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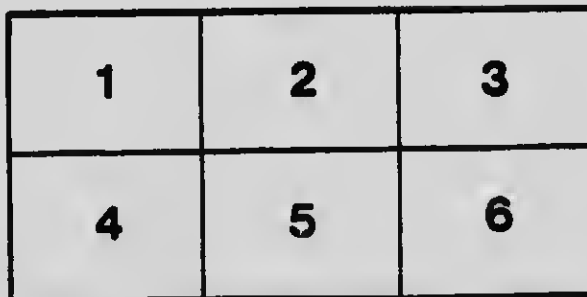
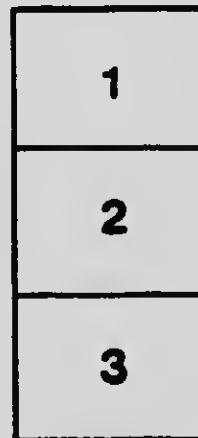
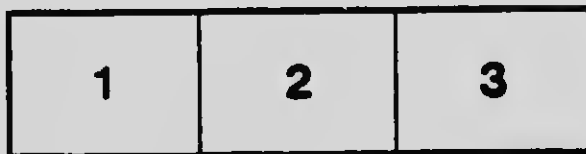
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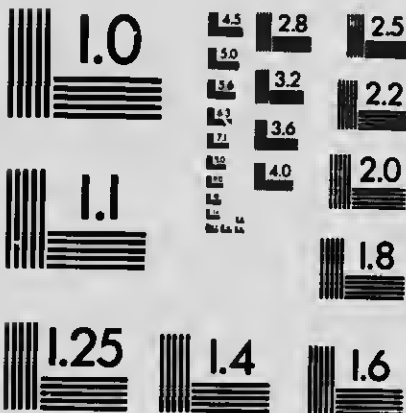
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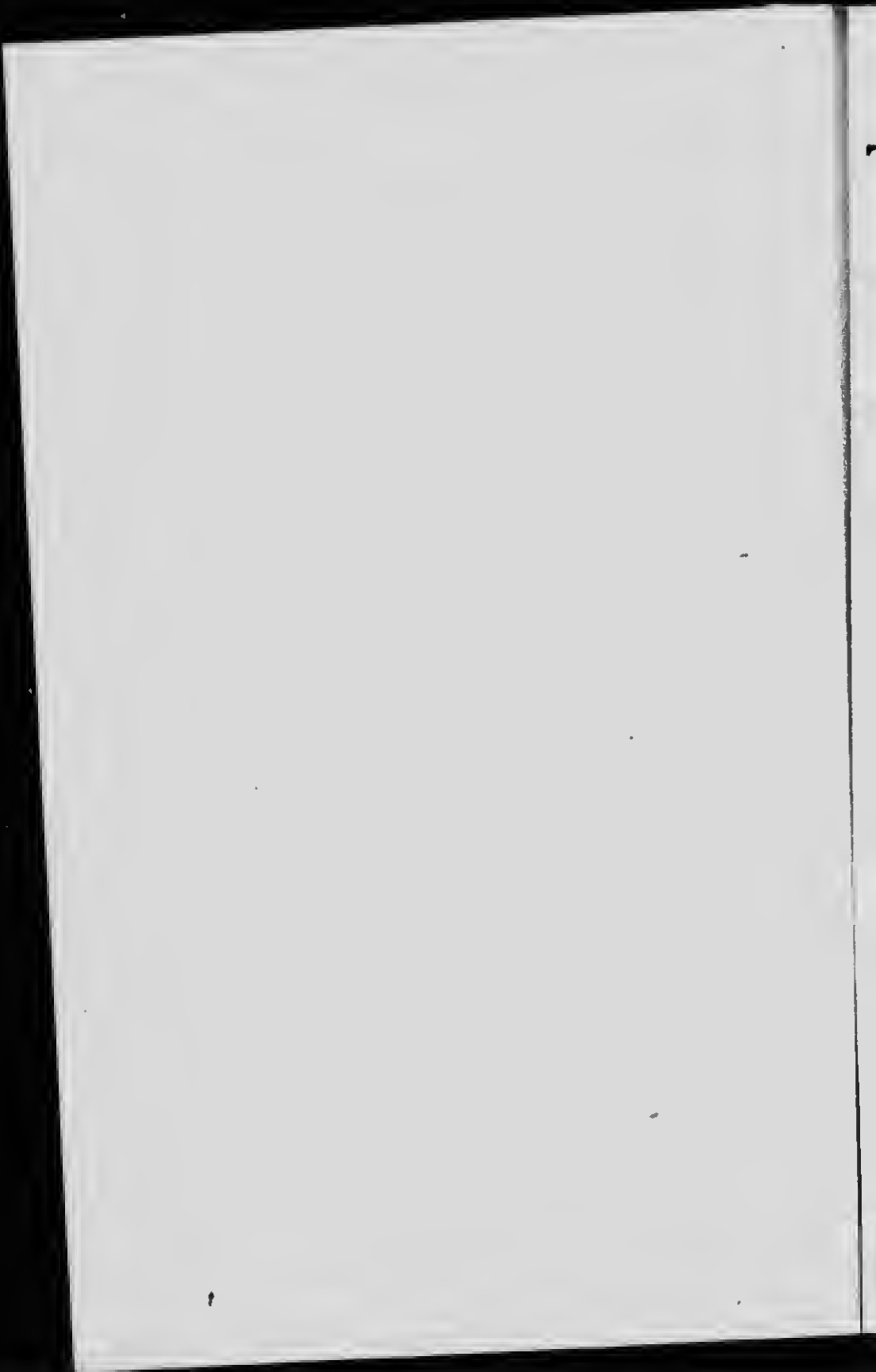
THE AMISHMAN

CLYDE SMITH

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July 1907



THE AMISHMAN

BY

CLYDE SMITH

Toronto

WILLIAM BRIGGS

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INTRODUCTION

IN order to a better understanding of the narrative, and a better knowledge of the sect to which the Yoders belonged, the reader will pardon, by way of introduction, a brief outline of the origin, creed and customs of the Amish sect.

They derive their name from their founder, Jacob Amman, a Mennonite preacher of Berne, Switzerland. Amman was very conservative in his views, and advocated "avoidance," or the practice of "shunning" those placed under the ban. He prescribed a dress of a particular cut and material, and the use of hooks and eyes. The German word for hook being *haft*, they got the name of Haftler, in contradistinction to the Mennonites, who used buttons, and were called "Knopfler," a word derived from the German word *knopf*, a button.

He revived the practice of "feet-washing" at the communion service. It may be noted in passing that the Pope on occasions practises the ceremony of feet-washing, as does also the Greek Church.

Emigrants from Switzerland carried the division to Alsace-Lorraine and the Palatinate, whence they came to America chiefly from 1820 to 1850, owing to the hardships resulting from the Napoleonic wars. Many came to Ontario from Pennsylvania,

being attracted by the cheaper lands available for settlers.

The Amish, like the Mennonites, adopted the Dort Confession of 1632 as the best expression of their Calvinistic faith. They insisted upon a more rigid use of the practice of "shunning" than the Mennonites, the larger denomination from which they sprang.

Each community was independent of every other in its religious government. At first they met in one another's houses or barns for worship, where dinner was served with *bohne suppe* (bean soup) as the characteristic dish. Later, when a community increased in numbers, they erected plain, Quaker-like churches. Their bishop, preachers and deacons are chosen by lot. Their local government is a sort of theocracy under a bishop, who presides over them and settles disputes and difficulties that arise from time to time, and who has by law the full power of other clergy.

Their clothes are plain, home-made, and of prescribed material and shape, the use of buttons and suspenders being forbidden. The men are required to grow beards early and to shave the upper lip. The women, too, dress plain in sombre brown or black, with a cape or shawl on the shoulders, and the inevitable apron. On their heads they wear a kerchief, or the "slat" bonnet, an evolution of the old Quaker hat, which is tied under the chin.

As there was no central authority to enforce uniformity, and as their faith fostered a spirit of in-

dividualism, each person interpreting Bible truth for himself or herself, there was a strong natural tendency to split up into numerous factions on matters often of minor import. In this regard they may be considered ultra-Protestant.

The cause for this tendency may be found partly in the spirit and character of a people who came from the humbler walks in life, and who were not broadened much by contact with others. They were not trained to subordinate the non-essentials to the broader and more essential things in life. However, they are a thoroughly religious and God-fearing body, who live out in their quiet lives, to the best of their ability, the principles of the very lofty theology of the Sermon on the Mount.

They believe in the absolute separation of Church and State. They are opposed to the taking of an oath, the holding of office and the bearing of arms. Inter-marriage with outsiders is strictly forbidden, their authority for this being found in the Scriptural words, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." They wish to remain a people separate and apart.

While they want their children to learn the English language and the "three R's," they are as a body opposed to higher education, and in consequence they have not taken the important place in our civilization that their splendid physical, mental and moral qualities entitle them to take.

Their bishops and preachers have no special training for their office, nor are they paid salaries,

but are chosen by lot and by reason of natural aptitude for their work. As a rule, however, they are worthy exponents of the religion of the common people, based upon the example and teaching of the early primitive church. The ancestors of this peace-loving sect were undoubtedly made to have a hatred of war by the awful examples of its evil effects that they beheld upon the blood-stained battlefields of Europe. They were attracted to the United States and to Canada by assurances that they would be protected in the exercise of their religious liberties and beliefs, and, moreover, that they would be exempt from the bearing of arms in the new world, in a way that had largely been denied to them in the old world.

These things, however, did not come to them even in America without a struggle.

They are firm believers in the doctrine of non-resistance as taught in Matthew 5:39, 40: "But whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also; and if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also."

As a people they speak the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect in their homes, while their children learn only the English language at the public schools.

In the narrative following, the English language will almost exclusively be used.

THE AMISHMAN

CHAPTER I.

THE YODERS.

SOLOMON YODER, senior, emigrated from Alsace to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. He tarried there for some time working for farmers in order to learn farming, and at the same time to earn some money. There he married his first wife, and they decided to try their fortunes in Ontario, where, at that time, there were cheaper lands available for settlers.

They trekked in a Conestoga wagon across the Alleghany Mountains, up the Susquehanna River, through New York State to the Niagara, thence to Hamilton and Dundas. Then proceeding north-westerly through the Beverly Swamp, they located on heavily-timbered lands in Central Ontario.

Here this genuine type of a pioneer, strong mentally and physically, hewed out a home for himself and his family in the land of his adoption. Here he not only drew wealth from the soil, but in doing so wrought within him a strong moral fibre of stability, endurance and masterfulness, qualities that those who till the soil are wont to acquire.

He and his wife were thrifty and industrious. When up rose the sun, up rose Yoder. He prospered, and had two sons and a daughter, when he met with the appalling calamity of the loss of a faithful wife, which event brought sorrow to the home. Later, he married again; and another son was born unto him, with whom the subsequent narrative is chiefly concerned.

This son was named after him, and will be known as Solomon Yoder, junior. He was early predestined to be the heir to the old homestead. The older sons are usually provided with farms of their own when they marry and leave the old home. (This Yoder did for his eldest son.) In this way the old homestead often falls to the youngest son.

Up yonder on the hill is the graveyard (*Gottesacker*), with its unpainted, sombre and closely-shuttered morgue, awe-inspiring in its isolation and ghostly suggestiveness.

Down yonder in the hollow where the highways meet is a tavern. Its location and appearance, on the other hand, are suggestive of restfulness and solid comfort for the wayfaring man.

The former place on the hill seems to say to the passerby, "Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." It was not like Auld Kirk Allogay, but, like all empty houses, it was soulless, repulsive, dead. The imagination fills it with things uncanny. Passing it at night, one would be apt to keep an eye upon it steadily for fear of surprises.

The tavern in the hollow, though also a plain frame structure like the morgue, seemed inviting in comparison. It seemed to say to the passer, "Within I invite you to good-fellowship, sociability and good cheer." In your imagination it says to you, "Eat, drink and be merry."

Some distance from this was the Yoder homestead, consisting of one hundred acres of rich soil—sixty of cleared, arable land, and forty acres of the back part of the lot left untouched by the axe of man, and through which, with winding course, flowed a creek. Truly, their lines had fallen to them in pleasant places.

Yoder, senior, though still in the vigor of manhood, yet through the loss of his wife and the sermons of the bishop, who drove home to his hearers with almost brutal directness the lesson taught by these visitations, brooded over the uncertainty of life. His thoughts were in consequence too much centred upon death and upon preparation for the last call. He was seen one day in the cemetery on the hill to lie down on his back, stretch out his arms as if to measure the space in the plot to see if there was room for himself between the grave of his first wife and the spot where his second and present wife might be laid, and an expression of satisfaction seemed to light up his face when he rose at this solution of a problem which had long occupied his mind. "That's all right," he was heard to say to himself, as he walked away, now apparently ready for any fate.

Meanwhile, Sol. Yoder, junior, was being rocked, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say bumped, in the old wooden cradle which had rocked the other Yoders. He was getting a good start in life in this healthy atmosphere and in these surroundings. He was sprung from healthy parents, and reared in surroundings that developed a strong, vigorous boyhood. Soon he entertained a fond mother and father with his baby talk in good Pennsylvania Dutch, his first language; for it was not till he grew older that he talked in English also. His first travelled territory was on his hands and knees over the kitchen floor. His first climbing was up the stairway. His next field of operations after he became an erect biped was in the yard outside, and later he ranged in the farm fields.

The boys were clad from early youth in clothes oddly like the garb of grown-up Amishmen. They were miniatures of the elder brethren.

Later he loved to go with the men who were plowing. He felt as proud as a king enthroned when he was placed on the cross-bar of the plow handles just above the mould-board, with his little feet thrust into the narrowing space between the mould-board and the sides of the plow. From this coign of vantage he watched the willing horses bend their necks to the task of drawing the earth-cleaving plow, and listened with pleasure to the jingle of the plow chains and of the whiffle-trees.

He would even enjoy the "scrunt" of the plow-share as it scraped over a hidden stone. This added

a variety and the element of danger which gave zest to it all. He liked to watch the birds alighting in the new-made furrow to hunt for worms. It was a real pleasure to him to watch the moist brown earth glide over the mould-board and turn, stubble down, in its long, straight layer of earth. His small talk seemed to be pleasing both to the horses and to the stalwart between the stilts, whose guiding hands kept the plow in position. He loved to hear the kindly words of caution, direction and encouragement which the plowman spoke betimes to his well-loved horses.

In this way he was early trained to a liking for the soil and for the driving of horses, and the life and work on the farm, his predestined task. Such boys so reared, in later years, are not anxious to leave the farm.

CHAPTER II.

FEEDING THE HENS.

YOUNG Yoder was soon given the daily task of feeding the hens. The hennery he had to look after was composed of two sections. In the inner part were the laying boxes, with the roosting spars aloft. He rarely saw the hens in a state of repose on the spars, for on his approach with his tin pail of light wheat there was a flutter of wings and a mad rush for the outer section, where the wheat was scattered on the ground for them. They needed to consume no time in dressing, or even yawning, though the stretching of wings after they alighted somewhat resembled the movement of a child's arms as it yawns upon waking. Young Sol. took great delight in watching this scramble for the light grain they seemed to be so eager for.

The banquet did not need to wait. The two rival roosters strutted around in a lordly manner, as they uttered a sound like "law-law-law!" The hens in the meantime were hastily gorging themselves almost to choking in their hungry haste. In order to clear their throats they would give their heads a quick jerk, with a movement not unlike the way some boys will snap their fingers, and emitting a sound like the word "tick." The ruddy roosters,

still strutting around till, perchance, they would meet face to face, with beaks down and almost touching, with their neck feathers ruffled up. In a challenging manner each would pick up a grain of wheat, as much as to say, "I can eat what I like for all I care for you." This posing was unnoticed by all but the boy, who was usually an interested spectator and awaited results. After some sparring in the way of sticking their beaks impudently up to each other, they begin the battle by plunging ferociously at each other, while the more sensible hens continue to gorge themselves with their food, quite heedless of their more warlike chieftains. Again and again the combatants dash against each other in a too equal contest. Sheer exhaustion causes the one, perhaps slightly more exhausted than the other, to crowd his beak up against his opponent, receiving the enfeebled pecks at close range of the other. Young Sol., knowing that they have had enough, chases them away, when, forgetful of the battle, they betake themselves to more peaceful pursuits and the society of their many mates. Perchance one of them finds a big grain of wheat, and sounds his peculiar tremulous call, and the first hen to rush there gets the tid-bit.

Young Yoder found much food for reflection in all this. He found, however, but little to help him in the creed of his people about non-resistance, for even the tiniest chick seemed instinctively ever to be spoiling for a fight. Even the less warlike hens have a pleasant "set-to" occasionally. He has

seen the mother hen most ferociously attack an invader in defence of her offspring, and her gallant resistance to the aggressor excited young Yoder's unbounded admiration. This was all very unsetting, however, to the doctrine of non-resistance.

When he appealed to his father he was told that he was surely above hens, that hens were, after all, as narrow as their faces. These explanations were never soul-satisfying, and the boy was usually left in greater perplexity than ever.

Out in the sheep field, where those most peaceful of all creatures fed, he had seen two rams meet head-on in mortal combat. He saw them deliberately back up, and with their heads so placed that they would designedly meet with a dull, deadening thud, rush at each other time after time. This they repeated, till one fell dead from the mortal blow of the other, when the victor would seemingly march away well satisfied with himself.

There was in each a determination to fight, and to fight to a finish. This was apparently Nature's way of settling disputes. This was not as Menno or Amman taught, yet in his inmost soul he felt that they were disciples of the Great Teacher in whom his fathers believed, and they must be right.

CHAPTER III.

THE SCHOOLBOY.

YOUNG Yoder had now reached six summers, had been reared thus far close to nature, was sound and healthy, and his fond parents now thought it was time for him to go to school and learn the English language better, and learn reading, writing and arithmetic. Seeding was over, and it was a fine summer morning when young Sol. was dressed as a young Amishman. His father accompanied him to introduce him to the school teacher who taught at the white frame school along the concession line.

The boy was kissed by his mother, and told to be a good Amish boy. The birds were singing their love songs to their mates in the trees. The boy wore plain brown clothes fastened by hooks and eyes, as buttons were considered worldly and were forbidden. He was a real Amishman in miniature. He was no boy in an Eton jacket. He was oddly a little man in man's clothes. His mother had given his hair the bowl cut. His father took the little man-boy's hand in his, and with this replica of himself they started for the school. On the way he took occasion to caution the boy to remain a true Amishman, telling him not to mind being called

names, but on the contrary to be proud of his clothes and his church.

The boy carried a little dinner pail in his other hand, which his kind mother had filled with good things for her little man at school, God's blessing having been silently invoked over it by the mother as she closed the lid down upon it.

They reached the school early, yet young Sol. had to meet the gaze of a score or more eyes as his father led him into the school and introduced him to the teacher. The teacher liked the honest, healthy-looking boy at first sight, and spoke kindly to him. The father soon left the lad, and started back to his farm work. The boy was here in a sense alone, for there is often a sense of loneliness among a thousand strangers. Here he was to be broadened, or, if you prefer it, he was to be to a certain extent corrupted by contact with the world. He had not come in contact with it at his home. Here he saw much that conflicted with what he had been taught at home from the Sermon on the Mount. Most of the games played at the school were a sort of mimic warfare. One side battled with the other for supremacy. Even the teacher met force with force. He struck and punished those who in the slightest resisted his authority. The strong lorded it over the weak. He was early made the butt of ridicule for his clothes, especially for his hooks and eyes. He was called in derision a "Haftler." Sometimes a boy wishing to tease him would say, "Misha-misha-misha," rapidly, an

indirect way of calling him in derision Amish. He had ample opportunity for the exercise on his part of the principles of non-resistance, but when heavy hands were laid upon him, though he would not strike, he would push aside his assailant, for he was strong for his age. In this way he taught his assailants to respect him. In this world of the school he saw much of the same sort of thing he was familiar with in the animal world. Fowl would fight with fowl, dog with dog, and even sheep with sheep. Yes, they even killed each other. Oh, the mystery of it all!

However, he was interested in learning, and for its sake endured much. He was a favorite with the teacher, and there were a number of other Amish children with whom he became very friendly, as well as with some of the others.

A year later his father took him for the first time to the county seat. Here he was much puzzled. No one he saw there seemed to want to be "plain." The ladies whom he saw seemed to strive to the uttermost to be gaudy, for they decked themselves out in all the colors of the rainbow. Instead of avoiding buttons, they wore on their clothes the largest and showiest ones they could get. Every rule of his church was here openly violated. In the shop windows every display seemed the extreme of worldiness. There were fuss and feathers everywhere.

He halted in front of a barber shop window, and looking within saw men seated in the chairs, the

Barbers busy cutting their hair, cropping it closely with clippers and scissors. He saw men have their chins lathered and shaved smooth, while the moustache was left untouched. Everything that was done seemed to be in direct opposition to the rules of his church, which forbade the shaving off of beards and enjoined the shaving of the upper lip. At times of doubt and questionings within him, he wondered whether all the multitude of people he saw were wrong and only his own people right.

In the jewelry shops there were gems, pearls, diamonds and bracelets of gold, all to be worn for the express purpose of display and to make the wearers gaudy and worldly. No one here seemed to want to be plain. It was all one grand puzzle to him.

Presently he heard martial strains which proceeded from a brass band on the march, the pealing sounds of the brass instruments being accentuated by loud and measured drum-beats. Behind the band he saw marching with measured tread a company of soldiers, with their rifles at "slope arms" and their bayonets glistening in the sun. An admiring crowd looked on at them, as they proudly marched past, the officers with drawn swords leading the men. He instinctively followed them on their march to the market square, where at the word of command they halted, and went through some military evolutions. Here, thought he, were men being trained in the art of killing. Here was force and the forces of aggression and resistance per-

sonified. This puzzled and shocked him more than all else. In his innocence young Sol. looked upon it all with much of the same feeling of horror that one could imagine a Hindoo would look upon a slaughter-house where cattle, which he was taught to look upon as sacred, were ruthlessly slaughtered for the purpose of being eaten by a bloodthirsty race who had no regard for sacred things. How different the viewpoint! Here were men bearing arms, the purpose of which was to drive death-dealing bullets through the bodies of the enemy. At close quarters these bayonets were to be thrust through the vitals of their opponents, quite regardless of the Divine command—"Thou shalt not kill."

These things seemed to this boy so inconsistent with the teaching and spirit of Christianity that, young though he was, he wondered that a people practising such things could make any pretence that they were Christian. When he got home and away from it all he felt glad in his heart that he was a young Amishman.

He for one was not attracted by the glitter and the glare, by the noise and the fuss and the feathers of city life. These things did not attract; they repelled him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RUSTY NAIL.

THE monotony of young Sol.'s schooldays was rudely, yet in a simple manner, broken in upon. This bare-footed boy by chance stepped upon a rusty nail, which pierced the sole of his foot. At first he treated it lightly, but he became alarmed when his foot swelled up. His parents, too, became anxious and put on a linseed poultice. Soon he could not mark this foot to the ground. Being thus crippled, he was furnished with a crutch, and was confined to the house for weeks. He now had a new viewpoint of his household from the inside. He learned much; he never knew till now how busy a woman his mother really was. Her duties were multitudinous and her periods of rest correspondingly short. She was up with the sun, and her work seemed to be never done.

By this enforced close acquaintance with his own home he came to admire the wide experience and masterful knowledge of his mother. He learned many things he had never learned before. He helped to wash and pare the potatoes, and then throw them into a pot with clean water. They had to be tested with a fork to see if they were sufficiently boiled, the water drained off, and then the

potatoes were salted. He never till now realized the labor and skill involved in the preparation of a single meal. He began to realize what an endless routine of household duties there was, and how much there was to learn in order to become a good housekeeper.

His mother taught him it was a sin to be idle, and she taught it by example rather than by precept.

He came to admire the industry and skill of a housewife. The farmer's wife has to prepare meals for the farm servants and helpers, and for all mechanics, masons and others employed in times of expansion. She makes soap, vinegar, apple butter, dried apples, sausages at the butcherings, head-cheese, smear-case and the inevitable sauer kraut, not to speak of her share in maple sugar making and butter making, all involving special knowledge and skill. Should a neighbor woman chance to call for a chat, the knitting was taken up.

Sol. overheard one well-meaning neighbor tell about a boy she knew of who had stepped on a rusty nail. She then pictured in awe-inspiring terms the terrors of lockjaw and the resulting death of the boy. He trembled in his every limb; he felt his jaws with his hands, and opened his mouth to reassure himself that he was not yet stricken with this dread malady.

In this way, too, he learned much about his relatives whom he had never heard of before. He heard how his kinsman Heinrich, who had been addicted to heavy drinking, had gone into a local

doctor's office to have his throat examined. The doctor, after a careful examination, said, "I do not see anything wrong with your throat." "Well," said Heinrich, "two hundred acres went down there, so I thought some of the stumps might be stickin' in it."

In this way also he heard them discuss many remedies, which showed a very considerable knowledge of the science of medicine, mixed up with much superstition. He heard a description of the manner in which an ague could be tied to a tree. A person is tied to a tree with a long string, then he runs round and round the tree till the string is exhausted. This is tying an ague to a tree.

His ears were at times regaled with witch and ghost stories, which gave him creepy feelings.

He filled his spare time with reading, but the library available for him was very meagre. Besides bibles, hymn books and his own school books there was a historical sketch of the Mennonites, entitled "The Bloody Theatre," "The Martyr Book" and "The Universal Cattle Doctor Book."

His happiest moments were spent with some of his own school friends, who came to enquire about himself and to find out how he was progressing. They told him what was going on at school, and how the little, bare, naked birds with the red, wide-gaping bills could now fly, and all the gossip of the school that, after all, he longed to get back to.

CHAPTER V.

THE PHRENOLOGIST.

YOUNG Yoder's foot in due time healed up, his crutches were thrown aside, and he once more was the light-footed boy as of yore. He had learned perhaps more useful knowledge than he would have learned at school during the period of his enforced absence. He was pleased to renew his school days, and he received a popular welcome from the boys, which cheered him. He again became engrossed in the daily routine of school work. The schoolhouse, with the exception of an occasional visit to the county town, constituted about the only point of contact the Amish people had with the Gentile world around them. Yet the occasions for such contact were rather rare. The visit of some peripatetic lecturer or other entertainer would rally all the residents of the section to a meeting.

The teacher announced a novel attraction in the person of a Professor of Phrenology, who was (as stated by himself) prepared to read the heads of children or others for a small fee, or to give a chart for a more substantial sum.

The ambition of the member of this sect is largely limited to agricultural pursuits. He does not take part in matters of government, or in the

general administration of justice, or even in scientific progress. He does not send deputations to Parliament to ask for favors; he plows. He leaves these things largely to others living in the community in which he dwells. Such a settlement is not likely to prove to be a gold mine for a phrenologist. It was different with the more ambitious Scot.

On the appointed night a goodly audience of all classes had foregathered in the schoolhouse. It was lighted for the occasion by some coal oil lamps. Among the Scottish contingent was Sandy Sneckie, who wanted to have "Jock's heid bumpit," as he expressed it to the Professor. He promptly put the price for it. However, in order to give himself a better opportunity to display his wisdom, the Professor first lined up around him a group of the girls present. He advised an intelligent but rather lean girl in the line to eat all the plum pudding she could. He advised another to study deportment and to take some dancing lessons. Another he advised to cultivate sociability, cautiously dealing in generalities with the girls.

He was rather more reckless with the boys, whom he also lined up. There stood young Yoder, dressed "plain," with clothes fastened with hooks and eyes, but the Professor was not familiar with their true import: the cut of the boy's hair and his clean-cut profile somehow reminded him of pictures he had seen in American magazines of generals who had taken part in the great war between the North and the South. In consequence, he innocently pre-

dicted that young Yoder was likely to become a great warrior. Yoder, senior, who was an interested spectator, in a voice loud enough to be distinctly heard by all, expressive of deep concern, ejaculated, "Gott in Himmel!" The little man, who had not apprehended the true import of the prediction, was amazed at the blank look of disappointment he saw depicted in his father's face.

The next subject for examination was a boy nicknamed "Cock-eye," by reason of a squint he had, but which defect the Professor had not noticed, as he had only seen the boy's profile. He predicted that this boy would be a great marksman, as he had "an eye like Mars to threaten and command." He was puzzled at the titter of laughter that went round the room as he made these two predictions. He became more guarded, and really made some good guesses afterwards that restored his lost reputation a little.

He then took up the case of Jock Sneckie, whom he had been watching closely at every opportunity that presented itself. He said the boy had inherited a well-balanced head. He would be a man of action. "Yer richt," ejaculated Sandy. Encouraged by this remark he said: "With application this lad would be able to attain to almost any position he might aspire to." Then, feeling the boy's "bumps" he made such cabalistic remarks as "Philoprogenitiveness large," "combativeness high," "veneration average," "acquisitiveness high." "Dod! He's richt again," said Sandy Sneckie, talking to himself.

Thus encouraged, he said: "He would, in the words of Sydney Smith, keep the Sabbath and everything he could lay his hands on." Sandy grunted doubtfully, and then queried: "Hoo about inventiveness?" "Well developed," came the quick response from the Professor. "He'll dae," said Sandy, with an approving nod, and at the same time putting his hand to the spot indicated and feeling his own "bump" there, he said: "He's a chip o' the auld block."

After some other subjects had been dealt with, the meeting broke up.

Old Sol. and young Sol. went home hand-in-hand. The father took occasion to instil into his boy's mind a hatred of war, hoping in this way to overcome any desire that might have been engendered in him by the phrenologist's flattering remarks. He told his boy that Grandfather Yoder had seen real war in Europe. "What was it like, father?" "From what your grandfather told me, I think it's like hell. Men in war are not like men. They are like devils. They want to kill, to murder, and to butcher other men. The taste of blood makes men mad. Some call these warriors. You don't want to be a warrior, son, like that man said to-night?" "No, father, I want to be a farmer," said the boy. The father let the matter rest there, as he was content.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

THE scholars at the "White School House," as it was locally known, were all in a state of anxious preparedness for the coming "exam." This was the social event of the year, a sort of social melting pot, for here all classes met on terms of absolute equality.

Only the English language was taught, though a majority of the families in attendance spoke German at their homes.

The teacher, who was a young farmer's son from a neighboring section, had obtained a teacher's certificate. He had invited all the parents and guardians of the scholars, and also the teacher of a neighboring school. This visitor was promptly on hand at the opening, and was closely scanned. Quite a few of the ladies, the mothers of pupils, arrived with baskets. Some of the regular work of the classes at reading and spelling was taken up by the visiting teacher, and the scholars nervously displayed their proficiency, and were commended by

the visitor, who spoke a few kind, encouraging words to all. Then the special programme for the occasion was taken up. It consisted of recitations and singing.

Some of the smaller "tots," with shy, enquiring eyes as they faced an audience for the first time, said their little pieces and received hearty applause for their efforts. While the scholars were ready to laugh at mistakes, they were equally ready to applaud one another.

A Scotch boy gave "The Battle of the Baltic" with patriotic fervor. It was noticeable that they had a monopoly of warlike and patriotic pieces. Annie, an Amish girl, with her plain, sombre dress, with tidy and clean apron, and long plait of hair hanging down her back, after a nervous, jerky nod to the audience, meant for a bow, gave "The Old Arm Chair," with a slight German accent like this: "I luf it, I luf it, dat old a'm chair." She spoke rapidly and soon reached the welcome end, when, after another jerky nod of her head, she saw the approving smile on her mother's face as she took her seat.

The scholars, led by the teacher, then sang in a slow, drawling way, "Twenty Years Ago."

Then Solomon Yoder, junior, rose. This miniature of an Amishman with a conscious pride in his clothes and of the people who wore them, and with a Pennsylvania Dutch accent, but with a loud, clear voice, and with feeling, recited:

"Dell me, ye vinged vinds
 Dat round my padway roar,
 Do ye not know some schpot
 Vere mortals weep no more?
 Some lone and pleasant dell,
 Some valley in de Vest,
 Where, free from toil and care,
 De veary soul may rest?"

As he spoke the words his eyes looked in the direction of the woods, where was the old swimming hole, as if that was the place that in his soul answered best to the words he was reciting—that this was his Nirvana. He, too, as he took his seat, met with the approving maternal smile and the usual round of applause.

The school then sang the hymn, "Shall We Gather at the River?" with its alliteration and its swelling cadences, in a fairly commendable manner.

Then up rose Katrina, also clothed in Amish simplicity. She stood on the platform with her hands stiffly folded in front of her, and after a preliminary nod to the audience, she went off like an alarm clock with the following:

"Vat constitutes a schtate?
 Not high-raised battlement nor labored mound,
 Dick wall, or moated gate;
 Not cities prout mit schpires and turrets crown'd,
 Not bays and broad-a'med ports,
 Vere, leffing at de schtorm, prout navies ride;
 Not starr'd and spangled courts,
 Vere low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride!
 No! Men, high-minded men
 [Here she lifted her hand by way of emphasis]
 Mit powers as far above dull brutes endued,
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;—
 Men who deir duties know,
 But know deir rights, and knowing, dare maintain!"

She gave a hurried nod to the audience, and dashed to her seat. She had recited her piece with such rapidity that she bewildered the audience, and made her fond parents think she was a "smert" girl and a profound English scholar.

Here we have the spectacle of a people largely German-speaking, enjoying an entertainment wholly in the English tongue, a language which the elders there knew quite imperfectly, but who rejoiced to see their children becoming proficient in a language which they knew was the business language of the country. They rejoiced that their children would be all the better for a fuller and more thorough knowledge of that language than it had been their good fortune to obtain. This, too, with a sect who by their creed and the rules of their church were enjoined to keep themselves separate and apart from the world.

This shows them as a sensible people, with a desire that their children might not be handicapped in their business transactions as they themselves had been through an imperfect knowledge of the language of the business world in which they lived. This was their solution of the bi-lingual question.

It will be seen, too, that they had common textbooks, which contained some sentiments which ran counter to their beliefs, and to a certain extent they had to be eclectic, as were the pieces selected in this school entertainment. They selected pieces which referred to the home nature, and others which

taught a higher ideal of good citizenship than that evidenced "by reeking tube and iron shard."

Then, as a fitting close to the entertainment, the ladies busied themselves in preparing a luncheon from a community of baskets, and it is needless to state that this community of baskets made for unity of spirit, the teacher's contribution to the feast being a little bag of candies for each pupil, and the scholars were polite enough to say "Thank you," when they were handed the same.

The luncheon being over, after a few words from the trustees and the visiting teacher, the meeting closed with the National Anthem.

All went home happier and with a more kindly feeling one to another as a result of their meeting together in the White School House.

The school is the chief assimilator.

CHAPTER VII.

BROKEN ENGLISH.

WHILE on the subject of language, some of young Sol. Yoder's experience with the English may deserve attention here.

He was sent over to Sneckie's by his father for a coat that had been left there, when he was at a threshing bee. Knocking at the door, he faced the good Scotch lady of the house, to whom he said: "My fader's coot is hare." The good woman in surprise said: "Yer faither's cut his hair! Weel, whit if he has? Can he no' dae whit he likes wi' him ain?" "You don't understand me," said Yoder, junior; "my fader's coot," taking hold of the side of his coat and shaking it suggestively. "This." "Oh," said the Scotch woman, now comprehending the statement, "yer faither's coat is here. I'll gang tae the barn an' help ye tae look for it." On the way to the barn with the boy she said: "Juist the ither day I had Annie, oor Amish neeber's lassie owre, when she askit me, 'Have you any ducks seed?' When I said, surprised-like, 'Duck's seed! Ye dinna mean duck eggs?' An' I pickit yin aff the dresser heid an' held it up. 'Oh, no, no,' the lassie said, as she flattened the point o' her nose

flatwise wi' her thumb an' forefinger, an' said: 'It goes in the water and says "Quack, quack."' 'Oh,' said I, understandin' what she was drivin' at. 'Have I seen ony o' yer ducks? No, I hevna.' The lassie gied a bit laugh and thankit me. Ye ken it's hard tae understand the gibberish o' you Dutch fowk. Ye should learn tae talk guid Queen's English like me."

The Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, as it is called, has been formed through the close contact between the English and German languages for many years. This dialect uses many English nouns in cases where a suitable German equivalent is lacking, or where the English noun is more expressive than any German equivalent. It is not Dutch at all, and should more properly be called Pennsylvania German.

There was quite a noticeable difference in this settlement in the use of abbreviated proper names, the English taking the first part of the name while the Germans take the latter part. This can best be shown by taking concrete examples. For instance, the English abbreviation for "Joseph" is "Joe," while the German abbreviation is "Sep." "Nicholas" in English is "Nick," in German it is "Claus." The German abbreviation for Ignatz is "Natz," for Sebastian, "Bast."

The Germans as a rule took very good-naturedly to any jesting at their broken English, and did not so often have the opportunity of laughing at the English talking broken German, for the English did not so often learn to speak German.

Yoder, senior, however, did not like to see anyone attempt to make fun of his wife's broken English. One day, in a large store in the county town, he saw a dude clerk chuckle and smirk at some of the broken English used by his wife. Yoder set upon him, saying: "You dude fool, my wife knows pretty well three languages—German, French and English, but, you fool, you don't know one." He had quite a struggle to restrain himself from using force, but his wife, noticing his agitation, calmed him by telling him that the clerk was beneath notice, and in this way he retained his self-control and remained a true Amishman.

CHAPTER VIII.

.THE FORCES ON THE FARM.

YODER, the elder, was the proud possessor of a huge thoroughbred bull, which was kept during the summer in a small, strongly fenced pasture field. The fence was of the old-fashioned kind, a stake and rider rail fence of heavy black ash, eight rails high. It was, in the parlance of the district, man-high, pig-tight and bull-proof.

This owner, as one of the lords of creation, proudly prepared to enter the enclosure at the bar gate. He let down one bar, stooped down and entered, but, as the event showed, he did not stoop to conquer on this occasion. Though he held a whip in his hand, an emblem of authority, and which presupposes domination and the power to inflict punishment, as he entered the bull looked upon him as an intruder and with an air of superiority rather than of inferiority. He looked upon him as one who was trespassing upon his proud domain, where he wantonly waded knee-deep in clover.

No gladiator ever entered the arena with a greater feeling of superiority and less armed than did Yoder. The brute, with head down, pawed the ground, emitting loud snorts, then it began to bear down upon the man, like the great and inexorable

sweep of events. Yoder was at once put on the defensive with his puny whip, but the bull made a rush at him with majesty, power and horned force, unmindful of the ineffectual lashing of the whip, and tossed his human antagonist high as Haman in the air, where his arms and limbs circled round like the arms of a windmill. The bull ran some distance past in his mad rush before his victim alighted, and in a marvellously short space of time Yoder scaled the eight-rail fence. He was none too quick, for the brute's head a second later crashed against the fence in its second mad rush at him.

Yoder's faith in the principle of non-resistance was nearly as much shaken as was his strong frame. He became contemplative. He thought that this was a case in which force should be met with force. Was not this rebellion against constituted authority? Was not this beast his property? He concluded that he would have been justified in felling it with an axe or shooting it down. Did he not read somewhere that in Rome a parricide or the murderer of any near relative was thrown into the Tiber, tied up in a sack, with a dog, a rooster, a viper and a monkey as fitting company? That is how the Romans punished such a rebel. Yes, he even decided that he would not only kill it, but he would eat it, too. It was a dangerous animal to be at large. Had he not been spared, and ought he not after all to be thankful? Later, a sense of grati-

tude for his escape obsessed him. Had not cunning been given to the fox, and fleetness to the deer, as a measure of protection from their natural enemies? Had not his agility in fence-climbing been his protection? He came gradually to think that Providence had been good to him after all, and that he should not have his faith shaken by such an episode. Eventually it ceased to trouble him at all. He remembered a discussion that had taken place at a Conference of his Church, and the consensus of opinion of these good men was that the use of lightning rods as a protection was impious, as it seemed to call in question the over-ruling providence of God.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SWIMMING POOL.

YODER, senior, now began to think his son had schooling enough. In his philosophy the three R's were all that a farmer required, for if they got more than this they might get it into their heads to make a living in some other way. Possibly, too, he thought his son was now big enough to get to work.

So young Sol.'s schooldays were ended rather by parental decrees than by his own wishes and desires, for he liked books and was a thoughtful lad. He had a long mental and moral struggle over the doctrine of non-resistance, as taught by and pretty well lived out by his people. He knew how often he had to curb the rebellious desire to fight schoolmates who attempted to do him gross injustice and even bodily harm. It seemed at times so natural and justifiable to resist the aggressor and to meet force with force. On the other hand, to be peaceful and to stifle the fighting spirit seemed conducive to a lofty sort of natural piety, for he never felt good when he was belligerent. Then, too, there was the overpowering example and the teaching of Him who was the Prince of Peace. Did He not advise the turning of the other cheek to the smiter?

One day when he was more perplexed with such thoughts than usual, he wandered to the woods and along the creek to the old swimming hole. This was his favorite resort for mind rest and meditation. He chanced to pick up a stone as he stood looking at the midges dancing over the placid water in the pool, and threw it with force into the water, when a frog appeared which the stone that he had so thoughtlessly thrown, had struck on the head. It rose to the surface, and he shuddered as he saw its eye protruding from its socket. He thought he saw it look most reproachfully at him with its other eye. He was filled with remorse at the cruelty he had inflicted upon this unoffending creature. Its pitiful look pierced him to the heart. He sank upon his knees and asked Heaven to forgive him. He prayed that he might never again do injury to any creature; that he might be made better and more spiritual than he had been in the past; that he might be morally strong, and be given strength to return good for evil. As he thus unreservedly resolved to live the Christ life, he felt a peace and calm come over him such as he had never felt before. Was he not now a new creature, and happier than ever before?

He resolved to turn his back upon the past. He was humble and yet exalted. He raised his head and looked towards the pool. He saw the frog still convulsively kicking with the legs on one side of its body, which caused it to swim round and round in

a gradually lessening circle, till, exhausted, it sank forever from his sight. A few air bubbles rose to the surface, and the ripples seemed to widen and lessen till they were lost in the margin of the pool, and all was over. The episode was closed. He resumed his devotions, and presently rose, feeling that he was now a new creature and old things had passed away. He asked himself, was this conversion? Somehow, he felt that it was and that he was now a true Amishman. He was not now halting between two opinions; he had come to a decision; and he was filled with a strange peace. He lingered upon the spot, for he felt the place was holy ground, for a solemn stillness brooded over it. As he looked up he could see the tops of the trees lit up with golden sunset rays, and the leaves overhead gently rustled, and to him in a state of emotional ecstasy it seemed to be caused by spirits or angels hovering around. He stood transfixed. A nearby gun report in the hands of a hunter intent upon killing broke the spell, and he woke up with the resolve that he must now betake himself to his home.

As he walked away and thought of the eventful moments he had just lived through, he was lost in wonder. He cried out, "Oh, the mystery of it all!" He was, however, singularly buoyant in spirit and happy, and he broke out in song. Some of the Amish hymns he sang so mechanically in church now seemed to have a new meaning for him.

CHAPTER X.

THE CIRCUS.

YOUNG Yoder for a time was most devout. He took a deeper interest in things religious than he had ever taken before. He lived in a sort of heaven on earth, and yet he sometimes felt that he was of the earth earthy, and that he had still to keep up the fight with evil within and evil without.

A circus was widely advertised by specious, flaring posters on sheds and buildings and fences along the highways as "the greatest show on earth." This tempted young Sol. to be worldly enough just to go and see the animals.

As he approached the circus grounds his ears were startled with the shouts of spielers in front of the side shows, the beating of tom-toms, and all the strident, discordant sounds accompanying such shows. He succeeded in crushing up to the ticket office. It seemed strange to him that men should be so eager to get rid of their money, and yet he was doing this very same strange thing himself. Armed with his ticket he passed within the great white tent.

Rows of elephants and camels met his astonished gaze, and still more strange cries, growls and snarls from the gilded wagon cages filled his ears. These

cages on wheels were filled with strange wild animals which he had never seen before. He gazed in wonderment and with pity at these wild captives, as they ceaselessly paced backwards and forwards in this their narrow prison cell, as if demented. They heeded him not, as they passed and re-passed inside their cages. He was amused, though, at the antics of the monkeys, who seemed quite resigned to their lot. Their little queer, human faces interested him, as did their little hands outstretched for nuts. He paused before a cage in which were some strange, ill-smelling bears. He asked the keeper what kind of bears these were. He replied, mechanically, "Cinnamon bears." Yoder said, "They don't smell like cinnamon." The band struck up a lively tune in the inner and the immense, high-vaulted tent. He watched the crowds surging in. He had come only to see the animals; he reasoned with himself that he had paid for all, and that there could not be much harm in his just going in to see it. Carried away by the mob instinct, he filed in with the crowd. He walked up some distance on the tiers of green painted, narrow, wooden seats, which fairly clattered with the tramp of hurrying feet. He sat down at a point where he thought he could see well. It was pleasant to rest awhile, for he was tired. A gay procession of men and women on horseback, in gorgeous tinselry, passed before him, marching to the sound of music. Everything was gaudy and worldly in the extreme. If his

people were right in donning only plain clothes, then this was certainly a profane and worldly crowd. Yet it was attractive. He admired the beautiful, well-groomed white horses, and their well-trained, well-executed and graceful movements, the very poetry of motion. In spite of himself, and carried away by the infectious enthusiasm of the crowd-feeling, he joined in the applause. He was now a part of the crowd, a unit of it, and gave himself up unreservedly to the enjoyment of the show, as did those around him.

The trapeze acts which followed were bewildering. He followed them closely as an interested spectator in their daring aerial flights from bar to bar. The clowns, too, amused him on the side, especially when they showed themselves as capable in soul-thrilling "stunts" as they did with their laughter-raising jokes. He was pleased to see the lion tamer, with his gracefully-moving and well-trained beasts, but when the tamer put his head in the lion's mouth he felt that this was a vulgar and pot-boiler piece of business, and he would have been better pleased had this performance been omitted, and no doubt the lion tamer would, personally, have agreed with him. Here he differentiated himself from the crowd, which thundered their applause.

He noticed that they *did* things, and did not simply talk as the actors did on the stage at a theatre which he once furtively attended some time before. This appealed favorably to him. He had

been taught to *do* things on the farm, talk there did not count for much, but hard work did. His enjoyment of the performances shut out any qualms of conscience that he might otherwise have had while it was in progress; but when it was over, it began to dawn upon him that the Elders, if they heard of it, might not be pleased at his conduct in frequenting such a worldly affair.

Sure enough, he was reported to the Elders and was summoned before them, but upon expressing his regret and appearing to be duly penitent, and upon his promise not to offend again, he was let off with a warning.

He himself felt that he had for one day got a glimpse of a wider world than the one he saw on the farm. He had seen and had obtained a better knowledge of the world's animals than he ever could have obtained in any other way; in fact, he felt that if he had not got an uplift, he had in a sense been broadened, and that if he had a boy of his own he would like to take him to see the animals. He would even willingly put up with the smell of cinnamon bears for a few moments in order to get a look at them.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BAN.

YODER, junior, in the ordinary routine of farm work one day, was scuffling or cultivating the turnip patch with a horse. He endeavored to keep the animal between the rows, but not being accustomed to this work it did not walk steadily between them. He became exasperated at it, for when he yelled "Gee" and pulled the right line, it would go too far and so tramp over the turnips to the right, and the scuffer would follow the horse and continue the work of destruction. He would then angrily give the left line a strong pull while he yelled "Haw!" The frightened horse would then turn almost at right angles to the left over the turnip rows. The young man by this time was quite beside himself with rage, and was using language quite unbecoming an Amishman. The horse became more and more unmanageable, and at last headed right across the turnip rows, with the scuffer tearing them up. When it was brought to a stand at the stake and rider fence Sol. ran forward and grabbed the horse by the bridle and kicked it, when it nearly ran him down. He was now a madman and a savage, having entirely lost control of his temper, calling the horse "a verdammt essel." He picked up a piece of fence rail and struck it over the head, gashing one ear. He then

used the rail like a catapult or battering-ram on the horse's side, breaking a rib.

Then all of a sudden he realized his folly and madness. He felt humbled and chagrined as he looked round and saw that Syche Snyder was unexpectedly an eye-witness to his ill-tempered and cruel treatment of the poor horse. He never liked this man, and he knew he would report him to the church officials and sustain a charge against him of cruelty to animals, and that he would even magnify the enormity of it all. All this was galling to him, and he began to wonder what he actually said and did. The more he thought over the miserable affair the more was he ashamed of himself, his words and his actions. He hated, however, above all things to give in to a Snyder, and particularly to Syche Snyder. He thought of denying the whole thing. It would then be the word of a Yoder against that of a Snyder, but there were the tell-tale wounds upon the poor animal. He was in a dilemma; he had allowed the devil temporarily to get the mastery over him, and he had done evil.

He started in the direction of Snyder, who, when he saw Yoder coming quickly, moved off towards his own home. This he treated as an unfriendly act on the part of Snyder, and his one regret now was that it was the horse and not Snyder he had used the fence-rail on. He was face to face with the ugly, stern facts of the case, and there was nothing for it but to face the inevitable with a calm stoicism.

He was duly reported and was summoned to appear before the Elders to answer for his conduct. He obeyed, and faced his accuser. He had intended to make a clear breast of it all, but the look of gratified malice that Snyder gave him as he told his story roused up again the worst passions within him, and he shouted at Snyder: "You're a liar!" This display of bad temper in their presence hurt his case with the Elders, and he was found guilty of the charge of cruelty to animals. He was placed under the ban, and was to remain under it until such a time as he came penitently before them and asked to be forgiven and promised never again to be guilty of similar misconduct, and conformed to the rules. Until such times he was to be shunned by the brethren, by his own kinsmen and relatives, who were not to speak to him or have anything to do with him whatsoever. This was the strongest sanction of the Church.

He left the presence of the Elders an outcast, and was still filled with resentment towards Snyder, and with rebellious and evil thoughts, nursing a desire for revenge upon his accuser. When he got to his home he then felt the full force of the awful sentence under which he was placed. His own father would not so much as look at him, let alone speak to him. His whole being was stirred to its depths as it had never been stirred before. It was unendurable, it was hell upon earth. When he tried to woo back his wonted good and kindly thoughts

a storm of evil passions would often sweep over him and drive them away like chaff before the wind.

He chanced to hear from an outsider that Snyder was stricken down with a fatal malady. His sanity suddenly came back to him. He asked himself if the hand of Providence were not in it all? Were not both of them being visited with punishment for harboring evil thoughts and designs against each other? He was filled with contrition for his awful rebellion against the powers of good and of high heaven. He felt that perhaps he had not yet committed the unpardonable sin, for the desire to pray had returned. Might he yet woo back the good spirit he had driven away?

Filled with this spirit he sought out his father, who knew by the very tone of the voice which spoke to him that his son had come to himself, and he did not shun him any more, but was himself filled with joy, and they comforted one another, and the young man felt he had again driven out his rebellious desires, and he was filled with peace once more.

He told his father that he had been forgiven and that he was filled with the resolve to ask in all humility to be received back into the fold, and that he could even forgive Snyder. There was much rejoicing in the communal life when the ban was removed and Solomon Yoder, junior, was restored into the full communion of the fold again. He was once more filled with the peace and happiness that he had first felt on that summer's afternoon at the old swimming pool. He was himself again.

CHAPTER XII.

YODER, SENIOR.

THE head of the Yoder household had been deeply grieved in spirit over the shortcomings of his son; but as he had made amends, he was once more proud of him as a true Amishman. He knew that he himself was now getting advanced in years, and that the call might at any time come to him to be a guest on high. He was conscious of failing powers. He fell into a reflective mood. He recalled the day when as a boy in Alsace he visited that grand old cathedral in Strasburg, and saw for the first time that wonderful piece of mechanism, the clock in the tower. He remembered it was the hour of noon when the first of the apostles strode out with hammer in hand and struck the clock bell and then walked within. He was followed by the second apostle, who did likewise; advancing to the bell, he struck it also and passed within. Thus the third and succeeding nine apostles each in turn struck the bell and vanished, when the twelfth hour had been struck. He wondered if these images of the apostles were still hourly and daily thus marking the flight of time. He could see again in his mind's eye this little stone man, the little stone man at the pillar close to the famous clock in the cathe-

dral of Strasburg, gazing up at the angel's pillar which supports the south wing of the cathedral. Long ago, this little man now sculptured in stone stood there in the flesh. He used to come and stare up at the pillar, with a critic's eye. Then he would shake his head doubtfully. A sculptor chanced to see him looking up as if he did not like the looks of the pillar. He said to the little man: "It seems to me that you are finding fault with the pillar, my good fellow." He nodded assent. "Well, what do you think of it? Speak out," said the sculptor. "The pillar is fine enough," said the little man; "the figures on it are beautiful, but I fear that slender pillar cannot hold up the weight much longer. Soon it will totter and fall, and it will go to pieces." The sculptor said: "You shall stay right where you are, always gazing at the pillar until it falls under the heavy vault." And he brought his hammer and chisel and made in stone a figure of the little man just as he was, looking upward with a knowing face and an important air; and there this little figure in stone stands still, awaiting the fall of the pillar. "Yes, he is still there," said Yoder to himself; "I can see him yet."

Yoder had seen many a sun go down in the west, and as often rise over the Wilmot hills. Most of the pioneers who had come from the old land to find homes in Canada were now mingling their dust with the soil of their adopted country, and in "Gottesacker" yonder soon would Yoder lie. Well, he and

his countrymen had found it a goodly land. In it the Lord had prospered them. There had been unbroken peace; its soil had not been stained with blood, as, alas, it had too often been in the old land, whence most of the brethren had come. Here was peace and plenty. Here they had been treated with no injustice. Here they had won the respect of the people amongst whom they dwelt. He felt that here his lines had fallen to him in pleasant places. He could with satisfaction in his declining years contemplate his broad acres.

He had seen several generations of his farm horses pass away, and had felt their death as the loss of personal friends. That his son should have been cruel to one of them was a matter of grief to him, but he had to make allowances for the hot blood of youth; and then, had not the young man repented, and made amends as best he could? True, he himself had been tossed on the horns of one of his own animals. This was, after all, but the exception that proved the rule.

It still gave him real enjoyment to go out amongst his cattle and pet them, and see their evident pleasure at being treated with kindness.

On a quiet Sabbath morning, after a hard week's work, it was a real delight to him to turn the horses loose into the pasture, for they seemed to enjoy a Sabbath day's rest as much as he himself did, and to know when it came. His feelings found expression in the words of the tramp poet he found in a

stray copy of a magazine some one had brought to his house :

“The plowman’s heavy horses run
The fields as if in fright for fun,
Or stand and laugh in voices shrill,
Or roll upon their backs until
The sky’s kicked small enough, they think,
Then to the pool they go and drink.”

Go in, if you will, with this man and sit down at his table to a frugal meal with these simple folks, and see them bow their heads in silent prayer. The very silence is impressive. There is more real expression in it than in utterance. You feel that you are with a reverent and godly people.

Or see this venerable man in the calm of a Sabbath evening sitting on a bench beneath a wide-spreading tree in his garden, in solemn thought as the sun is setting. As you look, the thought comes to you that each is at the close of his day and is about to sink to rest, the day’s work being done.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN COURT.

WHILE the Amish sect avoid courts of law, disputes among the brethren being settled in their church courts, yet as they mingle with their fellows in business dealings, at barn-raising and threshing bees and other functions, they are sometimes called upon to attend as witnesses in cases that arise in the community in which they live.

Solomon Yoder, senior, was served with a subpoena, calling upon him to attend as a witness at the sittings of the First Division Court of his county, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, on a fixed date. For the purposes of this narrative the proper style of cause of the action may be given as John Doe versus Richard Roe.

Yoder, at his age, did not like to appear in court. He remembered while helping his children at their school lessons that he read a piece in the reader which ran as follows:

"Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.
So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill and a wig full of learning,
While Chief Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his skill in nicely discerning."

Yoder was strongly reminded of these lines in the proceedings in this case in which he was a witness. He attended as required, and was in the court room when the judge arrived. The judge with his gown on took a chair on the platform behind a table, on which were a pitcher of water and a glass tumbler, and some books of the Division Court clerk, who sat on the judge's right, with the bailiff on his left.

The judge in a low voice asked the bailiff to open the court. This officer arose, and in a loud voice cried out, "Oyez! oyez! All parties having business to transact with this, His Majesty's First Division Court, let them draw near and they shall be heard. God save the King!"

He then called the first case on the docket, John Doe against Richard Roe. Two lawyers arose, one announcing he appeared for the plaintiff, and the other that he was for the defendant. The plaintiff's counsel briefly outlined the nature of the case. He said it was an action for detinue, that the plaintiff claimed a certain logging chain as his property, and had demanded the same from the defendant, who had refused to deliver it up to the plaintiff, hence the action. He then asked that the defendant should produce the chain. The defendant's solicitor explained to the court that he objected to its production at this stage of the action, but that after the plaintiff's witnesses had given their testimony he would then produce the chain. The court sustained his contention, and the case proceeded.

John Doe, the plaintiff, was called. The clerk of the court administered the oath, which the witness took in the prescribed manner by kissing the Bible. He testified that this was the chain that he had loaned to a friend, who in turn had loaned it to the defendant. That on a certain date, when he was at the defendant's place, he recognized his chain and demanded it of him. That the defendant replied, "Take it, if it's yours," but as he was not going directly home he did not then take it. He deposed further that when he subsequently called for it the defendant refused to give it up. After some further evidence as to identification, he was left in the hands of the counsel for the defendant for cross-examination, who asked him, "How long was this chain?" The witness fearing that the production of the chain might contradict him, hedged and answered, "I am not sure how long it was." "Would it be ten feet long?" the lawyer coaxingly asked. The witness answered, "Yes, it would be that long." Question, "Would it be twenty feet long?" Answer, "I don't know." He was subjected to a long cross-examination; was asked if the chain had ever been broken, and where on the chain it was broken, and whether it was mended, and if so, how it was mended. The witness said it was once broken, but could not remember what part of the chain was broken, but said it was mended by a cold-shut link. His testimony was vaguely corroborated by other friendly witnesses, who were

likewise very guarded in their answers to similar questions as to the length and other characteristics of the chain. The witnesses were truthful.

The lawyer for the plaintiff then said, "That's the case." The court room was filled with an interested audience, for the merits of the case had already been discussed in the whole neighborhood. In fact, the community was divided into two factions over this dollar logging chain. The interest was now intense, for the climax had been reached as the chain was carried forward and thrown upon the lawyers' table. Everybody rose and craned their necks to get a look at the chain, while the bailiff shouted, "Order! Order!"

After order was restored, the defendant, Richard Roe, was called, and being duly sworn he admitted that the plaintiff had asked him for a chain, and that, off-handed, he had said, "Take it if it's yours," but that as the plaintiff's descriptions of the chain had varied, and his stories at different times did not correspond, he had taken the trouble to show the chain to a neighbor for identification, and became satisfied that this was not the plaintiff's chain. He then had refused to give it up. He testified that a neighbor had found a seven-foot piece of chain, and as he had a piece with a hook and of about fifteen feet in length, they had agreed to join them together with wire and form one chain of twenty-two feet in length for their common use, and that a neighbor was present when they united the

two pieces with wire. Neither of these joint owners would swear positively that this was the chain they held in common, but they both believed that it was.

Solomon Yoder, senior, was called, and the usual affirmation administered in these words: "I, Solomon Yoder, do solemnly, sincerely and truly declare and affirm that I am one of the Society called Mennonites. I do solemnly, sincerely and truly affirm and declare that my evidence to this court touching the matters in question between the parties shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." (The scruples of this sect about the taking of oaths being respected by law.)

He affirmed that he had seen the defendant and his neighbor who had given testimony, fasten a piece of chain about fifteen feet long to another piece about seven feet, to make a chain about twenty-two feet in length. That they fastened the chains together with wire. He said the chain produced looked like the chain he saw fastened together, but that he could not positively identify it.

The chain, on examination, corresponded with his testimony, and the judge, after commending the manner in which the last witness, a disinterested one, gave his evidence, and the apparent candor and honesty of this witness, adjudged that fifteen feet of the chain, the hook end, was the property of Richard Roe, and that the other seven feet was

the property of the finder until the real owner claimed it, and he dismissed the action with costs.

Yoder himself was favorably impressed with the decorum with which the proceedings were conducted, and the evident fairness of the trial; and in discussing this with a friend, conceded that the conduct of a public trial, such as this, contrasted favorably with the conduct of trials before his own church courts.

CHAPTER XIV.

BURGLARY.

LIFE at the Yoder farm passed quietly, and everything went on in the even tenor of its way for a time, till one night Yoder, senior, was hurriedly awakened by his wife, who said she heard someone moving about in the house.

He quickly lit a lamp and went downstairs in search of intruders. He was astonished to find all the doors thrown wide open to facilitate an escape in case of surprise; half-burned matches strewed the floor, and the contents of drawers littered the room. On his kitchen table he found a box broken open, in which he had his gold and some heirlooms, now empty, the contents having been carried away.

This was his first experience of lawlessness in Canada. He was filled with resentment. He had come to believe in the British maxim, that every man's house was his castle. That principle had been grossly violated. Though a man of peace, if he had been able to lay his hands upon the man who thus dared to invade the sanctity of his home he would have laid heavy hands upon him. All the other members of the household were aroused. Burning within with a sense of the gross injustice and wrong that had been done unto him, he went

out into the stillness and darkness of the night. He could hear the noise of a buggy speeding northward, no doubt bearing the fleeing burglar or burglars in possession of his valued treasures. Young Yoder, in his excitement, armed himself with a pitchfork, and ran in the direction indicated by the noise of the buggy. He halted betimes and listened, but the noise of the fleeing vehicle became fainter and fainter, till at last he could not hear it at all. Then, coming to a road crossing, he knew not which road to take; so he gave up the chase as futile and returned to his home, after rousing some of the near neighbors.

Before the day broke quite a few neighbors were at the scene of the outrage. When it became sufficiently light, the tracks of the miscreants were examined and accurately measured. There were two guilty ones, for the tracks clearly showed this. Every clue was followed for some distance, only to be lost on the well-travelled roadway.

Sandy Sneckie, the Scotch neighbor, with all his resourcefulness, was soon on hand with his Winchester rifle. He said, "I wadna like tae be a murderer; I wadna like tae kill a man; but, by heevens, if I had my rifle bead on him, I wad riddle him." Pointing his rifle at a gate post, to gratify to this extent his vengeful feelings, he put a bullet into the centre of the post to show the accuracy of his marksmanship. The sound of the rifle shot spread consternation in the neighborhood, and every later

arrival came armed. It was noticed that even peaceful Amishmen came armed with hand-spikes and big sticks. Soon the home of this man of peace looked like an armed camp. Sol. Yoder was pleased with the evident sympathy of his neighbors, and evidently felt that there was a certain safety by reason of his being surrounded by men like these. He brought forth jugfuls of good hard cider from his cellar and "fett kuchen" from the kitchen.

Thus fortified, the more militant neighbors formed themselves into an armed search party under the leadership of Sandy Sneckie. They resolved to capture the culprits, dead or alive. The Yoders and other Amishmen, not being permitted to bear arms, offered them every assistance they otherwise could, and also a reward for the recovery of the stolen property.

The party proceeded northwards to the cross roads, where Sneckie divided his party into two divisions. He led the party which went to the right, arranging with the others that if either party succeeded in tracking the robbers to their lair the firing of two shots in rapid succession was to be the signal for all to march in the direction indicated by these shots.

Soon Sneckie's detachment could clearly see recent buggy wheel tracks, and everything indicated it had been driven rapidly, for stones that had been struck by the wheels were either knocked some dis-

tance or were broken. They followed gleefully this trail for some miles, till the tracks led into a farm gate, whose proprietor did not bear a very good name in the district. They now felt sure of their burglars. The tracks led into the driving shed, and there stood the buggy. Upon going into the stable they saw the horse which evidently had been driven hard not long before, for there were white streaks of dried perspiration visible upon it. Sneckie decided to surround the house. Every door and window was guarded. When every detail had been arranged, he raised his rifle and fired two shots in rapid succession into the air, as pre-arranged. Instantly they heard the feet of an inmate strike the floor as he jumped out of the bed, and they saw his pale, scared-looking face and his guilty-looking eyes peer out of the front window. Sneckie at once covered him with his rifle and shouted, "Hauns up or I'll shoot." The figure then instantly disappeared, and Sneckie, who deemed it advisable to act promptly, at once threw his whole weight against the front door, which flew open and disclosed two men who were in the act of letting down a trap-door, intending to re-cover it with the carpet which was drawn aside. The men were soon overpowered and made prisoners. The trap-door when lifted disclosed the swag and Yoder's gold. The arms of the men were securely tied behind their backs with strong cords, and they were led out between armed men.

Presently the other detachment arrived, and there was much rejoicing. Some of them even suggested lynching, but better counsels prevailed. The men were marched back to the Yoder home. Yoder more than made good his promised reward for their prompt recovery of the stolen property.

After deliberation it was decided to take the prisoners to the county town, and to hand them over into the custody of the proper authorities, there to be dealt with according to the law of the land.

CHAPTER XV.

SOME RURAL SCENES.

IMPELLED by a desire to meet the Scot who had so promptly tracked the burglars to their lair and recovered the stolen property, Solomon Yoder, the elder, walked over to the Sneckie farm. He found him harrowing in a field adjoining the road and sat on a fence till he came across, when he saw that he actually had a mare and a steer unequally yoked together at the task. He had come to speak words of gratitude and approval, and yet here Sneckie was doing something that was unscriptural and should be admonished. After greeting Sandy pleasantly, he quoted a text from the Old Testament forbidding, as he thought, this unequal yoking of animals.

Sandy hardly expected this rebuff from the man he had so recently befriended. He made light of it, and said the text had no application to an American, but only to an Asiatic country. Canada, said he, was a place where Cæsar's eagles never flew. He broke out in his vernacular and said: "If I saw fit, I wad pit kilts on that coo, and I wad daur ony man tae hinder me. Na! na! This is a free country. I fin' nae fau't wi' you an' yer drab claes. I rather like the cut o' yer breeks. They are rale

handy. I min' ma gran'faither had his made like that. But I think ye wad be the better o' a pair o' gallowses, or suspenders, I think they ca' them in this country. If ye wad tak' a little o' that 'oo (wool) aff ye it wad be rale refreshin' in hot wa'ther. Min', Solomon, I'm no' fin'in' fau't wi' ye, for yer a guid neebor. I'm jist remarkin' that a Scotchman's a hard man tae tackle. I've had a lot o' you Dutchmen sittin' on the tap o' that fence like sae mony craws lookin' at ma horse an' steer yokit thegither harrowin' the field. But what dae I care for them or what they sae or think? I had a ram that got a' its back skinned gettin' through a hole in the fence when the dowg was after it. I couldn't think tae see the puir beast suffer, sae I put an auld red military coat I had on tae it. The coat was said tae belang tae ane o' General Wolfe's Hielan'men. I buttoned it roond its belly. It jist fitted the beast. But ye should hae seen the Dutchmen stop an' sit on that fence an' shake wi' laughin' till they shook the fence doon. Sae wi' a pitchfork in ma hauns I kindly invited them tae move on, which they did, makin' some remark about a 'schafbock' in Wolfe's clothin'."

Yoder laughed, but Sandy was not yet through. He continued: "Frae the look o' that sheep ye nicht imagine it sayin' tae them, 'Says I tae the Commander and says the Commander tae me,' kin' o' fameeliar-like, ye ken. It was sae consequential-lookin' wi' that red coat on."

Yoder seemed quite interested, so Sneckie proceeded: "I have in ma barnyaird a won'erfu' naitural phenomenon. I have a paycock wi' a wooden leg. It cam' aboot in this way. I ran owre its leg wi' ma gig and broke it. I put the leg in splints, but it wadna stick thegither, sae I threw awa' the lower pairt o' the leg that was broken aff an' substituted a wooden stick. I bored a hole in the tap end o' the stick an' stuck the stump o' the leg intae this hole an' fastened it. I sawed the wooden leg aff the same length as the ither. Then I drove three nails intae the lower end for claws. You should see the dignified strut o' it noo. It's a pretty bird."

"Sandy, you're a genius," said Yoder. Thus encouraged, Sandy said: "I have anither wonder in the person o' a tame owl. It had its left e'c knock't oot. I happened tae hae a gless marble that jist fitted intae the socket; the marble was peculiarly marked inside wi' red and blue lines. Man, you should juist see the expression in that bird's face noo. If ye did, I think ye would exclaim that Solomon in a' his wisdom couldna look as wise as it. What I'm tellin' ye is as true as the Gospel. I'm a man o' resources. I've leev'd in a barracks!"

Yoder concurred, and just then young Sneckie came along. His father said to him, "Here, lad, tak' Buck an' Sal an' harrow the rest o't. The grun's in fine fettle." Then addressing Sol. he said, "Come on up tae the hoose and see ma birds."

Yoder, whose curiosity was now excited, said, "Thank you," and jumped off the fence, and soon they were at the farmyard. There was the peacock with its odd limp, but with its tail feathers vainly aloft, but only thereby the more displaying the deformity. Poor, vain bird, thought Yoder, you are like many worldly people, making fools of themselves with their vanity.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
Tae see oorsels as ithers see us."

A tame crow, curiously familiar, came along, swearing fluently. Yoder asked how it learned such bad words. Sandy evaded the question, and went on to explain that "it was gey quick on the uptak' since he had split its tongue. It talks as weel as a pawrot, but it's a d—d ugly beast tae talk like that."

Just then a little black dog with a peculiar leer in his eye took a suspicious sniff at Yoder's trousers. "Lie doon, Satan," commanded Sandy, emphasizing his words with a stamp of his right foot. Satan was its significant name, and he had its tail so trimmed and the tuft at its end so waxed as to give it a forked appearance, in harmony with the name.

"Come ben an' see the owl," said Sandy. "It's a fair divert." When it turned its head to look at them as they came, and Yoder caught the expression of the glass eye, he shook with laughter. He had never seen an expression so funny in his life before.

"This is ma den," explained Sandy, as he took his friend into a little room. A couple of cannon balls lay in a corner, and some pistols hung on the wall. The old faded red coat, which had comforted the ram, now badly soiled, hung on another wall.

Yoder felt a curious abhorrence as he looked at these significant insignia of war. His attention was next called to a brass toddy pot, and the old brass candlesticks on the mantel-piece over the old-fashioned fireplace. They sat down and had a glass of "mountain-dew" and some shortbread.

As they passed out again into the barnyard, Sandy noticed a hen with a long piece of tape sticking out of its mouth. He quickly picked up the end of the tape, thus lassoing the hen, and shortened the distance between him and it by gathering the tape up in his hands. He then held up the hen in his attempt to pull the tape out of its mouth. Its bill was widely extended and its eyes were rolled up shut. Sandy, quick in resources, cut the tape at the hen's mouth with his knife. The hen staggered away, and seemed to swallow the lump in its throat.

Yoder parted with Sandy at the gate, saying: "You are a funny fellow, but, after all, you want to help everything and everybody. You have been good to me, and I came over to thank you for what you have done for me."

"Don't mention it," said Sandy.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOME SUPERSTITIONS.

THESE plain people were not free from superstitions. These seemed to be handed down from generation to generation by oral tradition. The old people held to them with an abiding faith, while the younger generation was inclined to break away from them and even ridicule them.

One such superstition was the cause of some friction in the Yoder home. As the seed-time was on the father wished the peas to be sown, as it was the full of the moon. The son scouted this idea, emphatically stating that the land was still too wet, and would not be fit for seeding for at least a week. The father treated this as disobedience and the setting up of upstart worldly wisdom against the wisdom of the ages. The father declared that if the peas were now sown they would when ripe be full, plump and round like the moon. He insisted that this was the time, and if not sown at once it would be too late. The son, though he looked upon this as silliness, was not desirous of having a quarrel with his father, for he was beginning to think he would soon have to have some thoughts about getting married before he got too old, and it would be well to be on good terms, so he suggested a com-

promise. He said he would split the difference, so to speak, and sow one-half of the field now in conformity with the father's request, if the father would permit him to sow the other half when he thought the land was fit, regardless of the moon. The senior Yoder could not very well refuse this offer of the junior Yoder, for he verily believed that time would prove that he was right, so he gave his consent.

One-half of the seed peas was put in bags and placed on a wagon, and soon a row of bags stood at due intervals across one-half of the soggy field. The son wished to play fair and to put in the crop as carefully as possible, but in low places the horses' hoofs sank into the soft ground and the harrow tires simply made ruts in the wet soil. He harrowed twice up and down the ridges, and once across, the usual amount of tillage. A week later, and a week after full moon, when the land was dry, he sowed the other half of the field, giving it exactly the same amount of harrowing.

In a month's time the late-sown half of the field was much in advance of the other half, and its lead was even greater at harvest. He did not dare, however, to gloat over his justification for fear that it would offend his father. The matter was never again mentioned by either.

About the time of this pea-sowing episode, or, to be more accurate, a little before it, he heard his father tell a neighbor who was digging post holes, that

"it was no use, as the moon was going up." The neighbor smiled incredulously when Yoder said, "If you put a stone on the ground when the moon was going down (waning) the stone would sink in the ground, but if you put the stone on the ground beside the other when the moon was going up it would rest on the top of the ground. You just try it," said Yoder. "Your fence posts will come up; the moon is against you." The neighbor went on with his fence, nevertheless. This latter, however, was not a family matter as was the other and it rested there.

He further dogmatically stated that meat butchered in the down-going of the moon will shrink in the pot.

Even the preachers seem to believe in charms for the cure of human ailments. One has been known to wear steel rings upon his fingers for cramps. It is quite a common superstition among them to carry chestnuts in their pockets for the cure of rheumatism.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

THE Amish are essentially conservative; they are opposed to innovations.

They denounce changes in dress at the dictates of fashion, and dressing "plain" has the sanction of their church, and to dress otherwise than in accordance with their rules savors, in their opinion, of worldliness, if not actual sin.

These rules have the desired effect of keeping themselves a people apart, and cause them to be looked upon as ascetics, which they are not.

It is just as if the hands on the clock of fashion had been stopped at a certain hour and were never allowed to move again.

The modes of dress in vogue at the time of the stopping remain fixed and irrevocable. When the clock stopped, the fashion was the broad brimmed Quaker hat for men and the Quaker bonnet for women, and so it must be these for all time.

They are as conservative of their convictions as they are of their dress, and hold strongly to them.

These things put them in opposition to change, and emphasize with them the eternal conflict between the *old* and *new*.

In their conferences, questions arise continually along these lines; heated discussions take place, for example, over the use of lightning rods on buildings. The view of the older men is that they are impious in that they thwart the Divine ordering of things, while the younger men approve of them. In these times new subjects for discussion are arising daily. There are questions in regard to the use of bicycles, top buggies, furnaces, carpets, musical instruments, and even store suspenders. Then there are the telephones, automobiles, and, still later, aeroplanes and dirigible balloons to form subjects for even heated discussion; and Solomon Yoder, the elder, and Solomon, the younger, have to fight these questions out on the farm, remote, one would think, from the great passing events of the twentieth century. The senior Yoder would find fault with the junior for adopting some new method of tillage, and the latter would reply, "Father, I found out that this was better than the old way, and I am sure it would be foolish to stick to the old way. Even a bird will now take wool to line its nest, because it knows it is better than the mosses and the old stuff it used before. No, father, you don't cut the grain any more with a sickle like you did when you were young. You don't thresh it with a flail any more. There is no use talking, father, things change, and we must change with them. You know it is better to change crops on the land and to change seeds."

"No, my son," said the father, "every change is not for the better; some changes are for the worse. There is more lying and cheating among men now than there was when I was young. You cannot trust people any more like we could before. Now everyone wants a note or some writing. I don't think folks are as strong or healthy now as they were. How is that? Do you not think that that is so, my son? Is there not too much hurry, too much foolishness, too much telephone, too much taxes?"

Young Sol. sorrowfully admitted that the taxes were getting pretty high. With this concession from the son old Sol. was encouraged to continue. He said: "The old log house was warmer and healthier and handier than the new house. When you wanted to put up a book-shelf in the log house you just took an auger and bored two holes in the logs, and put in two pins and laid a board on these, and there you had a book-shelf. You can't do that with the new house. You could do the same thing if you wanted a seat by the wall. When you wanted something to clean your combs with you just bored a hole in the log and put in some bristles and fastened same by driving in a plug, and there you had something to clean your combs with right away quick. Then the old log fireplace was more cheerful and healthier and better than the stove."

The son retorted, "You can have both." "Yes, but you don't have both," said the father; "you close up the fireplace and only have the stove."

Thus the old fight goes on between the old and the new. Even political parties are aligned along these lines. The division and sub-division of religious denominations goes on apace much upon these lines. A reformer suggests a change; the more conservative resist this, and a new sect is formed, and thus are they multiplied.

The free play of individualism with the Amish has given rise to many such sub-divisions, and as there is no central authority to check this process, it has gone on to a greater extent probably than with other denominations.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BARTMANN.

SOL. YODER, junior, when he attained to full manhood, was confronted with the rule of his Church which forbade the shaving of the chin. He had been shaving his upper lip for a time, but this was in conformity with the rules. He had almost unconsciously become a "Bartmann," a name won for his people by reason of the practice of permitting the beard to grow. He, too, came to be filled with the thought that it was time for him to be casting about for a mate. He had contracted some affinities at school. He was in duty bound to seek among his own people.

The trouble was that he had always more than one, so that his chief difficulty was in contriving how best to get rid of "t'other dear charmer." There were two even in the meeting house, where the separation of the sexes was visibly carried out. The women sat on one side, and the men on the other.

Notwithstanding the caution of the Bishop that they must not let their thoughts wander to those of the other sex while at divine worship, he found his mind would wander to some on the other side, and his eyes would follow his mind. If the truth were

told, he was more affected by furtive glances from beneath a "slat" bonnet or white kerchief than he was by the words which fell upon his ears from the lips of the good Bishop. Where there's a will, however, there's a way, and as the sexes commingled at the door, he contrived to have a word or two there with either Katrina or Annie, which gave him much food for thought during the week.

Where there are several wills there may be several ways, and some confusion may follow. Young Sol. had his heart-strings played upon by different players. He seemed, too, to have a new devil in the form of a green-eyed monster to fight within, when he saw his rival flirting with one of his girls. Such things made him conclude that he ought to have one whom he could call his own, and one who would not flirt with others. Here he was faced by a serious problem, for he himself must make a choice. This was the puzzle. One had good looks, a good disposition, but little dowry. The other had dowry but few other attractions. The solution is sometimes made easier by propinquity or other favoring circumstance, such as the spring-time now fast approaching.

He was invited to a taffy-pull and sugaring off at Herr Rupp's maple bush. He anticipated that only the young people would be there, and this proved to be correct. Sol. arrived in the early evening at the camp, and Katrina was among the number, nor was any rival there to excite his jealousy.

Everything was propitious. Two big black iron kettles swung by a chain from a cross pole stretched between two trees, and contained the material of the coming sweets. The fire which blazed and crackled was built between two protecting logs, while the sap within the kettles boiled and blubbered. During the brighter gleams of the fire the sap in one of the kettles could be seen to be well boiled down, being now of a dark brown color and almost into molasses. In the woods there was still some snow on the ground, but in the clearing only dwindling drifts could be seen along the fences. The ground was laid bare in the open fields.

There was a novelty in it all, a change in the monotony of their lives, which lent a charm to the camp-fire and made for animation and sociability as they watched the sparks fly upwards and expire among the still leafless tree-tops. Nature was awakening from the slumbers of the long winter. The vivifying sap was now coursing through the fibre of the tree trunks, as did the blood through these young people. The flickering light added a charm to the faces around the camp-fire. "Soft eyes met eyes which spake again."

Work alternated with play. Sol. would swing his axe and cut up some of the heap of brushwood with which a moderate fire was now kept burning under the kettles. Then sportively he would snatch a brand from the fire and run into the darkness brandishing it fantastically, or perhaps he would

write in the air with this pen of fire the letters "Katy," and then come back to see how she enjoyed it. She stood by the kettle with a beech twig, the tip of which was twisted into a circular loop in order to make the following test. She quickly plunged the twig into the boiling fluid, then raised it to her mouth and blew through the loop; if it blew a bubble, it was ready for sugaring off. Another test was to take out some of the contents with a ladle and pour the same on a cake of ice, when the most delicious taffy was formed, and of which all would partake. This was indeed the nectar and ambrosia of the sugar camp. Perhaps Katrina would mischievously touch Sol's cheek with the hot beech twig, thereby giving Sol. an excuse for catching her by the wrists and having a playful scuffle with her. Someone had to keep constantly stirring the sugar kettle in order to keep it from burning.

Presently the twig test revealed the fact that it was now sugar. The kettle was hurriedly taken off the fire and set on the ground, but the stirring process was kept up till it was ladled out into dishes and moulds as the finished product. The task ended, Sol. accompanied Katrina to her home. As they reached the clearing, the stars never before seemed so bright and sparkling. The great handle of the dipper had swung away up in the northern sky in its circling flight around Polaris. The other familiar constellations had also changed places, for

it was now far on towards morning. The old world had swung itself round to the eastward while they were in the sugar bush. The distant sound of rushing waters broke the stillness of the night, for in the breaking up of winter the creeks were full to overflowing, and their waters were hurrying to the great lakes. A slight frost had formed a kindly yielding blanket over the muddy places. The swish of Katrina's gown, the kindly pressure of her arm on his, and the pleasant converse made them both feel that "two is company." All too soon the house was reached, and after an affecting parting Sol began his lonely walk to his home. Even the stars seemed to have come down nearer to him. The glow of the camp-fire and of Katy's face haunted him in his dreams. Somehow, everything seemed fraught with destiny. Katrina was his night angel.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MAGIC LANTERN SHOW.

If there were any tramps' markings on the Yoder farm road gatepost, these would have indicated that there was abounding charity within the gate.

Whether there were any such marks or not, a travelling professor with a magic lantern turned into the Yoder gate to seek hospitality. This professor had been badly crippled in a mine explosion, and he adopted this means of earning a living.

He made known his business, and asked if he could find accommodation for himself and horse. The Yoders always kept a spare bedroom, and were never known to turn away the veriest beggar or tramp who sought their hospitality. Did not Leviticus 19:33, 34 say: "And if a stranger sojourn with you in your land ye shall not vex him, but the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself."

Accordingly, they gladly welcomed this professor. The injuries he had sustained not only crippled his lower limbs, but affected his powers of speech, but they in nowise affected his desire to speak. His injuries in one sense were a good busi-

ness asset, as they excited the altruism of the public he came in contact with. He was proud of his literary attainments. After inscribing his name on the fly-leaf of a copy of his book of poems, he presented the same to his host. On the page of the book cover were the words:

"Ready pen, write noblest thoughts,
For thine is a glorious mission;
All that Wisdom e'er denotes
Write to prompt a pure ambition."

Here was a real live author! Their evident admiration for him prompted the recital of these lines with his peculiar lisp, accentuating the words "gloriuth mitthon," and "pure ambithon."

Young Yoder, after attending to the visitor's horse next morning, went to the school with some programmes, and asked the teacher to announce an "instructive and entertaining magic lantern lecture and show" for Friday evening at eight o'clock. This was considered a star attraction for the White School House. A goodly audience of old and young greeted him.

Sol. was rather proud to be master of ceremonies, as it gave him a sort of prominence.

The professor announced his various numbers in his rapid, lisping, incomprehensible manner. His recital was like the accompanying whir of an airship in motion. The programme began with some astronomical views, which elicited long-drawn-out "Oh's" of astonishment from the children. Then

followed John Gilpin's ride. The professor personally took a pleasure in reciting the poem as the scenes were unfolded. Perhaps he was the only one present who received any pleasure from it.

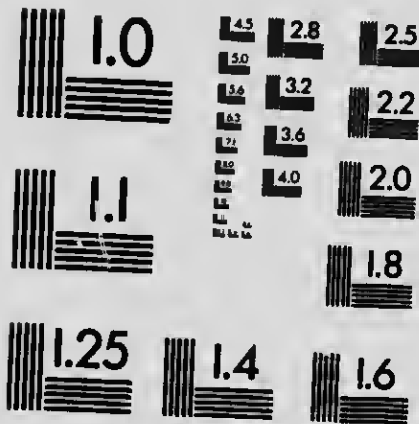
Roars of laughter greeted his moving pictures depicting a fight between two women. He jiggled the slides to supply the motion. This was the genesis of the more modern moving picture show.

These were quite as enjoyable as the gorgeously colored love scenes, one evanishing as the new scene took its place in the more modern show and amid the accompaniment of a would-be singer. At the conclusion of the programme, the well-pleased audience began to disperse. Sol. took occasion to meet Katrina before she left the meeting. He introduced her to the professor, with the obvious intention of having her entertained while he was getting the horse. After helping him into his conveyance, Sol. and Katrina walked home together. They pleasantly discussed the merits of the various pieces on the programme of the evening. Later he led the conversation along the lines of the farm and the farm home. She, with true feminine intuition, saw through his evident attempt at the concealment of his own real object. He gleaned (as she designedly intended that he should) that she thought a young married woman should be mistress of her own home. She indicated clearly that in her opinion there could not be two mistresses in one home. She intimated that though it was almost a



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religious obligation among the Amish that everything in the home should be plain, yet all the same the personality of the mistress of a house expressed itself in the arrangement of the furniture, the polish of the brass and tinware, and generally in the whole interior. Just in the same way as the well-groomed horses, the well-kept fences, the absence of weeds in the fields, as well as other things, proclaimed the character of the farmer.

The Amish being almost exclusively an agricultural people, their ambitions were largely bounded by the line fences of their farms. With them there was no desire or ambition to share in the honors of public life. War was a detestation; fashion was an absurd form of worldliness. The city had no lure for such a plain, pastoral people.

After parting with her at her father's gate, he was in a pensive mood. She had made it abundantly clear that she would not be willing to share part of a house with another. He was filled with dark forebodings, and he was even further than ever from a decision.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DAY ANGEL.

ANNIE was a welcome visitor to the house of Yođer. The youngest member of the said house had come to look upon her as his day angel. Fate seemed to throw her in his way in the daytime, while Katrina usually met him in the night time. She was a sort of "Lady with the Lamp" for him.

Upon one of Annie's visits in the afternoon Sol. saw her home, and adroitly asked her opinion on the home problem. Her satisfying reply was that she thought it was not well to let the old folks live apart. "My lands!" she exclaimed, "if they had been alone when the burglars came they would have been frightened to death." Young Sol. felt this as a compliment to his prowess, and said in the vernacular of the district, "You're just happy right." She went on, speaking in general, to state that old people might have certain rooms for their own use, and live agreeably under the same roof with young people. Sol. was wonderfully comforted by such words from one possessed of such a sunny nature.

Here truly, thought he, was evil working out good. The crime of the night brought about the solution of the problem that had perplexed him so long.

There was surely a silver lining to the cloud that had been hanging over the Yoder home. He still asked himself the question, would Annie have him? Instead of asking her this plain question, he would say to himself, I believe I will; and again conclude that he would not till some other day. Perhaps the kindly interest she had shown in his people was not meant for him after all, and thus he halted between two opinions. He would in a way satisfy himself by reasoning that she might not get along well after all with the old folks. Though he lingered long at the parting, and though he threw out vague hints, he parted just as he had done so many times before. On his way homeward he had pleasant thoughts of her, yet he wished he had some of the decision and promptitude in action that Sandy Sneckie had shown in his conflict with the burglars.

He thought of taking Sandy into his confidence and of asking his advice; then he would conclude that he ought to confide in some member of his own community. He had written the head-line in his writing book at school, "Procrastination is the thief of time," many times, but had never really comprehended its true meaning.

On the next Sabbath morning, all the Yoder household went to the meeting house, as was their wont. Bishop Himmelhoch proclaimed the banns of Katrina Rupp to Hans K—— in the usual form. This came like a bolt from the blue upon young Yoder. The prospective groom was an elder son of a well-to-do and respected member of their

church, who had recently bought another farm with a fine new house, a splendid barn, and other out-buildings thereon.

One of the preachers present rose and seemed to get his inspiration from the "Northern Saga," that book of Genesis of the Germanic races. He began in this manner: "If all the trees were one great tree." Sol. momentarily had his attention riveted to the subject; then his thoughts became engrossed in the startling announcement he had just heard, and he heard not another word about the gigantic tree whose roots were embedded in the heart of the world and whose branches soared aloft piercing the clouds. As he thought over the words that had been spoken by Katrina in the interviews he had with her, it began to dawn upon him that she had been honest enough in what she said about a young wife being mistress in her own house. Annie was surely equally honest in what she said on the same subject. He vowed he would act promptly and decisively when opportunity knocked at his door again. He felt a new resolution, and was in some measure thereby consoled. In spite of himself, he somehow felt envious of this rival who had no home problem to perplex him. He had a fine new house all to himself for a home.

He was so absorbed in such thoughts that he neither heard nor saw anything around him. After the service was over he moved about in a dazed state; he mechanically got the horse and wagon out of the sheds, avoiding all conversation with neigh-

bors or others. He as mechanically drove home, avoiding all reference to the announcement that had stunned him.

After dinner he took a walk to the woods. This was his favorite haunt when in search of mind rest. Here he could be alone with himself and Nature. As he looked up through the branches of the lofty trees he was sorry he had not listened to the words of the preacher that day about the great tree of the "Northern Saga." He lay on his back upon the ground that he might gaze upward. He could see in the opening spaces great continents of white clouds slowly moving past. The clouds pass, but the sky beyond remains, thought he. At times the clouds cast a gloom over things, and then would follow the sunshine. There was comfort in this. Sunshine followed shade. He could hear the pleasant jargon of the birds. They are happy, they are mated; I am not happy, I am not mated; he thought to himself. Yet they, too, had tragedies in their lives, as the scattered feathers at certain places on the ground only too plainly told. The survivors could yet make melody and be happy. Why not he? He formed the high resolve that he, too, would try to make life happy for himself and perhaps for another.

He felt there was nothing so soothing to him in his troublous moods as the green of the trees and the melody of the birds. They had been his friends from his childhood days, and were always doubly so in his hours of perplexity.

CHAPTER XXI.

A HOUSE DIVIDED.

THE substantial house on the Yoder farm had been built to accommodate the family as it was composed at that time. It was not constructed in such a way that by certain changes two families could comfortably and separately live together. It was a unit, not a dual thing. The problem had been in the minds of the Yoders from the time Yoder, junior, hinted that he might some day bring a wife into the house, and this question became the cause of some dissension. This, too, brought the problem of the old and the new into more direct conflict than it had ever been brought before.

There was one kitchen, one dining-room, one parlor, one stairway; and the logical conclusion was that there should be one family and one mistress. In the event of a young wife being brought in, who would then be mistress? Yoder the elder had built the house; he owned it; he noped to die in it. Was not this right? Yet he was here and now confronted with a question perplexing and apparently insoluble. He had seen some of his contemporaries retire to neighboring towns, buy small houses on back streets, and bury themselves and their individualities in new and uncongenial surroundings. They

had, as it were, to be plucked up and transplanted into new soil after all their habits had been formed, away from their old farm, and away from their old companionships. In town they could no longer stroke the kindly noses and clap the soft, warm necks of the horses and colts that they had loved so much, and had been loved by them in turn. The bossy cow and the little lambkins, too, would have to be left behind, as also the fresh air, the old garden, and the shady woods. As a son of the soil, on the soil, thought he, he must remain until he was trapped in his last narrow, windowless home when his work was done and he had lain down to take his long, long rest. His firm resolve was that he would not leave his old home, for it was the only legitimate conclusion to his life. When in the contemplation of this problem he exclaimed: "Was it for this I left the old land to seek peace and plenty in the new world? Was it for this I left kith and kin there, to be tossed for weeks in a sailing vessel on the stormy Atlantic? Was it for this that I toiled in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in order to earn some money and learn the art of farming in the new land? Was it for this that I took unto myself a wife, and travelled with my team through forests and through Canadian swamps? Was it for this we braved wild beasts and endured hardships together? Was it for this that I laid low the tall forest trees, and hewed out a home for myself and my faithful wife in free Canada? Then, when I

am old and no longer able to toil, when my legs are weak and my hands shake, must I feel that I cannot have rest and peace in a home earned in this way, built by me, and still owned by me? Oh, it is very hard!" He sank down, sobbing, into a chair. This is the viewpoint of the father.

From the viewpoint of the son the case would look like this: "I have to take a wife now. I cannot wait till I am an old man. It is only fair that a young wife should be mistress of her home. She cannot take a servant's place and do the bidding of another. I must do the work on the farm now; my wife must do the work in the house. To do so, we must be master and mistress in our own home. The good old people cannot any longer work, and therefore cannot any longer be master and mistress. They must step aside. They have had their day. Others must take their places. It is our place to do this. On our shoulders the burden must now fall. We are their legitimate successors. We are no usurpers."

That is the problem. What is the solution? If the house had been so built that it could have readily been divided and adapted for the accommodation of two families, such a change might have solved the problem; but it was not so built.

If a small temporary house were built, then which of these houses would they severally occupy? The young wife would not like to be relegated to a shanty; and if a finer house were built, then in the

natural order of things it would soon be of no use, for the old people could not live many more years.

Here surely was a proper case for a compromise. After much discussion, and after much yielding on both sides, an agreement was arrived at between the old people and the young man. It was agreed that the son was to own the farm subject to the life interest of the father and the mother or the survivor of them. The old people were to have access to all the rooms in the house, and the exclusive use of two rooms, a bedroom and a living room. They were to be provided with firewood, food, clothing, and other necessaries for the rest of their natural lives.

Thus the difficult experiment of putting two into one was about to be attempted. The system of primogeniture which prevailed in some countries gave the eldest son the house; and while unjust and inequitable, it had the merit of keeping up the family name and estates. In the new land it usually works out that the youngest son gets the old home, the older sons being provided with homes of their own, either by purchase of new farms or by the subdivision of the paternal acres. The retirement of farmers to the towns and cities to make way for their sons on the farms (a practice which has become all too common in Canada) does not prevail among the Amish people, as they are an agricultural people and rarely live in towns. This movement from the old farm home must have a bad effect on

the social conditions on the farms. With the extension of this practice is passing the good old ideal of the farm as the family home. It is likely to foster, too, in the minds of the young the belief that the city is the ultimate home of the farmer. The farm is thereby commercialized, and comes to be looked upon simply as a place to make some money with which the farmer may be enabled to live in retirement in a town or city, where he has to form new associations amid new surroundings and at a time of life when his best days are over, and where his individuality is lost in the multitude, and where too often he is looked upon as a drag upon progressive measures. The movement marks a decline in many things which make for national greatness, for it militates against the instinctive class of yeomanry, that bulwark of national strength in the past.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

THOUGH the Yoders had arrived at an agreement with reference to the home and farm, young Sol. had not yet settled upon a life companion, but he had it in more serious consideration than ever before.

It was now midwinter, and he contemplated a sleigh ride to the county seat. In the late evening he went out to view the state of the weather. There was not a breath of wind, but snow was falling and everything seemed so calm and still. The outline of the barn could be dimly seen through the veil of falling snow. Near at hand, the old dinner bell hung from its cross-bar, supported by two posts, and was silhouetted, as it were, against a wall of white. The stillness was impressive. As he listened, he could hear the faint but exquisitely delicate sound made by the particles of falling snow impinging upon other particles in their fall. Was this indeed the music of the spheres he had read about? The sound was so faint and so delicate that he had to hold his breath and listen intently before he could hear it at all. It was more, thought he, like the whispering of spirits. He recalled Wordsworth's lines, "London at Night," as recited by a former teacher:—

THE SLEIGH RIDE

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"Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep,
The river glideth at his own sweet will.
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still."

He lingered long, listening and musing, feeling himself almost transported into a new world, till the spell was broken by the distant whistle of a locomotive. He tried to hear the music of the falling snow again but it was drowned by the dull rumble of the train as the engine toiled, drawing its heavily freighted cars. So it seemed to him that the finer things, the more delicate things in Nature, were blurred and destroyed by the noises of our bustling, strenuous civilization.

To-morrow he would drive to a so-called centre of civilization, and would be able to contrast the quiet of that evening hour until it was rudely broken in upon by the rumbling noise of the train. The passing engine puffed and toiled along, its progress being retarded somewhat by the snow upon the rails. He felt it had thrust its discordant notes rudely and in an unmasked-for way upon the quiet of the country. So he re-entered the house to be relieved in some measure from the discord it created. It was soon all lost, for he was anon in slumberland.

He rose before the tardy sun, on a beautiful, clear winter's morn; and after the usual chores he ate a hearty breakfast prepared for him by his good mother. Soon he was tucked round with warm robes, and off amid the merry jingle of the sleigh

bells. The day was breaking, the white smoke rose from house chimneys, and the runners squeaked over the frosty snow. He had not gone far when a graceful female form appeared before him, going in the same direction. It looked like Annie's walk, but her head was so wrapped in a warm shawl he could not yet recognize her. As he approached, she stepped aside and looked back at him. Sure enough, it was she. He greeted her cordially and asked her to jump into the sleigh with him, which she gladly did. This was unexpected bliss.

She, in answer to his questionings, told him she was on her way with some dainties to visit a sick friend. He suggested that if she went to the city with him he would drive her to her destination. This also seemed agreeable to her, and she thanked him kindly. Her voice was now to him as the music of the spheres.

Before they were aware of it, they were entering the city streets. The screech of a circular saw in a stove factory grated on their ears and nearly scared the horse, but Sol. took a tight grip of the lines and soon had it under control. As they passed a blacksmith's shop the iron anvil was being "banged with hammers." There was noise and discord on every hand.

He left his horse at the stables of a leading hotel, and then went shopping with her. He afterwards invited her to dinner with him at this hotel. He was somewhat disconcerted with the glances that ..

met him from other guests, and for the moment wickedly wished he was dressed like other people. Annie's quick feminine intuition took in the situation at a glance, and she spoke words of encouragement which steadied him. Himmelhoch the Bishop himself could not have done it better.

They were soon away from the vulgar glances of the guests, and speeding from the discord of the city on their way to the house of her kinswoman. He tied up and blanketed his horse on their arrival, and entered. He noted the glad welcome Annie received, but was sorry to hear the pressing invitation she got to stay. She asked him if he did not mind, and he, with perhaps ill-concealed disappointment, readily concurred. He mustered courage for the leave-taking, and was soon shortening the distance on his homeward and solitary journey.

Here opportunity had knocked at his door and he had not responded. His good intentions to broach the subject of marriage on the last lap of the journey had been thwarted by the invitation to remain at her friend's house. However, he felt that the Fates had been propitious to him, and that he was nearer the goal than ever before.

When he reached home he was not very communicative, though he showed his purchases and told them what he had paid for them. It is probable that as he lay in his bed that night his body bent itself into the shape of an interrogation mark.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MATED.

SOL. YODER, junior, was now more than desirous of meeting Annie and of meeting her often.

He imagined that opportunities for this did not present themselves as often as they might. He therefore decided to make them.

The springtime had now passed, and June was at hand. One early June night he was kept awake by a heavy thunderstorm, accompanied by a heavy downpour of rain. I cannot to-morrow work on the land, thought he; it will be too wet. I can go fishing, and if I go along the road past Annie's place perhaps I will meet her. Opportunities come most often when one seeks for them. To go fishing will be a good excuse.

At last, the storm being spent, he fell asleep and had pleasant dreams. He awoke before the sun had risen on a beautiful June morning. He went out, took long, deep draughts of the fresh, soul-reviving air. He felt happy, for the omens were all favorable. He looked up his fishing rod and line, and in the rich soil behind the hog pen he dug up some thick, fat fish worms, and put them in a tin box. After breakfast he started along the road with his rod and line.

The birds were joyously singing their songs amid the leafy branches of the trees. There was a beautiful green scud on the fields lately sown with spring grain. The trees were out in full leaf, and Nature was at her loveliest.

He revolved in his mind all the probabilities and possibilities of meeting her whom he was so madly anxious to see. He remembered that her aunt along the line was ill. She was a nervous woman, and the thunderstorm of the previous night might have made her worse. Perhaps Annie might be going over to see her. She would do so after breakfast. He was a little too early, so he tarried on the way.

He was not left long in suspense. His conjecture proved to be correct. He contrived to meet her as she came along. His heart was beating strangely fast as he said, "Good morning." She answered his greeting warmly, as she said: "Are you going fishing?" "Yes," he replied, "but I would rather catch a girl than a fish." "You know, Sol., what the rhyme says: 'Paddy caught a cod-fish, but couldn't catch me.'" "I am not Paddy," said Sol., "and if I have not caught you I have met you. Say, how would you like to come with me and catch some fish?" said Sol., coaxingly. She replied: "I would like to, but folks would talk." "Let 'em talk," said he, "and besides, no one will be along the creek."

Annie had a presentiment that he had come on purpose to meet her. Something, she knew not

what, seemed to prompt her to accompany him, and she did. With a light heart he led her by the winding pathway through the fields to the old swimming hole. This was a place fraught with destiny. Here the whole course of his life had been changed. She was with him here. Here he would find expression.

They sat down on the bank. He threw some crumbs into the pool, and they watched a shoal of little minnows gather at the surface to nibble at the crumbs. Away at one side a frog's eye caught his. It seemed to be looking at him with a look of contempt and as if it knew about his stone-throwing episode in the past. It made him uneasy, so he rose and walked towards it and made a motion with his hands to frighten it. It made a few strokes with its long legs and disappeared. He returned to Annie, took her hand in his, and in German simply said, "Wollen sie?" She knew what he meant and promptly said, "Ja" (pronounced yah). It was so easy after all. They plighted their troth and she confidently told him she would have to talk the matter over with her father.

They did not now envy the birds in the trees. They were as happy now as the birds. In their converse they forgot everything, even the flight of time, till the sound of the Yoder dinner bell broke upon their ears. They rose, and, light of foot and more light of heart, retraced their steps over the winding pathway through the fields to the road. He

escorted her to the home of her aunt. On the way she told him she would gladly live in the same house with the old people, because she liked them. They parted affectionately at the gate, and Sol. hurried homeward. The dinner had been kept warm for him. His appetite was not voracious.

Next day Annie had a heart-to-heart talk with her father, who seemed to be very well pleased with the choice that his daughter had made, and expressed the hope that nothing would interfere with their plans.

On the following day Annie's father went to a barn-raising at a neighbor's place, when all of a sudden he remembered he had left unlocked the drawer in his bookcase in which he kept his witch book that he had consulted. He hurriedly left, and the look of concern in his face was noticed by those who had seen his hurried departure. They surmised that he had forgotten something at home, and thought no more about it. When he arrived at his house he hastened to the drawer. He imagined from the position of the articles in the drawer that the book had been opened. He nervously turned up the passage which he feared his daughter had read to her undoing. Following instructions, he had read in the book itself for just such occurrences. He slowly read the paragraph backwards word by word, superstitiously believing that by so doing he would undo what had been done, and that his daughter by this act of his would be made to forget what she

had read. Thus satisfying himself, he carefully locked up the book in the drawer again, put the key in his pocket and hurried back to the barn-raising, which he had so unceremoniously left.

In the belief that all had now been made well, he never spoke to his daughter about the incident, though it had made him curiously observant of Annie's every action. He noted with pleasure that she now wore the proper kerchief for girls who were engaged, in conformity with the rules of his Church governing dress. He noticed, too, that her young man waited regularly upon her, and began to "sit up" with her, all of which was in conformity with the customs of their sect, and deemed highly proper.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FETT KUCHEN.

THE course of true love between Sol. and Annie ran smoothly, notwithstanding the proverb to the contrary.

After a fitting time had passed in "sitting up" together, thereby getting better acquainted with each other, the wedding day was fixed. The banns were duly proclaimed, and preparations made for the happy event. The friends of both families from far and near were invited as guests. Though these people were "plain," it must not be supposed that a trousseau was unnecessary. Nearly as much care had to be expended in suppressing that which was looked upon as gaudy and worldly as is expended by the Gentile world in ornamentation and frills.

The wedding ceremony proper took place in the church, with Bishop Himmelhoch officiating.

The invited guests have arrived, the women sitting on one side and the men on the other. On the women's side, on a front seat, sat the bride with a white kerchief on her head; beside her, similarly attired, her best friend was seated. On a front seat on the men's side, clad in new but sombre attire, sat the groom, and he was supported by the best man.

After singing and prayer, the Bishop preached a sermon specially applicable to those who sat ner-

vously on the front seats. He told the groom with astounding directness that heretofore he had stretched his legs under his father's table; now he must take his place at the head of a table of his own. He must now be a provider for himself and the young woman about to become his wedded wife. Upon him as head of the house a new responsibility would now rest. He trusted that he would see to it that he bowed his head in silent prayer before every meal he partook of in his home. In this way he could show his dependence upon the Giver of all good. He expatiated upon the duties and the trials of the new life they were entering upon. He exhorted him to be a true Amishman and her to be a true Amishwoman, which they would be if they followed by faith the example and teaching of Him who was sent to be the Saviour of mankind. After giving them some good, wholesome advice before the assembled people, he stepped before them; and as they stood before him he went through the simple ceremony which made them man and wife. Then with uplifted hand he invoked a blessing upon them, after which followed the usual felicitations. Then all left for the home of the bride, where great preparations had been made for a feast of *fett kuchen* (fat cakes) and the many other good things provided for the happy pair and the invited guests.

At this the first wedding repast the men and women sat as opposites, facing each other at the rows of tables which filled the room. All reverently

bowed their heads in silent prayer before eating. Tea and coffee and beer were served at this the first feast of the day. The room was filled with the hum of conversation, punctuated with peals of merry laughter. Afterwards the company broke up into groups, and amused themselves with telling stories, and especially love tales.

Some of the elder brethren present renewed their youth in narrating their experiences at weddings in the good old primitive days. Thus the afternoon was happily spent, the conversation being at times relieved by the singing of hymns.

In the meantime, many were busying themselves with the preparation of the wedding supper, the distinctive wedding repast. At this feast the bride and groom sat side by side at the head of the chief table, she serving the *glucktrinke*, a special wine for the festive occasion, while the groom passed it to volunteer waiters selected from the young men present, while each man or young man sat side by side with his wife or sweetheart, and not as opposites as before, the Bishop now taking his place as an ordinary member of the gathering. Each man as he was served with wine rose, and raising his glass proposed the good health of the newly wedded couple, wishing them, in the brief speech then made, much joy and happiness in their wedded life.

Thus with speech and song sped the happy hours. After the old couple had retired, and they retired early, the young people were more unrestrained and the fun became more boisterous and hilarious. Some-

times the younger people on such occasions after the withdrawal of the older people indulged in dancing to the music of a mouth organ or other improvised instrument, and their joy found expression in good old country dances. Sometimes, if dancing were tabooed, games were played, such as "hunt the handkerchief," or games resembling the old game:—

"Open the gates as high as the sky,
And let King George and his troops go by."

And naturally there is some romping indulged in if the game should be:—

"The needle's eye we do supply
With thread that runs so true,
And many a lass have I let pass
Because I wanted you."

The German equivalents of these rhymes might be used.

There is not usually a honeymoon trip, the newly wedded couple going directly to their new home, which is all put in readiness for them by willing helpers. In this case the groom simply went to his old home. The young wife must henceforth as a distinguishing mark wear a small white cap under her bonnet.

It is noticeable that every honor is paid to the bride and groom throughout the wedding festivities. Their Bishop, though he be not a graduate of any theological seminary or college, has, by the laws of Ontario, as full powers to solemnize marriages as the clergymen of other denominations.

CHAPTER XXV.

A RELIGIOUS LOVE FEAST.

HAVING been a guest at a marriage feast, let us by way of contrast go with the Yoder family, now composed of an aged couple and a young couple, to communion service to partake of a religious love feast, so that we may see this people from still another viewpoint.

These services were formerly held in their barns, and there they sat down to an actual supper at which the *bohne suppe* (bean soup) was the characteristic feature, the eating of which seemed almost a part of divine service. Let it suffice to say that the act of the washing of feet was duly observed, following that example of humility taught by their Divine Teacher. The bread and wine was solemnly partaken of, but these things are too sacred to be dwelt upon in a narrative such as this. One strongly feels, upon closer acquaintance, that these simple people worship in spirit and in truth. They require no adventitious aids to their worship. Of their services, we could exclaim with Burns:—

“Compared with this, how poor religious pride
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotions every grace except the heart.”

We pass reverently over the subject of the service until the concluding social part of the meeting is reached, about which one can speak more freely without sacrilegious feelings, the Love Kiss. Preliminary to parting, the women are lined up on one side of the church. The last woman in line farthest from the door is the Bishop's wife, who stands beside her husband, who leads the line of men down the men's side of the church to the door. Next to the Bishop stood the oldest deacon (*armen deiner*), Solomon Yoder, next entitled to this honor. The men and women faced each other, practically encircling the whole floor. The first love kiss is given by the last woman by the door to the next above her, and so it is passed on up the line to the Bishop's wife, who passes it to her husband, who passes it to Yoder, senior, and thus it is passed down the line on the men's side till the last man is kissed at the door. This simple ceremony typifies the bond of unity which exists between the brethren, and which makes for good feeling and harmony.

A certain latitude is allowed in the "line-up," so that personal likes and dislikes should as far as possible be regarded and the ceremony made agreeable to all. For absolute harmony is never attained in human society.

This concluding ceremony is like that little touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, and the communal feeling of kinship the one with the other is thereby strengthened.

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After a few moments of social converse, when the sick and the absent ones are kindly enquired after, they disperse to their several homes. They go, too, as men and women made better mentally, morally and spiritually for having assembled themselves together.

Young Yoder and his youthful wife felt that there was some pretence and show about it all, for in their own home under one roof, bound together by filial and parental ties, there were at times dissensions and differences of opinions and a lack of real unity. Then would there not be some dissensions and wider differences of opinions and a greater lack of real unity among those brought together under one church roof and bound together by looser ties than those of a family? However, there was the Divine injunction, to "salute one another with a holy kiss."

CHAPTER XXVI.

TWO IN ONE.

It may seem like a paradox to say that an undivided house is often a divided house, but a house so built that it cannot be separated or divided into two separate houses for two families to live therein, often spells a divided house by reason of dissensions between the young and the old, for it is often a case of "two into one you can't," like a problem in arithmetic. Under such conditions, neither the young wife nor the aged one can say, "I am mistress in my own house." The elder, accustomed through long years of experience in her own house, cannot brook interference with her long established status and her lifelong habits.

Annie, shortly after her settlement in her new home, went in to rid up the parlor. She threw up the blinds and the windows to let in fresh air and some sunlight, for the room was stuffy and ill-smelling, not to say mouldy. She arranged the pictures differently, breaking up the pairs, changing the uniform level on which they had been hung, which had prevailed before, hanging some higher and some lower, and re-arranging groups differently, and thereby expressing her ideas of good taste in the arrangement of the chairs and furniture of the

room, as well as of the pictures on the walls. The mother came in after the young wife had everything arranged according to her ideas of good taste. Annie expected to be complimented upon the improvements she had effected. Instead, she saw a dark scowl upon the old lady's face, who exclaimed: "Flies!" and darted to the window and crushed with her extended fingers several flies where she coralled them at the corner of a pane, leaving them a crushed mass upon the well-cleaned glass. Looking around, she pointed to the pictures and said: "Those pictures are not in pairs; they don't look regular." She then proceeded to set the chairs stiffly back in rows against the walls. "I've not been used to things like this. I don't want any new notions here. Flies and light spoil things. Besides, this is my house."

"I'm sorry," said Annie, modestly. "I thought light and fresh air were good, and I was only trying to fix up things to please you."

"No, light fades things, and fresh air lets in flies," said the elderly woman, with determination, as she jerked down the blinds and shut down the windows.

Annie felt hurt and told her husband about the incident. He sympathized with her, and told her there had always been trouble between the old ways and the new ways and there would always be some trouble, but that they must just make the best of it. The young wife was tactful and resourceful, and

was filled with a strong desire to repress her feelings even when she was unduly interfered with.

When she had company one evening the young visitors laughed and chatted freely. This disturbed the old people, who had retired at nightfall. The elders made known their dislike by thumping on the wall. The young people repressed their hilarity for a time. Later, when they forgot themselves or thought the elders were again asleep, they once more became hilarious. The thumping on the wall was renewed with more vigor than before. This broke up the gathering, much to the annoyance and chagrin of the young wife.

In the kitchen the clash was, if possible, even more pronounced than in the quiet of the parlor. Fault was found in the methods of cooking; with the quality and price of household foodstuffs that were bought. Charges of extravagance and worldliness were daily and almost hourly flung at her. But for the sake of peace and for young Sol.'s sake she endured in silence.

While the conflict between the old and the new waged inside the house between the female occupants, the same conflict continued between Sol. and his father outside. Young Sol. seemed to be drawn closer in sympathy with his young wife in their common conflict, and farther away from his father and mother. They went away oftener together to visit friends and escape the worries at home. This gave the older people greater opportunities for

brooding over affairs at home. They made mountains out of mole hills. Had the poet Crabbe such a home in his mind when he wrote:—

“Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please,
Go, if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go, look within and ask if peace be there.”

Ceaseless work and its hopeless, monotonous round narrowed the outlook and stunted that elderly woman's life and so absorbed her in material things that the finer qualities were neglected. It was largely so, too, with Yoder, senior. Thus far, they had not solved the problems of the farm home. Perhaps if the house had been divisible it might have been otherwise.

As it was, there were still times when much-loved friends came to cheer their lives. Sandy Sneekie was always a welcome visitor on Sabbath afternoons, notwithstanding extravagant remarks. In discussing that ever popular subject, the price of wheat, he said, “I wad like tae see a gu'd fecht, anither Rooshian war. It wad pit up the price o' wheat.” They did not dissent, because perhaps the prospect of increased prices added an agreeable spice to the remark.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FORCES OF NATURE.

ONE sultry summer afternoon, while young Mrs. Yoder was airing the parlor, Mrs. Yoder, senior, came in and interfered, and was in the act of closing the window when the young woman dared her to do so. Both lost their tempers, and a combat took place. The battle attracted their husbands, old and young. The young man pushed his father and mother out of the room, and had raised a rebellious arm to strike his father, but he restrained his hand before the blow was struck. The young wife declared she would leave if she was ever interfered with again.

A truce was arranged, and the principal combatants were separated. Young Yoder sought peace and rest for his troubled soul at his favorite haunt, the old swimming hole, in the quiet of the woods on this sultry summer evening. He sat upon the bank, and pensively watched the midges dancing gaily above the calm surface of the water. An occasional ripple was made by a fish capturing an incautious fly which had ventured too near the surface of the pool. An industrious woodpecker was hammering at the trunk of a dead tree in his search for food. The last rays of the sun lit up the tree tops. Soon the shades of night would close around him, but he found a soothing restfulness there, so he lingered.

This was a place fraught with destiny for him. With soul-satisfaction he recalled the various events which this spot brought to his mind. Down stream, where the banks were low and marshy, he could discern the faint and fitful gleam of the fireflies. He fancied he saw a gleam of light, and bethought himself of the blind lamplighter of Heidelberg he had heard of, who, though himself blind, yet went round from lamp to damp in order to light them. In this way he gave light and cheer to others, though he himself was in perpetual gloom. In this thought there was a lesson for himself. He might have done more to cheer the lives of those around him than he had done. High and holy resolves now filled his mind.

A breeze had sprung up suddenly, which rustled the leaves on the tree tops overhead. Another sudden gleam of light followed by the growl of distant thunder broke upon his startled ear. He realized too late that a thunderstorm was fast approaching. His first thought was to run for his house. He hesitated because he feared he would be caught in the open by the storm. Finally he decided to stay in the shelter of the woods as the storm was rapidly gathering around him. An owl in a tree top near by gave an uncanny screech, which sent a thrill of terror through him. The trees were now swaying as if they were swept by a hurricane. Branches came crashing down from a tossing ocean of tree tops. Mingling together was the swirl of the cloud-burst, the crash of falling trees, and the roar of thunder.

"Lightning gleams the darkness swallowed,
Loud, deep and long, the thunder bellowed."

The erstwhile calm pool was now like a boiling caldron. Here was Nature at war. Flash was following flash, amid a continuous roar of thunder as an accompaniment. He stood beneath a sturdy maple with his back against the sheltered side of the trunk, when a terrific crash came, and Yoder knew no more. The tree under which he stood had been struck, and he was stunned by the bolt.

A common fear had brought the aged couple and the young wife into close and friendly relations once more. As soon as the storm passed, the father and the young wife with lantern in hand began a search for the missing one. With feminine prescience, Annie led the way to the swimming hole. In dread she clung to the father's arm as they entered the woods. Fallen branches and even fallen trees made their progress difficult. At last they reached the pool, and there beneath the stricken maple lay the prostrate man.

On seeing him, she gave vent to an agonized shriek, but, recovering her composure, she felt her husband's hand, which was still warm. This cheered and inspired her. With the aid of the lantern she saw that the electric fluid had run down the opposite side of the tree trunk from that on which her husband lay. He was quickly laid on his back, with his head slightly raised. Neither of them knew very well what to do. She tried to cause him to

breathe again by successive movements in imitation of breathing. Signs of life were manifest, and it was not long till they were gladdened when he opened his eyes, while a faint smile lit up his face. All were thanking God for sparing him. The wife was rubbing his hands to help the circulation. Before long he was able to sit up a little, and after a considerable time to stand up. He insisted that he could walk a little, and before long a joyous but slow procession was begun for the house, one on each side of him, everyone vowing that it would be an undivided household in the Yoder home till death did them part.

As they approached the house the aged mother stood pale and trembling at the door, but a look of joy lit up her face as she saw the lost one home once more.

The stricken man was given some brandy, and they all joined in drinking to his health; and again inwardly made a vow that they would dwell in peace and unity together hereafter. As Yoder, senior, lay down to rest, the old clock in the hall solemnly struck twelve. He wondered if the twelve Apostles were still striking the hours in the old Strasburg Cathedral clock tower, as they did when he was a boy. He wondered if the little stone man was still looking up with an anxious face to see if the arch was strong enough to bear the weight upon it. Soon he was in dreamland, and wandering in his youthful haunts within view of the blue Alsatian Mountains.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MYSTERY.

THE house of Yoder had undergone a change which seemed to have been wrought upon all the inmates, the old and the young, as a result of the storm in which the younger Yoder had been suddenly stricken down and then as suddenly restored to them.

The problem of the house on the farm had been solved by the application of the Golden Rule. Another event was about to happen which would form a new link, a new bond, in cementing the better relations begun between the old and the young, namely, the expected arrival of a child. There is the miracle of the birth, the miracle of the beginning, as there is the mystery of the ending of a human life. With what wonder the young mother is filled when she realizes that she is the instrument in the Creator's hand for the bringing forth of a new life. A sense of mystery possesses her. How she is startled by the cry of her first-born. How the mother-love for it grows with the growing intelligence of the child, and with its smiles of recognition. How the touch of the tiny, soft hand thrills the inmost being of the parent. Such an event changes all. *He* is a father, *she* a mother. Both

have a new bond in their common offspring. Life becomes more real, for there is now something to live for, to work for, and if needs be, to die for. But, oh, the mystery of it all. Not only the father and the mother, but the grandfather and grandmother, are in a measure enabled to live their lives over again in the life of the child growing up in their midst. Its coming made for unity in the household. This unifying effect seemed to extend beyond the Yoder house to the whole community.

In due time the friends of the young couple organized a surprise party for the house of Yoder. They made glad their own hearts in making glad the hearts of the Yoders. They came with a feast of fat things which they had brought with them in order the better to make merry. As on the wedding night, after the elders had withdrawn, the young people continued the merriment. The old people did not now think of thumping on the wall. On the other hand, they seemed to rejoice in the merriment of the young people. The Golden Rule had found its application, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Something had broadened them; the old people now wanted to live and let live; and, on the other hand, the young people were anxious that the quiet of the old people's lives should not be unnecessarily disturbed. The finer issues of life, those for which the soul was created, seemed now to be receiving more emphasis, and a check was given to that absorption in material things into

which the monotonous round of their daily toils had drawn them. They were getting a wider outlook. There was really something in life of more value after all than dollars and cents, and they were beginning to realize it. Higher ideals, art and the finer issues of life are being crushed in these days under the Juggernaut of materialism, while these finer issues might still be the product of love, faith, intercourse and comradeship between men.

The baby was now the star attraction in the Yoder home. Young Yoder had no yearning now to visit the circus that was on its annual tour of the province. The baby relieved the monotony of life. Its glee and laughter when they played peek-a-boo with it made all merry as it was itself. Even Sandy Sneckie seemed more regular in his visits, and now invariably came with some "sweeties" for the little one. It gave him evident delight to take the baby in his arms and sit in the rocking chair and "shuggy-shoo" with it. He also seemed to renew his youth when he would set it on his knee, and with its arms raised aloft he held its hands and imitated the movement of horseback riding with his knee, as he sang with his Scotch accent, "Ride a wee horse tae Banbury Cross." Then, realizing that a change of programme was always welcome, he would break out with:

"John Smith, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse o' mine?
Yes, indeed, and that I can,
Juist as weel as ony man."

Suiting the action to the words, he gently tapped the sole of the little one's shoes with his right hand. He felt amply rewarded when it showed its appreciation of his efforts to amuse it by kicking its little feet and screaming with glee. Then when the young mother would say, "Sandy, you're a good nurse," he felt highly complimented.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

SOLOMON YODER, the elder, spent the evening of his days peacefully on the old homestead. The two families, the old and the young, had learned, as we have seen, the art of living together in harmony under one roof.

But after the gloaming comes the night, and after the night the morn again. He had worked hard, but his work was now done. Old age and a general enfeeblement brought about dissolution. In Ecclesiastes 12: 6, 7 we read: "Or ever the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto the God who gave it."

The household were bowed in silent prayer around the couch upon which he lay while his spirit took its flight. How reverent is the view of these hushed heads, looking tranquillity. In such silent and impressive moments, "Deep calleth unto deep." He had crossed the bar. He had gone to be a guest on high. The blow fell heaviest on the aged partner of his joys and sorrows through many years. This is one of life's tragedies.

As was the custom, neighbors came to take charge of the household, four volunteering to take turns in sitting up with the body, a custom so old and so universal that its origin would be difficult to trace.

The news of the passing of this venerable man and respected pioneer spread quickly through the community. The funeral took place on the third day. The Bishop had been much with them in the house of mourning. He was present to officiate at the last sad rites. These people live "plain" and are "plain" in death. A hearse with waving plumes would not be fitting for such a one. Six stalwarts, chosen from among his most intimate friends, are there to bear him to a wagon. The Bishop conducts a service in the house, the crowd overflowing to the verandah and the front yard, listening reverently to catch the words that fall from the speaker's lips. Numerous friends had there met to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of an old neighbor, a kind friend and an upright citizen.

The long procession moves slowly to the cemetery (*Gottesacker*), where the pall-bearers carry the casket from the wagon to the narrow tomb, his "windowless palace of rest." The Bishop, with head uncovered and with uplifted hand, speaks the final words over the open grave. Then there is the dull rattle of the falling earth upon the coffin lid, and the earth closes for ever upon all that is mortal

of this brother man. Here they laid him next to his first wife, with space left at his other side for the last resting-place of the wife who survived him.

Of this humble spot one could say:

Weep not, my sympathetic friend,
A halo beams around,
More bright than pomp and glory lend
To consecrated ground.

As the mourners straggled out of this graveyard the sun cast lengthening shadows towards the Wil-mot hills. They felt that Yoder was now where "the day dawns and the shadows flee away." To them the old morgue with its unpainted, shuttered windows looked more ghostly and awe-inspiring than ever, and the tavern in the hollow nearby somehow did not look as mirthful and inviting as before.

These people, plain in life, are plain in death. In their cemetery no grave-stone taller than two feet above the grass has been erected.

On their simple memorial stones the inscriptions record only the names and the dates of birth and death; for all folk in their estimation are equal and alike in the eyes of the Lord.

In their opinion a tall and costly monument would be evidence of worldliness and ostentatious pride.

They all lie here in a democracy of death and on absolute equality. Not that death has been the great leveller, for they so tried to live.

The man who had passed away had lived and moved in a somewhat narrow sphere, but in it he had filled a large place. The great blank thus created was most felt in the home from whence he was taken. There they placed the vacant chair by the fireside, and betimes at the table, a continuing tribute of respect to the memory of the departed. This simple act expresses a sentiment common to humanity itself. Somehow it expresses a sense of the utter homelessness of death. A recent writer (Treves) points out a custom in Uganda, where they make a little door at the back of their dwellings in order that the spirit of the dead may come back to the house. Thus it is that the little door, the little gate of memories at the back of the hut, is never closed. This little door means much. The vacant chair in the quiet Amish home has the same meaning as the little door at the back of the Uganda hut. Who knows that the former occupant spiritualized does not come back and sit betimes in that vacant chair piously placed there by loving hands? Who knows?

We used to see frequently in our papers such headlines as "Another old pioneer gone." Such are noticeably infrequent now in Central Ontario, for these pioneers will soon all have gone. They will all have crossed the bar. But, as the New England Puritan is proud to trace his ancestry back to those who came over in the *Mayflower*, so may we in Canada feel a pride in tracing our line-

age back to such strong elemental men as these old pioneers. They were men. They left the world better for their having toiled in it.

"Admire, exalt, despise, laugh, weep, for here
There is such matter for all feeling—Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
Ages and realms are crowded in this span."

—BYRON.

CHAPTER XXX.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

THE Amish sect seem best adapted for living in settlements in a country where protection is afforded them by the people among whom they have chosen to live. A government is established and the administration of justice is carried out for them by others. Holding the beliefs about non-participation in civic affairs, wars, the taking of oaths, and such duties as are required of citizens of modern states, they could not very well form themselves into a self-governing state.

The *lex talionis*, that stern law of the ancient Jewish race, which demanded "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," finds no support from this people, who believe in non-resistance. As a separate community they would be defenceless against attack, the natural equilibrium being attack and defence would be wanting.

Freed from these distractions, they were enabled to develop strength in other directions. They developed individuality and spirituality. As tillers of the soil, for this is their chief occupation, they developed strong characters. Men on the soil grow steadfast, enduring and masterful, though a too

strenuous application to the daily round of toil may beget sordidness, and in their patriarchal life engender in the heads of families a certain patriarchal domination.

Their polity begot a strong individualism; each person interpreted Bible truth for himself or herself, and in the walk of life they followed they were not trained to subordinate the non-essentials to the broader and more important interests of life. Each congregation being a law unto itself (as there was no central authority), the natural tendency was to divide up into factions. No other religious body has been divided into so many factions as the Mennonite body. The cause for this is to be found in part in their congregational form of church government, and in part in the spirit and character of the people, and in the strong individualism engendered in them.

By the people among whom they dwell they are respected as an industrious, frugal, honest and religious people. They take life seriously, and cling strongly to their convictions.

They stand for the complete separation of Church and State. Principally and especially they stand for peace. Lowell expresses their ideas on the subject of war in the lines.:

“Ez fer war—I call it murder.
Thar ye hev it plain and flat,
I don’t want to go no fuder
Then my Testyment fer that.”

Though their direct influence upon history thus far may have been slight, yet in the divine ordering of things they, like the blossom beneath the snow, may be biding their time.

It may be, as Dr. Ben Rush, one of the signers of the American Declaration of Independence, once said: "Perhaps these German sects who refuse to bear arms for the shedding of human blood may be preserved by Divine Providence as the centre of a circle which shall gradually embrace all nations of the earth in a perpetual treaty of friendship and perpetual peace."

Although the world may have a long road to travel before this consummation is reached, yet there are not a few signs that it is approaching. Have we not recently had the example of wealth being laid upon the altar of peace in Mr. Carnegie's princely gift of ten million dollars to promote the cause of peace? May it not be possible that militarism is placing an intolerable tax of money and of blood upon the long-suffering nations, who in their mad rivalry add battleship to battleship, and train and equip enormous standing armies? May not all this lead to a swing of the pendulum in the direction of peace?

If this peace-loving people by example and precept help to lessen the old rancors and prejudices among men, which make for war, then they will not have lived in vain. They may in this way have a stronger influence upon history than we dream

of, and may merit more and more praise from mankind for the important part they have quietly played in the promotion of peace.

In the words of an American orator, who, speaking on the subject, "The true greatness of nations," said, "Let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world forever."

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