

consented; she gave her all for her country. Only those of you who are mothers know what it meant to her. The boy dimly guessed, but was too full of his own hopes to think as much as he should of his mother's sacrifice. His hopes were very high. He was going to restore his family's name. He would make that little mother glad that she had borne such a son. In his career as a soldier should make his country proud of him. Yes, he had lofty ambitions. He went with his contingent. The work was rough and hard and the brightest place often, in the damp, dreary days, was the canteen. When the fellows were there. He went, forgetful of the deadly taint in his blood. He took a drink, just to be a good fellow. Then he had to take more to gratify his thirst. He became crazed, his one thought to satisfy that devouring appetite that burned with volcano-like fires within him. When sobered up he was horrified at what he had done. He tried to hold himself in check. God alone knows how he fought, but on his watch as sentry, on the long marches, the craving for drink was there, like a fiend driving him on, and liquor was easily within his reach. Again he fell. Again he struggled, but again was beaten. Then came the tragedy of it all. He was sent back, disgraced, his high hopes were blighted, his name was besmirched, his mother heart-broken; you don't need me to tell you to-night that I am that boy. The latter part of the story is known to all here to-night."

He sat down, his head bowed on his hands, while throughout the audience emotion was plainly visible, even sturdy men from the camps, and bronze-faced, bearded farmers were strangely moved. The men from the liquor party were silent, and a deep hush brooded over the meeting, broken only by a low suppressed sob from Rob himself.

One of the ministers present rose and said, "Let us pray," and inspired by an unseen Power he talked with God, pleading as he had never pleaded before, that men would be guided to vote aright, for the sake of the mothers, of the boys, of the little children, of the weak and tempted ones.

Next day Rob was early out, praying as he worked, bringing out careless voters, and helping the weak and aged to the polls. When the vote was counted and the result known, on the still night air came the jubilant ringing of the church bells and a mighty shout went up from the joyous villagers. A thunderous rap came at Mrs. Andrews' door and Deacon Switzer, his kind old eyes shining with great gladness, cried: "We've won! We've won!" and forgetful of age and stiff joints he waved his cane. "Where's the boy? It's through him we did it. It was a man's fight, a man's fight, no better was ever fought," he said huskily; then ashamed of his emotion he stamped out, only to run into "the boy." Their hands gripped, their eyes met; no words were needed. Then Rob hurried to his mother—

"Mother, oh, mother!" it was the same cry, but how different!

"My boy!" and, held in his strong, protecting arms, she murmured:

"Thank God for His mercies. It was a man's fight, and you've won."

What God may hereafter require of you, you must not give yourself the least trouble about. Everything He gives you to do, you must do as well as you can, and that is the best preparation for what He may want you to do next. If people would do what they have to do, they would always find themselves ready for what comes next.—George MacDonald.

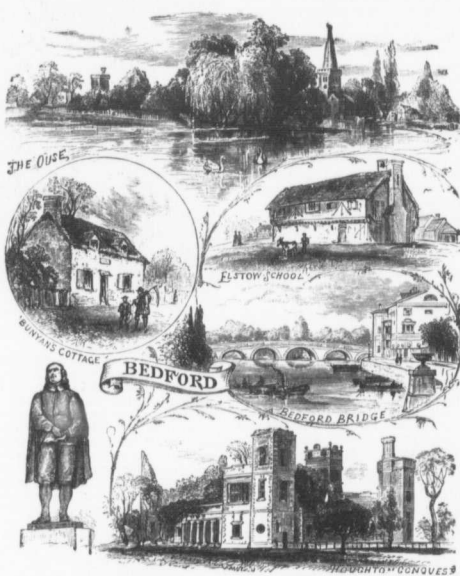
In Bunyan's Country

NOTE.—In connection with the splendid article of Mr. Malott, given in its place with the expositions of the regular League topics, our friends will find this portion of an article, written by the late Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., of much interest. Read together these descriptions of the times and circumstances in which Bunyan lived, and the light thrown on the sterling qualities he and many other men of his day possessed, will afford abundant material for an exceptionally attractive and instructive League Programme.—Ed.

THIS romantic region is best reached from London by the Midland Railway. Leaving the St. Pancras Station—the largest in the world under one roof—we soon reach the venerable city of St. Albans, more ancient, said the Roman writers, than London. Under Roman rule, Verulam, as it was called, enjoyed the privileges of a free city; but the honor brought upon it the vengeance of the hosts of Boadicea. During the persecution of the Christians under Diocletian, Albanus was martyred here. The

sured what he believed to be inequities of priestcraft; Dallow Farm, in a loft of which he took refuge when pursued because of the truths he had spoken; the village of Elstow, in which he was born, and where, in his reckless youth, he led a dissolute life; Elstow Church, a venerable pile, the notes of whose bells had often been wafted on the air as he pulled the ropes; and then Bedford, where he was imprisoned, and within the walls of the old gaol wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress to the Celestial City."

Luton is pleasantly situated in a valley between two extended series of hills. It is the second town in the county; and is the centre of the straw plait trade. Not far from the station we see the embattled tower of the church, chequered with flint and freestone. Near Luton we pass a spot of much interest. As the



SCENES IN BUNYAN'S COUNTRY.

massiveness of the ruined walls, twelve feet thick, built of flint and Roman tiles; their wide extent; the immense embankment called the Verulam Hills, and the deep ditches against them; the traces of temples; the innumerable coins and other antiquities; not to mention what Camden records about marble pillars and cornices, and statues of silver and gold, afford abundant testimony to the magnificence of the ancient city. After the martyrdom of Albanus, a church was founded to his memory on the spot where the Abbey church, now a cathedral, stands. It is a magnificent Norman edifice; the nave is longer than that of any other church in the kingdom.

Many places are passed hallowed by the footprints of the immortal wanderer Bunyan—Flinchley Common, where he spoke bold words on behalf of religious freedom; Luton, where he spread the glad tidings of free salvation; and cen-

train runs along the embankment, the traveller may see, about half a mile to the right, just under a wood that crowns the height (exactly as depicted by our artist), the gables of an old farmhouse which nestles in the valley. This is Dallow Farm. "In the persecuting times of Charles II. the Nonconformists met here, secluded from general observation, for divine worship; and in the roof of the house is the trap-door by which some of the persecuted Nonconformists escaped from their pursuers. It is said that John Bunyan was concealed for several days in this house. When liberty of conscience was granted by James II., the worshippers in the Dallow Farm removed to Luton, and formed themselves into a Christian community."

The description given more than two centuries ago by Camden of the town of Bedford is true to-day. "Tis more eminent for the pleasantness of its situa-

tion
beauty
ford is
Saxon
fortress
toric li
tion v
yan t
nected
very n
Bridge
years
wrote
made t
gone;
for sev
pastor
built.
a chain
mortal
Duke o
tees of
doors,
ing ac
gress,"
debted
Bunyan
Peter's
Stanley
Martyr
Scienti
verses
The
Bedford
Elstow
place a
(7 mile
author
is a be
miles),
cupled
plait.
wrote h
ford the
across
It is
Bunyan
ringers
In the
the car
attended
the old
of the
tiredly d
old Nor
ing, dat
or more
the doc
Christ,
on the
on the
which r
gate of
On the
still-flow
ings, its
—the so
the stat
quaint f
titled or
grown c
a garden
full Blo
and the
have ta
Meadow
makes t
househol
of the E
wide a
printed
"Or the
Dr. Bur
speak in
hood wi
our man
its socre
lives wo
strongest
years. I
as the fa