

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home;

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

1. I looked o - ver Jordan, and what did I see, Coming for to car - ry me
2. If you get there be - fore I do, Coming for to car - ry me

home? A band of an - gels coming af - ter me, Coming for to car - ry me home
home, Tell all my friends I'm com - ing too, Coming for to car - ry me home.

3. The brightest day that ever I saw,
Coming for to carry me home,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, etc.

4. I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Coming for to carry me home,
But still my soul feels heavenward bound,
Coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, etc.

The Jubilee Singers.

THE young people, whose photographs appear in this number of the CHRISTIAN WEEKLY, are likely to sing themselves into history. They are members of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., a school founded by the American Missionary Association, and bearing the name of that fine Christian soldier, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, whose early care did much to give it vigor and success. Their names are as follows:

Miss Ella Sheppard, Pianist and Soprano.
Miss Jennie Jackson, Soprano.
Miss Maggie Porter, Soprano.
Miss Minnie Tate, Contralto.
Miss Eliza Walker, Contralto.
Mr. Thomas Rutling, Tenor.
Mr. Benjamin M. Holmes, Tenor.
Mr. I. P. Dickerson, Bass.
Mr. Greene Evans, Bass.

Of the nine, only two, Jennie Jackson and Minnie Tate, were born free. The others knew all the experiences of slavery, and retained their chattelhood until it was consumed in the fires of battle. They met at the University, as if by chance, stimulated by a common desire for education. They are in no way superior, probably, to other bands that might be selected from many other schools throughout the South, but they were fortunate in finding a man, Mr. George L. White, who discovered the gift that was in them, and who, against the nearly unanimous advice of the officers of the association, had the courage to introduce them to the public. The result has fully justified his expectations. They have sung in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and other large cities in the North, to crowded houses, to the most refined and cultivated people, and always with growing favor and enthusiasm. The most critical, equally with the plain and unpretending lovers of song, have been carried captive. They have done this with none of the accessories of art, with none of the mimic, and tricks, and trappings of the stage. Like the simple children of song that they are, they have rendered in their native simplicity the quaint, grotesque, yearning melodies of the old slave-life, and carried them home to the hearts of the people.

If we should describe the secret of their power, we should say it was the want of art. There is in them and in their singing that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." Their songs are deeper than art; they are the cry of humanity itself, the universal language of suffering, of hope, of trust in Christ, of reaching after God. It would be preposterous to call them poetry, and yet poetry never embodied sublimer thought or conveyed richer and sweeter sentiment.

Rendered by these singers, they came to us the crystallized tears, and sobs, and shouts, and triumphs of their race, and the heart of humanity responds to them, as to those who have a right to interpret not only the experiences of the slave, but the wider, deeper experiences of

humanity stricken with all the woe of sin, triumphing in all the victory given through Jesus Christ. Their voices, though very sweet, could never enchain and thrill as they do by the simple power of concordant sounds. They are nature's rendering of the great miserere of humanity. They are not mere slave songs; nor yet the songs of the emancipated. They are still more, the songs of the ransomed children of God. In every one is the deep undertone of a tender and true Christian experience.

We give, with this article, one of their most characteristic melodies, but the type cannot interpret its full meaning. Our readers may, by the aid of the piano or the melodeon, get a glimpse of the quaint, weird music, but only those who in earth's sorrow have longed for the coming of the chariot of the Lord can comprehend the song as it is sung by the Jubilee Singers themselves.

Old Schoolfellows.

CHAPTER IX.

MY OWN STORY.

CONTINUED.

THIS is not my story, and so I shall say as little as possible about myself. My father for many years had been connected with the newspaper press, and though it was a hard life he led, and not one in which a great deal of money was earned, his interest in it, and the power he could exercise in calling attention to matters of public importance, inspired me with an ambition to follow the same calling.

"Do you know what it means, my boy?" he said one day. "It means sleepless nights and weary days, incessant labor with little profit, unless you happen to make a happy hit, which will sometimes make your name more valuable than your writing. It means that your ear must be always open to everything that is going on; that your eyes must be always keen to observe all that is happening around you, and that you will be ready at any hour of day or night, with clear intelligence and in good English, to write upon any subject. It means sitting in a room where a great engine is ceaselessly at work, and taking care that the fire which keeps it in motion never goes out. Now I know you are a good shorthand writer; and some of our best men on the press began their literary career as shorthand writers; but they did this to acquire information and to gain experience; to become acquainted with public men, so that whenever they read a speech of theirs, they could not only read the words, but hear the tone in which they were spoken, and see the speaker clearly before them. I have no objection to your making the attempt, but I warn you it will be about the hardest life you can enter upon. Many boys now-a-days fancy that because they can write shorthand, they are fit to be appointed

at once editors of the 'Times;' but to be of any use to a newspaper, even as a mere reporter, you should know as much about the subject under discussion as those who take part in it, and be able to put in a sentence or two the essence of more than an hour's rapid talk. I don't want to discourage you, seeing how your heart is bent upon it, but, to begin with, you must become practically acquainted with life as it is around you here in London. You must take nothing on hearsay; every syllable that you write must be your own, and grow out of what you yourself have seen and heard; you will blunder a good deal at first, I dare say; but better any time to be a blunderer than a copyist and a vender of other men's thoughts second-hand. You will often find that you cannot express what you see; but keep close to the truth; the truer and simpler you are, the more will your power increase. That is the best advice I can give you, my boy, after nearly thirty years' knocking about in this wilderness of London."

It was the soundest and best advice, and I acted upon it to the letter. I skip over many things that I may come at once to a branch of my work which bears immediately upon my present story. It was my father's wish that I should see as much as possible of the London poor. Accordingly, frequently accompanied by himself, I visited many of the wretched places in which they found temporary shelter—casual wards, cheap lodgings, night-refuges, and the like. In such rambles I have seen sights which cannot be described.

One dismal winter's night I was in the office of the secretary of one of the largest refuges in London—a place, you know, in which only the most destitute and starving are received. There had been a heavy fall of snow, and a keen north wind was whistling through the streets. Even those who were warmly clad wrapped their greatcoats close around them, and bent their heads to escape the searching blast; while the poor huddled their rags together in a manner that was most piteous to behold. Very few vehicles were running, and they with double their usual number of horses.

"A bleak night for the poor, this," said the secretary compassionately; "we shall soon be full."

"Your Refuge," I answered, "with its blazing fires, warm coffee, and snug shakedowns, rough as the accommodation is, will be truly 'a refuge from the storm,' on such a night as this. Hark how the wind howls!"

"It is time to open the doors," he said, "and I am glad of it. If you will keep your ears and eyes open you will hear strange stories—far stranger than you have ever read in books of fiction; you will see sadder sights than your sentimental painters have ever put on canvas."

He was right. The doors had no sooner opened than a troop of ragged, shivering, half-starved people trooped in. There were aged men almost bent double by the cold, and what few teeth they had left chattered with it, and made the words they tried to speak unintelligible. There were young men without a shirt to their backs, or a shoe to their feet; they entered with drooping heads, faces pinched by want, and lack-lustre eyes. There were mothers, holding in their arms half-frozen babies, whose shrill cries mingled with the melancholy wailing of the wind, and made the scene indescribably touching.

To each and all, on entering, the secretary put a few brief questions, which brought out what they were, where they had slept on the previous night, and what had reduced them to their present destitute condition. The replies to these questions revealed depths of misery and want of which you can form but a faint conception. Many had been unfortunate, more had been reckless and criminal, and had been the authors of their own wretchedness and undoing. Hungry and half-naked, they were thankful to see the mere sight of a fire, to creep in anywhere out of the hard, pitiless night. I had heard many stories which had very deeply affected me, and was listening to the wind thundering down the chimney, and to the hissing of the hailstones which fell at intervals of every three or four seconds into the fire, when I heard a voice which startled me. There was something in it, I know not what, which, as by the touch of a magician's wand, carried me away from the dreary neighborhood in which the Refuge was situated, and from the cheerless scene which I had been studying for more than an hour, to our old school, with its pleasant grounds and sunny beauty. Was I dreaming? Or had the doctor himself come, in tremulous tones, to ask for a night's lodging! I could not move any more than if a nightmare were holding me prisoner; and in a half-dreamy mood encouraged what I took to be the drowsiness

that was creeping over me, and in the hollow of the fire began to call up memories of the past, to see your old familiar faces among other visions. As the wind swept past the window with dismal sobs, I seemed to hear over again the last piteous entreaty of the doctor, "Do me a kindness, bring him home!"

"What is your name?" asked the secretary.

"I have no name," was the somewhat stern response.

"You must call yourself something, you know," returned my friend.

"I have had no occasion to call myself anything for several years; I have done what I had to do, got a little for it, and there was an end of the business."

"What have you done?"

"A great deal that it gives me great sorrow to remember; oh! I see you don't mean that. Well, I have done all kinds of things; sung at taverns, acted in theatres, cleaned boots in the streets, helped to load and unload ships; I have been a tramp all over the country; I have begged and borrowed, slept in the open fields, had raw turnips and carrots for days together as my only food. I have been locked up as a vagrant, I have been many times in the hospital; in fact, I was only discharged a few days ago."

"Your experiences have been bitter indeed," said the secretary, "and I have no objection to give you a lodging for to-night, if you will tell me your name; it is our rule, you know."

There was no response. As he paused, the spell which had kept my eyes fastened upon the fire was broken. I turned and looked upon the speaker, and almost momentarily, in the sodden face, the matted hair, the ragged, shrunken figure, I saw the original of the portrait which the doctor had told me to study well. His self-indulgence had brought him to this; the light had vanished from his eye, the mouth had become more sensual, and there was a degraded look upon the entire countenance which told of long familiarity with low and vicious associations. I started from my seat, and looked searchingly at him. Going up to him, I said kindly, but firmly, "Your name is Reginald!"

It was his turn to start now, and he made as if he would rush to the door. I quickly intercepted him, and the secretary locked it to keep out all intruders.

"Reginald," I said, taking his icy, unwashed hand in my own, and speaking with all the tenderness that his deplorable appearance excited, "you broke your poor mother's heart. I saw her die, or, rather dead. She looked even more compassionate and beautiful than when she was alive." He gave a great sob. "If she could have spoken, I think she would have sent a word of forgiveness to you. Reginald! you turned your dear father's hair gray in a week, and made him old before his time. His last words to me expressed the hope that, if I found you, I would do him a kindness, and bring you home. May I do so?" I asked, still holding his hand in my own.

"Home!" he cried, in despairing tones; "what home have I? I broke it up years ago, and I must now reap the bitter harvest of my own sowing. No, sir! what you have said I can well believe is kindly meant, but I am not a prisoner; let me pass."

"Reginald!" I entreated, still detaining him, while the secretary, seeing how matters stood, firmly placed his back against the door, "I have no right to detain you; but I am a distant relative of yours, and would like to be your friend. I owe all my prospects in life to your dear father's generous kindness and care; let me do something for his son, his only son. You are ill, half-starved; think what will be your fate before morning if you expose yourself to the inclemency of a night like this."

He was quiet now, and sat down in his rags before the fire. My friend, the secretary, quickly brought some simple restoratives, a rough suit of apparel, and best of all a tub of warm water, in which he laved his frosty feet and hands; then he sank into a drowsy slumber.

"He looks very ill," said my friend; "you can see almost every bone in his body. I should say the hospital is the best place for him, for at least a few days."

"You are right, my friend, and I'll take him there without loss of time."

Do you remember the night, Francis, in which I brought a young man more dead than alive to the hospital of which you had just been appointed house-surgeon?

"I shall never forget it," said Francis. "The night was dismal enough, and my patients even in a pleasant temperature felt its influence; for, as they heard the hail pattering against the windows, they thought of what was passing without, and sighed in sym-