ple, especially in the way of training teachers for the public schools.

The religious life of the blacks is a subject of deep interest. Intensely emotional, they are apt to be carried away by what is sometimes, it is to be feared, little better than nervous excitement. At Montgomery, Ala., the very heart of the "black belt" I witnessed far more noisy demonstra-

ltions than anywhere else in the South. There was on the part of many of the congregation a perpetual swaying of the body to and fro, accompanied by a continual chorus of ciaculations in a plaintive minor key; and all the while ran a deep undertone in a monotonous strain like the drong of a bagpipe. The preacher favoured the excitement. His voice fell into a regular chanting cadence.a mournful minor strain impossible to describe. The responsive cries became louder and

louder; several persons, all women, sprang to their feet, one after another, with impassioned gestures and ejaculations. Still the preacher went on with his weird incantation, till the confusion seemed to me to have no more religious character than the gyrations of the dancing dervishes. The more intelligent blacks disapproved of it, and said it was only the ignorant who indulged in it.

There is often a rude eloquence in the sermon that to the keen susceptibilities of the negroes is very arousing. The preachers are very fond of texts from the Revelation, and from the prophecies, and their literal application of allegorical language and of bold oriental imagery is very striking. The singing, too, is a very characteristic element in the worship—the



strange, sweet, plaintive strains with which the "Jubilees" have made us all familiar. They are especially fond of hymns describing the deliverance of the Israelites from the bondage of Egypt; as that beginning, "Go down, Moses," with its striking refrain, "Let my people go;" and hymns on the destruction of the Egyptians, as "Did not old Pharaoh get lost?" which they sing with enthusiasm. In the refrains every one joins, often