

the food still remaining in the basket, then to say their prayers and sing their evening hymn where she can hear them. Sweetly the little voices sound on the still evening air:

"Jesus tender Shepherd hear me
Bless Thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light."

She tells them to go to the empty cabin, to keep close together and Bino will not leave them.

Who can tell the feelings of the mother as her little darlings leave her. She breathes a prayer that the eye which neither slumbers nor sleeps may watch over them during the night.

The twilight lingers long and the harvest moon is shedding her soft, silvery light full over the tree tops before the sunset dies out in the West. The stillness is only broken as Mrs. Ferris moves her hand or foot gently to try to ease her position and some twigs crack, a bit of earth rolls down the side of the well or a tree frog makes a chirping sound among the shrubs. Time passes and at last, utterly exhausted from cold and pain, Mrs. Ferris falls into a troubled sleep from which she is aroused by hearing Bino whining. She calls him and he barks quietly. She says, "Good dog, go back to the children." This he repeats at intervals all night, apparently anxious to keep up a communication between his charge and their mother. Morning dawns and the children once more gather within talking distance of the well where Mrs. Ferris lies. But she feels her strength is failing. She does not seem able to conquer the drowsiness which creeps over her, she cannot move hand or foot, the children fret, Bino whines and scrapes about the edge of the well, but she does not take any notice nor speak to him. Finding that there is no response he runs a short distance, comes back, making short, sharp barks, pulls Lena's dress and licks her hands, finally goes off at the top of his speed and is soon out of sight. The children become very restless, but Lena gathers berries and endeavors to still their cries for food. At last they fall asleep under a tree and Lena is left to her lonely vigil. She hears her mother talking, but to her repeated calls she gets no reply. Mrs. Ferris' mind wanders and she imagines herself back in her childhood's home; she hears the church bell ringing and joins the familiar throng as they wend their way to the old grey stone church over which the ivy grows thickly; she sees the clergyman in his surplice walking towards an open grave and hears him say "I am the resurrection and the life." She asks who is being buried, and a man says, "Kate Ferris." On she seems to wander to the seashore and listens to the roar of the waves as they sweep in from the broad Atlantic, the water seems to come nearer and nearer till she feels herself lifted and carried whither she knows not—on and on till all is black.

We will now follow Bino and see where his instinct has prompted him to go. Just here it will be necessary to explain that once a week a man on horseback passes a road leading to the Ferris' cabin to receive or deliver any mail matter which may be intrusted to his care, a box is nailed to large fir trees at different places about ten or fifteen miles apart and in this primitive manner the settlers on remote ranches get their news from the outside world. Bino seems to have remembered that this is the day the postman will pass and taking his stand beside the tree upon which the mail box is fastened he awaits the coming of Sandy. The man appears in sight, the dog makes the most frantic endeavors to urge him to the path leading to the woods. Sandy Blackburn is a Scotchman, tall and angular, his face rough and brown from exposure to wind and weather. Though many years a resident of the States his manner of talking leaves no doubt of the fact that he is "frae the hielands." Fastening the mail bag over his back with the characteristic canny of his country he does not follow the dog, but takes the road leading to the Ferris' cabin where he finds the place locked up

securely. Two cows are lowing pitifully in the field near by. Convinced that something is wrong he returns to the road where he has tied his horse, calls the dog, who seems wild with delight to find that he is understood, races on a few yards in advance of Sandy, looking back and barking approvingly. On they go till the open bit of prairie comes in view and Sandy finds the two children asleep under a tree while Lena is trying to look over the edge of the well. Taking in the situation at a glance and knowing that he is perfectly powerless to extricate Mrs. Ferris with out help he decides to ride in the direction Lena tells him her father went yesterday and ask assistance from the neighbors along the way. Sandy has a few biscuits in his pocket, which he gives Lena for the children and once more making an ineffectual attempt to attract Mrs. Ferris' attention he hurries back to the road, mounts his horse and rides with all haste to the nearest ranch. There is only a woman at home, but she knows where Mr. Ferris is working as her husband is at the same place. She is a tall, raw-boned woman, her hair is drawn tightly to a knot at the back of her head; her nose seem to have been broken off and stuck on again at not exactly the right angle; her mouth is large and looks as if the tightness of her hair prevented her lips from covering her teeth; her eyes are bright and dark, tender and sympathetic, so utterly out of keeping with the rest of her features that one forgets the almost grotesqueness of her appearance in the kindness that beams from them. When she hears of the accident that has befallen Mrs. Ferris all the womanly sympathy in her is aroused. "For the land sake Sandy, hurry on to Patterson's after Ferris and my man, and I'll get a few things that will come kind o' handy for the poor critter. To think of them three young'uns a settin' that and their ma in the well." With many ejaculations she make her preparations, putting into a basket a supply of cooked victuals, a bottle of raspberry cordial and some "camp-hire." She then goes to a field near the house and whistles. An Indian pony comes to her and she quickly saddles him. Just then Sandy, Mr. Ferris and Mr. Ridley come in sight; the latter says, "I telled yez Bess would be ready for the road." He takes her basket and they set out. As the paths are rough they cannot ride fast and Mr. Ferris tells them that he had not intended returning till the next day, but that he had such a presentiment in a dream that something was wrong at home that he could not rest and was coming back with all the haste he could when Sandy met him. He said he dreamed that he saw his three children buried to their necks in sand and his wife trying to dig them out, but the faster she removed the earth the more it caved in upon them. This so preyed upon his mind that he persuaded Mr. Ridley to accompany him home with the result seen above. After about an hour's riding they came in sight of John Ferris' cabin. Leaving the horses here they follow the foot path through the woods. Bino hears them first, barks and rolls over and over beside the children, who are hardly able to show the joy they feel at the sight of their father, so exhausted have they become. The men have brought ropes from the house. One of these they tie round John Ferris and lower him into the well. Clasp ing his wife in his arms he gives the signal and the men carefully draw them to the top. Mrs. Ridley applies her restoratives and gradually consciousness comes back and Mrs. Ferris opens her eyes. Her husband speaks and she knows him. Making a litter of shawls they carry her through the woods down the path to the cabin. Mrs. Ridley proves herself to be a thorough nurse and bustles about making the children comfortable. She will not think of returning to her home that night and says she "will see the critter on to her feet again before she will leave her." After a night's rest and refreshing sleep Mrs. Ferris feels much recovered and is soon able to go about her household duties, though as long as she lives a feeling of horror comes over her when she thinks of the hours she lay in the well and realized that there was but a step between her and death.

T. W. RHYS DAVIDS, LL.D.

BY REV. LOUIS H. JORDAN, D.D.

Last evening, in one of the chambers of the Carnegie Music Hall, Professor Rhys Davids delivered the first lecture of his present course on "The History and Literature of Buddhism." The occasion was in every way a notable one. The audience was large, closely attentive, and at times enthusiastic. The entrance fee and the theme chosen by the lecturer conspired effectively to exclude the mere dilettante listener; most of those who gathered in front of the platform were accustomed to think and were eager to learn. The guest of the evening had certainly no reason to feel dissatisfied with his reception. His hearers were in evident sympathy with him, they were in no wise loath to place themselves under his skilled and cautious leadership. For myself, before the hour had slipped away, the spell of other days had strongly reassorted itself. Returning to my hotel and spending a fruitful hour with the Professor's *Hibbert Lectures* for 1881, and thereafter devoting an hour to a re-perusal of Dr. Kellogg's able critique, "The Light of Asia and the Light of the World," I could almost have fancied that I was again in Leipzig or Berlin or Oxford.

Dr. Rhys Davids' presence in America marks a very important epoch, on this continent, in the promotion of the study of Comparative Religion. Until recently, both here and abroad, this subject secured for itself all too little the attention of scholars. Isolated workers there have been, and successful workers, and the diligence they have exhibited has been worthy of a larger reward; but the materials for study have very often been practically inaccessible, and the sources, where accessible, have in many cases been but imperfectly understood. The recent publication, however, in a reliable English translation of "The Sacred Books of the East," the establishment of the Hibbert Lectureship, and of other similar foundations in England and in Germany; the endowment from time to time of professorial chairs which are to deal exclusively with this particular department, these, and kindred undertakings, within the last two decades, have completely done away with the old hampering conditions under which scholars were compelled to work. The aggressive enterprise of Modern Missions, moreover, worldwide as it now is in its aim, has rendered this study imperative; for Christianity, if propagated successfully, must be propagated intelligently. Hence, in these closing years of this nineteenth century, facilities for studying the faiths of the world are being rapidly and most wisely multiplied; and very markedly is this the case in the United States. It is in connection with the latest advance in this direction that the speaker of last evening was invited to visit America. He had the honor of delivering the inaugural lecture of an important annual series, which are now to deal systematically with the History and Philosophy of Religion.

This new foundation—for an endowment for this Lectureship will certainly be provided before long—was brought about in the following manner. In 1892 a little group of American Professors, interested in these studies, formed themselves into a committee and began to make inquiries as to the possibility and promise of establishing a course of lectures in this department; a course which would be delivered annually, in several of the larger cities of the Union, by some eminent and available expert in the Science of Religion. Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, the University of Pennsylvania, and Brown University threw themselves with ardor into this project, and, as a result, the scheme has already taken definite and practical shape.

As regards the present occupant of this new post, a place at once honorable and difficult, no better selection could well have been made by the committee. Dr. Rhys Davids is Professor of Pali and Buddhist Literature in University College, London. He is not specially notable in appearance; he is slight in build and of medium height, about forty-five years of age, and, save for his spectacles, he seems too youthful to have accomplished his chief great feats in learning. He is not specially notable in his platform appearance, fluent and accurate in speech, he adheres very closely to his carefully prepared manuscript. The Professor, nevertheless, is one of the most distinguished

scholars in Britain to-day. Already, and yet only as the tribute of a tardy recognition, he has been awarded an honorary grant from Her Majesty's exchequer. In the special department of Buddhist Literature, he has few equals and probably no superior in Europe. Formerly a resident in Ceylon, where he held the important position of a judge, he has had excellent opportunity for studying this complicated system of faith and ethics at first hand, and at its oldest and purest fountain. His contributions towards an exposition of the doctrines of the Buddha are numerous and weighty; and hence all who have ever been piloted by so patient and competent a guide cannot but be moved by a very strong desire to come to know him more intimately. This privilege was gladly taken advantage of by several hundreds of persons last evening.

The present course of lectures will extend to but six in number, and will deal with the following topics: Religious Teachers and their Teaching in India and the West; Buddhist Books and their History; The Life of Buddha; The Buddha's Secret (The Circle of Life; The Four Truths; The Noble Eight-Fold Path); The Buddha's Secret (The Mystic Trance and Arahatsip); The Ideal of the Later Buddhism. One lecture only, each week, is being delivered to any given audience; but the course is being carried forward in several cities in the same time, viz.: in Boston, in Baltimore, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Ithaca, and New York. In some cases the lectures are given under the auspices of a literary association—as e.g., the Lowell Institute, the Peabody Institute, and the Brooklyn Institute; but in others, they are announced as being given under the auspices of a University. President Low acted as chairman last evening, and he expressed very gracefully the pleasure which Columbia College felt in being able to welcome so highly distinguished a stranger to New York City.

The first lecture of the course was purely introductory—a slight disappointment to some, inasmuch as but five lectures are to follow. The speaker dealt exclusively with the antecedents of Buddhism, the circumstances and surroundings out of which Buddhism grew. Even a second disappointment was added, for the sketch was done only in mere outline; the definite factors, which influenced and colored the system of thought which ultimately emerged, were not sufficiently emphasized. Hence, this opening lecture, while valuable to those whose acquaintance with these facts could not fairly have been assumed, make one at times a little restless to push on. The deep things, the subtle mysteries, the paradoxes even—all these things lay still in advance of us; and since our interpreter could remain only so very brief a time with us, it was but natural that some should feel anxious to plunge at once into those dark and treacherous labyrinths which were already within view.

At the close of the lecture I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Rabbi Gottheil, whom I first heard speak a little over a year ago at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago. He kindly introduced me to his son, Professor R. J. H. Gottheil, of Columbia, who is one of the moving spirits on the local committee which has these lectures in charge. As the result of our conversation, it is possible that in future Canada will become a sharer in the advantages derivable from this lectureship. The gentleman who will probably be asked to deliver the course in 1896 is an eminent British Professor, whose name is synonymous with strenuous and germinant scholarship. At least Toronto and Montreal must see to it that the hundreds of thoughtful young men who congregate at these centres every winter shall not miss the opportunity of coming into contact with a few of the foremost intellectual leaders of our age—and leaders, more particularly, within that domain where thought and research busy themselves with subjects as intensely interesting as they are supremely and profoundly important.

I feel like saying something to-day about this huge and wonderful city, to which Dr. Rhys Davids' presence in it has contributed to bring me. Verily it is a study in itself. It acts as a veritable tonic to one who has ceased to be a stranger in it, to move observantly through its ever crowded thoroughfares, and to allow oneself to be drawn somewhat into the whirl of its ceaseless and remorseless life. I have been to my old home at Union Seminary, and feel half envious of its happy and privileged guests. They have fallen in some respects on better days than when it was my lot to be a resident in those old buildings, which look strangely lonely to-day as they still stand and stand still in Washington Place. Next Sabbath I am to spend in Princeton, where, likewise, both University and Seminary will recall many a treasured memory.

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