

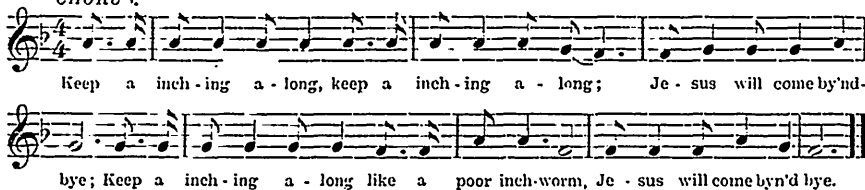
Mary, she came weeping, her Lord for to see,  
But Christ had gone to Galilee.

They led my Lord away, away, away,  
They led my Lord away,  
Oh, tell me where to find Him.

The grotesque imagery of the following is very characteristic of these melodies :

Oh, band of Gideon, band of Gideon,  
Band of Gideon over in Jordan,

\* CHORUS.



Band of Gideon, band of Gideon,  
How I long to see that day !

Oh, the twelve white horses, twelve white horses,  
Twelve white horses, over in Jordan,  
Twelve white horses, twelve white horses,  
How I long to see that day !

Oh, the milk and honey, milk and honey,  
Milk and honey over in Jordan ;  
Oh, the healing water, the healing water,  
How I long to see that day !

The memories of the old slave life are expressed in this :

No more auction block for me,  
No more, no more ;  
No more auction block for me,  
Many thousand gone.

No more peck o' corn for me, etc.  
No more driver's lash for me, etc.  
No more pint o' salt for me, etc.  
No more hundred lash for me, etc.  
No more mistress' call for me, etc.

An infinite pathos moans in this:

Oh, Lord, oh, my Lord ; oh, my good Lord !  
Keep me from sinking down  
I tell You what I mean to do ;  
Keep me from sinking down.  
I mean to go to heaven too  
Keep me from sinking down.

Attention is called to the appropriateness of the melody for the expression of the following singular words. It is all embraced within the first three tones of the

scale, and thus may be said to be itself not more than an inch long :

Keep a inching along, keep a inching along ;  
Jesus will come by'nd-bye ;  
Keep a inching along like a poor inch-worm,  
Jesus will come by'nd-bye.\*

'Twas a inch by inch I sought the Lord,  
Jesus will come by'nd-bye.  
And a inch by inch he blessed my soul,  
Jesus will come by'nd-bye.

One of those negro songs has been the marching hymn of a nation out of bondage into freedom, chanted by the war-worn legions in their weary march. It rang like the knell of doom :

John Brown died that the slave might be free,  
John Brown died that the slave might be free,  
John Brown died that the slave might be free,  
But his soul is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
His soul is marching on.

Some of the most interesting examples of negro life are seen in the peninsula of Florida. All through Alabama and Northern Florida are vast "turpentine orchards" of the long-needed pitch pine. The trees are scarfed with chevron-shaped gashes through which exudes the resinous sap. This is collected and in rude forest stills is manufactured into turpentine, tar, and resin. A very picturesque and rather uncanny sight it is to see the night fires of these stills and the gnome-like figures of the blacks working amid the flames.

St. Augustine is the oldest settlement in the United States, and its history carries one back almost to the Middle Ages. It was