

They did as he bid them, and soon he was being led gently down towards the waiting animal. But alas! the ropes were not long enough. Dick hung full five feet above, and in front of Whistler—and they could let him go no farther. Great was his disappointment. But Whistler seemed to understand that rescue was at hand. Dick encouraged him and told him to stand still. He said impressively, "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! old boy," and Whistler whinnied his reply: "Yes, master, I will." Dick was drawn up again. Then came a long and weary delay. The nearest place to get ropes was many miles away. A boy was put on horseback and told to ride for his life, and bring a big coil of new rope back with him. By this time almost all the day had passed. What would be done if they could not get that patient animal up before dark? Would he stand still? Could the poor creature stand still?

Sunset was over, twilight came creeping into the valleys and faster and faster up the mountain sides, and at last darkness hung over the scene. Dick was almost frantic. The men about him sympathized with his anxiety. At last the boy came back with a cart full of ropes, and a great band of leather which had been suggested by the men to whom he had told his pitiful story—but now, nothing could be done in the darkness! Nothing to be done but wait. To beguile the time the men did a little cooking, ate their suppers and smoked their pipes, told stories, and at last fixed themselves as well as they could and tried to sleep. But not Dick Swinley! Over and again he crawled out on the treacherous boulder and gave his cheery whistle—over and again out of the depths of the darkness, the horrible yawning gulf of blackness, came the little whinny—so loving, so trustful, so patient, so intelligent, that the rough men who were waiting to rescue this noble animal would turn to each other with strange sympathetic countenance, and with low voices such as men use by the beds of the dying would say, "Do you think he'll last it out? Chn hestand it? Plucky creature! he's a hero, that he is!"

Oh, in the long, silent hours when all had fallen asleep but Dick, how he strained his ears for the fatal sound of a footstep on that little rocky ledge! "If he moves he's lost!" he kept saying to himself. "Whistler! my beauty! my finest and handsomest feller that ever I druv. I hope and pray he'll hev the strength to stand it out till mornin'! What's that?"—and with held breath he listened to a sudden sound; "Oh! it's nothin' but a stone I reckon! I pray that ar' hoss'll stand it. Pray! Why shouldn't I pray?" he cried, jumping up suddenly. "Don't the Lord like his creeturs as well as his folks? I've heerd tell as how he don't let no single swallow fall ter the ground without a notion of it! Why shouldn't he be a watchin' Whistler now? Why can't I ask him to put pluck into the splendid feller's heart and sinners of steel inter his legs—but fer that matter he did it when he made 'em! I will ask him anyhow. 'Twon't do no harm. Nobody'll hear me!"—and Dick, going away from the others, knelt down in the dust, and said, "Lord, I'm an ignorant man and a bad 'un. I drink an' I cuss an' I don't never pray, not since I's a boy! but O Lord, if you'll only just get Whistler outen this ye'er awful bad box, I'll try ter do my lev best fer yer all the rest of my days, so help me God. Amen."

Just as he got through and rose with a half blush in the darkness, the soft, questioning whinny came up again, and he shouted, "Hang on, Whistler, the Lord's agoin' to help yer—I asked him!"

Morning dawned, bright and beautiful. The moment it was light, Dick woke up all the men and "prepared for business." Being securely fastened in a hoop himself, he had ropes and the leather band and blankets to carry down with him, and soon was hanging beside Whistler, who stood as quiet as if he were cast out of bronze. Long and patiently the man worked, in that dangerous and inconvenient position; but finely he had his favorite rigged so, that he was sure he could be drawn up in safety. And with a last caress on the velvet nose and a last encouraging word to the wise and plucky horse, he began to be swung up again to the top. It was then that Whistler showed signs of discouragement.

The beautiful eyes which had glowed so deeply and clearly began to be strained and blurred; the delicate nostrils expanded and showed the red; the tracery of veins came out big, all over the fine expressive face, and made a network over the clean-cut body! Whistler could stand it but a few moments longer. But in a few moments he was relieved! Gently, slowly, with a sure and certain movement, he was lifted off his feet. Wonderful as this must have seemed to him, not a struggle did he make. Up, up, in mid-air he was raised, higher and higher! The jagged rocks cut him a little, the scrubby bushes pricked him—but Whistler knew that life, life, depended upon his caution! Not a kick or struggle he gave—and at last he was pulled, sideways, up on to the road, and lay in safety at the feet of his master.

Oh! what a hurrah arose! What a long, long, echoing cry of delight burst from Dick Swinley's lips! How the poor sufferer was rubbed and fed and petted and caressed by every man in turn! And when he was strong enough to be led into the town, what an evening they made of it, telling "the boys" of this miraculous escape; and Dick and Whistler were the lions of the place. Nothing was too good for man or horse; but when all his friends begged Dick to drink, and toasted both him and Whistler in the whisky which he had never before disdained, Dick cried, "No, boys, once for all, no! I'm a-goin' to leave off drinkin' and all my bad habits just as fur as I ken! I promised it if only Whistler was saved; and you were saved, weren't you, Whistler? and mebbe new you'll save me, my hearty!" caressing Whistler's silky neck. "Yis I'm agoin' to keep my promise, I be, no matter what yer say. I've given my word 'o honor, and I sticks to it if I die!"

The others, seeing Dick thoroughly in earnest, grouped around him with astonished but respectful countenances, until one in a rather scornful voice said, "I say, Dick, who was't yer promised?"

"The Lord," said Dick, doffing his hat and reverently bowing his head.

Names of Countries.

The following countries, it is said, were originally named by the Phœnicians, the greatest commercial people in the world. The names in the Phœnician language, signified something characteristic of the places they designate.

Europe signifies a country of white complexion; so named because the inhabitants were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia and Africa.

Asia signifies between, or in the middle, from the fact that the geographers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of corn, or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and all sorts of grain.

Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic.

Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. It was once so infested with these animals, that it sued Augustus for an army to destroy them.

Italy, a county of pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Calabria, also, for the same reason.

Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterized its inhabitants.

The English of Caledonia is a high hill. This was a rugged mountainous province in Scotland.

Hibernia is utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this, westward, the Phœnicians never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of tin, great quantities being found on it and adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phœnician tongue either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores or the high rocks on the western coast.

Corsica signifies a woody place.

Sardinia signifies the footsteps of men, which it resembles.

Syracuse, bad savor, so called from the unwholesome marsh on which it stood.

Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance.

Sicily, the country of grapes.

Seylla, the whirlpool of destruction.

Etna signifies a furnace, or dark, or smoky.

A court in St Louis is hearing evidence pending a motion for an injunction to stop church chimies there.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

DEAR SIR,—Please insert these Hymns in the *Messenger*. They will gladden the hearts of many, for they emit an aroma of the spices from the Ivory Palace, where the sainted father was made glad.

MARNIE A. YOUNG,
Woodbine Bower.

Falmouth, May 5, 1881.

The Christian's Triumph over Death.

Composed at the death bed of Mrs. Benjamin Cleveland, of Horton, N. S., in 1783.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLINE OF FALMOUTH, N. S.

Mount my soul on wings triumphant,
Jesus bids thee dauntless rise;
One sweet ray of life immortal
Conquers death and never dies;
O my Jesus, O my Jesus,
Bear my soul above the skies.

Let me feel the pleasing rapture,
Rising in immortal birth;
I shall have no grave to enter,
Never feel expiring breath;
Life eternal, life eternal,
Swallows up the grave and death.

Fear and grief, an empty story,
While I feel that Jesus reigns;
Raptures of immortal glory,
Loses all the sense of pains;
Draw the curtain, draw the curtain,
Let me tread the blissful plains.

While in time my soul doth enter,
Realms of everlasting day;
Thus to God, my life I'd centre
Till my soul was borne away;
Live forever, live forever,
In my soul, O God, my stay.

O pleasing scene! I can but wonder,
While I on Jehovah gaze;
Shall I, O thought! partake the splendour
Of his most meridian blaze;
Lost in glory, lost in glory,
Forever join angelic lays.

For the Christian Messenger.

From Germany.

BERLIN, April 25th, 1881.

The spring of the year has brought the annual struggle between the authorities and the emigrants to the front. Towards every European outlet—towards Liverpool, Hull, Havre, Bremen, and Hamburg, Germans are hastening away from the German Fatherland to embark for the United States. The principal departures are from Sillesia and Schleswig. In the former, the authorities complain that whole villages are depopulated. The emigration now going forward, it is stated, will exceed that of any previous year, owing to the failure of the rye crops. The authorities are exerting themselves to prevent and impede this exodus as much as possible, and are putting the laws strictly in force against emigration agents. The American legation at Berlin has thought it necessary to warn American agents to be cautious.

No bombs have exploded this week, and the contagion of fires is less; a manager of a theatre contemplates the strange rehearsal of instructing an audience how to act in case of an incendiary. We are fishing for Spring coaxes the coquette to not so much come, as to stay. Father Winter has but few adorers, so much for human gratitude; yet at his first appearance we hailed the blazing log and loved to chat around the fire with friends; or with ourself and thus defy contradiction. Speed the parting guest; welcome young spring that according to Usher is 6,000 years old, but that has escaped alike the suffocation of chronologists and poets. Spring means equality, for it has flowers within the reach of all; white lilac for the rich, nodding violets for the humble. A bouquet of these is far superior in suggestive delight than a silver or a gilt sucking pig suspended from a bracelet, a broach, representing the loves of spiders, or cray fish earrings. In Italy, a country not now in the odor of sanctity, the girls prefer flowers to jewelry.

Frankfort-on-the-Main, the greatest railway centre in South-West Germany, will, it is anticipated, attract an unusual number of visitors during the approaching Summer. No fewer than five distinct Exhibitions of importance will be held in that city this year. There is to be a Balneological Exhibition, including every kind of appliance for public, private and medicinal bathing. Next

there is to be an Exhibition of Patents and Patterns, intended to promote the interests and protection of inventors. Further, there will be an Exhibition of the German Horticultural Society, and another of all the local industries of Frankfort. Finally, there will be an International Exhibition of leather, leather goods, boots, shoes, gloves, harness and tanning materials. Another International Exhibition of power and work machinery will take place at Altona, from August 18 to October 17, 1881. Altona, a free port, is adjacent to Hamburg, and the exhibition will afford a rare opportunity for American and Canadian manufacturers to exhibit their goods. The Hamburg-American Steamship Company offers to take back to New York all American objects of exhibition free of freight, provided the goods are sent to the exhibition by the company's steamers and the application for reshipment is made by the committee and effected within a month after the close of the exhibition. Applications for space must be received before the end of May, and are required to be made on forms furnished by the exhibition committee. Dairy appliances will probably receive especial attention.

AUGUST.

The English Baptist Missionary Society.

Held its annual Soiree, on Tuesday evening, 26th ult., under the presidency of Lord Justice Lush. After tea the chairman called on Dr. Wayland, from Philadelphia, who spoke to good effect as follows:—

There is a great deal of power in a cup of tea to promote social feeling. I never knew but one case in which it failed. That was a somewhat memorable case. There are exceptions, I suppose, to almost every rule, except to the fact that Baptists are all right, and that editors are always truthful. (Laughter.) There was a cup of tea made a little more than a hundred years ago in Boston Harbour (Laughter)—which had not that soothing influence to which I have alluded. But then that is capable of explanation. The fact was that the water was not boiling. (Laughter.) It was only the people that were boiling. You will pardon a stranger for saying that one cannot be very long in this island without observing that there are a great many things which are not only old and not only very old, but, if you will still further pardon me, a little mouldy. It is only now and then that we come across something which is old and yet has all the excellence of youth. It is only now and then that we come across something which, if I may say it without irreverence, imitates the great Author and Finisher of our faith, in being at once the ancient of days and having the dew of its youth. And I look upon this society as having those qualifications. When I look back—I do not now mean that I remember Carey myself personally. There were grounds that would prevent that. We used to have one of your lights that came over to America—Dr. Stoughton—whom many of you have known by reputation; and some one from England came into my office one day and said, "I suppose you are well acquainted with Dr. Stoughton?" I told him that there was only one objection to that—that Dr. Stoughton died before I was born. But for that fact I had no doubt that we should have been intimate friends. (Laughter.) Now, being an editor, I do not assert that I was personally acquainted with Dr. Carey. But when I remember that we have before us this evening a society which dates back almost fore score and ten years, which has lasted three generations, and then when I read the report, as I have done this week, through the kindness of Mr. Baynes, and observe the vigour and the enterprise and the heroism which is pervading its missionaries—when I read how these missionaries are pushing their way over and over again, undismayed by failure, up to the source of the Congo River, and how in India and in China, in Jamaica and all over the world they are pushing their work for the redemption of men and the glory of God, I am reminded that if, in the words of your own statesman, the age of chivalry has passed, yet something better than that fantastic thing that men used to call chivalry has come in—the age of Christian heroism—the age when men go forth not for any wild dream of crusade, but

with their lives in their hands, to make men wiser and better, and to promote the glory of God. And not only men but women—(Hear, hear)—women worthy to be sisters of our own Mrs. Judson, who ascended to heaven from the spot where the hopia tree marks her resting place. And the heroism is not confined to those who have gone out far from their homes, for I am not sure that there is not quite as much heroism at home among those who are toiling and sacrificing and economising. The little item that is given at the close of the report indicating the sources from which various sums have come—from widows—from the toiling—from those to whom a shilling, or even a penny, is a large sum—those items are very large in the eyes of the angels and of the almighty God, for I believe that we are very much in error about this matter. We weigh and measure the sacrifices of our fellow-men by their apparent amount, but God has another standard. There was a time many years ago when He stood over against the treasury, and marked those that brought their gifts. There was a great crowd there. There always is on such occasions, for it is a very delightful thought, and it elevates our estimate of the nobility of man, that people who do not want to give anything themselves are always very glad to see other people giving. (Laughter.) It reminds us of the great philosophical principle announced by one very dear to every Dissenter—Sidney Smith. (Laughter.) Do you remember, when he was dying he said he really was so weak that if he had a knife put into his hands, he did not think he should have the strength to stick it into a Dissenter, such was the loveliness of his spirit—the very essence of Gospel meekness. (Laughter.) I say this illustrates the great principle announced by Sidney Smith—that man is a benevolent animal—that A never sees B in distress without wanting C to relieve him. (Laughter.) The people who were gathered against the treasury were watching those that put the money in and they indicated by their applause the magnitude of the contribution. Ah! you might see them as one came, and they said, "There, did you see that rabbi? He put in a talent of silver;" and they applauded, and they bowed reverently before him as he went out. And then presently there was a louder murmur of applause, and they opened their ranks to the right and left and there came in one with a very lordly air; and the people said, "Did you see that rabbi, Simeon, put in a whole talent of gold?" But here comes one in the rusty garb of a widow, and people did not make way for her, and it is hard work for her to push her way through the throng, and she has in her hands two mites, and she says to herself, "The fire has gone out on the hearth, and there is no bread in the house, but my Lord asks this;" and as she drops the two mites it made music in the heavens, and the Master said—"she has cast in more than they all into the treasury of the Lord." (Applause.) No less heroes are those immortal Christian women, who with the sympathy and tenderness of heart of woman, are touching those golden chords that electrify and inspire the labourers at home and abroad all over the world. I believe it is very necessary in all political affairs that there should be a scientific frontier. (Slight laughter.) There is no need of any such frontier dividing those who labour in the cause of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and it would be very difficult to draw the line which divides the labourers of the Cross who come from England and those who come from America. They occupy the same ground. When our own Judson went out to the East, and when he reached Calcutta, his hand was grasped by the missionaries of your own society, and ever since then the missionaries from America and the missionaries from England have laboured side by side—aye, and missionaries from Germany, too. And it is a very interesting fact that by far the large proportion of the missions of the American Baptist Missionary Union are conducted under the protection of the British flag. (Applause.) We trust that you do not regard this as an intrusion, and if you do, and if you are disposed to take revenge, why we promise you, that if you should be disposed to come over and evangelise any proportion of the heathen from the island just over the way (if Dr. Trestrail will pardon me),