

HOW TOM KING WAS TRANSLATED.

A TALE OF SIMPLE FAITH.

Ernest Renan, the great French philosopher, once said that the good man heads the procession of humanity, and that next comes the scientist, and third the philosopher. This remark reminds me of Tom King, the best man I ever knew. Tom was an old negro who lived in my native village. He had tasted the bitterness of slavery. There were scars on his wrists and welts on his broad back. When I first saw Tom he was in his prime, a man of magnificent proportions, a Hercules in stature and in strength. He could stand on the bottom of a canal-boat moored to the village pier and toss a barrel of flour out upon the wharf. The muscles under his black skin were then supple and sinewy, his giant-like form was as erect as the pine, and men turned to look as he passed them in the street, says Ernest Jarrod in Harper's Weekly.

In his early manhood Tom was not a good man. One winter a noted revivalist came to the village and opened services in the little Methodist church under the hill. He compared the quiet little hemlet to Sodom and Gomorrah, and thundered his denunciations in a manner which struck terror to the hearts of his listeners. Tom's only surviving relative was his daughter Dinah, who became greatly exercised over the spiritual welfare of her father, and after weeks of pleading persuaded him to go to meeting. This proved to be the turning-point in Tom's career. The horrors of the fate awaiting the sinner in the future world filled Tom with remorse, and he resolved to go to the altar. It was only after a week of brooding that he made up his mind to take this step. To make the effort as easy as possible, he went to the church early and secured a seat near to the altar-rail. Tom's great heart was beating like a trip-hammer when the preacher invited the sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and he was the first to prostrate himself at the altar-rail, and to bend his gigantic frame in an attitude of prayer.

His mind was in a chaos. He felt as if he wanted something, but he could not tell what it was. For the following week he was a miserable man. He began to examine those great problems which have vexed the human soul ever since the birth of Adam. His feeble reason attacked such problems as free-will and foreordination. He went to the preacher, but obtained no relief. Tom remained in this mental condition for several weeks. When suddenly his mind was relieved. A sense of rest and happiness filled his breast. The preacher told him that he had been converted, and Tom believed him. He did not know what conversion meant, but he told his daughter, "Once I was dark inside like a coal-cellar, but now I got a candle in mah soul."

Tom shook off the vices which cling to weaker men as a lion might shake autumn leaves from his mane. It was the blossoming of a human soul into an exquisite goodness. Very simple, childlike, and beautiful Tom's life became. He believed in the Bible literally. With the sensuous imagination of the negro, and the occult divination of a mind which dwelt continually on high planes of thought, he even aspired to translate the mysteries of the book of Revelation. Tom never troubled himself about current events, but after supper he would open the well-worn Bible and pour over the wonderful book with constant delight. And as the spiritual horizon widened, and all malice and uncharitableness departed from him, leaving a gracious kindness and sweetness which irradiated his rugged features. The portion of the Bible which fascinated Tom more than any other was the story of the translation of the prophet Elijah. In these iconoclastic days, when the hammers of materialism have been coming down with a crushing force, there are many who laugh at the story of the fiery chariot and the flaming horses, but doubt if its truth never crept into the roomy chambers of Tom's faith. His Oriental fancy saw the chariot descend and rise again with living freight. With beatific vision Tom would close the holy book after reading the story over again, look up with eyes of faith through the ceiling until the meteoric vehicle was swallowed by the sky; then clasping his callous hands in religious ecstasy he would sing:

"Whar, oh, whar is de good Elijah?
Whar, oh, whar is de good Elijah?
Who went up in de chariot o' fish?
Safe, now, in de promised lan."

By a process of reasoning peculiarly his own the idea took possession of Tom's mind that "when the summons came to join the innumerable caravan" he would be translated just as the prophet had been. This was not egotism on his part, it was simply an outgrowth of his faith. He had read the words of the Christ about faith like the mustard seed, and its application to the removal of a mountain, and he applied this literally regarding the fiery chariot. Then old age, with its concomitance of partial blindness and rheumatism, came upon him. His once stalwart form was bent, and his great arms began to wither like the limbs of a tree smitten by lightning. But his faith, clarified by years of self-communion and humility, supported him in his adversity. The little oases of refreshing in the desert of his physical weariness Tom found at the weekly prayer-meeting. He always sat in a high-backed wooden pew near the door, remembering sadly that he was of an alien and condemned race. One hot August evening, when the brethren and sisters were paying more attention to the moths fluttering around the gauzets than to the iteration of time-worn supplication and exhortation, the preacher awoke from a half-doze, and without rising from his seat, said:

"There still remain a few minutes before the close of the meeting. If any one wishes to say a few words or to lead in prayer he now has the chance."

From far away on the drowsy evening air came the notes of a whippoorwill. Then the silence was broken by a blundering June-bug, which flew into Sister Jones's ear, provoking a shriek and a snicker. Then silence again. The preacher was about to close the meeting, when old Tom King pulled himself, by the help of the seat in front, to an erect position. He looked like a gigantic oak which was fast decaying, and there was a trembling cadence in his voice as he said, "Let us pray."

Tom paused for a few seconds, as if trying to gather all the powers of his finite intelligence in the effort properly to fix his feeble utterance to the task of addressing the Infinite. Then with profound pathos and humility, he began:

"Our Father who art in heaven, we Thy leetle chillun look 'way tru' de night shadders into de ca'm lan' beyon' de sea. Tonight, our Father, de fogs ob unbefeh an' de mists ob doubt am bein' sweep' away by de strong wind ob faith, an' we can see de crystal ribber an' de bloomin' fiels ob Paradise. De road has been tol'ble long an' dusty, Father. Sometimes de water has been sca'ce on de road, an' de sun has burned hotter dan de furnace; but, bress de Lord! de promis' lan' am only a leetle ways yander. Our eyes am-a-gittin' dim, but we can see de sun a-shinin' on de jaspar gates an' de glory floodin' de walls ob de holy city. De steeples and de winders am a blazin' wiv de light. We's on'y a settin' on de steps ob heaven to res' befo' de hosses ob fish an' de chariots ob crimson come down to take us into de green fiels whar de flow'as is eber bloomin'. In de sweet fiels ob Eden we can see de Solomon lily an' de roses ob Sharon, an' de bleedin'-heart honeysuckle, all sweeter dan de honey in de comb. De leetles bees, wiv gol'en wings are a hummin'. Oh, Lord, send quick de hosses an' de chariots to carry us home, 'cause de misery am got us in de lega, an' de as'my am a-chokin'—ah—"

Here Tom halted in his prayer, swayed back and forth, and fell heavily upon the bench. A scene of excitement ensued. With tender, reverent hands, the brethren laid him upon some cushions taken from some of the front pews. Already the pallor of dissolution was spreading over his face.

"Tain't no use fo' 'er son' fo' de doctor honey," he whispered to Sister Jones. "I's got mah call."

The radiance of an electric light was shining in at the window from the street. The gleam caught Tom's fading gaze, and a glad smile overspread his face as he murmured:

"See de light of de hosses! See de shine ob de fiery wheels! Keerfel, keerfel, Gabr'el; keerfel, chile! Drive dem fish hosses slow! I's comin'—comin'—"

THEIR PHENOMENAL VOICES.

Russian Priests the Greatest Basses in the World.

The singing in Russia—that is, in the Russian church—is confined entirely to men. All the monks are singers. For a thousand years Russia has been searched for the best voices among the monks, and they are brought to the most important centres. As no person can become a priest in Russia who is not the son of a priest (the parish priests being married), in nearly all the training has gone on from age to age.

Bass voices in Russia are of extraordinary depth, some of them so deep and powerful that they have special parts assigned to them an octave below the real part. These are called "octavists." It is not uncommon to find those who can take the F below the C. Most of these bass voices come from North Russia. It is an interesting fact bearing on climate that contraltos of unusual depth and resonance are found in that part also.

The imperial chapel in St. Petersburg has a choir, the finest in Russia, of one hundred and twenty voices. The members of it have no other business, and preserve their voices with the utmost care. Every day they study vocalization for an hour and a half under Italian masters; besides this, they receive regular instruction in church style under native teachers.

No church music in Russia can be printed or performed until it has first received the sanction of the proper authorities. The general church chants in Russia are akin to the Gregorian being unbarred melodies destitute of rhythm. There are eight of them in use, which are changed ever week.

Von Moltke, the great German general, recently deceased, was a connoisseur of music, and he asserted that "the music of the Russian church is as far removed from the meagre hymns of Protestantism as from the operatic music of the Roman Catholic Church." We have lost no opportunity to hear the best music the cathedrals and churches of all religions have to offer, including the Jewish synagogues, and have never heard anything so distinctive, impressive, compact, and massive, nor any single basso equal to that of the priest who was celebrating at the time we were en route to Peter the Great in St. Peter (excepting Madame Albini) a contralto equal to that of a woman who sang in the Russian convent on Mount Tabor in Palestine.

Something Lacking.

A man went into a drug store and asked for a certain headache cure. The druggist did not keep it.

But we have something better than that, said the clerk. We warrant it to cure, too.

What do you call it? asked the prospective customer.

The clerk gave him the name.

Never heard of it, said the man with the headache. If it's good why don't you advertise it? Then I would know about it.

Well, said the clerk, a great many people do know of it and buy it. You'd be surprised how many of the headache powders we sell.

Perhaps, and you'd be surprised how many more you'd sell if you'd advertise them.

And the man with an ache under his hat walked out. The writer is willing to make an affidavit to the truth of this story.

Senator Drummond has returned to Montreal from Europe much improved in health.

The City Council of Hamilton has fixed the rate of taxation at 20 mills.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Good Roads Where the Land is Level.

The illustration represents an admirable plan for constructing roads in level regions. It shows the level of the ground before working. *dd* are ditches on either side of the road. *ff* the road bed made of the earth taken from both side ditches. *tt* trench for placing tile which carry off the surplus water. Water from roadbed naturally runs into the side ditch, and then



settling down to the tile is carried off. Very little fall is required for getting rid of large quantities of water. The width of the tile will of course depend upon the amount of water to be disposed of, the tile can usually be made near home. During these hard times when so many men are out of work, it seems to me it would be advisable to utilize cheap labor in the construction of better highways.

Safety and Profit.

How many acres does it take to keep cows a year and what is land worth per acre? A correspondent says to his mind this is the proper way to figure on the profits of cows. He has been handling, on an average, 55 cows on 170 acres of land fit for pasture and cultivation. He calculates he makes \$18 per acre from his cows and \$2 per acre on the bogs. He grows very little wheat. The farm has to keep the cows. He buys nothing but bran and oil cake meal and sells enough grain to pay for them. He grows two acres of potatoes yearly, but they are a separate item from the cows. He keeps, on an average, 20 head of young heifers, making 75 in all.

He could make 40 cows do the same work, but thinks it would not pay better. He feeds along the line of safety, keeping the cows comfortable. That is in the watchword of success in dairying. No perishing out in the cold and no feed wasted in the stable. He has had a silo seven years. His neighbors thought he was crazy, but he was a little nearer the front of the procession than most of them. He has given a mortgage on the farm a hoist that has made him feel happy these hard times. There are no hard times he thinks where the cow and pig are properly looked after.

Protection for Small Animals.

If large and small cattle or hogs are fed and housed together the smaller animals will hardly thrive. They will be whipped away from the trough and get less than their share of the food; and they will be driven around or from the shelter, and the large animals will scarcely profit from the misfortunes of their smaller fellows, as driving the others from feed and shelter will "work off" a good part of the flesh from the extra feed. Sometimes the smaller animals are seriously injured; and in the larger animals is developed a quarrelsome disposition that is not desirable, to say the least. Yet other considerations make it a bad plan to confine small and large animals in the same enclosure. Much better results will be secured by putting only a few animals in the same enclosure, and those of the same size.

Oiling the Fellies.

A practical man says: "I have a wagon of which six years ago the fellies shrunk so that the tires became loose. I gave it a good coat of hot oil, and every year since it has had a coat of oil or paint sometimes both. The tires are tight yet and they have not been set for eight or nine years. Many farmers think that as wagon fellies begin to shrink they must go at once to a blacksmith shop and get the tire set. Instead of doing that, which is often a damage to the wheels, causing them to dish, if they will get some linseed oil and heat it boiling hot and give the fellies all the oil they can take, it will fill them up to their usual size and tighten to keep them from shrinking, and also to keep out the water. If you do not wish to go to the trouble of mixing paint, you can heat the oil and tie a rag to a stick and swab them over as long as they will take oil."

319 Pounds Per Cow.

A correspondent says that from the first of September, 1893, till September, 1894, he made 319 pounds of butter per cow—by "per cow" he means every cow that gave milk, whether old or young, fresh or farrow, and for the entire year. The dairy consisted of five two-year-old heifers, two old cows 14 years old, past their prime but kept for their calves, and 10 cows from three to 10 years old. Nearly the entire herd are descendants of those two old cows. He gave them grain to the value of \$246.40 from the 1st of October till they went to grass in May, none after that date.

Seed Germination.

It has been ascertained by an extended series of experiments that rye and winter wheat will germinate in soil the temperature of which is as low as 32 degrees. Barley, oats, flax, clover, and peas will sprout at 35 degrees. The turnip is as cold blooded as the rye and winter wheat, but the carrot needs 38 degrees, and the bean 40 degrees before they will make the initial effort to send the life-shoot in search of air and light.

Advantage of V Feed.

Giving warm feed to young animals not disposed to be thrifty will very often have a happy effect. These animals may suffer from weak digestion, which in turn produces a poor appetite. The animal does not eat heartily, and what it does eat is

not well digested. A hot mess some cold morning sharpens the appetite and tones up the digestion.

BRITISH SAILORS.

While Being Vilified by the Press of Paris and Berlin They Show What They Can Do.

At a moment when the press of Paris and Berlin was vilifying British seamen for brutality and inhumanity in connection with the Elbe disaster, British seamen off the harbor of New York were displaying an act of bravery in which they imperiled their lives. A Yankee schooner, named the Josie Reeves, had become unmanageable, and was adrift opposite Long Beach. She had nine men on board, who signalled for help. Their death was almost certain unless relief came. By and by the Teutonic, herself missing—came along, sheathed in ice, and unable because of the weather to cross the bar. She saw the signals, and in the midst of that fierce hurricane four of her crew went in a lifeboat to the rescue.

The water froze white as it dashed over them; but the men struggled in vain to reach the schooner. The oars became so clogged with ice in the rowlocks that they became practically useless. They were forced to return to the Teutonic badly frozen—one of the men's arms was useless through frost. The hearts of the nine men on the little Josie Reeves sank as they saw the failure. But the Teutonic's captain was not going to abandon them. He undertook a dangerous piece of seamanship. The Teutonic was sailed right up to the schooner, and for a moment her great bulk stood broadside against the fierce hurricane. In the momentary harbor of refuge thus created the Josie Reeves was enabled to launch her dory, and the crew quickly crossed the short distance and were taken in safety on board the Teutonic. That fierce anti-British sheet the New York Sun, editorially says to Captain Cameron, of the Teutonic, and his men, "we raise our beavers high." The pages of British maritime history are illumined with thousands of such instances. The Paris and Berlin editors who slander British seamen as inhuman and brutal possibly never have stood on the rocky shore of Long Beach and seen fishermen and sailors man the life-boat and risk their lives to save wrecked sailors in peril of death on some cruel reef. The thought of asking whether they were British or foreigners was never expressed. But lives were to be saved even at the expense of their own, and they were saved. No people in the world are more sensitive than the British, to infamous charges of the kind levelled at British sailors because of the Elbe incident, and no charge can be more unjust and untruthful than that. The British sailor has his faults, it is true, but he is brave in danger, reckless of his own life where others are in peril, and generous to his adversaries, and it is these qualities which have put him in the forefront of the sea voyagers.

ONLY A POOR LITTLE CAT.

She Made a Terrier Tired Before She Was Through with Him.

She was only a black and white cat o' humble birth, and she was returning from a little social party in the neighborhood of King and York streets, Toronto. It was rather late at night, but what of that? Cats keep no count of the hour, and she was as dignified and proper in her bearing as a mature black and white puss need be.



There was nothing about her to justify the insolent attitude of a Scotch terrier, who suddenly confronted her with a snarl and a snap. Puss tried to making the fur fly, cross the street, but a trolley car was in the way, and the impudent terrier made bold to chase her. She suddenly turned, and the terrier stopped. Her back went up, her tail grew big, and she spat out defiance at her tormentor. The terrier may have been rude, but he was discreet—he kept at a safe distance. Two or three newsboys, a "red-hot" man and a police officer were interested spectators. They most ungalantly sided with the terrier, who was now barking ferociously but keeping well out of puss's reach. One of the boys threw a stone at the combatants; it rolled between them, and the terrier's attention was diverted for a moment from his antagonist. It was his first mistake. Puss saw her opportunity and leapt at the terrier, landing fairly on his back. In a second she had her claws full of his hair, and he was running for dear life down the street. Puss held on like a circus rider, contriving to sink her sharp claws into his back at every jump. The crowd followed, shouting. As they passed an alley puss jumped off and disappeared in the darkness. There is one terrier in Toronto who has had enough fun with cats to last him a lifetime.

Two Spirits.

First Spirit (at the gate)—Every Lenten season I wore sackcloth and ashes.
St. Peter—Wait outside until I can examine the rest of your record.
Second Spirit—I always put my ashes on the front pavement.
St. Peter—Come in.

The Kiss Scientifically Considered.

Mother—What's that smacking noise in the parlor?
Stodious Boy (who goes to school)—It's sister and her young man exchanging microbes.

Her Gift.

Wife—I'm so glad you like my new hat, George, for I bought it for your birthday present. You'd spoil it in your library, so we'll keep it in my boudoir. I suppose you'll get the bill to-morrow—it's awfully expensive.

The governing body of Trinity College School has decided to rebuild on the present site.

BALTIC CANAL OPENING.

FETES LASTING A WEEK TO CELEBRATE THE EVENT.

Emperor William is Personally Superintending the Preparations—War Vessels Will Represent all the Great Navies of the World.

A despatch from Berlin says:—The preparations for the opening of the North Sea and Baltic Canal are on a grand scale. The activity all along the line from Kiel to the North Sea shows that the Emperor intends to celebrate the occasion with a series of splendid fetes lasting a week.

The Emperor is superintending personally most of the arrangements which are still incomplete. On Saturday he telegraphed orders to Kiel that the royal reception rooms in the new Kiel station be decorated and fitted out after the style of the state rooms in the imperial yacht Hohenzollern. Before the inauguration ceremonies he will again traverse a part of the canal with several war ships to inspect the locks, harbors, and forts, and rehearse briefly the whole programme as he desires to see it carried out. Rumor has thrown some doubt on the date of the opening. The prolonged cold weather has hindered the completion of the work, it was said, and the canal would not be in condition before July for the passage of the large war ships. All this is untrue. The Emperor visited all the locks as far as Brunsbüttel on Thursday, and then conferred with the chief engineers, who assured him that there was no obstacle in the way of opening the canal on the original date. The Hamburg banquet will be held on the evening of June 19. The climax of the celebration will be the reception of the Emperor with a squadron at Kiel on the 20th. The welcoming fleet will include war vessels representing all the great navies of the world, all the excursion steamers of the nearby ports, and a host of yachts from the whole North German coast. The Kiel authorities are planning anchorage for 150 large vessels. The north German Regatta Society will open the boating week on June 22. The Imperial Yacht Club will follow this with a series of matches lasting from the 24th to the 27th. Racing will end on the 29th with an ocean match over the course to Travemuende.

Although the Chauvinist section of the French press is ready with prophecies of a hitch in the arrangements owing to international jealousy, the officials in charge of Kiel fear nothing of the sort. The utmost care has been taken to observe every minute detail of etiquette and courtesy. The intention is to make the naval parade a harmonious and imposing spectacle, creditable to every country taking part in it. The Emperor is now receiving daily clippings from the Paris journals, which are devoting space to the Kiel ceremonies. His purpose is to get a good view of the sensitive spots, and then to lay his plans so as to spare them.

GREAT WAR BURDENS.

Never So Many Men Under Arms as at the Present Time.

It is not an unprecedented thing in late years for the spring to bring to birth what is a rumor or a promise of war. But every year the rumor remains a rumor is an undoubted gain. It is enough to have one war going on in the world at a time, and the Chinese and Japanese have now been fighting for more than a year, with what consequent dreadful suffering the imagination refuses to paint. Everybody can see, and, in fact, is tired of looking at, the colossal European paradox—the nations lavishing their energies and resources on the business of war, while groaning for the boons of peace. Never in the history of civilization were there so many men under arms, and never was there a more universal and genuine shrinking from the idea of war. With the advance of democracy the appreciation of peace has distinctly risen, and war as an idea has fallen from the proud position in which it was held to be the noblest of pursuits. It is now universally accepted as a curse, instead of a glorious game. We are content to read about it in history—we do not want its actual realization in these days, when it would seem more of an anachronism than ever.

IDEAS OF UNIVERSAL PEACE.

advance slowly, but it is not impossible that even now we are moving towards a time when war will become as obsolete as the trial by combat between individuals. Up to the Crimean war Europe had enjoyed forty years of peace, and had begun to think that peace was going to be perpetual. During the subsequent forty years the Continent has been the scene of no less than five great wars, while for four of these years the country to the south of us was given over to one of the most terrible conflicts in history. But there has been of late a growing distaste for beginning a serious international quarrel. The nations of Europe go on building ships and making guns, but if a strained situation arises, the efforts of diplomatists are at once exerted to smooth matters over in the shortest possible time. There is one view of European and American armaments which is calculated perhaps to qualify the regret that sometimes is felt at the immense amount of vitality devoted to military and naval preparations, and that is that some day in the future all the western nations will have to stand shoulder to shoulder against the countless millions of the East.

A Telling Test.

Citizen—Is country life healthy?
Commuter—Healthy! There are men in our village who have been riding back and forth in the smoking-car for three years, and they're not dead yet.

The Effect Was Electrical.

Manager—How did the thunder act affect the audience?
Critic—It took the house by storm.