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*Theodore L. Flood, D.D., Editor
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ORGAN OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

VOLUME III.

FROM OCTOBER, 1882, TO JULY, 1883.

THEODORE L. FLOOD, D. D., Editor.

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DECEMBER.

HISTORY OF RUSSIA.

BY MRS. MARY S. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER IV.

**THE HEROIC AGE—GROWTH OF THE RUSSIAN STATE, TO THE
DEATH OF IAROSLAF (1054).**

The glory of the Russian arms, the splendor of the Russian State, attained their maximum in the reign of the great Iaroslaf. Its form of government continued to retain the Variag-Slav elements, but was compacted and confirmed by the ideas brought into the country with the influx of Greek priests and men of letters. The prince long remained, as in the primitive times, first among his equals, the drujina—the head and chief of a family of soldiers. He had great respect for the counsels, and for the demands of these. Vladimir's men complained, in that they had to eat from wooden bowls. He forthwith provided them with silver ones. "I can not buy myself a drujina with silver and gold," he said, "but with a drujina I can obtain silver and gold, as did my father and my grandfather." The Roman empire of the east represented another form of government. Its sovereign was the heir of Constantine and of Augustus; the vicar of God upon earth, the human representative of the Sovereign of the universe. The Greek emperor derived his power, not from the consent of his subjects—a phrase unknown in his dominions,—but rather from the Being who conferred it as a prerogative, a divine right. His person, his regalia, were sacred. The populace of Constantinople believed that when God gave the empire to their city, he gave it also the regal vestments at the hands of an angel. Leo, king of the Kazarui, was said to have been smitten with a fatal ulcer for his temerity in putting the Byzantine crown upon his head. This Roman, and antecedently Asiatic conception of government, as vested in the person of the imperator who made the laws, executed justice, received the adoring homage as well as the unquestioning obedience of his subjects, essentially modified the nobler, freer idea of government, as held by the Variag princes; but the change was wrought gradually, and was hardly perceptible during the epoch of the ascendancy of the Russia of the steppes, the supremacy of Kief. It came into prominence, as we shall see, in the Russia of the forests, when Suzdal, and later Moscow, became the nuclei, the centers of the realm in a subsequent epoch. Iaroslaf compiled a code of laws, the Russkaia Pravda, the Russian right, or verity, a code that, though subsequently modified by Byzantine influence, remained for centuries the basis of the national jurisprudence. The laws of the Pravda are in effect those of ancient Scandinavia. Private revenge and avenging are recognized, as are also the judicial duel and the ordeals; fines are fixed for various crimes. The primitive form of trial by jury is established, but none of the harsher penalties are prescribed that were introduced later by the corrupted Greeks. Prisons, torture to wring confession, corporal cruelties, flogging and capital punishment were unknown in the Russia of the eleventh century. Its laws were milder, more humane than those of Charlemagne. The Slav had not become debased by the vices of the Roman empire of the east, nor by the ferocity of the Tatars. "A white Arab," a child of nature, uncorrupted by the iniquities of an ancient civilization, with his ardent Oriental temperament, he retained as yet much of the simplicity, the freedom from duplicity, that won the recognition of Homer, Choerilius and Strabo.

The introduction of Greek Christianity was a fact of immeasurable significance to the Russian realm. It proscribed the Papal Church from Russian territory, and thereby isolated it from the nations of the west. This isolation precluded the Russian people from the religious sympathy, the material support of the Pope, and of the other European nations, in crises of peril, or periods of emergency, such as that of the appalling Tatar invasion. They could look for no help beyond their own resources, their own strength. The difference of religion served also as a perpetual barrier, a continually irritating antagonism between the Russian and the Polish Slavs. On the other hand, as the new faith was introduced by means of the Slavonic, the mother tongue, Russian society was spared the sharp division between the clerical, the learned, the high, Latin-speaking class, and the lower classes that compose the bulk of every nation; a division that contributed immensely to the founding of caste and to the arrogations of a hierarchy throughout Latin Christendom. In Russia was reared a national church, subject to no foreign, no alien sway, entangled with no

foreign alliances or foreign politics. Thus was secured an absolute national and ecclesiastical independence. "No dragonnades, no frightful inquisition, no Saint Bartholomews, no myriads of martyrs, no hideous tortures, such as those invented and practiced by Jesuits and Romish priests, have ever defiled the venerable ministry that traces its origin to Ephesus and Saint John."

Christianity gradually but essentially modified the social life, the customs and manners of the people. It abolished polygamy; the structure of the family was no longer Asiatic, but European. It heightened the Slav virtues of hospitality and benevolence, by inculcating the humanitarian precepts of the New Testament. It conferred a dignity previously unknown, upon weakness, infirmity, poverty and labor. It modified the public sentiment in regard to crime, by teaching the inherent heinousness of sin. The oft-uttered words of Vladimir, "I fear to sin," indicate the change that was gradually effected in the popular mind. Assassination, theft, and other crimes ceased to be regarded as private injuries, to be commuted by fines or atoned for by reprisals. They were punished as offences against humanity, in the name of the Legislator, the Father of the race. What is more precious than a Christian soul? asks one of the earlier descendants and successors of Vladimir. The new religion brought music in its train to a people who had a capacity for this art, but who were ignorant of its first principles. It brought architecture into a realm whose buildings were simply wooden tents, and whose ramparts were made of mud. In the rude city were laid the decorated aisles, the sumptuous columns, the golden cupolas and domes of the Russian church. It brought literature, first of all by the sacred books translated into the vernacular; the works of the Church fathers, among them Basil and Chrysostom; the lives of the saints, Byzantine chronicles, eagerly read by the scholastic monk; works on speculative and natural philosophy, and some few romances. Contemporary Byzantine literature was not of the highest order; but exported among a people whose thought and knowledge were limited to the recital of their national legends, their primitive poems, it aroused their germinant powers, and gave direction to their intellectual, their social, and their moral development. We have to concede, however, that the introduction of the Greek form of Christian belief was not entirely salutary in its effects upon the people at large. The Byzantine Church was smitten with the decay whereof the Byzantine civilization was perishing. It retained, indeed, the elevated truths of the Christian system, but had deplorably lost the spirit that alone "giveth life." It had failed, generally speaking, to eradicate the distinctive vices of the Greek peoples—falsehood, treachery, perfidy, instability. In place of a regenerated nature, it required of its adherents participation in its elaborate ceremonial, the practice of its intricate rites, homage to its imposing forms. It did little for intellectual enlightenment or advancement, save in the perverted form of Oriental monachism,—a painfully unnatural mode of life, calculated to foster mental disease and general self-stultification. With no arrogations of secular or of civil power, it has associated itself throughout Russian history with the baleful conservatism, the hoary tyranny, the enslaving autocracy of her sovereigns. Oriental in its origin, it has fastened upon the Russian State the stationary ignorance, the servitude, the mental inertia of the effete Oriental nations. Among its adherents we shall find scarcely an example of the moral and spiritual liberty wherewith the Head of the Church maketh his children free. So far removed are they from this freedom, that their spiritual debasement, their intellectual bondage and moral perversion lie like an incubus, against which thus far the inherent strength of the nation has struggled in vain. An Oriental autocracy and a church devoid of spiritual vitality have hitherto proved immovable checks upon the advancement of the Russian people. Not without reason does the Nihilist reject the wretched ecclesiasticism that has misguided and miseducated his race throughout a thousand years.

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The portraits of Rurik and his Variag-Slav successors, preserved in the imperial galleries of St. Petersburg, are doubtless much idealized; yet they may be supposed to bear some resemblance to their originals, for Byzantine artists were in Kief as early as the reign of Vladimir (972). The face of Rurik is strong, and possessed of a primitive majesty; beneath heavy brows his eyes are steadfast, penetrating, containing a force that under stress might break into the Berserker rage, the fury that was a characteristic of the ancient Norse warrior. The contours of the face are vigorous, and marked by a certain rude symmetry, so to speak. The heavy mustaches part above the lips; below them falls a dense beard that clings to the sides of the cheeks and climbs to the hair. The head is shielded beneath a plain helmet terminating above in a talon. From the under side of the helmet falls a cape of mail, protecting the throat and shoulders; a sack or loose coat of mail covers the body. A man to put one's trust in, a man to be feared as an enemy, is the impression conveyed by the portrait, as a whole.

Vladimir, "the beautiful sun of Kief," the Christianized Apollo of the Russian Slav, the apotheosized hero of numberless legends and poems, still current among his people, is represented with a richly jewelled crown above an ermine border, resting upon his shapely head. His dark hair falls flowing upon his shoulders; his beard is fine and waved; his eyebrows delicately pencilled. Poetry and song lie in his liquid eyes and upon his well-moulded lips. A touch of sadness allied with a princely stateliness adds an indefinable, a melodious charm to this beautiful portrait, that one might take at first glance for a humanized representation of the Son of Man. Lovely, tender, strong, it is not difficult to ascribe to the gracious influences of Christianity the elevation, the chastened symmetry, the perceptible advance, evident in the face, from the rude power of the Norse physiognomy. A bust like unto it, set amid the busts of ancient Athens, would have elicited expressions of admiration from the beholders. "A noble, a beautiful barbarian!" they would have exclaimed.

The portrait of Iaroslaf represents a distinctive Slav. It depicts a melancholy temperament held in equipoise by a clear intellect and a firm will. Delicacy, a capacity for sadness and strength, combine in the intelligence of the face; an intelligence more reposeful than animated. The

symmetry of the features is remarkable. The long-lidded, serious eyes are essentially Slavic. The throat is large and shapely. The regal robe is heavily brodered, decorated around the neck and down the front with a band of light-hued fur. A grave man, with capacities for understanding the arts that give solace and charm to existence, Iaroslaf the Great was also a man to love and to be loved. Captain, sovereign, legislator, he was especially the father of his people in his affectionate care of, and in his intercourse with them.

The Slav's inextinguishable passion for liberty, and the faithfulness of the Variag to his ruler, his capacity for obedience and for martial discipline, augured well for the nascent Russian state. The Slav conception of the family, however, dominated long over that of a compact government. The Byzantine form of political unity took root in Russian soil, but was of slow growth, and was long obstructed by the division of lands among the heirs of the reigning prince—a Slavic custom observed from time immemorial. Iaroslaf had designed that his eldest son should succeed him upon his throne; and upon his death-bed he urged upon his other children the duty of recognizing their brother Isiaslaf as their sovereign; they were to regard him "as a father." But notwithstanding the precautions of the great prince, the Slavic custom of division prevailed with those who came after him. As a consequence, the hundred and thirty years following his death (1054-1224), form a period of internal partition, of disturbance, of civil wars and strifes between the increasingly numerous members of the royal family. During this period the realm was divided into no less than sixty-four duchies or principalities, under the varying possession of two hundred and ninety-three princes. These partitions were the occasion of eighty-three civil wars, some of which brought into conflict the entire fighting force of the nation. In addition to the internal contentions, the barbarians remained a hostile element in the country. The chroniclers record forty-six invasions of the Polovtsui, and eighteen campaigns directed against them. This anarchy of princes in eastern Europe possessed features of similarity with the feudal anarchy of the west. The principalities of Russia corresponded with the domains of the dukes, grafs, land-grafs, and mar-grafs of Germany, with those of the lords and counts of France, and with the governments of the lords and barons of England.

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The principality or grand duchy of Kief remained preëminent among these divisions. Its position near to, and its intercourse with the Greek empire, its control of the Dnieper, the fertility of the Warm Soil, the illustrious history of the capital and metropolis of the realm, mother of Russian cities, all contributed to maintain its supremacy. Its prince was the Grand Prince, chief among his fellow rulers elsewhere in the realm, in point of privilege. Often was his territory hotly contested by those princes whose energy or ambition impelled them to audacious enterprises. To obtain Kief and the position of Grand Prince, were the ends ardently coveted by the restless, warlike rulers who chafed within the restricted limits of their obscure domains.

Along the tributaries to the east of the Dnieper, lay the principalities of Tchernigof and of Novgorod-Severski. The ruling family of Tchernigof, the Olgovitchi, who traced their lineage to the illustrious Olga, were the most formidable rivals of Kief. East of these lay the double principality of Riazan and Murom, whose chief towns, respectively of the same name, the one on the Moskova, the other on the Oka, indicate their ancient principalities on the modern map of the empire. Westward, in the heart of mediæval Russia, inclosing within its boundaries the great forest of Okof, where rise the Volga, the Dnieper, and the Dwina, was the principality of Smolensk, all of whose towns were built on the banks of one or another of its great rivers. Its political importance lay in its control of nearly all the commerce of the realm. A government in the later divisions of the empire bears the name of the ancient principality. Near by was Toropets, capital of a secondary domain ruled over by two princes of renown, Mstislaf the Brave, and his son Mstislaf the Bold, glorious names in the history of their country. Further to the northeast, in the dense forests of the Volga and the Oka, lay the principality of Suzdal, with its towns, Suzdal, Rostof, Vladimir-on-the-Kliasma. This rugged region at the extremity of the Russia of the eleventh century, encircled by aboriginal Finn tribes, was destined in time to achieve a supremacy over all the other principalities, and to control the destinies of the nation. The Slavs of the Volga, mingling with the Finn tribes, Muromians, Meria, Tcheremisa, who, from being their enemies, were ultimately forced to become their subjects, produced a modified race, endowed with permanent, salient characteristics. The Russia of the steppes of the Dnieper, gave way gradually, and yielded its supremacy to the Russia of the forests of the Volga. From the principality of Suzdal emerged the Grand Duchy or Tsarate of Moscow, and from the Tsarate of Moscow arose Little and Great Russia, with which were included in the fifteenth century Red and White Russia, the Warm Soil, and other vast territories that combine to form the European portion of the modern empire. The principalities we have named presented a frontier against the untamed tribes of the steppes and of the forests. A northern system of frontier defences holding in check the Lithuanians, Letts, and Tchudi, was re-enforced by the powerful governments of Novgorod and Pskof, situated in the regions of Lake Ilmen and Lake Peïpus. Within the protection of these domains lay two secondary appanages, Polotsk and Mursk, the latter in the basin of the Dnieper. In southwest Russia lay Volhynia and Galicia, or Red Russia, one of whose cities was Galitch. Galicia was peopled by the White Kroats, a branch of the Danubian Slavs, who had affinities with the neighboring kingdoms of Poland and Hungary. Igor, Prince of Novgorod-Severski, is the hero of a Russian epic, that relates his expeditions. In it the wealth and glory of Galicia are thus exalted: "Iaroslaf Osmomuisl of Galicia," cries the poet, apostrophizing the prince, "lofty is thy throne of beaten gold! Thou holdest up the Carpathians with thy regiments of iron! Thou art he who shutteth the gates of the Danube, and putteth a bar across the pathway of the King of Hungary. At thy good pleasure the gates of Kief are opened. With thine arrows thou smiteth from afar!"

The division into appanages delayed but did not strike at the root of the unity of the empire. Nay, it may be said to have nourished this idea in its nascent development. At the death of every powerful sovereign fresh divisions were made; hence no principality remained sufficiently secure to become the home of a distinct, an enduring nationality. Identity of race, of language, and of religion characterized these states, whose princes were kinsmen, and whose ties of blood were strengthened in many instances by the bonds of wedlock. The descendants of Rurik bore rule from the Straits of Ienikale to the borders of the Frozen Sea. The Grand Prince was held in fatherly respect; and if some of his contemporaries stood ready to contend for his throne, more were at hand to defend him with their money and their arms. The unity of the nation, notwithstanding its numerous divisions, was more distinct than that of Germany or of France during certain periods of the mediæval era. The isolation of the Russian realm maintained the permanence of this idea, in that it was preserved from alien invaders, and from diplomatic or other complications with powers that might have interfered with its internal affairs, or that might have modified its advancement. The unity of the realm initiated by Rurik, was developed gradually but irresistibly, and with no considerable fluctuations down to the national uprising in 1612, when it attained its fullest strength, and rendered the nation impregnable alike to the designs of aliens, or to the subversions of internal discord.

[To be continued.]

THE STRANGER.

By ADA IDDINGS GALE.

Thou dazzling vision in the Eastern sky,
Moving so grandly through the fields of space,
Thou stranger in our starry populace,
On what swift errand dost thou sunward fly?

Haply, among the everlasting host
Thou art a messenger fleet-winged as fate,
On some grave matter sent by powers of state,
Thy winged speed thy special pride and boast.

Or, art thou but a vagrant—fetterless
Roaming at will among the wand'ring spheres,
As naught to thee the pulsing of the years,
A shining type of starry willfulness?

Speed on, oh, wonderful! through endless space,
One All-puissant marks thy tireless race.

“For he who manages his own life badly, how is he likely to take proper care of what is external to himself.”—*Euphron*.

PICTURES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

By C. E. BISHOP.

III.—THE FIGHTING TROUBADOUR'S RETURN FROM THE WAR.

Concerning the “good old days” of chivalry and the crusades, the London *Quarterly Review* once said: “Life was earnest in its beliefs, stormy in its ambition, hearty in its sports.” There is a funny story going the rounds in these “degenerate days” of a disciple of Peter Cartwright, who resisted a western rough's invitation to drink and to fight. The concluding remark of the bully, as he picked himself out of the elder bushes, was, in the tones of a deeply-deceived man: “What do you come around here for, with a long face on, saying you ‘never have fun with the boys,’ when you are chock full of fun? You've nearly broke my back.” In this contest the champions of religion and of “fun” were arrayed against each other, but it was the advantage of the old crusaders that both religion and “fun” lay in the same direction.

The chief of those romantic bruisers, King Richard Cœur de Lion, is thus practically described by Charles Dickens: “He was a strong, restless, burly man, with one idea always in his head, and that the very troublesome idea of breaking the heads of other men.” Anyway, the crusades were the great safety-valve of Europe for surplus religious zeal and pugnacity, and a great relief they proved to the people who stayed at home, as Motley and Prof. Fiske have splendidly argued. Richard sought this outlet for his “idea.”

His career in the Holy Land was romantically ferocious. He was, indeed, so impatient to get to

business that he fought two or three battles with Christians on the way. He showed but one redeeming trait, brute courage; and a historian declares that the Saracen Saladin shows as the Christian statesman, and Richard as the fighting barbarian in these crusades. He was far more considerate of his Saracen prisoners than of his own soldiers, and treated the Mohammedan leaders with more chivalry than he did the allied kings and dukes. His hot temper and overbearing manner really defeated the crusade, for it drove every other prince and general home in anger. The Duke of Austria, for instance: The walls of Ascalon had to be hastily repaired to repel an assault, but the Duke held back from manual labor, saying he "was no stone mason." Whereupon King Richard incontinently kicked his Grace till he went to work.

The crusade collapsed. Richard heard that his amiable brother John, encouraged by the angry King of France, was plotting his deposition, and he started for home, undismayed by the fact that he had not a friend left on the continent, and must needs cross hostile territory to reach England. His accustomed luck and pluck seem to have deserted him, for he was cast ashore in Austria, and he tried to skulk through the booted Duke's dominions in disguise. And so this proud, grand hero of a hundred fights was captured in an inn kitchen, attired like a scullion, wrestling with pots and pans—was Richard of the Lion Heart. He was buried in a rocky dungeon, high above the Rhine, and for months no one in England knew what had become of him.

Curiously enough, Richard owed his discovery and consequent deliverance, not to his own courage, wit, or influence, but to his ability to write songs and sing them. One of his ballads he had taught to a friend named Blondel and Blondel now went troubadouring through Europe, singing a verse of the song under the windows of every dungeon and castle. He was at length relieved to hear the second stanza of the verse trolled, or, perhaps, roared through the bars. The secret was out, but Richard was not. The Duke of Austria and the Emperor of Germany now went into partnership, trading on the expected ransom of the royal prisoner—offering him to the highest bidder. Avarice proved a worse obstacle than hatred to his release. His brother John and Philip of France promised his captors more money to keep him, or to deliver him to them, than they might get from England for his release, and so he lingered in jail for fourteen months, while friends and enemies were competitively striving to get together the price of his release or his destruction. During this time Richard busied himself composing verses lamenting his lot, and sighing for freedom and "fun,"—the most profitable and least discreditable portion of his career, for the verses were very good.

For all this time we have the following picture of affairs in England:

"The condition of the English nation was at this time sufficiently miserable. John was strengthening his own faction in the kingdom, of which he proposed to dispute the succession. His own character being light, profligate, and perfidious, John easily attached to his person and faction not only all who had reason to dread the resentment of Richard for criminal proceedings during his absence, but also the numerous class of 'lawless resolute,' whom the crusades had turned back on their country, accomplished in the vices of the East, impoverished in substance, hardened in character, and who placed their hopes of harvest in civil commotion.

"To these causes of public distress and apprehension, must be added the multitude of outlaws who, driven to despair by the oppression of the feudal nobility and the severe exercise of the forest laws, banded together in large gangs, and, keeping possession of the forests and wastes, set at defiance the justice and magistracy of the country. The nobles themselves, each fortified within his own castle, and playing the petty sovereign over his own dominions, were the leaders of bands scarce less lawless and oppressive than those of the avowed depredators. Under the various burdens imposed by this unhappy state of affairs, the people of England suffered deeply for the present, and had yet more dreadful cause to fear for the future.

"Yet amid these accumulated distresses, the poor as well as the rich, the vulgar as well as the noble, in the event of a tournament, which was the grand spectacle of the age, felt as much interested as the half-starved citizen of Madrid, who has not a real left to buy provisions for his family, feels in the issue of a bull-feast. Neither duty nor infirmity could keep youth or age from such exhibitions."^[A]

One of these exhibitions, the Tournament of Ashby, is famous historically, and has been made the subject of one of the finest word-pictures of the "Wizard of the North." In a natural amphitheater near the village of Ashby the lists were enclosed with strong palisades, forming an oblong space about a quarter of a mile in length, and half as broad. At either end were strong wooden gates wide enough to admit but two horsemen abreast; each of these gates guarded by two heralds, attended by six trumpeters, six pursuivants (messengers), and a strong body of horsemen. Around the entrances the magnificent tents of knights, each of its owner's chosen color, surmounted by his pennon, his shield and coat of arms hanging in front, his guards, retainers and jester in gay livery contributing to the moving scene. Back of these, refreshment tents and the quarters of farriers and

"The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation."

Around the circle were galleries, spread with tapestry for the ladies and nobles, while extending up the slopes, and even to the tops of the trees set thick about were the great multitude of common people. On one side the royal seat and canopy, occupied by Prince John and his brilliant retinue; on the opposite a gayer gallery, and the throne of the Queen of Beauty and of Love, monarch of the hour and rewarder of the victorious knights. This stand was brilliant with the rich attire of the ladies and their pages—the prevailing colors of the latter, as of the throne, being green and pink. The traditional insignia of Cupid shone all about on banner and shield—wounded hearts, bleeding hearts, burning hearts, bows, quivers, etc.

As the procession of contestants enters the arena, the sound of wild, barbaric music rends the air—a mixture of trumpets, cymbals, bells, and other instruments brought back from the East by the crusaders. It is a goodly and at the same time an anxious sight to behold so many gallant champions, mounted bravely and armed richly, awaiting the signal of encounter with the same ardor as their generous steeds, neighing and pawing the ground. The knights hold their long lances upright, their bright points glancing in the sun, and the streamers with which they are decorated fluttering over the plumage of their helmets. All is ready; the heralds make proclamation of the conditions of the tourney; the marshals of the field proclaim; the trumpets sound; the signal words, *Laissez aller!* [French for “Go!”] are shouted; spears drop to a horizontal, spurs are sunk in the steeds, and fifty knights crash together in full gallop. Anon the dust rises and the fight becomes visible; we see half the knights dismounted, some not to rise, others already on their feet fighting hand to hand with mace or ax amid a struggling pile of disabled horses, wounded men, broken spears and armor, the still mounted knights trampling and fighting with swords, the crash of which on iron helmets and shields makes an infernal din, over which roar the shouts of the champions, and the more excited shouts of the crazed spectators, the shriller encouragement of ladies and the clang of trumpets. The splendid armor is now defaced with dust and blood; the gay plumage, shorn from the crests, drifts upon the breeze like snowflakes; all the beautiful and graceful has disappeared, and what remains ought only to awaken terror or compassion. But all, including delicate and high bred ladies, cheer on the combatants; while the heralds spur back and forth on the borders of the *melee*, crying, “Fight on, brave knights! man dies, but glory lives—death is better than defeat! Fight on! for bright eyes behold your deeds!”

Now, at length, the combatants have thinned out until only one knight is left on one side to meet three powerful antagonists. It is fighting in earnest now, and Prince John incites the three to the destruction of the one whom he hates as a friend of the absent Richard. “The Disinherited Knight” is sure to be overpowered. Suddenly a voice like a trumpet-call sounds, “To the rescue!” and a horseman in black armor, not yet seen in the fray, spurs like a thunderbolt on the three. One is unhorsed in the shock; another is cut down by the sword, the last falls under his horse helpless, and the tournament is ended.

Eight knights were killed, upwards of thirty wounded, several disabled for life. This is known in history as the “Gentle and joyous Passage-at-Arms of Ashby.” “Hearty in their sports,” were those old knights. They were “chock full of fun.”

In the tumult of relieving the wounded, the knight of the black armor disappeared, and could not be found to receive the chaplet of honor. But a few minutes later there was a commotion in Prince John’s pavilion. An unknown messenger had placed a letter in his hands; it bears the signet of the arms of France; it is from his confederate, Philip, and it reads: “*Take heed to yourself! the devil is loose!*”

“What does it mean?” asked the courtiers.

“It means Richard is free and in England! We have seen him. Let us away!”

It was so. The ransom, partly raised from English loyalty and partly pledged by Richard’s faithful friends, had been delivered to the captors, and the plot of John and King Philip had failed. John fled to Normandy, and was subsequently forgiven by his brother. “I will try to forget my injuries as soon as John will forget my pardon,” said Richard, sarcastically. This is the only case on record where Cœur de Lion made the mistake of being too merciful. If he had disposed of John, England would have been saved from its worst king, but possibly might have missed the advantage of the great charter of rights at that time. But Richard took swift vengeance on King Philip.

Richard had landed in England March 12, 1194. He remained only two months, the rest of his reign, five years, being spent on the continent “in his proper line of business”—fighting. The two months were distinguished by two things: his extortion from his subjects, and his famous visit in the disguise of an abbot to Robin Hood, the merry outlaw of Sherwood Forest. Popular ballads have it that Richard indulged in a little “fun” with the doughty outlaw, and was badly worsted; while sober history has it that the lion-hearted king’s method of raising money “combined the attributes of the tyrant and the swindler.^[B]” England had already been impoverished by the enormous taxes to raise the king’s ransom, and his return was the signal for fresh exactions. He ordered the great seal to be broken, declared the title to all property void, and required everybody to take out new deeds and pay the price over again for the affixing of the new seal. Ah, yes; “life was earnest in those days, stormy in its ambition, hearty in its sports,” and we ought to add, rascally in its administration. Government is gentler and more refined now—is it more honest?

The manner of Richard’s death was in as marked contrast to the heroic character which poetry

and romance have given him, as were his capture, captivity and deliverance. He was killed in Normandy in a sordid quarrel for the possession of a pot of money which one of his knights had found concealed in his castle—very much as if Alexander the Great had met his death in a gambling-house row over the stakes.

The vulgar and repulsive features of Richard Cœur de Lion's career did not detract at all from his character as a hero in the days of chivalry. Indeed, the minstrels sang admiringly of Richard's atrocities: of how he supped gayly on a fat Saracen baby when he could not get roast pig; and caused a Saracen's head to be roasted and served up to the courtly ambassadors of Saladin; and butchered his prisoners by the thousands. If the troubadours do not truly set forth Richard's achievements, they truly mirror the spirit of chivalry in the imputed attributes of its most perfect champion. Comparing the character of this lion-hearted Plantagenet, as thus reflected, with that of Robin Hood, the Saxon hero, as pictured in the popular ballads, we must feel that the common people's idea of manliness and virtue, though personified in a bandit, was higher than that of the Norman chivalry, and we justify Knight in saying:

"The outlaw had the same attributes of bravery and generosity with which the character of Richard the Lion Hearted has been invested, without exhibiting those ferocious traits which belong to the chivalric worship of mere brute courage and blind fanaticism. The popular notion of a hero is the more refined one, although Robin be merely 'a good yeoman.'"

"So curtyous an outlawe as he was one
Was never none yfounde."

[To be continued.]

STUDIES IN ANCIENT GREEK LIFE.

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By J. P. MAHAFFY, A.M.

GENERAL FEATURES OF THE GREEK HOUSEHOLD.—While the citizen prized above all things his liberty and his rights as a member of the state—a feeling which produced in many cases a citizen democracy—this principle was unknown within the household, in which he was a despot, ruling absolutely the inferior members, who had no legal grades except as distinguished into free and slaves. The laws were very cautious about interfering with his rights, and he was permitted to exercise much injustice and cruelty without being punished. If in such a case he was murdered by his dependants, the whole household of slaves was put to death, unless the culprit was detected. Nor could a household exist (except perhaps in Sparta) without the master. If he died, his widow became again the ward of her father or eldest brother, or son; and so strongly was this sometimes felt that men on their death-beds betrothed their wives to friends, who were likely to treat them and their orphan children with kindness. Of course clever women and servants often practically had their own way, and ruled their lord or master; but the theory of the Greek home was nevertheless always that of an absolute monarchy, if not a despotism.

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE—HER DRESS.—There were two distinct styles of female dress prevalent. The first was the Dorian, which was noted for its simplicity. Unmarried girls at Sparta often wore but a single light garment (*chitonion*) fastened with clasps down the sides—a dress much criticized by their neighbors. Over this was the Doric *peplos*, fastened on the shoulders with clasps and leaving the arms bare. The Ionians wore a long linen chiton with sleeves, which reached down to the ground, and over it a large flowing wrapper, fastened with a girdle, worn high or low according to fashion; whereas the other band called *strophion* was worn under the *chiton*, and took the place of modern stays. As a general rule, unmarried women confined their hairdressing to mere artistic arrangement of the hair itself, while married women wore bands, fillets, nets, and coronets. Dyeing the hair was not uncommon, and the fashionable color was auburn, or reddish fair hair. Women's shoes were very carefully made, and they carried fans and parasols, as may be seen in the terra-cotta figures so common in our museums. Both sexes wore rings, but in addition the women wore earrings, armlets, and ankle-rings, generally of gold. These were the ornaments against which lawgivers made enactments, and which were forbidden or discouraged in days of trouble or poverty. The ornaments of one rich lady are spoken of as worth 50 minæ (about £195), a very large sum in those days. The ordinary color of women's dress was white, but saffron cloaks, and even flowered patterns, are mentioned.

HER DUTIES.—The constant outdoor life of the Greek gentleman, his many occupations in politics, and campaigns in war, must have made a sensible wife even more necessary than she is to modern men, and yet we do not find that any Greeks valued her high qualities for these important duties rightly except the Spartans. For among them alone we find the mistress of the house a person of real importance, appearing when she chooses in public, and even offering an opinion which is respected on public affairs. In cultivated Athens, on the contrary, she was only taught spinning and cooking, and what rude medicine might be wanting for the treatment of her household in trifling illness. One of her main duties was always the weighing out of wool to her women slaves, and her own working at the loom. If a lady of the higher classes, she was not supposed to appear to male visitors, but only saw her lady friends and her nearest male relatives

in her own house. She seldom went out, except either to the funeral of a near relation or to some religious procession and sacrifice. Thus the liberty of women varied from a freedom as great as need be in Sparta to a life of seclusion and neglect at Athens. Other states may have held an intermediate position. As for the vaunted dignity and liberty of ladies in Homer, it is to be remarked that he speaks of the wives and daughters of reigning princes, who probably retained the same importance in historical Greece, wherever they were to be found. For example, aristocratic ladies, such as Cimon's sister, Elpinice, were unrestrained, even at Athens, and went where they chose. This was also the case everywhere with the poor people, who could not afford to keep their wives and daughters in the idleness and the restraint unfortunately so fashionable in higher life.

HER RIGHTS.—In Homeric days we find the old barbarous custom still surviving of buying a girl from her father for a wife, and this was commonly done, unless the father himself offered her as a compliment. The father, however, usually gave her an outfit from the price he received for her. In case of a separation this outfit came back to the father, but he was also obliged to restore the price he had received for his daughter. She does not appear to have had any legal rights whatever. In later days the custom of paying money was reversed, and the husband received with his wife a dowry, which was regarded as common property with his own, so long as she lived with him. In case of separation or divorce, this dowry had to be repaid to her father, and at Athens 18 per cent. was charged upon it in case of delay in repayment. In many states to marry a second wife during the life of the first was against the practice, and probably the law, of the Greeks, but concubinage was tolerated and even recognized by them, though a married woman had at Athens a right to bring an action for general ill-treatment against her husband, in which she was obliged to appear and give evidence in person. The dowry seems to have been partly intended as a useful obstacle to divorce, which required its repayment, but we find that heiresses made themselves troublesome by their airs of importance, and this is referred to in Greek literature, in which men are frequently advised not to marry above them in wealth or connections. As all citizens were considered equal in birth, and as marriages with aliens were illegal and void, we do not hear of advice to young men not to marry beneath them. To marry a poor citizen girl was always considered a good deed, and is commended as such.

WEDDING CUSTOMS.—Though marriage among the Greeks was recognized thoroughly as a civil contract, for the purpose of maintaining the household, and raising citizens for the state, yet a religious solemnity was considered by them not less essential to its dignity than by us, and though this ceremony was not performed by an official priest, it consisted in prayers and offerings to the gods who presided over marriage. These were generally Zeus, Hera, Aphrodite, and Artemis, but many local fashions existed. So also the full moon and the winter season were generally but not everywhere preferred. A bath in the most sacred water of the district was thought necessary before the union, by way of purification. Omens were carefully observed, and votive offerings dedicated to the gods. The preliminaries closed with a solemn sacrifice and feast combined, at which the bride was present, closely veiled, with her female friends. This was often a large dinner party, for we find laws restricting the number to thirty, and complaints of the bad taste of much display. She was then brought in solemn procession late in the evening to her husband's house, generally on a carriage, with the bridegroom and his best man sitting on either side of her. Both were covered with garlands and perfumed, while the Hymenæus or marriage song was sung by the company to the sound of harps and flutes. The bride's mother had the special duty of carrying a torch behind the carriage, while the bridegroom's mother received them torch in hand at his door. The bride brought with her some household utensils, and was presented with others, and with sweetmeats, on her arrival. The next morning the married pair separated for a day (*apaulia*), and the bridegroom slept at the house of his father-in-law, when the bride sent him a present of a garment. Then only the young couple were to receive their friends, who offered congratulations and wedding-presents, which were called *anakalupteria*, because the bride unveiled herself to her friends on that day. Such were the general customs of a Greek marriage, but many old and rude habits survived in various places. Of these the most primitive was that of Sparta, where the bridegroom pretended to carry off his bride by violence, and visited her secretly for some time even after his marriage. This marriage by capture is still common among savages, and points to a ruder state of life than the marriage by purchase, which was common in Homer's time.

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OF THE BIRTH AND TREATMENT OF INFANTS.—When a child was born in the house, it was usual in Attica, and probably elsewhere also, to hang a wreath of olive in case of a boy, a fillet of wool in case of a girl, over the door. This served as an announcement to friends and neighbors. Greek law permitted the parents absolutely to dispose of it as their property, and there was no provision against exposing it, which was often done in case of girls, in order to avoid expense. These exposed children if found and brought up, became the slaves of the finder. But on the other hand, the laws showed special favor to the parents of large families. If a child was not exposed, there followed on the fifth day a solemn purification of all the people in the house, and on the seventh a sacrifice, when the relations assembled and the child was named, generally after parents and grand-parents, sometimes by reason of special wants or fancies—in fact on the same principles which we follow in christening our children. There is no evidence until the later Macedonian times that birthday feasts were held yearly; and Epicurus' direction that his should be kept after his death was thought very peculiar. Children of rich people were often nursed by hired nurses—an employment to which respectable Athenian citizens were reduced in the hard times at the end of the Peloponnesian war. But a Lacedæmonian nurse was specially valued, and often bought at a great price among prisoners, as they were famed for bringing up the child without swaddling-clothes, and making him hardy and courageous. The Greeks used cradles for children as we do,

and gave them honey as we do sugar, and the nurses represented on the vases are distinguished by a peculiar kerchief on the head, as they often are in our day by a cap or national costume.

OF TOYS AND GAMES FOR CHILDREN.—As might be expected, the inventive genius of the Greeks showed itself in the constructing of all manner of toys, and children devised for themselves perhaps all the games now known and many more besides. Aristotle says you must provide them with toys, or they will break things in the house, and the older philosopher Archytas was celebrated for inventing the child's rattle. Plato also complains of the perpetual roaring of younger, and the mischievousness of older, children. We may infer from these things that the Greek boys were fully as troublesome as our own. They had balls, hoops, swings, hobbyhorses, and dice, with dolls for the girls, and various animals of wood and earthenware, like the contents of our Noah's arks. They played hide and seek, blind man's buff, French and English, hunt the slipper, the Italian *morra*, and many other games which the scholiasts and Germans have in vain endeavored to explain. But for grown people, we do not find many games, properly speaking, played for the game's sake, like our cricket. There was very simple ball-playing, and, of course, gambling with dice. Of gymnastic exercises I will speak separately.

GREEK EDUCATION GENERALLY.—As for the girls of the house, they were brought up to see and hear as little as possible. They only went out upon a few state occasions, and knew how to work wool and weave, as well as to cook. We may fairly infer that the great majority of them could not read or write. The boys, on the contrary, were subjected to the most careful education, and on no point did the Greek law-givers and philosophers spend more care than in the proper training, both physical and mental, of their citizens. The modern system, however, of public school training was not practiced anywhere save at Sparta, where a state schoolmaster (*paidonomos*) was appointed, and all the Spartan boys taken out of the control of their parents. They lived together under the care of elder boys, as well as masters, so that the system of monitors, and even that of fagging, was in ordinary practice. They were encouraged to fight out their disputes, and were much given to sports and athletic amusements, just like our schoolboys. But the public school training and discipline lasted much longer at Sparta than among us, and embraced the university period, as well as the school period, of life.

In the other states of Greece, which were chiefly towns, or suburbs of towns, the system of day schools was universal, and the boys went to and from home under the charge of a special slave, chosen because he was no longer fit for hard work. He was called the boy's leader, or pedagogue (*paidagogos*), a word which never meant schoolmaster among the Greeks, though it is so rendered in our English Bible (Gal. iii. 24). The discipline of boys was severe, and they were constantly watched and repressed, nor were they allowed to frequent the crowded market place. Corporal punishment was commonly applied to them, and the quality most esteemed in boys was a blushing shyness and modesty, hardly equalled by the girls of our time. Nevertheless Plato speaks of the younger boys as the most sharp-witted, insubordinate, and unmanageable of animals.

OF SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.—It does not seem that the office of schoolmaster was thought very honorable, except of course in Sparta, where he was a sort of Minister of Education. It was, as with us, a matter of private speculation, but controlled by police regulations that the school should open and close with sunrise and sunset and that no grown men should be allowed to go in and loiter there. The infant-school teachers, who merely taught children their letters (*grammatodidaskolos*), were of a low class in society, sometimes even teaching in open air, like the old hedge schoolmasters in Ireland. The more advanced teaching of reading and writing was done by the *grammatikos*, whose house was called, like that of philosophers and rhetoricians, *schole*, a place of leisure. For the physical and the æsthetic side we have still to mention the trainer (*paidotribes*) and the teacher of music (*kitharistes*), the former of whom taught in the palæstra the exercises and sports afterward carried on by the full-grown citizens in the gymnasia, which were a feature in all Greek towns. The teachers of riper youth stood in social position above the mere teachers of letters, but beneath the professors of rhetoric and philosophy (sophists). These latter performed the functions of college tutors at our universities, and completed the literary side of Greek education. The fees paid to the various teachers were in proportion to their social importance. Some of the sophists made great fortunes, and exacted very high fees; the mere schoolmasters are spoken of as receiving a miserable pittance.

OF WHAT THEY TAUGHT.—The Greeks never thought of making foreign languages a matter of study, and contented themselves with learning to read and write their own. In so doing the schoolmasters used as text-books the works of celebrated epic or elegiac poets, above all Homer, and then the proverbial philosophy of Hesiod, Solon, Phocylides, and others, so that the Greek boy read the great classics of his language at an early age. He was required to learn much of them by heart, especially when books were scarce; and his teacher pointed out the moral lessons either professedly or accidentally contained in these poets. Thus they stood in the place of our Bible and hymns in education. All this was *grammatike*, which with music and gymnastics, made up the general education of the Greeks. It excluded the elementary arithmetic of our "three R's," and included what they do not, a gentlemanly cultivation in music and field sports. It is very doubtful whether swimming was included, though Herodotus speaks of the Greeks generally as being able to swim. There is, however, evidence that from the fourth century B. C. onwards both elementary geometry and arithmetic, and also drawing, were ordinarily taught.

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As regards music every Greek boy (like modern young ladies) either had or was supposed to have a musical ear, and he was accordingly taught either the harp or the flute, and with it singing. Here again the lyric poems of the greatest poets were taught him, and the Greek music

always laid the greatest stress on the words. Aristotle and others complain that amateurs were spending too much time on the practising of difficult music, and we know from the musical treatises preserved to us that the Greeks thought and taught a great deal more about musical theory and the laws of sound than we do. The Greek tunes preserved are not pleasing, but we know that they used the strictest and most subtle principles in tuning instruments, and understood harmony and discord as well as we do. Great Athenians, like Cimon, were often able to sing and accompany themselves on the harp, or lyre as we should rather call it. The Greeks laid great stress on the moral effects of music, especially as regards the performer, and were very severe in their censure of certain styles of music. They distinguished their scales as *modes*, and are said to have put far greater stress on keys than we do, calling some manly and warlike (Dorian), others weak and effeminate, or even immoral (Mixo-Lyidian). The modern Chinese have the same beliefs about the moral effects of music. The Greeks had their keynote in the middle of the scale, and used chiefly the minor scale of our music. They had different names and signs for the notes of the various octaves which they used, and also different signs for vocal and for instrumental music.

GYMNASTICS.—Among the various exercises taught were those in fashion in the public contests in the games—throwing the discus, running, and wrestling, and those of use in war—throwing the dart, managing the sword and shield, and riding. Boxing was not highly esteemed, and seems not to have been properly understood by the Greeks, who would have had no chance against an English prize-fighter. The severest contest was the *pancratation*, where the combatants, who were naked and unarmed, were allowed to use any violence they liked to overcome their adversary. It was therefore a combination of boxing, wrestling, and kicking, with occasional biting and gouging by way of additional resource. We hear of a wonderful jumping feat by Phayllus of Croton, who leaped forty-four feet; but as he probably jumped down-hill, and used artificial aids, we can not be sure that it was more than can be done now-a-days. The Spartans specially forbade boxing and the *pancratation*, because the vanquished was obliged to confess his defeat and feel ashamed; and they did not tolerate professional trainers. All the special exercises for developing muscle practised in our gymnasia seem to have been known, and they were all practised naked, as being sunburnt was highly valued. The Greeks smeared themselves first with oil and then with sand before their exercises, and cleaned themselves with a scraper or *strigil*, or in later days by taking a bath.

CUSTOMS ON COMING OF AGE.—Most Greek states seem to have wished to free young men as soon as possible from the control of their parents. Hence, having passed the age of boyhood, when they were called children (*paides*), they were made *epheboi*, or “men of age,” at the age of sixteen or eighteen, when they were enrolled solemnly in the list of citizens. This was done at Athens with a religious service, and with a solemn oath on the part of the youth, who declared his allegiance to the laws and to the religion of his city, and promised to defend it against all enemies and seditions. He was then enrolled on the list of his deme or parish, and this roll was called *the lexiarchikon grammateion*. He was then competent to join in debate at the assembly, to plead in court, to marry, and perform all the duties of citizenship. It is not clear how he stood as regards his father, except that, if the latter became unable to manage his affairs, the son could have him so declared by an action in court, and so become the owner during his father’s life. Before the young men settled down, they were employed for two years in outlying garrison duty and in patrolling the frontiers of the land, during which time they were called *peripoloi*. This gave them the necessary training for war, and made them acquainted with the bounds of their country. Many remains of these frontier forts which were once garrisoned by the youth of Athens still survive in Attica.

THE SERVANTS OF THE HOUSE.—These were of course slaves, with the exception of some field laborers, and of nurses in times of depression and distress, when some free women went out for hire. To these cases we may add the cook, who was not an inmate of the house before the Macedonian time, but was hired for the day when wanted for a dinner party. All the rest were slaves, and were very numerous in every respectable household. The principal sorts of servants were as follows: There was a general steward, a butler who had charge of the store-room and cellar, a marketing slave, a porter, baking and cooking slaves for preparing the daily meals, an attendant upon the master in his walks, and this was an indispensable servant, a nurse, an escort for the children, and a lady’s maid. In richer houses there was also a groom or mule-boy. This list shows a sub-division of labor more like the habits of our East-Indian families than those of ordinary households in England. I have spoken above of the purchasing and value of these slaves. If faithful, they were often made free, especially by the will of their master on his death-bed, but they did not become citizens. They remained in the position of resident aliens under the patronage of their former master or his representatives.

In proportion as the free population of Greece diminished the freeing of slaves became more and more common, until it actually appears to have been the leading feature in the life of the small towns. Thousands of inscriptions recording this setting free of individual slaves are still found, and on so many various stones, even tombstones, that it almost appears as if material for recording had failed them by reason of the quantity of these documents. The same increase of liberation was a leading feature in the Roman empire, but there the freedman obtained the right and position of a citizen, which was not the case in Greece. The most enlightened moralists of both countries exhorted benevolence toward slaves, and the frequent freeing of them as the duty of humane masters, but none of these writers ever dreamt of the total abolishing of slavery, which they all held to be an institution ordained by nature. This seems also the view of the early Christian writers, who nowhere condemn the principle of slavery as such.

THE DOMESTIC ANIMALS.—These were first the horses and mules, which do not seem to have been treated with any great familiarity, but were carefully groomed, and after exercise were allowed to roll in sand before being brought in—a treatment still common in southern Italy, where the old Greek fashion of driving four-in-hand abreast also prevails. The two center horses were yoked to the pole, the others were fastened by loose traces, and called *paraseiroi* (outriggers). The commonest and most valued domestic animal was the dog, which maintains a very important place in Greek society up to the present day. There were various kinds of breeds for hunting, chosen both for nose and for speed; there were watch-dogs; and also ornamental kinds, such as little lap-dogs, which are represented in the sad scenes of leave-taking on the tombs. Many anecdotes are told of their faithfulness, and we hear of at least one case where a handsome dog, which belonged to Alcibiades cost about 70*l*. Cats were also common, so common as to be charged with the breaking of household ware by guilty servants, and they are often described as wandering along the roofs of houses. Sundry birds were kept in cages, and for ornament, such as pheasants and peacocks; the quail was used for combats corresponding to English cock fights.

CUSTOMS OF BURIAL.—I will conclude our consideration of the Greek household by describing the customs when death laid its hand upon one of the inmates.

At the moment of the death struggle the face was veiled, that no man might see it; then it was uncovered for a moment to close his eyes and mouth. The body was then washed by female relatives, scented with unguents, dressed in white and with a garland, and placed upon a couch adorned with branches, and with an unguent bottle beside it. This laying out was done in the entrance hall of the house and the feet were turned to the door. Outside was a cypress branch and water for sprinkling those who came out, as the dead defiled the house and its inmates. The laying out was limited to one day, during which both male and female relatives, together with hired mourners, stood round the bier, and uttered laments in refrain very like the *Irish cry* of our day. This almost universal custom in Asia was discountenanced and restricted by Greek lawgivers, especially the tearing of the hair and laceration of the face which accompanied it. Burial took place in the morning dawn, before the sun could shine upon the corpse; in later days a small coin was placed in his mouth to pay his passage in the nether world—a custom which still survives in some parts of Greece. In the funeral procession the male relatives went before, the female followed after, and in Athens and other places where women lived secluded, only aged women and near relatives were allowed to attend, as young men took this opportunity of seeing the ladies, who were at other times invisible. When the dead was laid in the tomb, he was called by name aloud, and farewell was bidden him. There was afterward a funeral feast, and offerings at the tomb, but the time of mourning and of wearing black or gray garments was short; in Sparta twelve days, at Athens a month; at Ceos, exceptionally, a mother mourned her growing son for a whole year. Praising speeches were not delivered over private persons as at Rome, but only in the case of a public funeral, such as that of the bones of the dead who had fallen in battle, and were burned on the battle field. These ashes were brought home in urns, and treated as the corpses of the dead would have been at home. The burning of the dead, though known early, and often practiced in war and travel, was decidedly the exception. To cast earth upon the dead was of the last importance, and even when the body could not be found an empty grave received the due honors.

SEPULCHRAL MONUMENTS.—In the oldest times the dead were buried in their own ground, and close beside the house they had occupied. Afterward the burying of the dead within the walls of cities was forbidden except in the case of great public benefactors, who were worshipped as heroes and had a shrine set over them. The rest were buried in the fairest and most populous suburb, generally along both sides of the high road, as at Athens and at Syracuse, where their tombs and the inscriptions occupied the attention of everyone that passed by. The oldest and rudest monuments placed over the tomb were great mounds of earth, then these mounds came to be surrounded by a circle of great stones; afterward chambers were cut underground in the earth or rock, and family vaults established. Handsome monuments in marble, richly painted and covered with sculpture, were set up over the spot. These monuments sometimes attained a size almost as great as a temple. The scenes sculptured on the marble were from the life and occupation of the deceased, more often parting scenes, where they were represented taking leave of their family and friends, nor do we possess any more beautiful and touching remains of Greek life than some of these tombs. In the chamber of the dead many little presents, terra-cotta figures, trinkets and vases were placed, nay, in early times favorite animals, and even slaves or captives were sacrificed in order to be with him; for the Greeks believed that though the parting with the dead was for ever, he still continued to exist, and to interest himself in human affairs and in pursuits like those of living men. The crowded suburbs where the tombs were placed were generally ornamented with trees and flowers, and were a favorite resort of the citizens. The dead bodies of executed criminals were either given back to their relatives or, in extreme cases, cast into a special place, generally some natural ravine or valley hidden from view and ordinary thoroughfare. Here the executioner dwelt, who was generally a public slave. This place was called *barathrum* at Athens, and *Ceadas* at Sparta.



A GLINT OF MOONLIGHT.

By I. L. COSHAM.

It was the time when Lenten lilies bloom,
And buds are new upon the blackthorn tree;
And I, alone in weariness and gloom,
Gazed far across the sea.

Alone I watched the cheerless daylight wane,
And heard the ocean-murmurs swell and rise;
Sharp on the window smote the gusty rain,
And darker grew the skies.

Old love-tones mocked me in the moaning tide,
And phantom faces rose upon the dark;
The ocean rolled beneath me, black and wide,
Without one beacon-spark.

I had no hope—I had no comfort left,
My soul went out in wailing to the night;
When lo, that sable sky was swiftly cleft
By one pure shaft of light!

A glint of moonlight, silver-bright and clear,
Shone on a tossing bark amid the foam;
And struggling sailors, worn with toil and fear,
Beheld the shores of home.

The summer brought me back the love of old,
My autumn days were rich with corn and wine;
Ah me, what joy the moonlight beam foretold,
In that dark hour of mine!

But when the golden lilies are in bloom
My heart looks backward, and I pause to pray
That others, watching lonely in the gloom,
May see that silver ray.



SUNDAY READINGS.

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SELECTED BY THE REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D.

[*December 3.*]

HAVING, DOING, AND BEING.

By JAMES MARTINEAU.

Some men are eminent for what they *possess*; some for what they *achieve*; others for what they *are*. *Having, doing, and being*, constitute the three great distinctions of mankind, and the three great functions of their life. And though they are necessarily all blended, more or less, in each individual, it is seldom difficult to say which of them is prominent in the impression left upon us by our fellow man.

In every society, and especially in a country like our own, there are those who derive their chief characteristic from what they *have*; who are always spoken of in terms of revenue; and of whom you would not be likely to think much, but for the large account that stands on the world's ledger in their name. In themselves, detached from their favorite sphere, you would notice nothing wise or winning. At home, possibly, a dry and withered heart; among associates a selfish and mistrustful talk; in the council, a style of low ignoble sentiments; at church, a formal, perhaps an irreverent, dullness betray a barren nature, and offer you only points of repulsion, so far as humanities are concerned; and you are amazed to think that you are looking on the idols of the exchange. Their greatness comes out in the affairs of bargain and sale, to which their faculties seem fairly apprenticed for life. If they speak of the past, it is in memory of its losses and its gains; if of the future, it is to anticipate its incomings and investments. The whole chronology of their life is divided according to the stages of their fortunes, and the progress of their dignities. Their children are interesting to them principally as their heirs; and the making of their will fulfils their main conception of being ready for their death. And so completely do they paint the grand idea of their life on the imagination of all who know them, that when they die, the mammon-image can not be removed, and it is the fate of the money, not of the man, of which we are most apt to think. Having put vast prizes in the funds, but only unprofitable blanks in the admiration and the hearts of us, they leave behind nothing but their *property*; or, as is expressively termed, their "*effects*,"—the thing which they caused, the main result of their having been alive. How plain is it that we regard them merely as *instruments of acquisition*; centers of attraction for the drifting of capital; that they are important only as indications of commodities;

and that their human personality hangs as a mere label upon a mass of treasure! Every one must have met with a few instances in which this character is realized, and with many in which, notwithstanding the relief of some redeeming and delightful features, it is at least approached. In proportion as this aim, of possession, is taken to be paramount in life, length of days must, no doubt, be deemed indispensable to the human destination. The longer a man lies out at interest, the greater must be the accumulation. If he is unexpectedly recalled, every end which he suggested is disappointed; the only thing he seemed fit for can not go on; he is a power lost from this sphere, and incapacity thrust upon the other; missed from the markets here, thrown away among sainted spirits there. For himself, and for both worlds, the event seems deplorable enough; and it is difficult to make anything but confusion out of it. An imagination tacitly filled with this conception of life as a stage prepared for enjoyment and possession, must look on a term that is unfulfilled, as on a broken tool, dropping in failure to the earth.

Of those who have thus lived to accumulate and enjoy, *history* is for the most part silent, having in truth nothing to say. Not doing the work, or joining in the worship of life, but only feasting at its table, they break up and drive off into oblivion as soon as the lights are out and the wine is spilt. Belonging entirely to the present, they never appear in the past; but sink with the weight of wealth in the dark gulf;—unless perchance some Cræsus the rich is fortunate enough to fall into association with Solon the wise. There are no historical materials in simple animal existence, nor is the mere sentient being of a man, considered as the successful study of comfort, and receptacle of happiness.

History is constructed by a second or nobler class, those who prove themselves to be here, not that they may have, but that they may *do*; to whom life is a glorious hour; and who are so seen not to work that they may rest, but only to rest that they may work. No sooner do they look around them with the open eye of reason and faith, upon the great field of the world, than they perceive that it must be for them a battle-field; and they break up the tents of ease, and advance to the dangers of lonely enterprise and the conflict with splendid wrong. Strong in the persuasion that this is a God's world, and that his will must rule it by royal right, they serve in the severe campaign of justice; asking only for the wages of life, and scorning the prizes of spoil and praise. Wherever you find such, whether in the field, in the senate, or in private life, you see the genuine type of the heroic character,—the clear mind, the noble heart, indomitable will, pledged all to some arduous and unselfish task; and whether it be the achievement, with Cobden, of freedom of pacific commerce between land and land; or, with Clarkson, of freedom of person between man and man; or, with Cromwell, of freedom of worship between earth and heaven; the essential feature is in all instances the same; the man holds himself as the mere instrument of some social work; commits himself in full allegiance to it; and spends himself wholly in it. They "have a baptism to be baptized with; and how are they straitened, till it be accomplished!" During the glorious conflict of such lives it is impossible not to look on with breathless interest. Once possessed of their great design, we watch its development with eager eye and beating heart. And if, early in the day, they are struck down, we clasp our hands in sudden anguish, and a cry goes up that the field is lost. And though this despair is a momentary loss of the true faith; though God never fails to rally the forces of every good cause that has mustered for battle on the earth; yet, no doubt, the victory in such a case is deferred; the plan is broken off; the painful sense of a suspended work, that might have been finished, remains upon survivors' hearts. On behalf of the noble actors themselves, indeed, we have no embarrassment of faith; there is that within them which may well find a home in more worlds than one, and meet a welcome wherever Almighty Justice reigns. We are not ashamed, as with the man of mere possession, to follow them into the higher transitions of their being, and knock for them at the gate of better spheres. But there appears something untimely and deplorable in the providence of the world they quit. The fruit has not been permitted to ripen ere it dropped. The great function of their life required time for its fulfilment; and time has been denied. Their beneficent action was wholly through the energies of their living will; and these energies are laid for us in unseasonable sleep. And thus, while we are ashamed at the grave of the epicurean, we weep over the departure of the hero.

But there is a life higher than either of these. The *saintly* is beyond the heroic mind. To *get* good, is animal; to *do* good, is human; to *be* good is divine. The true use of a man's possessions is to help his work; and the best end of all his work, is to show us what he is. The noblest workers of our world bequeath us nothing so great as the image of themselves. Their task, be it ever so glorious, is historical and transient; the majesty of their spirit is essential and eternal. When the external conditions which supplied the matter of their work have wholly decayed from the surface of the earth, and become absorbed in its substance, the perennial root of their life remains, bearing a blossom ever fair, and a foliage ever green. And while to some, God gives it to show themselves through their work, to others he assigns it to show themselves without even the opportunity of work. He sends them transparent into this world; and leaves us nothing to gather and infer. Goodness, beauty, truth, acquired by others, are original to them, hiding behind the eye, thinking on the brow, and making music in the voice. The angels appointed to guard the issues of the pure life seem rather to have taken their station at its fountains, and to pour into it a sanctity at first. Such beings live imply *to express themselves*; stand between heaven and earth, and meditate for our dull hearts. With fewer outward objects than others, or at least with a less limited practical mission devoting them to a fixed task, their life is a soliloquy of love and aspiration; the soul not being with them, the servant of action, but action rather the needful articulation of the soul. Not, of course, that they are, in the slightest degree, exempt from the stern and positive obligations of duty, or licensed, any more than others, to dream existence away. If once they fall into this snare, and cease to work, the lineaments of beauty and goodness are exchanged for those of shame and grief. Usually they do not *less*, but rather *more*, than

others; only under somewhat sorrowful conditions, having spirits prepared for what is more than human, and being obliged to move within limits that are only human. The worth of such a life depends little on its *quantity*; it is an affair of *quality* alone. These highest ends of existence have but slight relation to time. Years can not mellow the love already ripe, or purify the perceptions already clear, or lift the aspiration that already enters heaven.

GROWING.

By F. R. HAVERGAL.

Unto him that hath, thou givest
Ever "more abundantly."
Lord, I live because thou livest,
Therefore give more life to me;
Therefore speed me in the race;
Therefore let me grow in grace.

Deepen all thy work, O Master,
Strengthen every downward root,
Only do thou ripen faster,
More and more, thy pleasant fruit.
Purge me, prune me, self abase,
Only let me grow in grace.

Jesus, grace for grace outpouring,
Show me ever greater things;
Raise me higher, sunward soaring,
Mounting as on eagle wings.
By the brightness of thy face,
Jesus, let me grow in grace.

Let me grow by sun and shower,
Every moment water me;
Make me really hour by hour
More and more conformed to thee,
That thy loving eye may trace,
Day by day, my growth in grace.

Let me, then, be always growing,
Never, never standing still;
Listening, learning, better knowing
Thee and thy most bless'd will.
Till I reach thy holy place,
Daily let me grow in grace.

[*December 10.*]

THE GOODNESS OF A GOOD MAN.

By ALEXANDER McLAREN, D. D.

"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."—Acts xi: 24.

You remember how once a young man came to Jesus, with much beautiful youthful purity in his life and youthful enthusiasm in his heart, and in his eager way, prefaced his question with a lightly-uttered "Good Master." Christ answered by trying to make him feel how much more the word meant than he had ever seen. "Why callest thou me good?" said he, not thereby rejecting the term for himself, but setting the youth to ponder its deep meaning. And whenever we have learned to feel "how awful goodness is," we shall be ready to listen to Jesus saying further: "None is good but one, that is God." By that saying he neither means to deny his own goodness nor that of men who will take up their cross and follow him, but only to remind the light-hearted inquirer, who was so ready with his conventional bestowment of the epithet, and so eager to know what he was to do for eternal life, that there was one source—and only one—of goodness, and, therefore, that the only way to be good was to have our emptiness replenished by his fullness.

A good man, then, is a man who draws his goodness from God, the source of all goodness. He himself is the type of all perfection, the home of all things fair. Whatsoever things are lovely and whatsoever things are venerable—all that we call virtue, all to which hearts and consciences ascribe praise—dwell in God as in their native home. In the abyss of his being the streams of goodness, which part into many heads to fertilize the wilderness and sweeten the salt marshes of human nature, rest undivided. He is the reality of which all our conceptions of goodness are but the fragmentary representations, the substance of which they are but shadows. Not only so, but as all life is an effluence from him with whom alone is the fountain of life, and as it is his light in which we see light, so all the goodness which is in men is from above, and cometh down from the

Father of Light. All light and heat are from the sun, and all goodness is of God. All virtues are radiations from him. "They are but broken lights of thee." He alone is good of himself and by himself. Drawing his being from none, he owes his character to none, to no outward helps or occasions his actions, to no importation his beauty. Receiving from none, he gives to all, and every deed of fair goodness that man has ever done, at the last analysis, has been to the doer no less than to the beholders or the hearers the gift of God.

He would not be good unless he delighted in bestowing himself. Goodness is communicative, and all love has its chiefest delight in giving away itself. As the sun "rejoices to run his race," and as it is the very nature and property of light to radiate, and of gases to diffuse themselves, so he can not be stayed nor sealed up, but rejoices to impart. And, certainly, there can be nothing in God which he so much delights to bestow as his goodness, since it is that in which most chiefly do we bear his image, and by which we are most closely knit to him. His highest purpose concerning us all is "that we should be partakers of his holiness." Happiness, wisdom, life itself, all in some measure and fashion, offshoots from his own, he delights to give; but these are but means to an end, and thus moral likeness to himself is his aim in all his other gifts. God had rather have us good than great, and makes us sometimes glad and sometimes heavy that by both we may be made to desire, and so be able to receive, more resemblance to himself in holiness. This is the meaning of life. This is the dearest desire of our Father for us. This is the gift which he—the infinite love—is ever longing to bestow on us.

This goodness, then, affords a presumption that he will make us good. That is a profound word of the Psalmist's "Good and upright is the Lord; therefore will he teach sinners in the way." The more clearly we see the perfect purity and goodness of God, the more conscious shall we certainly be of our own unlikeness to him. But in that discernment of his lustrous perfectness, and penitent recognition of our own sinfulness, there lies hope, not despair. We may be sure that he loves us too well to keep such sovereign completeness to himself and leave his poor children stumbling here in the mud and mire. What he is, he assuredly will desire to make us, so far as it may be. He is the "giving God" and the poorest and most impure of men may be sure that God does desire to give him purity of heart and life, and may lift up the hopeful and bold prayer, "Thy spirit is good, lead me into the land of uprightness."

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Surely, too, it needs but little experience of life to feel that, if we are ever to be made good, a divine power is needed to do it. A very small amount of honest attempt to mend our own characters might teach each of us that the viper has got far too tight a hold on us for us to shake it into the fire, and that its poison is in our blood. If you have ever tried to cure a bad habit, you know how hard it is; and some of us could tell how the sins that we loathe most hold us in a grip none the looser because of our disgust at them and ourselves, and, like a reefers' knot, their cords are tied the tighter by the pressure of our resistance against them. It is as impossible for a man to make himself good, in the deepest sense of the word, as it is for him to lift himself by his own hand laid on his own collar. There must be some power outside him to raise. God only can strengthen us to cast out sin. God only can enlighten our eyes to see lurking evil; he only can give energy to our wills to root it up, though we drag bleeding fragments of our hearts with it; he only can give the positive goodness which is more than mere freedom from evil, and fill the empty chamber with a guest strong enough to keep out the returning demon and all his crew.

So his Holy Spirit is given to us, if we will, to make us holy. We may, if we will, have that divine guest in our inmost spirit, molding us anew, purging the fountains of our will, enlightening our blindness, fixing our love on all things pure and high, burning up all our evil, with which in our own strength we have vainly fought, and kindling in us a flame of self-forgetting love, in which, as in the central fire of the earth, all the elements of the new nature to be formed within us are molten together, ready to crystallize into beauty like precious gems, or to consolidate into strength like the granite mountains. Any man may, if he will, be "full of the Holy Ghost"—as a vessel is filled with precious elixir poured into it. Any man may, if he will, have his whole nature influenced and inhabited by that mighty spirit of whom we may all be the temples, and which dwells in us not as the image of the god abides in the shrine, but as our spirits animate our bodies, being diffused through all our nature, the eye of our seeing, the heart of our love, the will of our resolve, and in all of us the source of our goodness, and the life of our better life. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Let us remember that this penetration of all our nature with a divine spirit dwelling within us is *the* promise of Christianity to every man. No mere love of God the Father, even if it were brought to us in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ would be enough without the communion of the Holy Ghost. Calvary and Olivet are not sufficient for our victory over sin without the upper room and the rushing mighty wind. And let us not forget that the spirit thus given to all Christians is the spirit of illumination indeed, the spirit of power, rich in his seven-fold energies, and the source of every endowment of mind and hand and tongue and heart that we possess, but that his highest and most universal office is to make us good, and his best name the Holy Spirit. Let us court earnestly the best gifts, but seek more earnestly still that gift which needs no special capacity to receive nor any special circumstances to exercise, but may be claimed by the poorest, and will ennoble the loftiest. Let others seek for gifts; do you pray for graces. Let who will be great, do you try to submit to the working of the good Spirit who makes you good.

Our text carries the analysis a step farther, and shows us how Barnabas came to be full of the Holy Ghost. It gives us the *condition of goodness*. He was good because he was full of the spirit, and he was full of the spirit because he was full of faith. That is the final explanation of his character.

The spirit of God dwells in a man through his faith. One text speaks of "the Holy Ghost which they that believe on him should receive," and everywhere similar language is held as to the connection between faith and the dwelling of the spirit of goodness in our hearts. By the act of trust in Christ, the Lord of the Spirit, we open our natures for the entrance of the sanctifier, who ever waits to enter in. A man has to shut his door and pull down his blinds to keep the light out. If we open ever so minute a crevice, a beam will come in, and the wider we open, the broader the stream that pours in. So in our simple faith, we open the door and there pour into our hearts the quickening energies of that good spirit. The amount of our faith measures the amount of our possession of the Spirit who makes us good.

Thus faith becomes the condition of goodness, because it is the condition of the Spirit of God dwelling in us. It brings us into contact with the electric battery, completes the circuit, and as soon as the circuit is completed the spark comes. It is also the condition of goodness, because it implies self-oblivion and self-distrust, and is the opposite of that self-regard which, as we have seen, is the root of all evil. The germ of all holiness is in faith, not only because it brings us under the operation of the divine power which makes holy, but because it is itself the great antagonist of selfishness.

So Christian morality is the very opposite of the practical heathenism which lies at the bottom of so much of the teaching of to-day. Trust thyself, say many voices—it is the beginning of wisdom, strength, freedom. Distrust thyself and trust Christ, says the Gospel—thereby alone wilt thou be made pure and blessed. The Babel builders tried to get up to the heavens by their own building. The Titans tried to storm it by placing mountain on mountain, but "no man hath ascended up to heaven." Better for us to rise thither by that ladder which now binds together heaven and earth, even Jesus Christ, our brother and our Lord, by whom all bright-winged angels of help and cleansing will come to minister to us purity and joy, and by whom we at last, perfected in goodness, shall pass into that presence, of which the radiant purity would blast all that had one taint of uncleanness.

Learn the conditions, then, on which you can be good. No goodness without God's Spirit—no Spirit without faith. You can not make yourself better, can not hammer or pare your own nature into purity and loveliness. But you can put your confidence in Jesus Christ, who will take your nature into his hands and mold it into a fairest likeness to himself. You can trust him, who will breathe into you his spirit to make you holy. If my epitaph is ever to be, "He was a good man," it must first be said, "He was full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." Let us give up the weary, hopeless work of trying to make ourselves good, and yield ourselves to him that he may make us like himself, and that we may have a mightier power ever working in our natures till they are full of beauty and "holy as God is holy."

[December 17.]

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THE CONFLICTS OF LIFE.

By BISHOP EDWARD THOMSON, D. D., LL. D.

1. We can not escape difficulty. The air is tainted, the soil churlish, the ocean tempest tossed. Whether we are in the field or in the wilderness, on Persian plains or Alpine heights, amid equatorial heats, or temperate climes, or polar solitudes, we are met by a thousand obstacles. Earth is cursed, and everywhere she puts forth her thorn in obedience to her Maker's withering word. True, the curse is tempered with the mercy which yields unnumbered blessings to the hand of toil; nevertheless, it cleaves to all earth's surface, and turns the key upon her hidden treasures. We read of cloudless skies, and sunny climes, and fields which need naught but the sickle; but who finds them? Paradise is always ahead of the emigrant.

Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward; that is, by a general law of nature. Hence we find it in want and abundance, in toil and indolence, in indulgence and restraint, in infancy, in manhood, and in age. It waits on every pleasure, and every path, and every pursuit—it dwells within. We can no more escape it than we can fly existence. Take a few illustrations. A young man resolves to be eminent. Entering the academy, he finds many difficulties in algebra, and becoming discouraged he gives it up; but has he liberated himself? No, he has plunged from great to greater difficulties. How can he unlock the vaults of mathematics without algebra, their only key? Does he abandon mathematics, another difficulty seizes him. How can he become educated without a knowledge of the exact sciences? Does he relinquish his aim at scholarship? How then, can he carry out his resolution to become eminent? Will he rescind his resolution? Then challenge him to tame the restless passions by which it was prompted. Like the fabled ships of the ancients, "*Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim*"—he who endeavors to avoid Charybdis is drawn into the jaws of Scylla. How many, because of difficulties in their pursuits, become idlers? But who on earth has more trouble than the idler? A man becomes religious, and enters the path of life; but he soon finds that the world opposes, that his passions demur, that his secular plans come in conflict with his religious efforts, that an invisible adversary stands in the path to contend every inch of ground with him. He retreats. But now his difficulties are ten thousand fold greater. He finds that an unseen footstep treads upon his wandering heels, that an All-seeing eye surveys his inmost soul, that an invisible hand writes his guilt in characters indelible on all the objects around him. He must encounter the stings of conscience, the upbraidings of reason, the admonitions of the altar, the prayers of Zion, the cross of his dying Christ, the intercession of his risen Jesus, the moving, mellowing, subduing influences of the

divine Spirit, the ten thousand warnings of a merciful Providence, the unnumbered monitions of living, decaying, dying, reviving nature, the very sympathies of heaven, yea, even the moving entreaties of her compassionate king. The apostate deliberately contends with conscience, reason, Providence, truth, Zion, men, angels, God; and in addition to all these the enemies he had before, and without a single auxiliary in earth, hell, or heaven! Verily, he has gained.

2. Difficulties invigorate the soul. I do not mean the difficulties of indolence and disobedience, these are withering curses, but the difficulties of industry, of obedience.

They are conditions essential to strength. What gives power to the arm of the smith? The weight of his hammer. What gives swiftness to the Indian foot? The fleetness of the game. Thus it is with the senses. What confers exquisite sensibility upon the blind man's ear? The curtain which, by hiding the visible universe from his sight, compels him to give intense regard to the most delicate vibrations that play upon his tympanum. Thus it is with the intellect. Who is the greatest reasoner? He who habitually struggles with the worst difficulties that can be mastered by reason. Some men have fruitless imaginations; but who are they? Those who have never led their fancies out. The genial oak planted in a dismal cellar, shut out from the light and air of heaven, would not grow up and lift its branches to the skies. Plant your imagination in the heavens, and let it be subject to the high and holy influences of its pure ether, and its silent lights, and it shall manifest vitality, and vigor, and upward aspirations.

The memory, too, is strong, if subjected to proper exercise. It will yield no revenue to the soul that does not tax it; and just in proportion as it is taxed, will it be found to have capacity of production. I will add that it is thus with the moral powers. Envy, jealousy, anger, those bitter fountains which so often tincture the streams of private and domestic joy, deepen in proportion to the obstacles through which they flow. Avarice and ambition, those demons that have desolated the globe with war, derive their overwhelming power from the difficulties which impede their progress. The daring lover testifies that love becomes more wild and resistless as great and romantic difficulties rise around him. What makes the good Christian? Perpetual trial. He who has experienced the severest storms, and has most frequently thrown out the Christian anchor, has the strongest hope. Where shall we expect the firmest faith? At the gate of St. Peter's? or at the martyr's stake? Who is compared to purified silver or gold? That Christian around whose soul God hath kindled the fires of his furnace, and kept them glowing till it reflected his own image.

Difficulties give a healthy tone and tendency to the powers. As a body in a state of inaction becomes lethargic and diseased, so the intellect, if not kept in vigorous exercise, becomes enfeebled, and gradually sinks under the sway of the passions. Energetic action is indispensable to preserve both the body from disease, and the soul from the dominion of sense.

3. Difficulties develop resources. To prove this it is only necessary to cite the aphorism—necessity is the mother of invention. She levels forests, she rears cities, she builds bridges, she prostrates mountains, she lays her iron pathway from river to river, and from sea to sea, she baffles the raging elements, and extends her dominion from earth to air and ocean, she ascends the heavens, and with fearless foot treads round the zodiac.

4. There is scarce any difficulty that can not be overcome by perseverance. Trace any great mind to its culmination, and you will find that its ascent was slow, and by natural laws, and that its difficulties were such only as ordinary minds can surmount. Great results, whether physical or moral, are not often the offspring of giant powers. Genius is more frequently a curse than a blessing. Its possessor, relying upon his extraordinary gifts, generally falls into habits of indolence, and fails to collect the materials which are requisite to useful and magnificent effort. But there is a something which is sure of success; it is the determination which, having entered upon a career with full conviction that it is right, pursues it in calm defiance of all opposition. With such a feeling a man can not but be mighty. Toil does not weary, pain does not arrest him. Carrying a compass in his heart, which always points to one bright star, he allows no footstep to be taken which does not tend in that direction. Neither the heaving earthquake, nor the yawning gulf, nor the burning mountain can terrify him from his course; and if the heavens should fall, the shattered ruins would strike him on his way to his object. Show me the man who has this principle, and I care not to measure his blood, nor brains. I ask not his name nor his nation—I pronounce that his hand will be felt upon his generation, and his mind enstamped upon succeeding ages.

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This attribute is God-like. It may be traced throughout the universe. It has descended from the skies—it is the great charm of angelic natures. It is hardly to be contemplated, even in the demon, without admiration. It is this which gives to the warrior his crown, and encircles his brow with a halo that, in the estimation of a misjudging world, neither darkness, nor lust, nor blasphemy, nor blood can obscure. The bard of Mantua, to whose tomb genius in all ages makes its willing pilgrimage, never presents his hero in a more attractive light, than when he represents him, "*tot volvere casus*," rolling his misfortunes forward, as a river bearing all opposition before it.

I am well satisfied that it is a sure passport to mental excellence. Science has no summit too lofty for its ascent—literature has no gate too strong for its entrance. The graces collect around it, and the laurel comes at its bidding. Talk not of circumstances. Repudiate forever that doctrine so paralyzing, so degrading, and yet so general, "Man is the creature of circumstances." Rather adopt that other sentiment, more inspiring to yourselves, more honorable to your nature, more consonant with truth, Man the architect of his own fortune. I grant that circumstances have their influence, and that often this is not small; but there are impulses within, to which things external

are as lava to the volcano. Circumstances are as tools to the artist. Zeuxis would have been a painter without canvas; Michael Angelo would have been a sculptor without marble; Herschell would have been a philosopher without a telescope, and Newton would have ascended the skies though no apple had ever descended upon his head. One of the most distinguished surgeons of modern times performed nearly all the operations of surgery with a razor. West commenced painting in a garret, and plundered the family cat for bristles to make his brushes. When Paganini once rose to amuse a crowded auditory with his music, he found that his violin had been removed, and a coarse instrument substituted for it. Explaining the trick, he said to the audience, "Now I will show you that the music is *not in my violin*, but *in me*." Then drawing his bow, he sent forth sounds sweet as ever entranced delighted mortals. Be assured, the world is a coarse instrument at best, and if you would send forth sweet sounds from its strings, there must be music in your fingers. Fortune may favor, but do not rely upon her—do not fear her. Act upon the doctrine of the Grecian poet,

"I seek what's to be sought—
I learn what's to be taught—
I beg the rest of heav'n."

Talk not of genius. I grant there are differences in mind, originally, but there is mind enough in every ordinary human skull, if its energies are properly directed, to accomplish mighty results. Fear not obstacles. What are your difficulties? Poverty? ignorance? obscurity? Have they not all been overcome by a host well known to fame? But perchance you climb untrodden heights. Nevertheless, fear to set down any obstacle as insuperable. Look at the achievements of man in the natural and moral worlds, and then say whether you dare set down any difficulty as insurmountable, or whether you are ready to prescribe boundaries to the operations of human power.

Are you destined to maintain the worship of the true God amid the darkness of infidelity? Daniel in the den of lions, Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, in the flames of the furnace, and a long line of illustrious martyrs, shouting hosannas from the flames, put forth their hands from the stake to beckon you onward. Are you destined to plant the Gospel in heathen lands—an enterprise the most daring and glorious in which mortals can engage? Do you imagine you can meet a difficulty which the apostle Paul did not vanquish? But he was an apostle, yea, and the most successful of all the apostles. And what was the secret of his success? Was it his learning? The gift of tongues made the other apostles his equals in this respect. Was it his eloquence? Doubtless he was eloquent; but Apollos, too, was eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures. Was it his inspiration? But were not others inspired, also? It was his firmness and perseverance. When he preached Christ Jesus and him crucified, nothing could drive or divert, or daunt him: "This one thing I do," etc.

Are you called to meet bigotry and superstition, armed with learning, power, and wealth? See Luther braving the thunders of the Vatican, and hear him say, "I would go to Worms were there as many devils there as there are tiles on the houses," and then affirm, if you dare, that it is your duty to succumb to your difficulties. Are you destined, which heaven forbid, to lead an army to resist invaders, or advance to conquest? Ask Cæsar, Hannibal, Pyrrhus, Alexander, what kind of difficulties may be overcome by decision of character. Have you undertaken to ascend from poverty and obscurity to eminence and wealth? Ask the field or the cabinet, any profession whatever, or either house of Congress, whether there are any difficulties which will not yield to firmness and perseverance, and ten thousand voices shall respond, in animating accents, No.

[December 24.]

CHRISTMAS SONGS.

THE BEAUTIFUL SONG.

There's a song in the air,
There's a star in the sky,
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry,
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Aye, the star rains its fire, and the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

In the light of the star
Lie the ages impearl'd;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world:
Every hearth is aflame, and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King!

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Aye, we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Savior and King.
J. G. HOLLAND.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Night of wonder, night of glory,
Night all solemn and serene,
Night of old prophetic story,
Such as time has never seen:
Sweetest darkness, softest blue
That these fair skies ever knew.

Night of beauty, night of gladness,
Night of nights—of nights the best;
Not a cloud to speak of sadness,
Not a star but sings of rest:
Holy midnight, beaming peace,
Never shall thy radiance cease.

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Happy city, dearest, fairest,
Blessed, blessed Bethlehem!
Least, yet greatest, noblest, rarest,
Judah's ever-sparkling gem;
Out of thee there comes the Light
That dispelleth all our night.

Now thy King to thee descendeth,
Borne upon a woman's knee;
To thy gates his steps he bendeth,
To the manger cometh he;
David's Lord and David's Son,
This his cradle and his throne.

He, the lowliest of the lowly,
To our sinful world has come;
He, the holiest of the holy,
Can not find a human home.
All for us he yonder lies,
All for us he lives and dies.

Babe of weakness, child of glory,
At thy cradle thus we bow;
Poor and sad thy earthly story,
Yet the King of glory thou:
By all heaven and earth adored,
David's Son and David's Lord.

Light of life, thou liest yonder,
Shining in thy heavenly love;
Naught from thee our souls shall sunder,
Naught from us shall thee remove:
Take these hearts and let them be
Throne and cradle both to thee!

HORATIUS BONAR.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

O North, with all thy vales of green!
O South, with all thy palms!
From peopled towns, and fields between,
Uplift thy voice of psalms.
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo, in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years,
His kingdom is begun.
He comes a guilty world to bless,
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

Oh Father, haste the promised hour,
When at his feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky;
When he shall reign, from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul;

When all shall heed the words he said,
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life he led,
Shall strive to pattern theirs;
And he who conquer'd death shall win
The mightier conquest over sin.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

By the firelight's quivering crimson,
While the winter sun sinks low,
Let us watch till the first vague star, wife,
Has dawned o'er the glooming snow;
For if ever our lost ones may wander from the realms of their rest, I believe
That they seek us as visiting angels in the dusk of the Christmas Eve.

And our lonelier anguish of longing,
Our thrills of in tenses despair,
Are born—who may tell?—of a viewless embrace
Or a shadowy hand on our hair!
O, the darlings are near us to-night, wife, as we watch the soft hearth-glimmer weave
Strange pictures on ceiling and curtain in the dusk of the Christmas Eve!

And pitiful memory's enchantment
Has mingled the gloom round us cast,
With a glow as from ashes of embers
That crumble on hearths of the past!
And a note of boy-laughter, long vanish'd, or the gold of a ringlet, each leaves
An echo—a gleam—that forever must haunt the dusk of our Christmas Eves!

And the children draw near once again, wife,
And, marveling, hark to the quaint
Immemorial holiday legend
Of the beautiful reindeer-drawn saint.
Let us murmur it now, till the shadows of the desolate chamber believe
That they fall, as of old, round the dear ones in the dusk of the Christmas Eve!

Let us murmur it softly; who knows, wife,
But a whisper will float, in reply,
Clear and sweet through the compassing dimness
As proof that our darlings are nigh?
For if ever their footsteps may wander from the heavenly home, I believe
They will seek us as visitant angels in the dusk of the Christmas Eve!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

[December 31.]

GOD MAGNIFIED IN HIS WORKS. [C]

By G. CHAPLIN CHILD, M. D.

In an outlying province of the Turkish empire, where sultan and firman are often superseded

by the lawless will of sheik or pacha, two famous rivers—Tigris and Euphrates—gradually converge, and, after mingling their waters together, glide gently onward to the Persian Gulf. In the fork thus formed between them stretches a vast plain, made known to us in early Scripture history as Shinar, Chaldæa, and Babylon, as well as by other less familiar names, but to which the term Mesopotamia has been more usually applied, as it aptly designates a district “lying between rivers.” The general aspect of this plain is one of desolation. Fertile strips here and there border the Euphrates’ banks, and willows are still seen flourishing where the sorrowing Israelites once hung up their harps; but away from those green fringes the eye wanders over wild, dreary wastes from which the last traces of cultivation are slowly dying out. Vast tracts lie soaked in permanent swamps, while much of the remaining land is, at one period of the year, flooded by the unheeded inundations of the neighboring rivers, and, at another, baked into an arid desert by the burning rays of the sun. It need scarcely be said that population has almost disappeared from those melancholy plains; for the wandering Arab is little tempted to pitch his tent or to pasture his flocks on so sterile a soil. The doom that was so clearly foretold by the prophets has fallen upon it, and Babylon now “lies desolate in the sight of all that pass by.” It has become the “habitation of the beasts of the desert.” As the traveler plods onward over its unfrequented tracts, the startled wild-fowl rises with quick splash from the reedy pool, or a few scared gazelles may perhaps be descried bounding over the distant plain. The “owl” and the “bittern,” the jackal and the hyena add their testimony to the exactness with which the words of Scripture have been fulfilled. More rarely a solitary lion may be seen skulking among the strange, mysterious mounds and “heaps” of stones that loom here and there above the plain.

Mournful and dreary though this land now be, it is and ever will remain one of the most interesting spots on earth. It was not always “desolate.” No other place, perhaps, claims with a better title to be regarded as the scene where our first parents walked together in paradise. Such, at least, has been the common tradition; and in a well-known edition of the Bible, published in 1599, may be found a map of the Garden of Eden, of which the site of Babylon forms the center. But, be that as it may, there can be no doubt of its former greatness and fertility, for the record is plainly written all over the soil. Everywhere it is furrowed by ruined canals, of which some tell us of departed commerce and wealth, others of skillful irrigation and abundant crops. Heaps of rubbish are to be met with in which lie hidden fragments of pottery which bear witness to the former presence of a highly cultivated people; and uncouth mounds rise strangely above the plain, in which the last relics of palaces and cities are buried together. For centuries history appeared to have lost her hold upon the great places of the past, and it is only within the last few years that some of them have been rescued from the oblivion that was slowly creeping over them. Questioned by the light of modern knowledge those mysterious stones of the plains open up to us the first page in the history of nations—transport us back almost to the dawn where antiquity begins, and bring within our sight those to whom the deluge was a recent event. They impart a substance to scenes we have often tried in vain to realize. In imagination we see Nimrod the Mighty Hunter, busy with the foundations of the city of Babel on the neighboring Euphrates’ banks, and piling up the “tower that was to reach Heaven.” Then it was that the patriarchal dignity of early Bible records expanded into royalty, and Babylon became the starting point in the long pedigree of kingdoms.

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Babylon touched the zenith of its grandeur two thousand four hundred and fifty years ago, when Nebuchadnezzar sat upon the throne. He was the great warrior of that age. After overrunning Egypt he had returned to his capital laden with its spoil; he had chastised his rebellious subjects and treacherous allies, and he had utterly crushed the power of the Kings of Judah. The wicked and faithless Jehoiakim, blind to the warnings he received, had brought a terrible doom upon his country; for Nebuchadnezzar, not content with plundering the treasures of the temple at Jerusalem, carried the king himself a prisoner to Babylon. Among the captives on this occasion were included Daniel the Prophet and his three friends,—Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, who in the land of their exile received the Chaldæan names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

Nebuchadnezzar was no less great in the arts of peace than in those of war. He, therefore, encouraged learned men to make his capital their resort, and he also promoted the national prosperity by favoring agriculture and commerce. He dug canals in all directions to fertilize the land by irrigation. His merchants traded along the rich shores of the Mediterranean, and penetrated even to remote China. He provided for the security of Babylon by building or strengthening its walls, and he made it beautiful by adorning it with palaces. Its “hanging-gardens” were acknowledged throughout ancient times to be one of the wonders of the world, and their fame has endured up to this very hour.

At the court of such a monarch, Daniel’s learning was sure to procure for him distinction, and he soon became a member of the college of Magi or wise men. His subsequent success in interpreting Nebuchadnezzar’s dream, after all others had failed, raised him to the first rank in the tyrant’s favor, and we are told that “he sat in the gate of the king.” Nor in his prosperity did he forget his three Jewish friends,—Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,—who through his influence were promoted to be governors in the province of Babylon.

The history of Nebuchadnezzar and the burning, fiery furnace—so illustrative on the one hand of perfect trust in God, and, on the other, of God’s power to deliver his servants from the assaults of their enemies—is endeared to all as one of the interesting Scripture narratives by which those who watched over us in the days of childhood endeavored to attract us onward to the knowledge of our Bible. In the book of Daniel it is related how Nebuchadnezzar, after having been brought

by the miraculous interpretation of his dream to acknowledge the "God of Gods and Lord of Kings," subsequently relapsed into idolatry through the corrupting influence of worldly prosperity. In the full swell of his pride he set up a golden image, and commanded that all his subjects should fall down and worship it. The Babylonian nobles were jealous of the favor shown to the three captives; and they, therefore, encouraged this wicked fancy of the king, because it seemed to open out the means of effecting their ruin. They rightly calculated that the Hebrew Governors would never forsake the God of their Fathers, nor worship the image which the king had set up. And we know that when the hour of trial did come, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego remained true to their faith; and were forthwith bound and cast into the burning, fiery furnace, as a punishment for their disobedience to the tyrant's will.

From the torments and dangers of this ordeal the three Hebrews were miraculously preserved. Daniel tells us that Nebuchadnezzar himself saw them "loose and walking in the midst of the fire." "Not a hair of their heads was singed, neither were their coats changed, nor had the smell of fire passed on them." Elsewhere, in the Song of the Three Children, we are told that "they walked in the midst of the fire, praising God, and blessing the Lord." After so signal a deliverance, it is easy to conceive the fervor with which their hymn of gratitude was poured forth. The deepest consciousness of the merciful power of God welled up in their hearts and burst from their lips, and the whole universe was ransacked for illustrations to typify and express it. In whatever direction they turned, they beheld Nature crowded with emblems of his greatness and mercy, and they eagerly seized upon them as aids to bring their thoughts up to the fervor of their adoration. Shall not we also do wisely to profit by their example? Our daily obligations to God may not be so miraculous, in the ordinary meaning of the term, but they are, nevertheless, great and countless beyond our power to conceive. Let us then, in humble consciousness of the poverty and imperfection of our thanksgivings, gladly make this suggestive hymn our own; and let us on this, as on all occasions, accept with joy every aid that helps us to "bless, praise, and magnify the Lord."

"BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA."

O all ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Heavens, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him forever.

O ye Waters that be above the Firmament, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O all ye Powers of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Sun and Moon, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Stars of Heaven, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Showers and Dew, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Winds of God, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Fire and Heat, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Winter and Summer, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

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O ye Dews and Frosts, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Frost and Cold, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Ice and Snow, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Nights and Days, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Light and Darkness, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Lightnings and Clouds, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O let the Earth bless the Lord: yea, let it praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Mountains and Hills, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O all ye Green Things upon the Earth, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Wells, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him forever.

O ye Seas and Floods, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him forever.

O ye Whales, and all that move in the Waters, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O all ye Fowls of the Air, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O all ye Beasts and Cattle, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Children of Men, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O let Israel bless the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Priests of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him forever.

O ye Servants of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O ye holy and humble Men of heart, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

O Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

[End of Required Reading for December.]

ATHEISTIC SCIENTISTS.

By JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

There is a sort of men whose faith is all
In their five fingers, and what fingering brings,
With all beyond of wondrous great and small,
Unnamed, uncounted in their tale of things;
A race of blinkards, who peruse the case
And shell of life, but feel no soul behind,
And in the marshaled world can find a place
For all things, only not the marshaling Mind.
'Tis strange, 'tis sad; and yet why blame the mole
For channelling earth?—such earthy things are they;
E'en let them muster forth in blank array,
Frames with no pictures, pictures with no soul.
I, while this dædal dome o'erspanns the sod,
Will own the builder's hand, and worship God.

"My friend, whoever has experienced misfortunes knows that when a mountain-wave of ills comes upon mortals, they are wont to fear all things; but when the gale of fortune blows smoothly, they are confident that the same deity will constantly propel their bark with a favorable breeze."—*Æschylus*.

POISON IN COMMON THINGS.

By PROF. P. A. SIMPSON, M. A., M. D.

POISON IN THE AIR WE BREATHE.

There are few words in the English language which produce a more painful impression upon the popular mind than does the word Poison, and there are at least two valid reasons why it should be so. In the first place we find poison waging war against human life, sometimes openly, sometimes insidiously, often successfully; and in the second place, from remote ages down to the present day, we are accustomed to see poison going hand in hand with crime as its chief companion. But we must remember that poison is by no means an evil-doer, only as the agent of the assassin or of the suicide. These are doubtless its most hideous aspects, but there are many others where its effects are produced as surely, though often very insidiously, without any evil intention, and, like a wolf in sheep's clothing, clad in garments which are intended for our good. It is to such cases that we wish to direct attention, by pointing out a few of the modes in our every-day life in which poison may enter the human body without our knowledge, and wherein its presence is unnoticed until disease or death makes it manifest.

Let us, then, consider in the first place the composition of atmospheric air, and how it may become so vitiated that, instead of supporting life and health, it may carry disease or death to those who breathe it. It was long thought that air was spiritual, that it was like the life, and that it was the soul of the world; but we now know that it is just as material as a piece of iron, and that it will weigh down the scales of a balance in the same way; and the time may yet come when by means of immense pressure and intense cold it may be condensed into a liquid, as carbonic acid and other gases have already been. We find air present everywhere. There is scarcely a solid, however compact it may appear, which does not contain pores, and these pores are filled with air. It is to be found in abundance in the soil; indeed were it not so, numberless worms and insects which inhabit the latter would cease to exist. The most compact mortar and walls are penetrated by it, and water in its natural state contains a large quantity of air in solution. The atmosphere was formerly believed to extend no higher than five miles above the earth's surface, but meteorological observations have since shown that it extends to a height of more than two hundred miles. Owing to the force of gravity the air is much denser near the earth, and gets thinner, layer by layer, as you ascend. If then the atmosphere were possessed of color it would be very dark just round the globe, and the tint would gradually fade into space. There is no absolutely normal condition of the air we breathe; or, if there be, it is not at present known. It contains, however, in all cases, unless under purely artificial conditions, two *essential* elements, which are nearly invariable under normal circumstances, namely, oxygen and nitrogen, and two accessory elements which vary extremely in amount, but are practically never absent, namely, carbonic acid and water. Without either of the first two, air could not exist, and without the last two, air is scarcely found in nature. Their combination moreover is not a chemical union but a simple mechanical mixture. But besides these constituents the air contains an immense amount of life, and small particles derived from the whole creation. In the air may be found animalcules, spores, seeds, cells of all kinds, eggs of insects, fungi and elements of contagion, besides formless dust, and sandy and other particles of local origin. For example, no one can travel in a railway carriage without being surrounded by dust, a large portion of which may be attracted by a magnet, consisting as it does in a great measure of minute particles of iron derived from the rails. The purest air has some dust in it. There probably never fell a beam of light from the sun since the world was made which would not have shown countless numbers of solid particles. Roughly speaking, 100 measures of air, if pure, should contain 78.98 parts of nitrogen, 20.99 of oxygen, and .03 of carbonic acid. Without oxygen a candle will not burn, and animals can not live; but for the purposes of animal life this gas requires to be diluted, and this is effected in the atmosphere by a large admixture of nitrogen. In fact, nitrogen seems to act in the animal economy purely as a diluent or vehicle for the administration of oxygen. Carbonic acid, as far as we know, is not essential to the animal kingdom. To man it is simply a superfluous ingredient, but harmless when in small quantity; to the vegetable world, on the contrary, it is a food which together with water often suffices to support the entire life of a plant. When, however, from any cause the quantity of carbonic acid is much increased, it becomes highly poisonous to man. When the amount reaches 10 or even 5 volumes per cent. it produces fatal results, and even 2 per cent. occasions in most persons severe headache. The balance between carbonic acid and oxygen in the atmosphere, continually disturbed in one direction by the animal kingdom, is constantly maintained by the vegetable kingdom; for while the former consumes oxygen and gives off carbonic acid, the latter for the most part performs the opposite function. Owing to certain local conditions, however, which we shall presently consider, the quantity of oxygen in the atmosphere sometimes falls below the normal amount to the extent of over 3 per cent., while the carbonic acid proportionately increases. In order to estimate the importance of what might otherwise appear trifling differences in the composition of the air we breathe, we must remember that we take into our lungs from 1,000 to 2,000 gallons of air daily. Now the presence of only a few grains of impurity in a gallon of water would render it unfit for drinking purposes, although as we only drink a comparatively small quantity of water the whole of these few grains would not be swallowed in a single day.

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We have spoken of carbonic acid as an impurity in the atmosphere; and so it is, for it is unfitted to support animal life. An animal will die from suffocation in an atmosphere containing plenty of free oxygen if it contains over 10 or 12 per cent. of carbonic acid gas. But a minute increase of this gas in the atmosphere is of most importance from the fact that it always comes in bad company, and is found to be a measure of the many impurities which accompany it. Moreover, for every increase of carbonic acid there is a corresponding decrease in oxygen, so that we have in such cases a double effect, viz., a subtraction of the life-giving principle of the air, and the addition of noxious substitutes. These noxious substitutes consist for the most part of organic matter, either of animal or vegetable origin. The exact nature of the organic substances, which constitute the specific poisons of contagious diseases, still remains obscure. Whether they consist of inconceivably minute particles of decaying matter, or of living microscopic germs; whether in some instances they are conveyed by particles of skin and pus-cells from the diseased to the healthy, or are condensed with the watery vapor of the atmosphere and thus disseminated; all these are questions which have yet to be satisfactorily answered. It is, however, certain that almost invariably the atmosphere is made the vehicle of the contagion or deadly agent, whatever may be its nature; and hence the great importance of taking such precautions as will prevent the contamination of the air; or at all events, aid in dissipating or destroying its more hurtful impurities. An estimate of the amount of organic impurity in the air of our large cities may be formed by considering the enormous quantities of carbonic acid gas that are daily and hourly poured forth in these industrial centers. Dr. Angus Smith, whose investigations regarding "Air and Rain" have won for him a world-wide celebrity, has found that in the city of Manchester 15,066 tons of carbonic acid are daily passed into the air that envelops it; and Dr. de Chanmont

states that 822,000,000 cubic feet of this gas are generated in London per day, or more than 9,500 cubic feet per second. Fortunately the operations of nature are in themselves calculated to restore a state of equilibrium in the constitution of the air. Injurious gases become diffused, diluted, or decomposed; animal emanations are absorbed in the processes of vegetation; suspended matters are washed down by rain, or fall by their own weight, while many organic substances are so acted on by oxygen as to render them innocuous. Thus the vast aerial sea maintains a uniformity of composition, owing to the mighty forces of nature, without which all our sanitary measures would be futile. But if nature be so powerful as a sanitary agent, how is it that we still require to cope with that formidable enemy which we call foul air? It is because we ourselves are constantly vitiating the atmosphere around us whether we live, or work, or die, and because the impure products thus generated are not sufficiently provided against by efficient ventilation. Let us glance briefly at the principal sources from which these impurities rise. These may be grouped under three heads, viz.: (1) Respiration; (2) Putrefaction; (3) Trades and Manufactures.

Respiration.—The air which we draw into our lungs with every breath contains twenty-one per cent. of oxygen, but when we expire it again it only contains 13 parts. We have, in fact, abstracted 8 per cent. of oxygen and given back in its place a poisonous mixture of carbonic acid, organic matter, and watery vapor. We breathe out this poisonous mixture at the rate of one gallon each minute, but (even apart from the organic matter) it is so impure, owing to the amount of carbonic acid which it contains, that each gallon would require to be diluted with one hundred gallons of pure air before being again fitted for respiration. In such a city as London then, the air is being polluted even by the carbonic acid which we exhale at the rate of nearly six hundred million of gallons per minute, to such an extent as to render it unfit to be breathed again. Surely this should make us welcome every strong gale as an angel sent from heaven bearing healing on its wings. But it is in dwellings, and especially in the dwellings of the poor, that the polluting effects of respiration are greatest, for in these it is too often the case that man places every possible obstacle in the way of nature's methods of ventilation. Moreover, in apartments that are crowded it is practically impossible to maintain the air in a state of purity, and thus they become hot-beds of disease. The very interesting experiments made by Dr. Angus Smith upon himself in an air-tight leaden chamber, led him to the conclusion that, in air containing an increased amount of carbonic acid, this gas alone, even without the other hurtful ingredients, such as organic matter, rapidly produces poisonous effects—indicated by feebleness of the circulation, extreme slowness of the heart's action, and great rapidity of the breathing—and that when men are exposed to it they are really gasping for breath, without being aware of the cause.

The presence of carbonic acid in the air we expire is readily seen by blowing our breath, by means of a tube, into a bottle containing ordinary lime-water. The water soon becomes opalescent and then milky in appearance, owing to the formation of carbonate of lime or chalk; the carbonic acid of the expired air having combined with the lime previously held in solution. It is this principle which is taken advantage of in order to estimate the amount of carbonic acid in atmospheric air. Dr. Angus Smith lays down a simple practical rule whereby any one may ascertain if the air of an apartment contains carbonic acid to a dangerous amount, viz.: "Let us keep our rooms so that the air gives no precipitate when a 10½-ounce bottle full of air is shaken with half an ounce of clear lime water."

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It is well known that speedily fatal results arise from overcrowding and want of fresh air. Out of the one hundred and forty-six prisoners confined in the "Black Hole of Calcutta," one hundred and twenty three died in one night; and it is significant that many of the survivors afterward succumbed to "putrid fever." Nor have similar instances been wanting in this country. Of the one hundred and fifty passengers that were shut up in the cabin of the Irish steamer *Londonderry*, with hatches battened down during a stormy night in 1848, seventy died before morning. In these two catastrophes suffocation was doubtless the direct cause of death, but the fact that "putrid fever" attacked many of those who were carried out alive from the "Black Hole of Calcutta," showed that the foetid exhalations to which they were exposed must have aided largely in destroying the lives of the immediate victims. The re-breathing of foetid matter thrown off by the skin and lungs produces a kind of putrescence in the blood, in proportion to the amount inhaled, and to the period of exposure to its influences; and even air only moderately vitiated, if breathed for a long time day after day, produces most serious results. These results are seen in pale faces, loss of appetite, a lowering of the spirits, and a decrease of muscular strength. That air polluted by respiration is the one great cause of consumption, which may be handed down from parents to children for generations, rests upon such a mass of facts, that it is no longer controvertible. For instance, we know that increase of the disease occurs *pari passu* with an increase in the density of population; that in manufacturing centres, where the males are the chief workers at indoor employment, the male death-rate is the highest; that in others, where females are principally required at indoor work, they suffer most; and that in agricultural districts, where the men spend nearly all their lives in the open air, and the women scarcely ever leave their cottages, the female death-rate from this disease is higher than the male. Moreover, the testimony of the most able physicians at home and abroad, the results of inquiries as to the prevalence of this disease amongst the picked men of the armies and navies of the world, the reports of hospitals for consumption, and of commissioners and committees appointed to make special investigations of jails, workhouses, and schools—all these point to poisoning by impure air as the most fertile source of consumption and many allied diseases.

Putrefaction.—We now pass on to the second source of foulness of the air, viz.: putrefaction. Putrid emanations have from the earliest times been held to be capable of producing injurious

effects on the human system. In the Bible we read of the great care taken to disinfect or clean vessels which may have contained any putrid matter, and in ancient Rome measures were adopted for the efficient cleansing of the sewers and streets of that city. Our present method of disposing of our refuse is by means of water, which washes it through channels called "sewers" to the sea. But meanwhile the organic portions are undergoing decay, and certain gases are thus evolved, which, mixing together, form what we term "sewer gas." The principal gases thus given off are carbonic acid, nitrogen, and sulphuretted hydrogen, and although this mixture if breathed is injurious to health, it can not be regarded as poisonous. Thus sulphuretted hydrogen (similar to the odor given off by rotten eggs) although a deadly poison when inhaled in large quantities, is so diluted in sewer gas that its poisonous properties are in a great measure neutralized. There is still, however, sufficient sulphuretted hydrogen in sewer gas to render it very injurious by lowering the tone of health, and by gradually diminishing vitality to such an extent that disease ensues. What, however, is of far greater importance as a poisonous agent, is the organic matter which is held in suspension by these gases. The composition of this organic matter is by no means uniform. It is composed of particles from all kinds of decomposing matter, sometimes containing minute living organisms, and sometimes without doubt the germs of disease. The exact nature of these germs of disease is still a matter of uncertainty, and the question as to whether they may appear spontaneously during the progress of decay, or whether they are merely wafted by sewer gas, just as the ripe seeds of many plants are scattered by the atmosphere, is equally unsettled. This, however, has been sufficiently established, that when diseases do come amongst us they take root with most effect in those places where decomposing matter is found, and that the germs of these diseases find in the organic element of sewer gas a congenial soil, in which they can increase and multiply indefinitely, and by which they can be carried from the dead to the living. That typhoid fever depends, to a great extent, upon the polluted air of sewers, cesspools, and of the soil, is proved by very strong evidence. In some cases the disease has been confined to a particular part of the house, especially exposed to the effluvia from badly trapped drains, where there could be no doubt as to the source of the infection. The sewer air, laden with the specific poison, may be inappreciable to the senses, but its hurtful effects make themselves felt none the less, and, as recent events have shown, may sometimes exhibit themselves in the most exalted stations of life. Nay, more, it would seem that persons of the upper and middle ranks in towns are more liable to be attacked by typhoid fever than the poor classes; the reason being that the houses of the former are more generally connected with sewers, and either from structure or situation are of higher elevation, so that the light sewer gases, obeying natural laws, are more apt to accumulate in the drains of such houses, and failing efficient trapping and ventilation of the drains, to effect an entrance into the houses themselves. There is good ground for the belief that cholera, diphtheria, scarlet fever, as well as many other diseases, are occasionally spread by means of the air of sewers and cesspools; but whether these diseases originate spontaneously in this way, or whether the sewer gas only serves as a carrier of the disease-germs, is a question, as in the case of typhoid fever, as yet unsettled.

Trades and Manufactures.—Let us next consider some trades and manufactures which have an injurious influence upon persons engaged in them, and to a certain extent upon the community at large. The injurious effects are owing to solid particles and offensive gases which are given out into the air. The result of inhaling air more or less charged with solid particles may be easily explained. When the latter reach the entrance to the windpipe they at once set up irritation in the delicate lining membrane, and nature tries to repel the intruders by the involuntary cough which results. Should this fit of coughing fail in doing so, a quantity of glairy fluid is poured out from small glands in the windpipe, and this fluid enveloping the solid particles tends to prevent them from doing further mischief. Should they, however, find their way lower down into the air passages, nature has provided a very beautiful mechanism for their expulsion. The entire lining membrane of these passages is covered with innumerable minute hairs, or "cilia" as they are called, which, by constantly waving in an upward direction toward the mouth, tend to carry the solid particles, and the glairy secretion which they have provoked, away from the lungs, and so out of harm's way. This wonderful provision of nature is sufficient for the purpose, provided the strain be not too prolonged; but when the supply of irritating particles is constant, or nearly so, the nerves and muscles involved in this mechanism become exhausted and cease to perform this process of expulsion. The irritating particles are now no longer removed from the delicate membrane of the air passages upon which they lodge, this membrane becomes inflamed, and bronchitis or asthma is the result. But this inflammation, at first only affecting the superficial membrane, may sink into the deeper tissues and affect the lung itself, in which case the original attack of bronchitis frequently merges into a condition of a consumptive nature. This will explain why many trades are injurious in which the danger to health is due to the fine dust floating continually in the air of the premises. For example, the particles of coal dust in the air of mines, and the smoke from factory chimneys; particles of steel and grit given off in grinding; organic dust or fluff in shoddy and flax mills; the dust in potteries, china works, pearl button manufactories, in polishing and cement works, in brass works, in marble and steel polishing works of various sorts, especially where emery is used; in all of these cases the solid particles are inhaled and tend to produce disease in the lungs and air passages. Moreover, the severity of the effects is chiefly dependent on the amount of dust, and on the physical conditions as to angularity, roughness or smoothness of the particles, rather than on the nature of the substance, except in some specific cases. The habitual inhalation of coal dust in the air of coal mines very frequently results in consumption, and the fine divisions of the lung become so blocked up by the particles of coal that the term "black lung" has been applied to the appearance presented by the lung after death. It has been found that the death rate from consumption among miners who work in mines where the air is changed rapidly, is very much less than among miners who work

in mines that are badly ventilated. Of all unhealthy occupations that of steel-grinding is the most fatal. Steel-grinding is divided into the dry, wet, and mixed methods; and the injurious effects vary according to the amount of water used on the stone. Forks, needles, etc., are ground on the dry stone, and accordingly the men and boys employed at this kind of work are found to be the greatest sufferers. Dr. Hall, of Sheffield, has furnished important information as to the average duration of life among the artisans in steel, which he found to be as follows, viz.: dry grinders of forks, 29 years; razors, 31 years; scissors, 32 years; edge-tool and wool-shears, 32 years; spring-knives, 35 years; files, 35 years; saws, 38 years; sickles, 38 years. In this and many other similarly injurious trades various methods have from time to time been devised, more especially of late years, whereby the dust might be prevented from entering the air-passages, such as fans for blowing it away, and respirators of various kinds to filter the air as it is being breathed; but it has been found that workmen themselves frequently object to any innovation which appears to them to interfere with their more immediate comfort. There are some trades where the dust given off acts not only as a mechanical irritant when breathed, but where the substance thus inhaled acts as a direct poison. For instance, manufacturers of white lead and other mineral paints frequently exhibit symptoms of poisoning in this way, and workmen who use arsenical compounds, as in the making of wall papers, artificial flowers, etc., are often the victims of poisoning by arsenic. This poisoning by means of arsenical wall papers deserves more than a passing notice, owing to the dangerous and even fatal effects which they induce, not only in the workmen who prepare them, but also in persons inhabiting apartments where the walls are covered by them. These wall papers are mostly of a beautiful green color, the latter being due to a paint composed of arsenic and copper. Owing to variations of heat and moisture the green particles are constantly being set free from the paper and carried about the room by ventilation. Some idea of the amount of poison with which so many people are surrounded in their rooms may be formed if we consider that this green pigment contains fifty-nine per cent of arsenic, and that a square foot of one of these wall papers contains on an average more than sufficient arsenic to poison twelve persons. In addition to the cases which most physicians are now so familiar with, where dangerous symptoms of poisoning have been traced to this cause, it is much to be feared that insidious and chronic disease is too often due to this practice of covering the walls of our sitting-rooms, and more especially our bedrooms, with arsenic. It may be remembered, however, that a wall paper may be green and yet not contain any arsenic, so that the following simple method of detecting an arsenical paper may be useful. If a camel-hair brush be dipped in an ordinary solution of ammonia, and applied to the green portions of the suspected paper, the green will be rapidly changed to an azure blue color if arsenic be present. Some such simple test is all the more important, because green papers, "warranted free from arsenic," have been found to contain a large percentage of that poison.

In addition to the sources of pollution of the atmosphere which we have been considering, there are various trades and manufactures in which poisonous matters are given off. Some of these are of an organic nature, as in the melting of fats, in the making of size and glue, in the boiling of oil, in the boiling of bones, and in many other processes carried out on a considerable scale, where the emanations are highly offensive and often of unknown chemical composition. Gas works must be included in this poisonous group, owing to the accidental escape of gas, sometimes in large quantity. In lime kilns enormous volumes of carbonic acid gas are poured out, both from the limestone burnt and from the fuel employed, and in this way persons living in the immediate neighborhood have been suffocated. In chloride of lime (bleaching powder) manufactories, and in places where it is used for bleaching wool and other materials, chlorine gas is given off into the air, causing when inhaled a great amount of irritation in the air passages. Moreover, this chlorine vapor is often carried in the air for long distances. In other branches of industry the workers are exposed to the vapors of sulphurous acid and muriatic acid, both of these being very irritating, and giving rise to various diseases of the lungs and eyes.

Such, then, are a few of the impurities, more or less poisonous, to be met with in the air we breathe; and dangerous to health as all of them are, it must be admitted that they do far less mischief to the public health than the continual mismanagement of our atmospheric food, common in all classes of society, by which it is rendered unfit to support a healthy life. The two ways in which air may be rendered thus comparatively valueless are either by excluding it too much from our dwellings, and this is the fault of the rich, or by crowding too many people together in small rooms, and this is the fault of the poor. In the houses of the better classes the air is kept out by closed windows, doors, curtains, and even in some places by putting screens before the fire-places in summer, and in bedrooms in winter when fire is not used.

Pure air is, in fact, the most important of all health factors. When it is breathed freely, plentifully, and continually, there are few diseases which it will not enable the body to resist. Nay, even some injuries, which, received by the denizens of the overcrowded city, would be speedily followed by death, will be readily recovered from by the agricultural laborer or country farmer, who, always breathing a pure atmosphere, has thus stored up a great amount of additional constitutional force.—*Good Words*.



MANNER.

By LORD CHESTERFIELD to his Son.

I fear and suspect, that you have taken it into your head in most cases, that the matter is all,

and the manner little or nothing. If you have, undeceive yourself, and be convinced that, in everything, the manner is full as important as the matter. If you speak the sense of an angel in bad words and with a disagreeable utterance, nobody will hear you twice, who can help it. If you write epistles as well as Cicero, but in a very bad hand, and very ill-spelled, whoever receives will laugh at them; and if you had the figure of Adonis, with an awkward air and motions, it will disgust, instead of pleasing. Study manner, therefore, in everything, if you would be anything.

UNPREPOSSESSING MANNERS.

This epigram in Martial,

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te;

has puzzled a great many people, who can not conceive how it is possible to love any body, and yet not know the reason why. I think I conceive Martial's meaning very clearly, though the nature of the epigram, which is to be short, would not allow him to explain it more fully; and I take it to be this: O Sabidis, you are a very worthy, deserving man; you have a thousand good qualities, you have a great deal of learning; I esteem, I respect, but for the soul of me I can not love you, though I can not particularly say why. You are not *amiable*; you have not those engaging manners, those pleasing attentions, those graces, and that address, which are absolutely necessary to please, though impossible to define. I can not say it is this or that particular thing that hinders me from loving you; it is the whole together; and upon the whole you are not agreeable.

How often have I, in the course of my life, found myself in this situation, with regard to many of my acquaintance, whom I have honored and respected, without being able to love. I did not know why, because, when one is young, one does not take the trouble, nor allow one's self the time, to analyze one's sentiments, and to trace them up to their source. But subsequent observation and reflections have taught me why. There is a man, whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect; but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company. His figure (without being deformed) seems made to disgrace or ridicule the common structure of the human body. His legs and arms are never in the position which, according to the situation of the body, they ought to be in, but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the graces. He throws any where, but down his throat, whatever he means to drink, and only mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he mistimes or misplaces everything. He disputes with heat, and indiscriminately, mindless of the rank, character, and situation of those with whom he disputes; absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity or respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors; and therefore, by a necessary consequence, absurd to two of the three. Is it possible to love such a man? No. The utmost I can do for him is to consider him as a respectable Hottentot.

METHOD.

Despatch is the soul of business; and nothing contributes more to despatch than method. Lay down a method for everything, and stick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow. Fix one certain hour and day in the week for your accounts, and keep them together in their proper order; by which means they will require little time, and you can never be much cheated. Whatever letters and papers you keep, docket and tie them up in their respective classes, so that you may instantly have recourse to any one. Lay down a method also for your reading, for which you allot a certain share of your mornings; let it be in a consistent and consecutive course and not in that desultory and immethodical manner, in which many people read scraps of different authors upon different subjects. Keep a useful and short common-place book of what you read, to help your memory only, and not for pedantic quotations. One method more I recommend to you, by which I have found great benefit, even in the most dissipated part of my life; that is, to rise early, and at the same hour every morning, how late soever you may have sat up the night before. This secures you an hour or two, at least, of reading or reflection, before the common interruptions of the morning begin; and it will save your constitution, by forcing you to go to bed early, at least one night in three.

You will say, it may be, as many young people would, that all this order and method is very troublesome, only fit for dull people, and a disagreeable restraint upon the noble spirit and fire of youth. I deny it; and assert, on the contrary, that it will procure you both more time and more taste for your pleasures; and so far from being troublesome to you, that, after you have pursued it a month, it would be troublesome to you to lay it aside. Business whets the appetite, and gives a taste to pleasures, as exercise does to food; and business can never be done without method; it raises the spirits for pleasures; and an assembly will much more sensibly affect a man who has employed, than a man who has lost, the preceding part of the day; nay, I will venture to say, that a fine lady will seem to have more charms to a man of study or business, than to a saunterer. The same listlessness runs through his whole conduct, and he is as insipid in his pleasures as inefficient in everything else.



ON THE KNEELING FIGURE IN MALVERN PRIORY.

By CHARLES GRINDROD.

[The old Renaissance figure (of a lady) is placed just outside the altar rail; looking northward, with one side of the face turned to the west, the other to the altar. Although kneeling, it has at a little distance the appearance of standing, owing to its peculiar erectness from the knees upward. The face is remarkable for the singular smile, half cynical, half spiritual (especially in the tightly compressed lips), which gives an expression of *living* interest.]

Tenant of stone! here still thou worshippest,
Smiling the prayer that on thy lips has hung
While ages traveled. Still thou kneel'st among
The quiet tombs. Impassioned joy or spleen
Moves not thy face—in part to heaven addressed,
In part to the green hills thy feet have clomb.
Image of what is past, and what shall come!
Silent as death, which thou embodyest
Far more than life. Mute sentry! stood between
The crumbled mortal and ascended sprite!
Has thou no sense for what is, or has been?
Can nothing break thy sepulchre of rest?
Once thy heart throbbed with human motion keen,
Thy folded hands with others warmly pressed,
Thy close-sealed lips have sweetly spoke or sung—
Now an eternity is not more dumb!
The organ peels around thee its deep notes;
But thou art deaf to music's noblest strains.
A glory of rich hues about thee floats;
Thou car'st not for the splendor of bright panes.
What fateful storms and changes hast thou seen!
How little dost thou heed the mad world's hum!
Our childhood knew thee as doth now our age—
Time stirs not thee. Where art thou all this space,
The part of thee which not in stone remains,
While wondering centuries roll past thy place?
They change and cease: the whole world turns a page—
But thou still wear'st that smile upon thy face.

COMETS.

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By RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

During the last two years several comets—some telescopic, others visible to the naked eye, and even conspicuous objects in the heavens—have been observed, not only by the older methods, but by some which have only been available within recent years. It is naturally expected, therefore, by the general public that some new light should be thrown on these mysterious objects, whose phenomena still remain among the unexplained, seemingly the inexplicable problems of the celestial depths.

We propose to consider here what has thus been learned, and what also (unfortunately it is much more) remains still to be learned, respecting comets. But first it will be well to show what are the special phenomena which present themselves for explanation.

A comet apparently comes out from the remote depths of space in a condition of comparative calm. It appears as a small round nebulous object, looking like a tiny cloud of extreme tenuity—the idea of tenuity being suggested by the exceeding faintness of the comet's light. This cloud appears somewhat condensed toward the middle. As the comet draws nearer to the sun, it usually grows somewhat long in the direction of the sun; and before long a portion within the part nearest the sun is seen to be brighter than the rest, and to have a more or less defined outline. This is the *nucleus*—sometimes seen as a dull disc of nearly uniform brightness, at others as a mere bright point not unlike a star. The fainter light around this is the *coma*, or hair, which resembles a luminous fog round the nucleus, usually brighter on the side toward the sun, and on the other side growing fainter and fainter till it can no longer be seen. Later this lengthening of the comet in directions toward and from the sun becomes more marked, until at length the comet may fairly be said to have a head directed toward the sun and a tail directed from him. Nucleus, coma, and tail may be very different in appearance in different comets, and in particular the tail may be more or less complicated in structure, being sometimes a mere straight streak, at others twofold, multiple, curved, with thwart streaks, and so forth—no two comets, in fine, having tails resembling each other except in general details.

Dr. Huggins, in a rather disappointing article on comets, recently communicated to a

contemporary, remarks that the nucleus, though an apparently insignificant speck, "is truly the heart and kernel of the whole thing—potentially it is the comet." This has scarcely yet been proved, though it appears exceedingly probable. It is true, however, as he adds, that this part only of the comet conforms rigorously to the laws of gravitation, and moves strictly in its orbit. "If we could see a great comet," he proceeds, "during its distant wandering, when it has put off the gala trappings of perihelion excitement, it would appear as a very sober object, and consist of little more than nucleus alone." This again seems probable, though it has never yet been proved, and the division of some comets into two or more parts, each having coma, nucleus, and tail of its own, shows that the nucleus cannot be, in every case, what Dr. Huggins seems here to suggest. Dr. Huggins has done well in saying (though scarcely with sufficient emphasis, considering how often the mistake is repeated) that "though many telescopic comets are of extremely small mass, nucleus included—so small, indeed, that they are unable to perturb such small bodies as Jupiter's satellites—yet we should mistake greatly if we were to suppose that all comets are 'airy nothings.' In some large comets the nucleus may be a few hundred miles in diameter, or even very much larger, and may consist of solid matter. It is not necessary to say that the collision of a cometary nucleus of this order with the earth would produce destruction on a wide scale."

It is even more necessary to correct the widely-spread misapprehension as to the relations between meteors and comets. We hear it stated that the nucleus of a comet is made up of meteoric stones (Professor P. G. Tait says—for unknown reasons—that they resemble "paving stones or even bricks") as confidently as though the earth had at some time passed through the nucleus of a comet, and some of our streets were now paved with stones which had fallen to earth on such an occasion. As a matter of fact, all that has yet been proved is that meteoric bodies follow in the track (which is very different from the tail) of some known comets, and that probably all comets are followed by trains of meteors. These may have come out of the head or nucleus in some way as yet unexplained; but it is by no means certain that they have done so, and it is by many astronomers regarded as more than doubtful.

The most important points to be noticed in the behavior of large comets, as they approach the sun, is that usually the side of the coma which lies toward the sun is the scene of intense disturbance. Streams of luminous matter seem to rise continually toward the sun, attaining a certain distance from the head, when, assuming a cloud-like appearance, they seem to form an envelope around the nucleus. This envelope gradually increases its distance from the sun, growing fainter and larger, while within it the process is repeated, and a new envelope is formed. This in turn ascends from the nucleus, expanding as it does so, while within it a new envelope is formed. Meanwhile, the one first formed has grown fainter, perhaps has disappeared. But sometimes the process goes on so rapidly (a day or two sufficing for the formation of a complete new envelope) that several envelopes will be seen at the same time, the outermost faintest, the innermost most irregular in shape and most varied in brightness, while the envelope or envelopes between are the best developed and most regular.

The matter raised up in these envelopes seems to have undergone a certain change of character, causing it no longer to obey the sun's attractive influence, but to experience a strong repulsive action from him, whereby it is apparently swept away with great rapidity to form the tail. "It flows past the nucleus," says Dr. Huggins, "on all sides, still ever expanding and shooting backward until a tail is formed in a direction opposite to the sun. This tail is usually curved, though sometimes rays or extra tails sensibly straight are also seen." The description is, however, incomplete in one important respect. The matter raised from the nucleus to form the envelopes may be, and probably is, carried past the nucleus on all sides; but the appearance presented by the tail just behind the nucleus is not exactly in accordance with our ideas as to what should result from the flowing past "on all sides." There is a dark space immediately behind the nucleus, that is, where the nucleus, if solid, would throw its shadow, if there were matter to receive the light all around so that the shadow could be seen. Now it may be thought at first that this corresponds exactly with what should be seen: when we look just behind the nucleus there is no light, or very little; when we look on either side of that dark space there is the luminous matter which has been driven back from the envelopes in front of the nucleus. But if the luminous matter flows past the nucleus *on all sides*, it must flow past the nucleus on the side nearest to the observer, and also on the side farthest away; and it is just where the line of the sight passes through these two regions of brightness that a dark streak is seen just behind the nucleus. Let the reader draw two concentric circles—one an inch in diameter, the other two inches—and let him then draw two parallel tangents to the inner circle on opposite sides of it. Supposing now the space between the two circles to represent in section the luminous matter which flows all round the nucleus, while the surface of the inner circle represents the unilluminated part behind the nucleus, the two tangent lines will represent the lines of sight on either side of the dark region, where as we might expect, we get plenty of light; and we can also understand very well why outside of that the line of sight through the luminous matter (or the chords to our outer circle), getting shorter and shorter, the light of the luminous streaks bounding this part of the tail gets fainter and fainter; but if just inside either of the two tangents, chords are drawn parallel to them, crossing the inner circle, the parts of these chords which lie between the two circles are very nearly equal in length to the tangent lines themselves; and even a common diameter to both circles has, lying between them, two portions together equal to the radius of the outer. Hence, since the line of sight even across the middle of the space behind the nucleus, passes through a considerable range of luminous matter, while a line within but near the outskirts of that space passes through nearly as great a range of luminous matter as one just outside that space, there should be plenty of light where yet to the eye there seems to be something like absolute darkness. Either then the eye is greatly deceived, or else we must find some explanation of

darkness existing where considerable brightness might be expected.^[D]

The matter which forms the tail, seems, as I have said, to be swept off from the envelopes raised by the sun's action on the nucleus. It seems as though the matter thus raised had undergone in some way a change of character, which caused it no longer to obey the law of gravity as it had done when forming part of the nucleus, but instead of yielding to the sun's attraction, to submit rather to an intense repulsive action, carrying it at a much greater rate from the sun than, under the action of gravity—starting from rest and free from all perturbing influences—it could have been drawn toward him. Dr. Huggins thus words his account of what seems to happen: "Now is seen to take place a change which is most puzzling—namely, these envelopes of light appear to give up their substance under the influence of a strong repulsive force exerted from the sun, and to be forced backwards." Sir John Herschel, after his long and careful study of the comet of 1830 (Halley's at its second return) came to the conclusion that repulsive action exerted by the sun on the matter raised in these envelopes had been distinctly proved.

Yet here, where we seem to have our first firm ground for hypothesis respecting these mysterious objects—comets' tails—we meet with stupendous difficulties. Consider, for instance, the phenomena presented by Newton's comet. That comet had traversed the last ninety millions of miles of its approach toward the sun in four weeks. At the end of that time it passed out of view for a few days, having then a tail ninety millions of miles, at least, in length. Four days passed, and it reappeared on the other side of the sun—having in the interval traversed nearly a semi-circle—in reality, of course, the perihelion end of its long oval path. At its reappearance, it had a tail still ninety millions of miles in length, but the tail with which it reappeared had, of course, a direction entirely different from that of the tail which had been seen before—the two directions were inclined about one hundred and sixty degrees to each other. Now, as Sir John Herschel remarks, we can not look on the tail of a comet as something whirled round like a stick, as the comet circles round its perihelion sweep. The tail with which the comet reappeared must have been an entirely new formation. Nor can we doubt that if the comet had been watched as it swept around the sun, the changes in the tail's position which had been observed to the time of disappearance, would have been observed to progress continuously, the tail passing by a uniform motion from the position it then had to that which it was observed to have at the time of reappearance. So that we may fairly suppose the tail with which the comet reappeared to have been formed in much less than the time during which the comet had been out of sight. Probably its farthest part had been formed in much less than a day, the part near the head being, of course, formed later. But if the matter repelled from the head was thus driven over a distance of ninety million miles in twenty-four hours, at the outside, the average velocity of its motion was about a thousand miles per second, or nearly three times as great as the greatest velocity which the sun *can* communicate by his attractive energy to matter approaching him from without, even though such matter come to him from an almost infinite distance, and in a perfectly straight line—the conditions most favorable for giving a high rate of final velocity. Such velocity as the sun can thus give by his attractive energy is only given to matter which has been exposed a long time to his influence; but here, in the tail of the great comet of 1680, matter seems to have acquired almost instantaneously a velocity sufficing to carry it over ninety million miles with an average speed three times as great as the sun can thus, after long effort, communicate by means of his attractive power!

The difficulty is so great that many efforts—some bold and daring, others positively wild in the unscientific absurdity of their nature—have been made to overcome it.

Among the most ingenious of these is (or rather was, for I think it is no longer maintained even by its eminent author), Prof. Tyndall's theory of a comet's tail as an actinic cloud, generated by the passage of the solar rays through exceedingly tenuous matter after those rays had been in part deprived of their heating power, during their passage through the comet's head. According to this theory the actinic cloud can not be formed under the heating rays, but so soon as the actinic rays fall on the tenuous matter alone, the cloud is formed,—so that all round the region in which would be the comet's shadow, there is no luminous cloud, while along that region the cloud exists. The rapidity with which light travels would of course make this explanation absolutely perfect in explaining cometic tails lying always exactly in a straight line directed from the sun, or with their axis so situated. But unfortunately this exceedingly rapid formation of the tail (a tail of ninety million miles in length would be formed in about eight minutes) is more than observation requires or can explain. Prof. Tyndall made a slight oversight in dealing with this part of his theory. Noticing that the actinic cloud, as he called it, is not formed instantly, but after a delay of a few seconds, in his experiments, he reasoned as though it would follow from this that the formation of the actinic cloud behind a comet's head in space might be a process extending its action in distance from the head at a rate considerably less than that at which light travels, yet still fast enough to account for the exceedingly rapid formation of the tail of Newton's comet, and of other similar tails. But a little consideration will show that the few seconds following the fall of light on the vapors dealt with by Tyndall, before the luminous cloud appeared, would produce no such effect as he imagined. The rate of formation of the tail would still be that at which light travels. Imagine the head at A, for the sake of argument, and the sun's light after reaching A, passing on to B, C, D, E, etc., to Z, a distance say of one hundred million miles, in nine minutes:

A . . . B . . . C . . . D . . . E Z.

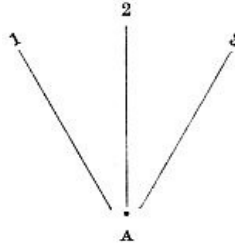
Suppose that, when the light has reached the vaporous matter lying at B, an interval of one full

minute (much greater than any noticed in Tyndall's experiments), occurs before the actinic cloud comes into view, a similar interval after the light has passed C before the cloud is seen there, and so on, up to the time of the arrival of the light at Z. Professor Tyndall's reasoning implied that all the time intervals thus occurring at B, C, D, E, etc., up to Z, had to be added together, to give the total time of the formation of the tail from A to Z, and hence naturally a long time might elapse, and the head having at the end of this time reached a different position from that which it had occupied at the beginning, the divergence of the tail from the direction exactly opposite to the sun, and the curvature of the tail, would be alike readily accounted for. But what are the actual facts of the case. The part of the tail formed latest by the supposed solar actinic action, namely, the part at Z, would be formed just nine minutes after the light had left A, and ten minutes after the part nearest to A had been formed (by the same light waves), for, nine minutes after leaving A, the light would be at Z, and a minute after each epoch (according to our supposition) the actinic cloud would be formed respectively at A and at Z. We get just the same interval—nine minutes—whether the actinic cloud appears immediately after light has traversed the vapour which is to form the cloud, or a minute after, or an hour after. In every case the tail would be formed outwards from A, at the rate at which light travels. This does not accord with the phenomena—in fact, the supposition that a tail could be formed at the rate at which light travels, will be found, on examination, to lead to many most manifest absurdities, which Professor Tyndall doubtless recognized when he sought escape from the supposition of such rapid tail formation, through the effects he attributed to the delayed appearance of the actinic cloud.

Another theory in explanation of the rapid formation of such a tail as that of Newton's comet is worthy of far less notice. Professor Tyndall's theory was based on an interesting physical fact, which he had himself discovered, and which was also manifestly akin in character to the formation of a comet's tail. The one to be now noticed was suggested to a mathematician by a rather familiar phenomenon, the effects of which on his imagination he seems to have been never able to entirely overcome—at any rate no amount of evidence against the theory seems to counterbalance in his mind the notion once conceived that the theory might be true. (It is a way some theorists have.)

Professor Tait was once looking at a part of the sky which seemed clear. As he looked, a long streak rapidly formed, which presently disappeared (if I remember his original description aright) almost as rapidly as it had formed. At any rate, the appearance of the streak was rapid enough to remind him of what astronomers said about the rapid (apparent) development of comets' tails. The phenomenon itself was easily explained. There had been a flight of seabirds, traveling after their wont in a widely extended layer, which when he began his observations had been looked at somewhat aslant, so that—the distance being too great for the birds to be seen individually—nothing of the flight could be discerned at all. But it is evident that in such a case a very slight movement on the part of each bird would suffice so to shift the position of the layer in which they were traveling, that it would be seen edgewise, and then the birds, being so situated that the range of sight toward any part of the layer passed athwart a great number of them, would of course be seen, not individually but as a cloud, or long straight streak, a side view in fact of the layer in which they were traveling. *Eureka!* shouted Professor Tait; and presently announced to the world the marvelous theory that the rapid formation of comets' tails may be accounted for on the same general principle. Astronomers have found that along the tracks of some comets (where the tails never lie, by the way, but that is a detail) are countless millions of meteoric bodies separately undiscernable (and never yet discerned as a cloud—another detail); therefore it follows that the tails of all comets are formed by movements of "brickbats and paving stones" in them (Professor Tait's own description of meteors), after the manner of the seabirds he saw from Arthur's Seat. Professor Thomson at the Edinburgh meeting of the British Association endorsed this theory with special reference to the value of the "seabird analogy" in explaining the phenomena of Newton's comet. Dr. Huggins, who, as he does not claim to be a mathematician (or to speak more correctly, as his labors in physical research have not given him time for profound mathematical research), may be more readily excused, also speaks of the seabird theory as if it had some legitimate standing. "The tail, he conceives," he says, referring to Dr. Tait, "to be a portion of the less dense part of the train illuminated by sunlight, and visible or invisible to us, according, not only to circumstances of density, illumination, and nearness, but also of tactic arrangement, as of a flock of birds under different conditions of perspective." Of course, the theory is utterly untenable—by astronomers who know something of the actual facts, and have enough mathematics to consider simple geometrical relations. Bodies moving in a plane surface like birds, if they individually travel in the same plane, keep its position unchanged. But if they move individually at an angle to that plane (as they occasionally do), they change its position—the surface, however, in which they collectively are at any moment, still remaining plane. In such a case only could such a phenomenon as was observed by Professor Tait be seen. But in such a case the visibility of the streak formed by the flight of birds would last but a few minutes, for the same motion which had in a few minutes brought the streak into view would in the next few minutes take it out of view. During the short time that a flight is visible in this way, it has an unchanging position, or a scarcely changing one. If the tail of Newton's comet had rapidly formed and as rapidly vanished, remaining, while visible, in an almost unchanging position, the "seabird analogy" might explain that particular phenomenon, however inadequate to explain multitudes of others. But the phenomena to be explained are entirely different. Leaving out of the question the varying position and length of the tail as it approached the sun, and after it left the sun's neighborhood, all of which were entirely inconsistent with the seabird analogy, what we are called upon to explain is that a visible tail ninety millions of miles in length, seen in position 1A on one day, was seen three days later in position 3A (having manifestly in the meanwhile passed

through all the intermediate positions, including 2A). If Professor Tait, profound mathematician though he be, though he may “differentiate and integrate like Harlequin,” can show how any flight of bodies, like or unlike seabirds, can accomplish such a feat as the above, appearing first to form a thin streak A1, and in less than four days a thin streak A3, each ninety millions of miles long, without *some* of them having had to travel a distance nearly equal to the line 1 to 3—or some one hundred and fifty millions of miles long, instead of the trifling journeys he assigned them, he should take a rank above Newton and Laplace as a mathematician. But there is another feat, apparently equally difficult to him, which he might achieve very readily with great advantage to those non-mathematicians among astronomers whom his name—well deserved, too—as a mathematician has hitherto misled, and with not less advantage to his own reputation: he might frankly admit that the idea which occurred to him while watching those unfortunate seabirds, had not quite the value which at the moment he mistakenly attached to it, and has since *seemed* to do.



But apart from the consideration of theories such as those, either demonstrably untenable, though ingenious, like Professor Tyndall's, or altogether and obviously untenable like Professor Tait's, there are certain phenomena of comets' tails which force upon us the belief that they are phenomena of repulsion, though the repulsive action is of a kind not yet known to physicists.

1. The curvature of all the cometic tails when not seen from a point in or near the place of their motion.
2. The existence of more tails than one to the same comet, the different tails being differently curved.
3. The phenomena of striations athwart the tail.

It is evident that all these phenomena are such as we might fairly expect if a comet's tail is caused by the sun's repulsive action on molecules, raised by his heating action on the head. The matter thus swept away would resemble smoke, driven upwards from the funnel of a moving steamer, and then swept in any given direction by a steady wind; we should see a curved train of such matter just as we see a curved streak of smoke. If the matter raised from the head is not all of one kind (and it is antecedently unlikely that it should be), there would be more than one trail of matter, if the sun's repulsive action were different on these different kinds of matter. Lastly, the striations seen athwart the tail, as in the well known case of Donati's great comet, would be explained, either as due to the observed pulsational manner in which the envelopes are raised (if matter were raised uniformly from the head there could be no formation of successive envelopes), or else as due to the carrying off into the main tail, where alone such striations are seen, of matter which, had it freed itself at the beginning, would have been swept off into the smaller tails, but being as it were entangled in the great outflow of matter forming the large tail, escapes later, and when it does, gets swept off at its own more rapid rate, and there forms a streak lying at an angle with the direction of the principal tail.

Bredichin has shown that where there are three tails to a comet, their forms correspond with the theory that the envelopes raised from the head are principally formed of hydrogen, carbon and iron, but this, which, if established, would be the most important physical discovery yet made respecting comets, seems open at present to considerable doubt, though confirmations seem to be given to it, in some respects, by the results of spectroscopic analysis.

To spectroscopic analysis we must in all probability look for such information respecting comets, as may hereafter enable us to understand their nature. On this point let us consider what is said by one who, if not the greatest living astronomical spectroscopist, is *facile princeps* in this country—Dr. W. Huggins. First, however, we must consider the past of this method of research as applied to comets.

The first successful application of the spectroscope to comets was made by Donati in 1864—the light of the comet being then divided into three bright bands, whose position, however, was not exactly determined. In 1866 Dr. Huggins obtained two kinds of light from a telescopic comet, part of the comet's light giving a continuous spectrum, probably reflected sunlight, the other a spectrum of three bands. In 1868 a comet was observed (Brorsen's) with more success. Three bands were seen in the spectrum of the light from the comet's head, and a comparison of these with measures of similar bright bands belonging to the spectra of various combinations of carbon, showed, or rather seemed to suggest, that “combinations of carbon might be present in the comet.”

“In conjunction with my friend, the late Dr. W. Allen Miller,” says Dr. Huggins, “I confronted directly with the spectroscope attached to the telescope, the comet's light with that from inductive sparks passing in olefiant gas. The sensible identity

of the two spectra left no doubt of the essential oneness of the cometary stuff with the gas composed of carbon and hydrogen that was employed for comparison." "Since that time," proceeds Dr. Huggins, "the light from some twenty comets has been examined by different observers. The general close agreement in all cases, notwithstanding some small divergences, of the bright bands in the cometary light with those seen in the spectra of hydrocarbons, justifies us fully in ascribing the original light of these comets to matter which contains carbon in combination with hydrogen."

Last year photography was applied to this spectroscopic work. The spectrum of the brightest comet of that year was partly continuous, and on this continuous spectrum many of the well known Fraunhofer lines could be traced. This made it certain that part of the comet's light was reflected sunlight; though Dr. Huggins considers also that a part of the continuous spectrum of every comet is due to inherent light. On this point some doubts may be permitted. It is one thing for special bands to show themselves, for some substances may become self-luminous under special conditions at very moderate temperatures; it is quite another thing that the solid parts of a comet's substance should become incandescent. I venture to express my own belief that this can scarcely happen except in the case of comets which approach very near to the sun. Besides the continuous spectrum with dark lines, the photograph showed also a spectrum of bright lines.

"These lines," says Dr. Huggins, "possessed extreme interest, for there was certainly contained within this hieroglyphic writing some new information. A discussion of the position of these new lines showed them to be undoubtedly the same lines which appear in certain compounds of carbon. Not long before, Professors Liveing and Dewar had found from their laboratory experiments that these lines are only present when nitrogen is also present, and that they indicate a nitrogen compound of carbon, namely—cyanogen. Two other bright groups were also seen in the photograph, confirming the presence of hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen."

It is worthy of notice that, only a few days later, Dr. H. Draper succeeded in obtaining a photograph of the same comet's spectrum. It appeared to him to confirm Dr. Huggins' statements, except only that the dark Fraunhofer lines were not visible—the photograph having probably been taken under less favorable conditions.

So far, then, it seems clear that comets shine in part by reflecting sunlight, partly with light of their own; the part of the cometic substance which certainly shines with its own light is gaseous, and this gas in most comets "contains carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, possibly also oxygen, in the form of hydrocarbons, cyanogen, and possibly oxygen compounds of carbon."

But the latest comet has brought with it fresh news. Its spectrum is not like that given by the comets we have been considering. The bright lines of sodium are seen in it, and also other bright lines and groups of lines, which have not yet been shown to be identical with any belonging to the hydrocarbon groups, but probably are so. Dr. Huggins' photograph shows, he considers, "that the original light of the comet, which gives a continuous spectrum (he means that portion of the original light which does so), was too strong to allow of the Fraunhofer lines being recognized in the reflected solar light." We demur to this as being *shown*, it may fairly be said to be *suggested*. The cyanogen groups are not seen.

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Such is Dr. Huggins' account; but it is manifest that this comet underwent important changes, of which—we are surprised to note—Dr. Huggins has taken no account. Thus, in April, Professors Tacchini and Vogel found simply a faint continuous spectrum. In May, Vogel found that the three bands associated with carbon were present, though faint, while there was no trace of the sodium band. On the contrary, on the nights of June 4, 5, and 7, Dr. B. Hasselberg, of the Observatory of Pulkowa, found that the nucleus of the comet gave a very strong and extended continuous spectrum, with an "excessively strong" bright line in the orange yellow, proved by micrometrical measurement to be identical with the D line—the well known double sodium line of the solar spectrum. The observation was confirmed by Dunér, Bredichin, and Vogel. On this Mr. Hind remarks, "It is necessary to conclude that, during the last fortnight of May, the spectrum of Wells' comet had changed in a manner of which the history of science furnishes no precedent." It must, however, be remembered that as yet no comets have been examined under sufficiently favorable conditions, to enable us to say whether the change thus observed was really exceptional, or only exceptional in being for the first time noted. Whenever such a comet as Donati's comes favorably under spectroscopic scrutiny, we shall probably learn something about these changes which will throw more light than anything yet discovered on the physical economy of these mysterious bodies.

What, then, do we know certainly respecting comets? What may we surmise with more or less probability? And in what direction may we look with most hope for future information? We know certainly that, in whatever way they are formed, the sun excites intense disturbance in them as they approach him. Prof. Stokes remarks that these effects, so much greater at a first view than we might fairly expect in the case of many of the comets observed, which have approached the sun no nearer than our own earth does, or not so near, may be accounted for by the circumstance that comets travel in what may be regarded as, to all intents and purposes, a vacuum. From Dr. Crooke's experiments on very high vacua, we may infer that there is very little loss of heat, except by radiation. Thus the heat received by the meteoric components of a comet would be much greater than might otherwise be expected. Dr. Huggins mentions, in the same connection,

the remarkable persistence of the bright trains of meteors in the rare upper air, which sometimes remain visible for three-quarters of an hour before the light fades, as the heat is gradually radiated away. "Our reasoning on these points," he remarks, in his dry way, "would undergo considerable modification if we accept the views as to the condition of interplanetary space and of the sun's action which have been recently suggested by Dr. Siemens in his solar theory"—but of course we do not.

Bredichin's researches, showing that three distinct curvatures in comets' tails correspond to the winnowing out by solar repulsive action of (1) hydrogen, (2) carbon, and (3) iron, seem worthy of careful study and investigation. It accords well with spectroscopic evidence as to the condition of the matter raised in gaseous form from the nucleus; and if as yet we have had no direct spectroscopic evidence of the existence of iron in comets, we know that meteors are closely connected with comets, and that many meteors contain iron. Moreover, as unexpected spectroscopic evidence of the presence of the substance sodium, common in so many meteors, has been found in the case of one comet, we may fairly hope that under yet more favorable conditions, the presence of iron also may be recognized in the same way.

How far electricity may be looked to for an explanation of cometic phenomena, is a doubtful point among astronomers and physicists. For my own part, I must confess I share the strong objections which many physicists have expressed against the mere vague suggestion that perhaps *this* is an electrical phenomenon, perhaps *that other feature* is electrical too, perhaps *all or most* of the phenomena of comets depend on electricity. It is so easy to make such suggestions, so difficult to obtain evidence in their favor having the slightest scientific value. Still, I hold the electrical idea to be well worth careful study. Whatever credit may hereafter be given to any electrical theory of comets, will be solely and entirely due to those who may help to establish it upon a basis of sound evidence—none whatever to the mere suggestion, which has been made time and again since it was first advanced by Fontenelle. Dr. Huggins says that he finds there is a rapidly growing feeling among physicists that both the inherent light (which he prefers to call the self-light) of comets and the phenomena of their tails belong to the order of electrical phenomena. An American astronomer recently wrote to him, as to American views of the self-light of comets, "I can not speak with authority for anyone but myself; still I think the prevailing impression amongst us is that this light is due to an electric, or, if I may coin the word, (far better not) an electric-oid action of some kind." On this Dr. Huggins himself remarks:

"The spectroscopic results fail to give conclusive evidence on this point; still, perhaps, upon the whole, especially if we consider the photographs of last year, the teachings of the spectroscope are in favor of the view that the self-light of comets is due to electric discharges. Those who are disposed to believe that the truth lies in this direction, differ from each other in the precise modes in which they would apply the known laws of electric action to the phenomena of comets. Broadly, the different applications of principles of electricity which have been suggested, group themselves about the common idea, that great electrical disturbances are set up by the sun's action in connection with the vaporization of some of the matter of the nucleus, and that the tail is probably matter carried away, possibly in connection with electric discharges, under an electrical influence of repulsion exerted by the sun. This view necessitates the supposition that the sun is strongly electrified, either negatively or positively, and further, that in the processes taking place in the comet, either of vaporization or of some other kind, the matter thrown out by the nucleus has become strongly electrified in the same way as the sun—that is, negatively if the sun's electricity is negative, or positively if the sun's is positive. The enormous disturbances which the spectroscope shows to be always at work in the sun must be accompanied by electrical changes of equal magnitude, but we know nothing as to how far these are all, or the great majority of them, in one direction, so as to cause the sun to maintain permanently a high electrical state, whether positive or negative."

Unless some such state of things exist, Sir John Herschel's statement, "That this force" (the repulsive force forming the tail) "can not be of the nature of electric or magnetic forces," must be accepted, for, as he points out, "the center of gravity of each particle would not be affected; the attraction on one of its sides would precisely equal the repulsion on the other." Repulsion of the cometary matter would only take place if this matter, after it has been driven off from the nucleus and the sun, have both high electric potentials of the same kind. Further, it is suggested that luminous jets, streams, halos, and envelopes belong to the same order of phenomena as the aurora, the electrical brush, and the stratified discharges of exhausted tubes.

All this, it will be noticed, is at present merely hypothetical. It is, however, worthy of notice that *outside* of electricity there is nothing known to physicists which seems to afford even a promise of explanation, so far, at least, as the grander and more striking (also the most mysterious) of cometic phenomena are concerned. It may well be that with our advancing knowledge of meteors and meteor systems, the spectroscopic analysis of the next few comets of the larger and completer types—comets like Donati's comet, the great comet of 1811, and the comet of 1861—may throw unexpected light on mysteries which still remain among the most profound and unpromising problems presented to modern science.—*The Contemporary Review*.



A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

By MRS. MARY LOW DICKINSON.

[Continued.]

An early start from Killarney, and a seven-hour journey by rail, ending in delightful quarters at the pleasant Hotel Shelburne, in Dublin, gives a comfortable sense of having passed an agreeable day.

"I would like to have run from Limerick Junction up to Limerick," says a feminine member of the quartette.

"I don't think we missed anything in Limerick; I felt like stopping awhile at Kilkenny," answered her brother.

"But Kilkenny comes to America," said the first speaker, who had been reading about the enormous annual emigration from that town.

"Well, I fancy one can have all one wants of Limerick at home."

"Not all I want," said the little woman, perversely.

"What can you want, who have had your full share of domestic torments, with numberless Bridgets and Norahs?"

There was no answer, but later, in the privacy of her chamber, she said, "I did so want to go to Limerick, to buy some Irish lace. You know they make it there, and send it over to Brussels, and then it is bought back into Ireland for quadruple its cost"—but the air of mild rebuke with which her companion looked up from the diary in which she was describing the beauties of Killarney scenery, seemed to act as a sudden check upon the purely feminine outburst. "Of course I know we can't stop to buy things," she added, apologetically.

"Nor can we buy things when we do stop. It's dreadful of you to begin to want things so early."

"Yes," chimed in a masculine voice at the door, "It's unworthy the spirit of a true Chautauquan. Get on your hats, girls, there's time enough for a drive, to get what the books recommend—a general view of the town."

Our hotel fronts Stephen's Green, whose twenty acres of beautiful grounds form only one of six such ornamented breathing places for that portion of the city which lies on the right bank of the Liffey, beyond the confines of the ancient town. Our coachman knows his business, and halts to point out the equestrian statue of George the Second, showing through the trees in the center of the square. Then we must look at the old Mansion House, and at the site of the great exposition building which stands in twelve acres of garden, and was, if successful, to have been what the Crystal Palace of Sydenham is to London. Financially, it was not a success, and the future use of the building is not yet decided. We halt again to admire the architectural beauty of "the finest building in Dublin, if not in Ireland," formerly the Irish House of Parliament and now used as the Bank of Ireland. If it were not too late we could go in and see the whole process of printing the bank notes. As it is, we jog slowly on to the eastern end of College Green, which is entirely occupied by the imposing front of Trinity College. The huge Corinthian pile covers an extent of thirty acres. The income is derived largely from landed estates. Its library of one hundred and thirty thousand volumes grows rapidly, for the University is one of the five that has the right to a copy of every volume published in the United Kingdom. The number of students, usually about two thousand, is diminished somewhat by the new Queen's University, founded by Victoria in 1850, which grants degrees to the graduates from the Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Galway, and Cork. To a company of learners, nothing could be more interesting than to visit the museums, observatories, botanic gardens, and printing houses of this great institution, which has had such an influence on education in Ireland; but, if we could not see all, we confess to a preference for a day at the Royal Dublin Society, whose professors lecture to the public gratuitously, and whose schools in the fine arts instruct worthy pupils without charge. We want also to see the male and female training schools, under the charge of the Board of Education, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and the Drummond Orphanage, owned and supported by a merchant of that name. Other societies for the promotion of science and literature are too numerous to name. No city is more generously provided with the means of education, or produces more learned scholars, yet nowhere is the ignorance of the lowest classes more marked. No place more abounds in charitable institutions. The charity schools number over two hundred, yet the condition of the poor is wretched in the extreme. The city is one of striking contrasts, of grand architectural effects, heightened by the meanness of the dwellings of the poor. The nine bridges over the Liffey add greatly to the picturesqueness of the place, but the water of the stream is as notoriously filthy as ever. Within a few years some efforts have been made to improve the sanitation of the city and the hygienic condition of the poor. Dirty alleys have been widened, model tenements built and drinking fountains supplied. At enormous cost the neighboring streams were turned into a valley, which made a natural reservoir seventeen miles from the city. Thence the water is brought through tunnels to filtering chambers, eight miles from town, from which it is distributed over the city. From the University we went down Dame Street to the Castle, used since the time of Elizabeth as the residence of the Lord Lieutenant. Here there are state apartments to be seen, and music to be heard in the beautiful chapel, but none of this to-day. The sun is setting, and as we whirl on past hospital, postoffice, Custom House, and convents, over the bridge and by the

magnificent structure called the Four Courts, because there are held the courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, Chancery, and Exchequer, there is not time to drive inside the gate of the beautiful Phoenix Park and look at the obelisk that commemorates the victories of Wellington. That must be left for the morrow, as must the old Christ Church and St. Patrick's Cathedral, whose ancient archepiscopal palace is now used as barracks for the police. In this cathedral are the tombs of Dean Swift and the Stella of his poetry. The structure is the most remarkable instance of complete restoration of our day, Mr. B. L. Guinness, M. P., having spent £150,000 in its restoration. He was knighted for his generosity, and it does not become us to suggest that the sum could have been better spent.

We shall have to divide into two parties to-morrow, and while the artist and teacher go to examine the picture gallery and the schools, the others will get a look at the docks and the harbor, where, by aid of dredging machines, the sand is kept at bay, so that ships can now come up to the quays. Commerce still continues to be important, as Dublin is the avenue of supply for imports for the midland district, but manufacturers of woollen, cotton, silk, etc., are nearly extinct, though the general financial and commercial condition of Ireland is improved within the last twenty years.

While Dublin has declined, especially in manufactures of linen and flax, Belfast, the metropolis of the north of Ireland, has steadily grown in both. It lies on our route to the north, five hours from London. It offers nothing in the common lines of interest, such as churches, museums, public buildings, and parks that would induce a stay; but its immense manufactories are well worth any loss of time a visit may involve. We were shown all through the largest steam-mill, which employs nearly three thousand men; and through the immense establishment at Ardoyne, where the finest linen—that intended for the noblest houses, whose coats of arms are woven in the web—is made by hand. It was interesting indeed, to see, as in the former mill, the process from the beginning with the raw flax to the beautiful completed fabric, and more interesting to watch the workers, many of them women, young girls and little children, who live their lives out day after day in the dust and din of machinery. Their pinched and haggard faces, their dull, spiritless eyes, and the constant monotonous motion of their hands made them seem a part of the machines, and brought to mind with great force Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children."

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Belfast is a great, comfortable, well-to-do looking city, with wide, well-paved streets, many attractive public buildings and substantial homes. We stopped but a night, taking train to Portrush, *via* the cozy little town of Coleraine. It is a journey of about seventy miles, leaving daylight enough to direct to the picturesque castle of Dunluce, which stands on an isolated rock a hundred feet above the sea. The bridge from the mainland is so narrow as to incline all four of us, like children, "to take hold of hands." It is a wild spot, with many romantic associations, if the head did not swim, gazing down into the boiling waves that have worn great caves under the walls, so that we could not stay to hear. We creep back, cautiously as we came, to our car, a regular bouncing, swaying, Irish jaunting car, and are whirled on four or five miles further, to see the one thing for which we are up here on this wild Irish shore—the famous Giant's Causeway. This great natural curiosity has been so often described, that it is already familiar. Its prismatic columns of stone, rising a thousand feet from the sea, make a promontory of pillars, each fitted so perfectly to its neighbor that we can not at first recognize the structure as a freak of nature. As we look over the whole field, it is strangely impressive, and reminds one of the towers, tombs, spires, and strange shapes taken at Vesuvius by the fields of lava, and the mind takes kindly to the wild legends, and does not disturb itself with the various scientific theories concerning the formation. The legends say that the giant was Fin M'Coul, who built the causeway quite across the channel to Scotland, in order to meet in fair fight a boasting Caledonian giant. The giant well whipped, and the causeway, no longer needed, Fin allowed it to fall into the sea. It is a pity to hasten here, for the wild picturesqueness of the spot grows with every hour of wandering upon the rocks, but we must back to Coleraine, and thence to Londonderry, where, tired and sleepy, we hide ourselves away in our cabins on the little steamer, and are carried in our sleep over the channel to Scotland, breakfasting cozily in McLean's old-fashioned, quiet hotel in Glasgow.

And now we are in another world. Here is no lack of pure water, for Loch Katrine, thirty miles away, pours into the city no less than twenty-four millions of gallons a day. Here is thrift, for around us is a city whose trade so increased that its import duties multiplied a thousand times in sixty years. Here is the beautiful Clyde, literally lined with ships, old and new, ships going and coming, ships in every stage from hulk and beams to paint. Here is a city alive with honest work, with staunch and loyal principles, with churches and schools of the best. Her cathedral ranks next in the kingdom to Westminster Abbey. Among her philanthropies, one of the latest is specially worthy of mention. It is an immense depot, with many branches, for furnishing food to the working classes. They can have a good substantial breakfast for six cents; a dinner of soup, meat, potatoes and pudding, for about nine cents. The originator of this work is Mr. Thomas Corbett, who should find imitators in every city in the world. Is not this a better work than to scrape a cathedral inch by inch from base to tower?

With so much that is living and practical to interest, strange that we hurry away to that which is a matter of poetic sentiment and association with the dead. Yet there are, even in our quartette, those who cheerfully turn from the living pictures of Scotch prosperity, to go and dream for a day on the bridges and in the shadow of the old Wallace tower of Ayr. They want to stroll out to the cottage where Robbie Burns was born, to visit the "auld kirk-yard," to grow sentimental, perhaps, over his snuff-box, and to touch the Bible he gave his Highland Mary. Well, if they will go, we might as well go along, for, leaving out the poetry and the poet, what can be

lovelier than to be out of doors in this early September weather in one of the most picturesque parts of Scotland! The excursion takes only one day from Glasgow, and when we are safely back, we are only two hours by rail from Edinburgh.

And here, as we throw wide open the shutters of front rooms in the old Hotel Royal, and look out upon the deep ravine that divides the city, and across to the castle-crowned hills, and down upon the monument of Walter Scott, just over the way, our cool and quiet ones become eagerly enthusiastic, and the enthusiasts grow wild. We are sure we want to stay here a month; we want to fly out to the nearest circulating library and get all of Scott's novels at once; we want to hurry our dinner, that we may go and explore this wonderful and picturesque old place.

The girl whose outcropping desire to buy things was unanimously nipped in the bud, ventures to say she "must have a plaid—a shawl, a necktie, something, *anything*, that is plaid," and receives no unsympathetic reply. For the moment, struggling Ireland's forgotten, and all that is not purely American in us, is altogether and unanimously Scotch. In this mood we are not slow in finding our way to the streets, believing that acquaintance with details will enhance our first impression of the imposing picturesqueness of the place. Our starting point is the foot of Sir Walter's marble monument, which rises slender and graceful two hundred feet in air. The statues in the niches represent characters in his books, the "Lady of the Lake," the "Last Minstrel," and "Meg Merrilies," breaking the sapling over Lucy Bertram's head. We had thought to pass by Abbotsford, having indulged ourselves with Ayr, but here we find the question recurring, "Can not we take the time on the way to London to see the home, especially the study, of Scott—to go to Dryburgh Abbey and stand beside his grave; and on the same excursion see the Abbey of Melrose?" Forced to leave the question unanswered, but secretly resolving to do it, we go as straight as we can, asking many questions of the guide by the way, to the Castle of Edinburgh, which frowns down from the precipice on which it stands with a grim aspect ill-suited to the present time.

The esplanade or parade ground of the castle covers about six acres. Over the drawbridge, between the low protecting batteries, along the ramparts we pass to the strong gate that gives us admission to the inner fort, which contains the older portions of the castle. In this pile of buildings on the east side are, what we more specially came to see, the state apartments of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the wall down which her infant son was lowered in a basket. Here, too, we see the crown-room containing the regalia of Scotland, the crown, scepter, and sword of state, and the lord-treasurer's rod of office. From the ramparts we are shown northward the magnificent view of the new town, while to the east lies the old town, backed by Arthur's Seat. The line of street eastward from the castle to Holyrood House, contains many of Edinburgh's most prominent buildings, both new and old. Near the foot of the hill is the new Assembly Hall, the meeting place of the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland, and near it the Church Normal Schools and the extensive buildings of the Free Church College, and the Parliament House, whose carved, oaken-roofed hall—the Westminster Hall of Edinburgh—was used by the Parliament before the union with England. Near at hand is the old Cathedral of St. Giles, whose space after the Reformation was divided into four churches, in one of which John Knox was wont to preach. We pass near his house also, and approach the memorial of Scotland's ancient splendor, the ancient palace and abbey of Holyrood. The ruins of the chapel where Mary Stuart was married to Darnley, and where King Charles the First was crowned, lie behind the present structure, which was rebuilt after the destruction of the old palace by Cromwell. The spot abounds in historical associations. It was a most powerful institution as an abbey, the abbot holding regular court like other barons: as a royal refuge it sheltered Charles the Tenth of France during the Revolution, and as a residence has received at times nearly all the crowned heads of England, not excepting Queen Victoria, who sometimes stops here *en route* to Balmoral, and who held a levee here in 1842. Yet of all its associations, that with Mary Stuart is the one most familiar, and perhaps most painfully interesting to the stranger. Here are the rooms she last occupied, her bed-chamber remaining as she left it, here the cabinet where Rizzio was murdered. These apartments are in the northwest corner, and the oldest portion of the present quadrangular building.

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But, interesting as is all that is connected with a historic or tragic past, we must not overlook the city of to-day. Records of what Edinburgh has been, as found in ruins, in buildings, in monuments, in books, would require a volume, and records of her present condition, another. We can only glance at a few of the more marked evidences of her material advancement. Formerly she accommodated her growing population by building higher and higher in the air, but more recently they have filled up the ravine and extended in every direction on the ground. Her population increases, though not with the rapidity of Glasgow, for she has no great trade or manufacture to attract the rural districts. The women exceed the men by some twenty thousand. Her moral condition has been of the best, her sanitary condition unfortunately of the worst, but great improvements have been made in drainage and in destruction of dilapidated dwellings, ventilation of unhealthy courts, and especially in cleansing of the streets. In this latter particular Edinburgh is better cared for than any other large town in the kingdom. While the city has been, like the rest of the world, woefully behind in caring for the bodies of the healthful, her numerous hospitals, public and private, testify her kindness to the ill. Nothing of prevention and everything in the way of cure seems to be the motto of modern philanthropy. Churches for souls, university, colleges, every type of school, free and charitable, for the brain; all stress laid upon what the people believe, what they learn, what they do, and what they wear, combined with utter disregard of what they breathe or what they eat. There is no disregard of what they drink, however, even in this western Athens, for Edinburgh can boast larger breweries than any other

place in the world. But then she boasts larger printing houses and more of them than almost any other. Printing is indeed her principal craft; scholarship flourishes; learning is reckoned at its true value; philanthropy is active and earnest, and the city abounds in monuments of all; there is an air of vigorous heartiness in the people that is tonic in its effect, like the feel of a country morning with the first crisp frost in the air.

From Edinburgh to London we take the Great Western Railway, one of the best managed in the kingdom. Already we have learned that we have no more "baggage," and how to "own our luggage;" that there are no cars in this country, but carriages, and "luggage vans." The man who locks us in our own compartment is not a conductor, but a "guard;" we hear nothing of railroads, but a good deal of "ways" and trains. After days of steady running hither and thither, to see this, to hear that, to learn the other, it is agreeable to lean back and doze and dream while the swift train bears us away from the highlands and the heather. We sleep in England at the quaint old Roman town of Chester, and take time enough in the morning to visit the cathedral, walk through the queer streets where the covered sidewalk for foot passengers is on the roofs, and the carriage-way is sunken several feet below the level of the road. Anxious as we were to reach London, we could not resist stopping at Warwick for a couple of days, resting at the Old Warwick Arms, and crowding every hour with a living interest hardly to be aroused in any other part of England. For from this point a drive of eight miles through a charming country takes us to Stratford-on-Avon, and to the oft-described home and tomb of Shakspeare. This is almost always a white day in the tourist's memory, for, through all the delightful drive, at the house of Shakspeare, in the room where he was born, by the desk at which he sat at school, in the cottage of Ann Hathaway, and by his tomb in the church, one feels in a new world. A crowd of visitors may throng the cottage and the house, and one hears all sorts of chatter, but they and we and all modern folk seem strange and out of place. And I doubt not many minds have found it hard to associate the place with Shakspeare at all. It doesn't suit our idea of the man or his work, and it is hard to dispossess the mind of the idea that we are lending ourselves to a little farce.

We drive slowly back along the Avon at sunset, and give a second day to Warwick Castle and a drive to the ruins of Kenilworth. In the former we have the best representation of an old English castle that we shall see; one all the more impressive because it is the first seen; in the latter the grandest ruin that England can show. Both have many historical associations, but we have not yet escaped from the dominion of Scott, and have just re-read his "Kenilworth," and naturally look for traces of Queen Bess, and of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whose tomb is in the Church of St. Mary in Warwick. So we sit down under the ivy-crowned battlements, and listen while one reads aloud the account of the five days of entertainment that Leicester gave the Queen, and imagination peoples the ruined banquet hall with the knights and ladies fair who made the place so gay.

Yet, strange to say, such dreams fade as we drive home to dinner, and find us quite ready, after a refreshing sleep in the queerest and quaintest of all English inns, to depart for classic Oxford, which lies direct upon our London route. Time was when no more venerable and imposing architectural effect could be found in all Europe than that produced by the groups of buildings along the main street of Oxford, belonging to the twenty colleges that make the University. But, in these latter days, so many of the colleges have been remodeled, or restored, that the air of venerable antiquity is entirely lost. Outside the college buildings, new hotels, a town hall, savings banks, a corn exchange, and other mercantile structures materially alter the effect of the place, which owed its character formerly to the University alone. Among the colleges themselves, University and Exeter have new chapels, Jesus College a new Gothic front, Merton's Library has been remodeled, and the old gate-house of Brasenose restored. The new buildings, given at a cost of thirty thousand pounds, by Miss Brackenbury, the daughter of an old scholar, are very fine, and the new Gothic building, called the Union Debating and Reading Room, decorated in part by Rossetti, from the legends of King Arthur, is a great ornament to the group. The new Keble College, in memory of the author of "The Christian Year," is near the University Museum, which is the principal addition to the group of buildings, which we can not mention in detail. As the most important of all institutions of learning, Oxford University must have an interest for every lover of knowledge. Its origin is not certainly known. Its government is by statutes, originating with the University authorities, and confirmed by the kings of England. Its chancellor was formerly an ecclesiastic, and chosen for three years; now he is chosen for life, and from among nobles of distinction who have been members of the University. Its professors are paid partly by the crown, partly from the University chest, and partly from estates left for this purpose. Both Oxford and Cambridge have the privilege of choosing two representatives in Parliament. There is no end to what may be seen and learned if the traveler can linger a few weeks just here. In that event, leave the hotel, which is very luxurious, but very dear, and take lodgings in some one of the many comfortable houses, kept for that purpose, within easy walking distance of the libraries and museums. There is only one danger, and that is, that the longer one stays the longer one wishes to stay, and if we should linger to see one *moiety* of what we might enjoy, our trip to London would be indefinitely deferred. So we decide against the lodging, and take instead—the train.

The one blessed thing about London, especially to travelers who have rushed through miles of country and crowded the sight with constantly varying scenes, is that it can not be seen in a day. We might as well try to eat a life-time's Thanksgiving banquet at once, or to grow from youth to age in a night. London is of all places in the world the one to stay in, and we have come to stay. Not at any so-called American boarding-house, not even at the great caravansary in Portland Place, or down by the Alexandra Gate, but in our own hired house. A wee place, not far from St.

James in Piccadilly, whose master was once upon a time head butler to lord somebody or other, and whose mistress was the maid to my lady. And butler and maid saved their wages and were wed, and now there they are living in the basement of this their home, he to wait at table, with an air that makes our masculine friends feel, as if he were saying, "Yes, my lord," and "No, my lord;" and she to keep all tidy and bright in our tiny parlor and dining room, and the bedrooms above. Here we can rest until the home letters are written and the books read, and we are ready to attack the great city with real zest, happy in the thought of what it has in store. Our life will cost us half what it would at the great hotels, where we should meet only the American life we know so well. English life we can see only in the streets, in church, in making purchases, in books, and in its out of door public aspects, unless we are indeed so fortunate as to have brought letters that shall open English homes. Then, indeed, we come to know England and the English in a way to appreciate its best, and to estimate justly what seem to us some of its worst characteristics.

To its social life, of any class whatever, introductions are the only key. To its political movements the ordinary tourist has little access beyond what the newspapers give, and that he may have at home. To be an eye-witness of momentous events or of the circumstances that shape a nation's destinies is hardly to be hoped. Her history lies all about in monuments, and ruins, and palaces, and institutions, volumes in changeless stone. Her general conditions of prosperity, commercial and other, may be guessed from what one sees, and, reading backward from effect to cause, the thoughtful observer may determine something of individual and national character. Something comes to him by intuition, something by observation, and slowly, by ways he knows and ways he knows not, he feels that he is coming to a knowledge of England, of English people, and English life. London of all places seems the spot to bide. He haunts her galleries and walks her streets, and dreams in her abbey, and sits in her churches, and finds he is claiming her history as his own. If Americans must live anywhere out of America, London, with its teeming varied interests, its thousand worlds in one, is the place for him to live. What sights he will see there, what things he will do there, everybody knows. Let art, or literature, or commerce, or religion, or science be his hobby, he will find companions enough and to spare. There is room for everything in London, notwithstanding it is the most crowded place under the sun; room even for us who, while jogging along together, yet have each cast our nets in separate streams. What we shall gather, who can tell?

[To be continued.]



OUR CHILDREN.

By GENEVIEVE IRONS.

A Hymn for Teachers.

O Lord our God we thank thee
For little children dear,
Gleams of thy mercy's rainbow
Which thou dost send us here;
O! teach us how to make them
What thou wouldst have them be,
Teach us to train our children
For heaven and for thee.

The souls of little children
Are vessels for thy grace,
Thy spirit makes their bodies
His chosen dwelling-place.
The minds of little children
Yearn for immortal truth,
And thou hast deigned to make us
The guardians of their youth.

Oh, fill our hearts with wisdom,
With love and tenderness,
And in all Christ-like patience
Let us our souls possess;
So shall the overflowing
Of hearts that own thy grace,
Reflect to little children
Their heavenly Father's face.

And they shall learn the wisdom
That cometh from above,
Our tenderness shall make them
Obedient to thy love;
Our patience shall encourage
The hope that never faints,
And give them perseverance,
The triumph of the saints.

The simple love of goodness,
The fear to do a sin,
The life that through temptation
Keeps innocence within,
The strength to win the battle,
The knowledge that is might,
Is all we need to teach them
That they may learn aright.

Their souls and minds and bodies
Thus trained and fit for thee,
Shall rise to endless service,
Throughout eternity;
For they will know the Father
Through Jesus Christ his Son,
By God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One!



MORALS AND SORROWS OF BORROWING AND LENDING.

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By A. DENBAR.

Not the borrowing and lending of money, be it understood, but only such trifling things as books, umbrellas, and little personal belongings essential to ease. It is questionable whether the loan of these things does not involve more discomfort than the more costly loan of money. If you lend money, it is to be assumed that you can afford the loss of it, or that you see a strong probability of receiving it again. But your favorite umbrella! What other can possibly accommodate itself so comfortably to your carrying? Is not its familiar hook exactly the shape you like? Or perchance you prefer a smoothly rounded knob, and have made a careful choice, so that any other handle feels strange and foreign. To some persons these little matters make all the difference between ease and discomfort. Yet good-nature will not permit you to see a careless caller start out into the rain umbrellaless, although the clouds have threatened all the morning, and the least weather-wise might have foreseen the need of an umbrella. So you say hospitably, "Oh! you must have one; take mine!" and then, with a prophetic failure of courage, add entreatingly, "You will be sure to return it, will you not?" You close the door, after watching your umbrella down the street—yours no longer, alas! for it never returns.

And what about the borrower? Well, firstly, he carries off your loan in a fine glow of gratitude for your kindness, and fully intending to send it back speedily. He even goes so far as to hand it, all dripping with rain, into the servant's hand with an injunction, "Take care of this umbrella, for it is borrowed." To-morrow he will call and leave it with graceful thanks. But to-morrow is fine, and an umbrella is a nuisance on a bright day; it really shall be sent soon. And how can he carry two umbrellas on a rainy day? So the tiny germ of honest intention withers under delay, till in the end the borrower *almost* forgets that he is not owner. There is pointed satire to many jarred sensibilities in the hyphenless advertisement so frequently seen, "Umbrellas Recovered in Twenty Minutes!"

Vain are all inquiries. You call at his house; it has gone out on service or has got "mis-laid." And, finally, you abandon the quest and purchase another. One melancholy fact you realize: any five-pound note is equal to any other five-pound note, but no other umbrella suits you so well as the old favorite.

Everybody knows the comfort of finding a pen that suits the busy writer. Even the elaborate gold nib may be a failure; and as to quills, every mending is one in ten on the chance of being too hard or too soft for a fastidious taste. Yet the virtue of generosity often requires self-abnegation to the extent of lending the treasure which lightens labor with ease of tool. You know perfectly well that the pen will be ruined for your use by being lent to the friend who borrows it, "only for a moment," while he scribbles a hasty note, or signs his name to the carrier. But just that moment does the mischief, and you, patiently or impatiently, as the case may be, resign yourself to a damaged pen, or waste time in seeking another.

And of books! What about lending books?

Only those who *love* books can understand the pang of losing them. A man who handles his book with firm yet tender touch, who delights to take down his pet volumes and smooth out the pages for sheer pleasure of the handling, is the genuine book-lover, and by force of his love he will surely be the man who will lend, and as surely lose. For it is the nature of this special attachment that the book-lover must share his enjoyment with others. Dearly as he loves the choice volumes ranged in neat order on his bookshelves, they are but half-used while they are not shared. The bookish man *may* be selfish, but it is the exception only; the rule is that the true lover of books is "ready to lend." And so it comes to pass that, at the close of a long, eager conversation on Robert Browning's poems, or Froude's "History," or some quaint old treasure long "out of print," the generous impulse prompts an offer of the volume discussed. It may be that the listener suggests that he would like to know more on the subject. "You ought to read such passages," says the happy owner, and the borrower carries the book home, and forthwith it is mingled with his own and is merged and lost. Such a thing even as the *loan* of a borrowed book is not unusual, though it ought to be regarded as a social crime. Who that prides himself on his books has not painful vacancies among them? Here it is the second volume of an otherwise complete edition of Tennyson—missing! And there a "horrible blank" tells of some unvirtuous borrower who has decapitated a valuable set by carrying off volume number one. These gaps in the bookcase are a standing grievance, and happy is he who can preserve his books intact.

Of course a methodical person would keep a list of books lent, with the borrower's name in line. But, alas! what generous soul is methodical—the ready tendency to lend a book is proof that a man is ready for all risks. Nor will a well-kept list make our borrowers honest. If a man steal your book, you *may* recover it if you prove the theft; but what is to be done with him who always—yes, always—is *intending* to return your precious volume? Your inquiries are met with ready promises of restoration; he will bring it back, but his wife is reading it, or he can not just lay his hand upon it, or some one has borrowed it without leave, and it will be sure to come back, and then you shall have it all right. All which things are tests of patience and good humor.

Mrs. Stowe tells of an orderly Christian man who, recognizing the Scriptural injunction to "do good and lend," was dismayed by the frequent application for loans of tools from his less thrifty neighbors. Gravely reflecting on the subject, he finally reconciled order and liberality by buying a complete duplicate set of tools, which he kept for the purpose of lending, and when any of these were lent he quietly told the next applicant that the ax or hoe was already out.

This plan is not possible with books. But, logically considered, is it not a singular fact that a man who will hasten to clear himself of monetary debt, if it be but a shilling, will deprive, shall we not say practically rob, his friend of an umbrella worth perhaps a guinea, or a book, which no money can replace, if it happen to have associations for the owner or be out of print? And this, too, in a fashion peculiarly treacherous, since he knows the object of loan would never be lent except on tacit promise of return. The old adage, so familiar to our childhood,

"Tis a sin to steal a pin,
Much more to take a greater thing,"

notwithstanding its defective orthodoxy and rhyme, still requires enforcement on our languid and ill-trained consciences. Possibly the causes of this lax morality in minor matters lie deeper than any merely playful suggestion can reach.

A wise man once stated plainly what we scarcely like to hint, in these words: "The *wicked* borroweth and payeth not again." And yet we fear things will go on much as before, in spite of this paper, and men and women will continue to miss their umbrellas at the very time they need

TALES FROM SHAKSPERE.

By CHARLES LAMB.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Sebastian and his sister Viola, a young gentleman and lady of Messaline, were twins, and (which was accounted a great wonder) from their birth they so much resembled each other, that, but for the difference in their dress, they could not be known apart. They were both born in one hour, and in one hour they were both in danger of perishing, for they were shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria, as they were making a sea voyage together. The ship, on board of which they were, split on a rock in a violent storm, and a very small number of the ship's company escaped with their lives. The captain of the vessel, with a few of the sailors that were saved, got to land in a small boat, and with them they brought Viola safe on shore, where she, poor lady, instead of rejoicing at her own deliverance, began to lament her brother's loss; but the captain comforted her with the assurance, that he had seen her brother when the ship split, fasten himself to a strong mast, on which, as long as he could see anything of him for the distance, he perceived him borne up above the waves. Viola was much consoled by the hope this account gave her, and now considered how she was to dispose of herself in a strange country, so far from home; and she asked the captain if he knew anything of Illyria. "Ay, very well, madam," replied the captain, "for I was born not three hours' travel from this place." "Who governs here?" said Viola. The captain told her, Illyria was governed by Orsino, a duke noble in nature as well as dignity. Viola said, she had heard her father speak of Orsino, and that he was unmarried then. "And he is so now," said the captain; "or was so very lately, for but a month ago I went from here, and then it was the general talk (as you know what great ones do the people will prattle of) that Orsino sought the love of fair Olivia, a virtuous maid, the daughter of a count who died twelve months ago, leaving Olivia to the protection of her brother, who shortly after died also; and for the love of this dear brother, they say, she has abjured the sight and company of men." Viola, who was herself in such a sad affliction for her brother's loss, wished she could live with this lady, who so tenderly mourned a brother's death. She asked the captain if he could introduce her to Olivia, saying she would willingly serve this lady. But he replied, this would be a hard thing to accomplish, because the lady Olivia would admit no person into her house since her brother's death, not even the duke himself. Then Viola formed another project in her mind, which was, in a man's habit to serve the Duke Orsino as a page. It was a strange fancy in a young lady to put on male attire, and pass for a boy; but the forlorn and unprotected state of Viola, who was young and of uncommon beauty, alone, and in a foreign land, must plead her excuse.

She having observed a fair behavior in the captain, and that he showed a friendly concern for her welfare, intrusted him with her design, and he readily engaged to assist her. Viola gave him money, and directed him to furnish her with suitable apparel, ordering her clothes to be made of the same color and in the same fashion her brother Sebastian used to wear, and when she was dressed in her manly garb, she looked so exactly like her brother, that some strange errors happened by means of their being mistaken for each other; for, as will afterwards appear, Sebastian was also saved.

Viola's good friend, the captain, when he had transformed this pretty lady into a gentleman, having some interest at court, got her presented to Orsino, under the feigned name of Cesario. The duke was wonderfully pleased with the address and graceful deportment of this handsome youth, and made Cesario one of his pages, that being the office Viola wished to obtain: and she so well fulfilled the duties of her new station, and showed such a ready observance and faithful attachment to her lord, that she soon became his most favored attendant. To Cesario Orsino confided the whole history of his love for the lady Olivia. To Cesario he told the long and unsuccessful suit he had made to one, who, rejecting his long services, and despising his person, refused to admit him to her presence; and for the love of this lady who had so unkindly treated him, the noble Orsino, forsaking the sports of the field, and all manly exercises in which he used to delight, passed his hours in ignoble sloth, listening to the effeminate sounds of soft music, gentle airs, and passionate love songs; and neglecting the company of the wise and learned lords with whom he used to associate, he was now all day long conversing with young Cesario. Unmeet companion no doubt his grave courtiers thought Cesario was, for their once noble master, the great Duke Orsino.

It is a dangerous matter for young maidens to be the confidants of handsome young dukes; which Viola too soon found to her sorrow, for all that Orsino told her he endured for Olivia, she presently perceived she suffered for the love of him: and much it moved her wonder, that Olivia could be so regardless of this her peerless lord and master, whom she thought no one should behold without the deepest admiration, and she ventured gently to hint to Orsino that it was pity he should affect a lady who was so blind to his worthy qualities; and she said, "If a lady was to love you, my lord, as you love Olivia (and perhaps there may be one who does), if you could not love her in return, would you not tell her that you could not love, and must not she be content

with that answer?" But Orsino would not admit of this reasoning, for he denied that it was possible for any woman to love as he did. He said that no woman's heart was big enough to hold so much love, and therefore it was unfair to compare any lady's love for him to his love for Olivia. Now, though Viola had the utmost deference for the duke's opinions, she could not help thinking this was not quite true, for she thought her heart had full as much love in it as Orsino's had; and she said, "Ah, but I know, my lord,"—"What do you know, Cesario?" said Orsino. "Too well I know," replied Viola, "what love women may owe to men. They are as true of heart as we are. My father had a daughter that loved a man, as I perhaps, were I a woman, should love your lordship." "And what is her history?" said Orsino. "A blank, my lord," replied Viola; "she never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy, she sat like patience on a monument, smiling at grief." The duke inquired if this lady died of her love, but to this question Viola returned an evasive answer; as probably she had feigned the story, to speak words expressive of the secret love and silent grief she suffered for Orsino.

While they were talking, a gentleman entered whom the duke had sent to Olivia, and he said, "So please you, my lord, I might not be admitted to the lady, but by her handmaid she returned you this answer: until seven years hence, the element itself shall not behold her face; but like a cloistress she will walk veiled, watering her chamber with her tears for the sad remembrance of her dead brother." On hearing this, the duke exclaimed, "O she that has a heart of this fine frame, to pay this debt of love to a dead brother, how will she love, when the rich golden shaft has touched her heart!" And then he said to Viola, "You know, Cesario, I have told you all the secrets of my heart; therefore, good youth, go to Olivia's house. Be not denied access; stand at her doors, and tell her, there your fixed foot shall grow till you have audience." "And if I do speak to her, my lord, what then?" said Viola. "O then," replied Orsino, "unfold to her the passion of my love. Make a long discourse to her of my dear faith. It may well become you to act my woes, for she will attend more to you than one of graver aspect."

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Away then went Viola; but not willingly did she undertake this courtship, for she was to woo a lady to become a wife to him she wished to marry; but having undertaken the affair, she performed it with fidelity; and Olivia soon heard that a youth was at her door who insisted upon being admitted to her presence. "I told him," said the servant, "that you were sick: he said he knew you were, and therefore he came to speak with you. I told him that you were asleep: he seemed to have a foreknowledge of that too, and said, that therefore he must speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? for he seems fortified against all denial, and will speak with you, whether you will or no." Olivia, curious to see who this peremptory messenger might be, desired he might be admitted; and throwing her veil over her face, she said she would once more hear Orsino's embassy, not doubting but that he came from the duke, by his importunity. Viola entering, put on the most manly air she could assume, and affecting the fine courtier's language of great men's pages, she said to the veiled lady, "Most radiant, exquisite and matchless beauty, I pray you tell me if you are the lady of the house; for I should be sorry to cast away my speech upon another, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to learn it." "Whence come you, sir?" said Olivia. "I can say little more than I have studied," replied Viola; "and that question is out of my part." "Are you a comedian?" said Olivia. "No," replied Viola; "and yet I am not that which I play;" meaning that she being a woman, feigned herself to be a man. And again she asked Olivia if she were the lady of the house. Olivia said she was; and then Viola, having more curiosity to see her rival's features than haste to deliver her master's message, said, "Good madam, let me see your face." With this bold request Olivia was not averse to comply; for this haughty beauty, whom the Duke Orsino had loved so long in vain, at first sight conceived a passion for the supposed page, the humble Cesario.

When Viola asked to see her face, Olivia said, "Have you any commission from your lord and master to negotiate with my face?" And then, forgetting her determination to go veiled for seven long years, she drew aside her veil, saying, "But I will draw the curtain and show the picture. Is it not well done?" Viola replied, "It is beauty truly mixed; the red and white upon your cheeks are by Nature's own cunning hand laid on. You are the most cruel lady living, if you will lead these graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy." "O sir," replied Olivia, "I will not be so cruel. The world may have an inventory of my beauty. As, *item*, two lips, indifferent red; *item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them; one neck; one chin, and so forth. Were you sent here to praise me?" Viola replied, "I see you what you are: you are too proud, but you are fair. My lord and master loves you. O such a love could but be recompensed, though you were crowned the queen of beauty: for Orsino loves you with adoration and with tears, with groans that thunder love, and sighs of fire." "Your lord," said Olivia, "knows well my mind. I can not love him; yet I doubt not he is virtuous; I know him to be noble and of high estate, of fresh and spotless youth. All voices proclaim him learned, courteous, and valiant; yet I can not love him, he might have taken his answer long ago." "If I did love you as my master does," said Viola, "I would make me a willow cabin at your gates, and call upon your name. I would write complaining sonnets on Olivia, and sing them in the dead of the night; your name should sound among the hills, and I would make Echo, the babbling gossip of the air, cry out *Olivia*. O you should not rest between the elements of earth and air, but you should pity me." "You might do much," said Olivia; "what is your parentage?" Viola replied, "Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman." Olivia now reluctantly dismissed Viola, saying, "Go to your master, and tell him, I can not love him. Let him send no more, unless perchance you come again to tell me how he takes it." And Viola departed, bidding the lady farewell by the name of Fair Cruelty. When she was gone, Olivia repeated the words, *Above my fortune, yet my state is well, I am a gentleman*. And she said aloud, "I will be sworn he is; his tongue, his face, his limbs, action, and spirit, plainly show he is a gentleman." And then she

wished Cesario was the duke; and perceiving the fast hold he had taken on her affections, she blamed herself for her sudden love; but the gentle blame which people lay upon their own faults has no deep root; and presently the noble lady Olivia so far forgot the inequality between her fortunes and those of this seeming page, as well as the maidenly reserve which is the chief ornament of a lady's character, that she resolved to court the love of young Cesario, and sent a servant after him with a diamond ring, under the pretence that he had left it with her as a present from Orsino. She hoped by thus artfully making Cesario a present of the ring, she should give him some intimation of her design; and truly it did make Viola suspect; for knowing that Orsino had sent no ring by her, she began to recollect that Olivia's looks and manner were expressive of admiration, and she presently guessed her master's mistress had fallen in love with her. "Alas," said she, "the poor lady might as well love a dream. Disguise I see is wicked, for it has caused Olivia to breathe as fruitless sighs for me, as I do for Orsino."

Viola returned to Orsino's palace, and related to her lord the ill success of her negotiation, repeating the command of Olivia, that the duke should trouble her no more. Yet still the duke persisted in hoping that the gentle Cesario would in time be able to persuade her to show some pity, and therefore he bade him to go to her again the next day. In the mean time, to pass away the tedious interval, he commanded a song which he loved to be sung; and he said, "My good Cesario, when I heard that song last night, methought it did relieve my passion much. Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain. The spinsters and the knitters when they sit in the sun, and the young maids that weave their thread with bone, chant this song. It is silly, yet I love it, for it tells of the innocence of love in the old times."

SONG.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white stuck all with yew,
O prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me oh where
Sad true lover never find my grave
To weep there.

Viola did not fail to mark the words of the old song, which in such true simplicity described the pangs of unrequited love, and she bore testimony in her countenance of feeling what the song expressed. Her sad looks were observed by Orsino, who said to her, "My life upon it, Cesario, though you are so young, your eye has looked upon some face that it loves; has it not, boy?" "A little, with your leave," replied Viola. "And what kind of woman, and of what age is she?" said Orsino. "Of your age, and of your complexion, my lord," said Viola: which made the duke smile to hear this fair young boy loved a woman so much older than himself, and of a man's dark complexion; but Viola secretly meant Orsino, and not a woman like him. [154]

When Viola made her second visit to Olivia, she found no difficulty in gaining access to her. Servants soon discover when their ladies delight to converse with handsome young messengers; and the instant Viola arrived, the gates were thrown wide open, and the duke's page was shown into Olivia's apartment with great respect; and when Viola told Olivia that she was come once more to plead in her lord's behalf, this lady said, "I desired you never to speak of him again; but if you would undertake another suit, I had rather hear you solicit than music from the spheres." This was pretty plain speaking, but Olivia soon explained herself still more plainly, and openly confessed her love: and when she saw displeasure with perplexity expressed in Viola's face, she said, "O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful in the contempt and anger of his lip! Cesario, by the roses of the spring, by maidhood, honor, and by truth, I love you so, that, in spite of your pride, I have neither wit nor reason to conceal my passion." But in vain the lady wooed; Viola hastened from her presence, threatening never more to come to plead Orsino's love: and all the reply she made to Olivia's fond solicitations was a declaration of a resolution, *Never to love any woman*.

No sooner had Viola left the lady than a claim was made upon her valor. A gentleman, a rejected suitor of Olivia, who had learned how that lady had favored the duke's messenger, challenged him to fight a duel. What should poor Viola do, who, though she carried a man-like outside, had a true woman's heart, and feared to look on her own sword?

When she saw her formidable rival advancing toward her with his sword drawn, she began to think of confessing that she was a woman; but she was relieved at once from her terror, and the shame of such a discovery, by a stranger that was passing by, who made up to them, and as if he had been long known to her, and were her dearest friend, said to her opponent, "If this young gentleman has done offense, I will take the fault on me, and if you offend him, I will for his sake

defy you." Before Viola had time to thank him for his protection, or to inquire the reason of his kind interference, her new friend met with an enemy where his bravery was of no use to him; for the officers of justice coming up at that instant, apprehended the stranger in the duke's name to answer for an offence he had committed some years before; and he said to Viola, "This comes with seeking you;" and then he asked her for a purse, saying, "Now my necessity makes me ask for my purse, and it grieves me much more for what I can not do for you, than for what befalls myself. You stand amazed, but be of comfort." His words did indeed amaze Viola, and she protested she knew him not, nor had ever received a purse from him; but for the kindness he had just shown her, she offered him a small sum of money, being nearly all she possessed. And now the stranger spoke severe things, charging her with ingratitude and unkindness. He said, "This youth, whom you see here, I snatched from the jaws of death, and for his sake alone I came to Illyria, and have fallen into this danger." But the officers cared little for hearkening to the complaints of their prisoner, and they hurried him off, saying, "What is that to us?" And as he was carried away, he called Viola by the name of Sebastian, reproaching the supposed Sebastian for disowning his friend, as long as he was within hearing. When Viola heard herself called Sebastian, though the stranger was taken away too hastily for her to ask an explanation, she conjectured that this seeming mystery might arise from her being mistaken for her brother; and she began to cherish hopes that it was her brother whose life this man said he had preserved. And so indeed it was. The stranger, whose name was Antonio, was a sea-captain. He had taken Sebastian up into his ship, when, almost exhausted with fatigue, he was floating on the mast to which he had fastened himself in the storm. Antonio conceived such a friendship for Sebastian, that he resolved to accompany him whithersoever he went; and when the youth expressed a curiosity to visit Orsino's court, Antonio, rather than part from him, came to Illyria, though he knew if his person should be known there, his life would be in danger, because in a sea-fight he had once dangerously wounded the Duke Orsino's nephew. This was the offence for which he was now made a prisoner.

Antonio and Sebastian had landed together but a few hours before Antonio met Viola. He had given his purse to Sebastian, desiring him to use it freely if he saw anything he wished to purchase, telling him he would wait at the inn, while Sebastian went to view the town: but Sebastian not returning at the time appointed, Antonio had ventured out to look for him; and Viola being dressed the same, and in face so exactly resembling her brother, Antonio drew his sword (as he thought) in defence of the youth he had saved; and when Sebastian (as he supposed) disowned him, and denied him his own purse, no wonder he accused him of ingratitude.

Viola, when Antonio was gone, fearing a second invitation to fight, slunk home as fast as she could. She had not been long gone when her adversary thought he saw her return; but it was her brother Sebastian who happened to arrive at this place, and he said, "Now, sir, I have met with you again? There's for you;" and struck him a blow. Sebastian was no coward; he returned the blow with interest, and drew his sword.

A lady now put a stop to this duel, for Olivia came out of the house, and she too mistaking Sebastian for Cesario, invited him to come into her house, expressing much sorrow at the rude attack he had met with. Though Sebastian was as much surprised at the courtesy of this lady as at the rudeness of his unknown foe, yet he went very willingly into the house, and Olivia was delighted to find Cesario (as she thought him) become more sensible of her attentions; for though their features were exactly the same, there was none of the contempt and anger to be seen in his face, which she had complained of when she told her love to Cesario.

Sebastian did not at all object to the fondness the lady lavished on him. He seemed to take it in very good part, yet he wondered how it had come to pass, and he was rather inclined to think Olivia was not in her right senses; but perceiving she was mistress of a fine house, and that she ordered her affairs and seemed to govern her family discreetly, and that in all but her sudden love for him she appeared in the full possession of her reason, he well approved of the courtship; and Olivia finding Cesario in this good humor, and fearing he might change his mind, proposed that, as she had a priest in the house, they should be instantly married. Sebastian assented to this proposal; and when the marriage ceremony was over, he left his lady for a short time, intending to go and tell his friend Antonio the good fortune that he had met with. In the meantime Orsino came to visit Olivia; and at the moment he arrived before Olivia's house, the officers of justice brought their prisoner, Antonio, before the duke. Viola was with Orsino, her master, and when Antonio saw Viola, whom he still imagined to be Sebastian, he told the duke in what manner he had rescued the youth from the perils of the sea; and after fully relating all the kindness he had really shown to Sebastian, he ended his complaint with saying, that for three months, both day and night, this ungrateful youth had been with him. But now the lady Olivia coming forth from her house, the duke could no longer attend to Antonio's story; and he said, "Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth! but for thee, fellow, thy words are madness. Three months has this youth attended on me;" and then he ordered Antonio to be taken aside. But Orsino's heavenly countess soon gave the duke cause to accuse Cesario as much of ingratitude as Antonio had done, for all the words he could hear Olivia speak were words of kindness to Cesario; and when he found his page had obtained this high place in Olivia's favor, he threatened him with all the terrors of his just revenge: and as he was going to depart, he called Viola to follow him, saying, "Come boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe for mischief." Though it seemed in his jealous rage he was going to doom Viola to instant death, yet her love made her no longer a coward, and she said she would most joyfully suffer death to give her master ease. But Olivia would not so lose her husband, and she cried, "Where goes my Cesario?" Viola replied, "After him I love more than my life." Olivia, however, prevented their departure by loudly

proclaiming that Cesario was her husband, and sent for the priest, who declared that not two hours had passed since he had married the lady Olivia to this young man. In vain Viola protested she was not married to Olivia; the evidence of that lady and the priest made Orsino believe that his page had robbed him of the treasure he prized above his life. But thinking that it was past recall, he was bidding farewell to his faithless mistress, and the *young dissembler*, her husband, as he called Viola, warning her never to come in his sight again, when (as it seemed to them) a miracle appeared! for another Cesario entered, and addressed Olivia as his wife. This new Cesario was Sebastian, the real husband of Olivia: and when their wonder had a little ceased at seeing two persons with the same face, the same voice, and the same habit, the brother and sister began to question each other, for Viola could scarce be persuaded that her brother was living, and Sebastian knew not how to account for the sister he supposed drowned, being found in the habit of a young man. But Viola presently acknowledged that she was indeed Viola, and his sister under that disguise.

When all the errors were cleared up which the extreme likeness between this twin brother and sister had occasioned, they laughed at the lady Olivia for the pleasant mistake she had made in falling in love with a woman; and Olivia showed no dislike whatever to her exchange, when she found she had wedded the brother instead of the sister.

The hopes of Orsino were forever at an end by this marriage of Olivia, and with his hopes, all his fruitless love seemed to vanish away, and all his thoughts were fixed on the event of his favorite, young Cesario, being changed into a fair lady. He viewed Viola with great attention, and he remembered how very handsome he had always thought Cesario was, and he concluded she would look very beautiful in a woman's attire; and then he remembered how often she had said *she loved him*, which at the time seemed only the dutiful expressions of a faithful page, but now he guessed that something more was meant, for many of her pretty sayings which were like riddles to him, came now into his mind, and he no sooner remembered all these things than he resolved to make Viola his wife; and he said to her (he still could not help calling her *Cesario* and *boy*), "Boy, you have said to me a thousand times that you should never love a woman like to me, and for the faithful service you have done for me so much beneath your soft and tender breeding, and since you have called me master so long, you shall now be your master's mistress, and Orsino's true duchess."

Olivia, perceiving Orsino was making over that heart, which she had so ungraciously rejected, to Viola, invited them to enter her house, and offered the assistance of the good priest, who had married her to Sebastian in the morning, to perform the same ceremony in the remaining part of the day for Orsino and Viola. Thus the twin brother and sister were both wedded on the same day: the storm and shipwreck, which had separated them, being the means of bringing to pass their high and mighty fortunes. Viola was the wife of Orsino the Duke of Illyria, and Sebastian the husband of the rich and noble countess, the Lady Olivia.



QUAINT OLD GARDEN OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

CLARA THWAITES.

Quaint old garden of our childhood,
Where we played from chime to chime,
Haunted by the mournful music
Of the belfry's broken rhyme!

Hither came the swell of anthems,
Floating through our leafy glades,
Here the "Amen" from the cloisters
Died among our mulberry shades.

Hither came the joy of bridals,
Clash and laughter of the bells;
Hither came the muffled sorrow,
And the sob, of last farewells.

Sombre chestnuts held their torches
White, in deep funereal gloom,
O'er the sunken, mould'ring headstones,
O'er the latest daisied tomb.

Solemn curfew of our childhood,
Closing each day with a sigh,
Ringing through our peaceful slumbers
Like a tender lullaby!

Daisied meadows of our childhood,
Once a battle-field of pain!
Ah, we never dreamed of dolor
As we weaved our daisy-chain!

Shining river of our childhood,
As I watched thee ripple by,
Still I deemed thy joy and glitter
Sweetest of life's prophecy.

See, it widens to the ocean!
See, the river overflows!
Shining river of my childhood,
Life is fullest at its close!



"To find fault, some one may say, is easy, and in every man's power; but to point out the proper course to be pursued in the present circumstances, that is the proof of a wise counselor."—*Demosthenes*.



THE W. C. T. U. BORN AT CHAUTAUQUA.

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The origin of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was prepared, and read by Mrs. W. A. Ingham, of Cleveland, Ohio, before the national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held last month at Louisville, Ky.

The handful of corn upon the tops of the mountains grew apace after its wonderful planting in Ohio during the winter and spring of 1873-4.

The fruit thereof shook like Lebanon throughout the Middle and Western States, and in August of that year, many of the seed-sowers had gathered upon the shore of Lake Chautauqua for a fortnight in the woods.

In the primitive fashion we dwelt in tents, or sat in the open air about the watchfires kindled at the first National Sunday School Assembly.

Women who had drawn near to God in saloon prayer meetings felt their hearts aflame again as they recounted the wonders of the great uprising.

It was at Chautauqua, the birth-place of grand ideas, that our Union originated.

It is time the story of its beginnings was written, and there is no more fitting place for its rehearsal than in this goodly presence—the city of Louisville, where South and North meet beneath the palm to rejoice over its achievements and consecrate anew its altars.

One bright day a very few ladies were in conversation upon the subject that filled their hearts, inspiring the thought that the temperance cause needed the united effort of all the women of the country.

The suggestion came from Mrs. Mattie McClellan Brown, of Alliance, Ohio. Mrs. G. W. Manly,

leader of the praying band of Akron, accepted the idea, and it was said: "Why not take steps here toward its formation?"

Upon further consultation it was decided to call a meeting, notice of which was read from the platform of the Auditorium by Rev. Dr. Vincent.

Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, of Illinois, a guest of the Assembly, maintained that so important a movement should be controlled by women engaged in active Christian work.

In order to arrange the preliminaries of the announced meeting, Mrs. Willing invited Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Manly, Miss Emma Janes, of Oakland, California, and Mrs. Ingham, of Cleveland, to meet her in a new board shanty on Asbury Avenue.

The Woman's National Christian Temperance Union was born, not in a manger, but on a floor of straw in an apartment into which daylight shone through holes and crevices.

In a half hour's space every detail was prepared, including a proposed formation of a Committee of Organization, to take place that very afternoon succeeding the regular three o'clock session of the Assembly.

At the temperance prayer-meeting at 4 o'clock, p. m., under the canvas Tabernacle, were, perhaps, fifty earnest Christian women; of them were several from Ohio, Mrs. H. H. Otis, of Buffalo, Mrs. Niles, of Hornellsville, and Mrs. W. E. Knox, of Elmira, N. Y.

Mrs. Willing was leader of the prayer service, and acted as presiding officer of the business session, convened afterward. At this conference women were chosen to represent various States; an adjournment being had to the following day.

At the hour appointed, August 15, 1874, a large audience had gathered, Mrs. Jennie F. Willing in the chair, and Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller secretary.

As results of the deliberation, the committee of organization was formed, and the chairman and secretary of the Chautauqua meeting were authorized to issue a circular letter, asking the woman's temperance leagues of the North to hold conventions for the purpose of electing one woman from each Congressional district as delegate to an organizing convention, to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, November 18, 19 and 20, 1874.

The call duly appeared, to which the following names were appended, preceded by those of the chairman and secretary: Mrs. Dr. Gause, Philadelphia; Mrs. E. J. Knowles, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. M. M. Brown, Alliance, O.; Mrs. W. D. Barnett, Hiawatha, Kas.; Miss Aurette Hoyt, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Ingham Stanton, LeRoy, N. Y.; Mrs. Frances Crook, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Emma Janes, Oakland, Cal.

The writer of this paper was nominated from Ohio, but withdrew her own name, substituting that of Mrs. Brown, who was known to have made the original suggestion.

The convention assembled November 18. Mrs. Willing was chosen president. Sixteen States were represented by grand women. Lovely crusaders of the city secured entertainment for three hundred persons; one of them, Sarah Knowles Bolton, looked after the baggage of delegates and visitors. The Second Presbyterian Church, Superior street, held the gathering. An address of welcome was delivered by Mrs. L. D. McCabe, of Delaware, O., President of the Ohio State Union, which had been organized at Springfield, September 27, 1874.

The daily press pronounced the executive ability of the women to be of high order, all unused as we were to deliberative assemblies. Universal comment was excited by the remarkably thorough and able administration of the presiding officer through three difficult days. The following ladies were chosen to serve during the year:

President—Mrs. Annie F. Wittenmeyer, of Pennsylvania.

Vice-Presidents—One from each State represented.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Mary C. Johnson, New York.

Corresponding Secretary—Frances E. Willard, of Illinois.

Treasurer—Mrs. W. A. Ingham, of Ohio.

As a reward of merit our four faces appeared not long after, engraved on wood, in the *Morning*, an enterprising herald of reform.

Vicissitudes have occurred during the eight years passed, but all tend, in our onward march to the fore-front of battle, to bring nearer that which overcoming faith and labor are sure to win—victory!

An agency thereto which should here be recognized is the election, in 1879, at Indianapolis, of Frances E. Willard as President of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union. She leads to glorious struggle the hosts of Miriam and of Deborah in a new crusade for God and home and native land.

Our present officers are capable and faithful. Our borders are extended until now forty-four States and Territories are each represented by a Vice-President. We have within this area three thousand auxiliaries. The work is divided into thirty-three departments superintended by

practical women.

The novices in parliamentary usage of the Cleveland Convention are now experienced and intelligent leaders in the grand reform.

Independent, organizations, with large membership, have multiplied on both sides of the ocean until a score are in active operation as the outgrowth of the great awakening.

More than all, better than all, the "Rock of Ages" women are proving themselves worthy of the title, and are praying to-day even more earnestly than when with sublime faith they went out into the streets and saloons of Ohio, believing that ere long our Lord will say to us, "O, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."



GOD'S IDEAL OF A MAN. [E]

[157]

By Rev. B. M. ADAMS.

Before I announce the text I desire to clear the road for it a little. We are never reasoned out of that we are never reasoned into. A prejudice is an unreasoning thing, and oftentimes even the Scripture, holy as it is and much as we reverence it, excites prejudice. We say, "Well, I don't know whether that can be or not." The truth is, we read our Bibles small, when we ought to read them large. I ask you this morning to disabuse your minds of all prejudice against my subject, and wait until I am through. Do not wait until I am through, but if God sends a word to you, be hospitable to it, open to it your heart. If it is true, accept it; if it is not true, reject it.

The text that I shall read is in Genesis, seventeenth chapter and first verse: "And when Abram was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared to Abram, and said unto him, I am the Almighty God, walk before me, and be thou perfect."

The word perfect is the one that excites prejudice. Now, open the door, and if there is anything in it that is good and for your peace, take it. I most devoutly pray that God will help me to present this passage so it will do you and me good.

"And when Abram was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared to Abram, and said unto him, I am the Almighty God, walk before me, and be thou perfect." It is followed by several other passages, referring to the covenant which God would make with him. You know something of the history of Abram, how God spoke to him in Ur of the Chaldees and called him out to go into a land that he knew not of. It appears that he listened to the call, and started with his family for his destination, "not knowing whither he went." The Lord directed him. But he hesitated, so Stephen says, on the borders of the Land of Canaan, in which were located the Canaanites, the Perizites, the Hivites, and the Jebusites, who were hostile, cruel, rapacious tribes. For some reason, not unlikely Abram's love for his father, he tarried on the border of the land, and did not go over into it immediately. He hesitated, as hundreds and thousands of God's people have hesitated on the brink of some great cross, or some great necessity. Abram was my brother, and yours.

He hesitated until his father Terah died, and then went over into the Land of Promise. After going up and down the land for some time, until two-thirds of his life was gone, this appearance came to him. I do not know how God appeared. If that poor slave-woman says the Lord spoke to her, and her hoe-handle shone with his glory, and she heard a voice, "Thy sins are forgiven," I can not dispute it. God can speak to every heart, and he has his way of doing it. God appeared to Abram, God spoke to him. This is the record, "God appeared to Abram, and said unto him, I am the Almighty God, walk before me, and be thou perfect."

This word "perfect" charmed Abram. He opened his heart unto it like a rose to the sun. It is a singular thing that this word perfect excites prejudice in Christian people concerning its attainment. Yet it is the word. It has been impressed upon me for one reason, perhaps, because it is in the line of the Chautauqua idea. There are three thoughts at Chautauqua, aspiration, inspiration, attainment. In other words, seeking perfection, looking after it, striving for it. The artist sets before his mind perfection, the mechanic seeks perfection, the statesman and the social economist seek perfection, the housekeeper seeks perfection, the farmer seeks perfection, all classes and kinds of people are seeking this one thing. Why should it be ruled out in religion? Can you answer? It is impossible that there should be such a thing as perfection of the artist or mechanic, for God is the only perfect artist and mechanic, but it is not impossible for men to please God; it is not impossible for them to be so perfect as to please him.

Look at the limitation of the text. It does not say, "walk before your fellow-men and be perfect." I will defy you to do that. The Lord Jesus Christ could not walk perfect enough to please men, and they hung him between two thieves. You may not be able to please your husband, or your wife, or your employer, in all things. No one Christian ever walked so straight as to give perfect satisfaction all around. They that will walk and live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. Our dear brother said this morning, "When you please everybody, look out, there is something wrong."

The man that is at the bottom does not please the man at the top. He who is at the bottom of the ladder does not know how it looks at the top, but the man at the top understands the bottom,

because he has been there. You have seen the boys chase a wagon, and one only is swift enough to get on, and the others, filled with envy, cry, "cut behind." That is human nature. The unsuccessful throw stones at the successful; the people who are up are envied by those who are down. Mark the limitation of the text, not walk before your fellow-men, or even before yourselves to give satisfaction. I thank God for this part of the passage, "Walk before me and be thou perfect."

God is not hard to please. God is not so hard to please as men; it is easier to please God than to please men. The most unselfish things you do sometimes are the things that are most misunderstood. But when God sees you with a serious intent to please him, he is pleased with it. Let me illustrate this: God calls that perfection which is our best, doing the best we know how, and trusting simply in him, is what God in this text calls perfection. I will venture in the presence of a great deal of scholarship present here this morning, to say that the word perfection means vital conviction. The margin puts it "sincere," "sincerity." The true thought is, being true to your best thought, and that pleases God.

There are a great many things, of course, that are impossible to us. We can not have absolutely perfect actions, because there is no such thing as a perfect judgment, there is no such thing as a perfect intellect, we do not see clearly. God knows all about that; he understands it. See in the 103d Psalm the wonderfully comforting words he says: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust."

Take a teacher: he has a boy that wants to learn to write. He sets him a copy of straight marks, and the little fellow is bound to do his best. Watch him as he goes through his contortions. The teacher tells him how to hold his pen, but he never holds it right; it is covered with ink; he sets his mouth and takes aim at his copy. He works slowly down the page, and there is a blot here and a blur there, and a great many crooked marks upon it, but the teacher knows he has done his best, and he says "well done." The next time he does a little better. Finally, after a week upon straight marks, (there are none of them really straight or true) he brings in the book, and the teacher says it is perfect. It is far from perfect, but it is the best that little fellow can do.

I remember sitting in a house once when the mother said to the boys, (three of them were there), "It is time to bring in the wood." The oldest was about sixteen, the next about twelve, and the youngest boy was five. They all went out. The big boy, perhaps to show off before the new minister, came in with an enormous load, piled it up, and turned around to me with pride in his face. The mother looked on with approval. The second came in with only half as large an armful, and the mother looked approvingly at him. The last one came in with but two sticks, and they were so crossed that he had great difficulty in holding them, and finally they slipped through his arms, and the little fellow fell down with them. His mother ran to him and kissed him, and said, "You have done better than they all."

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I thought is not that about the way our Heavenly Father does, when he sees us trying to be right and perfect, trying to keep step with the picket line of our best right, when he says, "Walk before me?" Faber says, "There is no place where earthly sorrows are so felt as up in heaven; there is no place where earthly failings have such kindly judgment given, for the love of God is broader than the measures of man's mind, and the heart of the eternal is most wonderfully kind." God is not severe, he is an easy master, a blessed keeper. "Walk before me," said he to Abram, "and be thou perfect; be true to your best convictions."

May I ask you to follow me a moment or two, to see how eminently common sensed these demands God makes upon us are, and how widely they are endorsed by our own internal consciousness?

There are two relations that we hold: one Godward, and the other manward. In our relation to God what does he ask of us? What does the sum total come to? God asks, first, a perfect consecration; second, a perfect faith, and third, a perfect love. This idea of perfect consecration is in the realm of human possibilities. Let me look at it. Does anybody doubt that a man may be perfectly consecrated to his business? Don't we know men that are lost, that are really dying, wrecking body, soul, and spirit, all that they have, in business; business in the morning, noon, and night, so driven with business that they are not acquainted with their own children? When I was pastor in an inland city, I knew a great big boy of eighteen, who went to his mother one day, and whined out, "I wish you would ask father to get me a new coat." "But why don't you ask him yourself?" said she. "I am not acquainted with him." That father had been so driven with business that his son was not acquainted enough with him to ask him to get him a new coat. Is not that true? Don't we know men, in merchandise, in all the walks of life, that are thoroughly consecrated to business? Don't you know some women that are so absolutely consecrated to the idea of keeping their house in order, that they do not care for their souls? In calling off their minds from this everlasting housekeeping, this C. L. S. C. is a blessing to some women. Don't you know women, and some men, who are entirely consecrated to fashion, and run after it at the expense of body, soul, and spirit? Does anybody doubt the possibility of people being consecrated to an idea? Take the inventor, Goodyear. He lived in the city of New Haven, where I am acquainted. It is said that this idea of hard rubber took such possession of him that it took all he had. One day, when his money and credit were all gone, he took his axe and split up the bedstead, his bureau, and the chairs for his fire, and did not succeed after all, until sometime after that. If a man is capable of this kind of consecration in a merely worldly aspect, I ask, is it not possible for him to be entirely consecrated to God?

Take the second thought, a perfect faith. There is not a woman, if she is the woman she ought to be, that is married, who has not had a perfect faith in some man, or she would not have been married. That woman has had perfect faith in that man, and that man has had perfect faith in that woman. We show it in the use of money. We do not discover any want of faith, except now and then we find a counterfeit. We pay a debt with our money with perfect faith. We get on the railroad and check our baggage; wise people do, although once in a while people take all their luggage in the cars, a handbox, bundles, and satchels with them, and it is a great deal of trouble to them. So people try to get to heaven. Why not check the baggage? We find it at Chautauqua, or Lakewood, or New York.

You say, "I don't know about faith." But you have faith in some men, and some men would trust you forever. There are some men I would trust to the end of time. So it is with friendship; you have perfect faith in men. Children have perfect faith in their fathers until they are deceived. When I used to look up to my father, I believed that he could do anything. When I went to him with my griefs, I knew, I trusted they would be right; I believed in him with all my heart. I say if men are capable of perfect faith in each other in the domestic and social relations, they are capable of perfect faith in God. I say these things are written down in common sense and in the constitution of humanity.

Third, perfect love. Suppose I go into yonder house, and I see a lady with a sweet baby in her arms, a year old it may be, just coming to the cunning stage. I see that woman kiss that child. I say, "Mother, you think a good deal of that baby." "Yes," she says, "I love her with all my heart." Suppose I say, "I doubt it, madam, I don't believe you do." She would turn to me with supreme contempt, and say, "There is the orifice left by the carpenter in the side of the room for such as you." I am dismissed. It is a slander upon her. I see her at night, when that babe is sick. I see her on her knees praying, with tears running down her cheeks, "God, spare my babe!" Day after day, night after night, she does not sleep. You say it is not a perfect love. I say it is a perfect love, as perfect a love as she can have for the child.

Do you say men can not have a perfect love for a profession, so that they can take all and risk all, that they have so poor an ideal that they can not face the responsibility? Do you say there is no such a thing as perfect patriotism, perfect love for one's country? I believe there is no greater thing than this on earth, that a man lay down his life for his friends. A few years ago, how many men laid down their lives for their country. We know there is such a thing as a perfect love. When that man to-day stands by the side of that woman and gives her himself, and she gives him herself, it is a slander to say that he and she do not love each other perfectly. You may say it is imperfect, to be sure; it is limited by human weakness (we are all earthly and of the earth), but, as far as human ability goes, it is perfect. Can not we have a perfect love toward God? We are capable of it on the human plane; we are capable of it on the divine plane. I think you have laid aside prejudice against my doctrine, and I speak with frankness, I think that God demands a perfect consecration, a perfect faith, and a perfect love, and we are capable of each.

Let us examine the manward relation. It may be stated thus: I think it embraces three things. First, perfect truth; second, perfect honesty; third, perfect consecration. The thing we can not abide is a lie. When a man tells a lie, he is like a horse that slips his halter once, you buckle it up two or three holes tighter next time, so he shall not slip it again. If he tells a barefaced lie once, you fail to trust him again; he loses your respect. God desires truth in the inward parts, God asks that we shall be true to him, that when we know what is right, we shall try to do according to our best ability.

The second thing we require is honesty in dealing and words. Let me tell you, friends, the thing the world does not forget, is the sin of not paying your debts. I do not care, though your profession may be like a great four-story brownstone front house, and you may have a cupola on the top, if you do not pay one hundred cents on a dollar, your profession is not worth the paper on which it is written. You may be a fornicator, or an adulterer, if you pay one hundred cents on a dollar, the world will give you a free pass. One of the crying sins that the world does not forget, is that some Christians do not pay their debts. A preacher may preach like an angel, and if anybody says, "He owes me so and so, and I can't get my money," his sermons do not amount to a great deal. Perfect honesty, this is one of the things that the Christian Church needs to look at. I remember a farmer in Dutchess County, when I was pastor there, who had a fashion of throwing an extra bag of oats on every load of oats sold, especially when sinners came. A wild young sinner said to him one day, "What do you do that for?" "Well," said he, "I may have made a mistake in measuring up those oats, and as I am going to a country that I shall never return from, and I shall meet you at the Judgment Day, where I am afraid you will be on the left side, I want things to be perfectly square with you and your kind."

We demand this of our fellow-men, and God demands it of us toward our fellow-men. Look at this man Abram. The Lord had given him the land, but he took pains particularly to buy a burying place, and have the money carefully weighed. When he had a battle with the confederated kings and brought Lot and his family back again, and the king of Sodom wanted to give him all the spoil, he stood up in all his manly integrity and refused to take it. Walking alone with God, he could do without it. I tell you the man who walks in this ideal, walking before God in his perfect truth and honesty, need not fear the forces of the world; he need not fear to be burned at the stake; he can afford to have his name pitched out of the world as an enthusiast; he can afford to be despised.

The third thing is perfect magnanimity, which is nothing more or less than true

gentlemanliness. I love to read the Bible because it introduces me to so many gentlemen. As a celebrated infidel writer says about Christ, "he was the first gentleman of the age." What is it? It is a gentlemanliness, a true magnanimity to our fellow-men, making arrangements for the good of other people rather than ourselves, living not for ourselves but for those about us, being polite and careful in all the arrangements of our lives, loving our neighbors as ourselves.

See that man sitting in the cars, who has paid for but one seat. He occupies one seat with his feet and the other two with his baggage. People come in and say, "Is this seat taken?" He says, "Yes." I heard a man ask one of these fellows not a long time ago, "Is this seat taken?" "Yes." "Whom is it taken by?" "A person." "Who is the person? Have you paid for more than one seat?" I was glad to see the man have to take up his baggage. Did you ever see a man carve a beefsteak who cuts off the tough pieces for his wife and children and keeps the tenderloin for himself? A gentleman will see that all the rest are taken care of, and he generally comes out about as good as the rest; he may lose sometimes, but he wins in many things. Emerson says a man can not afford to lose his self-respect. I often think what even some Christian men must think when they look into the looking-glass and contemplate themselves; if they would have any recollection of themselves and their meanness they would not consult the looking-glass.

With these two points—first of all, godward, a perfect consecration, a perfect faith, a perfect love, which we must admit, in our inner consciousness, is possible to us; in our manward relation, perfect truth, perfect honesty, perfect magnanimity. I believe this covers the ideal. We can understand the meaning when God says to every man, "Walk before me, and be thou perfect." But some one says: "Mr. Adams, you don't make any allowance for the weakness of human nature." I do. Weak human nature! It is God that recognizes it in us, and it is God that requires these things as belonging to it, belonging to weak human nature. "But you don't know about our surroundings," you say. I may not; yet even in your surroundings you admit that this is an ideal that is in the reach of every one. "But you don't make any theological distinctions." I often think of what Dr. Hitchcock said before the Union Theological Seminary: "Young gentlemen, study theology, yes, study theology, but preach the Gospel." I study theology, but I try to preach the Gospel, theology or no theology. You say: "This will not stand the straight-edged, extreme sanctification view." I don't care about the extreme sanctification view. There are two kinds of spurious sanctification, one so high that no one can get to it, and the other so low nobody wants it. This kind of the text is in reach of every one and what every one ought to want.

I propose to show how you may all reach it. (May the Lord help me!) I think I find it in one single expression in this text, "Walk before me, and be thou perfect. I am the Almighty God." That is, "I am the Almighty God, to help you walk before me." If you please God, you can take the risk about the rest. Do you say, "I am weak." God answers it with his omnipotence. Do you say, "I am poor." God answers it with his riches. Do you say, "I am without any useful gift, or I have peculiar surroundings." God answers it with that one expression, "I am the Almighty God, walk before me, and be thou perfect."

You remember that interview that God had with Moses when he was about to send him into Egypt. How often God says, "I am the Almighty God. I am the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." What did he say that to him for? That he might encourage him to believe in him; trust him, and encourage him to go out under his might. I believe "I am the Almighty God" answered every excuse of Moses. If we put this matter in the hands of God, with perfect consecration, faith, and love toward God, and perfect truth, honesty, and magnanimity to our fellow-men, it will become easy to us, it will become the joy of our lives, and God will put us down in his blessed book as among his perfect ones.

Mark what God calls perfect is so different from what men require. We hear some persons say, "Well, C. is about perfect." You go out and tell that thing to somebody that knows her, and does not like her very much. If I should believe the things I hear said about some men, they should be put in jail. But you can not find out that way: look up to God! Knowing how imperfect we are, and how poor we are, in all these relations of our hearts and lives, God has put it down, "I am the Almighty God. I am able to make you what you want to be." That is what he said to Abram. Look at him. You recollect at one time in his life, under great pressure, he told a lie. And yet Abram filled the ideal, but it was in spite of that. Noah was perfect, but he got drunk. Job was perfect, and upright, and eschewed evil. If anyone will read over carefully the Book of Job, (and I recommend you to read it), he will find a perfect answer for all the skepticism of this present age. Job went so far as to curse the day in which he was born, and the day when it was said a man-child is born, and yet he was a man that was perfect in his generation, and that pleased God. He came out of that immature condition of ignorance of God.

Mark another thing. You remember in this Book of Job, with all the hard things that Job said, you can not find a place where God rebuked him. All he said was, "Stand up, Job, and let me talk to you. You can not understand my providence and government. You must trust me, Job." So he does with hundreds and thousands. There was David who wrote the prayers and poetry of the ages. What a man he was! Yet he succeeded in pleasing God, not by his sins, but he pleased God. The truth is, the Bible is a record of bankrupt cases of men who were full of the wreck and ruin of sin, and yet grew up into this perfect stature of men in Christ Jesus our Lord. What an encouragement it is for everybody to seek to be perfect before God.

Let me hasten to the conclusion. The first reason why we should be perfect before God is this, that God has agreed to help us, "I am the Almighty God." He will stand by in every serious and sincere attempt to be his. If you seek to keep step with your convictions, if you seek to be true to

your best light, remember that God is with you to help you all he can. I know about the weight of evil; I know that when we strike out for the shore, there is some dreadful undertow that seems to draw us back. I know the earthly is weak and we seem to be drawn down. But I answer the whole of it by this great truth in this text, "I am the Almighty God." God helps, God will strengthen us.

There is a little thing that occurred in my boyhood, that has been a great comfort to me many times in the hard work I have been called to do. When I was about fourteen years old, and my brother about twelve, my father took us out fishing on Long Island Sound. We had a poor flat-boat called a scow. We were ambitious, like all little boys, and when we turned in to go to the shore, about four miles, I was entrusted with a pair of long oars, and my brother with a shorter pair. We saw near us a boat with two boys in it about our own age, with their father, an admirably built boat, clean in her lines as a yacht. They were looking at our boat, and the man said to my father, in a sneering tone, "You have got a pretty strong crew in there, but I guess we will beat you to town."

My father said nothing, but he straightened up and looked at his boys. How we pulled! They beat us a good deal of the way; it was their boat; I knew the boys were not any better than we, for I had thrashed the biggest one several times. We pulled away, and they were yet three or four rods ahead, when my father reached out his great hands and put them on mine, I seem to feel them to-day, and as I pulled he pushed. We beat. Many a time I have thought of it when I have been trying my best, my father pushes while I pull. "I am the Almighty God." That is enough for me. All it means is within my reach; all the possibility it promises is within my grasp; all hope, all blessedness, all might, all victory through my Father in Heaven. "I am the Almighty God. Walk before me, and be thou perfect."

The second thought is, the glorious independence of such a life as this. The man who walks before God, who is his with devout trust, has this as the center and circumference of his idea: "I will, I must, I shall please God, and he will help me to follow him." He understands all. A man walks through this world with his conversation in heaven. No room for selfishness, what shall become of me? Suppose that we could interview those five smooth stones that David took out of the scrip against Goliath, that we could endow them with intelligence; every one was willing to be slung against Goliath. I don't suppose they would have whined and said, "I wonder why he picked out such a crooked stone as that. There is something wrong about that." But with this idea of walking before God those four stones that lay in the scrip were as happy as they lay there as the one that went whizzing against the giant. Whether we run, or wait, or stand, or go into the fight it is all one. Milton says "they also serve who only stand and wait." The perfect independence of this life is worth all it costs. Suppose in order to do it we must have the selfish feeling in us, like a cancer, cut out. As Mrs. Browning says, "He who tears his heart in twain, and casts away the baser part, is richer for his loss." Painful as it may be, before this wonderful and attractive idea, it is cheap.

You remember that the River Nile runs one thousand two hundred miles through a desert land without a single affluent. How do you account for it? How does that great river pour its flood through Egypt, and keep alive for one thousand two hundred miles without a single stream to feed it? It is fed away back there in Africa, by those giant lakes, and kept ever full and rich. So it is with the soul that walks with God. Its sources are in God. He draws his sustenance, not from this poor world, but far upon the hillside toward God. As the rivers of Europe, that keep it alive, are kept alive themselves by the tall mountain peaks in Switzerland, so a soul that walks with God, that pleases God, is made a wonderful and everlasting benediction to all around him, while he lives independent of all. I do not say that people who are seeking this sort of thing do not feel or have a need of human sympathy. O, no, they have a great deal of it. I do not say that this ideal is so often found, but I believe it is possible. I believe I have made a testimony for you this morning. I want you to think and remember, if you want to walk before God, he will help you.

Somebody says, "How about the profession of this thing?" The Bible don't say anything about it. That is a matter for your individual judgment. Your wife will find out about it if you find it. When I hear a man say hallelujah very loud, I want to know always how much he pays toward the Gospel. When I hear a man say he is very happy, or holy, I want to know how he lives at home, how he carves the beefsteak. Abram did not hang out any sign, but he became so powerful that the kings all around wanted to make an alliance with him. If you are keeping step with the best ideal, it will show in the carefulness and kindness of your replies, in the grasp of your hand, in the intelligence and sweetness of your face. O, my friends, may I entreat you to set this before your eyes? I believe it is the ideal of God for man. "Walk before me, and be thou perfect." He will help you as my father helped me to pull the boat. He will help you as every good, kind and gentle mother helps her child. He will help you every time. It will not be a flash and then over. He will make you happy, joyful and independent by day and night. Never mind the circumstances, you will be wrapped in arms so soft and hovered in a love so deep, it will not leave a desire in your souls unsatisfied; there will be such choral harmonies within, that the babel tongues of this world will not overpower them.

Some one may say, "But, Mr. Adams, how?" I say in a word, go to God and ask him, get yourselves humble; be truly penitent; be honest and sincere. Lay your hand in the hand of the Lord. You need not hypothesize any experience. You can not tell whether you are going to live long or not, but you can live with your hand in his.

If a sinner has heard me this day, he knows that this life is the life he wants. I spoke to a sinner the other day, "John, why don't you give your heart to God?" "Oh," said he, "I am sick of you

Christians." Said I, "Don't you think there are Christians in the world?" "Well, that is a hard question." "But, don't you think there are Christians?" "Well," said he, "I am not going back on my old mother." "Didn't you promise her to be a Christian?" "Yes, I believe I did." "Why don't you do it?" "Why there are so and so that owe me. I don't want any of their Christianity, but I believe your kind of Christianity is true." I believe John will give his heart to God. That is the kind that everybody wants. Nobody wants these poor, barren, lean kind, but we want this royal kind, that which fits and satisfies the feeling of our hearts.

I must close with one remark. It is a great and intense age; it is such an age as has never come to the world before. Some of the preceding ages have surpassed this in some respects, it is true, but men have never achieved as they are doing to-day. This great age demands a great piety; it demands deep, wide-spread spirituality. Let me tell you it again; a great age demands great Christians, Christians like Abram, Christians like Paul, Christians like John. Who will set themselves apart to do battle of the royal sort? To keep step with the spirit of the age? It is an age of culture. Education is the cry. There is such a thing, however, as using up your heart by giving too much education to your head. If you guard your heart with this ideal it will be all right. Oh friends, have your hearts filled with God! Follow this great idea to be perfect before God, that you may stand in the advance of the age, and may even run ahead of it. I say that an age like this, an age of lightning, steam, force, and advance in every department of human knowledge, demands that the men and women of the Christian Church should rise to the loftiest ideal of the Christian life. All the sublime achievements of Christian faith lie in the line of fidelity to your advanced convictions. It is the inspiration of souls, it makes the greatness of life. It is that which has made all the grand Christians in the world. It is that which will make Chautauqua grow from year to year in spiritual development, and surround it with a great light, as an aureola, and place it at the head of this great age.

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Men and women of Chautauqua, let an unworthy servant of the Master, my Master the Lord Jesus Christ, whose I am and whom I serve, get down at your feet and beseech you to meet the greatness of this ideal. It is not enough to be a ship, it must be launched. It is not enough to have all these great qualities that God may give to you, you need to be consecrated. Hear the word of God to Abram amidst the din and clatter and roar of this age, hear him say, high out of the clear heavens, "I am the Almighty God, walk before me, and be thou perfect." And that this may be your and my happy lot, is my earnest prayer.

MY OWN GIRL.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Fifteen shillings—no more, sir—
The wages I weekly touch.
For labor steady and sore, sir,
It isn't a deal too much;
Your money has wings in the city,
And vanishes left and right,
But I hand a crown to Kitty
As sure as Saturday night.
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

I must be honest and simple,
I must be manly and true,
Or how could I pinch her dimple,
Or gaze in her frank eyes' blue?
I feel, not anger, but pity,
When workmates go to the bad;
I say, "They've never a Kitty—
They'd all keep square if they had."
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

One day she will stand at the altar,
Modest, and white, and still,
And forth from her lips will falter
The beautiful, low, "I will."
Our home shall be bright and pretty
As ever a poor man's may,
And my soft little dove, my Kitty,
Shall nest in my heart for aye.
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

C. L. S. C. WORK.

By J. H. VINCENT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION, C. L. S. C.

Read all of the required books for outlook and inspiration but *study* one of the books at least for discipline. Read it as you do the rest. Read it more carefully than you read the rest. Read it over and over. Read it to recall what you read. Read it with critical helps of every kind. Having read it *think* about it. Think *and* think. Think beyond it. By some thought in it be led out to some other thought not in it, but thought of because of the book. Such chosen book out of each year's list will become dearer to you than all the rest and will make the mere reading of all the rest more profitable.

Which book shall I select out of the "required" list for 1882, to read thus thoughtfully and critically? All need not choose the same. Follow your "bent." Take a part of one of the larger books. Begin with a limited amount. Try pages 124-199 in Prof. Wilkinson's preparatory "Greek Course in English," or choose one chapter in Bishop Warren's "Recreations in Astronomy," or one period in "Geology," or "Evangeline." Try the plan.

Have you seen Prang's C. L. S. C. Mottoes? Three of them at one dollar each. In exquisite taste. He issues nothing finer. Friends of C. L. S. C. people could do no more graceful thing than to hang one or more of these mottoes, in Prang's best style, on the Christmas tree. A good idea!

A busy housewife says: "I must write you one thing I have found out, for perhaps you have never heard it, certainly no one ever told it me: If a woman wants to find time for almost everything, she must keep house and do her own work."

The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that will ameliorate in disaster; occupation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and more useful, and death less terrible. —*Sidney Smith.*

A little girl in Silver Creek, N. Y., has organized a "Good Grammar Society." She has excluded words used by her father (who is a Presbyterian minister), 744; her mother, 107; herself, 98; a little friend, 59; her brother Edward in three days, 14.

Remember the five o'clock Sabbath C. L. S. C. Vespers. A few members lingering at Chautauqua through the winter will sing our "Day is Dying in the West," and join in a prayer in the "Hall in the Grove" at five o'clock every Sabbath.

I have decided to offer a *white seal* to those graduates of '82 who are already striving for a *white crystal seal*. This white seal will be given for the reading of the following books:

Wilkinson's "Preparatory Greek Course in English."

Packard's "First Lessons in Geology."

"Evangeline."

"Hampton Tracts."

"Chautauqua Text-Book No. 34."

"How to Make a Living." By G. C. Eggleston. Price fifty cents.

Let every student of the Circle work for the people who most need the C. L. S. C., to enlist them: the idle rich, the busy poor, the college graduate, the uneducated, the old, the young—all who would make head and heart and hands keep harmony in this world of sorrow and weariness and sin.

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Pardon a personal suggestion. Nothing gives to the Superintendent of Instruction greater pleasure than to greet members of the C. L. S. C. Traveling widely as I do, I often come in contact with members. I receive letters occasionally saying: "We saw you on such a train, or in such a place, but did not like to speak to you." I earnestly ask every member of the C. L. S. C. to introduce himself or herself at once, and by simply using the magic letters C. L. S. C., you have a watchword by which acquaintance may at once be formed.



C. L. S. C. TESTIMONY.

Michigan.—I have been teaching school in one of the burnt districts, Huron county, Michigan. The school was very large, and the school house very small, and my school work, with a three-mile walk morning and evening, made me feel too tired to study much at night; but, I am very

glad to say, I have finished my second year at last, and am ready to commence my third. I commenced the course when I was sixteen, and at almost the same time began teaching. The course of study was just what I needed. It has helped me very much, and I do not intend to be discouraged, even if one year does creep into the next. I have read and studied alone. The nearest local circle, and, I think, the only one in Huron county, is at Port Hope, several miles from my school.

New York.—A lady writes: As I am a printer, and use my eyes all day and every day in the week, setting type, I am not sure I shall be able to stand examination, but I am enjoying the Chautauqua course very much.

Illinois.—The Chautauqua readings are a great blessing to me, as well as to the world at large. I have a great many days of illness. I can not walk or use my hands or arms much, and am prevented from benefiting my kind, except by trying to be patient under my sufferings, and in learning to *wait*. The Woman's Missionary Society of our little church meets in my room, and I preside over the few ladies as best I can, endeavoring to imbue them with the spirit of missions, and aiding them in studying the mission fields intelligently.

Connecticut.—I've had to do the most of the work during vacations, which accounts for my being behind. I thoroughly believe in the plan, as much to *quicken* and *keep alive* college graduates as anything else, just what *they* need. I found that for me it bridged over many a break and filled up many an awkward opening left by a college course. And I must further avail myself of odd minutes for systematic reading in the line of special courses. An uneducated dry-goods clerk, to whom I told the plan, said he could not express his pleasure in knowing of the scheme, and that it was an incentive, such as he had never known before. He joined this term.

Ohio.—I find on my floor beside me now "Elizabeth's Progress to London," from Abbott's book—in effigy—made from building blocks, with octagon wheels and elegant chariot, a gay dolly on a made-up chair, with dainty parasol over her. This his majesty, Master Harry, tells me is Queen Elizabeth, and he tells everybody she had a thousand dresses and ought to have been very good. At the right I see cavalry, extractions from Crandall's menagerie, one steed mounted with an athlete in costume and the feet secured by small blocks. This they proclaim for "William's horse stepping on embers." They've been at Abbott's book I see, and so we may be called a family as well as local circle.

Massachusetts.—I like the course very much and have seen many things in the CHAUTAUQUAN in praise of it by the students. But one thing, which I think will be a great help to me, I have not seen mentioned, that is the use of the books for reference. If in our hurry we are not as thorough as we would like to be, I think we can remember enough when we find things in our future reading we do not understand, to know which book and where in it to find the information we need. I feel very thankful for the privileges of membership in the C. L. S. C.

Tennessee.—I must send you a few words of thanks for the C. L. S. C. I have only been a member one year, but I don't know how I could do without the reading now. I think I am growing in knowledge—yes, and in the love of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. With the new year's reading I begin life with fresh hope to attain a greater height in the study of God and his works.

California.—The C. L. S. C. has been an unspeakable blessing and comfort to me. It has been an eye-opener, a mind-opener, and a soul-opener in the deepest and broadest sense of the word.

New Jersey.—The diploma received; it is a beautiful memorial of the C. L. S. C., which I shall greatly prize, and to whose value I shall seek to add, year by year, in the form of "seals" you are so good as to bestow.

Minnesota.—I found among my daughter's papers—Miss Harriet A. Lathrop, a member of the C. L. S. C.—a blank for examination, with an earnest request to hear from her as to her progress. This is to inform you that she passed to her final examination and was promoted May 7th last. She struggled with disease for three years, and then, having fought a good fight, she received the crown of life. I desire, if you please, that you record on your register, not that she fell out by the way, but that she pursued the course as long as she had strength, and then entered into rest. It was through no indifference that she did not respond regularly, but from sheer physical inability. She was patient, faithful, true, tried, and trusty.

Massachusetts.—My letter will inform you of the death of a member of the C. L. S. C.—Miss Mary Thurber, of this place [Attleboro]. She was about twenty-three years of age, a young lady of rare value; beautiful, physically and intellectually, and of fine spiritual attainments. She was a helpful member of the M. E. Church, and a teacher in one of our public schools. She had a large circle of friends, but in her home, among her brothers and sisters, she was the fixed star whose brightness hallowed, and the special joy of her parents. She suffered intensely for a few days only, and though shut out from her friends from the contagiousness of her disease (diphtheria), she was patient to the last, and passed from this to her higher associations in peace, last March.

She was very devotedly attached to the C. L. S. C., read with eager enthusiasm, and worked for and expected great results from her connection with it. How blessed that the hope of immortality opens up to those who are seeking broader fields of truth, and assures fuller development to the hedged in of time! The entire community sympathize with the sorrowing family.



LOCAL CIRCLES.

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[We request the president or secretary of every local circle to send us reports of their work, of lectures, concerts, entertainments, etc. Editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, Meadville, Pa.]

The growth of the C. L. S. C. has been without restraint of any kind. The organization is simple, but few officers, a brief constitution, and indeed none of the paraphernalia is required which we usually find dictated from the center of a wide-spread organization. No creed to sign, no shibboleth to pronounce. A person has simply to make out an application for membership, send it to Miss Kimball at Plainfield, N. J., and then read the books. It was natural that kindred spirits, doing the same work, should invent local circles, which, while they are not required, yet are helpful to the students. Mind coming in contact with mind will produce an intellectual quickening. Students will get more out of the books by a system of questioning. Bonds of union will be created by meeting together, and the strong will have opportunity to help the weak, and the weak will learn to appreciate the local organization because of the real helps it affords them in their studies. We invite secretaries to send us carefully prepared reports of the work done in their local circles. Do this for the benefit of others. The calls upon us are numerous for information about how to conduct local circles to make them interesting and profitable. Below we furnish our readers with some suggestive items sent us from flourishing circles. They will bear studying and in most instances are worthy of imitation.

This is the fifth year of the local circle in Oswego, N. Y., and it numbers about twenty-five members of all denominations, and meets every Monday evening. We bring nearly all our studies into the circle meetings in this way. Each Monday evening a lesson is announced by the President to be studied the following week, and a member appointed to act as teacher, who conducts the lesson on the appointed evening, using maps, blackboard, etc., having a regular class drill. A good deal of enthusiasm and interest is manifested. A critic is appointed each month. We have a literary committee, which reports each week with selections from poetic or prose writers. This committee is appointed each month. We have adopted a new plan of arranging the lessons, which distributes this part of the work among the members. A member is assigned, for instance, the work on geology with instructions to divide it into lessons, which is done and a report handed to the president, with the name of member opposite each lesson to act as a teacher. We occasionally have social gatherings at the homes of members, one of the most enjoyable of which was the art social of last winter. A resolution has been adopted naming our circle "Markham C. L. S. C. of Oswego," in honor of Rev. W. F. Markham, who organized our circle.

Members of the C. L. S. C. in Augusta, Me., made no effort to form a local circle here till April, 1882, when the Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent was present and gave us a talk on the C. L. S. C. work. The outgrowth was a strong sentiment in favor of forming a circle here, and after several preliminary meetings, a local circle was organized September 25. At the last meeting, October 10, the membership was increased to twenty-seven. On that evening we had essays, questions and conversation upon the reading in the course. The order of exercises is prepared by the committee of instruction, and is varied in character, only confining the topics to the subjects of the required reading. We have decided to hold meetings once in four weeks. The members anticipate a very interesting winter's work.

Our circle in South Marshfield, Mass., was not organized till a year ago, although we were then beginning the third year of our course. Our organization was a direct result of the Round-Table held at Framingham Assembly. We meet every week. The required readings are divided into six parts; each member takes one, on which she prepares questions for the next meeting; the questions in THE CHAUTAUQUAN are read, and parts of the little text-books. The meetings are enlivened by the reading of two or three short essays, and by relating interesting incidents suggested by the lesson. We sometimes sing C. L. S. C. songs, and have readings from standard authors. Our meetings are usually closed by playing one of the Chautauqua games, which we consider not only pleasant, but healthful, as they give us a constant review of our work. We organized our circle this year the first of September, instead of the first of October, in order that we might take up the whole of the first volume of Grecian history, and have found that our interest is continually increasing, and our meetings this year are even superior to those of the previous year. By circulating the "Hall in the Grove," we have gained one new member, who seems intensely interested.

In Michigan City we have a membership in our local circle of twenty-eight, twenty-three of whom intend to read the entire course, and five will do as much of the work as they can. The officers are president, vice president, and secretary. Our method of work is, no doubt, similar to other circles. We meet twice a month to review the work. Members are given topics to study and to prepare to ask the circle such questions as they may formulate. In this way the work is not left

for a few to carry on, but all become interested and active working members.

Our local circle of the C. L. S. C. in Bradford, Pa., is one of several in this place, and is designated the "Longfellow Class," in distinction from the others. We have limited our number to ten members, thinking by that means to promote individual interest. We have but two officers, a president and secretary. We meet weekly, at the homes of the different members. We have no leader appointed for the year, but every four weeks one member of the class is elected conductor of exercises for the ensuing month. The manner of reviewing the lessons varies. The conductor sometimes asks questions, when the topics are freely discussed by all; sometimes the subjects are apportioned to individual members to be talked over, or a synopsis of certain portions given by them. At the close of the lesson, fifteen minutes is devoted to discussing all rhetorical errors made during the evening.

In Minneapolis, Minnesota, "Centenary Circle" numbers about thirty members. The officers are president, vice president, secretary and treasurer. Meetings are held at the house of the secretary on the first and third Wednesday evenings of the month. Thus far this year the president has conducted the meetings, asking each member of the class questions on the lesson, from which discussions often arise. Last year members of the class were sometimes asked to conduct the meeting. No essays were ever written, but sometimes each member was asked to be prepared on given topics to be recited at the next meeting. No concerts or public entertainments have been given, nor did we observe any of the memorial days except Longfellow's. We were quite in the dark about the work when we commenced, but very anxious to take up some systematic course of reading, and would not give it up now for any consideration.

The Hockanum, Connecticut, C. L. S. C. met informally last year, and was organized September 25. Three years ago there was but one member of the C. L. S. C. in the place, the year following three, and last year six. Our membership is now eighteen, and the interest both excellent and increasing. The circle meets every Monday evening at the house of the secretary. At 7 p. m. promptly a brief Scripture reading and prayer opens the meeting. After a few moments given to business, the questions in the text-book and THE CHAUTAUQUAN are asked, and a record kept of those who have done the week's required reading and memorizing. We are notified that many and varied are the household duties performed with the little text-book perched in divers nooks. The president appoints four readers and a critic for each evening. The reading is selected from some portion of the weekly required reading. This is followed by questions, remarks, or general conversation relative to the subject, etc. The reading closes at nine o'clock, after which we have music and a social chat. The circle has arranged and entered upon a course of ten public lectures on Geology, given every Wednesday evening by the president, in the vestry of the Congregational Church. The occasion is made interesting by the use of black-boards, maps, the Packard plates, neatly mounted on easels, and a cabinet of rocks and shells illustrative of Dana's "Geologic Story Briefly Told." The room is also made cheery by a conspicuous grouping of the class mottoes framed in gilt, and other ornamentation luminous with the monogram, C. L. S. C. The attendance is good, and the attention held closely by the youthful tyro who has won laurels by his clear and happy presentation of the subject. It is always a most instructive and enjoyable evening to the circle and their friends. Our circle early voted to observe "Memorial Days," the observance to fall on the regular evening nearest memorial date. For Bryant's Day we have arranged for two essays by young ladies, one on the life, the other on the works of the poet. The other members are each to give recitations of choice or favorite selections from Bryant. We are looking forward to a pleasant social time.

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NORWALK, O., October 30, 1882.

We have held two regular meetings of our circle since November 1st and we are now fairly at work. The membership has more than doubled in the last two meetings and may double again before the books are closed. There never was a time before when the circle was under half so good headway at this time of year. Members who are joining now are doing so more understandingly than it was possible to do in the experimental stage of the C. L. S. C. and the results are proportionately more reliable. We meet once in two weeks in a music store at 7:30 p. m. and close at 9 p. m. Our order of exercises is prayer, roll, minutes, business, program, adjournment. We have the geological charts and begin to realize the need of a suitable place of meeting where we can accumulate maps, charts, cabinet and museum; we need just such a room in connection with and a part of our public library, convenient of access and open to visitors on this and all other occasions. There could scarcely be found a city whose people would more appreciate such a resort. Norwalk has a very fine public library, and the librarian states that since the organization of the various reading circles there has been a revolution in the class of books in demand; that while the lighter literature is seldom called for, standard works, shelf-worn for years, are now in frequent use; that she knows from the effect on the library that a change has come over the reading public. So far as we are able to discover from reports elsewhere, our circle rather excels in developing the individual talent of its members. In our entire circle there will probably not be one who will not present one or more topics in papers or addresses during the year, as time permits, and equal opportunity is given to all. Our plan is to follow down the class roll, beginning at the top, and the leader is handed a list of ten or twelve names from which he selects six or eight persons to whom he assigns topics, the roll itself being prepared for that purpose. Each member is expected to make a minute of all the topics assigned that he may

prepare for the conversation, or visiting and questioning which follows each topic. From five to eight minutes is allowed for each paper, address, selection or conversation, and the president, who keeps an open watch, is expected to give notice when the time is up to persons not otherwise aware. The roll is prepared with a margin at the top for dates, and the presence of each member is marked with a cross, while those late are marked with a diagonal line; each person who discharges program duty is marked with a dot supplementing the cross of that date. The next list is made as the first, passing over the dots, always working the roll from the top and leaving it complete. The minutes are kept on the body of each page, leaving the margin on the left of the red line for anything intended for an annual report, such as number in attendance, number of visitors, number of members and a list of those in program numbered, opposite whose names, in the regular minutes, are their topics or themes. In this way a complete record of each member is kept, and by referring from each dot to the minutes of that date an individual or annual report can be readily made which otherwise would be tedious at least. Our officers and leaders are elected by ballot and we rely entirely on the leader to conduct the exercises as he thinks best. Last year, from a list of forty-six names, thirteen were reading for diplomas; this year, with a present membership of forty-one, thirty-six are reading for seals or diplomas, twelve having graduated in 1882.

[Not Required.]

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON "PREPARATORY GREEK COURSE IN ENGLISH," INCLUDING THE TOPICS: OUR AIM, THE LAND, THE PEOPLE, THEIR WRITINGS, THE START, FIRST BOOK IN GREEK, THE GREEK READER, AND XENOPHON'S ANABASIS.

By ALBERT M. MARTIN, GENERAL SECRETARY C. L. S. C.

1. Q. What is the primary design of the series of books of which the "Preparatory Greek Course in English" is one? A. To enable persons prevented from accomplishing a course of school and college training in Latin and Greek, to enjoy an advantage as nearly as possible equivalent, through the medium of their native tongue.

2. Q. What is the specific object of the present particular volume? A. To put into the hands of readers the means of accomplishing, so far as this can be done in English, the same course of study in Greek as that prescribed for those who are preparing to enter college.

3. Q. What signal example in the modern world, and what still more signal example in the ancient, of the fact that extent of territory is not chiefly what makes the greatness of a great people? A. England in the modern world, and Greece in the ancient.

4. Q. What was the extent of the utmost area of Greece? A. Two hundred and fifty miles by one hundred and eighty miles. Greece was less than one-half the size of the State of New York.

5. Q. In what latitude is Greece? A. About the same as the State of Virginia.

6. Q. Of what three most famous peoples in the world are the Greeks one? A. The Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans.

7. Q. Of the three for what were the Greeks by far the most remarkable? A. For the variety and versatility of their genius.

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8. Q. By what name did the Greeks speak of themselves, and what was their name for the land in which they lived? A. Hellenes, and Hellas was their name for the land in which they lived.

9. Q. When trustworthy history begins, what were the three chief divisions of the Hellenic stock? A. The Dorians, the Æolians and the Ionians.

10. Q. Give the names of four prominent cities of Greece. A. Athens, Sparta, Thebes, and Corinth.

11. Q. Of all that the Greeks did in the world, what remains to us recognizably in the form given it by their cunning brain and hand? A. A few coins, architectural remains and sculpture, and some masterpieces of literary composition.

12. Q. For what two things is the literature of Greece equally remarkable? A. For its matter and for its form.

13. Q. What is said of the form of Greek literature? A. There never has been elsewhere in the world so much written approaching so nearly to ideal perfection in form as among the Greeks.

14. Q. Under what limitations did the ancient Greeks do their work? A. They were pagans. They groped for truth, and they missed it oftener than they found it, at least in the case of their philosophy.

15. Q. In what departments of literature do we have, without reserve, to acknowledge the supremacy of the Greeks? A. In eloquence, and in the literature of rhetoric, of taste, and of criticism.

16. Q. What was the golden age of Greek literature, Greek art and Greek arms? A. The age of Pericles.

17. Q. What is said of the pronunciation of their language by the ancient Greeks? A. Nobody knows with certainty exactly how the ancient Greeks pronounced their language.

18. Q. What has been the general rule for scholars in the pronunciation of Greek? A. To pronounce it somewhat according to the analogy of their own vernacular.

19. Q. What attempt, only partially successful, has recently been made to introduce uniformity in the pronunciation of Greek? A. To secure the common adoption of the pronunciation prevalent in Greece at the present day.

20. Q. What method, devised at first for facilitating the study of modern languages, has more lately been applied in various modifications to both Latin and Greek? A. What is called the Ollendorff method.

21. Q. What two things determine largely what Greek text-books shall be used? A. The patronage of leading colleges, and the books issued by leading publishing houses.

22. Q. What four Greek grammars are mentioned as perhaps the best? A. Hadley's, Goodwin's, Crosby's, and Sophocles'.

23. Q. To what sources of Greek learning do all these manuals acknowledge their indebtedness? A. To German sources of Greek learning.

24. Q. Who is the most recent of the great German authorities in Greek grammar? A. Curtius.

25. Q. What two other German authorities, now a little antiquated, were each a great name in his day? A. Kühner and Buttman.

26. Q. In what dialect are the books chiefly written from which the selections are taken in making up Greek readers? A. The Attic dialect; that is the dialect spoken in Attica, of which Athens was the capital.

27. Q. By way of comparison what does our author say Athens was to Greece in literature? A. What Paris is, and always has been, to France.

28. Q. Where is a singularly beautiful passage found descriptive of Athens in her imperial supremacy of intellect? A. In Milton's "Paradise Regained."

29. Q. How many chief dialects were there of the Greek language, and how were they created? A. There were three, created in part by differences of age, and in part by differences of country.

30. Q. In whose writings is the Ionic dialect exemplified, and how is it characterized? A. In the writings of Homer and Herodotus, and is characterized by fluent sweetness to the ear.

31. Q. In what dialect were the most of the greatest works in Greek literature composed? A. The Attic.

32. Q. What is said of the Attic dialect? A. It is the neatest, most cultivated and most elegant of all the varieties of Greek speech.

33. Q. To whom are the fables commonly attributed that are generally found in Greek readers? A. Æsop.

34. Q. When was Æsop born? A. About 620 B. C.

35. Q. What is said of the fables that go under his name? A. They are mainly the collection of a monk of the fourteenth century.

36. Q. What is said of the sources of the anecdotes found in Greek readers? A. They are culled from various sources, Plutarch, the biographer, furnishing his full share.

37. Q. Give the names of some of the eminent persons about whom anecdotes are usually related in these collections. A. Diogenes, Plato, Zeno, Solon, Alexander, and Philip of Macedon.

38. Q. What Greek writer of the second century after Christ is more or less quoted from in the ordinary Greek reader? A. Lucian.

39. Q. What famous dialogues did he write? A. Dialogues of the Dead.

40. Q. Of what have these dialogues been the original? A. Of several justly admired imitations.

41. Q. In what direction did Lucian exercise his wit? A. In ridiculing paganism.

42. Q. Mention some of the kinds of other matter that goes to make up the Greek reader. A. Bits of natural history and fragments of mythology.

43. Q. From what work of Xenophon do Greek readers often embrace extracts? A. His Memorabilia of Socrates.

44. Q. What was the design of this work? A. To vindicate the memory of Socrates from the charges of impiety and of corrupting influence exerted on the Athenian youth, under which he

had suffered the penalty of death.

45. Q. What is the plan of the work? A. It is largely to relate what Socrates did actually teach.

46. Q. What work by a Christian writer does pagan Socrates in large part anticipate? A. "Natural Theology," by Paley.

47. Q. Who was the wife of Socrates? A. Xanthippe.

48. Q. In what way has the fame of Socrates associated the name of Xanthippe with his own? A. As perhaps the most celebrated scold in the world.

49. Q. What was the chief characteristic trait of the method of Socrates in teaching? A. His art in asking questions.

50. Q. Why is it that Greek readers sometimes edit the text of their extracts from the authors who furnish the matter? A. Because they sometimes contain expressions such as a strict Christian, moral or æsthetic judgment would prefer to expunge.

51. Q. What is the book usually adopted in sequel to the reader for giving students their Greek preparation to enter college? A. Xenophon's Anabasis.

52. Q. In what two respects is this work highly interesting? A. First, as a specimen of literary art, and second, as strikingly illustrative of the Greek spirit and character.

53. Q. What is the meaning of the word "Anabasis?" A. "A march upward," that is, from the sea. [166]

54. Q. Of what is the book an account? A. Of an expedition by Cyrus the younger into central Asia, and the retreat of the Greek part of his army.

55. Q. Who accompanied Cyrus on this expedition? A. An oriental army of about 100,000, and a body of Greeks numbering about 13,000.

56. Q. What was the object of this invasion on the part of Cyrus? A. To obtain possession of the Persian throne, occupied by his brother Artaxerxes.

57. Q. When the two Persian brothers finally met in the collision of arms who was slain? A. Cyrus.

58. Q. What did the Greeks now have for their sole business? A. To secure their own safety in withdrawing homeward from the enemy's country.

59. Q. In what does the main interest of the Anabasis as a narrative lie? A. Rather in the retreat than in the advance.

60. Q. From what does the whole matter of the famous advance and retreat of the ten thousand derive grave secondary importance? A. From the fact that it resulted in revealing to Greece the essential weakness and vulnerableness of the imposing Persian empire.

61. Q. When was Xenophon, the author, born and with whom was he not far from contemporary? A. He was born about 431 B. C., being thus not far from contemporary with the Hebrew prophet Malachi.

62. Q. What did Xenophon's presence of mind and practical wisdom give him in the retreat? A. A kind of leadership which he maintained until a prosperous issue was reached on the shores of Greece.

63. Q. Among the other chief works of Xenophon what one is prominent? A. The Cyropædia.

64. Q. What is the story of the Anabasis in large a part? A. An itineracy, that is a journal of halts and marches.

65. Q. What was the starting point of the expedition? A. Sardis.

66. Q. At what time was the start made? A. In the spring of the year 401 B. C.

67. Q. In what supposition does Xenophon say Artaxerxes indulged which prevented him from suspecting Cyrus of plotting against him? A. That Cyrus was raising troops for war with Tissaphernes, a Persian governor of certain parts near the satrapy of Cyrus.

68. Q. During the march the army plundered what city where four hundred years later the Apostle Paul was born? A. Tarsus.

69. Q. When they reached the river Euphrates what did Cyrus openly tell the Greek captains as to the object of the expedition? A. That he was marching to Babylon against the great king Artaxerxes.

70. Q. What was the result of this disclosure when made to the men? A. They felt, or feigned, much displeasure, but by lavish promises the majority were prevailed upon to adhere to Cyrus.

71. Q. The remainder of the advance of Cyrus lay along the left bank of what river? A. The Euphrates.

72. Q. What Persian commander among the forces proved a traitor and met with a tragic death? A. Orentes.

73. Q. Where did the armies of Cyrus and of Artaxerxes finally encounter each other? A. At Cunaxa.

74. Q. In what way did Cyrus meet with his death? A. While engaged in a personal contest with Artaxerxes Cyrus was struck with a javelin under the eye and slain.

75. Q. During the truce that followed what five generals among the Greeks were enticed into the tent of Tissaphernes, made prisoners, and afterwards put to death? A. Clearchus, Proxenus, Menon, Agias and Socrates.

76. Q. What was one of the first steps now taken to secure the safety of the Greeks? A. A general meeting was called of all the surviving officers and new commanders were chosen to take the places of those lost, Xenophon being put in the place of his friend Proxenus.

77. Q. After this had been done what action was taken as to the rank and file? A. The men were called together and stoutly harangued by three men in succession, Xenophon being the last.

78. Q. What was one of Xenophon's heroic propositions that was agreed to? A. To burn everything they could possibly spare on the homeward march.

79. Q. What answer did they return to Mithradates, a neighboring Persian satrap, when asked to know what their present plan might be? A. If unmolested, to go home, doing as little injury as possible to the country through which they passed, but to fight their best if opposition was offered.

80. Q. Being convinced that the mission of Mithradates was a treacherous one, what resolution did the Grecian generals take? A. That there should be no communication with the enemy by heralds.

81. Q. What was the general direction taken by the Greeks in the first part of their retreat? A. A northerly direction toward the Black Sea.

82. Q. By whom were they followed and almost daily attacked during the first portion of their retreat? A. Tissaphernes and a Persian army.

83. Q. What hostile tribe of barbarians violently opposed their march through their territory near the headwaters of the Euphrates? A. The Carduchians.

84. Q. What Persian governor did they encounter in Armenia? A. Tiribazus.

85. Q. With what foes in the elements did they next meet? A. Deep snow and a terrible north wind.

86. Q. In one portion of Armenia at what kind of a village did the Greeks find rest and food after a prolonged march through the snow? A. At an underground village.

87. Q. What do travelers tell us at the present time as to the manner in which the Armenians of that region build their houses? A. That they still build them under ground.

88. Q. Into what country did the Greeks next advance? A. The country of the Taochians.

89. Q. With what difficulty did they here meet? A. Great difficulty in obtaining a supply of provisions.

90. Q. At what mountain did the Greeks get the first view of the Black Sea? A. Mount Theches.

91. Q. At what place did they reach the sea two days afterwards? A. At Trebizond.

92. Q. What universal desire did the sight of the sea awaken in the army? A. To prosecute the remainder of their journey on that element.

93. Q. On what mission did Chirisophus go forward to Byzantium? A. To endeavor to procure transports for the conveyance of the army.

94. Q. While awaiting the transports how were the ten thousand employed? A. In marauding expeditions, and in collecting all the vessels possible.

95. Q. Chirisophus delaying to return, how did they continue their journey? A. Partly by land and partly by water.

96. Q. When they were finally joined by Chirisophus, what did he bring with him? A. Only a single trireme.

97. Q. At what place did the Greeks pass into Europe from Asia? A. At Byzantium.

98. Q. Afterwards whom did the army engage to serve in a war against Tissaphernes and Pharnabazus? A. The Lacedæmonians.

99. Q. To what number was the army now reduced? A. To six thousand.

100. Q. After the incorporation of the remainder of the ten thousand with the Lacedæmonian

OUTLINE OF C. L. S. C. STUDIES FOR DECEMBER.

For the month of December the Required C. L. S. C. Reading comprises the first part of Prof. Wilkinson's Preparatory Greek Course in English, and readings in English, Russian, and Religious History and Literature, studies in Ancient Greek Life, and readings from Russian Literature. The reading in Prof. Wilkinson's Preparatory Greek Course in English is from the commencement of the book to page 124. The remainder of the reading for the month is found in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. The following is the division according to weeks:

FIRST WEEK—1. Wilkinson's Preparatory Greek Course in English, from the commencement of the book to page 33—Our Aim, the Land, the People, their Writings, the Start, First Books in Greek.

2. Studies in Ancient Greek Life, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.
3. Sunday Readings, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, selection for December 3.
4. Questions and Answers on Preparatory Greek Course in English, from No. 1 to No. 25.

SECOND WEEK—1. Wilkinson's Preparatory Greek Course in English, from page 35 to page 58—the Greek Reader.

2. Sunday Readings, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, selection for December 10.
3. Questions and Answers on Preparatory Greek Course in English, from No. 26 to No. 50.

THIRD WEEK—1. Wilkinson's Preparatory Greek Course in English, from page 59 to page 96—Xenophon's Anabasis—Introductory, and first and second books.

2. History and Literature of Russia, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.
3. Sunday Readings, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, selection for December 17.
4. Questions and Answers on Preparatory Greek Course in English, from No. 51 to No. 75.

FOURTH WEEK—1. Wilkinson's Preparatory Greek Course in English, from page 96 to page 123—Xenophon's Anabasis—third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh books.

2. Pictures from English History, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.
3. Sunday Readings, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, selections for December 24 and 31.
4. Questions and Answers on Preparatory Greek Course in English, from No. 76 to No. 100.

QUESTIONS FOR FURTHER STUDY.

By ALBERT M. MARTIN, GENERAL SECRETARY C. L. S. C.

1. How large is the county of Westchester, in the State of New York, which is about half the size of Attica? [Page 7.]
2. Why did the Romans give the name "Greeks" to the Hellenes? [Page 12.]
3. Give two examples of Spartan laconisms of speech. [Page 13.]
4. What are the literary tidings from modern Greece that seem to foretoken close at hand a signal renaissance of Greek literature? [Page 20.]
5. Who was blind Melesigenes? [Page 36.]
6. Who was pronounced the wisest of men by an oracle, and by what oracle, and in what words? [Page 37.]
7. How is the monk Planudes apparently relieved of the imputation concerning the authorship of the biography of Æsop ascribed to him? [Page 39.]
8. What are some of the reasons for supposing this biography is a falsifying one? [Page 39.]
9. What is meant by "the Sacred Hetacomb?" [Page 45.]
10. Describe the ceremony of taking a prisoner by the mantle in token that he is to suffer death. [Page 81.]
11. Describe the scythed chariots of the Persians. [Page 83.]
12. From what author is the quotation, "When Greek joined Greek, then was the tug of war?" [Page 88.]

13. Describe the Persian slingers.

14. What is the origin of the familiar expression, "War even to the knife?" [Page 99.]

15. What occasioned the singular effect upon the men of the eating of honeycombs as related by Xenophon? [Page 119.]

[NOTE.—Answers are not required to questions for further study. The questions here given relate to subjects alluded to in the required reading for the month. After each question the page is given of Wilkinson's Preparatory Greek Course in English, on which a reference is made to the subject. Members who are able to procure answers to all the questions for further study in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN will receive an acknowledgment if the replies are forwarded to Albert M. Martin, General Secretary C. L. S. C., Pittsburg, Pa., so as to reach him by the first of January. Answers will be published in the February number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. The answers should be brief, and need not be sent unless to all the questions.]

C. L. S. C. ROUND-TABLE. [F]

Dr. Wm. M. Blackburn, of Cincinnati, was at once introduced, and delivered the following address:

"HOW ENGLAND MAINTAINED HER NATIONALITY DURING THE MIDDLE AGES."

Several persons have asked me in regard to the method of studying history by maps, that is, by making your own maps as you go along. If I had time I would like to talk about that, and I will explain it to anybody who wishes to know more about it. What I would do is this: if I were studying, for example, the history of Greece, I would read over some period, some particular part of it, an epoch—no matter what you may call it. I would get a good map of Greece, lay some thin paper over it, and trace the map over it in colored inks. Upon that map you put the events of that period or era, and then make another map of another period or era; stitch them all together. Perhaps you will never look at them again, but you have got them in your mind. That is all you want.

Now to the lecture. We have seen in outline how Britain became English, and how England became Christian; how the Church was unified; and how the unification of the English people was fairly begun. So we have an English Church, and an English Nation, with a capital "N." Now, how were these to be carried through the Middle Ages? Let that be our main question to-day.

In general the means were these: wiser kingship, resistance to enemies, incorporation of new national elements (do not gnash on me if I do not always "nash" that way), improvement of the constitution, as seen in the Magna Charta and the House of Commons, and the reforms in the church. These means I shall treat under seven points, and if I do not get through the seven I will get through as many as I can.

1. Wider, broader and superior kingship. This begins with Alfred, the first really great king, and the only Christian king that was ever styled the Great. All his life was one of illness, yet he always maintained a cheerful, a devout spirit, and a busy hand. He reminds us of King David in his various trials and activities.

Now some of the things which Alfred did were these: in national affairs he tried to rescue, defend, unify, and greatness England. He was an organizer; he created a navy. He made good roads. He repaired fortresses. He brought London from the ashes; he started it on its way to universal commerce. His long-lost and curious jewel bears the words "Alfred made me." And this might almost be said of England. Her realms became one nation, that is the southern realm. The old Britons were in the west.

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Thomas Hughes has written a life of Alfred the Great; this is the best one you will find concerning him. I presume you have read it. He worked his way out of ignorance; he gave an impetus to popular education and literature; I do not believe that he was unable to write. Why, in those days it was not considered to be the manly and royal thing for a man to write his own name; he had a servant to do that. Sometimes he simply put a sign there; the sign of the cross, a mark. Now that is what is meant by a man signing his name. It does not mean that he could not write it, but the man who can write subscribes his name.

His schemes of education were vast; they were the last vigorous attempt at popular enlightenment in the Middle Ages. I have not time to dwell on all these things, but you will remember that Alfred gave a great impetus to the study of the Scriptures, and that from him and his co-laborers came a version of the Psalms and other portions of the Scriptures. Then his education recognized the supremacy of the moral law. He believed in the ten commandments and he worked them into the laws. Labor on Sundays was forbidden. Women of every class were carefully protected from insult; monks must not be idle and vicious; they must go to work educating people in the villages. He made out a rule for his aldermen to attend the schools or resign their offices; and that was a good thing for the aldermen. If they would not go to school, they resigned; and that was a good thing for the people. The clergy must have wives; bishops

must visit among the dioceses, visit and preach to some purpose. In all respects his laws were designed for the greatest good of the greatest number. Judges must be hung if they caused the scales of justice to be swayed by bribes. He probably did not introduce, but probably modified, trial by jury. In those days the jury was formed in this way: they took the men who knew the most about an act or a crime, the men who had been eye-witnesses; they called them together and got what they knew about it, and made up the decision. In our day they take the men who know the least about it, and the biggest fools in all the land; (I hope one thing will come, and that is this—I do not suppose anybody here has been on a jury, or I would not make this remark—I hope the day will come when we will have such times as this, that you can get a jury who will not let a scoundrel off and perjure themselves. Let us reform the jury laws. The Chautauqua Circle might accomplish much in that way).

One account of his death is this: When he was dying, in 901, he called to his side Edward, and said: Now, my dear son, sit down beside me and I will deliver to you the true counsel. I feel that my hour is near: my face is pale; my days are nearly run; we soon must part; I shall go to another world and thou shalt be left alone with all my wealth. I pray thee, for thy heart, my dear child, strive to be a father and a lord to thy people. Be the children's father, the widow's friend, comfort the poor, shelter the weak, and with all thy might do thou right whatever is wrong. And, my son, govern thyself by law, and then the Lord shall love thee, and God, above all things, shall be thy reward.

And so departed the peaceable, the truth-teller, England's darling. His bones are dust, his good sword rust, his soul is with the saints we trust.

And Edward followed him, a truly great ruler. He held all the realm south of the Humber. He claimed the lordship over Northumbria, Wales and Scotland. That lordship came to be contested. For the first time all the isle of Britain came to be united under one monarch. And he was a West Saxon. Thus the unity of England was virtually established.

There were fierce struggles by the succeeding king, but one final result was that the Scots gained some ground, some territory. Their southern line was brought down to about here [pointing], that is from the Solway to Berwick, where it remains, and where a new basis was laid for Scottish civilization. In that portion of the country is the border land so long renowned for many a story, for many a fight, for many a poem. Walter Scott celebrates many of the marches in many of his stories and songs.

Now a third thing: The incorporation of the Danes. If England would retain her national character, she must have power of absorption and a Christian spirit. What was to be done with the Danes—with all the Danish element here in the Danelagh. That same Danish element was here when you have the map even in this form. There were some other people mingled with them, but the Danes held the controlling power, and those Norse settlers, in some parts of it, may have been few, but still they had the power. Now they gradually learned English, English manners, and acquired the English spirit. They learned English Christianity, and gradually conformed in everything. And here is one remarkable fact: the Scandinavian people, the people of Denmark, Norway and Sweden, have always been a people disposed to conform to the people with whom they lived. In France they became Frenchmen; in Russia they became Russians; in Italy they became Italians; in Ireland they became intensely Irish, and so now in this country, they become Americans more readily and more gracefully than the Germans.

About 911 a viking left Norway, left his two little isles, and sailing about came down here [pointing]. Alfred warded him off. He sailed about for some time and then he entered the Seine (911), got possession of this valley, married a French princess, put on white robes and for a few days acted as a Christian gentleman. He invited all sea-rovers into this valley, and they made a splendid country of it. Still more and more of these settlers came, and thus Normandy rose among the nations. It became a tremendous power. Not so much at first with her sword as with her civilization. It may seem rather strange that this Norse colony should take the lead in western Europe, should take the lead in civilization, in culture, learning, architecture, scholarship; yet that is the fact. Norman will, both of the noble and weak kind, had its way in enlarging this realm during the sway of four successive dukes.

Then we come to Robert the Magnificent, who wedded the sister of Canute. He attempted to invade England and failed. He was father of William. He would not fail, and the enterprise with which the father had been unsuccessful remained as an inheritance for the son. His father died on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1035. He was left ruler over some of the most lawless and turbulent barons in Europe. He was scarcely eight years old, and his record of thirty years while reorganizing Normandy and in bringing the nobles to order is a proof of his real greatness. He fought his way, he gained his dukedom, he broke up nests of treason, he destroyed castles, he upset conspiracies, he showed what one young man could do, when he had definite aims, wise plans, fixed principles, and industry and resolution, courage and firmness, and the ability to keep what he had gained.

William was a hard man, austere, exacting, persevering. His heavy hand made the English themselves comprehend their own national unity through a unity of suffering. If they had not perished for a moment, they would not have survived for ages. My time is spent or we would leap from the eleventh to the thirteenth century, and emphasize our last points, *resistance to the Pope, and organization of the House of Commons*. But these you can think of at your leisure.



REASONS FOR THE STUDY OF GREEK.

By PROF. H. LUMMIS.

By those best qualified to judge, the thorough study of Greek is conceded to be the very highest kind of mental discipline and culture.

George P. Marsh, in his lectures on the English language, thus speaks: "Let me repeat, that so far from dissuading from the study of Greek, as a branch of general education, I do but echo the universal opinion of all persons competent to pronounce on the subject, in expressing my own conviction that the language and literature of ancient Greece constitute the most efficient instrument of mental training ever enjoyed by man: and that a familiarity with that wonderful speech, its poetry, its philosophy, its eloquence, and the history it embalms, is incomparably *the most valuable of intellectual possessions.*" Such testimony from so eminent a scholar, and from so critical a mind is decisive in regard to the value of the study of Greek as a discipline, as well as in respect to the richness of the literature which it contains.

In the field of art we admit that he who would be great must study the great models, and be directed by competent masters. Even a Raphael owes something of his high renown to the patient diligence with which he studied the best pieces of his master Pietro Vanucci, the most noted artist of his day. So he who aspires to become a master in the expression of thought will wisely seek the masterpieces of those who have embalmed great thought in the most finished and excellent language. That the writers of Greece are preëminently the writers who have done this as profound and widely read a linguist as Max Müller testifies. He says: "What the inhabitants of the small city of Athens achieved in philosophy, in poetry, in art, in science, in politics, is known to all of us; and our admiration for them increases tenfold if, by a study of other literatures, such as the literatures of India, Persia, and China, we are enabled to compare their achievements with those of other nations of antiquity. The rudiments of almost everything, with the exception of religion, we, the people of Europe, the heirs to a fortune accumulated during twenty or thirty centuries of intellectual toil, owe to the Greeks; and strange as it may sound, but few, I think would gainsay it, that to the present day the achievements of these, our distant ancestors and earliest masters, the songs of Homer, the dialogues of Plato, the speeches of Demosthenes, and the statues of Phidias, stand, if not unrivalled, at least unsurpassed by anything that has been achieved by their descendants and pupils. Like their own goddess, Athene, the people of Athens seem to spring full armed into the arena of history; and we look in vain to Egypt, Syria, or India for more than a few of the seeds that burst into such marvellous growth on the soil of Attica."

He belittles human nature who thinks the practical value of commercial arithmetic to be greater than such a mastery of language as shall enable one to express himself correctly in his own tongue. To study an instrument for the expression of thought, so wonderfully flexible, so admirably exact, so widely comprehensive, so astonishingly strong, is to the student of his native tongue what training in a great international exposition of machinery, like that exhibited in Philadelphia in our centennial year, would be to a bright young mechanic, a schooling of incalculable worth. What an insight it gives into the subtle changes in the forms of words; what a comprehension of the root meanings of words, what an idea of the power of arrangement in words, what a conception of the music and beauty in the sounds of words.

Coleridge has admirably characterized the excellence of this queen of languages: "Greek—the shrine of the genius of the old world, as universal as our race; as individual as ourselves; of infinite flexibility; of indefatigable strength; with the complication and distinctness of Nature herself; with words like pictures; with words like the gossamer film of summer, at once the variety and picturesqueness of Homer; the gloom and intensity of Æschylus; not compressed to the closest by Thucydides, nor fathomed to the bottom by Plato; not sounding with all its thunders nor lit up with all its ardors under the Promethean touch of Demosthenes." The thorough drill of a competent teacher in introducing the student to the Greek tongue, is a most valuable discipline to the memory; the acquisition of multitudes of roots and affixes is of high importance to a full comprehension of the meaning of words in our own language, the exercise of the judgment in distinguishing words of like or of opposite meanings, the fine force of the particles of the language, and the delicate shades of thought given by variation in mode or tense, has far higher value as a broad training of that faculty than the most thorough mathematical discipline.

The improved methods of instruction have removed the old objection that it takes a lifetime to acquire the language. The objection applies as much to music, or even to a single kind of music: it takes a lifetime to become perfect master of the violin.



THE UGLY MAN.

I was the youngest but one of a large family, of whom the daughters were remarkable for their personal beauty, while the sons, of whom I was the last, graduated in plainness that was all but repulsive. This peculiarity, by which the beauty was given to the girls and the plainness to the boys, had been in the family for generations; and, both in uncles and aunts and cousins of either sex, is still discernible at the time I write.

But that which, in my own case, made this personal deformity an additional misfortune, was the fact, that, along with my ugliness, I had inherited a most sensitive disposition. And as there are never wanting persons to speak of a child's deficiencies even in its very presence, I soon became aware of my defects. Not being precocious, I was looked upon as more stupid than I was in fact; while the real ability I possessed was altogether unsuspected. Often indeed the gibes and jeers of my beautiful sisters, and the rough remarks of my less ugly brothers, cut my childish soul to the quick. *My small, flat, squab nose was in everybody's mouth.* I was told of it twenty times a day. Whoever wanted something to do, found instant employment in twitting me on the subject of this unlucky feature. I was never allowed to forget it; and often have I stood in the midst of a circle roaring with laughter at my expense. The natural result followed: from being naturally over-sensitive, I became only too keenly alive to the supposed opinions of others. In church I sat with my head rigidly fixed on my shoulders, turning myself neither to the right hand nor to the left, lest the persons behind me should catch a glimpse of my unlovely profile. I looked straight before me like an arrow; and on leaving my seat, as I went down the aisle and had to face my enemies and critics, I would hold my cap up to my eyes, and endeavor to pass demurely by, with nose unobserved.

Nor was my poor little nose my only cause of annoyance, for my face was large and splay, my complexion was muddy and pale, and the color of my eyes was a washed-out green. The space too between my nose and upper lip was long and protuberant, and my lips themselves were in full bloom like those of a negro. Indeed, the only thing in my favor, as regards personal appearance, was my hair, which was of a glossy auburn, and curled naturally in profusion. But this, my only redeeming feature, I was unacquainted with at the time. In my ignorance (for though often told of my faults, I never, as a child, heard myself praised), I even looked upon this propensity in my hair to curl as a positive misfortune, inasmuch as my friends informed me that it always appeared unkempt and wild, and therefore I naturally thought it an addition to my defects. Oh, how I envied the oiled and trim locks of my companions, which showed no such erratic tendency as mine; and in the agony of my mind I often had recourse to the hairdresser, who, at my directions, cut off close each offending curl, and sent me home shorn. But, alas! my triumph was but short. Sisters and brothers crowded round me soon, and proclaimed that my large inanimate face only looked larger and more inanimate still; while aunts and mother dismissed me from their presence with the observation that I was now a perfect fright.

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Such, then, was the one thought uppermost in my childish mind. I had a strong faith in my own ugliness. Happy days and hours I had, as all healthy children will have. I frolicked and played; and being naughty as well as ugly, I was often whipped; while my pretty little sister, the youngest of us all, being pretty as well as naughty, was only scolded and warned. However, no punishment I ever received (and I had many) hurt me so much as the oft-recurring, never-long-absent reflection, that Nature, when she turned me out of her mint, had impressed me with her strongest stamp of ugliness. Nay, when at times a child's party was given at our house, and little neighbors came to see us for a few hours, I was quick at observing how that none of them took to me. If a game were proposed, I was always assigned the lowest place in it. If others were kings and queens, I was only a servant and a slave; and when others were captains and admirals, I was a common sailor; and on one occasion, which I well remember, I was degraded to the position of powder-monkey. It seemed indeed by universal, tacit consent that I should be thus used; and in my own secret little heart I attributed the cause to my ugliness. Often while I joined in the game and shouted my utmost, I was in reality sad and disheartened; and have more than once climbed a tree and hid myself in its topmost branches, while the sport proceeded in the garden below, and my absence was unnoticed.

Thus it was that my childhood fled away, till, as time progressed, the evil became more serious. Having been so often rebuffed and humiliated, I lost all ambition to excel. Insensibly I acquiesced in the idea that I was in all points inferior to others, and that no efforts of my own could ever raise me to their level. My friends now not only called me ugly, but stupid. My plain elder brother was undeniably clever. My plainer second brother was shrewd, but I was both the ugliest and stupidest of all. At first I wept at this double discovery. I then grew content at being at the bottom of my class at school. My master held me up to ridicule (the rascal has since been made a bishop), and that, too, not only because I was backward and idle, for in these respects I richly deserved his blame; but, alas! for poor human nature so apt to be biased by mere externals, because I was ugly. I felt at the time that, had I not been so very plain, my being a dunce would have been more overlooked. I saw good-looking dunces in the class with me, who were easily pardoned; but I was an ugly dunce, and therefore was ridiculed and punished. This treatment made me sullen. At last I never cared to work at all. I copied my exercises and blundered over my translations so much, that the master grew tired of hearing me, and would often pass me over entirely—a course that pleased me exceedingly, and only confirmed me in my idleness. I was called stupid, and I became stupid; and I discovered, till I half became a little misanthrope, that the ugliness for which I was bantered at home, caused me also to be treated with greater harshness for my faults at school.

Nor was it my enforced stupidity alone that thus gave the sting to my plainness, but my poverty. My father was very badly off. I wore my elder brothers' old clothes, which were too large for me. I assumed, I recollect, on one occasion one of their cast-off hats, and it overshadowed me completely. My well-dressed school-fellows christened me Guy Fawkes on account of my frumpish attire: and one of them, kinder than the rest, came to me one day when I was all alone, and told me he was sorry for me. This last incident completed my humiliation. I did not weep but I kept very silent for a day or two. I entered into no sports. I walked apart and thought of my

ugliness, my stupidity, my poverty; nor was it till a week or more had passed away that I regained my usual spirits.

Shortly after the above-mentioned events, when I was about fourteen years of age, my poor father began to think seriously of the future career of his ugly bantling. And now a fresh sorrow awaited me. My acquirements were so small, my manners and appearance so unprepossessing, that there was great difficulty in deciding on my future course. "Come here, Jack," said my father one day to me. "Can you read well?" "No," he answered for me. "Can you write well?" "No," he said again. "Can you cast accounts well?" "No," he replied once more. "You can do nothing well, but take birds' nests. I don't know at all what is to become of you."

On hearing these words, poor Jack left the room very much crestfallen; and quite agreed with his father, that he did not at all know what was to become of him, being both the ugliest and stupidest of his family. "Send him to college, father, and make a clergyman of him," suggested an amiable and compassionate sister, thinking more of her brother's feelings than the Church's interests. This last speech of hers I overheard, as I was disappearing through the doorway, with the additional words: "Perhaps he may just pass through, without being absolutely plucked."

* * * * *

Since the above-mentioned scenes, years have passed away and a great change has come over me. I have already said more than once that I was a backward boy, and very lazy over my books. About the age of sixteen years, however, a visible alteration took place in this respect. At the suggestion of a sister (a suggestion indeed half made in fun), I was induced to try my hand at writing verses. At first I refused, being quite aghast at such a daring proposal; but on the request being repeated, I complied. Then it was that I caught the first sound of praise my ugly ears had ever heard yet. She and I were both alike surprised. I could not believe that I had composed the poem out of my own stupid head. I read it over and over again, and each time with increasing wonder. I was actually startled at myself, while the pleasing idea stole into my mind that I was not so great a fool after all.

Nor did the matter end there. The verses were taken to another sister, and were praised by her in turn. My second brother also, who saw them next, declared boldly that they were not mine; or if they were, must have been made up of odds and ends by some unconscious trick of the memory. The answer was easy: I knew no poetry, and therefore the idea of plagiarism had no grounds to rest upon. And this last consideration made my triumph complete. My intellectual being awoke from its long slumber, and sprang at once into conscious life. Poetry became a passion. I read all I could lay my hands upon. I composed and filled volumes with my own lucubrations; my spirit within me yearned under the burden of a thousand new and contending romantic emotions; and while I continued busily my classical studies (for about this time it was settled that I should go to college), I read and wrote much in addition, and was never idle for a single moment.

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Still, though the first step had thus been taken in the right direction, much remained to be done. When alone with my books, I felt and enjoyed the freedom I had acquired. I no longer looked on myself as below my fellow-men, but recognized my birthright of intellectual power, and delighted in the exercise of it. The case, however, was different when I was with strangers, or even with members of my own family. Immediately the fancied giant slunk back again into the stunted dwarf. The fault of my education came over me like a cloud. The lesson that had been drilled into me so early was not to be easily eradicated; and the consequence was, that, while my indignant spirit secretly rebelled at my own cowardice, I was obliged to submit with a good grace, and cut but a poor figure in the eyes of my companions and fellow-students.

Nor did this proud diffidence lose in intensity when I was introduced into the little world of academical life. The same fault haunted me still; and keeping aloof from others, I not only forfeited many advantages, but likewise ran the risk, incurred by all solitary men, of increasing selfishness and egotism. Circumstances, however, in some degree broke down this barrier to freedom of intercourse with others, which unwise friends had unconsciously helped to raise; and though I had a small but select circle of acquaintances, my evil genius was still with me; and I finally left the university, having missed much it was calculated to teach.

My next experience dates from the time when I found myself a curate in a large manufacturing town. All my old troubles began over again. When I stood up in public, my sensitiveness came back to me with tenfold force. The thought of my extreme ugliness, the recollection of my ridiculously little and flat nose, overwhelmed me with confusion. I was keenly alive to the ludicrous; and hence the picture I involuntarily drew of myself wounded my vanity in the extreme. My first appearance in the desk was formidable. I was miserable. My poor little nose, through intense self-consciousness, actually ached on my face. If I caught the full glance of an eye, I suspected at once that it was fixed on that particular feature; and I had by an express effort to call all my reasoning powers together to lay this ghost of my own morbid fancy.

This extreme sensitiveness, however, soon began to wear off. I made up my mind to be ugly; and the strong brotherhood I felt with many others in this respect came to the aid of my philosophy.

But there was a worse evil, which was not so soon overcome. Having been for so many years of my life looked upon as stupid, I was now seized again with that distrust of self which I had once

so nearly shaken off. It seriously crippled my usefulness; and I had the mortification to see others, with half my abilities and acquirements, but more self-reliant, occupy positions with applause where I was compelled to be silent. The struggle in my heart was very bitter; and if at last I did break through the trammels in some degree, it was not till many a wasted year had flown, and many a golden opportunity had gone by forever.

Like all other young men too, I fell in love, and then the thought of my ugliness came down on me like a thunderbolt. Of course the young lady was perfection, and her nose a thorough contrast to my own. The fact that ugly men often obtained beautiful wives was very consoling, I allow; and I often ran over in my own mind a list of all the plain men I knew who were married to lovely women. Still my own ugliness distressed me, and I began in consequence an awkward and unwieldy flirtation. I tried to be agreeable, but my shyness prevailed; and I generally ended by making some blunder, such as plunged me in disgrace. Then a period of silence and distance would ensue, at which the fair object of my affections was visibly piqued and puzzled; and, as was but natural, soon let me feel her anger and annoyance. Then immediately, with the proverbial inconsistency of a lover, I forgot my own conduct that had caused the alteration in her manner, and attributed the change to a rooted dislike of my person. And so at last we separated; and a happier rival appeared, who carried her off at once, and wears the flower to this day.

After this event I began to look upon myself as a confirmed bachelor. No woman, I thought would ever take me, who have no gold to gild my ugliness; and I grew almost contented with my solitude. But Providence ordered it otherwise. This is not a love story, but a true tale; and when I learnt from the lips of her I love best, some months after marriage, that the honesty and intelligence, written on my face, threw a veil over its ugliness and almost glorified my insignificant and troublesome nose, I felt, and I still feel, that if all the world thinks me ugly, I am perfectly content with the verdict; and if most men have better noses than myself, there are many without my share of intellect and sense; or else with all their various defects, they have no warm-hearted wife like mine, to love and admire them for the few good qualities they possess.

But before I close, I have one more confession to make after all. I never see a very good nose to this day without thinking of my own bad one, and envying for the moment the more fortunate possessor. To this day also, I am somewhat shy both in public and in private, and can not wholly get over that nervous regard for the opinions of others, which my unwise training has only served to increase. This defect in my character has hindered my advancement in life. My little nose has prevented me from being a big man. God, however, has richly blessed me in many ways. I have a nice parish, a pleasant vicarage, a good wife and a large family. Many kind friends, too, have gathered around me, and assure me of increasing usefulness. Yet my one great fault of intense self-consciousness haunts me still, mars my enjoyment, unnerves me often in the very moment of action, and makes me feel every day the evil brought upon a too sensitive disposition, when defects, whether physical or mental, are made a theme for ridicule and banter, without regard to the present pain and future loss such a course is only too sure to entail.—*Temple Bar*.



A missionary steamer, whose hull and machinery weigh only six tons, is now moored in the Thames, in London. The vessel is named "Peace," and has been built for the Baptist Missionary Society, who destine it for the service of the mission in the upper reaches of the Congo River. The boat can be taken to pieces readily for transport purposes, and the total number of pieces, none of which would be too heavy for a man to carry, would be 800. The greatest possible use has been made of all available space, and the two cabins are admirably fitted. A kitchen adapted for a stove and other cooking appliances forms part of the equipment. A substantial awning covers the deck, and between this and the sides of the vessel a wire awning is fitted to stop arrows and other missiles. It is intended to take the steamer to pieces and pack the sections in boxes, which will be sent to the mouth of the Congo. From thence they will be borne by 800 men a distance of 300 miles up to Stanley Pool, where the steamer will be reconstructed by missionaries.



THE C. L. S. C.

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President: Lewis Miller.

Superintendent of Instruction: J. H. Vincent, D. D.

Counselors: Lyman Abbott, D. D.; Bishop H. W. Warren, D. D.; J. M. Gibson, D. D.; W. O. Wilkinson, D. D.

Office Secretary: Miss Kate F. Kimball.

General Secretary: Albert M. Martin.

1.—AIM.

This new organization aims to promote habits of reading and study in nature, art, science and in secular and sacred literature, in connection with the routine of daily life (especially among those whose educational advantages have been limited), so as to secure to them the college student's general outlook upon the world and life, and to develop the habit of close, connected, persistent thinking.

2.—METHODS.

It proposes to encourage individual study in lines and by text-books which shall be indicated; by local circles for mutual help and encouragement in such studies; by summer courses of lectures and "students' sessions" at Chautauqua, and by written reports and examinations.

3.—COURSE OF STUDY.

The course of study prescribed by the C. L. S. C. shall cover a period of four years.

4.—ARRANGEMENT OF CLASSES.

Each year's course of study will be considered the "first year" for new pupils, whether it be the first, second, third or fourth of the four years' course. For example, "the class of 1886," instead of beginning October, 1882, with the same studies which were pursued in 1881-'82 by "the class of 1885," will fall in with "the class of '85," and take for their first year the second year's course of the '85 class. The first year for "the class of 1885" will thus in due time become the fourth year for "the class of 1886."

5.—C. L. S. C. COURSE OF READING, 1882-'83.

I. Required.

1. Readings in the History and Literature of Greece, England, Russia, Scandinavia, China, Japan and America.
2. Readings in Science; Geology, Astronomy, Physiology, and Hygiene.
3. Readings in Bible History, and in Biblical and General Religious Literature.

II. White Seal.

1. Additional Readings in Greek, English and Biblical History.
2. Additional Readings in English and American Literature.

III. White (Crystal) Seal for Graduates.

Readings in History, Literature and Science, in the line of the Required Course for the year.

This is a Special Course for Graduates of the Class of 1882 who wish to continue their connection with the Circle.

6.—BOOKS FOR THE C. L. S. C. COURSE, 1882-'83.

I. Required.

- History of Greece, by Prof. T. T. Timayenis. Vol. 1. Parts 3, 4 and 5. Price, \$1.15.
- Preparatory Greek Course in English, by Dr. W. C. Wilkinson. Price, \$1.
- Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 5, Greek History, by Dr. J. H. Vincent. Price, 10 cents.
- Recreations in Astronomy, by Bishop Henry W. Warren, D. D. Price, \$1.10.
- Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 2, Studies of the Stars, by Bishop H. W. Warren, D. D. Price, 10 cents.
- First Lessons in Geology, by Prof. A. S. Packard, Jr. Price, 50 cents.
- Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 4, English History, by Dr. J. H. Vincent. Price, 10 cents.
- Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 34, China, Corea and Japan, by W. Elliot Griffis. Price, 10 cents.
- Evangeline, by Henry W. Longfellow. Price, paper, 20 cents; cloth, 50 cents.
- Hampton Tracts: A Haunted House, by Mrs. M. F. Armstrong; and Cleanliness and Disinfection, by Elisha Harris, M. D. Price, 15 cents.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN. [G]

Price, \$1.50—in which will be published, (monthly): Pictures from English

History, by C. E. Bishop, Esq.; Chapters from Early Russian History, by Mrs. M. S. Robinson; Passages from Scandinavian History and Literature, by Prof. L. A. Sherman, of New Haven, Conn.; Sabbath Readings in Classic Religious Literature, selected by Dr. J. H. Vincent.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN will also contain, in the department of *Required Readings*, brief papers as follows: Studies in Ancient Greek Life; Selections from English Literature; Readings from Russian Literature; Readings from the Literature of China and Japan; Readings in Bible History; Readings in Biblical Literature; Readings in Geology; Readings in Astronomy; Readings in Physiology and Hygiene.

ADDITIONAL READINGS FOR STUDENTS OF THE CLASS OF '83.

Hints for Home Reading, by Dr. Lyman Abbott. Price, cloth, \$1; board, 75 cts.

The Hall in the Grove, by Mrs. Alden. (A story of Chautauqua and the C. L. S. C.) Price, \$1.50.

Outline Study of Man, by Dr. Mark Hopkins. Price, \$1.50.

II. For the White Seal.

Persons who pursue the "White Seal Course" of each year, in addition to the regular course, will receive at the time of their graduation a white seal for each year, to be attached to the regular diploma.

History of Greece, by Prof. T. T. Timayenis. Vol. 1; completed. Price, \$1.15.

William the Conqueror, and Queen Elizabeth, Abbott's series. Price, 80 cents.

Outlines of Bible History, by Bishop J. F. Hurst, D. D. Price, 50 cents.

Chautauqua Library of English History and Literature. Vol. 1. Price, paper, 60 cents; cloth, 80 cents.

Outre-Mer, by Henry W. Longfellow. Price, paper, 15 cents; cloth, 40 cents.

Hamlet. Rolfe's edition. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, 70 cents.

Julius Cæsar. Rolfe's edition. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, 70 cents.

III. Required.—For the White (Crystal) Seal, for Graduates of 1882.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Required Reading.

History of Greece. Vol. 1. By T. T. Timayenis.

William the Conqueror and Queen Elizabeth. Abbott's Series.

Outre-Mer, by Henry W. Longfellow.

Hamlet. Rolfe's edition.

Julius Cæsar. Rolfe's edition.

The following is the distribution of the

SUBJECTS AND BOOKS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR: [Ch. stands for CHAUTAUQUAN.]

October.

History of Greece. Vol. 1. (Timayenis.) (Parts 3, 4, and 5.)

Chautauqua Text-Book, Greek History. (Vincent.)

Geology. (Packard.)

Readings in English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious
History and Literature. (Ch.)

Readings in Geology. (Ch.)

November.

History of Greece. Vol. 1. (Timayenis.) (Parts 3, 4, and 5.)

Geology. (Packard.)

English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious History and
Literature. (Ch.)

Readings in Geology. (Ch.)

December.

Preparatory Greek Course in English. (Wilkinson.)

English, Russian, Scandinavian and Religious History and
Literature. (Ch.)

Studies in Ancient Greek Life. (Ch.)

Readings from Russian Literature. (Ch.)

January 1883.

Preparatory Greek Course in English. (Wilkinson.)
English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious History and
Literature. (Ch.)
Readings in Bible History and Literature. (Ch.)

February.

Recreations in Astronomy. (Warren.)
Chautauqua Text-Book, Studies of the Stars. (Warren.)
Readings in Astronomy. (Ch.)
English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious History and
Literature. (Ch.)
Readings in Bible History and Literature. (Ch.)

March.

Recreations in Astronomy. (Warren.)
Readings in Astronomy. (Ch.)
Chautauqua Text-Book, English History. (Vincent.)
English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious History and
Literature. (Ch.)
Selections from English Literature. (Ch.)

April.

Physiology, Hygiene, and Home. Hampton Tracts.
Readings in Physiology. (Ch.)
English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious History and
Literature. (Ch.)
Selections from English Literature. (Ch.)

May.

Evangeline. (Longfellow.)
English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious History and
Literature. (Ch.)
Readings in Physiology. (Ch.)

June.

Chautauqua Text-Book, China, Corea and Japan. (Griffis.)
English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious History and
Literature. (Ch.)
Readings from the Literature of China and Japan. (Ch.)

7.—SPECIAL COURSES.

Members of the C. L. S. C. may take, in addition to the regular course above prescribed, one or more special courses, and pass an examination upon them. Pupils will receive credit and testimonial seals to be appended to their regular diploma, according to the merit of examination on these supplemental courses.

8.—THE PREPARATORY COURSE.

Persons who are too young, or not sufficiently advanced in their studies, to take the regular C. L. S. C. course, may adopt certain preparatory lessons for one or more years.

For circulars of the preparatory course, address Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J.

9.—INITIATION FEE.

To defray the expenses of correspondence, memoranda, etc., an annual fee of fifty cents is required. This amount should be forwarded to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J. (by New York or Philadelphia draft, or post-office order on Plainfield, N. J.) Do not send postage stamps if you can possibly avoid it.

N. B.—In sending your fee, be sure to state to which class you belong, whether 1883, 1884, 1885, or 1886.

10.—APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Persons desiring to unite with the C. L. S. C. should forward answers to the following questions to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J. The class graduating in 1886 should begin the study of the lessons required October, 1882. They *may* begin as late as January 1, 1883.

1. Give your name in full. 2. Your postoffice address, with county and State. 3. Are you married or single? 4. What is your age? Are you between twenty and

thirty, or thirty and forty, or forty and fifty, or fifty and sixty, etc.? 5. If married, how many children living under the age of sixteen years?^[H] 6. What is your occupation? 7. With what religious denomination are you connected? 8. Do you, after mature deliberation, resolve, if able, to prosecute the four years' course of study presented by the C. L. S. C.? 9. Do you promise to give an average of four hours a week to the reading and study required by this course? 10. How much more than the time specified do you hope to give to this course of study?

11.—TIME REQUIRED.

An average of forty minutes reading each week day will enable the students in nine months to complete the books required for the year. More time than this will probably be spent by many persons, and for their accommodation a special course of reading on the same subject has been indicated. The habit of thinking steadily upon worthy themes during one's secular toil will lighten labor, brighten life, and develop power.

12.—MEMORANDA.

The annual examinations will be held at the homes of the members, and in writing. Memoranda will be forwarded to them, and by their written replies the committee can judge whether or not they have read the books required.

13.—ATTENDANCE AT CHAUTAUQUA.

Persons should be present to enjoy the annual meetings at Chautauqua, but attendance there is not necessary to graduation in the C. L. S. C. Persons who have never visited Chautauqua may enjoy the advantages, diploma, and honors of the Circle. The ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD is published on the grounds during the Chautauqua Assembly. Send \$1 for the DAILY HERALD to T. L. Flood, Meadville, Pa. Back numbers can be supplied.

14.—MISCELLANEOUS.

For the story of the C. L. S. C., and explanation of the Local Circles, the Memorial Days to be observed by all true C. L. S. C. members, St. Paul's Grove at Chautauqua, etc., etc., address (inclose three-cent stamp), Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., who will forward the Chautauqua Hand-Book, No. 2, sixty-four pages. Blank forms, containing the ten questions given in paragraph 10, will also be sent on application.

15.—OUR CLASS MOTTOES.

We study the Word and the Works of God.

Let us keep our Heavenly Father in the midst.

Never be discouraged.

16.—BOOKS OF THE C. L. S. C.

Address Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York; and Walden & Stowe, Cincinnati and Chicago.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

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C. L. S. C. Literature.

Among the many notable features connected with Chautauqua work, not the least is the influence of the C. L. S. C. on the educational literature of the times. Book making of a peculiar sort, to meet a special demand, has been one of its results. It is a maxim of commerce that whenever there is a demand there will be a supply to meet it. It is not strange that the supply did not exist at the beginning, for the demand, the want of a school of the people, such as the C. L. S. C. aims to be, is without precedent in our history. Books for the public schools and academies lacked adaptability as well as attractiveness in many instances. The greater part of them were too elementary, being prepared for younger minds and those more advanced and mature were generally too special in their character, failing to give that "outlook" which figures so largely in the Chautauqua Idea. It had to be recognized that the mind of one grown to adult years, though perhaps no farther advanced in a particular branch of study than the boy at school, yet because of other development, experience and observation required that the subject be presented in a different manner. College text books were not suited to the needs of the student of this People's

College. They were often too deep and not wide enough, too much of the students' *sanctum* to be suited to the fireside of the home.

A glance at the list of the Chautauqua text books, as they are found in the advertising pages of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, will suggest somewhat the extent and character of this feature. It will be seen that this literature is being published and sold by some of the best publishing houses in the country, and that writers and authors of high reputation have given their talent to meet this want. Let even the disinterested reader examine this list. They are *sui generis*. Wide in their range as the scope of the C. L. S. C. course, simple and attractive in the manner of treating the various subjects, yet philosophical and thorough in the best sense. They are the books that thousands, scattered here and there, thirsting for knowledge, have felt the need of without knowing they were attainable, and which were unattainable till this demand became focalized by the organization of the C. L. S. C. This new literature is therefore filling a wider sphere than the organization which called it into existence. Upon the table of many a professional man, and in many a home where there is not a desire to pursue a full course of study, these books find their way, by reason of the very peculiarities aimed at in their preparation. We do not speak here of the effect that such books is destined to exercise upon the writers of text-books for the schools and academies and colleges, nor of the quickening effect upon publishers to furnish a wide and varied range of books on all these and other subjects to meet the increased demand arising from mental appetites awakened by this course, nor do we venture to prophesy the dimensions to which this literary influence will grow. Mr. Bayard Taylor says that the literary bloom of the eighteenth century in Germany was largely indebted to the popular guilds of the "mastersingers" of preceding centuries. A great popular educational movement like the C. L. S. C. cannot fail to have a large influence on the popular literature of the future.



The Prospect for a Revival of Spiritual Religion.

There is evidently great need of a revival of spiritual religion in all the churches of the land. The fact that most of the great Christian bodies are increasing very slowly in membership, and that some of them, according to their own statistics for the past year, have suffered an actual loss, is evidence that the Church at large is not blessed with the vitality and spiritual power she ought to have. Another significant fact is, that the non-church-going element in both city and country is rapidly on the increase, so that it is estimated that from one-fourth to one-half of the population of the country, seldom, if ever, attend religious services. Indeed we are personally acquainted in communities, and that outside of cities, too, in which the steady church-going element does not comprise more than one-eighth of the population. In view of these things we are led to inquire what are the prospects for the much-needed revival of spiritual religion.

All revivals are necessarily of divine origin, but are dependent on human agency to make them operative among men. The Church is the agency through which divine influences have always been manifested to the world. A revival has never been known to begin outside the Church. The reformation began with Luther, a member of the Romanish Church. The great modern revival movement called Methodism began with Wesley, a member of the Episcopal Church. Concerning the Holy Spirit, there can be no doubt but he is always ready to do his work. The question then is this: Is the Church in condition to secure the spirit in awakening and converting power. This question must be answered in many instances in the negative and for the following reasons:

We must admit that a spirit of worldliness pervades the Church to an alarming degree. In the mad chase after material things that characterizes our age, Christians are seemingly as eager in pursuit of temporal things for temporal ends as are those who make no pretensions to a religious life. The love of money, which is the "root of all evil," is productive of covetousness, which, like a deadly dry-rot, is destructive of spirituality, eliminates spiritual longings from the soul, and renders the man gross and groveling. In part as a result of this world-spirit developed in the Church, there has been engendered a lamentable indifference to vital piety. The religious forms remain, but the warmth, the glow, the fervor and the power of religion are often sadly wanting. In fact, modern culture too often frowns on fervency either in the pew or pulpit; and too often the sermon, instead of being a powerful appeal to the hearts and consciences of men, and awakening dead souls from the sleep of sin, is only a moral or æsthetic essay or oration, of the conventional half-hour pattern, and deals mainly in glittering generalities. The discussion in the pulpit, in the right spirit, of the justice of God, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, eternal punishment, human redemption by Jesus Christ, and kindred themes, will arouse men to duty, but these themes are by some thought to be unpopular. Consequently the thunders of Sinai are hushed and men are soothed by a sort of emasculated gospel into carnal security, both concerning themselves and their fellow-men, and make but little effort to raise themselves or others to a higher spiritual life.

The increasing secularization of the Sabbath is another great hindrance to a revival of spiritual religion. The sanctity of this day is essential to the spirituality of the Church, and whatever interferes with the proper religious observance of the day tends to destroy vital religion among the people.

In spite of these unfavorable symptoms which are manifest at present in the body of believers, we do not despair of the ultimate success of the Church in accomplishing her mission. There are many sincere, efficient and godly workers in the ranks of all denominations who are earnestly longing and laboring for the salvation of the world, but we fear for the present, at least, that their efforts are being neutralized by the worldliness, indifference, lukewarmness and formalism which

characterize a large portion of the Church, so that the near future will not witness a grand revival of spiritual religion. We would be most heartily glad, however, if our forebodings should prove ill-founded, and if there should come upon the Universal Church a divine baptism which would consume all the dross of sin and make her more successful in winning souls.



Success of the Natural Method in Language at Chautauqua.

The natural method has been for several years past on trial, and has achieved a marked success. It has been practically demonstrated that in a very short time persons can be taught to speak French or German, or indeed any language for which there is a competent living teacher. The modern languages have been most successful because it is not easy to find those sufficiently familiar with the ancient ones to give to their pupils the necessary practice in them. Yet, even Greek and Latin have been taught to be spoken in this way. In the modern languages, however, but a few weeks have been needed to enable persons to speak them fluently and understand them well when spoken. From the beginning the scholar is taught to speak in the simple way in which the mother-tongue is taught in childhood. With the very first lesson single words at the beginning and then some simple phrases are mastered. These are increased with each succeeding lesson, and soon the pupil finds that he has quite a store of the words and phrases most commonly in use. By frequent practice these are retained, and others being daily added, at the end of six weeks, or thereabouts, of constant study, any ordinary conversation can be carried on with a facility which astonishes those accustomed only to the slow and tedious processes of the older methods.

It has been fortunate for the Chautauqua Assembly that teachers have taught here from the beginning who have been thoroughly devoted to this method of instruction. Hence the success of the schools, which have already attained to very large numbers, and have secured enthusiastic interest in all those who have attended them. Though the number of last year exceeded that of any that preceded it, it was but an earnest of what is yet to come. Any prediction of the future outcome of these schools, which would be recognized as at all moderate by others, would fall far short of what is confidently expected of them by those familiar with this natural method of instruction, and with the success with which it has met in the Chautauqua schools.

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William Penn and His Policy.

The recent celebration of the bi-centennial of the landing of William Penn on this continent has once more attracted public attention to the founder of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Penn was a prominent personage during his lifetime and figured largely both in England and this country. His character was an odd mixture of fanaticism and moderation, and in his public career he managed to so blend Quaker simplicity and worldly wisdom that he was a great light in his sect and at the same time was possessed of great influence in court circles, especially during the reign of James II.

He received his patent for the territory now forming the State which bears his name from the crown, in payment of a debt of £16,000 due to his father, who had been an admiral in the English navy during the reign of Charles II. When he came to this country in 1682 to take possession of his grant, he did not endeavor to drive out by force the Indian tribes which occupied it, but formed a treaty of peace and friendship with them on such terms that the land made over to him by the crown was ceded to him and his colonies by the consent of the aboriginal inhabitants. In all his relations with the Indians he treated them with such justice and benevolence that his colonies were never molested by them, but enjoyed uninterrupted peace and prosperity. Of this treaty made by Penn with the Indians Voltaire said that it was "the only treaty never sworn to and never broken."

Penn's treatment of the Indians was as anomalous as it was wise and statesmanlike. Had a similar policy characterized the leaders and members of other colonies this country would have been spared many scenes of horror and years of bloodshed, and the story of the red men's wrongs would never have disgraced its records. Penn's course in this matter was all the more remarkable in that it was utterly foreign to the spirit of the age in which he lived. War was the trade of kings and their representatives. Its rude alarms were preferred to the "piping sounds of peace," and the sword was deemed a more honorable emblem than the olive branch. Penn showed his greatness by rising completely above the spirit and temper of his times in the policy he pursued in relation to the Indians.

The world has grown wiser with the flight of time, and now, after the lapse of two centuries, the peace policy which Penn adopted in his treatment of the Indians is becoming more and more the policy of the nations toward one another. War has been found to be the most costly and cruel method of settling national difficulties. Besides causing the slaughter of millions of men, it has been the means of loading the states of Europe, as well as our own country, with burdensome debts which the coming generations of peace-loving men must pay. As the world becomes more thoroughly civilized and Christianized war will be looked upon as a relic of barbarism, and will be shunned as a horrid crime. National differences will be settled by arbitration and mutual concessions instead of by an appeal to arms, and the prophetic declaration that men "shall beat

their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning hooks" will be fulfilled in spirit if not in letter.



PERICLES.—A sonnet by the Rev. Theodore C. Pease:

His grave, impassive face was stern and cold;
Upon his brow majestic calmness sate;
The fine curve of his lips, as firm as fate,
Of deep resolve and fast persuasion told.
No features his of coarse or common mold,
But first of men in the world's foremost state,
Even at her highest,—he among the great,
Excelled by brow and breast the men of old,
And unto us who, through the sight of years,
See men like shadows move along the dim
Horizon's verge, high o'er them all appears,
Clearer than all beside, the shape of him
Who gave his name to Athens' noblest age,
Whose life gave history her brightest page.



EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

Hail the night, all hail the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
When amid the wakeful fold,
Tidings good the angel told.
Now our solemn chant we raise
Duly to the Savior's praise;
Now with carol hymns we bless
Christ the Lord, our righteousness.
—*From the German.*

General Neal Dow, the famous Prohibition leader, is now about seventy-eight years old, but he is so well preserved that he does not look to be more than sixty. He is of medium height, rather stout, and wears heavy side whiskers, which, like his hair, are silvered with age.

The *London Echo*, which has been a most active sympathizer with Arabi Pasha, suggests the following lines as applicable to him:

Rebel or Patriot? Well, heads or tails!
Define the terms, and this is how it reads:
Rebel is—a Patriot who fails;
A Patriot is—a Rebel who succeeds.

C. L. S. C. students will find the following item of special interest in connection with this year's course of study: Of all Scandinavian men of letters, none, perhaps, commands a wider, deeper influence than Dr. Gorg Brandes, whose name has become familiar in many lands by his personal association with leading thinkers and writers in England, France, and Germany, his manful contests with ecclesiastical prejudices, and his persistent efforts to introduce modern ideas into the hide-bound universities of the North. Ten years ago, after a determined struggle, he obtained the nomination to the chair of Literature in the University of Copenhagen, but was rejected at last through the influence of the metropolitan bishop. Since then he has been living in Berlin, and the university chair has remained unoccupied. At last, however, a committee of private citizens has been formed, and has raised enough money to assure Dr. Brandes a comfortable salary for ten years, if he will return to Copenhagen as resident lecturer on literature at the University. Although the salary thus offered him is not nearly as large as the one he now receives at Berlin, he has accepted the proposition, and will begin his first course of lectures in Copenhagen about Christmas next. There is room for hope that the influence of his thought and scholarship will so aid the progress of toleration and liberal ideas that when the ten years expire the Church will offer no opposition to his occupying the chair that has so long been awaiting him.

The necessary sum for the Garfield monument (\$10,000) at Cincinnati has been raised by dollar subscriptions. The statue is to be of bronze, full length, of heroic size, and mounted on a granite pedestal.

The geological diagrams prepared for the C. L. S. C. are in the form of landscapes. They may be used to great advantage in local circles. It is the object method of teaching applied to geology, and it makes this seemingly dry study fascinating and profitable. Dr. Vincent becomes enthusiastic over teaching geology by this method. Ten diagrams cost a member of the C. L. S. C. only \$5.

Zion's Herald, of Boston, Mass., puts individual responsibility in a nutshell in this item: "Who can tell the importance of one vote? It is said that when the war of 1812 was declared, the measure was carried in the United States Senate by one majority. One of those senators was elected, in the Rhode Island Legislature, by one majority, and one member of that legislature was detained at home unexpectedly, who, if he had been present, would have voted against that senator. He was about getting on the stage to go to the legislature in the morning of the day of the vote, when, casually looking around, he saw that his pigs had got out of the pen and were in mischief. He stopped at home to take care of them and could not reach the legislature that day. One vote changes many currents. Massachusetts once had a governor elected by one plurality. Every good man should be counted on the right side."

Our English cousins have resolved to place a bust of Longfellow in the poets' corner of Westminster Abbey. £500 have already been subscribed toward the erection of the memorial. Longfellow will be the first American thus honored at Westminster.

London *Truth*: "The aim of illustrated newspapers ought to be to give pictorial realization of passing events. Their merit is in proportion to their accuracy. Of late, however, they have taken to fancy sketches."

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Longfellow, on being introduced to the late Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, a quick-witted old gentleman, who dearly loved a joke, reference was made to the similarity of the first syllables of their names. "*Worth* makes the man and want of it the *fellow*," replied Mr. Longfellow, quoting Pope's famous line.

The recent elections vindicate the memory of the lamented ex-President James A. Garfield. They demonstrate that there is no dominating moral principle in the creed of any of the great political parties, and that the voters who believe in principles rather than offices or men, hold the balance of power in our civilization. A little philosophy fully explains the present political condition of the American people.

The *Watchman* says: "How to get people to church, is a much discussed question in these days. When Mr. Spurgeon was asked how he succeeded so wonderfully in keeping his church full, he replied, 'I fill the pulpit, and let the people fill the pews.' Dr. Chalmers told a part of the secret when he said, 'A house-going preacher makes a church-going people.'"

A deputation of astronomers from Germany has come to this country to witness the transit of Venus on December 6.

The ladies are responsible for this: In the last five or six years New York city's trade in ostrich feathers has increased from about half a million dollars a year to nearly five million dollars.

Mr. Bancroft, the historian, rises at 5 o'clock in the morning. His breakfast is a light one, usually consisting of a cup of chocolate, some fruit, an egg and a roll. He eats nothing more until dinner, which is always a substantial meal. Few men, he believes, can perform good brain work with a full stomach. He spends the morning dictating to his secretaries, and revising the work of the preceding day. From 1 until 2:30 he receives visitors. The latter part of the afternoon he spends in the saddle, riding from twenty to thirty-five miles, and managing his steed, mounting and alighting with the agility of a young man, although he completed his eighty-second year more than a month ago.

The season has come for members of the C. L. S. C. to use the local papers, in towns and cities. While you are at work over your books and in your local circles, you are making items of news which, if you will write up and hand to the editors they will thank you and publish them gladly. You may thus extend a knowledge of the C. L. S. C. among the people without. You may induce many to take up the course of reading. You may banish ignorance from a great many homes, and you may awaken talents, that now sleep, in young men and women who are in ignorance and idleness because nobody cares for them. Write up the C. L. S. C. work for the local papers, and tell who you are and what you are, and why you are connected with this great Circle.

The Chautauqua School of Languages is growing into a school of correspondence. Prof. Lalande and Dr. Worman invite their students in French and German to adopt this method in pursuing their studies. They hold that the art of reading and writing can be as well taught by letter as in the school room. In England and Germany correspondence schools have long existed, and been remarkably successful. The Chautauqua school is growing in numbers and interest, and we look for a large increase through the new plan.

In response to requests from a number of our readers we give below a list of Memorial Days:

1. *Opening Day*. October 1. Read psalms i, viii, and xxiii, and Mr. Bryant's "Letter on the C. L. S. C.," page 47. [At noon on October 1, and on every other "Memorial Day" during the year, the Chapel Bell at Chautauqua will ring. Every true Chautauqua heart will hear and heed the call.]
2. *Bryant's Day*. November 3. [Bryant born November 3, 1794.] Read "Thanatopsis," "A Forest Hymn," and "The Planting of the Apple-Tree."
3. *Special Sunday*. November—Second Sunday. Read Job xxviii.
4. *Milton's Day*. December 9. [Milton born December 9, 1608.] Read "Hymn of the Nativity," and "Satan."
5. *College Day*. January—last Thursday. This is the day of prayer for colleges usually observed in the churches.
6. *Special Sunday*. February—Second Sunday. Read Psalm xix.
7. *Shakspeare's Day*. April 23. [Shakspeare born April 23, 1564.] Read "Fall of Cardinal Wolsey," (Henry VIII, act iii, scene 2,) and "Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death," (Act iii, scene 1.)
8. *Addison's Day*. May 1. [Addison born May 1, 1672.] Read the "Vision of Mirza," and "Omnipresence and Omniscience of the Deity."
9. *Special Sunday*. May—Second Sunday. Read Matt. xxv.
10. *Special Sunday*. July—Second Sunday. Read 1 Cor. xiii.
11. *Inauguration Day*. August—First Saturday after First Tuesday. Anniversary of C. L. S. C., at Chautauqua.
12. *St. Paul's Day*. August—Second Saturday after First Tuesday. Anniversary of the Dedication of St. Paul's Grove at Chautauqua. Read Acts xvii, 10-34.

SPECIAL NOTE.—Let each member of the C. L. S. C. prepare a brief memorandum, for his own use, on the birth, life, times, and influence of Bryant, Milton, Shakspeare, and Addison.

It is a pleasant surprise to read the proceedings of the recent national convention of the W. C. T. U., held in Louisville, Ky. This is certainly one of the most complete and efficient temperance organizations this nation ever produced. The women have divided their work into several departments: temperance literature, the evangelistic work, prison and police station work, the Southern work, the German work, work among colored people, the young women's work, hygiene, legislative department, etc., etc. The convention was entertained handsomely by the good people of Louisville. Its session was harmonious, and its proceedings will create a stronger temperance sentiment wherever they are read. Miss Frances E. Willard was re-elected president, receiving every vote of every delegate in the convention, and there were more than thirty States represented. Elsewhere in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN our readers will find an article that was read before the convention, which traces the history of the W. C. T. U. back to Chautauqua as the place of its origin. The W. C. T. U., with its fifty thousand workers, can say of Chautauqua, "I was born there."

The *Advance* puts our "winter work" in these words: "It presses now—what is it? First and chiefly, at least for ministers, to edify believers in holy character; for the perfecting of the saints, the edifying of the body of Christ. For it is Christian character which converts sinners to Christ, which burns with a holy evangelistic zeal, and is likely to secure conversions even without directly aiming at them. It is consecrated character which has power with God and with men."

Mr. Bezdrovoff, a Russian engineer, is in this country. He said to a reporter recently: "Our government ordered me to study your ways and means of transportation. We have a costly system of canals uniting our seas, the Baltic, the White, the Caspian, and the Black; we have many great navigable rivers, and, besides, we have built tens of thousands of versts of railroads, and yet transportation in our country is in its infancy. Thousands of tons of grain rot annually at our railroad stations, for there are no stores. In the southern part of Russia there is abundance of fish, meat, vegetables, and other provisions, and yet in the northern part of the country the people can not afford to buy those provisions, for the cost of transportation puts it beyond their means. We have plenty of coal and kerosene, but at St. Petersburg, and even at Moscow, the English coal and the American kerosene are cheaper than the Russian. Our canals and railroads don't pay to the government the cost of keeping."

There are very few who have not been puzzled how to pronounce some out-of-the-way word which has suddenly sprung into common use. A bewildered reader writes to a Boston paper saying that the pronunciation of Whittier's "Maud Muller" has long been such a puzzle to him. "When I was a little fellow," he says, "I pronounced it phonetically, of course, Mul-ler. Well, shortly after I heard a literary gentleman—a judge, too—read the poem at an evening gathering, and I noticed particularly he pronounced it Mü-ler. I made a note of it and carried that pronunciation with confidence for a long time, until one day in High School the teacher informed

us that the proper pronunciation of that name was 'Mwë-ler.' So I changed my colors again and sailed under Mwëler for quite a while, until one day I got into conversation with a young physician, a good German student. 'Oh, yes,' said he, 'I can tell you how to pronounce that name! Whenever you see a German word with two dots over the letter u, it is always pronounced as if immediately followed by an r, thus: 'Murl-er, Maud Murler.' By this time I had lost all confidence in everyone and decided to let the young lady severely alone, but the other day I happened to run across a German fresh from the old country, and I said: 'Do you have any people over in your land called Muller? M-u-l-l-e-r!' 'Oh, yes, plenty.' 'Well, what do you call them—how do you pronounce it?' 'Miller,' said he. 'It's a very common name—Miller.' I thanked him and left, and now if there is another way in which that word can be pronounced I should like to hear it. I am honestly seeking for information."

The first volume of THE CHAUTAUQUAN is out of print, but the second volume, beginning with October, 1881, and closing with July, 1882, may be obtained by sending the price, \$1.50. We can supply THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD for 1882. There are nineteen numbers in the volume, which contain more than sixty lectures and addresses on live questions of the day—philosophy, literature, the sciences, history, practical life, etc. Price, \$1.00.

A provoking error occurs in the first line on page 156 of this number. It should read "The history of the origin of," etc. The words "history of the" were dropped out by mistake, and the omission was not discovered until the form was entirely printed.

At a recent meeting of the "Parker" C. L. S. C., in Washington, D. C., Dr. H. A. Dobson illustrated how ice will move downward by pressure of its own weight, applicable to the glacial chapter of Packard's Geology. In the top of a wooden bucket or tub, drive two tacks or small nails on opposite sides, and about two inches apart. Stretch across two fine iron wires—such as is used for wax flowers will do—winding the wires around the tacks so as to be kept in position. Upon the wires place a piece of clear ice, about six inches long, four inches wide and two inches thick, placing the thin edge in contact with the wires. Almost instantly the wires will be imbedded in the ice, and in the course of an evening the downward movement of the ice will be so great as to cause the wires to pass entirely through the block of ice, which, strange as it may seem, unites again below the wires, and though it is actually severed by the wires in three parts by its course downward, it falls into the vessel a solid piece, leaving no trace of the path the wires made. An interesting question for C. L. S. C. readers to solve, after repeating the experiment, is, Why does the ice re-unite?

The Hon. Hiram Price, of Iowa, one of the Commissioners of Indian Affairs, comments severely on the iniquity of the liquor traffic among the Indians, and quotes instances of trouble arising from it. He reports the total number of Indians in the United States, exclusive of Alaska, as being 262,366.

The work of revising the Old Testament is going on under the direction of Dr. Philip Schaff as chairman of the American portion of the committee. They are now engaged on the third and last revision, which will be completed in about a year from this time. The American committee meet on the last Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of each month, in Dr. Schaff's study, in the Bible House, New York. The English committee meet in Jerusalem Chapel, in Westminster Abbey. The Bishop of Winchester is chairman.

We shall furnish our readers with a complete list of the names of the C. L. S. C. graduates for 1882 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for February.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO., 739 and 741 Broadway, New York, have in press for immediate publication, "Evangeline—The Place, The Story and the Poem." By Prof. Noah Porter, President of Yale College. To be issued in an elegant large folio volume, limited to 500 copies, numbered and signed by Prof. Porter, containing nineteen magnificent original illustrations by Frank Dicksee, A. R. A., fifteen of which are elegantly reproduced in photogravure by Messrs. Goupil & Co., of Paris, and four are proof impressions on India paper from the original blocks, beautifully illustrating Longfellow's poem of Evangeline. The publishers claim that this will prove the handsomest artistic gift book of the season.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

[We solicit questions of interest to the readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN to be answered in this department. Our space does not always allow us to answer as rapidly as questions reach us. Any relevant question will receive an answer in its turn.]

Q. Where is the Panthéon located in which Mirabeau's body was placed?

A. The Panthéon is in Paris. The foundation stone of the present edifice was laid by Louis XV in 1764, and the church was dedicated to St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris. In 1791 the convention resolved to convert it into a kind of memorial temple, which they named the Panthéon and inscribed on it the words, "*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante.*" The old inscription still remains and the familiar name is still popularly applied to the church. Mirabeau was the first person whose remains were deposited in the vaults.

Q. Which branch of mathematics should be taken up after arithmetic, algebra, or geometry?

A. Algebra, which is the key to all the higher mathematics.

Q. What is the name of the River Jordan now?

A. Arab geographers call the river either El-Urdon, which is equivalent to the Hebrew name, or Esh-sheriah, which signifies "the watering place." The latter is the name generally used by the modern Syrians.

Q. In the course of study for this year is it obligatory to buy Rolfe's edition of Hamlet and Julius Cæsar, if one has some other edition?

A. It is not obligatory. Any edition will be acceptable.

Q. What is the origin of the term Huguenots?

A. It is a name of uncertain origin, first applied by the Roman Catholics of France to all partisans of the Reformation, but afterwards restricted to the Calvinists. Some derive it from one of the gates of the city of Tours, called *Hugons*, at which these Protestants held some of their assemblies; others from the words *Huc nos*, with which their protest commenced; others from *aignos*, a confederate. Prof. Mahn, in his *Etymologische Untersuchungen*, quotes no fewer than fifteen different derivations.

Q. What is Salmagundi, and from what is the name derived?

A. A mixture of minced veal, chicken, pickled herrings and onions all chopped together and served with lemon juice and oil: so called, it is said by some, from Salmagundi, one of the ladies attached to the suite of Mary de Medicis, wife of Henry IV of France, who is reputed to have invented the dish. The word is more probably a corruption of the Latin *salgatum* (meat and salad chopped together).

Q. Which is the largest library in the world?

A. The National Library, in Paris, containing 2,000,000 volumes, is the largest.

Q. I saw recently an allusion to the "Vinegar Bible," but have no idea what was meant. Can THE CHAUTAUQUAN tell me?

A. A Bible printed by the Clarendon press in 1717, by mistake gave the heading to Luke xx as "The Parable of the Vinegar," instead of Vineyard.

Q. In what historic period was the Persian Avesta written?

A. The Avesta is one of the most ancient documents remaining to us for the early history and religion of the Indo-European family. It is made up of several distinct parts, and many circumstances favor the theory of its collection into its present form during the early part of the Sassanian period, about 226 A. D.

Q. I have access to "Hudson's Shakspeare;" will it be accepted in place of Rolfe's edition of "Hamlet" and "Julius Cæsar" in the required reading for the White Seal Course for this year, 1882-83?

A. Yes, any edition.

Q. What is the meaning of Peter-pence?

A. An annual tribute of one penny paid at the feast of Saint Peter to the see of Rome. It was collected in England from 740 till it was abolished by Henry VIII.

Q. Please give a list of some of the best small works on Geology, Mineralogy, and Paleontology.

A. "Text-book of Geology," by Dana; "Geology for General Readers," by Page; "Elementary Geology," by Gray; "Paleontology," by Owen; "Manual of Mineralogy," by Dana; "Rudiments of Mineralogy," by Ramsay.

Q. What war is meant by the "Seven Years' War?"

A. That of Frederick II of Prussia, against Austria, Russia, and France (1756-1763).

Q. What is the origin of the word Tory?

A. The word is probably from the Irish *toruigh*, used in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to signify a band of Irish robbers. Macaulay says, "The name was first given to those who refused to concur in excluding James from the throne." He further says, "The bogs of Ireland afforded a refuge to popish outlaws called *tories.*"

Q. What is the origin of the phrase, "to take a snack?"

A. It means to take a morsel, from Saxon *snæd*, a morsel, a share or portion.

Q. Who was the author of the *Dies Iræ*?

A. It is probably the composition of Thomas a Celano, a native of Abruzzi, who died in 1255, though its authorship is not certainly fixed.

Q. Is it true that Mr. Gladstone is a Roman Catholic? I saw it so stated recently.

A. No, he is a High Churchman.

Q. Is the "Life of Napoleon," by the late J. S. C. Abbot, a reliable book?

A. The author has been accused of partiality for his hero, but it is up to the average of reliability of such books.

Q. How far back does the oldest record of the Chinese extend?

A. The history of China dates back nearly 5000 years, but up to the year 2207 it is of a mythical character.

Q. Will you please inform me to what zoölogical class the starfish belongs, and give some of its habits.

A. The starfish belongs to the class of echinoderms, and the order asterioids. The zoölogical name is *asterias rubens*. A famous English anatomist says starfishes may be considered as mere walking stomachs, their office in the economy of nature being to devour all kinds of garbage which would otherwise accumulate on the shores; they eat also live crustaceans, mollusks, and even small fish, and are believed to be very destructive to oysters.

Q. Is it true that the Methodist Episcopal Church forbids its ministers the use of tobacco?

A. See discipline questions asked candidates for admission. They are required to answer the question, but the conference may admit them even though the question be answered negatively.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & Co.: "Wild Animals and Birds, Haunts and Habits." For children the following books contain wholesome reading. They are elegantly bound and handsomely illustrated: "Papa's Little Daughters;" "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn;" "Two Tea Parties;" "The Mother Goose Goslings;" "Little Folks;" "Fred Bradford's Debt;" "Bo Peep;" "Living Pages From Many Ages." Parents or friends desiring handsome books for holiday presents to children will be sure to get what they want in the above list.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York, publish "History of the Christian Church," vol. I, by Dr. Philip Schaff; "The Harmony of the Bible with Science;" "The Early Days of Christianity;" "A Popular Commentary of the New Testament;" "The Epistles of St. Paul;" "Webster," an ode, by Prof. W. C. Wilkinson, D. D.; "Love for Souls;" "Campaigns of the Civil War;" "The March to the Sea, Franklin and Nashville;" "Edward the Third;" "Logic and Life;" "International Revised Commentary, Luke;" "Saltillo Boys;" "Prayer and Its Answer;" "Swiss Family Robinson."

REPORT OF CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL EXAMINATION— 1882.

To the members of the Chautauqua Normal Class:

We present to you the following list of names of those who passed the normal examination. The highest honors are awarded to

Emma C. Brainard, Chili Station, N. Y.
Mrs. Anna K. Knesal, Slippery Rock, Pa.
Henry S. Jacoby, Memphis, Tenn.

All of these presented papers without a single mistake, and therefore marked with the maximum 100. They will receive the first prize in equal honor, each a copy of "The Treasury of Song," published by C. R. Blackall & Co., N. Y. Thirteen other papers closely follow them in merit, being marked 99½. We have placed the names of these sixteen persons deserving an honorable mention at the head of the list, but the names of the rest of the class are not printed in order of merit. Diplomas will be sent to all the class as soon as they can be prepared and signed.

John R. Pepper, Memphis, Tenn.
 Cornelia Moore, New Richmond, Ohio.
 Sarah J. Hough, Antwerp, N. Y.
 Mrs. Amelia Currie, East Carlton, N. Y.
 Mrs. G. D. Marsh, Union City, Pa.
 C. A. Knesal, Slippery Rock, Pa.
 Kate Ayres, Dover, N. J.
 M. M. Stovel, Avon, N. Y.
 Nellie Munson, Ravenna, Ohio.
 Eugene Simpkins, Kendall, N. Y.
 Julia M. Guest, Ogdensburg, N. Y.
 Francis L. Proctor, Canton, Ill.
 Carrie A. Ingersoll, Canton, Ill.

We have marked opposite your name in the following list of graduates the number at which your examination paper was marked. If you desire to have your papers returned, please to send to Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, Plainfield, N. J., your post office address and six cents in postage stamps.

Mrs. R. B. Powers, Richmond, Ind.
 Mary S. Young, Ripley, N. Y.
 Mrs. C. G. Wood, Beach Pond, Pa.
 Millie T. Stone, Batavia, N. Y.
 Mrs. Minerva Perry, Brownhelm, Ohio.
 Mrs. Ruth P. Nixon, Brighton, Ill.
 J. M. Crouch, Jamestown, Pa.
 Mrs. Elvira A. Walsworth, Lake Mahopac, N. Y.
 L. D. Beck, Franklin, Tenn.
 Mrs. Mary Lane, Batavia, Ohio.
 Ernest D. Sweezey, Corry, Pa.
 Mamie E. Utter, Birmingham, Mich.
 A. D. Wilder, Chautauqua, N. Y.
 Mary P. Whitney, Wagon Works, Ohio.
 Maud F. Temple, Sugar Grove, Pa.
 J. B. Webber, Springville, N. Y.
 D. J. March, Corry, Pa.
 Mrs. J. G. Doran, Dayton, Ohio.
 Bessie Eddy, Chautauqua, N. Y.
 Maggie A. Huston, Winchester, Ill.
 Cora Howe, Centreville, Pa.
 J. E. L., Columbus, Ohio.
 G. B. Marsh, Union City, Pa.
 Mary H. Lowe, Springville, N. Y.
 Mrs. P. A. Cross, Friendship, N. Y.
 Emma J. Wood, Cheviot, Ohio.
 M. E. Truesdale, Summerfield, —
 Sara Gouldy, Newburg, N. Y.
 Mrs. M. P. St. John, Madison, Ohio.
 J. T. Leming, Dayton, Ohio.
 Sarah M. Newton, Flint, Mich.
 Mrs. J. N. Bolard, Bradford, Pa.
 Minnie Reeve, Farmington, Mo.
 Mrs. J. B. Webber, Springfield, Ill.

We congratulate you upon your success in your studies, and upon your membership in the Chautauqua Normal Association. We hope that you will come next summer prepared to take the Chautauqua Alumni Association, and hope that you will next summer be prepared for the advanced normal examination, and a seal upon your diplomas. The list for required books for this course may be found in Chautauqua Hand Book, No. 1 (revised edition), which will be sent to you upon application, enclosing a three cent stamp.

Sincerely yours,
 J. H. VINCENT,
 Superintendent of Instruction.

J. L. HURLBUT,
 Superintendent Normal Department.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Oct. 1, 1882.



THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

THE THIRD VOLUME BEGINS WITH OCTOBER, 1882.

It is a monthly magazine, 72 pages in each number, ten numbers in the volume, beginning with October and closing with July of each year.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

is the official organ of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, adopted by the Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., Lewis Miller, Esq., and Lyman Abbott, D. D., Bishop H. W. Warren, D. D., Prof. W. C. Wilkinson, D. D., and Rev. J. M. Gibson, D. D., Counselors of the C. L. S. C.

THE CURRENT VOLUME WILL CONTAIN MORE THAN HALF THE REQUIRED READINGS FOR THE C. L. S. C.

That brilliant writer, Mrs. May Lowe Dickinson, will take the C. L. S. C. on a "TOUR ROUND THE WORLD," in nine articles, which will begin in the November number.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent will prepare Sunday Readings for the C. L. S. C. and one article for each number on C. L. S. C. work.

Popular articles on Russia, Scandinavian History and Literature, English History, Music and Literature, Geology, Hygiene, etc., etc., will be published for the C. L. S. C. in THE CHAUTAUQUAN only.

Prof. W. T. Harris will write regularly for us on the History and Philosophy of Education.

Eminent authors, whose names and work we withhold for the present, have been engaged to write valuable papers, to be in the Required Reading for the C. L. S. C.

"Tales from Shakspeare," by Charles Lamb, will appear in every number of the present volume, giving the reader in a racy readable form all the salient features of Shakspeare's works.

The following writers will contribute articles for the present volume:

The Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., Mrs. Mary S. Robinson, Edward Everett Hale, Prof. L. A. Sherman, Prof. W. T. Harris, Prof. W. G. Williams, A. M., A. M. Martin, Esq., Mrs. Ella Farnham Pratt, C. E. Bishop, Esq., Rev. E. D. McCreary, A. M., Mrs. L. H. Bugbee, Bishop H. W. Warren, Rev. H. H. Moore, Prof. W. C. Wilkinson, D. D., and others.

We shall continue the following departments:

**Local Circles,
Questions and Answers,**
on every book in the C. L. S. C. course not
published in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
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FOOTNOTES:

[A] "Ivanhoe," chapter vii.

[B] Knight.

[C] Babylon—the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency!—Isaiah xiii: 19.

Her cities are a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness, a land wherein no man dwelleth.—Jeremiah li: 43.

[D] If the careful examination of satisfactory photographs should seem to show that the darkness (almost blackness) behind the nucleus is an objective, and not merely a subjective phenomenon, the following explanation would seem forced upon us. If the particles forming the envelopes are minute flat bodies, and if anything in the circumstances under which these particles are driven off into the tail causes them to always so arrange themselves that the planes in which they severally lie pass through the axis of the tail (which, if the tail is an electrical phenomenon might very well happen) then we should find the region behind the nucleus very dark, or almost black, for the particles in the direction of the line of sight then would be turned edgewise toward us, whereas those on either side or in the prolongation of the envelopes would turn their faces toward the observer.

[E] A sermon delivered in the Amphitheater, at Chautauqua, Sunday, August 20, 1882.

[F] Held in the Amphitheater, at Chautauqua, August 4, 1882.

[G] THE CHAUTAUQUAN is a monthly magazine containing more than one half the "required" reading. Ten numbers for the year. 72 pages a month. Price, \$1.50 a year. For all the books address Phillips & Hunt, New York, or Walden & Stowe, Cincinnati or Chicago. For THE CHAUTAUQUAN address, *Theodore L. Flood, Meadville, Pa.*

[H] We ask this question to ascertain the possible future intellectual and moral influence of this "Circle" on your homes.

Transcriber's Notes:

Obvious punctuation errors repaired.

Page 123, "Keif" changed to "Kief" (grand duchy of Kief remained)

Page 138, repeated word "more" deleted from text. Original read (more more than 9,500 cubic)

Page 145, "possiby" changed to "possibly" (cyanogen, and possibly oxygen)

Page 146, "comatic" changed to "cometic" (cometic phenomena are concerned)

Page 149, "hear" changed to "hears" (one hears all sorts)

Page 150, "ustly" changed to "justly" (justly what seem to)

Page 155, "Daised" changed to "Daisied" (Daisied meadows of our)

Page 157, "be" changed to "he" (he does a little better)

Page 165, “vincicate” changed to “vindicate” (A. To vindicate)
Page 166, “is” changed to “in” (difficulty in obtaining a)
Page 169, word “who” added to text (that he who would be)
Page 172, “Kinmball” changed to “Kimball” (Miss K. F. Kimball,
Plainfield, N. J.)

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