

Just a Line or Two.

REV. A. O. ALEXANDER, President of the St. Thomas District League has gone to North Dakota in search of health.

The League at Manitowaning was reorganized last January with a membership of eight. Now there are over twenty members.

The League at Barstow, Que., has passed a resolution asking for the formation of a "Canadian Epworth League Tenth Legion."

SINCE last autumn four Leagues have been organized on the Bradford District, at Mount Pleasant, Ebenezer, Bond Head, and Penville.

The President of the League at Dartford informs us that the associate members are great helpers in the work. This is as it should be.

The members of the Bell Street Epworth League, Ottawa, has increased during the past two years from 40 to 102. The meetings are full of enthusiasm and spirituality.

The Napanee District League at its recent session passed a strong resolution approving of the action of the General Conference in reference to the question of amusements.

DURING the past two months four Junior Leagues have been organized on the Chatham District in connection with country circuits. We would like to have a similar report from every district in our work.

SINCE last September the Leagues on the Bradford District have paid in \$332 for the support of the Rev. D. Norman, missionary in China. This is quite an increase on the amount raised last year.

THE President of the League at Bosworth sends the cheerful intelligence that the society is progressing nicely. The spiritual element predominates and the young people take the topics cheerfully and successfully.

THE President of Zion Epworth League, Galt District, reports that they have a society of forty members, thirty-eight of whom are active. The regular attendance is greater than the membership. A large number of boys attend the meetings regularly, and are always attentive and well behaved.

THE League at Agnes Street, Toronto, has commenced the publication of a small weekly paper called *Our Ward*, which aims at promoting better citizenship, etc. There are some energetic workers in this League who are pressing aggressive work throughout the ward in which the church is located. Open air services are frequently held.

On The Wing.

BY S. A. STEEL, D.D.

Oxford—not in old England, but down in Mississippi. It is a quiet little town in the northern part of the state, and is the seat of the State University. This noble institution of learning, though under the control of the state, has an able faculty, every member of which is an active Christian. It does not exist for intellectual culture alone. This is a most pernicious doctrine, and divorces higher education from morals. In the University of Mississippi the Bible is read, and prayer is offered every day by the professors in turn. And the character of the men recommends the religion they profess. They are high-toned, modest Christian scholars, just the kind of men to have charge of the higher education of the young men of the country. Between a church school that allows infidels to hold professorial chairs in its faculty, and a State School that keeps only Christian scholars there, I prefer the latter. Religion—I mean the real sort—has not yet become old-fashioned and out-of-date down in Mississippi.

FIGHTING A BLIND TIGER.

Nearly every county in Mississippi is under local option, but in some of them liquor has been sold clandestinely in defiance of the law. This has been the case in Oxford for some time. It was a shame that it was so, and due solely to the culpable apathy of public sentiment. We are too prone to think when we pass a prohibitory law, that is the end of the liquor fight. It is only the beginning of it. Whiskey is lawless. It defies statutes; it mocks at government. It did so in Oxford. In spite of all the salutary moral influence of the University, many of the young men have fallen victims to the diabolical agency of rum obtained surreptitiously. At last a few good men determined to kill the "blind tiger." A Good Citizens' League was formed. Dr. R. W. Jones, one of the professors in the University, was elected head of it. That meant business. Dr. Jones went to Gettysburg with Lee, and up the heights with Pickett; stoutly shivered but unflinching in the trenches at Petersburg, and gripped his sword with a sterner grasp as he fed on leaves and roots on the march to Appomattox, where he was one of the unconquered band that yielded to "overwhelming numbers and resources." He is a quiet, refined, scholarly gentleman, but liking for the dirty work of dragging the filthy business of illicit liquor selling into the light. But he is always ready to do his duty. In this case he entered with vigor upon the work, and soon had his game quarried. Ex-Governor G. D. Shands, a professor in the Law Department, and one of the tallest men in the country, conducted the prosecution. It was worth travelling five hundred miles to hear that speech of Shands. He ought to be in the United States Senate. His tastes do not run to politics; but patriotism ought to see its true interest, and call such men to the place where they can best serve their country. The jury were out but a few minutes, when they returned with a verdict of "guilty," and the "blind tiger" could see well enough to count out fifty dollars fine and get into jail. We are not always so successful fighting "blind tigers," because we don't always have such men as Jones for our leader, Shands for our lawyer, and Henry Matthes for a sheriff, and jurors whose faces would pass them into respectable society. We intend to keep up the hunt for "blind tigers" in Mississippi, till we kill out the ravenous beasts that imperil our homes.

NATCHEZ.

The "blind tiger" was growling with rage, Jones smiling with quiet satisfaction, and good people rejoicing, when I boarded the train for Natchez. Next to New Orleans, it is the oldest town, perhaps, on the Lower Mississippi. Its origin goes away back into the earliest days of American history. It occupies a beautiful situation on a bluff nearly two hundred feet high, overlooking a great sweep of the Mississippi River. The Roman Catholics dominate everything, as they do in nearly all the towns in this latitude along the Mississippi. Sunday is an open day. Stores close at eleven business, hundreds of people were hurrying to the river to enjoy the excursion, and there was a general air of holiday gaiety. I have observed that this prevailing laxity of sentiment affects our Protestantism unfavorably. We need backbone in our religion to grapple with such adverse influences, and control them. It is a delightful home with a wide-awake Epworth League. Dr. J. C. Ballard; and through the courtesy of Dr. Nonsworthy, the pastor of our leading Methodist church, I was shown some very interesting historical places in the neighborhood of Natchez. One of these is "Briars," an old home of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy. It is a few miles out from Natchez, on a lovely bluff, very high, and covered with verdure. The road leading to it is very romantic, passing through deep cuts in the hillsides, and completely shaded by semi-tropical verdure or the branches of great trees, from

whose wide-extended limbs long gray moss was trailing in wondrous beauty.

We were very hospitably received on the broad verandah,—eighteen feet wide by forty-eight feet long. From this noble verandah, you can look out over the Mississippi river, and across a great sweep of farming country in Louisiana beyond. The young lady who welcomed us with the grace of a high-born aristocrat, conducted us into a spacious parlor. It was the room in which Mr. Davis was married. This young lady, by the way, was very charming. I spoke about the beauty of the plantation, and she told me of the beauty among such rich old historic associations and romantic scenery. A hammock on that verandah and Browning—what else was needed! The older ladies smiled, and began to tell me something of the young lady, whose blushes protested against the disclosures they made. Browning! Yes, she enjoyed Browning, but she had milked the cow, to carry her horse, to harness him, to go on errands—to do a great many things besides swing in a hammock and read Browning. I glanced at her hands; they were as soft and delicate as the magnolias on the big tree out in the yard. "Servants are hard to get, and more trouble than they are help," was the significant explanation of the ladies. I have taken liberties with this home to give you an insight into home life in Dixie now. Here in the old home of Jefferson Davis is a girl of the new South, with the beauty, the refinement, the culture, the exquisite tone of true womanhood that marked the women of a generation ago, plus the energy the self-reliance, the pluck made necessary and developed by the new social conditions under which we have lived since the war. She is not the "new woman," with her muscle and masculine airs, expert at golf, who can "do twenty miles" on a bike in equivocal attire. No, no, no! Deliver me from her. This is a real girl, and worth a whole regiment of new women for all the purposes for which God created woman. Give her a mind to write a novel and put that girl in it. The Bible was brought, and we were asked to conduct worship before we left. From homes like this the old South's glory sprung, that made her loved at home, renowned abroad.

The other place we visited was the grave of S. S. Printiss. Printiss came to Mississippi from Maine at an early day, and became one of the most distinguished citizens the State ever had. He was foremost among the orators of the South at a time when oratory was the most important profession in the land. Traditions of his wonderful eloquence linger in the country still. Some ludicrous stories are told of his dramatic oratory. On one occasion he was addressing a vast concourse of people at a circus. "Fellow citizens!" he exclaimed. "The speech of my distinguished opponent is enough to make the very animals cry out for shame!" Just then the lion roared, the tiger screamed, and there was a terrific chorus from the cages, while the people went wild over the marvellous endorsement of the beasts. His grave is right on the side of the road, surrounded by a brick wall, and shaded by great old trees, from whose branches hang long drooping of gray moss. It seems as if nature made it a burial place, and hung around it appropriate funeral emblems. As we drove up, an old negro woman came to open the gate, and let us into the inclosure. She was wrinkled and bent, with an old red cloth wrapped around her head—a genuine "old aunty." As she opened the gate I said, "Aunty, I hope you keep on good terms with the Lord?" "I don't understand, mister," she replied. "Are you a Christian?" I asked. "Oh, is that it? I ain't as good to Him as He is to me," she said, and then rattled off her story about the dead with the usual dull professional tone. Poor Printiss! He died in his prime. The genius that swayed men as by the wand of magic, was chained by the demon of intemperance. His memory is an inspiration and a warning to the youth of the land he loved.