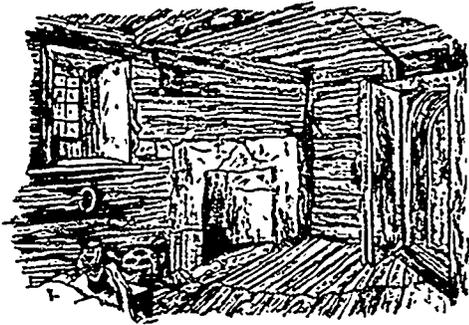


and went to Worms, where he began anew, and was able to complete his work.

Few men knew how the book had been translated or printed. No man could tell how it came about. But true it was that large quantities were smuggled into England. The people bought them up eagerly. Although very few men could read, as many as 10,000 copies must have been sold. As eagerly as the people bought it, just as eagerly was it denounced by the Church. Bishops met in conclave. The books were ordered to be collected for destruction. Crowds gathered in London. A huge fire was lit. A long sermon was preached reviling the book. In piles it was tossed into the thirsty flames, and every man who refused to surrender his copy was put out of the church for ever.

But more and more was it purchased, and more and more was it read. An enthusiastic bishop offered to pay for every copy that was brought to the fire. A friend carried the message over the water to Tyndale. Tyndale acted; his machine printed on; pushed his trade; and the money of the bishop paid the expenses.

To burn out such a book they must burn such a man. He was invited to return. He was coaxed. He was threatened. But all to no purpose. He knew the secret meaning of the alluring invitations. At length orders were issued to apprehend him. He hid. He was nowhere to be found. He must be courted again. Invited to dine with a friend, he was entrapped on the way



LOMBARD PRISON.

to the house. He was caught, thrown into prison, and eventually followed the fate of his precious Bibles. Out of his ashes his work arose with double power. The Bible he translated in his retreat at Hamburg; printed, through all the threats of the Church, at Cologne; and poured into England at the point of the sword and the crackle of the fire, is the foundation of the edition of the Bible which to-day goes hand in hand with the English language in its unending March of civilization.

TOPOLOBAMBO.

A NEW NAME AND A NEW PLACE.

Topolobambo is the name of a projected colony on the west-coast of Mexico. It has been settled in order to shake the old systems to their foundations. By Americans it was planned, and to test modern notions of co-operation. Every man is to be employed by the community, and for the community. The land, and all it grows will belong, not to a favoured few, but to the public in general; and the entire business of the colony,

as well as its farming, transportation, building, drainage, insurance, education, and so forth, will be under the control of the town and county councils.

Securing land on a bay in the Gulf of California, the colonists set to work four years ago, amid the most disheartening obstacles. The land was poor. Water was scarce. Sickness invaded their tents. But perseverance never forsook them. Fresh men joined them, who, on their arrival, were kindly treated and supplied with a "good square meal" of beans, fish, corn and wheat bread, sweet potatoes, squash, and oranges. Their Christmas dinner consisted of roast chickens, custard-pie, cookies, radishes, sweet potatoes, butter-beans, fresh pork, light biscuits, coffee, tea, and milk. As to crops, the list is formidable, if not actually incredible—cabbages, tomatoes, pumpkins, squashes, melons, pease, beans, onions, various kinds of potatoes, bananas, figs, coconuts, dates, grapes, lemons, oranges, rice, sugarcane, tobacco, cotton, sorghum fodder that can be cut every seven weeks, and ten harvests of clover in a year.

The people live in bamboo houses thatched with native grasses. The floors are spread with bamboo mats, and the walls and partitions are made of the same. Strangers, on their arrival, are provided with tents. A house may be built for one hundred dollars. A city plan of twenty-two square miles has been laid out, with wide avenues, and where the cars and all machinery will be driven by electricity. The cooking, too, is to be by electricity. They have their own newspaper already. Factories will be run by members of the colony. The community will supply the material. The articles when made are to be conveyed from the factories to the shops by electric cars. From the stores to the houses they will be despatched by pneumatic tubes. New members are expected to purchase city lots, and take stock in the colony, although no man can hold more than one lot, and that only for his own use. No rents. No landlords. The neighbouring Mexicans look upon the intruders kindly. Their children attend the colony school. Exchange visits are paid among the seniors, and the civilized world is watching the experiment.

ON THE OVERLAND TRAIL.

BY AN OLD "FORTY-NINER."

It has been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that after the mormons located at Salt Lake they bent all their energies to two things—making friends with the Indians and seeking to prevent white people, not of their own faith, from penetrating into that country. They did gain the good-will of the several tribes of Indians with whom they came in contact to such a degree as made it safe for a mormon to go anywhere. Once in a while one was killed before he could identify himself, but the man who proved himself a mormon need have no fear of the savages who had been trained from infancy to hate a white man and take his scalp whenever opportunity offered. This was accomplished in various ways. They made common cause with the Indian against the remainder of the white race, promising him all the scalps and plunder. They made him presents, caused him to believe that they were persecuted because they espoused his cause, and in other ways got such a firm hold on his affections that he became the most powerful ally they could have selected. They made him arrow heads and lance heads, they provided him with his first firearms