

shackle that bound it, and leaped to the air with a deep breath of joy. It met the soul of the master composer pouring again from the great pipes of the organ, and her whole being thrilled with the embrace. They were throbbing in unison—his soul and hers; she sang on, exalted, vivified. One after another turned and looked up in surprise, but they could not shake her, for her thoughts had left the earth behind.

'There shall be no-o mo-ore death,' sang the Little Contralto. Her voice soared away and up and down the great building like a bird that has regained its liberality.

"Neither sorrow nor crying,
Neither shall there be any more pain,
And God shall wipe away all tears—all
tears
From their eyes."

The full tones swelled and died in cadences of velvet softness. The end was reached. The Little Contralto started at the thought that she had been singing in church. She had forgotten—lost herself. How had she done? Had she failed? There was a creaking of pewbacks as the people shifted their positions, the coughing began again in all directions, the two girls were still giggling. But the little widow in the dark corner, what was she doing? Gently sobbing in her handkerchief.

And the Little Contralto, too, taken by surprise, just choked off a rising sob; but she knew that she had not altogether failed.

What the Moon Saw.

(By Hans C. Andersen. Translated by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D.)

(Continued.)

SIXTH EVENING.

'I've been in Upsala,' said the Moon: 'I looked down upon the great plain covered with coarse grass, and upon the barren fields. I mirrored my face in the Tyris river, while the steamboat drove the fish into the rushes. Beneath me floated the waves, throwing long shadows on the so-called graves of Odin and Friga. In the scanty turf that covers the hill-side names have been cut.* There is no monument here, no memorial on which the traveller can have his name carved, no rocky wall on whose surface he can get it painted; so visitors have the turf cut away for that purpose. The naked earth peers through in the form of great letters and names; these form a network over the whole hill. Here is an immortality, which lasts till the fresh turf grows!

'Up on the hill stood a man, a poet. He emptied the mead horn with the broad silver rim, and murmured a name. He begged the winds not to betray him, but I heard the name, I knew it. A count's coronet sparkles above it, and therefore he did not speak it, out I smiled, for I knew that a poet's crown adorns his own name. The nobility of Eleonora d'Este is attached to the name of Tasso. And I also know where the Rose of Beauty blooms!'

Thus spake the Moon, and a cloud came between us. May no cloud separate the poet from the rose!

SEVENTH EVENING.

'Along the margin of the shore stretches a forest of firs and beeches, and fresh and fragrant is this wood; hundreds of nightingales visit it every spring. Close beside it is the sea, the ever-changing sea, and between the two is placed the broad high-road. One carriage after another rolls over it; but I did not follow them, for my eye loves best to rest upon one point. A Hun's Grave* lies there, and the sloe and blackthorn grow luxuriantly among the stones. Here is true poetry in nature.

'And how do you think men appreciate this

* Travellers on the Continent have frequent opportunities of seeing how universally this custom prevails among travellers. In some places on the Rhine, pots of paint and brushes are offered by the natives to the traveller desirous of 'immortalising' himself.

* Large mounds similar to the 'barrows' found in Britain, are thus designated in Germany and the North.

poetry? I will tell you what I heard there last evening and during the night.

'First, two rich landed proprietors came driving by. "Those are glorious trees!" said the first. "Certainly; there are ten loads of firewood in each," observed the other: "it will be a hard winter, and last year we got fourteen dollars a load"—and they were gone. "The road here is wretched," observed another man who drove past. "That's the fault of those horrible trees," replied his neighbor; "there is no free current of air; the wind can only come from the sea"—and they were gone. The stage coach went rattling past. All the passengers were asleep at this beautiful spot. The postillion blew his horn, but he only thought, "I can play capittally. It sounds well here. I wonder if those in there like it?"—and the stage coach vanished. Then two young fellows came galloping up on horse-back. There's youth and spirit in the blood

live within her memory for years, far more vividly and more truly than the painter could portray it with his colors on paper. My rays followed her till the morning dawn kissed her brow.'

(To be Continued.)

Humor of Medical Missions.

'When we first began work in Chin-Chow,' says a well-known medical missionary, 'I went to visit a mandarin's wife. It is the Chinese custom to give you tea and cakes before allowing you to see the patient. I told them I hadn't come to feed, but to see the lady. She was lying on a bed, which was curtained round. A male doctor is not allowed to see the patient, so the usual thing is to have a slit in the curtain, and the patient's hand is pushed out as far as the wrist, a book being



THE POOR GIRL RESTS ON THE HUN'S GRAVE.

here! thought I; and, indeed, they looked with a smile at the moss-grown hill and thick forest. "I should not dislike a walk here with the miller's Christine," said one—and they flew past.

'The flowers scented the air; every breath of air was hushed: it seemed as if the sea were a part of the sky that stretched above the deep valley. A carriage rolled by. Six people were sitting in it. Four of them were asleep; the fifth was thinking of his new summer coat, which would suit him admirably; the sixth turned to the coachman and asked him if there were anything remarkable connected with yonder heap of stones. "No," replied the coachman, "it's only a heap of stones; but the trees are remarkable." "How so?" "Why, I'll tell you how they are very remarkable. You see, in winter, when the snow lies very deep, and has hidden the whole road so that nothing is to be seen, those trees serve me for a landmark. I steer by them, so as not to drive into the sea; and you see that is why the trees are remarkable."

'Now came a painter. He spoke not a word, but his eyes sparkled. He began to whistle. At this the nightingales sang louder than ever. "Hold your tongues!" he cried testily; and he made accurate notes of all the colors and transitions—blue, and lilac, and dark brown. "That will make a beautiful picture," he said. He took it in just as a mirror takes in a view; and as he worked he whistled a march of Rossini. And last of all came a poor girl. She laid aside the burden she carried, and sat down to rest upon the Hun's Grave. Her pale handsome face was bent in a listening attitude towards the forest. Her eyes brightened, she gazed earnestly at the sea and the sky, her hands were folded, and I think she prayed, "Our Father." She herself could not understand the feeling that swept through her, but I know that this minute, and the beautiful natural scene, will

placed under the hand to steady the pulse. A Chinaman thinks you can diagnose any thing—even a housemaid's knee—by feeling the pulse.

The mandarin's wife was suffering from an illness which necessitated the use of the stethoscope; and I suggested throwing the curtains on one side. This simply horrified them. I indignantly made tracks for the door; but when they found that I really insisted on a proper examination, they thought better of it. After I had attended the woman for three weeks she recovered.

I remember one of her attendants who, whenever he saw me, used to cry out: "The foreign devil's coming!" This man, later on, had an ulcer in his leg, and came to our hospital. To make a long story short, he was cured, but it had to be done by skin-grafting. None of my students were willing to part with a bit of skin, so I took a piece off my own leg, and put it on his.

'Now,' I said, as he was leaving the hospital, 'you will not call me "foreign devil" any more.' 'And why?' said he. 'Because,' I said, 'you will remember that you are a bit of a foreign devil yourself, you know!'

Note sent by Chinese patient to Dr. Sarah Keers, Chin-Chow.

'Mrs. Keers.—I feel much obliged if you will please to let me have some more of the small pieces white medicines and some drink medicine for the bottle. Thanking you for my sickness rather well than before, with much obliged,

Yours faithfully,
—Daybreak.'

'Yes, I always go to help mamma when she calls me—if I hear her,' answered a small, but honest maiden, when questioned concerning her obedience. 'But sometimes I like to play pretty far off, where I can't hear her.'