

that the worst of the eruption is over, the Professor has again returned to his place, and is sending out reports daily. The last equally destructive eruption occurred in 1631, when 18,000 people lost their lives. Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiae were destroyed A.D. 79. At that time, it is estimated, 200,000 people perished.

The Making of Rebecca.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

It is thus that Kate Douglas Wiggin introduces to us the little heroine of her story, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm:

As Mr. Jeremiah Cobb, the driver of the stage between Maplewood and Riverboro, was about to start upon his return journey, he was accosted by a woman who had just alighted from a wagon, and who request him to take charge of a child, who "might have been ten or eleven years old, but who had the air of being small for her age." "I want you to take her to my sisters, Mirandy and Jane Sawyer. They live in the brick house. Will you keep an eye on her, please?" To Rebecca she says, "Good-bye, try not to get into any mischief, and sit quiet, so you'll look neat and nice when you get there. Don't be any trouble to Mr. Cobb, etc."

With one or more parting injunctions from the other, and characteristic replies from the child, the former turns her horse's head homeward, and says to herself as she gives a backward glance at the cloud of dust cast up by the wheels of the departing stage. "Mirandy'll have her hands full, I guess; but I shouldn't wonder if it would be the making of Rebecca."

Meanwhile, the little passenger in the coach, clothed in a stiffly starched buff calico dress, slides from space to space on the leather cushions, bracing herself against the middle seat with her feet, and extending her cotton-gloved hands on each side, in order to maintain some sort of balance. After each jolt, she rearranges her funny little straw hat, her bunch of lilacs, and gathers into her arms her best possessions—a small bead-purse, containing some meagre coins, and a tiny pink sunshade, which seems to be her chief responsibility, for later on, when she is asked by Mr. Cobb why she does not put it up, she replies, "Oh! dear, no, I never put it up when the

sun shines; pink fades awfully. I only carry it to meetin' cloudy days, and if the sun comes out all of a sudden, I have a dreadful time covering it up. It's the dearest thing in life to me, but it's an awful care."

We mention this here, as the pink sunshade has its own little part to play in the development of the many-sided character of our interesting little Rebecca Randall.

"The heat, the dust, the contemplation of errands in Milltown, had lulled Mr. Cobb's never-very-active mind into complete oblivion as to his promise of keeping an eye on Rebecca."

Suddenly he hears a small voice above the rumble of the wheels, sees a small shape hanging as far out of the window as safety allows, and notes the ineffectual efforts made by his little passenger to catch his attention by means of the microscopic sunshade.

"Please let me speak!" are the words which at last reach his ears. "Does it cost any more to ride up there with you? It's so slippery and shiny down here, and the stage is so much too big for me that I rattle round in it till I'm almost black and blue. And the windows are so small, I can only see pieces of things, and I've most broken my neck stretching round to find out whether my trunk has fallen off the back. It's my mother's trunk, and she's very choice of it."

Mr. Cobb, having helped her out, "boosted" her up to the front seat, and assured her that there was no "extraneous charge to sit along o' me," the friendship between the kind-hearted, childlike old man and the little maiden of ten takes its birth. Her flow of words, her baffling enquiries, her rapidity of thought are utterly incomprehensible to him; but she arouses his admiration, and he, knowing the Aunt Mirandy to whom she is to be consigned, pities her from the bottom of his heart.

Later, on, as Mr. Cobb sits upon the back porch of his house, giving his day's experiences to his wife, he thus "sizes up" Rebecca: "Bout ten, or somewhere along there, an' small for her age; but land! she might be a hundred to hear her talk! She kep' me jumpin' tryin' to answer her. Of all the queer children I ever come across, she's the queerest. She ain't no beauty—her face is all eyes; but if ever she grows up to them eyes, she'll make folks stare."

"I don't see what she had to talk

about, a child like that, to a stranger," replies Mrs. Cobb.

"Stranger, or no stranger, t'wouldn't make no difference to her. She'd talk to a pump or a grindstone; she'd talk to herself ruther'n keep still. I don't know how she'll git on with Mirandy Sawyer—poor little soul."

Others had generalized upon the latent possibilities behind those eyes of Rebecca, eyes which illuminated an otherwise almost plain face, giving messages and suggestions which required an answering intelligence to comprehend; but Mr. Cobb simply remarked to his wife that "when ever the child looked at him, she knocked him galley-west."

As they had chatted during their journey, she had, with childlike candor, thus described her home circle: "How many of you are there?" had asked Mr. Cobb. "Seven," she said. "There's verses written about seven children:

"Quick was the little maid's reply,
O master! we are seven!"

I learned to speak it at school, but the scholars were hateful and laughed. Hannah is the oldest. I come next, then John, then Jenny, then Mark, then Fanny, then Mira."

"Well, that is a big family!" "Far too big, everybody says," replied Rebecca, which seems to have provoked Mr. Cobb to murmur, "I swan!" and insert more tobacco in his left cheek. "They're dear, but such a bother and cost so much to feed, you see. Hannah and I haven't done anything but put babies to bed at night and take them up in the morning for years and years. But it's finished, that's one comfort. They're all over and done with. Mother says so, and she always keeps her promises. There haven't been any since Mira, and she was born the day father died. Mother named half of us, and father the other half, but we didn't come out even, so they both thought it would be nice to name Mira after Aunt Miranda, in Riverboro; they hoped it might do some good, but it didn't. We were all called after somebody in particular. Jenny is named for a singer, and Fanny for a beautiful dancer, but mother says they're both misfits, for Jenny can't carry a tune, and Fanny's kind of stiff-legged. Mark is called after his Uncle Marquis, who died a twin. Twins don't often live to grow up, and

triplets almost never, did you know that, Mr. Cobb?" asked this experienced little maiden, but I think that's all there is to tell about us." "Land o' Liberty, I should think it was enough," cries Mr. Cobb.

As the eventful moment of her arrival at Riverboro drew nearer, Rebecca's hand stirred nervously in her lap. "I didn't think I was going to be afraid," she said almost under her breath; "but I guess I am just a little mite."

"Would you go back?" queries her sympathizing old friend. She flashed him an intrepid look, and then said, proudly, "I'd never go back—I might be frightened, but I'd be ashamed to run."

Going to Aunt Mirandy's is like going down cellar in the dark. There might be ogres and giants under the stairs, but, as I tell Hannah, there might be elves and fairies and enchanted frogs!"

Another trait in Rebecca's compound little character is made manifest by her manner of resisting, partly from conscientious motive of obedience, and partly because of an inborn tactful strain in her nature (for which she was certainly not indebted to her gifted but irresponsible father, Lorenzo de Medici Randall) a very real temptation, proposed by kindly Mr. Cobb, to divert her mind from its growing fears.

"There ain't no harm, as I can see, in our makin' the grand entry in the biggest style we can. I'll take the whip out, set up straight, and drive fast; you hold your bo'quet in your lap, and open your little red parasol, an' we'll just make the natives stare."

The child's face was radiant for a moment, but the glow faded out quickly, as she said, "I forgot, mother put me inside, and maybe she'd want me to be there when I got to Aunt Mirandy's."

"Would you please stop a minute, Mr. Cobb, and let me change?" So, those who looked from their windows saw a little brown elf in buff calico, sitting primly on the back seat, holding a great bouquet of lilacs in one hand and a pink parasol in the other, but they could not see "the calico yoke rising and falling tempestuously over the beating heart beneath, the red coming and going in two pale cheeks, and a mist of tears swimming in two brilliant dark eyes."

And so Rebecca's journey had ended.
H. A. B.

(To be continued.)

Behold the Man!

God highly exalted Him, and gave unto Him the Name which is above every name; that in the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.—Phil. 2: 9, 11, R. V.

"If Jesus Christ is a man,—
And only a man,—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to Him,
And to Him will I cleave away.

"If Jesus Christ is a God,—
And the only God,—I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air."

What a multitude of voices would endorse those ringing words. Even among our "Advocate" readers how many there are who have enshrined that one MAN in the innermost temple of their souls, and in whose hearts he reigns, an absolute KING. I saw a little Japanese woman not long ago whose face fairly shone as she talked of the gladness of her service for Christ. "All the days I am so happy, so happy!" she declared, and no one could look into her face and doubt that assertion. She has undertaken the charge of 100 orphan children—"In His Name"—some of them children of men who died in the war with Russia. All her small income is devoted to this work, and once at least the whole family, herself included, had absolutely no food for a day. I only mention this woman to show you that there is some wonderful attractive force in this Man, strong enough to capture hearts not only in this country, but in other lands. He and He only can satisfy the hunger of the human heart.



I say this in all confidence, and have yet to learn that this strong assertion can be disproved. Other affection may satisfy the heart for a time, but the love of Jesus is soul-satisfying for a lifetime, and can meet the needs of a little child or a learned man, the cultivated soul of a white man, or the ignorant soul of a black man—filling each according to its capacity.

When Pilate said: "Behold the Man!" how little he knew the tremendous significance of his own words. How little he knew that the quiet Prisoner standing before him that day should be the central figure of all history until the end of time, that every event should be dated "Before Christ" or "A. D." I am speaking to Christians who disagree about numberless things, and it is not my business to try to make you think exactly as I do. But, though we may disagree about regeneration, conversion, predestination, and hundreds of other doctrines, there is only one Faith which can rightly be called Christianity, and that is faith in the Living God as revealed in the Man Christ Jesus. Belief may change as we gain more information,—the belief of a child is not the same as the belief of an educated man, and yet their faith should be one. Some time ago I received a letter from one of our readers in Nova Scotia, and a day or two later heard from another in Alberta. Probably the writers differed almost as widely as their homes were separated, but they were one in their loyalty to Christ. Faith does not need

to wait until we all agree in our religious opinions. We may make numberless mistakes in our ideas about God and His dealings with the world, but faith does not wait until we know everything. Many a little child or ignorant old woman is walking in a far clearer light of faith than some deeply-read theologian who has spent years in studying difficult passages of ancient MSS. To accept, as a fact of history, the certainty that the Founder of Christianity was crucified by Pilate or even to believe that He rose again—may be of no practical use to us at all. Faith without works is dead and worthless. Such intellectual belief, if it has no practical effect on our lives, cannot help us any more than our belief that King Edward rules the English Empire. The leaders of the Jews may have believed the Roman soldiers when they said that the tomb was empty, but that belief only made more criminal their deliberate attempt to hide the facts by the daring lie that the disciples had stolen the Body. To believe with the understanding is a necessary part of our duty—we are bound to study our religion diligently and put it to the test. If we are afraid to let it stand in the full light of modern science, critical research, and every other reasonable test, then it is plain that we have no real faith in its truth and reliability. That doesn't mean that we are to lose hold of our faith every time a few scientific men say they cannot find God. It doesn't mean that we are to lose our sure confidence that God speaks

to the world through the Bible, though learned critics may prove that every word of it is not infallible—has it ever claimed to be an infallible book, or even to be "one" book at all?—though many of its defenders have made such claims for it. Our faith can live without the Bible, if necessary—valuable as it most certainly is. Many loyal servants of Christ have laid down their lives for Him without knowing anything—scarcely—of the Bible; many of them, indeed, before the New Testament was written at all. Christ's messages to you do not all come through words written or spoken by His servants. He speaks to you Himself, personally and individually, in a still small voice, which is audible only to you. His call to troubled, sin-burdened men and women is not so much to accept unquestioningly every word of our English Bible as to put all their trust in Him. He alone of all the great and good leaders of men holds Himself up as the Center of everything. He proclaims Himself as the Light of the whole world, and offers rest, peace and joy to all who throw their whole weight on Him—dares any other man offer to provide such gifts for even one soul? He claims the awful responsibility of judging each of the millions of souls which have been created, taking into account all the conditions of heredity, environment and education which weigh so heavily for good or evil. He demands as a right our absolute obedience—even in thought—and the highest love of every heart. And He asks this unhesitatingly from all of us, though we have never seen Him nor heard His voice. No other man in all the ages of the world ever made such a tremendous claim as this. And, most wonderful of all, not one soul in all these thousands of years has ever yielded to this one Man's Kingly authority without growing steadily nobler, purer, braver, happier. We judge of a medicine