top shaped like the neck of a bottle, quite tall and elaborate, Roman no doubt, which bears the name of the Tomb of Absalom. The modern Jews must believe it to be authentic because they bring their sons out and teach them to throw

stones at it, as an object lesson to beget in them the proper abhorrence of that disobedience which is a breach of the Fifth Commandment, and to impress on them the wickedness of disloyalty to their country.

The brook Kedron, as it is called, has no water in it except during the rainy season, beginning in November, and now is only a wady of bleaching rocks. The mania for sacred places, amounting to insanity and rascality in both the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches, has here an illustration of their utter unscrupulousness. The Romanists fenced in a spot many years before the Greek Church started in the business. As in the Garden of Gethsemane the olive trees have reached a considerable size, quite big enough to catch shallow fools and their money. The Greek Church started an opposition place and fenced it up tightly until the trees could be well grown. It is now in full blast and doing considerable business. To the soul that lives more by faith than by sight the whole thing is abominable. If the spot were a necessity in leading to devotion no man could say truthfully that either of them possess it, and yet so small is the space which this garden must once have occupied that one could throw a stone to the circumference of the place whereon our Lord suffered.

The Russians are evidently determined to have possession of this country, and are building superb churches all about Jerusalem. They have taken possession of Mount Olivet. Why does this continuous building go on, so far beyond any demands of the Greek Church? One of the half dozen churches which they already have would hold all their followers. But right here, overlooking Gethsemane, there is, nearly finished, one of the most unique and beautiful white marble churches,

in the Byzantine style, in all Europe. On the top of Mount Olivet is another not yet finished, a magnificent structure with an elaborate square tower of white marble, which challenges the eye on every side. It can be seen from the Mountains of Moab on the east, from Bethlehem on the south, from the Judean Mountains on the west, and from Mizpah on the north-west. A bell was landed at Jaffa for this tower so large that no contractor could be found to bring it to Jerusalem, though five hundred pounds were offered. A company of pilgrims, about three hundred, landed at Jaffa from Russia, most of them being women, and seeing the sacred bell lying there, hopeless of reaching its destination, they loaded it on wheels and the women, assisted by a few men, dragged it all the way to Jerusalem, a constant ascent of thirty eight miles, and up the steep side of Mount Olivet to its resting place. Soon another is to come in the same way for the temple at Gethsemane.

The Roman Catholics have now a large establishment on the top of Mount Olivet, a church and schools, a monastery and a nunnery. Mount Olivet will soon be covered by the Greek and Roman churches, unless Prince Bismarck should want a place, and being arbiter of Turkish destiny at present he is likely to get it. Both places claimed as the Mount of Ascension are already occupied. Jerusalem is fast changing, and after ten years will be seen only as a modern city, with a few interesting objects here and there inside of walls or fences. Mount Olivet is to us the most wonderful of all the mountain heights about Jerusalem, it commands a greater sweep of country, looking down in an apparent sense of superiority on Jerusalem itself. From its top the Mountains of Moab, across the Dead Sea, are

so near that one almost instinctively reaches his hand out to them. Nebo is distinctively marked as the head of the host created to witness the death or translation of Moses, to whom it was the enforced *ne plus ultra* of his life's endeavors.

Below, two thousand five hundred feet, glistening like an emerald, is seen the Dead Sea, and north, like a watery thread stretched across the plains to the Sea of Galilee, is the Jordan, quiet and peaceful, suggestive of the very opposite of our own familiar hymn:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land," &c.

A very poor place for surveying Canaan, as there is no more of it visible than the Jordan Valley, very good, but not extensive, further view being cut off by desert mountains. Jericho could be seen from Mount Olivet, if there were any more Jericho with its nodding palms tossing their branches in the air; but these are about all gone and the pilgrim must content himself with the site on which these all once existed.

Following the Mount Olivet range around north-westwardly we come to the hill Scopus; and of what tragic scenes it has been a spectator. On Moriah streams of sacrificial blood ran through centuries, but it was the blood of bulls and goats. But here the blood of the Divine Reconciler flowed, and because men would neither be reconciled to him or to each other it has been the field of blood always. Here has been the approach of all besiegers of Jerusalem. From these heights the hosts of Nebuchadnezzar captured the city, carrying away the choicest of its sons and spoiling it of its treasures. For seventy years their captivity lasted, so sad that as we at this day read of it we are

touched by its matchless pathos. From this side the city opened its gates to the victorious Alexander; and here Titus marshalled his legions and advanced his battering-rams for its final capture; and in the later centuries it became the battle-ground of the Saracens and Crusaders, of Saladin and Cœur de Lion.

Coming down to the foot of this range Damascus Gate is reached, the most historic of all the openings into Jerusalem, and having the best evidence of certain identity. We are here at a focal point of events and their localities, as written in the earlier and later scriptural history of the city. Near the gate is an opening which leads under the city, especially that north-western part known as Bezetha; beneath and extending to the very site of the temple itself are quarries from which were taken the pure white stone of which the temple was built, compact and durable, yet so soft when lifted from its bed as to be easily worked. In this quarry are still to be seen the ancient marks in red, as distinct to day as when laid out by the workman's rule, and niches where the lamps were placed to light the laborer at his toil. The roofs of the quarry were supported by stone pillars, and each block taken out for the temple building was prepared for its place in the structure before being moved from its bed, as is stated in the scriptural account. Blocks partly finished are still lying here and fragments of lamps are scattered about. After the awful siege of the city by Titus many took refuge in these labyrinths. Some of the stones of the ancient wall, coarser in quality, can be seen bearing the bevel marks of Phœnician workmanship and perfectly fitted to each other, in striking contrast to the clumsy efforts of the Saracens. Some of these are of great size, the corner-stone at the south-east angle of

the temple area is estimated by Warren as weighing one hundred tons.

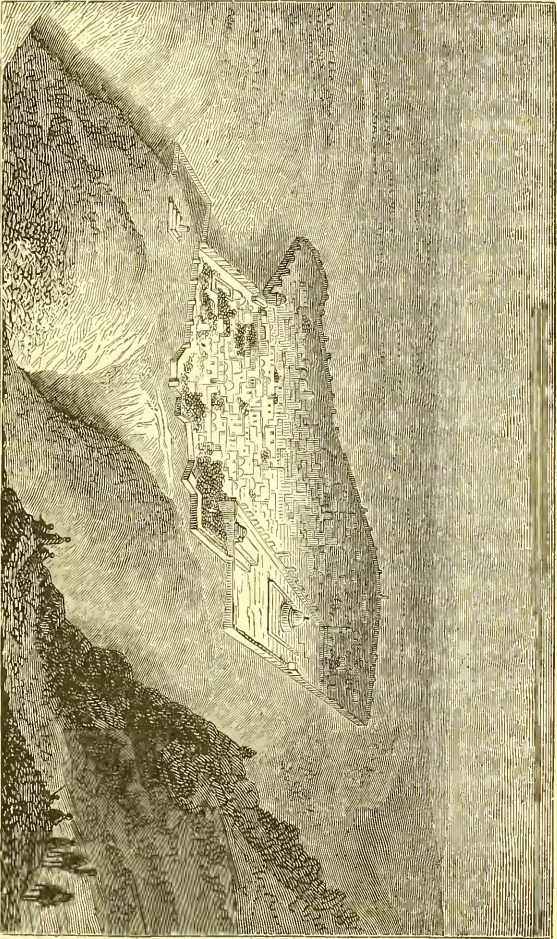
Upon Mount Moriah probably stood the Temple of Solomon, upon the site now occupied by the Mosque of Omar. Within this mosque, under its lofty and beautiful dome, is a huge rock surrounded by a railing, left in its natural position; beneath it is a roughly excavated cave or chamber into which a stairway descends from the chamber of the church. Its floor when struck gives forth a hollow sound, as if there were other labyrinths below. This rock is regarded as sacred by the Moslems and probably was the place of the altar of sacrifice in Solomon's time, and upon it David is supposed to have offered sacrifice at the time of the plague (1 Chron. xxi and xxii). By this, taken as the place of the altar of sacrifice, the position of the temple and its courts may be approximated, and its area has been estimated at one thousand five hundred feet in length and one thousand feet in width, surrounded by stately colonnades, the whole resting upon subterranean arches still to be seen under the area, though many attribute them to the time of Herod. Beneath, also, are huge reservoirs capable of holding inexhaustible supplies of water.

Near the Damascus Gate, on the northern side, the best living authorities have located the site of the Crucifixion, and of the sepulchre in which Christ's body was laid. Robinson, after the most careful calculation, biased by no theories which would deflect his mind from the facts, placed it here, and it is worth saying that no decision of his has ever been subverted. Captain Warren, of the British Corps of Engineers, Dr. Fisher Howe, Van de Velde, Thenius, and last, but with equal authority, the lamented General Gordon, who spent ten months in

the most careful, conscientious and painstaking efforts to decide the question, not only in the light of the facts of science, but in the light of carefully interpreted Scripture, and they all agree in this view. His measurements and notes were in the hands of our former Consul, Dr. Merrill, who also is convinced that this is the most sacred spot in associations with our Lord's death and resurrection, as Golgatha, the place of Crucifixion, was undoubtedly without the gate overlooking the city, and the new tomb in the Garden of Joseph of Arimathea was near or "in the place."

"The Place of the Skull" was probably so called from its shape rather than its uses, and is to be seen outside the present north wall of the city. The caverns or tombs in its side near the top strikingly resemble eye-sockets. Jewish tradition also marks this as an accustomed place of execution, and some believe that here also Stephen was stoned. At the foot of this hill are gardens; in one of which is still to be seen a neglected tomb, low and consisting of a single chamber, with a marble slab, which was apparently at one time raised from the floor. Its entrance is half filled with stone and debris, and the devotee, either Roman Catholic, Greek or Christian, attaches to it no sacred association, but it is considered by the best authorities, who have carefully studied it, as best fulfilling the conditions of Christ's burial place as described by the evangelists.

Jerusalem is situated upon a water-shed, which slopes toward the Dead Sea on the east and the Mediterranean on the west, two thousand five hundred and ninety feet above the sea level. Three hills rise successively—Mount Zion, Mount Moriah and the Mount of Olives—upon the first two was the site of the ancient city, through the centre of which runs the Tyropean Val-



Japheth.

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ley. Eastward the Valley of the Kedron separates the city from the Mount of Olives. It was admirably chosen by David as his capital, being surrounded by rocky ridges difficult to approach and easily defended. It had also an ample water supply in case of siege in the springs beneath, and later on this was increased by the abundant flow from the pools of Solomon, which filled the pools and cisterns of the city. It was compactly built, in its most prosperous period probably occupying an area of not more than six hundred acres. Its present area is estimated at about two hundred acres and is surrounded by a wall, a portion of which can be identified as the original wall of David, and upon this the Turk has erected a sub-structure after his helter-skelter ideas of architecture, building bases of capitals and carvings into the face of the wall as before described. The gates are supposed to occupy the sites of the former gates.

Writing about Jerusalem is simply giving a description of a great graveyard. There is nothing living to relieve the sad impression produced by the skeletons of the dead empire—dead religion, dead social life, dead government, or government with all the good in it dead and buried, dead art, while even its history is dead and rolled up in the past like the swaddlings of a mummy. Its life is under our feet, the dust of its good and great is kicked up by asses' hoofs. It exists to show what it is to be merely *let alone* by God; God's wrath is never more terrible than in the words, "Let him alone"—"he is joined to his idols, let him alone." The Saviour did not stay to see the fig tree "die," nor did he appoint it a day or hour or a funeral, but it died, and all the rest came in course.

In the days of King Uzziah an earthquake shook it and cleft its rocky foundations and rent its masonry, and twenty-five times it has been besieged by Babylonians, Assyrians, Egyptians, Romans, Greeks, Crusaders, Saracens and Turks, reducing it to heaps, but none of these have produced such hopeless ruins as the words, "Behold, your city is left desolate." It is ruin in dishonor. It is abomination, rearing one city of stys upon another over the ancient city entombed under seventy-five feet of the very dung of centuries. Nobody has carried away in nineteen centuries even a basket full of waste or garbage, the people are as wedded to their filth as if it were their most sacred deity. It is said that there are eight Jerusalems lying one on top of the other, the city of the Jebusites, of Solomon, of Nehemiah, of Herod, destroyed by Titus in 70. In the year 130 the Emperor Hadrian began to rebuild it, and it continued under the Roman dominion until the Mohammedan conquest. Then came the city of the Crusaders, then the later city of the Moslems, defiling all that preceded it. Many feet below the present Via Dolorosa are Roman pavements, over which was heard the tramp of victorious legions, probably on the very day of our Lord's Crucifixion, and now, when to the amazement of the world the Turkish government is making a sewer, they are striking Roman pavements, on the line of the present streets, so perfectly fitted and laid in cement that it is almost impossible to break them. Yet in the degradations of Jerusalem the mind is kept from disgust, every grain of dust has a history and a halo when it is dragged to the light.

Jerusalem cannot be hid, it was built to be seen, its site chosen where its glory and shame would best appear. We have looked upon it, walking about it and

on its walls, and from its gates and its mountain tops. From within no part baffles the eye at any angle, not even does its narrow walled street hide it from view or confuse one as to its situation. The pilgrim from the Mediterranean enters the Jaffa Gate by the Tower of David with its genuine marks of antiquity. The only hotel at all comfortable is at this gate, the Mediterranean. As one goes along the gallery of the upper court of this hotel he is surprised to see a body of water closely built in by houses whose rear walls open out upon it. This is a reservoir about two hundred feet long by one hundred wide and a depth of from thirty to forty feet—the Pool of Hezekiah—still doing duty so long after the mind that conceived and the will that executed it have gone out of the world. Such works lay the hand of the present into the past, and one is compelled to feel that all time in such works has the impress upon it of the “eternal now.”

Within a stone's throw is the vast inclosed ruin belonging now to the Knights of Saint John, as it did in the time of the Crusaders to the men then bearing the honorable name. The return of this to the order in the person of the Crown Prince of Prussia will be described in the mission work of Jerusalem. Almost in a line, a little to the east, is the plateau on which stands the so-called Mosque of Omar, a wonder of its kind, unique, imposing and of exquisite beauty in its parts. It is an octagonal structure covered with encaustic tiles with ingenious designs which glisten in mellowed tints in the sun, and at eventime there is a flame of sunlit glory blazing from its polished roof. Within it is grander, for it is more varied in its elements of beauties, its windows are gems of the highest products of the art; on the outside of the windows are

marble screens or coverings cut into varied shapes of exquisite design, which are seen from within. The columns taken from the temple support and grace the structure of the finest marble, granites and malechite, the capitals of which are covered with gold. The pavements are of the finest mosaic, inlaid in varied figures; altogether, though smaller, it is to us superior to the famous Mosque of Saint Sophia at Stamboul.

Almost over against us is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which the Latins and the Greeks hold in quarrelsome brotherhood, and the worst of all is that both are quarrelling over a sham. We could but think of the Lord's own words, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Christ is not here, never was and never will be until the unholy, God-dishonoring strife ends.

We now turn to the only evidence which could be gained in our limited time of the religious condition of Jerusalem and of any progress in mission work being made there. This work is under the care of the London Society for the Promotion of Christianity Among the Jews, which has been in active existence since 1840. It has through these years had its ups and downs, and in all a more than usual share of *local* mismanagement with attendant hindrances. But withal it has done in its difficult field a good work and is slowly gaining.

This is, in many respects, the most difficult field in the Levant. The populations of Jerusalem are, like all cities, injured by their city environments. There are in Jerusalem boys' and girls' school; in the former there are forty-two boarders and twenty day scholars. The girls' school has thirty-two boarders and forty day scholars. There is an Inquirer's Home where young Jews are received on probation for three months, and if found

sincere and worthy are taken into another institution, the "House of Industry," where they are taught and practised in carpentering, turning, printing and binding books, shoemaking and tailoring. There is a church connected with this work with a Jewish following of two hundred and fifty and a communion roll of twenty-five a week, the sacrament being administered weekly, with a yearly average of one hundred and ten present. There are two services each day consisting of prayers, &c., in Hebrew and an address in German. There is also an English service and Bible reading. The English language is taught in all the schools. There is a hospital of twenty beds, and a dispensary from which twelve thousand prescriptions were filled in the last quarter. This same Society has a school in Damascus, a book shop and lady missionaries, but is not gaining in its work. There is also a station in Saphet and a missionary, a physician and a clergyman, school mistress and druggist. The clergyman was formerly a most bigoted Jew and is one of the fruits of the mission work.

In Jaffa is a depot and lay missionary of the British brethren, also the Jewish Refugee Aid Society, which is working mostly among the Russian and Roumanian refugees. They have twelve thousand acres of land at Artouf. Ten colonists are on the ground. The land is sold to them at the rate of one pound a year for twenty years. They are also helped in the beginning until they can provide for themselves. The property of the London Missionary Society for the Promotion of Christianity Among the Jews is estimated at the value of thirty-five thousand pounds.

But the English have another agency at work in this field. In Jerusalem the Church Missionary

Society has a church, school and preparatory establishment for teachers, a girls' school, two European clergymen and two native teachers or preachers, and also a boys' school. There are schools in Nablous, a book depot and out-stations. In Nazareth is a church with two clergymen and schools, and in the boys' school are one hundred and forty-five pupils. There are also church stations in Haifa and Akka on the Mediterranean. There are prosperous missions across the Jordan at Es-Salt or Ramoth Gilead and at Haaran among the Druses.

We have given enough to form an estimate of the work done by the English Church; there are others whose progress deserves as favorable mention. The Prussian colonists have flourishing schools, and though not engaged in direct missionary work are doing it all the same in their upright lives and honest business relations with the natives and by their superior schools, in which Christian duties are put forward and pure living is commended by teachings and example. They are doing a work that no others can, for they preach Christ in business life and how to live peaceably with all. They are Lutherans by birth and baptism, but have Adventist ideas and came under this impulse. They are changing barren places into fruitfulness, teaching the natives what a home is and what Christian home life ought to be. They have a hospital, a good physician and those blessed women, the deaconesses, in charge of it, and with a country at their back ready to furnish the means no people have so fair prospects of planting themselves and their faith in Jerusalem and throughout Palestine. In the hospital work they are backed here, as in Beirut, by the venerable, influential order known as the "Knights of Saint John."

They have just had a signal advantage in the return, by the Sultan, of the old site of the Church of Saint John, built in the eleventh or twelfth century.

The Crown Prince of Prussia a short time since was in Jerusalem and received it back in behalf of the order, for, as we remember, this ruined structure was originally built by this order, and through all the ages of Mohammedan rule they have been deprived of it. The Crown Prince had received it by authority of the Sultan, but the Governor of Jerusalem, who was to deliver it in the name of the Sultan, was, as usual among the Turks, behind time. Turkish affairs being uncertain the Prince mounted the ruins determined not to risk, as it is said, a prize so great and nailed the flag pole to the ruins with his own hands, and hoisted the Prussian flag upon it, which has waved over it every day since, showing that Prussia possesses and protects that spot forevermore. The carpentering of the Crown Prince will not be so surprising when our readers know that every heir to the throne of Prussia must learn a trade. The Kaiser is a stone-mason and the Crown Prince is a cabinet-maker, and a chair is shown in the Palace of Babelsberg, Potsdam, made by him.

This most interesting ruin, thus restored to its rightful owners, on every stone of which the history of at least eight centuries is written, is being uncovered. Ten feet below the present level are the remnants of the beautiful mosaics which made its floors. Under these are cisterns in which the water still stands, and as a stone is dropped into them they echo and reecho as if fifty feet deep. Parts of the wall are still standing with the ancient columns and capitals and parts of groined ceilings. The ruin is to be restored for a hospital, and now that after the centuries of ruin it should

come back into the hands of the successors of those who built it, and be devoted to the elevation of ignorant humanity and to the healing of its wounds and sicknesses, is another of the miracles Providence is ever working. The money, we understand, is in hand to build this hospital and school building, which is even now in process of restoration in its old architectural form and proportions.

LAST NIGHT IN JERUSALEM.

LIFE is full of last times and final events. Funerals are made of them, despairs are born in them, lost loves are cherished through them; they are a common inheritance, and to us came a large legacy the last night of our stay in Jerusalem. It was evening, the sun was dipping in the west, the moon was on hand in good time and in her usual proportions, scattering her beams widely. Her shadows were lying across Mount Olivet at one point, while its bald head was tipped with her glory at another. Her beams were dancing wildly on the great mosque dome and giving spectral whiteness to the needle like minarets all about. The winds were moaning because it was so hot they could not stand it, for the desert had been blistering them all across its sands. Sleeping nature took their keynote and groaned, brayed and howled. A thousand asses, just come up out of the country to the city, uncomfortable under its restraints, started a defiant concert in a style all their own. This music became contagious, it went all along the lines; so from every part of the city could be heard not only echoes, but reproductions and *their* echoes. The lethargic camels

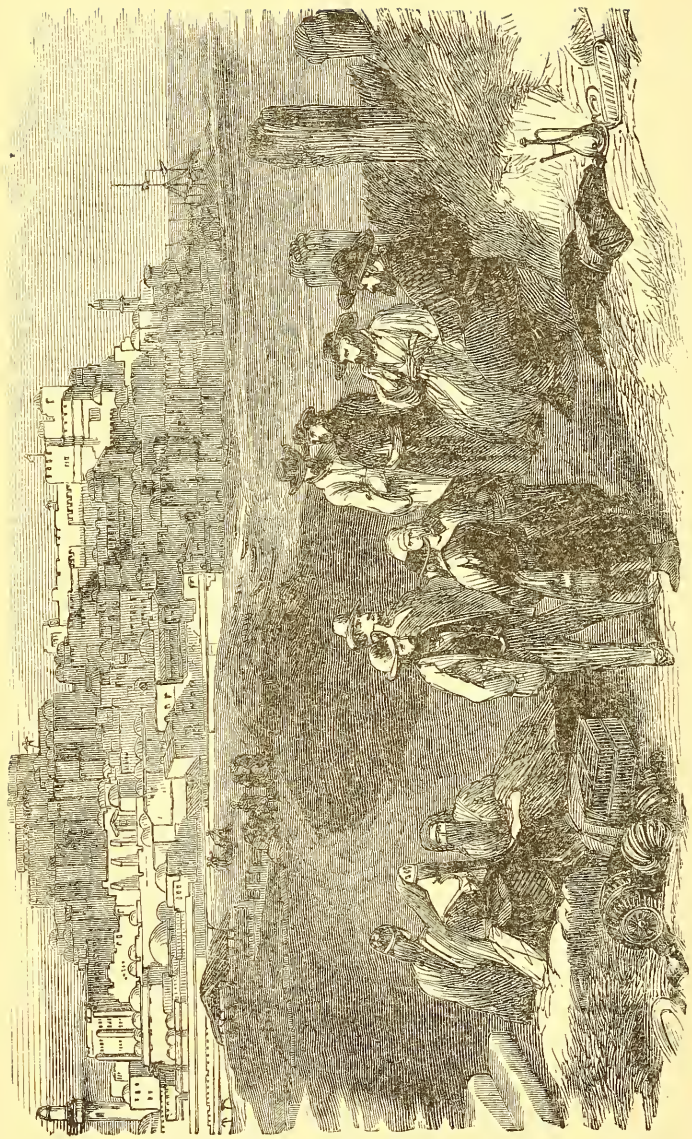
caught the inspiration and sent out into the air their contribution. The several dog colonies joined, for here the dog is free, he belongs only to himself and can use his capacities as he pleases. One colony began with a howl, pitching the first notes on the mountain tops. Then the barking became general, loud and decisive, with a pause for the other colonies to join in, which was ever responded to with enthusiasm. When there was a moment's silence and some pup started up, the whole population would break in, joined again by the asses and camels, and the battle among the harmonies raged with unwonted vigor all through the night, interspersed with fights and yelps of the wounded and the moan of the vanquished. To this was added anon the curses of the Bedouin for order, now fierce, now tender—"let us have peace."

But within raged conflicts as fierce as those without. The fleas had hidden themselves during the day for the last encounter. They live in the finest rugs, perch on cushions and conduct the weary to his couch. Scarcely is the head laid down before the first part of the programme begins, which is hopping from spot to spot over the person. When the hand is lifted to smite the intruder suddenly it drops to scratching somewhere else; this hopping and skipping process beggared description, then the biting begins, and as the conflict deepens the more skilfully are applied the instruments of torture.

But these are not alone in their assaults. The sandflies bring up their reinforcements. These are imperceptible until filled with blood. They can easily fold themselves up until there is no difficulty in coming through the mosquito bars, but when in they become too big to get out. Other foes flock in while the music

goes on without. The mosquitoes from the Pool of Hezekiah, zealous and persistent, ancient blood-letters, coming down from the days of Barachia, who was slain between the porch and the altar. They lie on the pool in the day and upon the Gentiles at night. The lights are lit to catch the fleas, but this is the signal for an onslaught from the mosquitoes. The windows are shut down to keep out the mosquitoes, but this encloses the sand-flies; then they are lifted to get breath from the stifling heat, and the assault at once begins; and so the music goes on without and the battles rage within, until in despair we cry with the Israelites, "Would that it were morning." When the day dawned we were reconciled to depart--indeed, we had a desire to depart, and so we did, and with a determination not to slip on it as did Lot's wife. We never looked back.

Between Jerusalem and Jaffa there is nothing of special interest except in a cove on the side of the mountains as they break down toward the sea, where was the battle-field of Bethhoron. But when the Plain of Sharon is reached one is not surprised that it was the theme of poets and kindled the enthusiasm of beauty lovers. It is twelve or fifteen miles wide, reaching from Gaza on the south, almost to Carmel on the north. Its soil is of the richest red clay, impregnated with lime stone and equal in fertility to the Delta of the Nile. It only needs men who know how to apply labor to the soil. If but tickled with the hoe it returns smiling abundance. It ought to be covered with the stately palms, the most fruitful and graceful tree in the world. It would furnish olives for all nations, grapes, oranges, figs and lemons, pomegranates, wheat of the highest quality and weight, Indian corn, and indeed every form of product temperate and tropical. This



Japheth.

JAFFA.

valley alone would feed one hundred thousand people. Even now when only specks upon its great surface are occupied oranges in every color, in process of ripening, bend the branches of the trees to the ground.

Jaffa has improved and is improving. Soon the old, filthy, narrow streets will be gone and a modern European city of great beauty and picturesqueness will take its place. The German colony is occupying the grounds and prospering, of the defunct American colony, which had a villain for their leader, and being unacclimated and unthrifty were reduced to starvation the remnant of them were carried away by the charity of some benefactor, we believe, in New York city. A second visit was made to the house of Simon the Tanner. It does not improve with age, and the odor of Simon's profession, or worse, still abides. How Peter could go to sleep without holding his nose is the unsolved riddle of Palestine. It was a hot place at the hour of his dream, and as all manner of beasts, clean and unclean, appeared, the odors would surely wake him up, but we are comforted in the fact that the creations of the dream have lasting realities.

We gave the rest of our time to the mission work in the town, and found first the school building of Miss Arnott, which is at least one of the seven wonders of Palestine. She is the daughter of Professor Arnott, of Edinburgh University, and is of that godly line of ancestors in old Scotland where the blood is purified by grace rather than breeding. She came to the East on a visit, and while in it took the place of an absent teacher and became interested in the destitutions of this wretched people. She conceived the idea of reaching the degradations of the home, and applying moral leverage where alone true elevation begins. She began all alone, relying on

her own moral, intellectual and moneyed resources. A piece of ground was obtained on moderate terms and a school begun in a small way, but faith being anchored to the material in a fixed location faith enlarged and with it resources. She gathered such poor girls as she could persuade to come, and taught them. Her curriculum included two great subjects, to wit, how to live and how to die. God's blessing attended her efforts; God's Spirit directed until she had a building and as many scholars as she was able to manage.

This school is a wonderful comment on the words, "To him that hath shall be given and he shall have abundance." She had no proffered help; her work was looked upon by the wise and prudent as visionary, something that it would be well to "stand from under," but when it was a success then there was abundant help, and proffered management too. But Miss Arnott kept her own work under her own control until its success was assured, and then, being warned by sickness of the frailty of a life not very vigorous, she provided against the scattering of her life-work and its possibilities by calling around her trusted ones able and willing to carry it on after her own efforts had ceased. She has one of the finest school properties in the Levant, and all the gatherings of her own indomitable spirit, for she had but little of her own to begin with. This she started in faith in the great Promiser, on whom she has drawn many checks when in need, and who has always honored her drafts.

We had a delightful interview with this remarkable woman, and learned in it more than we had known of the victories of an unquestioning and all-trusting faith. Miss Arnott's property is worth from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars. She has been in the field about

twenty four years and has had wonderful tokens of Divine favor on her work. She has wrought for both the souls and minds of her pupils, and God has raised some of them to a higher school and honored her in hearing the call, "Come up higher and behold my glory."

The story of one of these has in it the deepest pathos and has touched our heart, and we know will have a like response from our readers. In March, 1863, Miss Arnott gathered around her her first band of little girls, fourteen in number, and from these began her wonderful mission work in Jaffa. Hunneh Wakeely was the oldest of the group, about thirteen years old, and was mainly instrumental in bringing in the rest. She was uncommonly bright and became afterwards a teacher, but her work was soon done, she was a frail reed and was not only shaken but broken by the wind. At eighteen her work was finished, life began to wither down to its roots. She had been a sensible, impressible child and ripened soon under the genial culture of her teacher's instruction and example. She wanted to be always with her teacher, as if moved by an instinct that life was short and she must be prepared for the end by the only one who could lead her. She would often say to her teacher, "I wish I knew Jesus as you do." Her teacher was ill and many feared that she would never recover, but Hunneh's care of her was affectionate and unremitting. She kept up the school all alone that, as she said, her teacher might be content to be laid aside. The teacher was as much concerned about the pupil. "I dreaded," said she, "to leave her alone in an evil world; I prayed the Lord that I might be spared to tend that frail plant and see her safe home first, little knowing how soon and strangely my prayer was to be answered."

Her life was drawn heavenward as a flower to the sun, and heaven was giving her more wondrous beauty. She studied the New Testament with saintly fondness, she saw plainly the heathenism of the Church which had only the Christian name clinging to it as a ray of its former glory, and greatly desired to unite with the Protestant Church. She fought death until she knew God's will concerning her, and then she gave her life away in the expectation of a better. She would wake in the night and read precious promises from her Testament, and when there was no voice left to her would repeat, "My faith looks up to thee," which is a great favorite with the natives as rendered in the Arabic. When nearly gone she struggled to speak, and when her teacher bent down to catch the parting word it was "water." Not understanding water was ordered for her, but when her mother brought it she said, "No; the water of life." She had no raptures, but rather the quiet resting on him who had promised. Her experience was that of the weary soul longing and panting for rest. The last day came when the first fruits of this school were to be lifted to heaven. It was on Saturday and the hot sirocco wind wasted her strength, but in the afternoon she revived, and her teacher read about the vine and its branches, and said, "Who are the branches?" She quickly replied, "I am one." "Then," said the teacher, "why has the Lord sent you all this suffering?" "For my soul's sake," she replied.

In the gray mists of the Sabbath morning she requested her mother to take her in her arms, and there alone with her mother and her poor blind father, who groped his way to her bed, not to see, but feel his child before the light of life to them all should go out of the

household, she laid his hand on her forehead and kissed it, and said, "Father, I am going where there shall be no pain, and where, dear father, the blind shall see." He stood there, the tears flowing from those sightless eye-balls. She struggled once more in her mother's arms, saying, "O, mother, I am dying. Jesus help me," and her spirit had found its rest. Hunneh, the first missionary, who had gathered the first fourteen into Miss Arnott's school and had been her most helpful teacher, was gone. Her memory has been as helpful as her presence. The good never leave us, they only change form from body to memory, and thus reem-bodied are clothed upon by the good they have done.

NIGH UNTO JAFFA.

A HALF mile beyond the school presided over by Miss Arnott, on a bluff overlooking the sea, where the intense heat is broken by refreshing breezes, is one of the blessed works wrought by the Mildmay Mission in London, where promises are now budding, fostered by this institution. This is a hospital building having abundant and wise provisions for the suffering. It is a monument to the lives of those who conceived and executed the purpose, and will be to those who are so efficiently carrying it on. The grounds are admirably chosen, no such spot, considering the purpose, could have been found on the coast. The building is of a kind of straw-colored sand-stone, resembling that of which the Syrian College at Beirut is built. It is large and imposing and commands the eye far out upon the sea. In its appointments it is as near perfect as the science and experience of our times could make it. Of the tribula-

tions incident to its present consummation we wish we had more time and space to write. But some insight can be given into the origin and struggles through which the work has come into its present form. Such work is never an experiment; in the heart of heathenism success is assured when the purpose is solemnly formed and the divine order is followed, in the heart of which the blessing always palpitates.

Healing and teaching are divine forces to the betterment of both souls and bodies, and need only to be tried to bring success. They are the John Baptists crying in the wilderness, "*Prepare ye the way of the Lord.*" Even the Moslems, the most hostile, will come to the dispensary of the institution and listen reverently to the offers of salvation through the blood of the Lamb. This work, also, was undertaken in a noble woman's heroic faith, and when the first quarters became crowded and utterly unfit in their dilapidation this woman, Miss Mangan, borrowed from her own modest purse the money necessary to secure a suitable plot of ground on which to build a hospital to hold fifty patients. Money was given in large and small sums until these sisters thought they could begin. One gift was two shillings and nine pence saved in farthings by a mother in one of the Mildmay Missions, and ten shillings and six pence from a servant who gave up sugar to help the work. With such sacrificial spirit no good work can ever fail.

These deaconesses had the Turk to deal with, a worse foe than the wretched people whose bodies and souls they were trying to help. They had received permission to build from the local authorities, which was thoughtsufficient. Building was begun and was progressing when, as usual, it was stopped by the Turkish gov-

ernment. An Imperial firman was needed ; every thing received a rude shock, material was spoiling, patients suffering, and the patience of God and man was being exhausted. Miss Mangan went to Constantinople, and through the intervention of friends obtained an interview, and the papers were prepared with despatch and only waited for the signature of the Sultan. But to hasten the work she went again to Constantinople, hoping with God's blessing to return with the firman, and this journey ended her plans and works. The strain was too much and she gave up her life. It had been a living sacrifice and now was crowned with martyrdom. A sigh escapes from the human half of life that she should die just as her work, so hard, so wearying, was about to be completed. But God has compensations. Moses died on the border and in sight of the goal of his life-struggles. He begged piteously to go over, but God said, "No;" but God "is not slack concerning his promise." The day came on the Mount of Transfiguration when the divine promise was fulfilled and Moses was in the promised land. Other hands took up the mantle of this heroic woman and smote their way through all obstacles until on October 19th, 1886, the building was completed and dedicated. So we have another illustration of the fact that life out of death is the law of all moral progress. The following statements will give some idea of the work :

"The Medical Mission is carried on five days in every week, the patients often beginning to gather round the gate as early as 6 A. M. in their eagerness for the 9 o'clock opening. The total number of attendances from November 1st, 1885, to December 31st, 1886, was 11,176. During the same period, notwithstanding all the trials and hindrances of the work, 231

patients have been nursed in the hospital, of whom 12 have died, 7 being admitted in a hopeless condition. Of these in-patients 8 were Jews, 10 Maronites, 3 Latins, 6 Protestants, 19 Greeks, 1 Armenian, 1 Copt, and 183 Moslems. The increased accommodation of the new hospital has admitted of a ward being set apart for women, already occupied by five patients; and on this branch of the work we hope for much blessing.

“The Word of God is read and explained in the wards in Arabic each evening, accompanied with prayer, offered in the name of the one blessed Saviour, and deep indeed is the interest of this little service. Such of the patients as are able to rise generally gather round the lady, sitting on the nearer beds, or squatting, Eastern fashion, at her feet. Others sit up in bed, each wrapped in his blanket, their dark eyes fixed intently on the reader, as if they would drink in every word; and the reverent stillness during prayer is a continued source of thankfulness. It is touching, too, to hear the benedictions that follow the ladies as they leave the wards after this evening prayer, ‘Maasealamee’ (My peace go with you), passing from lip to lip, often in tones of real earnestness and gratitude.

“We have no space to dwell on individual cases, but one or two other points of interest in the general work demand a few words of notice.

“The Sunday-school is carried on with still increasing numbers, and it is an ever-recurring source of amazement and thankfulness that the authorities place no difficulty in our way, for nearly every week there are above 120 scholars, comprising both children and young women—the great majority being Moslems are forbidden by their religion to receive any Christian teaching, but who come readily for this purpose. A

mothers' meeting is held every Friday. Forty gathered around their friend, Miss —, to hear the old, old story, to them ever new."

Having finished our mission to Syria and Palestine there is nothing left but to set face again to the ocean. But this is not so easily done. The vessels in the Mediterranean never come into port — there are no ports to come into, so they anchor out in the ocean, and passengers have to be brought to shore by a lot of as graceless scamps as were ever born. The coast here is exceedingly rocky and dangerous, and when the sea is rough the traveller is brought over the surging billows in row-boats. When passing through the breakers between the rocks the Arabs sing a prayer to Allah for a safe passage, but when we have passed these the disagreeable tug begins. The pilgrim must disembark and be carried by two boatmen, who wade out with their load, the legs thereof dangling, their owner struggling to hold them out of the water. While thus staggering, the victim not knowing that the horse and his rider will not both be cast into the sea, the boatman is saying, "Backshesh." As one cannot reach one's pockets he knows not how soon he may be dumped into the crested billow. It is by a strange law of association in some minds that in danger the ridiculous side of things will turn up, and we could not but think of the story of the old negro contraband woman who had escaped through the lines and reached Boston. She was fat, but pious, and when Sunday came she seated herself, according to Southern custom, near the pulpit. When the sermon was a little exciting she thought she would help by saying, "Thank the Lord. Dat's so, bress de Lord." The preacher could not stand the interruption and called on two of the deacons

to take her out. She would not walk and they proceeded to carry her, when she broke out again, "Bress de Lord. I's better off than the Prophet Hezekiah, who rode round Jerusalem on one ass, and I's riden out of dis earthly Jerusalem on two."

THE MISSION WORK IN SYRIA.

WE must pause as we leave Syria and Palestine to glance over the field. The value and results of the mission work in Syria ought to be estimated from the period since the massacre in 1860, when a single row boat brought back the remnant. What is the outcome from a general survey of the situation as it appears to-day? The first thing apparent is that Beirut has been modernized, almost Americanized, by the presence and labors of the missionaries. Their sentiments ramify society through and through. The Mohammedan is modified both in his ignorance and his fanaticism. He is buying and reading the Scriptures. The Druses, the most desperate class, are becoming more accessible every year. The natives of the Greek Church, the Maronites and the Romanists are patronizing our schools and entering our churches. The educational spirit of the whole district is becoming enlarged and they never think of any educators except the American missionaries.

Our Medical College has trained a large number of physicians, going forth with American ideas of the treatment of diseases. The Department of Surgery has made wonderful progress, so that the people believe that there is nothing in the form of disease and disaster beyond the skill of the American physician. The

Obstetrical Department of our College alone is a mercy to the native women which cannot be estimated in words. The successful treatment of diseases of the skin, so prevalent that they may be called the curse of the Levant, has given untold relief. The treatment of the eyes has been not less successful. Ophthalmia is a chronic infliction, which begins often like catarrh, and for want of cleanliness brings not only blindness, but a diseased condition of the ball, enlarging it until it has to be cut out. In the neighborhood of Tripoli it is quite exceptional to find people with both eyes in good condition. In the beginning this disease would be manageable if they would wash their eyes, but this they will not do if they can help it, and the flies gather around them in black rings and carry poison from diseased to healthy eyes.

The service of the surgeon in cases of scrofula is incalculable. This is a terrible form of physical deterioration. American surgeons do not hesitate in extreme cases to remove the swollen glands. The people here have no physical stamina, nor recuperative power, and do not hope to overcome disease by increasing strength. They live upon low diet and irregularly, most of them having little else to eat than coarse black and sour bread and figs or grapes, or other fruits of the country, dried or green. They have also to carry burdens that would stagger a donkey.

All these sources of misery have been mitigated by the example of Christian people in the regularity of their living and in their cleanliness of person and home. Family life has been exhibited before them until the lowest are at least feebly imitating the position of the wives and daughters of the missionaries, who have given new ideas of the sanctity of the family relations.

Their dress has changed, and in every particular the change is conforming to the missionary ideals. The leaven has reached the whole mass, and if it is doing no more it is fermenting toward a better state at the edges.

The position of our Colleges at Beirut has become one of national importance. Students come and go from all parts of the East and out of almost every form of religion, and are reaching further West into Europe. It is fast becoming a recognized fact that Beirut can furnish scholars in all the Oriental languages. Beirut is the place to study Arabic. Here only can be found the best Arabic scholars from the class of English-speaking people, and here the ear is daily subsidized, so that reading, writing and speaking are alike accessible. The time is fast coming when British and Americans wishing to acquire this language will come here, where living is cheap and the best of social life can be enjoyed.

But this is only a fraction of the work done. The Publishing Department has reached its hundreds of thousands of readers, directly and indirectly, and is bound to reach a wider circle, not only by the thirst it has created for reading, but from the necessities of commerce and of the interchange of thought going on continually in the world. There is no establishment in the East which has so many different kinds of books, endorsed books, with the *imprimatur* of the Turkish Empire upon them, nor has any the facilities of producing them at prices so cheap and in workmanship so attractive and good.

Beirut will become more and more important to the power succeeding this one, for the Turk is long in dying, but he will die, as most do, for want of breath.

The wolves will follow the buffalo, knowing that his strength is failing sooner than he does himself—they will take the scent of his declining life before the carcass decays in death. There are such powers now scenting the dying Turk. France began the death-watch and preparations for the funeral under Napoleon III. She strengthened her old hold and started new agencies, and is planting and sustaining additional ones. The Jesuits, driven out from France by the Republic, are sustained at government expense here, so that when the Turkish funeral comes she may take part in the wake.

Germany is more active in another direction, and in the use of other means. She is colonizing, and her people are changing the whole face of this desolate country. If they could buy this land they would not be long about it. Haifa, a barren coast with dreary surroundings, has been changed into an exceedingly prosperous and fruitful country, and the German, who always buys and never sells, is crowding on the natives. At Jaffa there is another colony, in Jerusalem another, transforming the rocky, barren hill tops at the south of the city into gardens filled with the choicest fruits and grains. And so they will come by consent or bribery, by which all things here are done, until Bismarck will be heard in the councils of the nations, saying, "Germany has her people there, and they must and will be protected by all, or we will take a heavy slice out of the grand divide."

Russia is wide awake for the demise, and will probably bring it about. She is changing Jerusalem into a modern city, has built a grand Hospice on the southwest side and over the top of the Mount of Olives. The domes of her churches gleam in the morning and

evening sunshine. The priests throng the streets with plenty of money; her schools are on all sides; her houses for her consulates are superb. She has come to stay—her Emperor aspires to be the head of the Church in the Holy Land, and she has Turkey so entirely under her direction that she dares not refuse to yield to her the best sites about Jerusalem for whatever it is her will to put upon them.

Italy, through the Romish Church, has been here through the centuries, and is strengthening herself, so there will be a boiling sea here one of these days. England will be in it from Cyprus and Egypt, and the Holy City will become Jerusalem of the Gentiles, or rather Jerusalem of the whole spiritual Israel of God. Syria is, in more elements than men have grouped or appreciated, the country which in situation, products and physical conformation is best suited as the home of the chosen people of God, if they should ever rise to the time and inspiration of a deliverance. A realm dominated by spiritual life would be a grand realization of past ideals. We cannot think that this land shall always bleach as a skeleton in the valley of dry bones. Shall not the prophet's vision be realized when bone shall come to bone and joint and socket fit each other in fulfilment of God's purpose, and life comes by the breath of the four winds? Are they not blowing on it now? Is not the Spirit of God coming from all the points of the world's progress to give it life? It must live; its Master gave the simile of its future life when he said of the corn of wheat that it must die ere it lives. So this decay must spring into renewed life.

We cannot survey the ruins of Palestine long and believe that it is only a cemetery over which the voice

of resurrection will never be heard. We cannot believe that it belongs only to the buried past. This cannot be so long as the Bible lives; it must have the possibilities not only of individual but of national life. The Jews will not bring this life, for, as a class, they are as blind as the day they said, "Away with him," but individual Jews, federal heads, will join with the spiritual Israel, and to them the gathering of the people shall be. The same impulse that led Abraham into his wanderings for its sake, and the Crusaders to end their lives in it for its sake, will reappear. The law of periodicity will bring about in another form the same impulse, but guided by the Divine Spirit.

The Gentiles have trodden it down, but they have blindly obeyed the divine purpose. They may, perhaps, as blindly work out divine purpose in wars and bloodshed, in the national ambitions and cupidity by which it shall live again. The Gentiles, who have spoiled and dishonored its fair face and covered with the filth of ages its sacred places and oppressed it as no other spot on the face of the earth, are themselves changing, for the Mohammedans are in despair and trembling with uncertainty about their existence in the East. They are asking, "Is Mohammed our only prophet, or do we look for another—a greater?" They are searching the Scriptures with an intensity of restlessness and desire never known. They are nearer the kingdom of Christ to-day than his own people. So that it looks as if the destroyers are ready to join in its spiritual upbuilding. The Mohammedans of the East distrust the Turkish government and charge the Turks with being the authors of their downfall, and it would not be hard to rend the brittle thread of their loyalty, and then the prophetic monster would

fall into its grave, hated by its own, cursed every day of its existence by Turks for its oppressions, and distrusted by the people who have been the victims of this Moloch, under the name of religion.

The duty of Christians lies in the form of sacrifice and its accompanying labors. They must send more laborers into the field, work more for Christ than for the organizations bearing his name, present an united heart and front to this people cursed by their own dissensions. Cast the net on the right side, which is the united side, and let it not drop in order to sort the fishes into the several bushels. Its hope is in constant, persistent, united work and in a life spent for them and before them. It is a mistake, in our judgment, to pray alone for the Jews and to set all eyes on them as if they were the ones to welcome the returning Lord; they may be relegated to the rear guard; indeed, they might be glad to be camp followers. There is as much prophecy in behalf of that great multitude who have wasted this land and with less knowledge and cause. The return of the Moslem may be more indicative of the coming of Christ than the return of the Jew.

Work should be done with all the blessed hopes of the gospel held out to all, Jew and Gentile alike. One is as much concerned in the restitution as the other, and the notion should be given up of arranging the Lord's final triumphant procession with the Jews leading the host. There is profound meaning in the words of Principal Dawson in his "By Paths of Bible Knowledge:"—"The best hopes of Palestine rest on its Christian people and on the spiritual and intellectual elevation of their children now in the schools of the missionaries." In what we have said about the work

to be done here, we do not mean to assail in any manner that large body of Christian workers who are stimulated by their views of prophecy as to the Lord's personal advent. We are neither a disbeliever nor a theorist on the subject. But we do not believe that even to the blessed consummation it is necessary to give to the return of the Jews such prophetic prominence. Let not any effort flag for their salvation through the rejected Saviour; nay, increase them a thousand fold. The Jew has a secured place in the final restoration, but until greater light appears and greater willingness on his part to accept, we do not believe that as a nation he will have *the* place and that the Lord will delay his coming a moment on his account, for while multitudes of Israel will be in the redeemed host as individuals, in his corporal personality we are doubtful if he will not be in the rear, where the Apostle Paul put him when he said, "Seeing ye put it from you and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo! we turn to the Gentiles."

THE PEOPLE OF SYRIA.

WE will now speak of the characteristics of the people of these lands, in which the difficulty of their moral elevation will be seen. A somewhat detailed statement of their prevailing vices is necessary to an appreciative understanding of missionary work. We have already indicated many of these; decency would not permit more. But there is another, which has reached our own land and may be still more troublesome. The whole Levant is the country of indigenous frauds. The masses are constitutional liars; insincerity lies so

close to their religion that it takes it by the contact. We do not mean that there are not exceptions, but assure our readers that they are not multitudinous nor violent. One is never out of the touch of insincerity. Frauds are, therefore, tropical productions, and the gift of tongues accompanies them. They are plausible and would deceive the very elect. As an example of the business morals of the country, a man was about selling some ground to the Jesuits and they were slow in giving his price, so he sent his business man to ask Dr. Jessup if he would walk out over the land. Dr. Jessup, being under no obligations to the man and not understanding the request, drew out of the messenger the purpose, which was that at that time he had arranged to bring the Jesuits to see the land, who seeing him would think that he was after it also and would close the bargain at the owner's price. Only a Levantine would think of fooling a Jesuit. Even in their professions of religion the greatest care is observed, for they will perform all the external duties for a year or more to compass some selfish purpose.

We had before us in church at Abeih a man apparently attentive and devout, who has been one of the most unmitigated frauds in the use of religious funds outside of the penitentiary. He was first a donkey boy, to whom an English lady of means, travelling in Syria, took a fancy, and had him educated. From her he obtained large sums of money and has still his clutches upon some property which she possesses on the heights above Beirut, and will, in all probability, cheat her or her lawful heirs out of it. This fellow went to England and played the pious role for all that could be gotten out of it. He married a respectable girl because he was such a marvel of piety. He was as re-

ligiously sleek on all occasions as if he had lived in the oil of extreme unction. He collected there large sums of money for the founding of mission schools, and after his return to Syria sent back most regularly highly colored reports of success and careful disbursements with accompanying balance sheets. The blessed givers were in serene expectancy of the wilderness blooming as the rose, when they discovered that he had appropriated most of the money to building houses, the deeds whereof were in his own name, and that no permanent schools were in existence. And so he has gone on and is continuing, some of his deluded benefactors still refusing to believe him guilty of duplicity, but he declines to give any claim to the property and declares that it is his own. So ends the chapters of his deceptions.

Another in the same neighborhood was pitied and educated and found his way to Scotland, where his piety was as odorous as the incense of Arabia. He got large gifts from the Scotch churches and was a missionary under the care, if we rightly remember, of the Free Church. He represented that he had about forty schools in successful operation, but tourists and others returning began to stir the public mind with reports that he was systematically defrauding his employers, until the reports were so prevalent that a commission was sent out, of which Dr. Duff was either chairman or an important member. Before they arrived he gathered children from every quarter for the occasion, and filled up the empty schools, captured the committee, took them to the show, and was himself showman, and persuaded them that the reports they heard were out of the jealousies of the American missionaries. They called on the missionaries in an injured tone as to the wrongs they were perpetrating on their saintly mission-

ary, and intimated that it was selfish of them to treat the efforts of their Scotch brethren in an unsympathizing way. But the American missionaries told them that it was no concern of theirs, that there was work enough for all to do, and that if the Scotch brethren desired to waste their money on frauds they would not hinder them. This kind but indifferent reception to the charges laid against them disturbed the enthusiasm of the committee, but they made a very favorable report to the Assembly. But unfavorable reports still came and the dissatisfaction increased, until at length a deputy was sent with power to take charge of their properties and schools, which had cost hundreds of pounds. But their missionary would not give up the keys, declaring the whole property to be his own and had been deeded to himself. He had used their funds, as they believed, in house building, and he, like his compeer in the English service, became a wealthy man. Dr. Duff denounced him, and all the committee who had been taken in by him denounced him, the Assembly cast him off, but it was all locking the safe door when the thief had rifled it. A suit was begun and dragged its weary length through Turkish courts, and at last the Scotch obtained their school property at Suk, but it cost them as much as it was worth, and other money in the meantime had been appropriated which they could not recover, and the missionary lives in a fine marble house still collecting money whenever and wherever he can for missionary work in Syria.

If these were the only cases it would not be worth while recording them, but they are everywhere, and if our English and American people would stop encouraging these adventurers and adventuresses there would be no need of such shameful records. But it is enough

to show a fez or a turbaned head and talk pious, when immediately these creatures are encouraged in their lying and in their financial frauds. It is so ravishing to the ear of silly religious sentimentalists to hear the Oriental glibness and their unbridled fancies; this is enough, they are sent to college and sent out lecturing, received into the sanctities of the best households, some of whom at home would not be permitted to enter a decent kitchen. Nobody need care if English and Americans only fooled away their money, but they are injuring the cause, they are throttling their own brethren and sisters in their work. They sooner or later become advertised frauds, and this kind never return to do faithful missionary service. They come back too often to stir up dissensions by making the natives believe that the missionaries keep the money sent for them, and that they ought to be independent and manage it for themselves. Why not when there is plenty of money and honors in England and America for the going? For some have described the American pastors as frauds and drunken dogs, and told how they had to take a back seat while they themselves were about. This thing will come to an end, but untold mischief will be done by entrusting these people with means at their own disposal. It is leading them into temptation; they have never had the use of money and cannot stand its seductions. Even the Christian natives are too ready to start independent concerns of their own, and if money is furnished an antagonism is at once created, and the curse of this country is in its religious divisions.

If the people are to be lifted up it must be done outside of themselves, they cannot do it; therefore, to give them means is to weaken the influence and endanger

possibilities before those who are willing to make the sacrifice to do it. We, therefore, would persuade Christian people of wealth, wishing to help this people, to put their money in the hands of those who have done all that has been done; if they could be trusted in the beginning they have done nothing as yet to forfeit public faith. If a native proposes to build a school or orphanage see that the title is vested beyond their control and that the money proposed to be used is under the supervision of those who are competent to direct it. In the Presbyterian Church there is the Board of Foreign Missions, consisting of men well known who have managed its interests for fifty years. Or there is the Woman's Department, which can be trusted. In the Congregational Church there is the American Board of Foreign Missions and a Woman's branch, and so in all the Churches. Will not Christian people in their benevolences have common sense and stop encouraging Oriental adventurers and adventuresses?

Missionary life has its amusements, even in their own blunders they have their share of the humor of the world and enjoy it. We have heard some, to us, very enjoyable things. One was in the exceeding difficulties in the use of the language by foreigners. Often important meanings in Arabic are determined by the inflection of the voice. One of the young missionaries went to console a native family in the deepest affliction by death of one of their number. He proceeded to use the word in Arabic for sorrow or affliction, which is "Dique." Now the word for rooster is "deek," but he gave "Dique" the same sound as "deek." So he said, "Now no rooster (deek) for the present is joyous, but grievous, nevertheless," &c., and "For our light roosters which endure," &c., and so he went on with the Scriptures

to a family convulsed with sorrow, and then prayed that this "rooster" might be sanctified to their good and that all their "roosters" might be changed into joy.

Another, who never gained the mastery over the language, was preaching on the doctrine of regeneration from the words, "A new heart will I give unto you." The Arabic for "heart" has but a slight difference in sound or inflection from the word for "dog." So he proceeded to tell his Mohammedan hearers that without the most abominable thing to them in the world (a "dog") they would be lost, "for the text sayeth a new 'dog' will I give you," and then exhorted, "Cleanse your dogs, ye double-minded." But such is the self-control of this people, and such their ideas of what is becoming, that not a muscle moved while they were in the place of worship, but when they had gone beyond its portals they were convulsed with *laughter*.

The weeks spent with these hospitable brethren will be numbered among the choice experiences of life. Never have we met men and women so devoted to their work, so patient in its privations, so hopeful of its future, though there is no sentimentality about them concerning it. They believe in the Lord's commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and in his promise of help and blessing as well.

IN THE LAND OF HAM.

AS there is nothing between Jaffa and Port Said but sea and a misty air, we cannot do better than to give just here our impressions of the political condition of Egypt. It is well-known that the extravagances of the former Khedive, Ismail, both ruined and adorned Egypt. No doubt immense sums of money, borrowed from England on ruinous terms, were squandered in detestable vices, debaucheries and incomparable rascalities. But much of this money went to redeem Egypt from the degradation of the hovel, not in lifting up the people, but in building and improving and Europeanizing, which helped the people and educated them so far as this kind of thing could do. It did not make them better, but it showed them what they might become, and gave them an idea of what Egypt had been. These improvements are all that modern Egypt has to show above the range of the mud hut. The former Khedive is gone, but his works still exist, and these will save him from oblivion, and will modify the judgment of the traveller in regard to his guilt in his profligate waste of British treasures.

The present condition of Egypt is the result of that masterly Turkish policy of back-action, through which Turkey has been stripped of so much of her possessions. Turkish artillery always discharges at the breech, and the kick she gets hurts herself worse than anybody else. Straightforwardness would make her sick, and therefore is only practised by sore necessity. The British, who had kept Turkey alive when she ought to have

been dragged as a poisonous carcass out of Europe, received no gratitude, but rather, according to the Turk's everlasting crookedness, were the more hated on this account. No pity need be shown to England, but it serves to show the Turkishness of the Turk. Mohammedan supremacy is the ideal and idol of the Turk. He is struggling for it in his despair at this moment. The government grasped the drift of English policy in acquiring Cyprus, which, under the circumstances of English intervention against the Russians, she could not help surrendering; indeed, it was a part of the conditions of the intervention. She saw also what would become of the Suez Canal, and foresaw that English domination would come, on account of the Egyptian debt, whenever occasion offered. This opportunity for meddling could not be resisted, for France had done the same in Mexico and is still making it a pretext for her military oppressions, so that it is, so far as we know, a settled policy in European politics.

This occupation would work disastrously to Mohammedan unity. The Porte had always dreamed of a "holy war" in the last event, to save it from the last ditch. But how could the Mohammedans of Arabia and the vast Soudan and other parts of Africa reach the Turkish Empire if England or any other Christian power should occupy Egypt? It would take but a small force and a few fortifications to separate the Mohammedans of the East from the West. Some forts also and a small army in the neighborhood of Suez would cut off all connection with Syria and Asia Minor, and the great future game of a "holy war" to save the Turkish Empire would be up, for the parts are like the body of a wasp, held only by a vital thread in the middle. This England could cut in twain by a

single stroke at the Suez end of the Canal, which it would be the easiest thing possible to bring her ships and men to do. This will give the key to the rebellion of Arabi Pasha and the Mahdi of the Soudan, in whose movements the Sultan had a hand. It was to gain lost supremacy that Arabi was to take Egypt, and the Mahdi was to despatch the remnant of the Egyptian army in the Soudan, which he did. But Arabi slipped somewhat in his calculation. He found England the lion in his way, and the well-planned scheme for Mohammedan supremacy was once more spoiled. This expectation was the theme of conversation among all the Mohammedans of Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia and Asia Minor. They were tremendously excited during all these months. They have a tradition that a deliverer will come, a true Mahdi, from the East, and they were becoming insolent with expectation. So apparent was it that Christians could not fail to see the changed demeanor of the people, and were told that their stay in the land would be of short duration. As things are at present the Mohammedans are exceedingly depressed; all their hopes have been shattered and they do not hesitate to say that as to the future they are all adrift.

At this point it might be interesting to inquire a little into the future prospects of Egypt. At present there is profound doubt, and consequent gloom. England is faltering, uncertain and trifling as to her future policy. There are but few who believe that she will surrender her position. How could she do so? If she gives up will it be to the Sultan? Then the last state of Egypt would be worse than the first. It would be running from a lion to meet a bear. More than this, the Egyptians would not submit to it unless compelled

by force of arms. Would England stand by and see the Turks conquer Egypt again in the interest of barbarism? If she does this France will take the land; this is the cause of the contention now. It is the Napoleonic idea from which France, under no form of government, ever recedes. France missed being a partner in Egyptian affairs and in her chagrin she will never forgive herself. She expects and is even now making preparations to occupy Syria. Can England afford to let her jealous and ever-hating neighbor seize her highway to her Indian possessions? To give up Egypt would be to remove India ten thousand miles away; and the same could be said of any other of the possible rulers in the event of her demise. It may be said let Egypt rule herself; how or wherewith shall Egypt rule, overwhelmed with debt and degraded by the rascalities of her own rulers who have the knowledge to rule, exposed to the armies of the Mahdi, which are furnished with the best of equipments by British and Egyptian disasters? How can Egypt defend herself against the best soldiers outside of Europe? It is a question whether it will not yet tax the British government to its full strength to keep the Soudanese invaders out of Lower Egypt.

Then since it is English destiny and duty, why is she so irresolute, and so untrue to the duties she owes to civilization and Christianity? It must be because she has fallen into the hands of a race of political politicians who can only wrangle over the Irish policy without progress, good order or pacification. Egypt is suffering in every part for the want of a strong, helpful government, a government which will rule so as to help Egypt and to help Egypt help herself. Honesty is the first requisite, and such a civil service as England

has now in India would work wonders of restoration to Egypt. But all progress is resting on its oars for this decision, and humanity must wait, or humanity must kindle a fire on the political back of the British government. Great Britain will mourn her inability to grasp the grandest opportunity for good and glory, during the next century, that a gracious Providence has ever laid in her pathway.

Port Said has not improved much, nor can it, for it is only a place for such supplies as can be obtained nowhere else. Only those stop who have been belated and are compelled to wait for means to get away, or have come too soon and must swelter until relief comes. Such are hardly fair judges of the progress of a city. But in the most favorable light it is a place in which to tarry but for the night. Our course was to Cairo by Ismail, and to this end a tug-boat was taken. Along the coast of the sea for miles is seen the ibis wading in its marshes. These birds are from three to five feet high when stretched to full length, and look in the distance like a graveyard with stones of the purest whiteness. The Suez Canal has changed the desert; where only glistening sands appeared seventeen years ago there is a covering of grass, and willows are starting in the moist places. The Canal has been greatly improved, deepened, widened, and also walled with stone from a third to a half of its length. It is full of great ships creeping through in the boiling sun, their passengers looking as if gasping for breath, for they are not permitted to go faster than five miles an hour. The Canal must be widened, for the delays are too frequent and expensive. The cost of an ordinary ship of three hundred and fifty tons passing through is three thousand five hundred dollars. So it is an expensive luxury,

but cheap when compared with the time and expense of going around the Cape of Good Hope. From Ismail to Cairo is a railroad over which the trip can be made at a slow rate in five hours.

No greater surprise has met us than the little city of Ismail, which was located in the desert, and when we saw it first was a shanty town. The Khedive introduced fresh water and the people poured it on the sands, and immediately they became instinct with life; orange groves adorn the spacious dwelling places, date palms have grown forty feet high and are adorned with clusters of fruit, surrounding their tops like capitals on graceful columns. On the way to Cairo, in a little depression close to the railway, are wooden crosses and other marks that tell the sorrows of the battle-field, and of many brave Britons who died and of hearts which bled in their far-away homes. This is the battle-field of Tel-el Kebir, which virtually decided the fate of Arabi's conspiracy and sent him an exile to Ceylon. The extemporized forts of sand are visible, and the gulches washed by winter rains which were the sheltering places of both armies. The country to Cairo is of unsurpassed loveliness, earth has no spot so fertile, five crops can be gathered from the same ground in a year. The Nile does all this; it is, in a sense, the giver of life, for wherever on the desert it touches life leaps at its embrace. All markets in Egypt wait on the movements of the Nile. All finances and financiers bow at its behest. A measure tells its rise daily, and by comparison its possibilities are discounted. So the Wall street of Cairo is betting on the "futures" of the Nile, because the yield of Egypt depends on the acres it covers.

The country is traversed by canals, from which water is conducted by furrows into the fields, and these

are broken for further distribution by the foot moving the loose sands, which explains the promise of God to bring the Israelites into a land which they would not water by the foot. The fields are ploughed and then are flooded, and the wheat and other grain sown from the hand is cast upon the water, which, as it subsides, leaves it in the rich deposits which it has brought down all the way from its far-off mountain home at Victoria Nyanza, which also explains the meaning of the text, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." The atmosphere has a peculiar dreaminess; it is the poet's sky that hangs over us. The great palms, so tall and graceful, lend beauty to the general effect. The abundance of all that grows, and the great water courses through all, these makes Egypt peerless in fertility. No traveller need go further for the ideal of the lost Paradise; if there is any more beautiful it is "Paradise regained."

Cairo is still "grand Cairo," realizing something of the dreams of youth when fired by reading the Arabian Nights. The former Pasha added art to its natural attractions—it has glaring defects—but the glamor, which ever bewitches, saves it from adverse criticism. The moral condition of the natives is deplorable enough, and suggests the strange paradox, how it is that surpassing natural beauty and moral ugliness are so often so darkly contrasted with each other! The only mission work of any consequence in Egypt is carried on by the United Presbyterians of America. Their work has been greatly prospered and their mission is the best, in some aspects of its present and future, if held and pushed, west of Asia. We regret not seeing Dr. Lansing, who was in England, but we saw instead his able co-worker, Dr. Harvey, from whom we gathered

the following facts. The United Presbyterian mission in Egypt has a Literary College at Assiout in a prosperous condition and a Theological Seminary in Cairo, in the mission building, which has a small number of students, as might be expected from the fact that it is to prepare a native ministry. The mission has spacious and valuable property in the heart of Cairo almost opposite to Shepherd's Hotel, which they obtained through a very advantageous exchange.

At the request of Ismail Pasha, Said Pasha made the mission, in its infancy, a present of an old building, which served it a long time. Being in the way of the improvements of Ismail he proposed to give the missionaries in exchange the present position, on which they erected the present building, so spacious and so adequate to all their needs. In addition he gave them about thirty-five thousand dollars. The money for the building was nearly all given by outside friends in England and America. The mission field has as centres Alexandria, Monsura, Cairo, Assiout and Luxor. They have of communicants, 2,042; attendants, 4,449; evening prayer-meetings, 2,180, which is a wonderful disclosure of true inner life, for this is the test everywhere of a standing or falling church. In the next test—benevolence—they do not fall behind. There is raised by native members and adherents for church work \$5,043—\$2 49 per member. They gave also to educational congregational schools \$5,503. In tuition fees in all schools, city and country, \$11,211. Whole value of the property of the mission \$193,304, a good showing for thirty-three years. In the schools of Miss Whateley are between three and four hundred boys and girls. These beneficial statements are further confirmed by the reading habits of the people. Bibles and books are sold, 9,651 volumes, money realized \$2,552. Religious pub-

lications 8,993 volumes, money realized \$1,149. Educational books for schools sold everywhere 19,179, money realized \$4,405. Total attendance in the Sunday-schools 417.

The moral effect of English occupation in Egypt seems to be an increase of drinking in the towns and cities. But the British influence is favorable and helpful to the mission work, especially in facilitating the building of churches. The American ministry consists of nine men, of lady missionaries there are sixteen; ordained native ministers, eight; licentiates and theological students, ten. This is a good showing for the force employed, but our United Presbyterian friends ought to double it. The field is white for the harvest and it is all their own; they alone are responsible for its needs and possibilities. If this Church should never do another stroke of missionary work anywhere else, and met the demands of this land, it would be a glorious record, even at the close of the dispensation of the Spirit. We know of no other Church that has a country all to itself, and we are glad of it, but there ought to be no loitering on the part of the Church, she ought to be straining every nerve. What God has given her ought to be an argument by which she should occupy the field more fully and faithfully. That he has rewarded her efforts so far ought to be another. What she can do ought to be another argument, and what God commands her to do, in the great commission out of which the Church of Christ draws its life, ought to be the crowning motive to send more men and women and more support to this most interesting heritage—the evidence of God's special favor to that Church.

It was not possible to pass the Pyramids without another look at them. So the usual bargaining began, not for donkeys as in the past, with a bareheaded boy,

clad only in a shirt, to guide them by prodding them in the haunches. Things have changed and now the pilgrim rides to the Pyramids in a lairdau. The slightest apparent interest in these wonders will raise the price of a vehicle to an extortionate rate, so when solicited to make the journey we said, "What for? We have seen them. Are they any bigger than they were? Have you done any thing to them?" "O, no," said cabby, "how could we?" "Why, easy enough, if you were of any account. You could have built more stones upon them if you were worthy of the name of Egyptians; your ancestors built the whole of them, and you fellows could not put up even one stone in seventeen years. You are not Egyptians or before this you would have built a bigger one on this side of the river." "No, no; we are Egyptians, very poor, cannot build any thing." "O, that will not pass, you are not so poor as those fellows who had to do the work on the old Pyramid for nothing, and you have not even plastered the Pyramid in all this time." "O, no, sir; how would de Byramid look plastered?" "First rate. It would show that somebody was alive in Egypt." "But it would spoil it so. De peoples could not get up, and they get no monies." "But the people coming to see it would save money, don't you see? You have gotten their money always since the Pyramid was built, is it not fair for the people who come? Turn about is fair play." He only shrugged his shoulders and look disgusted. We said then, "You have done nothing to the Pyramids and still want big prices, you have not even whitewashed them." "No, no! Whitewash de Byramid! De peoples would not know it, think it a big tomb." "Well, is there not a tomb in it?" "Who told you that?" "Some Americans. What was the man's name who counted the stars from

the Pyramid?" "Don't know." "Was he from Cairo?" "Don't know. I never saw such an American. Other Americans when they don't like my brice to de Byramids say, 'To de debil with your twenty-five francs,' and you say so many strange things and don't give me my brice." "Well, what is your price for all the worn-out Pyramids, without repairs?" "If you will go now and don't say so many things about doing something to the Byramids I will take you for fifteen francs." "No backshesh, no grumblng, no lying?" "I don't know what you say." "Yes, you do. You won't say when we get back it is twenty francs?" "No." "Well, drive up, we will go."

In no part of Cairo is the change of years so apparent as on the way to the Pyramids. When here before we rose before daylight and rode out to the river on donkeys, and there took an old crazy craft which was pulled up the stream, and the boatmen took the donkeys by the tails and ears and rolled them in, and when loaded and the old boat was in motion they would all go to one side until it almost went under. Then the drivers would kick and thump them to get the boat trim, and as if possessed they would all go to the other side, so that the river was crossed shifting from side to side to keep from going under. After crossing there were fights and guttural contentions about fees, and lying and screaming until patience itself was ready to lie down to die in the sands. But now at seven o'clock we are driven in a carriage under a fine avenue of trees shading nearly every step of the way. These had just been planted then, now their bodies are a foot in diameter. They have arched the splendid highway until there is no such street in any city in Europe, except a short one in Brussels, twelve miles of arched boughs almost excluding the sun's rays the whole distance.

The Nile is crossed now by a superb iron bridge, as are also the inlets. The river was at full height, and from the bank on which the Pyramid stands it looks more like a great inland sea than a river. The Pyramids have not changed, they are too old to change, time only makes them more venerable. One loses no element of veneration by absence. The same mute wonderment fills the mind, too overwhelming to permit active thought. This is the only creation of man that we have ever seen that did not dwindle before investigation, for which familiarity did not breed contempt. We did not attempt to climb to the top of Cheops, having had enough of that when much younger, but a distinct remembrance abides of the limping it produced and the aching superinduced; so with the help of memory and observation we were satisfied with the vision of its greatness. There has been but little done except to cut down through the sand and rubbish at the front about fifty feet, so that the base stones are exposed untouched by time, showing the chisel marks on their surface; also disclosing a pavement but little the worse for the oppressive centuries that have settled down upon it. The Sphinx looks sadly serene, old age does not spoil the expression, but while the face does not show the despoilings of time, the body does, and soon irreparable ruin will be done unless arrested.

There is a part of a temple in front uncovered sufficiently to show its splendid proportions and workmanship and the genius of the people who conceived and executed it. The columns are perfect, being cut from the hardest red granite. There is a constant contest going on here between the air and winds, the one to crumble all these wonders and the other to bring up sands to bury them from the desert, on the edge of which they stand. These

sands are piled up on the sides nearly one hundred feet deep. It is a place of general wonderment. The crowds who meet and greet each other are almost as suprising as the Pyramids themselves. There are from fifty to one hundred Arabs who wish to serve as guides, who shout, elbow each other and pluck at any article they can grasp which the tourist possesses. One is disposed to look for the limbs on his body lest they have run away with them, and the only possibility of heading them is to coolly do the opposite from what they propose. When they start for one object we turn and go to another, and when, with a shout, they would change front we also changed course, and thus confused in all their ideas of order they reluctantly left us. Only two boys, in whom there was something decidedly interesting, persevered. They were not disconcerted at our changes, for they professed to be only learners. One said, "We get big men and be dragomen," with the affected modesty of those who used to declaim, "You would ne'er expect one of my age to speak in public on the stage," and they gained a point. The larger said, "When we get big we will be dragomen to Americans." This suggestion awakened an interest, and we said, "You must make a speech to the Americans; they like speeches and we will teach you." Planting our limbs in the position of a Sophomore in declamation we bade him take the same position, which he did with uncommon ease. Pointing to the top of the great Pyramid we dictated, "You must say, 'Ladies and gentlemen from the United States of America, behold yon Pyramid lifting its sublime head. It is looking down upon you from more than forty centuries. Ladies and gentlemen of the United States of America, the great-

est country on which the sun shines, that Pyramid was built for free men, and is never so grand as when you decorate its proud altitude.'” The little monkey was taking it in, gesture and all, when the person who acts as “helm,” growing desperate in the broiling sun, peremptorily ordered us onward, murmuring something about “not making a fool of one’s self,” and thus ended our chapter of Pyramidal events.

The only other object of very special interest in Cairo is the Museum of Boulak, which is a place for musing over the past, for it is a cemetery of illustrious “deaders” and their traps. They look grimly out from their sarcophagi—a horrid sight. Their poor helpless remains are dried brown and sunken, their teeth being the only natural feature left, but their surroundings make these ghastly. The last “find” are all in stained and varnished boxes, with glass over their faces, which is covered with cloth to exclude the light. Among these mummies are the remains of Rameses the Second, the Pharaoh of the Exodus. As the Egyptians were the first to believe in the immortality of the soul and its final reunion with the body, great care was taken in the preservation of the body. The soul is often represented on the sarcophagi as coming back in the form of a bird to see the condition of its past and future abode. The soul was believed to follow the course of the sun, swinging disembodied through countless ages, during which time it must prepare for appearing at the judgment. To aid in this preparation extracts from the sacred “prayer roll” were painted upon the interior of each sarcophagus. Appearing at last before its forty-two judges the soul was weighed in the balance with truth, and if found wanting, or if any part of the prayer roll were forgotten, or one sin were unac-

counted for it was recorded by a scribe, and the soul was sent back into the body of a pig, to go through with another series of transmigrations until it should again appear in human form and again be brought to judgment. Behind Osiris, the chief deity, sits Anubis, the dog, guarding the entrance to the next world. These vicissitudes of the soul are pictured upon the sarcophagi, upon prayer rolls, &c., and many of these are preserved in Boulak and other museums. Here, also, are to be seen various things taken from the tombs, huge braided wigs, articles of food and fruit provided for the supposed needs of the dead, numerous little bronze images to represent servants; each guest at a funeral brought one or more of these to contribute to a departed friend's retinue.

Every man prepared his own tomb during life and lavished upon it more care and expense than upon his abode while living. Upon the walls were painted scenes from his daily life, his occupation, servants performing their daily tasks, domestic animals, himself and his guests feasting, &c. The most sacred obligation an Egyptian could take upon himself was in mortgaging the mummies of his ancestors. From the treasured antiquities in Boulak it is evident that most of the so-called modern processes of daily life, mechanics, surgery and even dentistry, were known to this ancient people, and in mechanics they doubtless excelled us, as the stone carved so skilfully by them would defy modern implements by their hardness. Some force also superior to ours must have been employed in moving and putting in place the huge stones of the Pyramids. The statues of the earliest period of Egyptian art display a grace and expression which are entirely lacking in the stereotyped and stiff style of the later

periods. Necklaces, bracelets and various other articles of jewelry are wrought with much skill and taste, and the linen in which the mummies were wrapped is of the finest texture. Among the cartouches of the various kings is that of Cheops, the builder of the great Pyramid—two birds and a serpent, enclosed in an ellipse. This is also seen in the hieroglyphic inscriptions representing the building of the great Pyramid. The religious ideas of the Egyptians were drawn from scenes in nature around them, Osiris, the chief deity, was the Nile, the most deified beneficent force of nature to them, Isis was the earth and the overflow of the river the marriage of these deities. The desert wind, which dried up the waters and made desolate the earth, became Typhon, the spirit of evil. The earliest form of worship was that of the sun, and purely monotheistic, but it became corrupt by changing the symbols of deity into objects of devotion, and so there came to be gods many in Egypt. One king restored sun worship and abolished idols; he with his queen are represented as going to the temple, the sun pouring down his rays in blessing upon their heads and kissing their lips with the ringed cross, the symbol of original life and the power of imparting it. The immortality of the soul was symbolized by the winged globe, and also by the beetle rolling a ball before him, therefore the scarabens was sacredly regarded as a charm against evil. The bull, the cat, the crocodile and other animals were worshipped, their images wrought in stone, and often their bodies were embalmed.

We now say farewell to the kingdom of the Pharaohs, and set our faces towards the ancient lands of India and China, of which we will write hereafter.

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