

mighty man in huntin', and kills all sorts of varmints. You might go and see them skins a-hangin, up yonder, p'raps you'd find some of them Presbyterian critters among 'em."

They have their own code of honor. Their family feuds last for generations; they feed fat the ancient grudge, until one or the other of the contending families is utterly exterminated. You enter a cabin, and the gun hung on the door is for ordinary hunting; but the burnished *pistol* is kept for murder, it is reserved for killing men. They have a chivalry of their own. One man who had killed twenty-five others in family feud warfare would yet fight to the death to shield a woman who comes there to teach them, from injury or insult.

The hopeful sign in these people is a *longing for betterment*. In their very songs is a pathos as if pleading for help. In their degradation, which defies description, they yearn for schools, for some uplifting influence. In a cabin a traveller met a boy of ten, who caught a glimpse of a newspaper in his pocket, and who showed so strong a desire to learn that the traveller taught him the first three letters of the newspaper heading. As the boy went by himself and repeated over and over the name of the letters, who, thought the traveller, as he resumed his journey, will ever teach that boy the fourth letter?

At Asheville, N.C., is a school for these classes, and five hundred girls were turned away in one year for simple lack of room. Yet in that same school might have been heard from these very girls from the mountains, one of the finest reviews of the life of Christ, from the manger to within six months of His passion, every question correctly answered; and yet some of these girls had not been six months out of their cabins.

They are also singularly responsive to the Gospel. They are sin-hardened, indeed, but not *Gospel*-hardened. An evangelist in a village in these mountains found *one* who seemed to know something about Christ; but every person in the settlement attended the meetings and manifested interest in the Gospel, and many professed to find salvation. An old man, familiarly known as "Old Man Kline," was very angry at a young fellow for carrying off his daughter. Determined to kill him, he hid near the place of a "gathering" which the young man would be sure to attend. While lying in waiting two little girls from a day-school under the care of our Board went by singing the complement,

"Jesus died for all mankind

Jesus died for me."

The old man had perhaps never heard of all mankind, but accustomed to the *soubriquet* "Old Man Kline," mistook the words, and thought the children were singing, "Jesus died for *Old Man Kline*," etc., and as an arrow of conviction the truth reached his soul, and instead

of the double murder (for had he killed the young man, in turn the young man's relatives would have probably killed him) this man found a saviour in the Jesus who had truly died for "Old Man Kline." Are these people not ripe for the Gospel when so small a bit of truth will accomplish so much?

These mountain whites will be met not on the open mountain roads, but in secluded places. The moonshiners, or illicit whiskey-distillers, especially, hide in the more retired nooks and valleys. One party travelled eight miles along the Blue Ridge and saw not a cabin, yet found 3000 people assembled to hear the annual sermon from an old man, who could not read a word, yet who was so godly in life and character that he was an epistle read and known of them all.

These people have customs quaint and curious, elsewhere obsolete. Their moral looseness is dreadful; but what can be expected where sometimes three generations live, eat and sleep in one small, windowless cabin. A bed of boards nailed against the log wall of the hut is almost the only furniture. Everybody uses tobacco, even the babies. Through considerable sections there is practically no law: everyone does what is right in his own eyes. There were seventy cases of murder, only one out of them all being brought to justice. *Might* makes right, and this is the only law known. In one case of a jury, where a peacemaker had interposed between contending parties and been shot, the juryman delivered his opinion thus, "If he hadn't wanted to be killed, he orter kept himself out of the fight."

These mountain people are our kinsfolk, of the blood that gave us our Revolutionary heroes, that constituted more than half of Washington's Cabinet. Even in their destitution among the mountains they sacrificed heroically and fought right manfully to save our Union. They are of Presbyterian ancestry, and yet to-day they are without the Gospel or a knowledge of the Christ. Their very preachers and teachers are so illiterate that in many cases they cannot read a word. One man with the Bible in his hand said to his people: "Now, see yere, between these two lids somewhar you'll find these words, 'Every tub must stand on its own bottom,'" and from those words as text preached his sermon. Is it strange a young fellow—Tom Baker—speaking out in meeting, said to one of these preachers: "See here, the Bible says you uns are to feed my sheep, and you hain't doing it. You fellows are just tolin' of me around through the woods, and you make a powerful heap of noise rattling your corn in the measure, and just a-shellin' now and again a few grains, and you never give us a decent bite, and we uns be *mighty nigh a-starvin'*?" Think of it, O Christian child of God, kinsfolk in our own land *starvin'* for the Bread of Life?—*Missionary Review of the World*.