

changed, and men are changed too; but we have high characters of our own. Follow me."

He led me into the underground church, where, during four centuries, not a prayer was delivered nor a taper burned. A shudder seized me when I found myself in a dark, damp underground passage. The lower we descended the more stifling the air was. Finally we entered the church, which was a dark, dripping vault. The severe faces of the holy images seemed to tremble in the weak light of the oil lamps that hung before them. "And here for centuries God was glorified, and men tried to silence the voice of their nature," thought I. Suddenly I was startled by a strange appearance. There slowly approached us a figure clad in a wide, dark cloak, ornamented with white insignia—the skull and bones and white crosses. It was a schema-monk.

"Who is here?" he asked in a hollow voice.

"A monk and a layman, holy father," answered my guide.

"Layman? Why layman? Go and pray that you may be received into the convent. Hasten, for the axe is laid unto the root of the tree. An unquenchable fire is blazing, and the gnashing of the teeth of sinners is heard, O Lord, Lord!"

The schema-monk prostrated himself on the earthen floor and sobbed. We left the church. My guide told me that the schema-monk had lived in the catacombs for over thirteen years.

We entered another underground apartment. An iron door was seen at the end of a passage.

"In that cell," said my guide, "the hermit John lived for seventeen years. He was born in 1795. From boyhood he seemed to be a religious enthusiast, yet he stayed in the world until his thirty-eighth year. Then he entered the convent, put letters upon himself, and began to mortify his flesh. The meanest and hardest work he performed joyfully. He prayed to be permitted to shut himself up in the catacombs, but the Prior submitted him to various trials for years. At length, in 1800, he was blessed and allowed to shut himself up in this cell. A coffin with a little straw in it was put in the cell, and daily bread and water were given to him. Here he remained in the winter without any stove. He prayed day and night. Finally he looked like a skeleton, and then he had visions. Various saints, and even Christ, appeared to him and comforted him. There is a little hole leading from his cell to the underground church. Applying his ear to that hole, John used to listen to the divine services in the church. At last, in 1877, he died, and was buried in the cell."

My guide opened the iron door, and there in the floor I saw the black grave of the hermit. Heavy fetters lay on the floor. A dark painting of the crucifixion hung on the wall, which was lighted by an oil lamp.

When we emerged from the catacombs we met a stout, handsome monk, with two young women leaning on his arms.

RELIGIOUS LIFE OF FREEDMEN.

The vast majority of the blacks are Baptist. Next in point of numbers come the Methodists. Lastly, though vastly in the minority, stands the Presbyterians and Episcopalians. In fact the latter admit and deplore their inability to carry out an adequate system of missionary work among the negroes. In only a few of the large towns do we find African Episcopal churches. True, all the white Episcopal churches have galleries set apart for the negroes, but they are unused, or at most sparsely occupied. It is not uncommon to see a white Episcopal church with one or more coloured members; but the chances are that one will turn out to be the well-paid sexton, and the rest a couple of superannuated carriage drivers, who, having in former days "sociated wid the quality," scorn to "take up wid poor folks and piggers."

As a rule the doctrine and ritual of the Church seem utterly incomprehensible, and therefore repellant to the negro. He harbours an undisguised distrust of it. He does not consider it religion at all. He has not the faintest idea that it can save anybody. There is too little heat and too much form; and the negro is the true enemy of form in religion or out of religion. He is a creature of emotion, impulse, noise. Restraint is odious, insupportable. An apt text, a familiar allusion, or simply the shout of a fellow listener, plunges him into ecstasies, and henceforward he is alive only to the sound of his own voice.

As an illustration of what the mass of the negroes think of Episcopacy, I will give a colloquy I once overheard between an old Baptist negro and his former master's son. It had been nearly a score of years since they parted, and the affectionate old man had made a long and weary journey on foot to see as a man the one he had doted on as a child. Before separating he gave the talk a religious turn, expressing much anxiety lest the young man should be lost.

"Why, Uncle Ned," responded the youth, "I attend church regularly, and endeavour in all things to do what is right. What more can I do?"

"Ah, Mars Tom, Mars Tom," said the old man fervently, "when did ye get 'ligion? Whar was it yer went down under the water? 'Member, child, de good book says 'pent and be baptized, else yer ca' enter de kingdom of heaben."

"True, Uncle Ned," was the rejoinder; "but you must remember that we Episcoj Jians, while as devout and earnest as you are, have different notions of what repentance and baptism mean. We are less demonstrative though more deliberate than you are."

"Child," said the old man solemnly, "yer talk is too hifalutin fer me. But the Bible is plain as A. B. C., whar it says yer is got to 'pent and be baptized, er yer'll be damned. Ise feared, fact I knows, yer's not done nuther. It's dat Pisterpallum church whar der matter longer. Fer whar wid yer gittin' up and yer sittin' down, and yer 'sponsin', and yer prayin prayers dat er man up Norf made and put 'em in er book, and yer mellydorioms er playin' all ther time, yer's so tuck up der Spirit ca' come nigh yer. Why, honey, dese same old eyes" (touching them thoughtfully) "is seed yer preacher lookin' on at folks

dancin' and breakin' der commandments. And dat al' all. My Polly says a seed him fingerin' un er fiddle herself, and moughter nigh 'bout ter play. 'Member, honey, ther Scripture says keep yer lamp trim an' er burnin', an' yer ile-can full ter pour in it."

"Now, Uncle Ned," was the evasive reply, "I hope you don't think my lamp is without oil, do you?"

"Child, tai' even got no wick in it. Fac' is, Ise efereard yer ai' even got no lamp," muttered the decrepit old negro, as he mournfully shambled off.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

AN INDIAN SUMMER LOVE.

As in the chill November's shortening days,
When summer's gold has faded from our sight,
And thickening gloom, and speedy coming night,
And gathering leaves along the gusty ways,
And noon-day sun, half shorn its ardent rays,
With prophecies of winter's death affright,
There sudden shines, amidst the dark and blight,
A summer radiance on the astonished gaze,
So to my heart, in life's autumnal time,
When passion's wasting fire burns faint and low,
Thy late found love, my darling, brings again
The spring's bright promise and the summer's prime;
Kindles my soul to an ethereal glow,
And wakes my lute to unaccustomed strain.

—Independent.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

Proceeding on our trip towards the Yellowstone Park we reached a place named Dickenson. Here was a party of seven Crow Indians. They were standing about the station in a helpless, listless way, as if the world had gone wrong. We learned that they were waiting to go on, and were either without money or hoping for some chance by which to save what they had and perhaps pick up a trifle besides. They wanted to move forward to Little Missouri. Mr. Rufus Hatch kindly offered them places in the last car of our train—which was very carefully cleaned when they left. They did not understand a word of English, but by the Government papers which they carried, and a truly comical pantomime, we ascertained something about them. The child, who had a face like a piece of knotted, stained mahogany, showed me a paper which was a United States Indian Service Permission. It was dated Fort Berthold, Aug. 17th, 1883, and said, "Permission is given to Crow's Bear, Rabbit's Head, Porcupine Head, Kidney, Young Wolf, Big Bull and Dog Bear to be absent from Agency for twenty-five days, to enable them to visit their friends at the Crow's Agency." In romance the Indian is picturesque, he is a noble savage, brave, if cruel, with such enduring qualities as an athlete that a civilized being could for one moment compare with him. He is tall and fleet and strong. Under torture he never winces, he endures all ills like a stoic. If slightly treacherous to a foe he is kind and true to his friend, and his one weakness is a love of scalps, feathers and trinkets. In actual fact he is a dirty and loathsome object, a being curious to look upon once and then to be avoided forever. A man with as much nobility and kindness as the wild beasts which roam over his prairies. Such, at least, were my impressions, judging from the specimens I saw. They looked like animated bundles of blankets and moccasins, with long, tangled, matted hair, dirty straw and felt hats, dirtier ribbons, bits of moccasins and feathers. They wore big brass finger-rings, bracelets and armlets. They were tall, broad-chested, strong-limbed looking ruffians, whom no sane being would trust for an instant. They showed that they were a greedy, if not a thievish, crew, and were certainly an ungrateful set. Some of the ladies and gentlemen made them presents of knives and useful articles, and offered to buy their rings and moccasins at twenty times their value. The rascals demanded such prices that the ladies quitted them in disgust. At Little Missouri, when requested to leave they stalked away without a word of thanks for the ride, looking as if they had been defrauded. A lady who had joined the train at an outlying station, and, having passed some months in one of their wretched, miserable camps, styling herself an Indian princess, explained that the creatures were offended because we did not take them farther on their way.—*London Telegraph*.

THE SOURCE OF LONGFELLOW'S LAST INSPIRATION.

San Blas is hardly more than an extensive thatched village. On the bluff beside it exist the ruins of an ancient, substantial San Blas shaken to pieces by an earthquake. Some old bronze bells from its church have been brought down and set up on some rustic wooden trestles on the ground in front of the poor chapel, without a belfry, which now fills the ecclesiastical needs of the place. This arrangement is sometimes referred to as *la torre de San Blas*—the steeple of San Blas. My slight sketch of these bells made on a fly-leaf of my note-book in the first instance came to have an importance far beyond its own merits. I have the gratification of knowing that it proved to be the source of the last inspiration of Longfellow. The great and good poet died on the 24th of March, 1882. In his portfolio was found his final work, "The Bells of San Blas," dated March 15, which afterward appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly." His memorandum-book contained a reference, as a suggestion for a poem, to the number and page of "Harper's Magazine" of the same month, in which the sketch was published.—*W. E. Bishop*.

The Rev. J. L. Rentoul, M.A., of East St. Kilda, Melbourne, has been unanimously nominated by the Melbourne Presbytery for the new professorship of "Biblical Criticism and Apologetics" in the Ormond College. This college will soon be amongst the most richly endowed in the world. It has lately received additional donations amounting to \$283,000.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE girls of Princeton, Indiana, have organized an anti-chewing gum society.

MR. WALTER POLLOCK has been appointed editor of the "Saturday Review."

IT is said the successor of Bishop Jackson in the bishopric of London, will be Bishop Temple.

DR. MONK, the retired organist of York Minster, is to receive an annual allowance of \$1,500.

THE low facade of the cathedral of Florence was uncovered on the 1st inst. It has cost \$200,000.

A MARRIAGE took place recently at Portsea, England, in which the principals and whole bridal party were deaf mutes.

THIRTY per cent. of the suicides in France take place in cafés and after the intending suicide has first partaken of a hearty meal.

THERE are two cats at the crystal palace exhibit of London priced at \$50,000 each. Five hundred dollars is a common price fixed on the exhibits.

ACCORDING to the Vienna "Med. Blätter," the most expensive drug now in the market is ergotinin; it costs \$3.35 a grain, or nearly \$1,500 a pound.

THE title of "Grand Old Man" conferred on Mr. Gladstone was originally given by Dean Hook to Archbishop Theodore, of Tarsus, who died Sept. 16, 690.

ON the feast of St. Edward the Confessor a large number of Roman Catholics visited his tomb in Westminster Abbey, where they prayed, counting their beads.

EDMUND KIRKE opposes the idea of giving education to the negroes of the South, because he thinks that it lifts them above their condition and makes them dissatisfied.

DR. JACHIMOVICZ, of Kiew, Russia, died recently at the age of one hundred and six. He superintended his large and successful practice until within a year or two.

THE two western piers of Peterborough cathedral have been condemned. The renovation of the structure will cost \$350,000, of which only about \$85,000 have been subscribed.

AN SLAB, a Chinaman of rare Mongolian attractions, living in Lafayette, Ind., has been expelled from Chinese society in that city on account of his betrothal to a white girl.

THE Bishop of Lincoln has put himself on record, that in his opinion the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister is a blow aimed at Church and State connection.

THE unveiling of the Luther monument at Eisleben took place on the 11th inst. The Crown Prince, Prince William, the Ministers, and many high officials were present at the celebration.

PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF wrote at the bottom of his report on the Berlin treaty: "This is the saddest page in my whole career," and under it the Czar Alexander II, wrote: "And in mine too."

MISS FORD, of the "Irish World," is in Dublin distributing to the families of the murderers of Lord Edward Cavendish and Mr. Burke the money collected for them in the United States.

THE jubilee of Dr. McGavin, Dundee, was celebrated lately, when Principal Cairns passed a high eulogium on his life and work. On Monday Dr. McGavin was presented with an address and £500.

THE amount subscribed towards the deficiency in the funds of the friendly society of Dissenting ministers, caused by the defalcations of Mr. Donald Peddie, has now reached £13,278. About £2,000 more are required.

IN Warsaw a ladies' school, which is under the patronage of the Empress, has been searched by the police, and one Russian teacher and eight pupils were arrested on the charge of having helped to propagate Nihilist writings.

THE inventory of the estate of the late Roman Catholic Archbishop of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's has been returned. It shows that he had £98 left after deducting his debts. He gave all his large revenues to the parish poor.

AFTER six months' trial of a harmonium in Rothsay church a plebiscite of the congregation has resulted in 182 voting in favour of the continuance of instrumental music, 43 against, and 31 neutral. At its introduction some of the people left.

ONE of the chief features of interest at a recent county exhibition in England was an iron watch, which had been turned out by a Kidderminster firm for the purpose of showing the extraordinary malleability of their metal. The watch is said to be perfect.

AFTER a temperance sermon had been preached in an English country town two weeks ago, a collection was taken up for the benefit of one of the temperance societies. Three gentlemen passed the plates. One was a wine merchant, one an excise officer, and one a brewer's travelling salesman.

THE idols worshipped by the heathen of Africa and India are nearly all manufactured in England, and pay a very handsome profit. It is stated that the commercial value of the brass and cast-iron gods shipped to heathen lands far exceeds that of the Bibles, books and tracts which reach the same destination.

THE recent Florida enactment forbidding licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors, except upon a petition of a majority of the voters of the election district, has been considered by the Supreme Court and the constitutionality of the Act affirmed. The people in any election district may hence declare absolute prohibition if they choose.

A CORRESPONDENT at Dalkeith informs us that the student labouring as missionary in connection with Buccleuch Street Church in that town has been refused the use of the school in the village of Easthouses for his services. The people of Dalkeith sent a unanimous petition to the Marquis of Lothian, asking the use of a school for holding mission services. His lordship, after a long delay, replied that only a licensed preacher would be allowed to officiate in the place.