

you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference.

You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Captain Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith. But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cries: "No hope! We are lost! We are lost!" The sail puts out its wings of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens; the spirit of wreck hisses in the waves, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the life boats!" cries the captain. "Down with the life boats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says: "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss and with joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, that you believe with all the heart and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turn these lines; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul.

You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge; you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it, and walk over it, and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages" and built by the Architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back and you experiment. You say: "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you.

Oh! was there ever a prize offered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to us? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that we can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One cent? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay; no penance to suffer. Only one decisive action of the soul: "Have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

DR. ED. ISAACSON.

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#### CURRENT TOPICS IN EUROPE.

The Cunard steamer *Bothnia*, which left Liverpool on January 19th, 1890, carried among her passengers one that deserves more than a passing notice. This person is Miss Amy Fowler, a native of Combe Down, near Bath, England, who is going, self-exiled to undertake one of the noblest works of devotion of which even the stories of martyrdom contain any record. The world has looked with wonder and astonishment at the self-sacrifice of Father Damien, who in the glory of his youth dedicated his life to the cause of suffering humanity and lived, and toiled, and died while striving to alleviate the sufferings of the poor lepers on the island of Molokai. Miss Fowler has volunteered to become his successor, but from the moment she sets foot on the leper island she will be known only as Sister Rose Gertrude. When one reflects on the awful isolation of such a life, the repulsiveness of its daily associations, the horror of its scenes, and the personal risk it involves, one begins to appreciate something of the sublime faith and immeasurable self-sacrifice which have prompted a refined and delicately-nurtured young woman to voluntarily cast her lot amid such surroundings. Miss Fowler does not seem to be more than twenty-two years of age, and there is something interesting in this young, fresh and beautiful girl, with large eyes of deepest blue, and a fair, rosy complexion. In every movement of her little figure activity and energy are expressed, notwithstanding the occasional dreaminess which comes like a thin veil over the fair features as though she was looking into the beyond and saw things that others did not see. In reply to those who questioned her, she said: "I have studied medicine in Paris, not to take a medical degree, but to become an efficient sick nurse. I have also been at the Pasteur Institute where I have learned much that I hope will be of great use to me. It has always been my wish to devote my life to the good of others. I shall have the entire charge of the hospital, and where it is necessary I will change the old order of nursing. I am taking out a number of articles for beautifying the hospital, and I intend to sing to the patients to cheer them as well as I can; and later on, when I have saved enough of my salary, I shall buy a piano and brighten their lives with music." Truly a strange picture this. A fair English girl on the island where perpetual summer reigns, singing with a voice the very tones of which are melody, surrounded by those half-savage Hawaiians afflicted with the most loathsome disease. The example of Damien's life has, no doubt, had its influence upon Miss Fowler as well as upon many others. She will follow in his footsteps with that noble devotion which is often characteristic of *spirituelle* women.

Among the great cities of Europe there are many more prominent than the little city of Bedford, yet

there or near there, in the month of September, 1726, was born one of the world's greatest benefactors, John Howard, who afterwards became known as the great Prison Reformer. The story of his life work is more romantic than the fabled adventures of mediæval knights. Scarcely a dungeon in the great capitals of Europe that he did not visit, and from their dark and loathsome depths he rescued thousands whose names are not mentioned in the history of men. Before emperors, kings and potentates he plead the cause of suffering humanity and the hearts of tyrants were often touched by his sympathetic eloquence. Who has not shuddered at the horrors of the Bastille in the dungeons of which no ray of sunshine ever penetrated, whose walls were ever dripping with filth and alive with vermin? Well, the Bastille was only a fair specimen of the loathsome prisons that existed in nearly every capital of Europe during the first half of the eighteenth century. At this distance of time and moving in another atmosphere of thought we can scarcely realize the condition of prisons when John Howard commenced his work. The story of cruelty and outrage and wrong, which he published in 1777 kindled a flame of indignation which swept through the land, and aroused the attention of the rulers. On the 20th of January, 1790, John Howard died at Cherson, a little village in Southern Russia, while attending the sick. A hundred years later—January 20th, 1890—the people of Bedford have commemorated his memory and started the work of erecting a monument. Those who have visited the Cathedral of St. Paul in London will remember how strange it seemed to see a cathedral dedicated to the worship of the meek and lowly Nazarene and yet used principally as the burial place of the slayers of men. It is well when society holds in remembrance her benefactors also. It is every way fitting that Howard's statue should stand by the side of that other great citizen of Bedford, John Bunyan, the immortal tinker, the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

But while we recognize the claims of these moral and intellectual heroes upon us we should not forget that there are others who at the present time are toiling with every power of mind and body for the benefit of their fellowmen. The overloading of vessels is an evil of the first magnitude for a commercial country like Great Britain. During the last three years six thousand eight hundred and five persons have perished in missing vessels alone. This does not include the many hundreds who have perished where the vessels are known to have been wrecked. Of the six hundred and thirty-one vessels that sailed out upon the broad ocean and been heard of no more, it has been proved in two hundred and ninety-one cases that the loss has been due to overloading. In all these cases no one has been punished. Nearly 7,000 men in the full activity of life