WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

The Observant Traveler Spends a Day in Morocco.

Inspiring Scenes at the Mediterranean's Entrance—Glowing Pen Pictures of the Shores of Two Continents—Landing at Tangier—Weird Night Experiences in the Ancient Moorish City.

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TANGIER, Morocco, Jan. 11, 1892.

At Tavira we had no difficulty in securing passage in a stanch coasting steamer, plying between Lisbon and Cadiz. After a day in the latter, once the emporium of the world and still the most winsome and beautiful city of Spain, we sailed on a smaller vessel, little better than a ferry-boat, for the African coast, touching for an hour at Tarifa, the southernmost city of continental Europe, but fifteen miles southwest of Gibraltar.

In this less than one hundred miles from Cadiz there are innumerable scenes and memories of wondrous impressiveness. Cadiz itself was the Tarshish of Bible history, Juno's wondrous island, and the glorious Iberia of Anacreon and Homer. At the end of the fourth century it was the richest, most brilliant and most profligate city in the world. Then the Goths andthe Arabs possessed it, the latter for 500 years from the eighth century, when Alfonso the Learned retook it in 1262. What a vision of riches and pillage comes with vanishing sight of the beautiful city, when its American treasure is remembered. The old writers tell that in the one year of 1792 the gold and silver imported at Cadiz from America amounted to $125,000,000; and away back of this, when the English Lord Essex sacked and pillaged Cadiz, the booty amounted to forty great galleons and thirteen ships of war laden with American gold!

In an hour's time you have come abreast of Cape Trafalgar. Your steamer's course is through the very waters where Nelson won his immortal victory over the combined fleets of Gravina and Villeneuve. All the mighty paintings you have seen, all the majestic monuments to Nelson underneath whose shadows you have stood, all the thrilling prose and verse you have read upon this inspiring theme, fill and thrill your mind and heart, until the air is dimmed with smoke, the hoarse bellowings of cannon deafen you, the sheets of flame from those two solid columns of warships blind you, the shrieks of wounded and dying and the crashing of masts add to the conjured horror—all for an instant, may be; but no poet or painter has ever brought its glory and savagery to your comprehension so matchlessly as your own brief presence there.

And now Tarifa is reached; Tarifa, celebrated of all cities of the Latin race for the fatal beauty of its women; Tarifa, where the besieging Moors put to death the son of Don Alfonso before his eyes in an attempt to affect the city's surrender; where mighty battles between the Kings of Castile and Spain against the Moors were fought beneath its walls; where once 4,000 Roman sons came and took to themselves their pick of Spanish women; where the Berbers first met the dispirited armies of Roderick, last of the Goths; Tarifa, with its scores of towers and gates, labrynthine streets, balconies hidden behind masses of flowers, and its half-Spanish, half-Moorish scenes and life, which taunt and tempt ravishingly to dallying and delay.

From this point, as your course is set to the southwest for Tangier almost straight across the Strait of Gibraltar, the scene on every hand is one of matchless beauty and grandeur. Back to the northwest stretches the Spanish coast line to Trafalgar, low lying along the sea, but with a background of undulating foothills, breaking into deep gorges, and capped by lofty Sierras, the whole checkered by vineyards and dotted with cities and hamlets, in the distance as white as flakes of snow. Back across the waters to the northeast looms gray old Gibraltar, a line of fishing villages, arsenals, quays and moles at its base like a slender ribbon of foam, its thousands of threatening cannon above hidden and summitted by terraces bright and vines and gardens fair.

Before you is Africa, warm and glowing beneath a midwinter sun. Away to the southeast is the shadowy peak of Ape's Hill, at whose base Ceuta lies. A grand and diversified coast stretches westward, past as yet invisible Tangier to Cape Spartel, the northwesternmost point in Africa. Portions of the coast are grandly precipitous. Again great forests sweep from noble hights into slumbrous valleys which undulate softly to the sea. The lights and shades are strange. The green of the middle strait blends into a rosy puce toward land, this into a brilliant blue further on, and the coast line at the water's edge seems like a thread of lustrous onyx. Above this, brown, then purple, then emerald; and beyond, there is a glowing of faint orange, as though the valleys palpably flung back the sunlight which lingered lovingly above. Beyond this, a line of tender purple, jagged with feathery, misty fronds. This is where the Atlas Mountains are. And then between the mountain passes and peaks and the sky is a faint thread of saffrony pale pink, something like a gauze of lavender laid on a bank of roses. That gleam of color flashes the mental vision to the vast Sahara and the far Soudan.

Feasting with eager and selfish delight upon the glorious shore of two continents, I had lost sight of honest Dobrado; Dobrado who was to have returned to his place by the babbling fountains of Lisbon, from Beja, should I persist in tramping thence to Tavira and the sea; Dobrado who was now sworn servitor and friend; Dobrado broad of grin as Gargantua, and of beam of Quixote's no less faithful squire; Dobrado whom I found with lowering eyes and hideous face, as rapt as I had been, scowling with unutterable hate at the fair land of the Moors. In his attitude, looks, mutterings and unconscious gesticulations, increasing every moment in rapidity and intensity, the whole story of the irrevocable vengefulness of Christian against Moslem, and Moslem against Christian, was told. It was a theme for poet; subject for artist—Europe, the implacable foe of Africa; the Cross against the Crescent; incarnate Hate, the outgrowth of incarnate Love, burning to annihilate Fanaticism; Christian savagery thirsting for the life of Moslem barbarism.

I touched the Gallegan gently upon the shoulder, and my eyes sought his inquiringly. He trembled and was wofully confused for a moment. Then his great blue eyes saddened and he said softly and slowly, as though his heart meanwhile traveled a long and bitter way:

"There is not a choza (cabin) from Finisterre to Palencia in which there does not hang some forefather's gaita or hoz (sickle) or sword upon the wall, under which the Gallegan boy is not daily brought to swear vengeance for the murders of the Moor!"

As I pondered over Dobrado's dramatic action and words I could not but feel that, after all, it is a pleasant thing to live, as we Americans do, so far removed from the endless mental, if not physical, clashing of these awful hereditary religious hatreds of the centuries.

But just now we have rounded Cape Malabar and Tangier lies before us like a mass of foam churned in the seething tides of the Gibraltar Strait and tossed into structural semblance upon the mountain-rimmed shore of the bay. Soon the mass of white resolves itself into splatches of more brilliant white and seams and checkers of shade; then into white cubes of varying dimensions. Gradually projecting corners and hights of snowy masonry take shape to the eye; and then the pale pinks, yellows and blues of the painted walls blend into a rosy whole, broken only by a slender square tower, with glistening porcelain sides, and one huge, ruinous mass, to which the city seems to lead in giant housetop steps. The one is the tower from the minaret of which the Moslem muezzin calls the faithful to prayers, crying Mohammed and Allah to the four quarters of the earth. The other is the Kasba or castle where the heartless Kirke, during the brief English occupancy of Tangier, which gave the world at least the famous "Pepy's Diary," was guilty of more wanton crimes and butcheries than were ever charged to fiercest and fellest tyrant Moor.

There is no mole, quay or pier at Tangier, and we came to anchor near the shelving shore, where the harborside traffic goes on with wondrous din, and the Moorish customs officers squat upon their haunches transacting their duties in severe silence and gravity. On either side were numberless fellucas, with strange craft from the lower Mediterranean, and perhaps two score of French, Spanish, English and Dutch schooners, barks and brigs. Rather a lonesome harbor seems that of Tangier; and the two huge British men-of-war, which had been lying here several days in view of possible danger to British interests, from the threatened revolt of interior tribes, who seem to be always about to be doing something unpleasant, brought again the keen and humiliating longing I have had in an hundred other ports, that the American Government possessed sufficient character and dignity to make our flag a tithe as well respected as any other that floats the seas.

Getting ashore at Tangier is not altogether a stately performance. Scarcely had our steamer anchored when there came swarming over the rail from all quarters a horde of swarthy turbaned harbor porters, dressed in the natural black leathern skin of Morocco, many with huge rings in their ears, danglets and banglets of tinkling metals and bright sashes, barelegged and barefooted, or shod with loose sandals; all as uncanny and weird a lot as ever looted a ship and butchered its crew in the good old days of Moorish piracy and pillage.

Formerly these black imps grabbed travelers bodily, lifted them astride their backs or shoulders and waded ashore with them. Recently a diminutive landing stage has been built, but the treatment is quite as ferocious. Ordinarily the stranger's belongings are seized and pitched into a half a dozen different small boats and himself made the unwilling subject of a fierce scramble, after which the victor pulls and hauls his victim into still another boat and rushes him to the landing, where a separate bribe must be paid for the recovery of each article, and a final heavy tribute is exacted for one's own liberation. Precisely the same form of piracy is repeated on your way to a hotel with your own effects; but once within the great gate leading into the city from the harbor side, and you are safer from annoyance and exaction than in any other Moorish or Christian city in the world.

Good fortune had more than once attended me through the alert and cunning service of Dobrado, and it stood me now in good stead, getting me on African soil unrelieved of as much as a copper flu, although his rugged diplomacy at first subjected me to some disquiet. Standing in front of me, as each furious onslaught by a porter was made, and without apparent effort of his giant strength, first with his open right hand and then with his left, he sent African, Moor, Berber and what not, alike sprawling to the steamer's deck. Each jumped nimbly to his feet and slunk humbly away.

Suddenly a fellow, swarthy as a Moor, with hair and matted beard, black, curling and glossy as Astrakhan wool, sprang from the crowd full upon Dobrado. Visions of tragedies, dungeons in the Kasba, consular courts of inquiry and international complications flashed before me. The two clinched; parted; clinched again; and, after various alarming contortions, fell in what still seems to be a terrific embrace together upon their knees. Then such kissing and embracing began as I have never before seen between man and man, man and woman, or stranger still, between woman and woman.

Soon they arose utterly breathless, but radiant. Dobrado half dragged the hulking fellow to me, and after the latter had embraced my still trembling knees, Dobrado said apologetically but laconically:

"I feared I would not meet him, Senor. He is my kinsman from Mondonedo, beside the Ria de Foz. You know the Gallegans go wherever there is money for toil. He is half-time portero and half-time does some service for a merchant here who has traffic with Valladolid." And then, hesitatingly, "Perhaps Senor could find him useful in Tangier?"

"Senor" could and did. "Senor," the writer, shuns great hotels in his wanderings; loves to know the lowly, and, from their standpoint of thinking, feeling and condition, to thus look through the back windows of foreign life and ways.

No one can wholly tell another what Tangier is like within its ancient city walls. It has no street geography. Though it contains scarcely more than 20,000 souls, its own inhabitants get lost within it; and there is but one street or way in which the stranger is safe from absolute wreck of consciousness of location. This extends upward from the harbor side to the Soc-de-Barra, the great outside market place of Tangiers, just where you leave the city on the way to Fez, Morocco's capital. Once a dozen yards away from this narrow thoroughfare of bazars, and the prompting to prayer to Allah or Allah's subjects for succor is a quickly realized experience.

But for Dobrado and his kinsman I should have turned back, passed the night outside the great city gate upon the shore beneath the stars and some handy tarpaulin, and incontinently fled the place upon the next day's steamer for Gibraltar. As it was, I kept close to my Gallegan guides. The evening had fallen before we had entered the city. The single donkey thoroughfare was a babel of donkeys, camels, goats, water-carriers, bare-legged African soldiers and merchants closing their tiny shops. The din of "Balak!—Balak!—Balak!" the equivalent for our "Look out!" shrieked by thousand of voices in the choky, chasm-like street was deafening. Scores of times on our half-mile way we were ground against buildings, wedged between camels or flung into pitch-black archways.

After an hour's struggle we turned from this main thoroughfare and plunged in and upward among a maze of streets, so narrow that the opposing walls could be touched by outstretched hands. The silence was as startling as had been the din. Now and then perhaps a ghostly figure flitted by. Here and there was heard the wimpling sound of water from overflowing fountains. Occasionally a muffled form asleep beneath an archway was stumbled upon. Not a light was seen in the whole distance. But for the stars overhead, it was like groping torchless through the catacombs.

At last Dobrado's kinsman halted. With the hilt of his heavy knife, almost as ponderous as a Cuban machete, he knocked loudly upon a barred and bolted door. A black face peered savagely from a tiny wicket. There was parley which sounded like a mixture of the Romany tongue and Gallegan Spanish. The wicket closed and soon an old man clad in flowing robes, attended by the African, returned. We were admitted to what seemed the dungeon ante-chamber to a larger dungeon. Directly Dobrado's kinsman showed the way up some slippery stone steps. Following a long gallery, we soon emerged into the open air. Thence we were conducted along what appeared to be a crumbling parapet, and I was finally led into a room perfectly bare of furniture.

The place seemed to be a detached structure set upon a housetop, abutting against the walls of a still loftier abode. Some fine rugs were brought for a pallet. The African almost as soon appeared with a cut brass lamp, a cup of tea in which mint leaves were floating and a small roll of white bread. He deposited these in the middle of the floor and disappeared. Dobrado, who was to pass the night with his kinsman, showered the blessings of God upon me and left. I relished my food, put out my antique lamp, wrapped myself in my splendid rugs, and passed my first night in the land of the Moors in sweet and dreamless sleep.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

UNCLE JOSH ON BALLOT STEALING.

You never knew "Old Uncle Josh," you say?
Well! He was made
For sturdy work; and work for him was play—
With plow or spade.
A patriot he, New England born and bred,
As rough of speech as he was sound of head.
He could not help it—he was born that way.
And once, when "riled," I heard the old man say,
"Dod rot the scamps! who dare,
By ways and means unfair,
Seek party ends to gain, as though a freeman's honest vote,
Was worth no more than 'trading stock,' or a Confederate note."

His grandsire was at Lexington, and stood
And blazed away
At British redcoats, saying "it was good"
And "a proud day"
That saw them "sneaking" back to Boston town,
And fairly whipped, before the sun went down.
A little later he, at Bunker Hill,
With many neighbors fought; and fought to kill.
But Uncle Josh, he says,
"That in those early days
A British soldier was a saint, compared with 'scamps'
Who try to change a freeman's ballot—'by Gosh! I'd hang them high.'"

In later years the sire of Uncle Josh and son—
Firstborn and true—
Of him who fought so well at Lexington,
He also knew
What battle meant; for when brave Lawrence died,
He wounded lay, near his commander's side;
Nor moaned or groaned, for well the sailor knew,
Cost what it might, his cause was just and true.
But Uncle Josh declares
With emphasis, and swears,
"Impressing seamen on the sea was 'dirty business,' sure;
But 'ballot stealing' that's a crime no freeman should endure."

Well! "Uncle Josh" himself, he lived to see,
In strong array,
A mighty host, well armed, and led by Lee;
Yea, saw the day
When battle smoke filled all the Southern sky,
And gun to gun made murderous reply,
And brave men fell, the earth itself oppressed
With the slain thousands, lying on its breast.
But Uncle Josh, he says,
"That in those bloody days
He never for a moment thought but what the right would win;
And that he fears these 'cusses' more, who count false ballots in."

Says Uncle Josh: "I'm getting old, I know,
And should not swear;
But crime is crime, and evils thrive and grow,
Unless with care
We root them out; and he who steals my vote
Steals me and more; at Freedom's very throat
He holds a knife; and—curse him—patriot men
Should throttle him, with pious zeal—Amen!
I love this land—'tis mine
And yours, by right divine;
A goodly heritage it is, worth all it cost, and we
Have in our charge a mighty trust—God help us true to be."

I. E. SHERMAN.

GATE OF THE SEA.

Universal Scramble of European Nations for Africa.

In the universal scramble of Europe for Africa, even the most grim and desolate region of the Dark Continent has not escaped untouched. Over the bare rocks and burning sands around the far-famed Strait of Bab-El-Mandeb (Gate of Weeping) the southern entrance of the Red Sea, the flags of four great nations wave in mutual defiance. The Union Jack of Britain flutters jauntily over the long, low, dark-gray ridge of Perim (Fairies) Islet, which lies like a slumbering whale in the midst of the strait, dividing it as Goat Island divides Niagara. Above a small white fort, perched on the summit of a steep pyramidal cliff on the Arabian shore, waves the crimson banner of Turkey, with its snowy crescent and star. Half a mile farther up the coast on the same side the French tricolor surmounts a vast barrack-like building of whitish-gray stone, dotted with windows like the plums in a Christmas pudding. And yonder, behind that rocky bluff, jutting out from the African shore, the Italian flag floats over the miniature colony of Assab Bay. Nor has the march of civilization halted here; it has planted its outposts even in that grim and mysterious region marked on our maps as "Somali Land."

Just outside the Bab-El-Mandeb Strait, on the African side, France has hoisted her flag over Tadjoura Bay and the mysterious Lake Assal (the "Dead Sea" of Somali Land), while a few miles to the southeast England holds Zeila, the chief if not the only genuine port of the curving shore sloping downward from the great cliff-wall that extends from Berbera to Cape Guardafui, the easternmost corner of Africa. The first glimpse of the genuine Somali, with his lean, dark, cruel face and wolfish eyes scowling from the shroud-like folds of his long white mantle, and his gaunt brown hand ever ready to clutch his deadly knife, is apt to impress the western traveler with a conviction that the only thing to do with such born brigands is to "improve them off the face of the earth." But the bandit instincts that made them the terror of wreckedseamen a few years ago are now being toned down by the presence of two European settlements, and the prompt chastisement that avenged the cruel treatment of one or two castaway crews, and even the wild marauders of Somali Land are slowly learning that a live "unbeliever," who is willing to trade, may be worth more than a slain one, who is sure to be speedily avenged. The result of this change may be seen in the thin stream of trade which is now trickling down to Zeila from the Somali capital, Harrar, which lies about 100 miles inland to the southwest.—David Ker in Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Too Much Toil.

First Tramp—If I had my way I'd have 365 national holidays in the year.

Second tramp—You would, eh? And then there would be one working day every four years. Oh, you are a nice one, you are. You would make a galley slave of the poor laboring man, wouldn't you? —Texas Siftings.

False Economy

Is practiced by many people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

Jack Rounder—Isn't Miss Belle a beauty?

Miss A.—Yes, but you know beauty is only skin deep.

J. Rounder—Well, I'm no cannibal. That's deep enough for me.

FOR the cure of a cough or sore throat, Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a simple remedy.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions from the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

"Our objection to all imposition of creeds," observes the New York *Christian Union*, "is that it tends to produce a spirit of dissimulation. One objection to heresy trials is that they lead to concealments and disingenuous confessions of faith. Excuses are current—plausible excuses—for external conformity; but the moment a man begins to excuse a departure, by so much as a hair's breadth, from the truth, he begins a process of demoralization. He who permits himself to enter on a course of plausible concealments or plausible conformities, for prudential reasons, blurs his moral perceptions. The spiritual eye is a very delicate eye; it is dangerous to tamper with it. The church which teaches its ministry, that, if one wishes to get along comfortably with his congregation he must make believe, must conform, must repeat the creed which he does not really believe, or subscribe to it with mental reservations, is robbing its ministry of its power; for the power of the ministry lies absolutely and wholly in the confidence of the people in its absolute truthfulness. The mother who teaches her boy to conceal from her his doubts, because his mother thinks them wicked and will be pained by them, is inflicting on him an incalculable injury. Skepticism is like the measles—very dangerous if it is driven in; comparatively harmless if it is encouraged to come out."

The Chicago *Interior* (Pres.) said the other day: "The Episcopalians with one voice are warning off Presbyterian adullamites. Fortunately they have none of their own. A man who has not sea-room in that pale for exploiting his new views must be a higher flier than the race has yet developed." To this the Chicago *Living Church* (P. E.) replies as follows: "This gibe of our Presbyterian contemporary has too much truth in it to be resented. We must bear with as good grace as we can the taunts of Protestants on the one hand and Romanists on the other, waiting for public opinion and a proper judicial system to come to our rescue to restore discipline and defend the faith. * * * We are compelled to admit that there are men in our ministry who do not accept even the creeds, except with the most preposterous interpretation; and worse yet, when such men are brought to trial they are in danger of being acquitted by our diocesan courts. Their number may be few, but by them the whole body is judged. They preach and teach and publish what the world likes to hear and read. They get into the papers, make a sensation, and perhaps that is what they want; while the faithful preaching of the great body of the clergy attracts little attention from the outside world. While there is no occasion for serious alarm, those who call attention to the signs of the times should not be rebuked as troublesome by bishops whose hands they are trying to uphold. It is upon the historic episcopate that the weight and woe of law-breaking and faith-breaking will first fall, and these divinely commissioned guardians of the faith and order of the church would do well to commend and encourage the temperate zeal of the clergy and laity in opposing erroneous and strange doctrine."

The Boston *Watchman* (Bapt.) thinks that it has made clear that the recent course of theological "discussion has been rapidly approaching a thorough review of the central question of the existence of the supernatural and its manifestation in history. Nearly seventeen years ago that prince of American theologians, the late Dr. Henry B. Smith, whose works to-day are appealed to by men of all schools, said in the hearing of the present writer: 'The theological discussion of the future will be in reference to the supernatural.' Events are justifying his forecast. And the sooner that discussion commences in dead earnest the better. Every other question is secondary to this. It may be an instance of another *Athanasius contra mundum*, but God will provide the Athanasius, and the victory of Christian thought on this field will clear the air for a century."

"The New York *Churchman*," says the *Cumberland Presbyterian* of Nashville, Tenn., "hails the drift toward liturgical worship, which it says is growing in all denominations of Christians, especially the Methodists, as an indication of the drawing together of Christendom. Leading Methodist divines, it says, are discussing the question of the adoption of a liturgy with a view of presenting the matter to the General Conference at Omaha next May; and a prominent Methodist minister is quoted as saying: 'The effect of this step is almost impossible to estimate, as it may bring the Methodist and the Episcopal churches into union.' We believe that responsive services, properly used, may be made helpful; still we cannot regard the tendency to adopt ritual forms as a hopeful sign. It indicates, we fear, a decline in the fire and enthusiasm and spontaneity which used to characterize worship in our non-liturgical churches—a lapsing into coldness and formality. Nor can we think that it is a presage of any speedy union of the Methodists and Episcopalians. Even should the Methodists do so unlikely a thing as to adopt the *Churchman's* suggestion and accept the Episcopal prayer book as their liturgy, it would not reconcile the other and more radical differences in the genius and usages of the two churches. For our part we should be sorry to see all the Methodists become Episcopalians or all the Episcopalians Methodists. The Lord doubtless needs both these churches in His work, and should either swallow up the other He would have to raise up a new church to take the place of the one swallowed up."

On the subject of ministerial courage, the New York *Examiner* (Bapt.) says: "Reputations for heroism have been built up on sensational bluster about the wickedness of politicians and lurid delineations of social depravity. The preacher gets himself talked of as a man who isn't afraid to speak out, who calls a spade a spade, who goes for sin and sinners with a sharp stick and without respect of persons. He often attracts large congregations, who listen with relish while he berates other people, and rather enjoy being made to squirm occasionally themselves. We do not question either the sincerity of conviction that prompts these pulpit tirades or the good they may accomplish. No doubt lively impressions are made and impulses stirred which lead sometimes to practical efforts toward redress and reformation. But, after all, such rhetorical bravery, however sincere and well-intentioned, is very far from being the highest and most effective sort of ministerial courage. The excitement of public speech, the agreeable thrill of 'shocking' an audience, stimulate this kind of audacity and render it exhilarating to the speaker. The real test of courage for a minister is in a sphere of action far less conspicuous and far more important. What tries a pastor's mettle and calls for all the grit he has got, is to go to some one man or woman and administer frank rebuke for wrong-doing. An audience of one is harder to face than an audience of a thousand."

"The number of nominal Christians," says the New York *Churchman* (P. E.), "who play with Buddhism as if it were an innocuous fad is not small. But when it is considered that Buddhism, according to one of its most exalted disciples, teaches the highest wisdom and goodness without a personal God; a continuation without an immortal soul; an eternally blessed state without a local heaven; a possibility of salvation without a vicarious Savior; a redemption which can be reached without prayer, without divine grace and solely through one's own will and power, there is no excuse for even a merely nominal Christian's non-appreciation of the width of the vast gulf that lies between the doctrines of Buddha Gautama and the divine truth as enunciated by Christ."

George Wilson, of Lexington, Mo., is the possessor of a copy of the Bible in the Icelandic language, translated from the German by Gudbrand Thorlaksson, of Halum, Iceland, and there printed and bound in 1584. It is 4½ inches thick, 9 wide and 14 long, bound in strong leather, with brass corners and clasps. The paper is linen, and the illustrations old-fashioned but artistic. This copy has the translator's autograph on the title page and was procured from the Scandinavisk Antikvariat, in Copenhagen, Denmark.

To live for fame or power may be a higher kind of selfishness than to devote your life to money-getting, but it is no nearer the true spirit of Christianity. Greatness is not gain or honor, but usefulness. He that would be great let him become a servant. We are here not to attract attention and receive promotion and honor, but to help and bless; if need be to die for others. It is a good thing to have ambition disappointed if it brings us back to this better purpose.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

His holiness Leo XIII., at the request of the Patriarch, Bishops and notables of the Maronites, has issued an apostolic letter, re-establishing the Maronite College in the Eternal City. This college was founded at Rome in 1584, by Gregory III., and it continued to flourish there for two centuries.—Catholic Review.

The Russian State Council has decided that all Protestant pastors must in the future pass an examination in the Russian language, and from May 1, 1892, only the Russian language shall be used in the Protestant pulpits of the German Baltic provinces.—Christian at Work.

Prince Ippolito, a nephew of Prince Borghese, has entered the Jesuit order in Rome and has taken the oath of poverty and humility. He is a young man, only just turned 18, and is a millionaire. Of course his vast wealth will go to the order.—Philadelphia Times.

It is reported that 20,000 Lutherans have left the Baltic provinces of Russia to escape religious persecution.

THE COMING WOMAN.

Have you seen the dainty darling?
Have you met her anywhere?
You should know her by her wisdom
And her independent air.

She can talk in Greek and Latin,
She can speak with fluent grace,
But she doesn't—very often—
Paint her pretty, blooming face.

She can vie with ancient Nestor
When she talks of woman's sphere,
But the way she treats her mother
Seems to me a trifle queer.

She can write a learned essay,
And your plaster cast can make;
She is college educated,
But she cannot cook a steak.

She presides at public meetings,
And a critic stern is she,
But she never makes an om'let,
Or a decent cup of tea.

She can calculate eclipses,
She can reckon in her head,
But she cannot and she will not
Sweep a floor or make a bed.

She can charm a man of learning,
And can manage church affairs,
But she has no sort of patience
With the common household cares,

She will toss her head at marriage,
And will tell of woman's rights,
But you win her love in earnest
And you're sure of home delights.
—Boston Journal.

AT FIRST.

If I should fall asleep one day,
All overworn,
And should my spirit, from the clay,
Go dreaming out the heavenward way,
Or thence be softly borne,

I pray you, angels, do not first
Assail mine ear
With that blest anthem, oft rehearsed,
"Behold, the bonds of death are burst!"
Lest I should faint with fear.

But let some happy bird at hand,
The silence break;
So I shall dimly understand
That dawn has touched a blossoming land,
And sigh myself awake.

From that deep rest emerging so,
To lift the head
And see the bath-flower's bell of snow,
The pink arbutus, and the low
Spring-beauty streaked with red,

Will all suffice. No otherwhere
Impelled to roam,
Till some blithe wanderer, passing fair,
Will, smiling, pause—of me beware—
And murmur, "Welcome home!"

So sweetly greeted I shall rise
To kiss her cheek;
Then lightly soar in lovely guise,
As one familiar with the skies,
Who finds and need not seek.
—Amanda T. Jones, in Century.

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Dated January 15, 1892.

[SEAL.] SOLOMON WASSERMAN.
[SEAL.] RICHARD DAVID DAVIS.
[SEAL.] CARL KAUFMAN.

State of California, County of Sacramento, ss.—On this fifteenth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety two, before me, Albert M. Johnson, a Notary Public in and for the said County of Sacramento, personally appeared Solomon Wasserman, Richard David Davis and Carl Kaufman, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within inst