

## SCENES FROM THE YELLOWSTONE REGION.

Among the most striking scenes of the wonderland embraced in the famous Yellowstone region, says the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, may be mentioned the Hot Springs on Gardiner's River, along the northern boundary of the area of 55 by 65 miles known as the Yellowstone Park. Rising from the spring basin, the water, exhibiting the colors of the most brilliant aniline dyes according to the geological quality of its channels, flows into natural basins and cools as it descends into the lower reservoirs. From four to six feet in diameter and one to four feet in depth, these basins, located in many instances upon terraces midway upon the sides of snowy mountains, present scenes of the most novel beauty. The largest living spring is twenty feet by forty, and its transparent water of azure tint combining with its coral-like surroundings, shading from pure white to creamy yellow, presents to the eye color-groupings of rare loveliness.

As novel perhaps is the effect produced at Tower Falls, 260 feet above the level of the Yellowstone River. Here lofty columns of volcanic breccia rise like towers and spires, extending above the top of the falls as high as fifty feet. Some of these stand on shore and are accessible to the adventurous climber, whose hardihood finds reward in views of inexpressible grandeur.

## "BREAK COCOANUTS OVER THE WHEELS."

A story applicable to all missionary efforts as well as to that of the Reformed Church is told in the *Christian Intelligencer* by the Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, D.D.

It was twenty years ago. We had recently located in the heathen town of Madana palle, India, to commence missionary work there.

The time for the annual drawing of the great idol car through the streets of the town and by the banks of the river had come. Multitudes of votaries from all the villages around, as well as from every street of the town, had assembled before the car. Great rope-cables were attached. Hundreds caught hold of the ropes. Up went the shout, "Hari! Hari! Hayi! Jayam!" "Vishnu! Vishnu! Joy and Victory!" "Now pull!" shouted the priests, and off went the three-storied car majestically through the streets, amid the joyous shouts of the thousands of spectators. On they followed it to the river bank. Libations were brought and poured over the car, and the multitudinous ceremonies performed.

Again, with similar shouts, they began the progress around by different streets, back to the great temple before which the car always reposed for the year. Half-way back and the car came to a stand. "Pull," shouted the priests. Pull they did. The ropes snapped with the strain. All the wheels were examined; no stones were in the way; everything seemed right. The ropes were tied and new ones added. More votaries caught the ropes. "All pull," shouted the priests. All bent to the effort. It would not move.

A pallor came over the crowd. "The god is angry and will not let his chariot move," was whispered along the streets. A feeling of dread shivered through the multitude. "Yes," shouted the chief priest from the car, "The god is angry. He will not move unless you propitiate him. Run all of you and bring cocoanuts and break over the wheels, and as the fragrant coconut milk runs down over the wheels the god will accept the libation and graciously allow his chariot to move on again. Run and each bring a coconut! Run!"

Men and boys ran for the cocoanuts; the residents to their houses, the villagers to the bazaars to buy or to their friends' houses to borrow. Each came back with his coconut, and broke it over one of the wheels. The coconut milk ran along the streets. "Hayi! Jayam," shouted the priests. "The god is now propitious." "Hayi! Jayam!" "Joy! Victory!" shouted the multitude. "Now pull all!" shouted the priests. The people took heart; dread passed away; confidence came. They seized the ropes and, with a shout that resounded in the hills a mile away, they gave a pull. Off went the car, and soon, with singing and dancing, they had it back in its wonted place. And as the crowd scattered to their village homes, the news ran through the country: "The car got set; they could not move it a finger-



HOT SPRINGS ON GARDNER'S RIVER.

breadth; but each man brought a coconut and broke over the wheels, and then on it went with a rush to the temple."

I could not help recalling this incident the other night as I read the important financial statement laid by the secretary of the foreign board before the missionary convention at Kingston.

God's chariot is delayed. His chariot of salvation had started in its course in towns of India and China and Japan through the agency of the Reformed Church. Have the people lost heart, that it stands still? Has discouragement come upon us?

"Run for the cocoanuts." Let each man and boy, let each woman and each child bring what would be to them the equivalent in value of a coconut to the poor Hindu as an offering to the Lord, and the chariot will move joyously on.

Had one rich Hindu given a thousand cocoanuts to break over the wheels of the idol car, the effect would not have been at all the same. Each one of the throng made an offering. Each one felt that he had a share in it. Each one took courage. Each one shouted. Each one pulled and on went the car.

The missionary chariot halts. Many villages are pleading for a missionary or a native preacher. Young men and women, eight of them, are offering to go out to the different missions. Heathen schools are offered to the missionary to introduce the Bible in. Young converts ask to be trained to be preachers to their kindred. Every mail tells our board of onward steps that should be taken. The board cannot reply, "Go on," for debt stares them grimly in the face.

Shall this continue so? Dare we let the Lord's chariot halt? Oh, that every one of the eighty thousand members of the Reformed Church, every one of the many thousand children enrolled in our Sunday-schools, every one of the two hundred thousand adherents, who enjoy the weekly ministrations of our sanctuaries here in this gospel land, would hasten to bring in an offering if not more than the value of a coconut, and then with a heart in the work they would unitedly send up a psalm of praise and a shout of joy and victory, and God would be pleased and his chariot would move on right gloriously.

Our harvests have been plentiful. Let us put God to the proof. "Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, and prove me now herewith, said the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Let the cocoanuts come. Who brings the first? What church sends one for every man, woman and child on its roll? "Please answer soon."

TEN THOUSAND of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves.—*Archbishop Whately.*



## IN THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

BY BELLE V. CRISHOLM.

A lady who was wounded in the Chatsworth disaster was in the rear car with her husband when the accident occurred. A short time after they left Persia a party of six young people entered, and in order that they might have seats together the lady and her husband removed to the far end of the car. Their courtesy saved their lives, for the young man and his bride, who took the places so kindly given up, were both instantly killed a few hours later. The lady says that she thinks the young people belonged to a choir of concert singers, and were now off for recreation and rest. They were all very merry, and sang and laughed and told stories—anticipating the pleasures of the journey—until late in the night. Nearly every one in the car except the joyful party was quiet when some one requested the young bride to sing "Sweet hour of prayer." At first there was a tremor in the sweet voice, but it grew stronger as she proceeded. When—

"In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief,"

rang out clear and firm, other voices instinctively joined in the old familiar song. People awakened out of their sleep, sat upright or leaned forward to catch the plaintive words that trembled upon the pure, young lips.

As the train sped on in the darkness, far down the track the gleam of the death-dealing fire appeared, but the voices that swelled forth in a glad burst of song—

"Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God! to thee."

faltered not at the danger into which the train, laden with its precious freight of human souls, was unconsciously plunging.

Faster sped the chariot of death down the grade, and sweeter, more triumphant, welled the song,

"There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven."

Ah! if the singers had only known it, the way was already in sight, and perhaps,

"All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;"

would have been more of a sigh than a song. Then, with only an inch of time between

them and the life beyond—even when brave M'Clintock, steady at his post, was giving his last desperate wrench to the throttle of his engine that had never failed him before, the sweet singers sang their farewell earth-song, sang to their God, who, even in this dark hour, still kept the everlasting arms around about and underneath them:

"Angels to beckon me,  
Nearer, my God! to thee."

As if in answer to the prayer they breathed, with the glad refrain still echoing through the air, the crash came, the life-work of each was finished.

"So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God! to thee,"

was not ended on earth, for right into the very jaws of death rushed the screaming engines, and then, like a bolt of Jove, the cars crashed through each other, killing and crushing as the foot grinds the worm. It took but a moment to pile that heap of splintered timbers, and broken bones, and bleeding flesh, but death was there, just as certainly, surrounded by all that tends to make it terrible, and among the mangled corpses lay the six singers, not in their dreams, but in reality, nearer their God than ever before.

Inquiry elicited the fact that these merry young people had a right to be joyful, for they were all servants of the blessed Master, and could have completed the song as they went down into the valley of death:

"Or if, on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon and stars forget,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God! to thee,  
Nearer to thee."

—Presbyterian Observer.

## AN AMERICAN REGULATION.

General Hayes, while President of the United States, issued a General Order in regard to drinking in the army. The regulation affirmed—"That no person addicted to drinking can expect to be trusted with any responsible duty, and a person who cannot be trusted had better not be continued in office."