

## CAMILLA CAIN.

SHE was from Baltimore, and had the fair face and gentle voice peculiar to most Baltimore women. Her organization was delicate, but elastic—one of the sort that bends easily, but is hard to break. In her eyes was that look of wistful sadness so often seen in holy women of her type. Timid as a fawn, in the class meeting she spoke of her love to Jesus and delight in his service in a voice low and a little hesitating, but with strangely thrilling effect. The meetings were sometimes held in her own little parlor in the cottage on Dupont Street, and then we always felt that we had met where the Master himself was a constant and welcome guest. She was put into the crucible. For more than fifteen years she suffered unceasing and intense bodily pain. Imprisoned in her sick chamber, she fought her long, hard battle. The pain-distorted limbs lost their use, the patient face waxed more wan, and the traces of agony were on it always; the soft, loving eyes were often tear-washed. The fires were hot, and they burned on through the long, long years without respite. The mystery of it all was too deep for me; it was too deep for her. But somehow it does seem that the highest suffer most.

The sign of rank in nature  
Is capacity for pain,  
And the anguish of the singer  
Makes the sweetness of the strain.

The victory of her faith was complete. If the inevitable *why?* sometimes was in her thought, no

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shadow of distrust ever fell upon her heart. Her sick room was the quietest, brightest spot in all the city. How often did I go thither weary and faint with the roughness of the way, and leave feeling that I had heard the voices and inhaled the odors of paradise! A little talk, a psalm, and then a prayer, during which the room seemed to be filled with angel presences; after which the thin, pale face was radiant with the light reflected from our Immanuel's face. I often went to see her, not so much to convey as to get a blessing. Her heart was kept fresh as a rose of Sharon in the dew of the morning. The children loved to be near her; and the pathetic face of the dear crippled boy, the pet of the family, was always brighter in her presence. Thrice death came into the home circle with its shock and mighty wrenchings of the heart, but the victory was not his, but hers. Neither death nor life could separate her from the love of her Lord. She was one of the elect. The elect are those who know, having the witness in themselves. She was conqueror of both—life with its pain and its weariness, death with its terror and its tragedy. She did not endure merely, she triumphed. Borne on the wings of a mighty faith, her soul was at times lifted above all sin and temptation and pain, and the sweet, abiding peace swelled into an ecstasy of sacred joy. Her swimming eyes and rapt look told the unutterable secret. She has crossed over the narrow stream on whose margin she lingered so long; and there was joy on the other side when the gentle, patient, holy Camilla Cain joined the glorified throng.

O though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died!

## CORRALED.

“So you were *corraled* last night?”  
This was the remark of a friend whom I met in the streets of Stockton the morning after my adventure. I knew what the expression meant as applied to cattle, but I had never heard it before in reference to a human being. Yes, I had been *corraled*; and this is how it happened:

It was in the old days, before there were any railroads in California. With a wiry, clean-limbed pinto horse, I undertook to drive from Sacramento City to Stockton one day. It was in the winter season, and the clouds were sweeping up from the southwest, the snow-crested Sierras hidden from sight by dense masses of vapor boiling at their bases and massed against their sides. The roads were heavy from the effects of previous rains, and the plucky little pinto sweated as he pulled through the long stretches of black *adobe* mud. A cold wind struck me in the face, and the ride was a dreary one from the start. But I pushed on confidently, having faith in the spotted mustang, despite the evident fact that he had lost no little of the spirit with which he dashed out of town at starting. When a genuine mustang flags it is a serious business. The hardiness and endurance of this breed of horses almost exceed belief.

Toward night a cold rain began to fall, driving in my face with the head wind. Still many a long mile lay between me and Stockton. Darkness

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came on, and it was dark indeed. The outline of the horse in front could not be seen, and the flat country through which I was driving was a great black sea of night. I trusted to the instinct of the horse, and moved on. The bells of a wagon team meeting me fell upon my ear. I called out: “Halloo there!”

“What’s the matter?” answered a heavy voice through the darkness.

“Am I in the road to Stockton? and can I get there to-night?”

“You are in the road, but you will never find your way such a night as this. It is ten good miles from here; you have several bridges to cross. You had better stop at the first house you come to, about half a mile ahead. I am going to strike camp myself.”

I thanked my adviser, and went on, hearing the sound of the tinkling bells, but unable to see anything. In a little while I saw a light ahead, and was glad to see it. Driving up in front and halting, I repeated the traveler’s “Halloo” several times, and at last got a response in a hoarse, gruff voice.

“I am belated on my way to Stockton, and am cold and tired and hungry. Can I get shelter with you for the night?”

“You may try it if you want to,” answered the unmusical voice abruptly.

In a few moments a man appeared to take the horse, and, taking my satchel in hand, I went into the house. The first thing that struck my attention on entering the room was a big log fire, which I was glad to see, for I was wet and very cold. Taking a chair in the corner, I looked around. The scene that presented itself was not reassuring. The main feature of the room was a bar, with an

ample supply of barrels, demijohns, bottles, tumblers, and all the *et cæteras*. Behind the counter stood the proprietor, a burly fellow with a buffalo neck, fair skin, and blue eyes, with a frightful scar across his left underjaw and neck. His shirt collar was open, exposing a huge chest, and his sleeves were rolled up above the elbows. I noticed also that one of his hands was minus all the fingers but the half of one—the result, probably, of some desperate encounter. I did not like the appearance of my landlord, and he eyed me in a way that led me to fear that he liked my looks as little as I did his; but the claims of other guests soon diverted his attention from me, and I was left to get warm and make further observations. At a table in the middle of the room several hard-looking fellows were betting at cards, amid terrible profanity and frequent drinks of whisky. They cast inquiring and not very friendly glances at me from time to time, once or twice exchanging whispers and giggling. As their play went on, and tumbler after tumbler of whisky was drunk by them, they became more boisterous. Threats were made of using pistols and knives, with which they all seemed to be heavily armed; and one sottish-looking brute actually drew forth a pistol, but was disarmed in no gentle way by the big-limbed landlord. The profanity and other foul language were horrible. Many of my readers have no conception of the brutishness of men when whisky and Satan have full possession of them. In the midst of a volley of oaths and terrible imprecations by one of the most violent of the set, there was a faint gleam of lingering decency exhibited by one of his companions: “Blast it, Dick, *don't cuss so loud*—that fellow in the corner there is a preacher!”

There was some potency in “the cloth” even

there. How he knew my calling I do not know. The remark directed particular attention to me, and I became unpleasantly conspicuous. Scowling glances were bent upon me by two or three of the ruffians, and one fellow made a profane remark not at all complimentary to my vocation, whereat there was some coarse laughter. In the meantime I was conscious of being very hungry. My hunger, like that of a boy, is a very positive thing—at least it was very much so in those days. Glancing toward the maimed and scarred giant who stood behind the bar, I found he was gazing at me with a fixed expression.

“Can I get something to eat? I am very hungry, sir,” I said in my blandest tones.

“Yes, we’ve plenty of cold goose, and maybe Pete can pick up something else for you, if he is sober and in a good humor. Come this way.”

I followed him through a narrow passageway, which led to a long, low-ceiled room, along nearly the whole length of which was stretched a table, around which were placed rough stools for the rough men about the place.

Pete, the cook, came in, and the head of the house turned me over to him, and returned to his duties behind the bar. From the noise of the uproar going on, his presence was doubtless needed. Pete set before me a large roasted wild goose, not badly cooked, with bread, milk, and the inevitable cucumber pickles. The knives and forks were not very bright—in fact, they had been subjected to influences promotive of oxidation; and the dishes were not free from signs of former use. Nothing could be said against the tablecloth—there was no tablecloth there. But the goose was fat, brown, and tender; and a hungry man defers his criticisms until he is done eating. That is what I

did. Pete evidently regarded me with curiosity. He was about fifty years of age, and had the look of a man who had come down in the world. His face bore the marks of the effects of strong drink, but it was not a bad face; it was more weak than wicked.

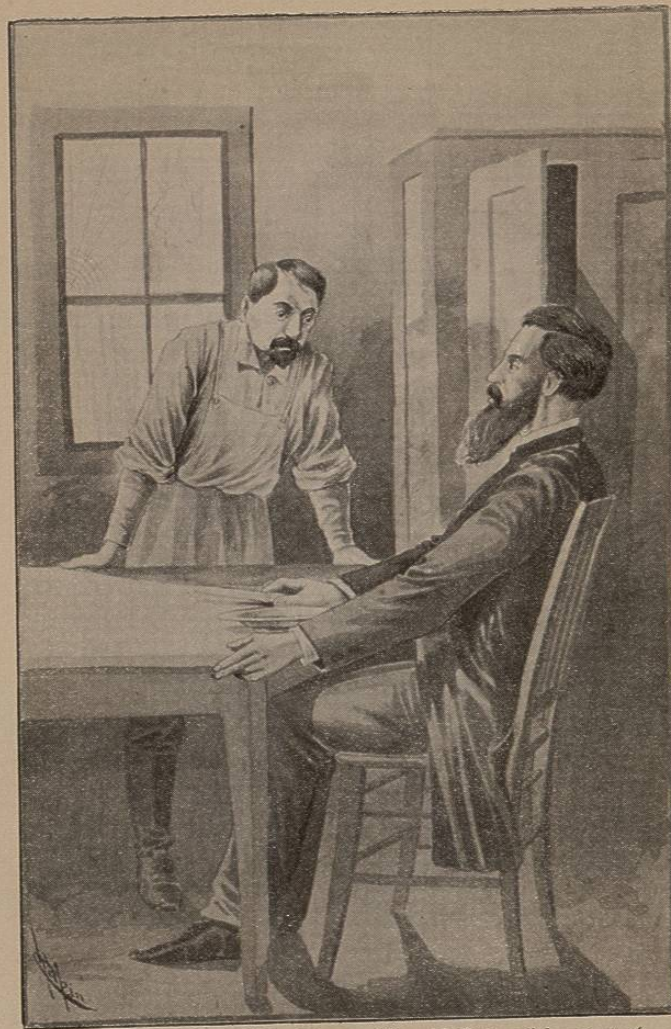
"Are you a preacher?" he asked.

"I thought so," he added, after getting my answer to his question. "Of what persuasion are you?" he further inquired.

When I told him I was a Methodist, he said quickly and with some warmth: "I was sure of it. This is a rough place for a man of your calling. Would you like some eggs? we've plenty on hand. And maybe you would like a cup of coffee," he added, with increasing hospitality.

I took the eggs, but declined the coffee, not liking the looks of the cups and saucers, and not caring to wait.

"I used to be a Methodist myself," said Pete, with a sort of choking in his throat, "but bad luck and bad company have brought me down to this. I have a family in Iowa, a wife and four children. I guess they think I'm dead, and sometimes I wish I was." Pete stood by my chair, actually crying. The sight of a Methodist preacher brought up old times. He told me his story. He had come to California hoping to make a fortune in a hurry, but had only ill luck from the start. His prospectings were always failures, his partners cheated him, his health broke down, his courage gave way, and—he faltered a little, and then spoke it out—he took to whisky, and then the worst came. "I have come down to this—cooking for a lot of roughs at five dollars a week and all the whisky I want. It would have been better for me if I had died when I was in the hospital at San Andreas."



*I used to be a Methodist myself, said Pete with a sort of choking in his throat."*

Poor Pete! he had indeed touched bottom. But he had a heart and a conscience still, and my own heart warmed toward my poor backslidden brother.

“ You are not a lost man yet. You are worth a thousand dead men. You can get out of this, and you must. You must act the part of a brave man, and not be any longer a coward. Bad luck and lack of success are a disgrace to no man. There is where you went wrong. It was cowardly to give up and not write to your family, and then take to whisky.”

“ I know all that, Elder. There is no better little woman on earth than my wife ”—Pete choked up again.

“ You write to her this very night, and go back to her and your children just as soon as you can get the money to pay your way. Act the man, and all will come right yet. I have writing materials here in my satchel—pen, ink, paper, envelopes, stamps, everything; I am an editor, and go fixed up for writing.”

The letter was written, I acting as Pete's amanuensis, he pleading that he was a poor scribe at best, and that his nerves were too unsteady for such work. Taking my advice, he made a clean breast of the whole matter, throwing himself on the forgiveness of the wife whom he had so shamefully neglected, and promising, by the help of God, to make all the amends possible in time to come. The letter was duly directed, sealed, and stamped, and Pete looked as if a great weight had been lifted from his soul. He had made me a fire in the little stove, saying it was better than the barroom, in which opinion I was fully agreed.

“ There is no place for you to sleep to-night without *corralling* you with the fellows; there is

but one bedroom, and there are fourteen bunks in it."

I shuddered at the prospect—fourteen bunks in one small room, and those whisky-sodden, loud-cursing card players to be my roommates for the night!

"I prefer sitting here by the stove all night," I said; "I can employ most of the time writing, if I can have a light."

Pete thought a moment, looked grave, and then said: "That won't do, Elder; those fellows would take offense, and make trouble. Several of them are out now goose hunting; they will be coming in at all hours from now till daybreak, and it won't do for them to find you sitting up here alone. The best thing for you to do is to go in and take one of those bunks; you needn't take off anything but your coat and boots, and"—here he lowered his voice, looking about him as he spoke—"if you have any money about, keep it next to your body."

The last words were spoken with peculiar emphasis.

Taking the advice given me, I took up my baggage and followed Pete to the room where I was to spend the night. Ugh! it was dreadful. The single window in the room was nailed down, and the air was close and foul. The bunks were damp and dirty beyond belief, grimed with foulness and reeking with ill odors. This was being *corraled*. I turned to Pete, saying: "I can't stand this; I will go back to the kitchen."

"You had better follow my advice, Elder," said he very gravely. "I know things about here better than you do. It's rough, but you had better stand it."

And I did; being *corraled*, I had to stand it. That fearful night! The drunken fellows stag-

gered in one by one, cursing and hiccoughing, until every bunk was occupied. They muttered oaths in their sleep, and their stertorous breathings made a concert fit for Tartarus. The sickening odors of whisky, onions, and tobacco filled the room. I lay there and longed for daylight, which seemed as if it never would come. I thought of the descriptions I had heard and read of hell, and just then the most vivid conception of its horror was to be shut up forever with the aggregated impurity of the universe. By contrast I tried to think of that city of God into which, it is said, "there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." But thoughts of heaven did not suit the situation; it was more suggestive of the other place. The horror of being shut up eternally in hell as the companion of lost spirits was intensified by the experience and reflections of that night when I was *corraled*.

Day came at last. I rose with the first streaks of the dawn, and, not having much toilet to make, I was soon out of doors. Never did I breathe the pure, fresh air with such profound pleasure and gratitude. I drew deep inspirations, and, opening my coat and vest, let the breeze that swept up the valley blow upon me unrestricted. How bright was the face of nature, and how sweet her breath, after the sights, sounds, and smells of the night!

I did not wait for breakfast, but had my pinto and buggy brought out, and, bidding Pete good-bye, hurried on to Stockton.

"So you were *corraled* last night?" was the remark of a friend, quoted at the beginning of this true sketch. "What was the name of the proprietor of the house?"

I gave him the name.

"Dave W——?" he exclaimed with fresh astonishment. "That is the roughest place in the San Joaquin Valley. Several men have been killed and robbed there during the last two or three years."

I trust Pete got back safe to his wife and children in Iowa, and I trust I may never be *corraled* again.



## THE RABBI.

SEATED in his library, enveloped in a faded figured gown, a black velvet cap on his massive head, there was an Oriental look about him that arrested your attention at once. Power and gentleness, childlike simplicity and scholarliness, were curiously mingled in this man. His library was a reflex of its owner. In it were books that the great public libraries of the world could not match—black-letter folios that were almost as old as the printing art, illuminated volumes that were once the pride and joy of men who had been in their graves many generations, rabbinical lore, theology, magic, and great volumes of Hebrew literature that looked, when placed beside a modern book, like an old ducal palace alongside a gingerbread cottage of to-day. I do not think he ever felt at home amid the hurry and rush of San Francisco. He could not adjust himself to the people. He was devout; they were intensely worldly. He thundered this sentence from the teacher's desk in the synagogue one morning: "O ye Jews of San Francisco, you have so fully given yourselves up to material things that you are losing the very instinct of immortality. Your only idea of religion is to acquire the Hebrew language, *and you don't know that!*" His port and voice were like those of one of the old Hebrew prophets. Elijah himself was not more fearless. Yet how deep was his love for his race! Jeremiah was not more tender when he wept for the slain of the daughter of his people. His reproofs were resented, and he had a taste of perse-

cution; but the Jews of San Francisco understood him at last. The poor and the little children knew him from the start. He lived mostly among his books, and in his school for poor children, whom he taught without charge. His habits were so simple and his bodily wants so few that it cost him but a trifle to live. When the synagogue frowned on him, he was as independent as Elijah at the brook Cherith. It is hard to starve a man to whom crackers and water are a royal feast.

His belief in God and in the supernatural was startlingly vivid. The Voice that spoke from Sinai was still audible to him, and the Arm that delivered Israel he saw still stretched out over the nations. The miracles of the Old Testament were as real to him as the premiership of Disraeli or the financiering of the Rothschilds. There was, at the same time, a vein of rationalism that ran through his thought and speech. We were speaking one day on the subject of miracles, and with his usual energy of manner he said: "There was no need of any literal angel to shut the mouths of the lions to save Daniel; *the awful holiness of the prophet was enough*. There was so much of God in him that the savage creatures submitted to him as they did to unsinning Adam. Man's dominion over nature was broken by sin, but in the golden age to come it will be restored. A man in full communion with God wields a divine power in every sphere that he touches."

His face glowed as he spoke, and his voice was subdued into a solemnity of tone that told how his reverent and adoring soul was thrilled with this vision of the coming glory of redeemed humanity.

He knew the New Testament by heart, as well as the Old. The sayings of Jesus were often on his lips.

One day, in a musing, half-soliloquizing way, I heard him say: "It is wonderful! wonderful! a Hebrew peasant from the hills of Galilee, without learning, noble birth, or power, subverts all the philosophies of the world, and makes himself the central figure of all history. It is wonderful!" He half-whispered the words, and his eyes had the introspective look of a man who is thinking deeply.

He came to see me at our cottage on Post Street one morning before breakfast. In grading a street, a house in which I had lived and had the ill luck to own, on Pine Street, had been undermined, and toppled over into the street below, falling on the slate roof and breaking all to pieces. He came to tell me of it, and to extend his sympathy. "I thought I would come first, so you might get the bad news from a friend rather than a stranger. You have lost a house, but it is a small matter. Your little boy there might have put out his eye with a pair of scissors, or he might have swallowed a pin and lost his life. There are many things constantly taking place that are harder to bear than the loss of a house."

Many other wise words did the Rabbi speak, and before he left I felt that a house was indeed a small thing to grieve over.

He spoke with charming freedom and candor of all sorts of people. "Of Christians, the Unitarians have the best heads, and the Methodists the best hearts. The Roman Catholics hold the masses, because they give their people plenty of form. The masses will never receive truth in its simple essence; they must have it in a way that will make it digestible and assimilable, just as their stomachs demand bread and meats and fruits, not their extracts or distilled essences, for daily



food. As to Judaism, it is on the eve of great changes. What these changes will be I know not, except that I am sure the God of our fathers will fulfill his promise to Israel. This generation will probably see great things."

"Do you mean the literal restoration of the Jews to Palestine?"

He looked at me with an intense gaze, and hastened not to answer. At last he spoke slowly: "When the perturbed elements of religious thought crystallize into clearness and enduring forms, the chosen people will be one of the chief factors in reaching that final solution of the problems which convulse this age."

He was one of the speakers at the great Mortara indignation meeting in San Francisco. The speech of the occasion was that of Col. Baker, the orator who went to Oregon, and in a single campaign magnetized the Oregonians so completely by his splendid eloquence that, passing by all their old party leaders, they sent him to the United States Senate. No one who heard Baker's peroration that night will ever forget it. His dark eyes blazed, his form dilated, and his voice was like a bugle in battle. "They tell us that the Jew is accursed of God. This has been the plea of the bloody tyrants and robbers that oppressed and plundered them during the long ages of their exile and agony. But the Almighty God executes his own judgments. Woe to him who presumes to wield his thunderbolts! They fall in blasting, consuming vengeance upon his own head. God deals with his chosen people in judgment; but he says to men: 'Touch them at your peril!' They that spoil them shall be for a spoil; they that carried them away captive shall themselves go into captivity. The Assyrian smote

the Jew, and where is the proud Assyrian Empire? Rome ground them under her iron heel, and where is the empire of the Cæsars? Spain smote the Jew, and where is her glory? The desert sands cover the site of Babylon the Great. The power that hurled the hosts of Titus against the holy city, Jerusalem, was shattered to pieces. The banner of Spain, that floated in triumph over half the world, and fluttered in the breezes of every sea, is now the emblem of a glory that is gone, and the ensign of a power that has waned. The Jews are in the hands of God. He has dealt with them in judgment, but they are still the children of promise. The day of their long exile shall end, and they will return to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads!" The words were something like these, but who could picture Baker's oratory? As well try to paint a storm in the tropics. Real thunder and lightning cannot be put on canvas.

The Rabbi made a speech, and it was the speech of a man who had come from his books and prayers. He made a tender appeal for the mother and father of the abducted Jewish boy, and argued the question as calmly, and in as sweet a spirit, as if he had been talking over an abstract question in his study. The vast crowd looked upon that strange figure with a sort of pleased wonder, and the Rabbi seemed almost unconscious of their presence. He was as free from self-consciousness as a little child, and many a Gentile heart warmed that night to the simple-hearted sage who stood before them pleading for the rights of human nature.

The old man was often very sad. In such moods he would come round to our cottage on Post Street, and sit with us until late at night, un-

burdening his aching heart, and relaxing by degrees into a playfulness that was charming from its very awkwardness. He would bring little picture books for the children, pat them on their heads, and praise them. They were always glad to see him, and would nestle round him lovingly. We all loved him, and felt glad in the thought that he left our little circle lighter at heart. He lived alone. Once, when I playfully spoke to him of matrimony, he smiled quietly, and said: "No, no; my books and my poor school children are enough for me."

He died suddenly and alone. He had been out one windy night visiting the poor, came home sick, and before morning was in that world of spirits which was so real to his faith, and for which he longed. He left his little fortune of a few thousand dollars to the poor of his native village of Posen, in Poland. And thus passed from California life Dr. Julius Eckman, the Rabbi.

## AH LEE.

HE was the sunniest of Mongolians. The Chinaman, under favorable conditions, is not without a sly sense of humor of his peculiar sort; but to American eyes there is nothing very pleasant in his angular and smileless features. The manner of his contact with many Californians is not calculated to evoke mirthfulness. The brickbat may be a good political argument in the hands of a hoodlum, but it does not make its target playful. To the Chinaman in America the situation is new and grave, and he looks sober and holds his peace. Even the funny-looking, be-cued little Chinese children wear a look of solemn inquisitiveness, as they toddle along the streets of San Francisco by the side of their queer-looking mothers. In his own land, overpopulated and misgoverned, the Chinaman has a hard fight for existence. In these United States his advent is regarded somewhat in the same spirit as that of the seventeen-year locusts or the cotton worm. The history of a people may be read in their physiognomy. The monotony of Chinese life during these thousands of years is reflected in the dull, monotonous faces of Chinamen.

Ah Lee was an exception. His skin was almost fair, his features almost Caucasian in their regularity; his dark eye lighted up with a peculiar brightness, and there was a remarkable buoyancy and glow about him every way. He was about twenty years old. How long he had been in Cali-