

and said to me while he crushed my hand in his powerful grasp:

'I haf not heard "Ein Feste Burg" so sung since Sedan, in 1870. After de battle vas ofer ve lay around our camp fires in de valley of de Moselle, a hundred tausend men, and from those men a mighty voice arose, one single voice from those hundred tausend throats singing Luther's choral as de French prisoners were led past de camp. And den a French officer said to me, "I know what has conquered us, not your rechiments, but your sublime faith in your God."'

The musical part of the evening service, however, was far less satisfactory. It was called a 'popular' service, held in the large vestry, and we spent the first half hour in singing Gospel hymns. Varina Webb was a spirited player, but no piano could unify five hundred people who were not trained to sing together, and the singing was flat and lifeless and invariably dragged.

I discussed the matter with Evan Lenox.

'I have a plan,' I said, 'for putting life and attractiveness into our Sunday evening service and music, and I need your special help for one part of it. Would you be willing to sing one of our Gospel songs as a solo occasionally? It may seem rather puerile to a man of your musical culture—'

'Certainly I will do it,' Evan broke in. 'There is much trash among such music, but so there is among difficult music. Lowell Mason, George F. Root, W. H. Doane and some others are thorough musicians who wrote good but simple music because they saw there was need for it, and I am willing to sing it with the best expression I can give it.'

The next Sunday evening I stood by the piano with a new lead pencil in my hand for a baton. I told the people that perhaps we could keep together a little better if I just marked the time. Although I knew that I had a feeling for accurate time like a metronome, yet my knees trembled and my throat was dry. Nevertheless, I lifted up my head and poised my baton like Mr. Paur before the symphony orchestra. Evan Lenox, Naomi Hebron and Laban Marlow knew about the plan, and they carried the people with them. It was marvellous to see what an improvement that little device made in the music. The people were inspired by their own singing. Then Evan Lenox would take his guitar—David's harp, the people called it—and sing to its soft chords such a piece as 'Saviour, more than life to Me,' or sing with Naomi Hebron a duet like Stebbins' setting of Faber's 'Shepherd True,' and I believe that the hearts of the people were touched the more because they knew that these singers could sing classical music so exquisitely.

And so the evening service became popular in reality as well as in name. The fame of it went abroad. In the summer time, when the windows were open, the people gathered in the street to hear us sing, and some of them began to come into the vestry. I tried to preach the truth simply, and to show how the Gospel applied to all the trials, temptations and sorrows of life, and it was soon evident that there was a deep religious feeling in the congregation. We began to have some special meetings, and arrangements were made so that Aletta Seymour remained to the evening service instead of returning to Boylston. She sat near the piano, and seemed to take great interest in the meetings, and at just the right moment she would whisper a word to Varina Webb, and then sing some song that went straight to the hearts of the people. I remember one Sunday evening in particular. On

Saturday afternoon I had attended a concert in Boylston where a great audience went wild with enthusiasm when Aletta sang songs by Schubert, Brahms and Schumann. And now, with all the beauty of her glorious voice, she sang a simple song of invitation that helped many to make a decision for a better life. When I thanked her after the service was over she said very simply:

'I am very glad indeed if what you say about my helpfulness is true. I am a professional singer, but I want to be something more than that, and I hope the time will never come when I shall be unwilling to use my voice for the Master Whose I am and Whom I serve.'

A few weeks later there was a scene in the Rockingham church when joy on earth was mingled with joy in the presence of the angels of God. It was late in May, and through the open windows came the scent of apple blossoms and the song of many birds. The church was crowded to the doors. The interest deepened till we came to that point in the service when I called for those who had been received into the membership of the church to come forward that I might give them the hand of fellowship. One by one they left their places and stood in front of the pulpit, facing the congregation. Parents saw their children there, and wives looked at their husbands through happy tears. Some were old, and some had wandered far away, but they were all brought nigh in Christ. The long line extended entirely across the church, and I left the pulpit and went down to speak to them my words of welcome. As I turned to face them I also faced the choir; for the singers could not leave their seats that day, because the church was crowded. In all the congregation there were none that looked upon the scene with greater interest than the choir, and as far as human means were concerned, they had done much to make it a reality.

Laban Marlow was joyfully weeping, but when I had finished speaking, and was going along the line with the silent hand clasp, the old man hastily controlled himself and made some sign to Evan Lenox. Then he arose, and slowly raising his hands, he lifted the great congregation to their feet, while the clear voice of Evan Lenox started the hymn:

'Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love.'

There was melody in the heart that day unto the Lord, and when the voices were still the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God.

### His Little Chivalry.

Sometimes the spirit of sympathy and tenderness crops out on apparently barren soil. On the corner of one of the business streets of a city, a shoeblack had just finished polishing the shoes of a well-dressed man. The latter was unfortunate in having a deformity which compelled him to wear a shoe on one of his feet with an exceedingly thick sole, thus endeavoring to make up mechanically for what nature had denied him.

'How much shall I pay you?' he asked the boy.

Five cents, sir.

'Oh, but you should have more than five cents for polishing my shoes,' said the gentleman, tapping the thick sole significantly with his cane.

'No, sir,' said the boy; 'five cents is enough. I don't want to make no money out o' your hard luck.'

The customer handed out a coin, laid his hand on the youngster's head for a moment, and passed on. Who says the days of chivalry are over?—Presbyterian Banner.

### This Little Pig Stayed at Home.

A New Jersey farmer tells this remarkable story and vouches for its truth: 'I had more pigs than I wanted to keep, so I sold one to a man living in the neighboring village. The little pig had been living in the pen with his brothers and sisters, and had never been outside of it until the man who bought him put him in a basket, tied down the cover, and put it in his waggon to carry to the new home. Late in the afternoon the farmer who sold it saw something coming across the swamp meadow below home. He watched it struggling through the wet places, climbing the knolls, until he could see that it was his little pig, all covered with mud and very tired. He went straight toward the barn, against which was the only home he recognized. The money was returned to the man who had bought it, and the little pig stayed at home.'

### Some Noble Resolutions.

It is told of Warren Hastings that, when a boy, he once sat ruminating on the fields of Draylesford, and vowed in his young heart that those lost parental acres should yet be his; his strong will helped him to realize his early vow; all through his career in India it accompanied him, and was never forgotten, and after long years had passed away the grey-haired Statesman forgot not the determination of his youth, and he did see the lands of Draylesford become his own. A nobler resolution was that of Clarkson, the leader in the Abolition of the Slave Trade, who once on his journey from Cambridge to London, sat down on a spot by the wayside, which is yet pointed out, and there formed the determination of devoting his life to the abolition of the slave trade. His firm purpose once fixed, he never lost sight of it, but spoke, wrote, and labored incessantly, until he finally succeeded in achieving his grand work. He could think of nothing else. When Wilberforce once asked him if he ever thought of the welfare of his soul, his answer was, 'I can think of nothing save those poor slaves in the West Indies!' Not less energetic was the character of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, an earnest laborer with Clarkson in the same cause of slave emancipation.—Alliance News.

### A Boy Who Has Made Books

It is sometimes thought that the zeal and patience of the mediaeval monks, who would spend many a long hour in illuminating their missals, cannot find any parallel to-day. But a lad in a North London Congregational Sunday-school has just achieved a task that illustrates the same spirit of painstaking and devotion. Alan E. Smith, a boy of fourteen who attends Park Chapel, Camden-town, has not only compiled a little book, 'The Story of John Williams,' which gives a brief history of the missionary himself and of the ships that have borne his name, but has even printed several copies and bound them with his own hand. The printing has been executed by means of a gelatine 'graph,' and is in the style which textual critics call 'uncial.' Not the least interesting feature of the little volume are the illustrations, which are done with considerable skill. They include drawings of ships, a tropical scene, maps, and an excellent portrait of Capt. Turpie.—Christian World.