

the translators, an effort has been made to give Bunyan's dream a South African dress.'

And the artist has certainly succeeded, as readers will be able to appreciate by looking at the reduced facsimiles of his pictures which we have been able to reproduce by the courtesy of the London Missionary Society, who are doing a splendid work in South Africa, and under whose auspices this volume has been issued. The following detailed descriptions of his work by the artist will no doubt prove interesting: 'Christian starts from a kraal, where the careless of his race are typified by a group around a cooking-pot eating skoff. The mud-hole of the veldt is the Slough of Despond. Evangelist, of course, is a sturdy missionary in traveller's outfit, instead of the Seventeenth century divine that two centuries of illustrators have made us familiar with. To represent Christian in the plate-



DEMAS TEMPTING THE PILGRIMS.

armor of the Middle Ages in Europe would be absurd. Throughout the story he wears a shirt over a jacket.

'The strenuous career of the overcomer will no doubt be appreciated by the men of the great fighting race for whom the book has been prepared. Christian has a "knobkerry" when he meets the lions, and is more fully equipped when meeting Apollyon after his visit to the House Beautiful. Before this, however, and subsequent to the loss of his burden, he has climbed the kopje of Difficulty.

'Apollyon as a creature with a wolf's head, owl's eyes, and a crocodile's scales and tail takes us by surprise. We are bound, however, to admit that our conception of a fiend in material shape is quite pagan. The classical satyr is the basis, with added features from the grotesque monsters and malignant deities of the Far East. The artists of nineteenth centuries have built up from various sources the conventional demon. We trace it to the God Pan, improved upon with touches from the Chinese thunder-God and the hideous masks of Japanese devil dancers.

'Vanity Fair becomes in this book a war-dance festival, a time largely given over to the consumption of beef and beer.

'In handling the photographs,' continues the writer, 'of inartistic groups of converts set and formal, like those that have appeared for half a century in missionary publications, a remorseful twinge sometimes (too seldom, alas!) is felt by the seeker for something new and strange. Pictures are needed wherewith to catch the tried eye of the home-stayer, with a conscience susceptible to pressure, and so the full meaning of these

groups is not always realized.' In the same way, argues the artist, something is needed which shall arrest the native and secure his interest.

'Giant Despair is not of the kind that the hero of the beanstalk destroyed, for there is no reason why the ideas that we have inherited from our Norse ancestors should be foisted upon another race thousands of miles away.

'For a similar reason, the hobgoblins Christian sees at the crossing of the river are not the creations of Albert Durer and other mediaeval designers who loved the grotesque. They are rather the witch-forms of the native's early superstitions—wolves, owls, snakes, crocodiles, and hippopotami.

'In the picture of the Hill Difficulty, Mist-trust wears charms around his neck to counteract the baleful influences of witches, night animals mostly, who are supposed to be in league with the resentful dead.

'Demas tempts Christian and Hopeful into a mine that South African black men are familiar with.

'Our English Christian in the Land of Beulah plucks apples gracefully in the equipment of a knight of the titl-yard. Such a presentment would mean little to a Matabele; but he does understand newly-plucked, fresh-roasted mealies.

'The last picture was perhaps more a subject for mental debate than any of the others. Should the angels be black? The artist tried them and had no pleasure in them, and so fell-back upon the conventional winged beings associated in our minds with the word angel. It is a drawback that black and white are contrasted here to the disadvantage of the black. On the other hand, one has to remember that European Bible pictures will soon be reaching the Matabele, and the artist refrained from a conflict of testimony. A visit to a picture gallery as a child nearly made him a juvenile atheist because so many different versions of the Holy Family could not all be right. . . .

'On the whole,' concludes the artist, 'new thoughts in religion have been expressed in the book with a minimum of compromise, and South Africa will not be able to say in years to come, what Europe must say of the missionaries of the Fourth century, that in giving her the Gospel they allowed a vast amount of existing pagan nonsense to be mixed with it.'

A Barnardo Cripple Story.

'Oh, yes, I have had many cripples in my Homes,' said Dr. Barnardo to a journalist recently, 'but there is one I never forget; one of those cases I told you of just now, for whom I always offer up special prayer.

'Notice was sent to me by one of the clergy in Spitalfields that a cripple child was regularly brought in a basket by a woman, who turned up every four or five months at one of the common lodging-houses, and then went off into the country. I kept a watch for the woman, and at last discovered her. She wanted me to buy the child. I need hardly say I refused, and threatened to give her into custody. This frightened her, and I gained possession of the poor little cripple. We brought the baby into this room, and had a fire lighted. The matron tried to get the baby out of the basket, but its screams were so dreadful we could not manage it. I never felt so troubled in my life. We managed to make it comfortable for the night—alas! it had to lie in the basket, for, doctor though I am, I could not move it.'

That night Dr. Barnardo went home, the lit-

tle one preying upon his mind. Then he suddenly remembered that a lady of means, who had helped his Homes very considerably, had once written to him saying, 'If ever you have a cripple child that you cannot get anybody to take care of, I should like to have it.' Her own little daughter had been a cripple from her birth, but had died. This kind-hearted woman wanted some child to take the place of her loved one. No matter of what birth, no matter how poor, it must be a little cripple. In the morning Dr. Barnardo wrote to her. She did not stay to write; she telegraphed, 'I am coming up.'

What the matron and the nurses could not do, that woman did. She looked at the little one lying in the basket, and the glance was returned with smiles. Some one had arrived at last who seemed to understand a cripple. It was a mother; one who once had a cripple daughter of her own. She knew just how that small body should be touched; how it should be lifted. She placed her hand on its wasted form—a smile! It stretched out its hands to her, and she gently raised and clasped it to her breast.

As Dr. Barnardo told me this story he rose from his seat, and said with quivering voice, 'What do you think of that woman? Is not that a beautiful religion? I had to part with the little one, for she said, "I must have it; it has not been given to me by you; it has been sent to me by God. It is an answer to prayer."'—English Paper.

To-day's Burden

To every one of us there must come some time when the whole tenor of our lives is changed. We stand upon some eminence, and look back and see the familiar faces and the familiar places, remembering all the careless joy that belonged to those days that are past; and then we say, All this is ended for us. Whatever the future brings, it cannot recall what is past. Our friends of long ago have passed away; the old thoughts that filled our minds can never satisfy us again. Then we look forward, and see stretching before us a new kind of life, dreary it may be, lonely and unfamiliar. Along this road we must henceforth walk; and the very dignity of the soul demands that every such crisis should be met, that we should realize it, that we should try to take the measure of it, and ask ourselves what we must be, what we must do, under these new circumstances. But it does not follow that we should carry always with us this consciousness until it burdens us and until we lose the joy of life, because we have to learn another lesson. We go into an unknown land, but in this land we must make our home; here must be new fellowships, new experiences; there must be much talk by the way with those whom we meet, kindly greetings exchanged. These days are not to be overshadowed by only one great thought; they are days to be filled little by little. In the new interests we must live. And so after we have taken the measure of these days that are to come, that other word comes to us: 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' It may be a great burden which we have to bear, but we do not have to bear it all at once.—S. M. Crothers, D.D.

In one school at Leipsic, Germany, forty-two boys were examined. Their ages averaged seven years. Fourteen confessed to having been drunk, twenty-four to habitually tasting brandy, and seventeen to daily drinking.