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# THE CHAUTAUQUAN

*A Monthly Magazine Devoted to  
the Promotion of True Culture.  
Organ of the  
Chautauqua Literary and  
Scientific Circle.*

Vol. III.  
June, 1883.  
No. 9.

*Theodore L. Flood, D.D., Editor  
The Chautauqua Press*

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# THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

[487]

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF TRUE CULTURE. ORGAN OF  
THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

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VOL. III.

JUNE, 1883.

No. 9.

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## Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

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**REQUIRED READING**  
**FOR THE**  
***Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle for 1882-83.***  
**JUNE.**

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**A GLANCE AT THE HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF  
SCANDINAVIA.**

By L. A. SHERMAN, Ph.D.

**VII.—SWEDISH HISTORY FROM CHARLES XII. TO OSCAR II.**

In the poem of Axel some of our readers may suspect that Tegnér has idealized the exploits and daring of Charles XII. and his enthusiastic guard of honor. Doubtless some allowance must be made for the exaggerations of time, but that Charles XII. stands almost alone in history for indomitable resolution and reckless bravery, seems clear. To estimate his career and character in a word we can not do better than turn to the last pages of Voltaire's history of his life, from which we quote the following:

"Almost all his actions, even those of his private life, bordered upon the marvelous. He is perhaps the only one of all mankind, and hitherto the only one among kings, who has lived without a single frailty. He carried all the virtues of heroes to an excess at which they are as dangerous as their opposite vices. His resolution, hardened into obstinacy, occasioned his misfortunes in the Ukraine, and detained him five years in Turkey; his liberality, degenerating into profusion, ruined Sweden; his courage, extending even to rashness, was the cause of his death; his justice sometimes approximated to cruelty; and during the last years of his reign, the means he employed to support his authority differed little from tyranny. His great qualities, any one of which would have been sufficient to immortalize another prince, proved the misfortune of his country. He never was the aggressor; yet in taking vengeance he was more implacable than prudent. He was the first man who ever aspired to the title of conqueror, without the least desire of enlarging his own dominions; and whose only end in subduing kingdoms was to have the pleasure of giving them away. His passion for glory, for war and revenge, prevented him from being a good politician; a quality without which the world had never before seen any one a conqueror. Before a battle, and after a victory, he was modest and humble, and after a defeat firm and undaunted; rather an extraordinary than a great man, and more worthy to be admired than imitated."

After the death of Charles, who had never thought of designating a successor, two claimants for the throne came forward; his sister Ulrika and his nephew Carl Frederick. By intrigue with the nobles the former secured the prize, promising to give up the almost absolute power that had been wielded by the Vasa line. Two years later Ulrika resigned the sovereignty to her husband, Prince Frederick of Hesse. One of the most distressing chapters of Swedish history now begins. Frederick I. was indolent and indifferent to the claims of his position. When an energetic policy might at least have protected the country, he looked on in apathy while party strife within and greed of conquest from without nearly sundered the kingdom. Russia obtained Ingermanland, Esthonia, Livonia, and part of Finland, and in effect controlled the territory which it spared. After thirty years of such virtual interregnum the throne was again mounted by an alien prince, Adolf Frederick of Holstein. This was going from bad to worse. The new Frederick was weaker, if not more indolent than his predecessor, and in the twenty years of his authority the nation reached the bottom of its helplessness and insignificance. In 1771, Gustaf III., son of Adolf Frederick, was crowned. None of the father's qualities appear in this son. Born on Swedish soil, though of alien blood, he had early imbibed the spirit of the Vasa monarchs, and set out to rival their achievements. He at once overthrew the power of the council and assumed again the reins of irresponsible authority. He became involved in a war with Russia, then ruled by Catherine II., who effected an alliance with Denmark against him. By the influence of Prussia and England Danish co-operation with Russia was abandoned. After a few skirmishes Gustaf was induced to close the campaign without accomplishing the results attempted. It was clear the odds were too great.

Sweden, now that all foreign differences were adjusted, was in condition to enter upon a long period of prosperity. But to the restless temper of the king, peace was impossible. He was ever entertaining great schemes, and laid plans even for interfering with the course of events in France, hoping to set aside the course of the revolution and set up again the authority of the Bourbon family. Money was solicited from the Diet for this purpose. The wildness of such a project when the country was groaning under an accumulated burden of debt, caused a strong revulsion of feeling against the king. A conspiracy was formed to remove him, and on the 16th of March, 1792, while attending a masked ball in Stockholm, he was assassinated.

Gustaf III. left as heir to the throne an only son, who was declared king at the age of fourteen, under the title of Gustaf Adolf IV. During the four years that remained of his minority the country was entrusted to the regency of his uncle, Duke Charles of Sodermanland. On attaining his

majority, Gustaf IV. was crowned, and assumed direction of the government. The people rejoiced again in the accession of a prince of unusual promise, but they were again doomed to disappointment. The king refused to continue the policy inaugurated by his uncle, of supporting the new order of things in France. To the quality of wilfulness he soon united that of fanaticism. Napoleon was to his mind unmistakably the Great Beast foretold in the Book of Revelations. He, therefore, without duly weighing the consequences, joined the triple coalition against France. This step led to numerous evils. Taking the field in person, he matched his strength against Bernadotte, who took possession of Hanover. After the battle of Austerlitz, and the peace of Tilsit, the insane King of Sweden attempted to continue the war alone. Despoiled of Pomerania by the French, he was next to rouse the ire of Russia and lose Finland. Even England, who had come to his rescue, abandoned all hope of his administration and recalled her troops. The nation was in despair; revolution was again its only hope. A project was formed to place the crown in foreign hands, and offer of it was made to the English Duke of Gloucester. The rumor of an intended deposition spread, and the people hailed it with enthusiasm. Without waiting to settle the question of who should take the crown, a body of troops marched from the borders of Norway to the royal palace in Stockholm, and in the name of the nation seized the person of the king. On the 29th of March, 1809, he signed his abdication, henceforth to be an exile and a wanderer. He assumed the name of Count Gottorp, made a brief sojourn in England, whence he repaired to the Continent, and finally died in 1837 at St. Gall, in Switzerland.

Duke Charles of Sodermanland, after the expulsion of his nephew, was again made regent, and later proclaimed king of the realm, under the title of Charles XIII. He was the son of the sister of Frederick the Great of Prussia, and had long served the country in the position of chief-admiral. Being without an heir, with the consent of the states, Prince Christian of Holstein-Sonderburg was designated as his successor. The latter, however, died suddenly the same year, while reviewing troops near Helsingborg; not without suspicion of poisoning. The question of the succession was again opened, and finally settled in a manner very unexpected. The states at first proposed to adopt the brother of the late prince, and one Count Mörner was dispatched to Paris to obtain the consent of Napoleon. The young nobleman, however, had thought of a more romantic plan, which was no less than the adoption of one of Napoleon's famous marshals for the vacant throne. His choice was Bernadotte, who, we have seen, had served his master in a campaign in the North. Napoleon gave an unwilling consent, and Jean Bernadotte was declared Crown-prince of Sweden.

Bernadotte repaired at once to Sweden and assumed control of the national defenses. It was a critical moment. Sweden had for some time been under the control of France, which was now alienated by the Swedish choice of sovereign. Napoleon forced Sweden into a war with England, while hostilities were also threatened by Russia and Denmark, and seized Swedish Pomerania. Bernadotte, however, possessed a knowledge of diplomacy as well as of the art of war. He formed with Alexander of Russia a secret treaty of alliance, and secured promise of the annexation of Norway. Napoleon soon after declared war against Russia, and for assistance offered Bernadotte a large increase of territory. The fate of Europe lay in Bernadotte's decision. He declined to join his former master, and strengthened the heart as well as hands of Alexander for the coming struggle. After the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow, Bernadotte failed to support the allied powers with the co-operation they had expected, and seems to have cherished for many years the hope of being nominated the successor of Napoleon.

The first fruit of the downfall of Napoleon was the annexation of Norway. This was not done without resistance. England and Russia were pledged to support the change; and in 1814 a Swedish fleet moved upon the seaboard towns, while an army crossed the border and expelled the Danish prince. From this year each nation legislating by a different congress has been governed by a common king. This king continued to be, in name, the chief-admiral who had been crowned Charles XIII, until 1818. In this year occurred his death, and Crown-prince John Bernadotte was crowned king, with the title of Charles John XIV. As a civil administrator he was less successful than as a commander. He had been bred a warrior, had been too long accustomed to absolute command, to accommodate himself easily to the changed conditions of peace. He distrusted reform, and reposed the security of his throne rather in the higher than the lower orders of the people. Yet he gave the country freedom from foreign greed, relief from the old burdens of taxation and debt, thus enabling capital and industry to develop the resources of the country. In the quarter of a century during which he kept the throne, Sweden and Norway, in the development of their resources, kept pace with the most prosperous nations of Europe.

Charles XIV. died in 1844, at the ripe age of eighty, and his son, Oscar I., succeeded. He was a man in sympathy with the new order of things, and gave the people immediately the reforms they had so long desired. His father had never succeeded in making himself a Swede, but lived a foreigner among his people till the last. Oscar early set himself the task of adopting the language and manners of his new country, and in 1818 entered the University of Upsala, from which he graduated with distinction. He was an expert musician, and composed several pieces, including hymns, ballads, and even an opera, which are yet mentioned. As he advanced in years he gave increased attention to more serious subjects, interesting himself especially in the problems of education, prison discipline, and the national policy. In the last he was opposed to the close alliance his father maintained with Russia, and when he came to the throne terminated the somewhat galling relations hitherto maintained with that power. His thorough sympathy with whatever was truly national made him exceedingly popular. When the Crimean war broke out in 1855, Oscar joined France and England against Russia, the old foe of the Swedes, and at its close entered into a compact with Denmark for the mutual protection of the two kingdoms. He married Josephine of Leuchtenburg, granddaughter of the Empress Josephine. To the oldest of his four

sons he resigned the government in 1857, his health having failed. His death occurred two years later. He will be remembered as one of the most conscientious and enlightened sovereigns of modern times.

Charles XV., who, as regent, had relieved his father of the cares of state, was careful to continue the liberal policy of the preceding reign. The only question which disturbed the politics of the time had reference to the constitution of the Riksdag, or congress of the nation. This had consisted of four chambers, representing the four orders of the nobles, the clergy, the citizens, and the peasants. In the adjustment it was agreed there should be two chambers only. The members of the first chamber were to be elected for nine years by the Landsting of the province in conjunction with the electors of the larger towns, and to receive no pay. The members of the second chamber were to be elected for three years, being classed as town and country deputies, and to receive compensation from the government. King Charles was a man of refined sensibilities, and amused himself at times with poetry, a volume of which is extant. He was always opposed to capital punishment.

The death of this king occurred on the 18th of September, 1872. He left only a daughter, wife of Prince Frederick, of Denmark; his brother, therefore, was crowned as Oscar II. He has worthily continued the policy of his predecessors, and gratified his people by many reforms. He is also a man of liberal culture and literary tastes, and has given his countrymen a translation of Goethe's "Faust."

END OF "HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF SCANDINAVIA."

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## HISTORY OF RUSSIA.

By MRS. MARY S. ROBINSON.

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### CHAPTER XI.

#### THE TROITSA—DMITRI DONSKOÏ—VASILI DIMITRIÉVITCH, AND VITOV OF LITHUANIA.

The traveler who wends his way toward "Holy Mother Moscow," meets with many a pilgrim journeying to pray before the shrine of a saint, founder of a community first of all religious, but industrial and scholastic also, whose buildings are seen from afar, and whose inhabitants are numbered by thousands. This place, whose revenues, increased by the voluntary offerings of multitudes of the faithful, are comparable with those of the imperial household, is the Troitskaia-Sergieva, the Trinity-Sergius Monastery, one of the four Lauras, or monastic establishments of the first order; that of Alexander Nevski, at Petersburg, of Solovetski by the Frozen Sea, and the Pecherski, or the Catacombs at Kiev, being the other three.

In the days of Simeon the Proud, son and successor of Kalita, Sergius, the Benedict of the Russian Church, withdrew from the stirring, tempting life of the capital to dwell apart and foster his religious aspirations, selecting for his retirement a spot some sixty miles from Moscow, within an untrodden wood, where for a long period his only companions were the bear and the beaver; his food, herbs and the wild honey, always abundant in the hollow trees of Russian forests. In those times when the benignant influence of Christianity was scarcely felt in many classes of society, the spiritually minded, who valued above all other possessions their simple virtue and a good conscience, were drawn to a secluded and exclusively religious life; hence, as the years passed, numbers of sincere self-denying souls gathered about the son of the Rostof boyar. His moral wisdom and impartial position caused him to be consulted by the great and powerful on occasions momentous for themselves, or for the welfare of their people. Warriors sought his blessing upon their enterprises, and princes asked his counsel upon affairs of state. The particular privileges accorded to ecclesiastical institutions, the security of their estates, and the industrial instruction imparted by the monks to the common people, drew large numbers of these latter to the region of the monastery, whose work-shops and glebes were the most prosperous of the country, and whose industries were uninterrupted by the continual ravages of war. Cleanly kept, enclosed within walls of huge thickness flanked with towers, the inhabitants of Troitsa were exempt from the calamities of pestilence and fire. Having many dependents living in communal villages,—in the days of serfdom it possessed a hundred and six thousand serfs, not to mention the monastic establishments, some thirty-two in number, that were offshoots from it,—its peace-loving inhabitants could defend themselves and their people in times of emergency. The fires of national and religious independence burned upon altars within its gates that were never reached by papal Pole or pagan Tatar, although it was more than once besieged. The most cruel of Tsars, the wicked Ivan Fourth, appropriated money and men for the building of half its stately structures. Hither came Peter the Great for rest of soul during the intervals of his journeys and campaigns; and Catherine Second, putting aside her cares, abandoning for the time her excesses, to commune with the Sovereign before whom emperors and empresses are but sinful, perishing, human beings. From the beginning, pilgrims from all the grades of life have journeyed to the shrine<sup>[A]</sup> of the saint, who remained to his latest day a simple, laborious servitor, in no way exalted by the honors put upon him, or by the material increase of his community. In later years the Metropolitan of Moscow has been the archimandrite, or abbot, of the monastery; a dignitary who, because he restrains the souls of men, is revered with the solemnity that belongs to those who represent exclusively that spiritual element in human life which, though not of this world,

has ever been an inalienable force in the shaping of its destinies.

Simeon acquired his surname by reason of his haughty demeanor to the other princes; but he maintained cordial relations with the khan, to whom he sent many costly gifts, for whom he raised large revenues, and from whom he received the pay of a farmer-general. He assiduously cultivated the industries and arts that his father had encouraged. We read of bells for the cathedrals being cast in his reign, and imposing paintings for certain of the churches. His will was written on paper (1353) instead of the parchment that had previously been used for purposes of writing.

His enriched, well-ordered state passed to the care of his brother, Ivan Krotki, the Debonair, or Gentle, a prince too unlike his predecessors to govern the realm they had formed by repression and a vigorous assertion of power. The elements of turbulence broke forth anew. Novgorod, that had paid a contribution to Simeon, who on his part had confirmed its liberties, closed its coffers and elected a prince with the freedom of former years. The military governor of Moscow was murdered, nor was his death avenged. The patriarch of Constantinople put forward a rival to the holy Alexis, primate of the capital, and who was immeasurably loved and revered by the Muscovites. So unsuited were the virtues of this prince to his place and time, that at the close of his six years' reign, Dmitri of Suzdal obtained the title of Grand Prince (1359), and made his solemn entry into Vladimir, to the threatened subordination of the principality of Moscow. Alexis, the primate, devoted himself to the education of Ivan's children. When the eldest, Dmitri, was twelve years old, at the instance and by the influence of the faithful bishop, "whose prayers had preserved the life of the khan, and had strengthened his armies," the young prince obtained the right to bear rule from his master at Sarai. Thus early was the government laid upon the shoulders of this descendant of the Nevski and of Monomakh; a ruler who was chivalrous without cruelty, devout without ostentation; who not only acquired but was voluntarily and gladly accorded the supremacy over his kinsmen and his realm, and who by his personal nobility did much toward preserving his people from the debasement of their conquerors.

Dmitri, assured of his strength, ventured to re-assert the Russian claim to Bolgary, the extensive region east of the Volga, where he compelled the Tatars to pay him tribute and to accept Russian magistrates for their settlements, some of which had grown to sizable cities. Later he gained a brilliant victory over a lieutenant of the khan, Mamaï, in the province of Riazan. "Their time is past, and God is with us!" he exclaimed in the triumph of the hour. Two years later, Mamaï having silently gathered an immense and motley host, aided too by the intrigues of Oleg of Riazan, who, restive under the power of his neighbor, had made friendly alliances with the Tatars and with Lithuania, dared to defy the strength of a now nearly united realm. For Dmitri had summoned all the princes, and these came with their contingents, crowding the Kreml and the city with their drujinas and troops, and received with acclamations by the people.

"Along the Moskva coursers were neighing:  
Trumpets resounded in Kolomna:  
Drums called to arms in Serpukh of:  
By hundreds were the standards borne  
On the banks of the mighty Danube."





Never had such an army been seen in Russia: the safest estimates number it at a hundred and fifty thousand, including seventy-five thousand cavalry. Prince Dmitri strengthened his soul in prayer at Troitsa, where he obtained in the name of the God of Nations the blessing of Sergius, and was given two monks, brave men, to go forward with him and his host. As this embodied strength and hope of the nation moved toward the banks of the Don, it was threatened by the Lithuanians from the west, and the Tatar hordes from the east. A message from Sergius favoring an advance, decided the councils of war; and when the passage of the river was effected, the army formed for battle on the plain of Kulikovo, the Field of Woodcocks, westward of the Don and southward of Riazan (1380). A mound of earth was cast up for the general-prince to witness the movements of the action; and as he stood upon it, the army in one loud voice of unison offered the prayer: "Great God, grant to our sovereign the victory." Dmitri, beholding the marshaled ranks, and knowing the solemn fate that was soon to dim their splendor and disorder their stately array, knelt in the sight of all the troops, and with uplifted arms besought the divine protection for Russia. As he rode before the men, he proclaimed: "The hour for the judgment of God is come," and when the alarum had been sounded, he stood ready to lead the first advance. "It is not in me to seek a place of safety," he said to those who would deter him, "when I have exhorted these, my brethren, to spare not themselves for the good of the land. If I am cut down, they and him in whom we confide will protect our Russia."

The battle was long and strenuously contested; for in respect of the future, it was to be decisive for or against the ascendancy of the Asiatics, and the self-government of the Russian states. A breach had been made in the drujina of the Grand Prince, when his trusted kinsman Vladimir, and the watchful Dmitri of Volhynia came from their appointed positions to his support. The right, left, and center of the host were woefully thinned, but they were not repulsed. Mamaï, from the height of a funeral mound, saw his men desperate, falling and giving way, as the afternoon waned, and covering his eyes, exclaimed: "The God of the Christians is all-powerful!" The Mongols in trepidation and wild disorder were pursued in all directions; a hundred thousand of them lay dead or shrieking in death agonies upon the plain; nor was the Russian host hardly less depleted. When Vladimir, who won the distinction of "the Brave," in this action, planted his banner upon a mound, and with signal trumpets rallied the remnant of the men, princes, nobles, soldiers obeyed the call; but Dmitri was not among them. After a long search he was found, faint, bleeding, his armor shattered. The whispered words of good cheer, the banners waving before his dimly opening eyes, caused his pulses to beat again, and as he lay surrounded by his captains, his low prayer of thanksgiving was heard between the huzzas of the weary yet rejoicing ranks. From that day forward he was Dmitri Donskoï—of the Don—for by its waters he had broken the tradition of servitude; under his leadership the Russian heart had been rekindled to its ancient courage; the Russian manhood had been restored. As his litter was borne from the field, he saluted his fallen comrades in arms: "Brothers, nobles, princes, here is found a resting place for you. Here, having offered yourselves for our land and faith, you have passed to a peace nevermore disturbed by conflict. Hail and farewell."

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Such was the battle of Kulikovo—the reparation of what was foregone at the battle of the Kalka.<sup>[B]</sup> The nation, however, had still much to endure from, and was essentially modified in its manners and customs by the people who had been its masters. Four centuries or more were required for the European Mongols to adopt the customs of Russian civilization, and to render them sufficiently instructed to contribute to the prosperity of the empire. The pestilence of the fourteenth century, the Black Death, together with the dissensions of the khans, impaired the strength of the Horde, which rallied, however, under Timur Lenk, the Lame, or Tamerlane, as he is commonly named, a direct descendant of Genghiz on the maternal side.<sup>[C]</sup> Toktamush, one of his generals, took possession of the country from the Volga to the Don, and turned his horses' heads toward the north. The counsels of the princes were divided. Dmitri would not that the thousands buried at Kulikovo should have perished in vain: but the principalities were in no condition for the further maintenance of war. In the hope of help from the north, Dmitri withdrew to Kostroma, above Moscow. The Mongols laid siege to his capital, but finding they could make no breach in its defenses, entered into negotiations, or affected to do so, and watching their opportunity, surprised the gates. Then ensued the devastation of former days. The precious archives of national history, the ancient stately buildings, were all consumed: the citizens were massacred without distinction or mercy. "In one day perished the beauty of the city that had overflowed with riches and magnificence," writes Karamsin; "smoke, ashes, ruined churches, corpses beyond the counting, a frightful waste, alone remained." Dmitri, like his ancient kinsman, Iuri,<sup>[D]</sup> returned to deplore the ruin of the richest portion of his country, for which, in vain, as it appeared, he had labored and suffered from his youth up. The prince's son, Vasili, was detained as hostage at the Horde, but escaped after a three years' captivity. Many more were required for the rebuilding of the city. The Tatar baskaks were again established among the slowly reviving communities. But incapable of solidarity, these people were unable permanently to subdue the dwellers in cities, or to destroy a firmly compacted state. The invasion of Toktamush closed the drama of their conquests in Europe.

Dmitri lived some years after this overthrow of his hopes, but continued to the last, strong and assiduous for the up-building of his principality. The walls of the Kremlin<sup>[E]</sup> were rebuilt this time not of oak, but of stone; churches and fortified monasteries were reared within and beyond the city walls. Not less necessary than his own dwelling is the house of worship to the religious Russian. Kief at one time had four hundred churches, or nearly fifty more than Rome, and Moscow, though almost entirely rebuilt since 1813, encloses a hundred and seventy within its walls. To the west of the Grand Principality, extending to the Urals, the stone girdle of Eastern



Russia<sup>[F]</sup>, lay the vast territory of Permian, or Perm. A monk, Stephen, went forth into its unexplored wastes, won the hearts of some of its people, confuted their sorcerers, overthrew their idols, notably one much adored, the Golden Old Woman, who held two children in her arms—established schools, and in time was made bishop of the diocese he had discovered; wherein finally he was put to death, winning thus the honor of the first Russian missionary and missionary martyr, and enduring reverence for his mortal remains, entombed in the capital of his country.

In the south, the intrepid, maritime Genoese formed colonies at Kaffa and Azof, connecting links between Russia and the West. Among the articles brought into the country at this period were cannon. Parks of artillery were used in the army, in the last year of the Donskoï's reign.

His *personel*, as retained by the historical paintings representing the scenes of his career, is that of a serious, steadfast man, patient and brave, intent upon his affairs, without self-consciousness, capable of that tempered happiness that attends long-continued exertion. His dark hair falls upon vigorous shoulders; a full and manly beard does not conceal the firm outlines of the lower part of the face. The eyes are touched with care, their region deeply traced with marks of toil; a seamed, broad forehead sustains the weight of its crown. They that looked upon this prince must have been reminded of the Presence that strengthens and subdues the souls of all good men. Dmitri, Alexis, and Sergius, the ruler, the pastor, and the saint, made the titles "Holy Russian Empire," "Holy Mother Moscow," not wholly insignificant, not entirely a sad irony upon the conduct of those who wrought by manifold means toward the compacting of the nation.

A *bylina*, or historical ballad, chants the last scene in this eventful, care-laden life. In the Uspenski Sobor, "the Holy Cathedral of the Assumption, Saint Cyprian was chanting the mass. There, too, worshiped Dmitri of the Don, with his princess Eudoxia, his boyars, and famous captains. Suddenly ceased the prince to pray: he was rapt away in spirit. The eyes of his soul were opened in vision. He sees no longer the candles burning before the sacred pictures; he hears no longer the holy songs. He treads the level plain, the field of Kulikovo. There, too, walks Mary, the Holy Mother: behind her the angels of the Lord, angels and archangels, with swinging lamps. They sing the pæans of those who fell upon that earth, beneath the blade of the pagan. Over them she, too, lets fall the amaranth.—'Where is the hero who stood here for his people and for my Son? He is to lead the choir of the valiant: his princess shall join my holy band.' \* \* \* \* \* In the temple the candles burned, the pictures gleamed, the precious jewels were bright. Tears stood in the grave eyes of our prince. 'The hour of my departure is at hand,' he said. 'Soon I shall lie in unbroken rest; my princess shall take the veil, and join the choir of Mary.'" For from the days of Anne, daughter of Olaf of Sweden, and consort of the great Iaroslaf (1050), the wives of the Grand Princes, following the custom of the widowed empresses of Byzantium, had retired to a convent upon the death of their lords.

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Dmitri, by compact with a number of his kinsmen, princes, had effectually secured the Muscovite succession to the eldest son, thus abolishing the old Slavic law, whereby the elder, were he son or brother of the deceased prince, entered upon it. So entire was the confidence, so genuine was the affection that he had inspired in the hearts of his countrymen—for he was, in effect, the Russian Washington—that his son Vasili (Basil) received upon his shoulders the "collar" and burden of government (1389) without opposition. His reign of thirty-six years proved that he had inherited his father's skill and good fortune, if not fully his greatness of mind. The Donskoï had secured the virtual consolidation of the adjoining State of Vladimir, or Suzdal, with that of Moscow. The far-reaching territories of Novgorod the Great, too, were gradually being regarded as a part of the Grand Principality, notwithstanding frequent demonstrations of resistance from its people, who yet paid tribute to, and had chosen, from motives of policy, a succession of grand princes for their princes. The republic, after its humiliation by the Mongols, had warily parried the Muscovite encroachments by frequent alliances with Lithuania,<sup>[G]</sup> a realm much larger than organized Russia in the fourteenth century—whose tribes had been united by a succession of powerful native chiefs.

By the charter of Iaroslaf the Novgorodians were accorded the right of choosing their sovereign; hence, when circumstances rendered a Lithuanian prince desirable for their protection against a Muscovite one, they obtained him by election. But affinities of race, religion, and a common history, were too strong to permit a permanent union with a foreign power.

From the Horde, Vasili, by bountiful payments, procured an *iarluik* for seven appanages, including Murom, Suzdal, and Nijni or Lower Novgorod—all belonging to his less wealthy kinsmen, who were offered their choice of becoming his dependents, or of dying in captivity or exile. The succession of the eldest son had procured the elevation of the nobles of the grand prince to a subordinate princely rank and power. In view of this fact, perhaps, the citizens of Nijni-Novgorod voluntarily surrendered their last titular prince, Boris: for if a Muscovite boyar could become a prince, and if the Muscovite grand prince could work his will with the khan, why resist this ever growing, ever more dominant power? Accordingly, amid the clangor of the bells of these ancient, hitherto independent cities, the son of the Donskoï was proclaimed their sovereign.

Arrogant and overbearing to his kinsmen, the native princes, the sagacious Vasili maintained amicable relations with the Tatar on the east, and the Lithuanian on the west, notwithstanding that he had been hostage and prisoner at Saraï', that he had escaped thence as a fugitive, and that his domains were twice invaded by the hordes of its peoples. Tamerlane, at this time at variance with his former general, Toktamush, harried the dismembered empire of Kipchak and moved westward into Russian boundaries, destroying the people by the sword, and their possessions by the fire-brand. Moscow was again in peril: in its streets and its homes were

revived with fearfulness and trembling tales of the destruction of 1382. The Tatars were sixty leagues away at Elets on the Don, a town which they razed. Its ancient monastery of the Trinity has four memorial chapels commemorative of the citizens that perished at the time—all the place contained, save a few fugitives.

There the wild horsemen suddenly turned southward and rode into Azof, the emporium of the wealth of merchants who had come thither from Cairo, Venice, Genoa, Catalonia, and the Biscayan country. Fresh from the hoarded treasures of Bokhara and Hindustan, and having in expectancy the wealth of Constantinople and of the Nile cities, they were allured to the regions of the south in preference to the toilsome way over steppe and through forest, to the peopled country of the north.

But they remained not long absent. Vitovt, the vigorous Lithuanian chief and prince, took the opportunity to raise a crusade against the never resting, ever appearing, all-devouring Tatar. To this end he obtained an army from the King of Poland, five hundred of "the iron men," the Sword Bearers, numbers of the Russian princes with their contingents, whose ancient kinsmen had borne the standards at Kulikovo, and not least, Toktamuish, the exiled khan, fugitive from Tamerlane; for in nearly all the wars carried on east of Hungary and Poland after the thirteenth century, the European Mongol had his place and his active part.

By the river Vorskla, a branch of the Dnieper, a hundred and eighty miles southeast of Kief, the crusade of Vitovt was brought to a disastrous closing; the Tatar general, Ediger, friend and ally of Temir Kutlu, khan of the invading host, coming to the help of his people at the crisis of battle, and inflicting an overwhelming defeat upon the hosts of the Lithuanian. The message of Temir Kutlu before the closing of the armies is suggestive of the precarious fortunes of the khans, still barbaric and quite as roving as those had been who crossed the European boundaries in 1224. He demands the rendition of "my fugitive Toktamuish. I can not rest in peace knowing that he is alive and with thee. For our life is full of change. To-day a khan, to-morrow a wanderer; to-day rich, to-morrow without an abiding place; to-day friends only, to-morrow all the world our foes." Ediger's opportune arrival with a strong force confirmed the resolution of the khan against yielding to the demands of Vitovt, who offered him the alternative of being a "son" or a slave. The Vorskla proved for him and his people another Kalka;<sup>[H]</sup> the Tatars followed hard after the remnant of the Lithuanian ranks, and again plundered Kief, and desecrated its sacred Monastery of the Catacombs.

Between the growing kingdom of Poland and the principality of Lithuania, on the west, and the locust-like swarms of Mongols unexpectedly appearing ever and anon from beyond the Asiatic boundaries, Moscow and the Russian States generally, were ever liable to surprise and to the danger of being crushed, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. Ediger, elated by his success over the combined forces of Vitovt, caused the report to be spread about, that he should carry the war into Lithuania: at the same time, with the secrecy and celerity characteristic of his race, he appeared at the front of his horsemen and wagons within the boundaries of the Grand Principality. Vasili withdrew to Kostroma (1408), as his father Dmitri had withdrawn on a similar emergency, and left the city to the defense of Vladimir the Brave. Again was all the surrounding country harried, the towns burned, the farms and fields destroyed, the transport of provisions stopped, and a dense population brought to the verge of starvation by the terrible Tatar. But just before the situation became one of extremity, reports of divisions and dangers at the Horde, compelled Ediger to raise the siege. He sent a haughty message to the Kremlin, demanding tribute from the citizens, which he obtained to the amount of three thousand roubles, a sum equivalent to not less than thirty thousand dollars in our day. The sentinels who looked forth from the embrasures of the citadel, were glad that at any price could be purchased the sight of the hordes darkening the horizon with their disappearing.

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Vitovt's uncle, Olgerd, had been ally, by marriage and in war, with one of the Mikhails of Tver, successor of that prince whose martyrdom we have narrated.<sup>[I]</sup> Thrice during the reign of the Donskoï, had Olgerd led his brother-in-law, Mikhail, up to the walls of Moscow; but the prudence, both of the offensive and defensive leaders, withheld them from a decisive engagement that would prove certainly ruinous to the party who should suffer defeat. The same rôle was repeated between Vitovt and Vasili Dimitriévitch: this time with the result of a settlement of boundaries, in which Vitovt was careful to retain his valuable conquest, Smolensk. Before and after these conflicts, Vasili acquired certain cities from the State of Tchernigof, and large territories on the northern Dwina<sup>[J]</sup> in the territory of Novgorod, where the Good Companions, *Bravs Gens*, adventurous military bands, and commercial settlers, frequently came in conflict with Muscovite subjects, themselves pioneers upon the wastes and toward the ports or harbors of the far north. Vasili, pursuant to the policy of his dynasty, had recourse to undisguisedly severe methods to break the power of the free principality, and to incorporate it as much as he might, within his own. He obtained control of the Republic of Viatka, and framed treaties advantageous for Moscow with the princes of Tver and Riazan. These politic measures, with his unvarying *entente cordiale* with the dominant khan of the Horde, and the marriage of his daughter to the Greek Emperor, John Paleologus, strengthened his firm government, and widened the reputation of his industrious, wealthy, well-ordered state. Vitovt, whom we have named as the last of four chieftains, who secured unity to the tribes of his country, and sought to establish an independent nationality, did not lose courage nor ambition by the disaster at the Vorskla (1399). The Russian provinces of his country were under the religious direction of the metropolitan of Moscow. Vitovt procured that a learned Bulgarian monk should be installed metropolitan of Kief, in his time within Lithuanian boundaries—thus obtaining for his possessions a religious independence. He had designs also to free his country from its subordination to Poland; and by cultivating the

friendship of Sigismund (1429), emperor of Germany, he obtained the favor of that monarch in helping him to become king of Lithuania. His court at Troki and Vilna was regal, in truth, in its magnificence, where the old man, an octogenarian, presided at long-continued festivals, at which seven hundred oxen, fourteen hundred sheep, and game in proportion, were consumed daily; where his grandson, Vasili Vasilèvitch, prince of Moscow, Photius, metropolitan of Moscow, the princes of Tver and Riazan, Iagello, king of Poland, the khan of the Crimea (one of the divisions of the ancient Kipchak), the hospodar of Wallachia, the grand-master of Prussia, the landmeister of Livonia, and ambassadors from the Oriental empires, were entertained at his table as guests and friends. But his hopes of royalty were never realized. Even while the envoys of Sigismund were bringing him the scepter and the crown, the Pope, with whom the Poles had been conferring, compelled them to turn upon their path. The old chieftain survived this disappointment but a year; and with his life ended the attempts to create a distinct Lithuanian nationality, although for nearly a century thereafter it was governed by a prince of its own election. Early in the sixteenth century it was more definitely united with Poland, though still retaining its title of grand duchy, or principality. Its Russian provinces were Polonized; the descendants of Mindvog and Gedimin, Rurik and Iaroslaf, assumed the customs and language of the Polish nobility, and have retained them in the main, even under the repressive, reconstructive government of the tsars. Podolia, Volhynia and Kief are, in modern phrase, Ruthenian, occupied by a people homogeneous with those of Gallicia in Austria, with Southern Poland, and Northeastern Hungary.

With the increase of industries in Russia, an increase of coins became necessary. In 1420 Novgorod had its own mint, and its coins, stamped with the device of a throned prince, were twice the value of those of Moscow or of Tver. A Tatar coin, *denga*, from *tanga*, which signifies a mark, was current in the last named cities. For small transactions pieces of marten skins, squirrels' heads, squirrels' ears even—the latter less than a farthing in value—had been in vogue, but were gradually displaced, as was the giving of gold and silver by weight, in the larger transactions of commerce.

We have thus traced the development of the Russian state from its inception, to its compacting and centralization as the Grand Duchy, or Principality of Moscow, whose subsequent tsars brought under their sway most of the territory included within the boundaries of the modern empire. The writer of these chapters regrets that the limits of THE CHAUTAUQUAN prevent the presentation of the characters and careers of the two Ivans,—the Great and the Terrible—of Philarete, Peter the Great, Catherine Second, and other royal or noble personages whose genius, or whose moral force, have contributed in the later centuries to the elevation of the Russian Empire to a foremost place among the European powers. She can but entertain the hope, however, that this account of its rise and growth will awaken an inclination in the minds of those who have followed her narrative, to learn something further of a people whose aspirations for national freedom have been re-awakened and stimulated by our own history and prosperity; a nation whose tendencies and interests are largely similar, nay, are identical in the main, with those of the people of this republic.

END OF "HISTORY OF RUSSIA."



We must not be surprised to find that even the highest works of God come to an end. Everything with an end, beginning, and origin, has the mark of its circumscribed nature in itself. The duration of a universe has, by the excellence of its construction, a permanence in itself, which, according to our ideas, comes near to an endless duration. Perhaps thousands, perhaps millions of centuries will not bring it to an end; but while the perishableness which adheres to the evanescent natures is always working for their destruction, so eternity contains within itself all possible periods, so as to bring at last by a gradual decay the moment of its departure.—*Kant*.



# PICTURES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

By C. E. BISHOP.

## IX.—THE SORROWFUL QUEEN.

There was some perturbation in the C. L. S. Circle about "reading novels," what time "Hypatia" was on the list. If the objectionable element in such reading is its improbability and contrariety to reason, those who are still opposed to it are warned not to read the life and adventures of Margaret of Anjou, some time queen of King Henry VI. It is not alone that her adventures were strange and her character remarkable, when truthfully described; she was the subject of romance writers of willful and, it is to be feared, malicious natures, only they called themselves "historians," "chroniclers." Their writings therefore are more objectionable than straight fiction, because they deliberately pervert truth and ask us to believe it. The best we can do with all the accounts of the Wars of the Roses is to weigh one story against another, and select that which pleases our reason or fancy better—just as a purchaser of novels does.

Margaret was born of "poor but proud," royal parents, and was, at the age of fourteen, celebrated all over Europe for beauty, accomplishments, courage, et cetera. I fancy she would have been a good, average "American girl" of the present day, so you can fancy the sensation she created at the court of her uncle, the King of France, and afterward at that of her husband. She was a fascinator. The Earl of Suffolk lost his judgment about her when he went to negotiate the marriage, and he made so bad a bargain that he lost his head for it afterward; it was cut off in a mysterious manner in a skiff in the middle of the Channel. It was a sorry match for Margaret, after all. Her husband was grandson of the insane Charles VI. of France. When the hereditary taint did not show in Henry and he had lucid intervals, he was a weak man indeed; spending most of his time counting his beads and meditating; a good, simple-hearted man, just the one who ought not to have been the husband of Margaret of Anjou and King of England at that troublous time.

For, from the time when Henry, a babe of nine months, came, or was brought, to the throne, he had been the victim and alternate tool of the most selfish and unscrupulous noblemen in England arrayed in hostile factions. Into this den Margaret was brought at the age of fifteen, and before two years had passed she had become, to all intents, ruler of England. Henry from that time was as much counted out of the dark games of state-craft and priest-craft that cursed England as if he had been a holy relic. Intrigue, assassination, foreign aggression, and even servile insurrection under Jack Cade were brought to bear on her in vain. The people of England hated her because she was a foreigner, and visited on her all the sins of her court, the imperfections of her husband, their own miseries at home and their shame abroad for the loss of all the winnings of Henry V., Edward III., and the Black Prince. There was no real ruler, and the evil seeds of the usurpation of Henry IV. had ripened in a fearful crop of lawlessness and violence, high and low. There was "a man on horseback" to take advantage of all this evil conjunction of Margaret's stars,—Edward, Duke of York, to-wit: He first plotted, then struck for the throne. The issue between Lancaster and York was made up, and the red rose and the white became symbols of blood and pale death.

It was while this ill-omened issue was crystallizing into action, that Margaret's only child was born, and even this usual solvent of kingly troubles proved the culmination of her misfortunes and of England's woes. The birth of the successor changed the issue from a quarrel of York with the court to a deadly enmity of York against Margaret and her son: they were one more block in his path. When the child was born (1453) his father had been for weeks in an idiotic daze—one of the fits he was subject to—not able to move or speak, or hear, or perceive anything; and the boy was some months old before his father could be made to know of his existence. Even this distressing affliction was made to tell against her, for, says an old letter writer, the "noble mother sustained not a little slander and obloquy of the common people, saying that he was not the natural son of King Henry, but changed in the cradle." The poor mother repeatedly tried to vindicate her honor and strengthen the perilous position of her son by getting the father to recognize him. A letter of that day pathetically says:

"The Duke of Buckingham took the prince in his arms, and presented him to the king in goodly wise, beseeching the king to bless him: and the king gave no manner answer. Nathless, the duke abode still with the prince by the king: and when he could no manner answer have, the queen came in and took the prince in her arms, and presented him in like form as the duke had done, desiring that he should bless it. But all their labor was in vain, for they departed thence without any answer or countenance, saving only that once he looked upon the prince and cast down his eyes again, without any more."

Is there a more touching tableau in all the pages of romance than this? Picture the young mother, with the discredited babe in her arms, watching, heart-sick, day after day and week after week, for the first flicker of the light of returning reason on that vacant countenance. But no sign of intelligence did the imbecile king give for over a year, and meantime York had himself appointed "protector" of the young prince, and all the barons stood by their castles in "armed neutrality," waiting to see if the Lord's anointed would not die and leave the crown to be wrestled for. Better for them, better for England, far better for Margaret, had he never wakened from his trance. When he did, York set his army in motion, and the War of the Roses was begun.

Battles, with alternating victories, supplemented by summary executions by the victors,

followed each other. At length King Henry was taken prisoner and forced to a compromise, by which he was to reign for life and Edward of York was to succeed him. This treaty, which dishonored Margaret and disinherited her son, changed her. From that hour the mother became a lioness in defense of her young.

The mother's struggles in her son's cause during the succeeding sixteen years contain volumes of romance. The alternations of defeat and victory, of hope and despair, of triumph and exile in caves and woods, of intrigue with Lancastrian haters of the house of York, and of negotiations with foreign powers, sometimes fruitless, sometimes successful—at all times the highest exhibitions of diplomacy of the time—all seem, at this distance, to be strangely out of place in sober history.

The first battle of St. Albans, 1455, was followed by the Love Day when "all was forgiven," as the advertisements say, and the best haters were paired off and marched to St. Paul's to hear the grand Te Deum over the peace; the queen led by the Duke of York, Somerset and Salisbury, Warwick and Exeter, after the manner of the "Massachusetts and South Carolina" procession at the Peace Conference during the civil disturbance in our own country. This lasted a short time, and then came the battle of Bloreheath, where Henry for once showed a spirit "so knightly, manly and comfortwise that the lords and people took great joy," deserted the Yorkists and compelled Warwick to flee the country. But before the middle of that summer (1460) Warwick and Edward were back with an army. The queen was beaten at Northampton; wondering King Henry was taken prisoner, and a few days later placidly attended with his captors a service of thanksgiving for his wife's defeat and his deliverance from his friends. It was now that the treaty was made disfranchising his own son. As for Margaret and the prince, they fled to Wales, where she was waylaid and robbed of her jewels, and escaped while her baggage was being rifled; thence crossing Menai Straits in a skiff, they reached Scotland.

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Now occurred a tragic episode in keeping with all this strange, eventful history. King James of Scotland undertook to create a diversion in Margaret's favor by besieging the border city of Roxburgh. One of the weapons of the besiegers was a rude cannon of that day, made of bars of iron heavily hooped like a barrel, and keyed with oaken wedges. King James wanted to "touch off" this dreadful "bombard" himself; it burst, a wedge struck him and he fell dead; and Margaret lost another ally. But the castle was taken, for the widowed Scottish queen came into camp leading the heir, a boy of eight years, the eldest of a family of seven children; her exhortations incited the assault that carried the castle. And then this widowed queen hastened to comfort and aid the worse than widowed queen who had fled to her realm. In eight days thereafter Margaret had 18,000 brave North-of-England men around her, and on the last day but one of the year 1460 she fought and defeated York at Wakefield. Thus within six months from the day when her fortunes seemed irretrievably ruined, and her husband and kingdom alike lost to her, she had the bleeding head of her antagonist, the Duke of York, stuck up over the gate of his own city of York. So it is said: but so it is contradicted. Here comes in the contemporary romancing. In this scene Shakspeare's genius has blackened the name of Margaret of Anjou, as it did that of another French heroine of this epoch, Jeanne d'Arc; he was English enough to always hate the French, and especially French heroines.

Margaret marched toward London, and encountered the King-Maker, who had come out as far as St. Albans with the captive royal imbecile at the head of his forces. Warwick was beaten and Henry fell a captive into his wife's hands. There was a touching family re-union on the battlefield, and the king knighted his son, who, though only seven years old, had acted as much like a "lion's whelp" as the Black Prince had done at Cressy.

But there was another boy in the field, the young duke of York, aged nineteen, to take up his father's work and avenge his father's death. This boy threw himself into London, closed it against Margaret, cut off her supplies, and just fifteen days after the victory of Wakefield it was responded to by cries of "Long live King Edward!" which hailed young York's accession to the throne as Edward IV. The fatal battle of Tooton followed the same month—a remarkable tragedy by itself. It was fought in the midst of a furious snow storm, which blinded the Lancastrian archers. Here Warwick is pictured as redeeming the day by dismounting and stabbing his horse, to demonstrate the impossibility of retreat to his retainers; drawing his sword and kissing the cross on its hilt he cried: "I live or die here. Let those who will turn back, and God receive the souls of all who fall with me." The battle lasted all day; the slaughter of the defeated Lancastrians all the next day—for Edward had proclaimed no quarter. Such was the spirit that had now infected both sides in this fratricidal strife.

First to Scotland, and then to France, Margaret and her precious charge went, imploring aid. But chivalry was now on its last legs. However, she did get a small force from Louis of France, on promising to give up to him Calais when she should regain England, and with this she landed in Northumberland in October, 1462; but the elements again fought against her; a sudden storm shipwrecked the expedition and the royal party barely escaped in a small boat to Berwick, Scotland. Months of suffering, wandering and hiding followed. A single herring makes a meal for the royal family! She is set upon by a band of robbers in a wood and makes her escape while they are fighting over her jewels; she is lost in the forest, into whose depths she has fled blindly, and is suddenly stopped by another robber, sword in hand, to whom Margaret resolutely says, "My friend, protect the son of your king!" The supposed robber is a Lancastrian noble in hiding like herself and he shelters the royal guests for some days in a secret cave, where he has his retreat. Again they are arrested with a faithful knight and put on board a small vessel, to be conveyed to England; but the knight, his servant and the prince rise *en route* and overcome their captors, and they make their way to Flanders. Meantime, King Henry, who has become separated from them,



and for months wanders and hides like them, is betrayed by a monk into Edward's hands and conveyed to the Tower, every indignity being heaped upon him (1465). He never after emerged alive, save once—when Warwick, in revolt, drove Edward IV. out of the kingdom and paraded London with the poor captive, hailing him Henry VI. restored.

A complete history of this most varied and tragic period would include all the ups and downs of Edward IV.; the glory, decline and fall of Warwick, "the Last of the Barons," and a volume of stormy, bloody incidents. This crisis is the dividing ridge between the areas of mediævalism and of modern times. Feudalism disappeared and the commercial system took its place. The fittest survived, the weaker system went down and buried poor Margaret's fortunes in the *debris*. Her figure and Warwick's, strangely enough, together stand relieved in the lurid lights that accompany the crash.

That closing scene was the most strange and tragic of all. "The King-Maker" has quarreled with the king whom he made Edward IV., and under the sting of that licentious prince's plot to corrupt the virtue of Warwick's favorite daughter, Anne Neville (afterward wife of Richard III.), the father has hastened to France and offered to Margaret the King-Maker's sword to make the young Edward of Lancaster king of England. After long delays, again buffeted by conspiring waves, Warwick, Margaret, and Edward (now a soldierly youth of eighteen), land in England, but separately. Her ill-fortune follows her to the last, and their divided forces are cut off in detail by Henry's army. The battle of Barnet, where "the Last of the Barons" falls, is lost because of a fog in which his troops destroy each other by mistake. Then in a few days Margaret is hemmed in with her little army against the river Severn, and the last act of the tragedy is enacted at Tewksbury. When all is lost, the woman in the heroic queen asserts itself in a swoon, and her son is captured fighting fiercely to cover the escape of the mother who had fought so fiercely and so many times to cover his. The young prince is brought bound into King Henry's tent, and the contending cousins stand face to face—the representatives of the expiring Past and the living Future.

"What brings you to England?" sternly demands the king.

"I came to seek my father's crown and mine own inheritance," replies the undaunted representative of the older England.

For answer the king strikes the manacled youth in the face with his steel gauntlet. Yes, there can be no mistaking it. Chivalry is dead! The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Gloucester draw and bravely cut down the prisoner, and the last hope of Lancaster's royal line is dead upon the ground. Richard II. is avenged, and one more tragedy is added to the fearful chronicle of royal crimes.

One day in May, 1471, the pale, meek face of Henry VI. looked down from a grated window in the tower upon a street pageant which his wife graced as a captive in the train of the victorious Edward IV. Then a few days later that same face, just as calm but paler, was exhibited in St. Paul's. The Yorkists said he died of grief. The Tudor historians placed his death, with the invented hump, on the back of Richard III., and the genius of Shakspeare riveted them there and a fearful load of other sins on top of them. So closed the usurping line of Lancaster at the hands of the usurpers of York.

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Margaret was soon ransomed by the king of France, and returned to her father in Anjou. Miss Strickland says: "Margaret had lost her beauty with excessive weeping: a dry leprosy transformed this princess, who had been the fairest in the world, into a spectacle of horror." She died in 1483, aged fifty-one years, into which had been compressed an age of tragedy and sorrow. Three hundred years later, another unhappy sovereign, Maria Louisa, Napoleon's empress, possessed Margaret's breviary, in which there was a sentence in Margaret's hand that told the moral of her life:

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

END OF "PICTURES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY."



# SUNDAY READINGS.

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

[June 3.]

RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE.<sup>[K]</sup>

PART I.

By JOHN CAIRD, D.D.<sup>[L]</sup>

To combine business with religion, to keep up a spirit of serious piety amid the stir and distraction of a busy and active life—this is one of the most difficult parts of a Christian's trial in this world. It is comparatively easy to be religious in the church—to collect our thoughts, and compose our feelings, and enter, with an appearance of propriety and decorum, into the offices of religious worship, amid the quietude of the Sabbath, and within the still and sacred precincts of the house of prayer. But to be religious in the world—to be pious, and holy, and earnest-minded in the counting-room, the manufactory, the market-place, the field, the farm—to carry out our good and solemn thoughts and feelings into the throng and thoroughfare of daily life—this is the great difficulty of our Christian calling. No man not lost to all moral influence can help feeling his worldly passions calmed, and some measure of seriousness stealing over his mind, when engaged in the performance of the more awful and sacred rites of religion; but the atmosphere of the social circle, the exchange, the street, the city's throng, amid coarse work and cankering cares and toils, is a very different atmosphere from that of a communion-table. Passing from the one to the other has often seemed as if the sudden transition from a tropical to a polar climate—from balmy warmth and sunshine to murky mist and freezing cold. And it appears sometimes as difficult to maintain the strength and steadfastness of religious principle and feeling, when we go forth from the church into the world, as it would be to preserve an exotic alive in the open air in winter, or to keep the lamp that burns steadily within doors from being blown out if you take it abroad unsheltered from the wind.

So great, so all but insuperable, has this difficulty ever appeared to men, that it is but few who set themselves honestly and resolutely to the effort to overcome it. The great majority, by various shifts or expedients, evade the hard task of being good and holy, at once in the church and in the world.

In ancient times, for instance, it was, as we all know, the not uncommon expedient among devout persons—men deeply impressed with the thought of an eternal world, and the necessity of preparing for it, but distracted by the effort to attend to the duties of religion amid the business and temptations of secular life—to fly the world altogether, and, abandoning society and all social claims, to betake themselves to some hermit solitude, some quiet and cloistered retreat, where, as they fondly deemed, “the world forgetting, by the world forgot,” their work would become worship, and life be uninterruptedly devoted to the cultivation of religion in the soul. In our own day the more common device, where religion and the world conflict, is not that of the superstitious recluse, but one even much less safe and venial. Keen for this world, yet not willing to lose all hold on the next—eager for the advantages of time, yet not prepared to abandon all religion and stand by the consequences, there is a very numerous class who attempt to compromise the matter—to treat religion and the world like two creditors whose claims can not both be liquidated—by compounding with each for a share—though in this case a most disproportionate share—of their time and thought. “Everything in its own place!” is the tacit reflection of such men. “Prayers, sermons, holy reading”—they will scarcely venture to add, “God”—“are for Sundays; but week-days are for the sober business, the real, practical affairs of life. Enough if we give the Sunday to our religious duties; we can not always be praying and reading the Bible.”

Now, you will observe that the idea of religion which is set forth in the text, as elsewhere in Scripture, is quite different from any of these notions. The text speaks as if the most diligent attention to our worldly business were not by any means incompatible with spirituality of mind and serious devotion to the service of God. It seems to imply that religion is not so much a duty, as a something that has to do with *all* duties—not a tax to be paid periodically and got rid of at other times, but a ceaseless, all-pervading, inexhaustible tribute to him, who is not only the object of religious worship, but the end of our very life and being. It suggests to us the idea that piety is not for Sundays only, but for all days; that spirituality of mind is not appropriate to one set of actions and an impertinence and intrusion with reference to others, but like the act of breathing, like the circulation of the blood, like the silent growth of the stature, a process that may be going on simultaneously with all our actions—when we are busiest as when we are idlest; in the church, in the world, in solitude, in society; in our grief and in our gladness; in our toil and in our rest; sleeping, waking; by day, by night—amid all the engagements and exigences of life. For you perceive that in one breath—as duties not only not incompatible, but necessarily and inseparably blended with each other—the text exhorts us to be at once “not slothful in business,” and “fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.” I shall now attempt to prove and illustrate the idea thus suggested to us—the compatibility of religion with the business of common life.

We have, then, Scripture authority for asserting that it is not impossible to live a life of fervent piety amid the most engrossing pursuits and engagements of the world. We are to make good this

conception of life—that the hardest-wrought man of trade, or commerce, or handicraft, who spends his days “mid dusky lane or wrangling marl,” may yet be the most holy and spiritually-minded. We need not quit the world and abandon its busy pursuits in order to live near to God—

“We need not bid, for cloistered cell,  
Our neighbor and our work farewell:  
The trivial round, the common task,  
May furnish all we ought to ask—  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us, daily, nearer God.”

It is true indeed that, if in no other way could we prepare for an eternal world than by retiring from the business and cares of this world, so momentous are the interests involved in religion, that no wise man should hesitate to submit to the sacrifice. Life here is but a span. Life hereafter is *forever*. A lifetime of solitude, hardship, penury, were all too slight a price to pay, if need be, for an eternity of bliss: and the results of our most incessant toil and application to the world’s business, could they secure for us the highest prizes of earthly ambition, would be purchased at a tremendous cost, if they stole away from us the only time in which we could prepare to meet our God—if they left us at last rich, gay, honored, possessed of every thing the world holds dear, but to face an eternity undone.

But the very impossibility of such a sacrifice proves that no such sacrifice is demanded. He who rules the world is no arbitrary tyrant prescribing impracticable labors. In the material world there are no conflicting laws; and no more, we may rest assured, are there established in the moral world, any two laws, one or the other of which must needs be disobeyed. Now one thing is certain, that there is in the moral world a law of labor. Secular work, in all cases a duty, is, in most cases, a necessity. God might have made us independent of work. He might have nourished us like “the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field,” which “toil not, neither do they spin.” He might have rained down our daily food, like the manna of old, from heaven, or caused nature to yield it in unsolicited profusion to all, and so set us free to a life of devotion. But, forasmuch as he has not done so—forasmuch as he has so constituted us that without work we can not eat, that if men ceased for a single day to labor, the machinery of life would come to a stand, and arrest be laid on science, civilization, and progress—on every thing that is conducive to the welfare of man in the present life—we may safely conclude that religion, which is also good for man, which is indeed, the supreme good of man, is not inconsistent with hard work.

And that this is so—that this blending of religion with the work of common life is not impossible, you will readily perceive, if you consider for a moment what, according to the right and proper notion of it, Religion is. What do we mean by “Religion?”

Religion may be viewed in two aspects. It is a *Science*, and it is an *Art*; in other words, a system of doctrines to be believed, and a system of duties to be done. View it in either light, and the point we are insisting on may, without difficulty, be made good. View it as a science—as truth to be understood and believed. If religious truth were, like many kinds of secular truth, hard, intricate, abstruse, demanding for its study, not only the highest order of intellect, but all the resources of education, books, learned leisure, then indeed to most men, the blending of religion with the necessary avocations of life would be an impossibility. In that case it would be sufficient excuse for irreligion to plead, “My lot in life is inevitably one of incessant care and toil, of busy, anxious thought, and wearing work. Inextricably involved, every day and hour as I am, in the world’s business, how is it possible for me to devote myself to this high and abstract science?” If religion were thus, like the higher mathematics or metaphysics, a science based on the most recondite and elaborate reasonings, capable of being mastered only by the acutest minds, after years of study and laborious investigation, then might it well be urged by many an unlettered man of toil, “I am no scholar—I have no head to comprehend these hard dogmas and doctrines.”

But the gospel is no such system of high and abstract truth. The salvation it offers is not the prize of a lofty intellect, but of a lowly heart. The mirror in which its grand truths are reflected is not a mind of calm and philosophic abstraction, but a heart of earnest purity. Its light shines best and fullest, not on a life undisturbed by business, but on a soul unstained by sin. The religion of Christ, while it affords scope for the loftiest intellect in the contemplation and development of its glorious truths, is yet, in the exquisite simplicity of its essential facts and principles, patent to the simplest mind. Rude, untutored, toil-worn you may be, but if you have wit enough to guide you in the commonest round of daily toil, you have wit enough to learn to be saved. The truth as it is in Jesus, while, in one view of it, so profound that the highest archangel’s intellect may be lost in the contemplation of its mysterious depths, is yet, in another, so simple that the lisping babe at a mother’s knee may learn its meaning.

Again: view religion as an *Art*, and in this light, too, its compatibility with a busy and active life in the world, it will not be difficult to perceive. For religion as an art differs from secular arts in this respect, that it may be practiced simultaneously with other arts—with all other work and occupation in which we may be engaged. A man can not be studying architecture and law at the same time. The medical practitioner can not be engaged with his patients, and at the same time planning houses or building bridges—practicing, in other words, both medicine and engineering at one and the same moment. The practice of one secular art excludes for the time the practice of other secular arts. But not so with the art of religion. This is the universal art, the common, all-embracing profession. It belongs to no one set of functionaries, to no special class of men. Statesman, soldier, lawyer, physician, poet, painter, tradesman, farmer—men of every craft and calling in life—may, while in the actual discharge of the duties of their varied avocations, be yet, at the same moment, discharging the duties of a higher and nobler vocation—practicing the art of

a Christian. Secular arts, in most cases, demand of him who would attain to eminence in any one of them, an almost exclusive devotion of time and thought, and toil. The most versatile genius can seldom be master of more than one art; and for the great majority the only calling must be that by which they can earn their daily bread. Demand of the poor tradesman or peasant, whose every hour is absorbed in the struggle to earn a competency for himself and his family, that he shall be also a thorough proficient in the art of the physician, or lawyer, or sculptor, and you demand an impossibility. If religion were an art such as these, few indeed could learn it. The two admonitions, "Be diligent in business," and "Be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," would be reciprocally destructive.

But religion is no such art, for it is the *art of being, and of doing good*; to be an adept in it, is to become just, truthful, sincere, self-denied, gentle, forbearing, pure in word and thought and deed. And the school for learning this art is not the closet, but the world—not some hallowed spot where religion is taught, and proficient, when duly trained, are sent forth into the world—but the world itself—the coarse, profane, common world, with its cares and temptations, its rivalries and competitions, its hourly, ever-recurring trials of temper and character. This is, therefore, an art which all can practice, and for which every profession and calling, the busiest and most absorbing, afford scope and discipline. When a child is learning to write, it matters not of what words the copy set to him is composed, the thing desired being that whatever he writes, he learn to write *well*. When a man is learning to be Christian, it matters not what his particular work in life may be; the work he does is but the copy-line set to him; the main thing to be considered is that he learn to live well. The form is nothing, the execution is everything. It is true, indeed, that prayer, holy reading, meditation, the solemnities and services of the church are necessary to religion, and that these can be practiced only apart from the work of secular life. But it is to be remembered that all such holy exercises do not terminate in themselves. They are but steps in the ladder of heaven, good only as they help us to climb. They are the irrigation and enriching of the spiritual soil—worse than useless if the crop be not more abundant. They are, in short, but means to an end—good, only in so far as they help us to be good and do good—to glorify God and do good to man; and that end can perhaps be best attained by him whose life is a busy one, whose avocations bear him daily into contact with his fellows, into the intercourse of society, into the heart of the world.

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Away, then, with the notion that ministers and devotees may be religious, but that a religious and holy life is impracticable in the rough and busy world! Nay rather, believe me, that is the proper scene, the peculiar and appropriate field for religion—the place in which to prove that piety is not a dream of Sundays and solitary hours; that it can bear the light of day; that it can wear well amid the rough jostlings, the hard struggles, the coarse contacts of common life—the place, in one word, to prove how possible it is for a man to be at once not "slothful in business," and "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

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### [June 10.]

#### RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE.

##### PART II.

Another consideration which I shall adduce in support of the assertion that it is not impossible to blend religion with the business of common life, is this: that religion consists *not so much in doing spiritual or sacred acts, as in doing secular acts from a sacred or spiritual motive*.

There is a very common tendency in our minds to classify actions according to their outward form, rather than according to the spirit or motive which pervades them. Literature is sometimes arbitrarily divided into "sacred" and "profane" literature, history into "sacred" and "profane" history—in which classification the term "profane" is applied, not to what is bad or unholy, but to every thing that is not technically sacred or religious—to all literature that does not treat of religious doctrines and duties, and to all history save Church history. And we are very apt to apply the same principle to actions. Thus, in many pious minds there is a tendency to regard all the actions of common life as so much—an unfortunate necessity—lost to religion. Prayer, the reading of the Bible and devotional books, public worship—and buying, selling, digging, sowing, bartering, money-making, are separated into two distinct, and almost hostile, categories. The religious heart and sympathies are thrown entirely into the former, and the latter are barely tolerated as a bondage incident to our fallen state, but almost of necessity tending to turn aside the heart from God.

But what God hath cleansed, why should we call common or unclean? The tendency in question, though founded on right feeling, is surely a mistaken one. For it is to be remembered that moral qualities reside not in actions, but in the agent who performs them, and that it is the spirit or motive from which we do any work that constitutes it base or noble, worldly or spiritual, secular or sacred. The actions of an automaton may be outwardly the same as those of a moral agent, but who attributes to them goodness or badness? A musical instrument may discuss sacred melodies better than the holiest lips can sing them, but who thinks of commending it for its piety? It is the same with actions as with places. Just as no spot or scene on earth is in itself more or less holy than another; but the presence of a holy heart may hallow—of a base one, desecrate—any place where it dwells; so with actions. Many actions, materially great and noble, may yet, because of the spirit that prompts and pervades them, be really ignoble and mean; and, on the other hand, many actions, externally mean and lowly, may, because of the state of his heart who does them, be truly exalted and honorable. It is possible to fill the highest station on earth, and go through the actions pertaining to it in a spirit that degrades all its dignities, and

renders all its high and courtly doings essentially vulgar and mean. And it is no mere sentimentality to say, that there may dwell in a lowly mechanic's or household servant's breast a spirit that dignifies the coarsest toils and "renders drudgery divine." Herod of old was a slave, though he sat upon a throne; but who will say that the work of the carpenter's shop at Nazareth was not noble and kingly work indeed?

And as the mind constitutes high or low, so secular or spiritual. A life spent amid holy things may be intensely secular; a life, the most of which is passed in the thick and throng of the world, may be holy and divine. A minister, for instance, preaching, praying, ever speaking holy words and performing sacred acts, may all the while be doing actions no more holy than those of a printer who prints Bibles, or of the bookseller who sells them; for, in both cases alike, the whole affair may be nothing more than a trade. Nay, the comparison tells worse than the former, for the secular trade is innocent and commendable, but the trade which traffics and tampers with holy things is, beneath all its mock solemnity, "earthly, sensual, devilish." So, to adduce one other example, the public worship of God is holy work: no man can be living a holy life who neglects it. But the public worship of God may be—and with multitudes who frequent our churches is—degraded into work most worldly, most unholy, most distasteful to the great Object of our homage. He "to whom all hearts be open, all desires known," discerns how many of you have come hither to-day from the earnest desire to hold communion with the Father of spirits, to open your hearts to him, to unburden yourselves in his loving presence, of the cares and crosses that have been pressing hard upon you through the past week, and by common prayer and praise, and the hearing of his holy Word, to gain fresh incentive and energy for the prosecution of his work in the world; and how many, on the other hand, from no better motive, perhaps, than curiosity or old habit, or regard to decency and respectability, or the mere desire to get rid of yourselves and pass a vacant hour that would hang heavy on your hands. And who can doubt that, where such motives as these prevail, to the piercing, unerring inspection of him whom outwardly we seem to reverence, not the market place, the exchange, the counting-room, is a place more intensely secular—not the most reckless and riotous festivity, a scene of more unhallowed levity, than is presented by the house of prayer?

But, on the other hand, carry holy principles with you into the world, and the world will become hallowed by their presence. A Christlike spirit will Christianize everything it touches. A meek heart, in which the altar-fire of love to God is burning, will lay hold of the commonest, rudest things of life, and transmute them, like coarse fuel at the touch of fire, into a pure and holy flame. Religion in the soul will make all the work and toil of life—its gains and losses, friendships, rivalries, competitions, its manifold incidents and events—the means of religious advancement. Marble or coarse clay, it matters not much which of these the artist works, the touch of genius transforms the coarser material into beauty, and lends to the finer a value it never had before. Lofty or lowly, rude or refined as life's work to us may be, it will become to a holy mind only the material for an infinitely nobler than all the creations of genius—the image of God in the soul. To spiritualize what is material, to Christianize what is secular—this is the noble achievement of Christian principle. If you are a sincere Christian it will be your great desire, by God's grace, to make every gift, talent, occupation of life, every word you speak, every action you do, subservient to Christian motive.

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As a last illustration of the possibility of blending religion with the business of common life, let me call your attention to what may be described as *the mind's power of acting on latent principles*.

In order to live a religious life in the world, every action must be governed by religious motives. But in making this assertion, it is not, by any means, implied that in all the familiar actions of our daily life religion must form a *direct* and *conscious* object of thought. To be always thinking of God, and Christ, and eternity, amid our worldly work; and however busy, eager, interested we may be in the special business before us, to have religious ideas, doctrines, beliefs, present to the mind—this is simply impossible. The mind can no more consciously think of heaven and earth at the same moment than the body can *be in* heaven and earth at the same moment. Moreover, there are few kinds of work in the world that, to be well done, must not be done heartily; many that require, in order to excellence, the whole condensed force and energy of the highest mind.

But though it be true that we can not, in our worldly work, be always consciously thinking of religion, yet it is also true that, unconsciously, insensibly, we may be acting under its ever-present control. As there are laws and powers in the natural world, of which, without thinking of them, we are ever availing ourselves—as I do not think of gravitation when, by its aid, I lift my arm, or of atmospheric laws when, by means of them, I breathe, so in the routine of daily work, though comparatively seldom do I think of them, I may yet be constantly swayed by the motives, sustained by the principles, living, breathing, acting in the invisible atmosphere of true religion. There are undercurrents in the ocean which act independently of the movements of the waters on the surface; far down too in its hidden depths there is a region where, even though the storm be raging on the upper waves, perpetual calmness and stillness reign. So there may be an undercurrent beneath the surface movements of your life—there may dwell in the secret depths of your being the abiding peace of God, the repose of a holy mind, even though, all the while, the restless stir and commotion of worldly business may mark your outer history.

And, in order to see this, it is to be remembered, that many of the thoughts and motives that most powerfully impel and govern us in the common actions of life, are *latent* thoughts and motives. Have you not often experienced that curious law—a law, perhaps, contrived by God, with an express view to this its highest application—by which a secret thought or feeling may lie

brooding in your mind, quite apart from the particular work in which you happen to be employed? Have you never, for instance, while reading aloud, carried along with you in your reading the secret impression of the presence of the listener—an impression that kept pace with all the mind's activity in the special work of reading; nay, have you not sometimes felt the mind, while prosecuting without interruption the work of reading, yet at the same time carrying on some other train of reflection apart altogether from that suggested by the book? Here is obviously a particular "business" in which you were "diligent," yet another and different thought to which the "spirit" turned.

If the thought of an earthly auditory—of human minds and hearts that shall respond to his thoughts and words—can intertwine itself with all the activities of a man's mind, and flash back inspiration on his soul, at least as potent and as penetrating may the thought be, of him, the great Lord of heaven and earth, who not only sees and knows us now, but before whose awful presence, in the last great congregation, we shall stand forth to recount and answer for our every thought and deed.

Or, to take but one other example, have we not all felt that the thought of anticipated happiness may blend itself with the work of our busiest hours? The laborer's evening release from toil—the schoolboy's coming holiday, or the hard-wrought business-man's approaching season of relaxation—the expected return of a long-absent and much loved friend—is not the thought of these, or similar joyous events, one which often intermingles with, without interrupting, our common work? When a father goes forth to his "labor till the evening," perhaps often, very often, in the thick of his toils, the thought of home may start up to cheer him. The smile that is to welcome him, as he crosses his lowly threshold when the work of the day is over, the glad faces, and merry voices, and sweet caresses of little ones, as they shall gather round him in the quiet evening hours—the thought of all this may dwell, a latent joy, a hidden motive, deep down in his heart of hearts, come rushing in a sweet solace at every pause of exertion, and act like a secret oil to smooth the wheels of labor. And so, in the other cases I have named, even when our outward activities are the most strenuous, even when every energy of mind and body is full strung for work, the anticipation of coming happiness may never be absent from our minds. The heart has a secret treasury, where our hopes and joys are often garnered—too precious to be parted with even for a moment.

And why may not the highest of all hopes and joys possess the same all-pervading influence? Have we, if our religion be real, no anticipation of happiness in the glorious future? Is there no "rest that remaineth for the people of God," no home and loving heart awaiting us when the toils of our hurried day of life are ended? What is earthly rest or relaxation, what that release from toil after which we so often sigh, but the faint shadow of the saint's everlasting rest—the repose of eternal purity—the calm of a spirit in which, not the tension of labor only, but the strain of the moral strife with sin, has ceased—the rest of the soul in God! What visions of earthly bliss can ever—if our Christian faith be not a form—compare with "the glory soon to be revealed;" what joy of earthly reunion with the rapture of the hour when the heavens shall yield our absent Lord to our embrace, to be parted from us no more forever! And if all this be not a dream and a fancy, but most sober truth, what is there to except this joyful hope from that law to which, in all other deep joys, our minds are subject? Why may we not, in this case too, think often, amid our worldly work, of the home to which we are going, of the true and loving heart that beats for us, and of the sweet and joyous welcome that awaits us there? And, even when we make them not, of set purpose, the subject of our thoughts, is there not enough of grandeur in the objects of a believer's hope to pervade his spirit at all times with a calm and reverential joy? Do not think all this strange, fanatical, impossible. If it do seem so, it can only be because your heart is in the earthly hopes, but not in the higher and holier hopes—because love to Christ is still to you but a name—because you can give more ardor of thought to the anticipation of a coming holiday than to the hope of heaven and glory everlasting. No, my friends! the strange thing is, not that amid the world's work we should be able to think of our home, but that we should ever be able to forget it; and the stranger, sadder still, that while the little day of life is passing—morning, noontide, evening—each stage more rapid than the last, while to many the shadows are already fast lengthening, and the declining sun warns them that "the night is at hand, wherein no man can work," there should be those among us whose whole thoughts are absorbed in the business of the world, and to whom the reflection never occurs that soon they must go out into eternity—without a friend—without a home!

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**[June 17.]**

**RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE.**

**PART III.**

Such, then, is the true idea of the Christian life—a life not of periodic observances, or of occasional fervors, or even of splendid acts of heroism and self devotion, but of quiet, constant, unobtrusive earnestness, amid the common-place work of the world. This is the life to which Christ calls us. Is it yours? Have you entered upon it, or are you now willing to enter upon it? It is not, I admit, an imposing or an easy one. There is nothing in it to dazzle, much in its hardness and plainness to deter the irresolute. The life of a follower of Christ demands not, indeed, in our day, the courage of the hero or the martyr, the fortitude that braves outward dangers and sufferings, and flinches not from persecution and death. But with the age of persecution the difficulties of the Christian life have not passed away. In maintaining a spirit of Christian cheerfulness and contentment—in the unambitious routine of humble duties—in preserving the



fervor of piety amid the unexciting cares and wearing anxieties—in the perpetual reference to lofty ends amid lowly toils—there may be evinced a faith as strong as that of the man who dies with the song of martyrdom on his lips. It is a great thing to love Christ so dearly as to be “ready to be bound and to *die*” for him; but it is often a thing not less great to be ready to take up our daily cross, and to *live* for him.

But be the difficulties of a Christian life in the world what they may, they need not discourage us. Whatever the work to which our Master calls us, he offers us a strength commensurate with our needs. No man who wishes to serve Christ will ever fail for lack of heavenly aid. And it will be no valid excuse for an ungodly life that it is difficult to keep alive the flame of piety in the world, if Christ be ready to supply the fuel.

To all, then, who really wish to lead such a life, let me suggest that the first thing to be done—that without which all other efforts are worse than vain, is heartily to devote themselves to God through Christ Jesus. Much as has been said of the infusion of religious principle and motive into our worldly work, there is a preliminary advice of greater importance still—that we *be religious*. Life comes before growth. The soldier must enlist before he can serve. In vain, directions how to keep the fire ever burning on the altar, if first it be not kindled. No religion can be genuine, no goodness can be constant or lasting, that springs not, as its primary source, from faith in Jesus Christ. To know Christ as my Savior—to come with all my guilt and weakness to him in whom trembling penitence never fails to find a friend—to cast myself at his feet in whom all that is sublime in divine holiness is softened, though not obscured, by all that is beautiful in human tenderness; and, believing in that love stronger than death, which, for me, and such as me, drained the cup of untold sorrows, and bore without a murmur the bitter curse of sin, to trust my soul for time and eternity into his hands—this is the beginning of true religion. And it is the reverential love with which the believer must ever look to him to whom he owes so much, that constitutes the main-spring of the religion of daily life. Selfishness may prompt to a formal religion, natural susceptibility may give rise to a fitful one, but for a life of constant fervent piety, amid the world’s cares and toils, no motive is sufficient save one—self-devoted love to Christ.

But again, if you would lead a Christian life in the world, let me remind you that that life must be *continued* as well as begun with Christ. You must learn to look to him not merely as your Savior from guilt, but as the friend of your secret life, the chosen companion of your solitary hours, the depository of all the deeper thoughts and feelings of your soul. You can not live *for* him in the world unless you live much *with* him apart from the world. In spiritual as in secular things, the deepest and strongest characters need much solitude to form them. Even earthly greatness, much more moral and spiritual greatness, is never attained but as the result of much that is concealed from the world—of many a lonely and meditative hour. Thoughtfulness, self-knowledge, self-control, a chastened wisdom and piety, are the fruit of habitual meditation and prayer. In these exercises heaven is brought near, and our exaggerated estimate of earthly things corrected.

But, further, in availing yourself of this divine resource amid the daily exigences of life, why should you wait always for the periodic season and the formal attitude of prayer? The heavens are not open to the believer’s call only at intervals. The grace of God’s Holy Spirit falls not like the fertilizing shower, only now and then; or like the dew on the earth’s face, only at morning and night. At all times, on the uplifted face of the believer’s spirit, the gracious element is ready to descend. Pray always; pray without ceasing. When difficulties arise, delay not to seek and obtain at once the succor you need. Swifter than by the subtle electric agent is thought borne from earth to heaven. The Great Spirit on high is in constant sympathy with the spirit beneath, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the thrill of aspiration flashes from the heart of man to God. Whenever anything vexes you—whenever, from the rude and selfish ways of men, any trials of temper cross your path; when your spirits are ruffled, or your Christian forbearance put to the test, be this your instant resource! Haste away, if only for a moment, to the serene and peace-breathing presence of Jesus, and you will not fail to return with a spirit soothed and calmed. Or when the impure and low-minded surround you—when, in the path of duty, the high tone of your Christian purity is apt to suffer from baser contacts—O, what relief to lift the heart to Christ! to rise on the wings of faith—even for one instant to breath the air of that region where the infinite Purity dwells, and then return with a mind steeled against temptation, ready to recoil with the instinctive abhorrence of a spirit that has been beside the throne, from all that is impure and vile. Say not, then, with such aid at your command, that religion can not be brought down to Common Life!

In conclusion, let me once more urge upon you the great lesson upon which we have been insisting. Carry religious principle into every-day life. Principle elevates whatever it touches. Facts lose all their littleness to the mind which brings principle and law to bear upon them. The chemist’s or geologist’s soiled hands are no sign of base work; the coarsest operations of the laboratory, the breaking of stones with a hammer, cease to be mechanical when intellectual thought and principle govern the mind and guide the hands. And religious principle is the noblest of all. Bring it to bear on common actions and coarse cares, and infinitely nobler even than the philosophic or scientific, becomes the Christian life. Live for Christ in common things, and all your work will become priestly work. As in the temple of old, it was holy work to hew wood or mix oil, because it was done for the altar-sacrifice or the sacred lamps; so all your coarse and common work will receive a consecration when done for God’s glory, by one who is a true priest to his temple.

Carry religion into common life, and your life will be rendered useful as well as noble. There are many men who listen incredulously to the high-toned exhortations of the pulpit; the religious

life there depicted is much too seraphic, they think, for this plain and prosaic world of ours. Show these men that the picture is not a fancy one. Make it a reality. Bring religion down from the clouds. Apply to it the infallible test of experiment, and, by diffusing your daily actions with holy principles, prove that love to God, superiority to worldly pleasure, spirituality, holiness, heavenly-mindedness, are something more than the stock ideas of sermons.

The world's scenes of business may fade on our sight, the noise of its restless pursuits may fall no more upon our ear, when we pass to meet our God; but not one unselfish thought, not one kind and gentle word, not one act of self-sacrificing love done for Jesus' sake, in the midst of our common work, but will have left an indelible impress on the soul, which will go out with it to its eternal destiny. So live, then, that this may be the result of your labors; so live that your work, whether in the Church or in the world, may become a discipline for that glorious state of being in which the Church and the world shall become one; where work shall be worship, and labor shall be rest; where the worker shall never quit the temple, nor the worshipper the place of work, because "there is no temple therein, but the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple thereof."

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[June 24.]

**THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT—MANNERS.**

By ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

With most of us manners are a chief ministry of life. If love is the very element, the essence of holiness, then holiness should produce sweetness of both mind and manners. Amiability means, etymologically, loveliness, loveableness. But is it not too often the misfortune of piety, especially in its more earnest forms, to be accompanied by unamiable severity, not to say sourness—by introspective moodiness; unnecessary rigor in petty or indifferent things; uncharitable crimination of those whose opinions of spiritual experience do not conform to our own, habitual obtrusion of our own opinions—not only repelling individual brethren, but sometimes annoying and agitating whole churches?

"Be courteous:" The sentence, though brief, is full of significance, and is divinely authoritative. It is a commandment.

Stanley, in his "Lectures on the Scotch Church," tells a fine story about Archbishop Usher, the chronologist of sacred history. Hearing of the great genius and saintliness of Rutherford, the celebrated Scotch divine, he went *incognito* to the rural parsonage of the good pastor, and was received to its hospitality as a belated traveler. The household was "catechised" that evening, and the stranger took his seat among them to share the exercise. "How many commandments are there?" asked Rutherford. "Eleven," replied Usher. Rutherford rebuked him severely for his ignorance. What had been his education, that he could make such a blunder? The next morning was Sunday, and, as the pastor went on his way through the woods toward his church, he heard fervent prayer in a thicket, and was deeply affected. Usher soon appeared coming out of it, and Rutherford had an explanation. His heart was still more deeply touched, and the archbishop was constrained to preach for him that morning. He did so on the text, "A new commandment," etc. Rutherford was now still more deeply affected; there was, indeed, an eleventh commandment—"that ye love one another"—and he had unintentionally broken it, for he had not been courteous to his eminent visitor, in his Saturday evening catechetical rebuke, and the command to be courteous was certainly implied in the new commandment—if not, it must be a twelfth one.

It is, indeed, a "commandment" whether the eleventh modified, or a twelfth. Hannah Moore, in her essay on St. Paul, delineates him as a veritable gentleman. He knew how to rebuke audacious sin; but his writings teem with maxims inculcating gentle behavior. There was a fine touch of courtesy in his retraction of that sudden rebuke to the Jewish priest—of courteous respect for the office, if not the officer.

Manners are admitted to be, at least, "minor morals." *Minor* morals! How often are they indeed major morals! As making up a great proportion of the habitual conduct of life, their influence on ourselves, as well as on others, is habitual, and, therefore, must be proportionately strong and important. Shall we, then, deem them mere minor morals? Do they not fashion us, to a great extent, for both worlds? "As a man thinketh, so is he," is an old proverb; as a man acteth, so is he, may be more surely affirmed, especially as he acteth habitually, in the common intercourse of life, so thoroughly modified by our demeanor.

You "know a man by the company he keeps," says another maxim; you know him still more by the habitudes which accompany him.

You know him by his manners, not merely because manners are the most habitual effect, or expression, of his character, but because they have really, to a great extent, formed his character. They are cause as well as effect.

There is, then, a profound ethical importance in manners, for their educational, their moral, effect on the man himself. A truly courteous man, a true gentleman, and especially a Christian gentleman, is the better for every act of good manners in his daily life. There is sentiment, and, in a sense, moral sentiment, at the bottom of all manners. Respect for others has some very subtle and vital affinity with self-respect; and self-respect is not self-conceit, it is respect for the moral claims of our own nature on our own conduct.

Courtesy is, then, we repeat, ethical—and much more deeply and broadly so than is usually

supposed. We can not habitually violate its requisitions without injuring ourselves, as well as others. Discourtesy reacts and degenerates.

But manners are not only important as self-educational; they are powerful in their influence on others, and have, in this respect, an ethical importance: to them attaches an unavoidable responsibility.

Our children are more effectively educated at home than in the school or in the world. The daily, insinuating influence of a mother's voice, or glance, on the *morale* of her child, is like the gentle air and sunlight to young plants. The roughness or gentleness of a father's demeanor in the household may make "roughs" or gentlemen of his boys. Mutual petulance or affectionateness between the children of a family may depend almost entirely on the same qualities in the father and mother. There is scarcely anything, however apparently trivial, in the manners of the home that is not irresistibly educational. The ladder heavenward, visioned in the mind of the patriarch, is planted at the domestic hearth, and inclines over the very cradle. Are manners *minor* morals, then? Nay, they are the most effective education, they form one of the most potent influences of the common, human life. There are cases in which defective manners inflict an evil equivalent to certain more apparent violations of morality.

Manners are the physiognomy of the soul. Rudeness, and especially ill-tempered severity, show an inferior *morale*. The personal revelation of character, particularly in familiar life, is one of the most influential forces for good or ill that acts upon men. It is in life what it is in literature, only incomparably more influential, as it is more habitual and affects our more direct and more sacred relations and intercourse. We know that in literature it is the great, the distinctive, power of an author. It is the individuality, the intellectual and moral personality of a writer, that mostly makes his productions classical or otherwise. Milton, Shakspeare, Goethe, Schiller, Byron, we read themselves in their style of both language and thought; and they thus mold the souls of their readers after their own image. Pascal says, that "When we see a natural style we are surprised and delighted, for, in expecting to see an author, we find a man; while those who have good taste, often, in opening a book, expecting to see a man, find only an author." "Style is the man," says another great French writer. And so manners are the man—the style of the man's conduct, and immeasurable in their silent, unconscious influence on all around us. Not only do parents thus mold the hearts and lives of their children, children the hearts and lives of one another, but pastors thus act on their churches, neighbors on neighbors, and even nations on nations. "Be courteous," is, then, we may repeat, an important moral law—a divine commandment. [502]

It is a fallacy to suppose that manners are matters merely of social life; they belong to a man's whole life—his public as well as his private life. They have infinitely more to do with the success of public men than is usually supposed. They affect especially and profoundly the pastoral character and success. It is a great thing to be a true evangelist; but can you be completely so without obedience to the injunction of one who was more than an evangelist, who was an apostle—"Be courteous?" A public man who outrages good manners may not be altogether a moral nuisance, but he can not well be a salutary moral power in the community. His best theoretical instruction, if he be a public teacher, may not compensate for the continuous, insidious, demoralizing influence of his manners on his habitual hearers, especially on the incipient character of children and youth. The public teacher should, above all things, be, as Cicero insisted in regard to the orator, a good man; but, next to this, he should be a genuine gentleman. This phrase ordinarily has a somewhat ambiguous application: we need not say that we are not using it in its equivocal, conventional sense. We use it in the sense of the apostle's command—"Be courteous,"—maintain your manners, he would say. Gentleness, so incessantly enjoined in holy Scripture, is an equivalent phrase—because genuine politeness itself always includes, as its central element, gentleness (gentility), kindness; that is to say, a certain moral sentiment of tenderness and goodwill toward all men. It is a fact, worthy of the attention of the ethical philosopher, that true manners, genuine politeness, in not only polished life, but even in the chivalry of the age of knighthood, has thus been identified with a certain moral sentiment; that "gentility" essentially means gentleness; that even the chivalry, the bravery, of the hero, has proverbially been associated with generosity. How can a public man, then, dispense with these qualities? There is not merely a conciliatory influence in good manners on the part of the public man—an influence to win a candid hearing—but there is a positive moral power in them, a power which enhances all other power.

Let us not misunderstand the word. It is courtesy, not merely the manner or appearance of courtesy, that is enjoined. What may be manners in one country or age may not be such in another. Courtesy is the same everywhere and always. Courtesy, as meant by the apostle, and instinctively recognized by refined minds, is not so much manners, as it is the underlying sentiment of manners. And manners themselves should be distinguished from mannerisms. Mannerism is sometimes a mere perversion, a caricature of manners. The highest courtesy is often seen in the avoidance of manners—in the intercourse of true gentlemen, who have so much hearty regard for one another, so much confidence in their mutual good understanding, that they spontaneously dispense with all mere *forms* of courtesy. Courtesy is thus supreme in its spirit, while unconcerned about its expression. It is a sort of compliment to an intimate friend for you to show that you so far confide in his courtesy as to believe that he expects not the forms of courtesy from you. Lovers are never fastidious about the etiquette of manners. The etiquette of manners seldom enters into the most holy sanctuaries or intimacies of life. It is left outside, as in the East the sandals are left at the door; but courtesy always enters, and is most at home in the homes of the heart.

Great was Paul as a theologian, all the world acknowledges; but he was equally great as an

ethical philosopher. What a fine discernment of moral distinctions he had! Love was with him the "fulfilling of the law," and love is, in his writings, the essential principle of courtesy—gentleness, kindness, sweetness of soul. When were ever better ethics given to the world than in his discourse to the Corinthians on charity? That discourse should certainly rank next to his divine Master's Sermon on the Mount, the second great religious document in the possession of the world. Any candid skeptic must acknowledge that, would all the world conform to it, the human race would be as perfect in morals and manners as it could be. And what is this but acknowledging the divine fitness, and, therefore, truthfulness, of the document, and, indeed, of the religion which gave it birth? What courtesy could transcend that which "thinketh no evil," which "envieth not," which "seeketh not its own," which "is not puffed up," which "believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things!"

"A holy life is made up," says Bonar, "of a number of small things. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles nor battles, nor one great heroic act, or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little, constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Shiloh, 'that go softly' in their meek mission of refreshment, not the waters of the 'river, strong and many,' rushing down in torrents, noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and the flesh—the avoidance of such *little* things as these goes far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of a holy life."

The aim of Christianity is to produce a sanctified and noble manhood in this world, preparatory for angelhood in a higher world. He that works well for his religion honors it, but he that lives it well honors it more, for such a life is itself the best work, and empowers all other work.



The God who created these fair heavens with the same facility as yon green sapling: he who hath bestowed on man a life of toil, of transient joys and fleeting pains, that he might not forget the higher worth of his enduring soul, and might feel that immortality waited for him beyond the grave,—he, he is one only God! his mighty name Jehovah! earth's Creator and Judge! adored by Adam, first of men, and Adam's sons; then by Abraham, our father. But the rites by which we serve him are obscure and dark even to our wisest men. Yet God himself prescribed our sacred types, and will in time disclose their purport.—*Klopstock.*

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## CHINESE LITERATURE.

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### ON THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF FILIAL DUTY.

Confucius, sitting at leisure with his pupil, Tsang Tsan, by his side, said to him: "Do you understand how the ancient kings who possessed the greatest virtue and best moral principles, rendered the whole empire so obedient that the people lived in peace and harmony, and no ill-will existed between superiors and inferiors?" Tsang Tsan replied, "Destitute as I am of discernment, how can I understand the subject?" "Filial duty," said the sage, "is the root of virtue, and the stem from which instruction in moral principles springs forth. The first thing which filial duty requires of us is that we preserve from all injury, and in a perfect state, the bodies which we have received from our parents. And when we acquire for ourselves a station in the world, that we regulate our conduct by correct principles, so as to transmit our names to future generations, and reflect glory on our parents: this is the ultimate aim of filial duty. Thus it commences in attention to our parents; is continued through a series of services rendered to the prince; and is completed by the elevation of ourselves. It is said in the 'Book of Odes,'

"Think always of your ancestors,  
Talk of and imitate their virtues."  
—From "*Hian King*;" or, "*Memoir on Filial  
Duty.*"

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### THE IMPROVEMENT OF ONE'S SELF.

The ancients who wished to restore reason to its due lustre throughout the empire, first regulated the provinces which they each governed. Desirous of governing well their own kingdoms, they previously established order and virtue in their own houses; for the sake of establishing domestic order they began with self-renovation; to renovate their own minds, they first gave a right direction to their own affections; wishing to direct their passions aright, they corrected their ideas and desires, and to rectify these they enlarged their knowledge to the utmost. Now, this enlargement of knowledge consists in a most thorough and minute acquaintance with the nature of things around us. A thorough acquaintance with the nature of things around us renders knowledge deep and consummate; from thence proceed just ideas and desires; erroneous ideas once corrected, the affections of the soul move in the right direction; the passions thus rectified, the mind naturally obeys reason, and the empire of reason restored in the soul, domestic order follows, of course; from thence flows order throughout the whole province; and one province rightly governed may serve as a model for a whole kingdom.—From "*Ta Hioh*;" or, "*Superior Lessons.*"

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### SENTENCES FROM CONFUCIUS.

Grieve not that men know you not, but grieve that you are ignorant of men.

Have no friends unlike yourself.

Learning, without reflection, will profit nothing; reflection, without learning, will leave the mind uneasy and miserable.

Knowledge produces pleasure clear as water; complete virtue brings happiness, solid as a mountain; knowledge pervades all things; virtue is tranquil and happy; knowledge is delight; virtue is long life.

The sage's conduct is affection and benevolence in operation.

The man who possesses complete virtue wishes to fix his mind therein, and also to fix the minds of others; he wishes to be wise himself and would fain render others equally wise.

Those who, searching for virtue, refuse to stay among the virtuous, how can they obtain knowledge?

In your appearance to fall below decency would be to resemble a savage rustic, to exceed it would be to resemble a fop; let your appearance be decent and moderate, then you will resemble the honorable man.

When I first began with men, I heard words and gave credit for conduct, now I hear words and observe conduct.

The perfect man is never satisfied with himself; he that is satisfied with himself is not perfect.

He that is desirous to improve is not ashamed to ask of others.

Sin in a virtuous man is like an eclipse of the sun and moon, all men gaze at it and it passes away; the virtuous man mends and the world stands in admiration of his fall.

Patience is the most necessary thing to have in this world.

—From "*Lun Yu*;" or, "*Conversations of Confucius.*"

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### A BALLAD ON "PICKING TEA IN THE GARDENS IN SPRINGTIME."



Our household dwells amid ten thousand hills,  
Where the tea north and south of the village abundantly grows.  
From *chinsé* to *kuhyü* unceasingly hurried,  
Each morning I must early rise to do my task of tea.

By earliest dawn, I at my toilet, only half dress my hair,  
And seizing my basket pass the door while yet the mist is thick.  
The little maids and graver dames, hand in hand winding along,  
Ask me, "Which steep of Sunglo do you climb to-day?"

The sky is thick and the dusky twilight hides the hilltops;  
The dewy leaves and cloudy buds can not be easily plucked.  
We know not for whom their thirst to quench  
We're caused to labor and daily two by two to go.

In social couples each to aid her fellows, we seize the tea twigs,  
And in low words urge one another, "Don't delay,"  
Lest on the topmost bough, the bud has even now grown old,  
And lest with the morrow comes the drizzling, silky rain.

We've picked enough, the topmost boughs are sparse of leaves;  
We lift our baskets filled brimful and talk of going home;  
Laughing we pass along, when just against the pool  
A pair of scared mallards rise and fly diverse away.

This pool has limpid water, and there deep the lotus grows;  
Its little leaves are round as coins, and only yet half-blown;  
Going to the jutting verge, near a clear and shallow spot,  
I mark my present looks, try how of late my face appears.

My curls and hair are all awry, my face is quite begrimed;  
In whose house lives the girls so ugly as your slave?  
'Tis only because that every day the tea I'm forced to pick,  
The soaking rains and driving winds have spoiled my early charms.

With the morning comes the wind and rain together, fierce and high,  
But the little hat and basket tall still must I take along;  
The tender leaflets fully picked, we to our homes return,  
When each sees her fellow's dress all soiled with miry slime.

This morn without the door, I beheld a pleasant sky;  
Quickly I combed my girlish tufts and firmly set my pin;  
With rapid steps away I speed towards the garden's path,  
And forgetful of the muddy way, omit to change my shoes.

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When just within the garden bounds, I hear the thunder roll;  
My bowing shoes are soaked quite through, yet still I can't return;  
I call my distant comrade to send my message home,  
And have my green umbrella-hat set hither to me soon.

The rain is past, the outmost leaflets show their greenish veins;  
Pull down a branch and the fragrant scent's diffused around;  
Both high and low the yellow golden threads are now quite culled,  
And my clothes and frock are dyed with odors through and through.

The sweet and fragrant perfume's like that from the aglaia;  
In goodness and appearance my tea will be the best in Wuyuen,  
When all are picked, the new buds, by next term, will burst forth,  
And this morning the last third gathering is quite done.

Each picking is with toilsome labor, but yet I shun it not.  
My maiden curls are all askew, my pearly fingers all benumbed;  
But I only wish our tea to be of a superfine kind,  
To have it equal the "sparrow's tongue" and "dragon's pellet."

For a whole month when can I catch a single leisure day?  
For at earliest dawn I go to pick and not till dusk return;  
Then the deep midnight sees me still before the firing pan;  
Will not labor like this my pearly complexion deface?

But if my face is thin my mind is firmly fixed,  
So to fire my golden buds that they shall excel all besides;  
But how know I who shall put them in the jewelled cup?  
Whose taper fingers will give them to the maid to draw?

At a bright fire she makes the tea, her sorrows flee away;  
Where shall she learn our toil who so tender picked it all?  
How that without a sign the fierce winds and rains did rise.

Drenching and soaking our persons as if plunged into a bath.

But though my heaving bosom like a well-sweep rise and fall,  
Still patient in my poverty and care I'll never shun my usual toil;  
My only thought shall be to have new tea well fired,  
That the flag and awl be well rolled and show their whitened down.

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## THE MENDER OF CRACKED CHINAWARE.

*Dramatis Personæ:*

NIU CHAU, a wandering tinker.      WANG NIANG, a young girl.

SCENE: A STREET.—[*Niu Chau enters. Across his shoulder is a bamboo, to each end of which are suspended boxes containing the various tools and implements of his trade, and a small stool. He is dressed meanly; his face and head are painted and decorated in a fantastic manner.*]

[*Sings.*] Seeking a livelihood by the work of my hands,  
Daily do I traverse the streets of the city.  
[*Speaks.*] Well, here I am, a mender of broken jars,  
An unfortunate victim of ever-changing plans.  
To repair old fractured jars  
Is my sole occupation and support.  
'Tis even so, I have no other employment.

[*Takes his boxes from his shoulder, places them on the ground, sits beside them, and drawing out his fan, continues speaking.*]

A disconsolate old man,  
I am a slave to inconveniences.  
For several days past,  
I have been unable to go abroad,  
But observing this morning a clear sky and fine air,  
I was induced to recommence my street wanderings.  
[*Sings.*] At dawn I left my home,  
But as yet have had no job.  
Hither and yon, and on all sides,  
From the east gate to the west,  
From the south gate to the north,  
And all over within the walls  
Have I been, but no one has called  
For the mender of cracked jars.  
Unfortunate man!  
But this being my first visit to the city of Nanking,  
Some extra exertion is necessary.  
Time is lost sitting idle here,  
And so to roam again I go.

[*Shoulders his boxes and stool, and walks about, crying: "Plates mended! bowls mended! jars and pots neatly repaired!"*]

*Lady Wang (heard within).*—Did I not hear the cry of the mender of cracked jars? I'll open the door and look. [*She enters, looking around*] Yes, there comes the repairer of jars.

*Niu Chau.*—Pray have you a jar to mend? I have long been seeking a job. Did you not call?

*Lady W.*—What is your charge for a large jar; and how much for a small one?

*Niu Chau.*—For large jars, one mace five.

*Lady W.*—And for small ones?

*Niu Chau.*—Fifty pair of cash.

*Lady W.*—To one mace five and fifty pair of cash, add nine candareens, and a new jar may be had.

*Niu Chau.*—What, then, will you give?

*Lady W.*—I will give one candareen for either size.

*Niu Chau.*—Well, lady, how many cash can I get for this candareen?

*Lady W.*—Why, if the price be high, you will get eight cash.

*Niu Chau.*—And if low?

*Lady W.*—You will get but seven cash and a half.

*Niu Chau.*—O, you wicked, tantalizing thing!

[*Sings.*] Since leaving home this morning,  
I have met but with a trifler,  
Who, in the shape of an old wife,  
Tortures and gives me no job;  
I'll shoulder again my boxes, continue my walk,  
And never again will I return to the house of Wang.

[*He moves off slowly.*]

*Lady W.*—Jar-mender! return, quickly return; with a loud voice I entreat you; for I have something on which I wish to consult with you.

*Niu Chau.*—What is it on which you wish to consult me?

*Lady W.*—I will give you a hundred cash to mend a large jar.

*Niu Chau.*—And for mending a small one?

*Lady W.*—And for mending a small one, thirty pair of cash.

*Niu Chau.*—One hundred and thirty pair—truly, lady, this is worth consulting about. Lady Wang, where shall I mend them?

*Lady W.*—Follow me. [*They move toward the door of the house.*]

[*Sings.*] Before walks the Lady Wang.

*Niu Chau.*—And behind comes the *pu-kang* (or jar-mender).

*Lady W.*—Here, then, is the place.

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*Niu Chau.*—Lady Wang, permit me to pay my respects. [*Bows repeatedly in a ridiculous manner.*] We can exchange civilities. I congratulate you; may you prosper.

*Lady W.*—Here is the jar; now go to work and mend it.

*Niu Chau.*—[*Takes the jar in his hand and tosses it about, examining it.*] This jar has certainly a very appalling fracture.

*Lady W.*—Therefore it requires the more care in mending.

*Niu Chau.*—That is self evident.

*Lady W.*—Now Lady Wang will retire again to her dressing-room,  
And after closing the doors, will resume her toilet.  
Her appearance she will beautify,  
On the left, her hair she will comb into a dragon's-head tuft,  
On the right she will arrange it tastefully with flowers,  
Her lips she will color with blood-red vermilion,  
And a gem of chrysoprase will she place in the dragon's-head tuft;  
Then, having completed her toilet, she will return to the door,  
And sit down to look at the jar mender.

[*Exit.*]

[*Niu Chau sits down, straps the jar on his knee, and arranges his tools before him, and as he drills holes for the clamps, sings—*]

Every hole drilled requires a pin,  
And every two holes drilled requires pins a pair.  
As I raise my head and look around—

[*At this moment Lady Wang returns, beautifully dressed, and sits down by the door*]

There sits, I see, a delicate young lady,  
Before she had the appearance of an old wife,  
Now she is transformed into a handsome young girl;  
On the left, her hair is combed into a dragon's head tuft,  
On the right it is adorned tastefully with flowers.  
Her lips are like plums, her mouth is all smiles,  
Her eyes are brilliant as the phoenix's; and  
She stands on golden lilies, but two inches long.  
I look again, another look—down drops the jar.

[*The jar at this moment falls, and is broken to pieces.*]

[*Speaks.*] Heigh-ya! Here then is a dreadful smash.

*Lady W.*—You have but to replace it with another, and do so quickly.

*Niu Chau.*—For one that was broken, a good one must be given. Had two been broken, then were a pair to be supplied; an old one being smashed, a new one must replace it.

*Lady W.*—You have destroyed the jar, and return me nothing but words. Give me a new one, then you may return home, not before.

*Niu Chau.*—Here on my knees upon the hard ground, I beg Lady Wang, while she sits above, to listen to a few words. Let me receive pardon for the accident her beauty has occasioned, and I will at once make her my wife.

*Lady W.*—Impudent old man! How presume to think that I ever can become your wife!

*Niu Chau.*—Yes, it is true, I am somewhat older than Lady Wang, yet would I make her my wife.

*Lady W.*—No matter, then, for the accident, but leave me now at once.

*Niu Chau.*—Since you have forgiven me, I again shoulder my boxes,  
And I will go elsewhere in search of a wife;  
And here, before high heaven, I swear never again to come near the house of Wang.  
You a great lady! You are but a vile, ragged girl,  
And will yet be glad to take up with a much worse companion.

[*Going away, he suddenly throws off his upper dress, and appears as a handsome young man.*]

*Lady W.*—Henceforth give up your wandering profession,  
And marry me. Quit the trade of a jar-mender.  
With the Lady Wang pass happily the remainder of your life.

[*They embrace and exeunt.*]

—*Chi. Rep., vol. VI., p. 576.*

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## JAPANESE LITERATURE.

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### TRANSLATIONS FROM JAPANESE MYTHOLOGY.

The first man was Izanagi, the first woman Izanami. Standing together on the floating bridge of heaven, the male plunged his jeweled falchion, or spear, into the unstable waters beneath them, and withdrawing it, the trickling drops formed an island, upon which they descended. The creative pair, or divine man and woman, designing to make this island a pillar for a continent, separated—the male to the left, the female to the right—to make a journey round the island. At their meeting, the female spirit spoke first, “How joyful to meet a lovely man!” The male spirit, offended that the first use of the tongue had been by a woman, required the circuit to be repeated. On their second meeting, the man cried out, “How joyful to meet a lovely woman!” They were the first couple; and this was the beginning of the art of love, and of the human race. The island (Awaji) with seven other large, and many thousand small ones, became the Everlasting Great Japan. The Heaven-illuminating Goddess was their first child. She shone beautifully, and lighted the heavens and the earth. Her father, therefore, transferred her from earth to heaven, and gave her the ethereal realm to rule over. At this time the earth was close to heaven, and the goddess easily mounted the pillar, on which heaven rested, to her kingdom.

The second child became the Goddess of the Moon. Of their third child, a boy, they entertained the highest hopes. He grew up, however, to be a most mischievous fellow, killing people, pulling up their trees, and trampling down their fields. He grew worse as he grew up. He was made ruler over the blue sea; but he never kept his kingdom in order. He let his beard grow down over his bosom. He cried constantly; and the land became a desert, the rivers and seas dried up, and human beings died in great numbers. His father, inquiring the reason of his surly behavior, was told that he wished to go to his mother, who was in the region under the earth. He then made his son ruler over the kingdom of night. The august scape-grace still continued his pranks, unable to refrain from mischief. One day, after his sister, the Sun-goddess, had planted a field with rice, he turned a wild horse loose, which trampled down and spoiled all her work. Again, having built a store house for the new rice, he defiled it so that it could not be used. At another time, his sister was sitting at her loom, weaving. Sosanoö, having skinned a live horse by drawing its skin off from the tail to the head, flung the reeking hide over the loom, and the carcass in the room. The goddess was so frightened that she hurt herself with the shuttle, and, in her wrath, retired to a cave, closing the mouth with a large rock. Heaven, earth, and the four quarters became enshrouded in darkness, and the distinction between day and night ceased.

The gods create great confusion and noise pretending to be very merry when the Sun-goddess within, unable to account for the ill-timed mirth, since heaven and earth were in darkness, rose, and approaching the rocky door, listened to the honeyed words of one of the gods, who was praising her. Impelled further by curiosity, she opened the door, slightly, and asked why Uzumé danced and the gods laughed? Uzumé replied, “I dance because there is an honorable deity who surpasses your glory.” As she said this, the exceedingly beauteous god Futodama showed the mirror. The Sun-goddess within, astonished at her own loveliness, which she now first beheld in the reflection, stepped out a little further to gratify her curiosity. The God of Invincibly Strong Hands, who stood concealed, pulled the rock door open, caught her by the hand, and dragged her forth. The wisest of the gods, who superintended the whole proceedings, took a rope of twisted rice-straw, passed it behind her, and said, “Do not go behind this.” Then they removed the Sun-goddess to her new palace, and put a straw rope around it to keep off evil gods. Her wicked brother was punished by having each particular hair of his head pulled out, and his finger and toe nails extracted. He was then banished.

Another legend says the Sun-goddess spoke to Sosanoö (the Moon-goddess), who reigned jointly with her over the high plain of heaven, and said, “I have heard that there is a food-possessing goddess in the central country of luxuriant reedy moors (Japan). Go and see.” Descending from heaven, she came to the august abode of the Goddess of Food, and asked for refreshment. The goddess, creating various forms of food, such as boiled rice from the land, fish from the sea, beasts, with coarse and fine hair, from the hills, set them on a banqueting-table before Sosanoö, who, enraged at the manner of the creation of the food, killed her.

Reporting the matter in heaven, Amaterasū was angry at Sosanoō, and degraded her (the Moon-goddess) from joint rule, and condemned her to appear only at night, while she, the Sun-goddess, slept. Amaterasū then sent a messenger the second time to see whether the Food-goddess was really dead. This was found to be the case. Out of the dead body were growing, millet on the forehead; silk-worms and a mulberry-tree on the eyebrows; grass on the eyes; on the belly, rice, barley, and large and small beans; The head finally changed into a cow and horse. The messenger took them all, and presented them to Amaterasū. The Sun-goddess rejoiced, and ordained that these should be the food of human beings, setting apart rice as the seed of the watery fields, and the other cereals as the seed of the dry fields. She appointed lords of the villages of heaven, and began for the first time to plant the rice-seeds. In the autumn the drooping ears ripened in luxuriant abundance. She planted the mulberry-trees on the fragrant hills of heaven, and rearing silk-worms, and chewing cocoons in her mouth, spun thread. Thus began the arts of agriculture, silk-worm rearing, and weaving.

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## JAPANESE PROVERBS.

Good doctrines need no miracles.  
The fortune-teller can not tell his own fortune.  
The doctor does not keep himself well.  
To give an iron club to a devil is to give riches to a bad man.  
While the hunter looks afar after birds, they fly up and escape at his feet.  
The ignorant man is gentle.  
Every one suffers either from his pride or sinfulness.  
Even a calamity left alone for three years may turn into a fortune.  
Birds flock on the thick branches.  
Heaven does not kill a man.  
Having inquired seven times, believe the common report.  
The poet, though he does not go abroad, sees all the renowned places.  
Don't trust a pigeon to carry grain.  
There is no medicine for a fool.  
If you keep a tiger you will have nothing but trouble.  
The more words; the less sense.  
Who steals money is killed; who steals a country is a king.  
The best thing in traveling is a companion; in the world, kindness.  
The gods have their seat on the brow of a just man.  
Proof is better than discussion.  
The world is just as a person's heart makes it.  
If you hate anyone, let him live.  
Excess of politeness becomes impoliteness.  
Poverty can not overtake diligence.  
Making an idol does not give it a soul.  
Beware of a beautiful woman; she is like red pepper.  
Pearls unpolished shine not.  
Even a monkey sometimes falls from a tree.  
Send the child you love most on a journey.  
Live under your own hat.  
Hearing is paradise; seeing is hell.  
When life is ruined for the sake of money's preciousness, the ruined life cares naught for the money.  
The tongue is but three inches long, yet it can kill a man six feet high.

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## RAIKO AND THE ONI.

The wonderful story of "Raiko and the Oni" is one of the most famous in the collection of Japanese grandmothers. Its power to open the mouths and distend the oblique eyes of the youngsters long after bed-time, is unlimited.

Long, long ago there was a great war between the Genji and Heiké, in which many men were killed. One of the Genji warriors, named Raiko, could not find any one valiant enough to fight with him, and so he wished to find a ghoulish to slay. Now, there lurked at the palace gate a fierce ghoulish, which he sent his retainer, Watanabé Tsuna, to kill. Now, Tsuna was, next to Raiko, the

strongest man in the whole country, and was not afraid of the ghou. When he went out to the gate, the oni seized him by the helmet, but Tsuna caught the ghou's arm with the left hand, and, with his sword in his right hand, cut off the limb. The ghou was so frightened that it ran away, leaving its hairy arm and claws. Tsuna was very proud of his victory, and kept the arm as a trophy, carefully packed in a fine box. One day an old woman came to see the hero, saying she had heard of his feat, and would like to see the wonderful limb which he, by his valor, had cut off. Now, Tsuna was always good-natured to old people and good children, being only angry with wicked robbers and demons, and so he opened the box to show the old lady his treasure. Now, this old woman was nothing more than a ghou in disguise. No sooner had Tsuna opened his box than she snatched the limb, and flew away with it through the smoke-hole in the roof, changing, as she flew, into her true shape—that of a hideous ghou.

At this time Raiko was sick, and a three-eyed ghou came to torment him, knowing he was very weak; but Raiko drew his sword, which he always kept at his side, and gave the ghou a lusty cut that sent him, all bloody and howling, away. His retainers followed the tracks of blood to a great cave, in which they found a colossal spider, which Raiko succeeded in killing.

Shu-ten dōji was another ghou which Raiko, with his retainers, went to slay. Raiko went to his cave, and asked for a night's lodging. He found there a great red man, with long red hair, drinking strong saké out of a huge trencher which would hold several tubfuls. After a while the ghou got drunk, and fell asleep. Raiko then drew his sword and cut off the monster's head. His retainers helped him to carry it out, and it was paraded with great pomp where every one could see it. It was bigger than the great lion's head which used to be carried through the streets of Yedo at the great festival procession of Kanda Miō Jin, which it required twenty men to carry. It had frightful horns and tusks, and devoured many people.

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Raiko was a Kugé, and one of the bravest warriors of all time. Brave men such as he long ago killed all the wicked things in Japan, so that good little children might go to sleep, and not be afraid of the ghou's coming to take them from papa, mamma, brothers, sisters, and grandmothers.

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### DELIVERANCE: NIRVANA.

A pilgrim through eternity—  
In countless births have I been born,  
And toiled the architect to see,  
Who builds my soul's live house in scorn.

Oh, painful is the road of birth  
By which, from house to house made o'er,  
Each house displays the kind and worth  
Of the desires I loved before.

Dear architect! I now have seen thy face,  
And seized thy precept's law.  
Of all the houses which have been  
Not one again my soul can draw.

Thy rafters crushed, thy ridge-pole, too,  
Thy work, O builder, now is o'er!  
My spirit feels Nirvâna true,  
And I shall transmigrate no more.—*Buddha.*

[*End of Required Reading for June.*]

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## JUNE.

By ELLEN O. PECK.

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Open thy gates, O summer,  
The air is balmy and sweet,  
And a radiant guest is ready  
To enter with fairy feet.  
'Tis June with her brow of sunshine,  
And her wealth of green and gold,  
With drapery graceful and flowing,  
And flowers in every fold.  
O beautiful June! Thou art come again!  
O month of joy! O month of pain!

Thy face is the face of my darling  
That lies beneath thy flowers,  
And that comes to me with thy coming  
On the wings of the golden hours;  
The years are swift in passing  
But the memories fondly stay,  
And time has no power to rob me  
Though it bear my youth away;  
For, framed like thee in choicest gold  
Is the face of my love which can not grow old.

Thy lilies were clasped in her fingers—  
Not whiter the lilies than they—  
When under thy skies which were weeping  
They laid my darling away.  
There I planted a delicate rose-tree,  
Which thy coming calls to bloom,  
Each year a sweet reminder  
Of her heart's own sweet perfume.  
Not fairer the bloom of these flowers of the sun,  
Than the radiant life of my beautiful one.

And I read anew at thy coming  
Sweet lessons of love and truth,  
With the bitter lines of sorrow  
I learned in my happy youth.  
God sends a message golden  
Each year in thy glowing train,  
I would not fail in grasping  
Though with good it brings me pain.  
While I grieve for the beauty earth holds no more  
I catch a gleam of the heavenly shore.



## TAXIDERM.Y.

### MR. WATTERTON'S METHOD OF STUFFING BIRDS.

Observe, before procuring a specimen, how beautifully the feathers of a bird are arranged, one falling over the other in the nicest order; and that, where this charming harmony is interrupted, the defect, though not noticed by an ordinary spectator, will appear immediately to the eye of a naturalist. Thus, a bird not wounded, and in perfect feather, must be procured if possible, for the loss of the feathers can seldom be made good; and where the deficiency is great, all the skill of the artist will avail him little in his attempt to conceal the defect, because, in order to hide it, he must contract the skin, bring down the upper feathers and shove in the lower ones, which would throw all the surrounding parts into contortion.

You will observe, that the whole skin does not produce feathers, and that it is very tender where the feathers do not grow. The bare parts are admirably formed for expansion about the throat and stomach, and they fit into the different cavities of the body at the wings, shoulders, rump, and thighs, with wonderful exactness; so that in stuffing the bird, if you make an even rotund surface of the skin where these cavities existed, in lieu of re-forming them, all symmetry, order, and proportion, are lost forever.

You must lay it down as an absolute rule, that the bird is to be entirely skinned, otherwise you can never succeed in forming a true and pleasing specimen.

Wire is of no manner of use, but, on the contrary, a great nuisance, for where it is introduced a disagreeable stiffness and derangement of symmetry follow.

The head and neck can be placed in any attitude, the body supported, the wings closed, extended, or elevated, the tail depressed, raised, or expanded, the thighs set horizontal or oblique, without any aid from wire. Cotton will effect all this.

A very small proportion of the skull bone, say, from the forepart of the eyes to the bill, is to be left in, though even this is not absolutely necessary. Part of the wing-bones the jaw-bones, and half of the thigh-bones remain; every, thing else, flesh, fat, eyes, bones, brains, and tendons, are all to be taken away, and the skin anointed thoroughly with a solution of corrosive sublimate or with arsenical soap.

Introduce the cotton for an artificial body by means of a little stick like a knitting needle, and without any other aid or substance than that of this little stick and cotton, your own genius must produce those swellings and cavities, that just proportion, that elegance and harmony of the whole so much admired in animated nature, so little attended to in preserved specimens. After you have introduced the cotton, sew up the orifice you originally made in the belly, beginning at the vent. And from time to time, till you arrive at the last stitch, keep adding a little cotton, in order that there may be no deficiency there. Lastly, dip your stick into a solution of corrosive sublimate, and put it down the throat three or four times, in order that every part may receive it.

When the head and neck are filled with cotton quite to your liking, close the bill as in nature. A little bit of bees wax at the point of it will keep the mandibles in their proper place. A needle must be stuck into the lower mandible perpendicularly. Bring also the feet together by a pin, and then run a thread through the knees, by which you may draw them to each other as near as you judge proper. Nothing now remains but to add the eyes; with your little stick make a hollow in the cotton within the orbit and introduce the glass eyes into it. Adjust the orbit to them as in nature, and that requires no other fastener.

Great attention must be paid to the size of the orbit, which will receive within it an object much larger than the eye, so that it must be drawn together with a very small delicate needle and thread, at the part farthest from the beak. [508]

A small quantity of the solution is now applied to the bill, orbits, and feet.

Take any ordinary box large enough for holding the bird, and fill three-fourths of it from the top at one end, and the other end forming an inclined plane; make a hollow in it sufficient for the reception of the bird, place it in the box with its legs in a sitting posture; take a piece of cork into which three pins have been stuck for legs, like a three-footed stool; place it under the bird's bill, and the needle which was formerly run through the bill is stuck into the cork, which will act as a support to the bird's head. If the neck is wished to be lengthened, put more cotton under the cork, or *vice versa*; and if the head is wished to be projecting forward, it has only to be brought nearer the front of the box, humoring the cork, so as to place it in the position you require.

As the back part of the neck shrinks more in drying than the fore part, a thread must be tied to the end of the box, mid fastened to the beak, to prevent the face from looking too much upward. If the wings are wished elevated, support them with cotton; and if it be very high, place a piece of stick under them.

Should you desire to expand the wings, the order of the feathers must be reversed, commencing with the two middle ones. When perfectly dry, place them in the natural order, and they will ever afterwards continue as you wish them. If the crest is wished to be erect, the feathers must be moved in a contrary direction for a day or two, when they will soon take the position wished for.

The box must now be placed out of the reach of the sun, air, or fire, so that the skin may dry slowly. The corrosive sublimate is of much service in this respect, for it renders the skin moist and flexible for many days. The bird should be lifted every day, so that any faults may be corrected which take place while drying.

The small wing-coverts are apt to rise, owing to the skin coming in contact with the wing bones. The part which rises should be gently pulled with the finger and thumb for a day or two, and the feathers pressed down.

The feathers should be frequently adjusted so as to render them distinct and visible.

The legs begin to stiffen in three or four days, when it will be time to place them in the desired position; and the toes either arranged, or curved, so as to hold a branch, in which two spikes must be placed for the reception of the feet, whereon they are to be stuck, and can afterwards be removed at pleasure. All the threads which kept the different parts in their places may now be removed.

Touch the whole feathers with a solution of corrosive sublimate, so as to preserve them from the attack of moths. The surest way of proceeding is to immerse the bird in the solution of corrosive sublimate, and then dry it before you begin to dissect it.

If it is intended to represent the bird flying, its wings are extended to their utmost stretch, the tail placed horizontally, and expanded, the neck forced forward, the legs and feet drawn up close to the breast, with the toes closed. It may then be suspended from the ceiling, by a piece of very fine *brass* wire, such as is used for piano-forte strings.

A very spirited and striking position is, when the bird is about to take flight. In this attitude, it is placed with the body reclining forward, and the wings slightly raised, which can be managed without the assistance of external wires, by merely placing a little cotton or tow under the wings, while the skin is yet wet.

Descriptions of this kind are endless; let those who intend stuffing birds study nature in its various details, and, where this can not be come at, good books and prints will be found an excellent substitute.





# GYMNASTICS.

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The lack of proper muscular exercise is the cause of a large portion of the irritability, nervousness, back-ache and lassitude of the majority of people. Every person has in his bodily organization the means of preserving health and overcoming disease. The failure lies in the individuals refusing to use available means. A few simple gymnastics, practised daily, in a well-ventilated space, and in a light and loose dress, will, with careful diet, and frequent cold baths, preserve health and remove disease. Nor are these exercises complicated, they are within the reach of every one.

“An excellent plan,” says Prof. Hartelius, “is to have two thick vertically hanging ropes fixed to the ceiling, at two feet distance from each other, for all the members of the household to perform daily a hanging or trunk-lifting exercise. The hands grasp the ropes at equal heights above the head, and support, for a short moment, the whole weight of the body, either by simply hanging with straight arms or—if the person be sufficiently strong—by slowly bending the elbows, thus lifting the body. This trunk-lifting should be repeated three to six times, and, when the body is lowered in the intervals between, this should be done slowly, with the toes always touching the ground before the heels, to avoid nervous commotion.” But there are simpler exercises, which may be practised without even apparatus as simple as the above, and nothing on this line can be better than the same author’s series of gymnastic prescriptions for different diseases. If your daily occupation does not afford sufficient exercise, and, in consequence, your blood is thin, you are weak and nervous, or troubled with gout or obesity, he offers a series of exercises, simple and effective. Standing with arms stretched to full length, move them slowly sideways and upward, till they attain a vertical position above the head, hands and fingers well stretched. While moving to this position, the arms are gently rotated outwards, so as to make the palms face each other when stretched overhead; the arms are then lowered through the same plane. This exercise should be repeated eight to sixteen times, remembering that the head and trunk are to be kept straight, chest arched forward and arms kept well back during the movement. The movement may now be changed by moving the stretched arms slowly forward, upward and sideways, so as to describe a circle. Now standing straight, with arms dropped, raise the heels so as to throw the whole weight of the body on the toes, then the heels are lowered simultaneously and the toes raised, thus throwing the weight of the body on the heels. After repeating several times the heel-and-toe raising, move the shoulders so as to describe a circle forward, upward, backward and downward, keeping the head well up and the back stretched. Now stretch the arms and raise them quickly forward and upward, until they reach a vertical position at each side of the head; then they are slowly lowered sideways, downward, close to the side. The next motion, which the author calls by the expressive name of the “wing-stride-standing-trunk-circling,” is performed chiefly by means of the muscles of the trunk situated around the hips. The commencing position is, hands on the hips, feet placed sideways with a distance of two feet between them. The trunk is moved from the waist, describing as large a circle as possible, first to the left, then to the right. The legs should be kept straight, the head and hips steady. Motions with the head follow, and consist simply in bending the head, first slowly forward then raised and bent as far back as possible. Then bent from left to right as far as possible without moving the rest of the body. The head is turned from left to right and followed by the *head-circling*, in which the head describes slowly as wide a circle as can be done without straining, several times to the left and then as many times to the right. After the exercise with the head come trunk movements, to be performed in the following directions, forward, backward, to the sides, and turning in a circle, the hands being kept on the hips, the chest arched and the legs straight. This is but one *prescription*, each exercise, of course, being repeated several times. Prof. Hartelius gives a great variety of exercises, a careful use of which will certainly do much for any one. There can be no vigorous, bounding life in the frame which is inert. Motion is the sign of life through all the earth and bodily motion is absolutely necessary to health.

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## ETCHING.

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A style of picture most popular of late among artists and buyers is the etching. Not that it is a new style, but simply that it has been revived, perfected, and made the fashion. Etching is not new, for it dates back at least to Albert Dürer, in the first of the sixteenth century, and very probably was known before his time.

The methods are very interesting and simple. To etch means to eat. Thus from the very name we gain insight into the mode of work. The tools are easy to obtain, for as Hamerton, the most interesting of modern etchers, says, "Almost any bar of metal that can be sharpened to a point will do to etch with. Turner used an old fork. A nail at the end of a stick would answer the purpose; common sewing needles have often been used. There are, however, various degrees of usefulness even in things so easily made as etching-needles, and different artists have different tastes." But, as the art has grown popular, these primitive tools have been replaced by better styles. The shops contain several styles of needles and instruments. The etching-needle is ordinarily a piece of stout steel wire inserted in a handle, and ground to a fine point. Two or three of these needles of different thicknesses are used, some for broad and some for fine lines. Having needles, the etcher prepares a copper plate by covering it with a coating of asphaltum and wax, and *this*, if you wish to speak technically, must be called the etching ground. It is blackened by lampblack mixed with the varnish. Upon this the drawing is made. The lines can be made broad or fine, as the needles are of different degrees of fineness, and, of course, these lines cut through the *ground* to the plate beneath. Upon the plate where the picture has been drawn dilute nitric acid is poured. The result of pouring nitric acid on copper is well known: it eats or corrodes, or etches the copper; but upon our ground of wax makes no effect. The eating of the acid is called *biting in*. When the work is well bitten in, the acid is poured off, and the plate cleaned and examined. If the lines of the lighter parts appear to be sufficiently etched, they are painted over with the asphaltum, ground and dissolved in spirits of turpentine, while the rest of the work is re-bitten, *i. e.*, the acid is applied to the other parts again.

This covering of a part of the plate is called stopping out.

Stopping out and biting in are continued until all the lines are of the required depth. If, by accident or oversight, a line is too deeply bitten in, it is rubbed with an instrument called the *burnisher*. This tool polishes the plate when scratched, and softens the too deep lines.

This process is old. It has been used with various modifications since the time of the first etchers. A new method, called by its author, P. G. Hamerton, the *positive process*, is gaining very general favor. Let him state its merits:

"By my positive process the artist, whilst etching, sees his work in black upon a white ground, as distinctly as if he were drawing with a lead-pencil on white paper, instead of seeing it in copper on a black ground. The old negative process is objectionable not only because it is negative, but because the lines are brilliant, which causes them to appear more numerous than they really are." Hamerton prepares his plate by brightening it, first with cyanide of silver, and then laying on a ground of white wax. The plate is fastened into a tray, or shallow bath, and the mordant, as the acid preparation is called, is poured over it. The etcher draws his picture while the plate lies in the mordant. The lines blacken as soon as drawn. If a second or third biting is necessary, the plate is cleaned and re-waxed.

This is the mechanical part of etching. So simple it is that it seems that any one could be a successful etcher. But there is a knowledge and skill apart from the mechanical work. What is it? Haden well answers the question: "It is an innate artistic spirit, without which all the study in the world is useless. It is the cultivation of this spirit, not arduously but lovingly. It is a knowledge that is acquired by a life of devotion to what is true and beautiful; by the hourly and daily comparing of what we see in nature and the thinking of how it should be represented in art. It is the habit of constant observation of great things and small, and the experience that springs from it. It is the skill to combine and the skill to separate—to compound and to simplify—to fuse detail into mass—to subordinate definition to space, distance, light, and air. Finally, it is the acumen to perceive the near relationship that expression bears to form, and the skill to draw them—not separately, but together."



# THE TWO SOWERS.

By ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

Death came to the earth, by his side was Spring,  
They came from God's own bowers,  
And the earth was full of their wandering,  
For they both were sowing flowers.

"I sow," said Spring, "by the stream and the wood,  
And the village children know  
The gay glad time of my own sweet prime,  
And where my blossoms grow.

"There is not a spot in the quiet wood  
But hath heard the sound of my feet,  
And the violets come from their solitude  
When my tears hath made them sweet."

"I sow," said Death, "where the hamlet stands,  
I sow in the churchyard drear;  
I drop in the grave with gentle hands,  
My flowers from year to year.

"The young and the old go into their rest,  
To the sleep that awaits them below;  
But I clasp the children unto my breast,  
And kiss them before I go."

"I sow," said Spring; "but my flowers decay  
When the year turns weak and old,  
When the breath of the bleak winds wears them away,  
And they wither and droop in the mould.

"But they come again when the young earth feels  
The new blood leap in her veins,  
When the fountain of wonderful life unseals,  
And the earth is alive with the rains."

"I sow," said Death; "but my flowers unseen  
Pass away from the land of men,  
Nor sighs nor tears through the long sad years  
Ever bring back their bloom again.

"But I know they are wondrous bright and fair  
In the fields of their high abode;  
Your flowers are the flowers that a child may wear,  
But mine are the blossoms of God."

Death came to the earth, by his side was Spring;  
The two came from God's own bowers;  
One sow'd in night and the other in light,  
Yet they both were sowing flowers.



## A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

By Mrs. JOSEPH COOK.

[Continued.]

On a voyage from Suez to Bombay there is no debate as to what line of steamers to take, for those of the Peninsular and Oriental Line, commonly spoken of as the P. & O. steamers, are acknowledged to rank first in comfort, cleanliness, and safety.

It is on the day before Christmas that the Chautauquans embark on the stately "Siam." At four o'clock in the afternoon all is ready, the word of command goes forth, the chains rattle, the gang-plank is drawn, and under bright skies and on a smooth sea we start on our voyage from the Levant to the Orient. We are on deck at seven o'clock Christmas morning, but the mountain region of Sinai is already far behind us, as dim as cloudland, and we have fairly entered the Red Sea. Our pocket thermometer indicates 75° of heat, and when we go to breakfast we find the *punkahs* swinging. The stewards are immaculate in their white trousers and black alpaca jackets.

This is our first introduction to the *punkah*, which becomes our best friend in India. It is simply a fan some three feet wide, and from five to ten feet long, suspended from the ceiling by cords, hanging over the dining table, the drawing-room, or over your bed, and manipulated by a mild Hindu, who, if he were not doing this, would probably be seated in the same position doing nothing. It is a wonder that our midsummer American heats have not been alleviated by similar contrivances, only with our inventive genius we should have them propelled by machinery. Alexander Duff complains of suffering more in public speaking in America than in India, from the absence of the *punkah*, which is hung over preacher as well as people in the churches of the principal Indian cities.

A voyage to India is a prolonged pleasure excursion. Day after day your ship steams through unruffled seas and under unclouded skies. The mercury ranges from 75° to 85°. Thick canvas stretched over the deck protects us from the sun's fierce rays, and in these shortest days his course is quickly run. July, August, and September are the months when the Red Sea, which is like a chimney between two deserts, becomes almost intolerable. Late in the afternoon of our fourth day out, we pass certain islands which rear their sharp, barren tusks above the waters, and the sun sinks behind verdureless mountains some two thousand feet high. At an early hour the next morning we pass the Straits of Babel Mandeb, and reach Aden at eleven o'clock. This Gibraltar of the Arabian Seas is owned by the English, and, in the extinct crater of a volcano, has sprung up a flourishing town of thirty thousand inhabitants. Rain comes here only once in three years, when it descends copiously during the greater part of September. This precious downfall is caught in wells excavated out of the solid rock; and this, together with what is manufactured from sea water, supplies the inhabitants during the dry season at the rate of six shillings for one hundred gallons.

As our steamer stopped in the roadstead off Aden we discerned small boats coming toward us, and numerous black heads bobbing up and down in the clear, green waters. These boats contained African boys, of the Somali tribe, from eight to fifteen years of age, who, perfectly naked, except a strip of cloth about the loins, climbed up like squirrels on our ship, shouting continually, in good English, "Have a dive, sir? have a dive? have a dive?" As soon as a bit of silver was thrown into the water half-a-dozen of them would plunge for it and, after a moment's disappearance of the black heads, up they would come again, one of them having in his mouth the coveted coin. The water seemed to be as natural an element to these boys as though they were the descendants of Undine. When neither diving nor swimming they would tread the aqueous fluid in such a way as almost to sit on the waves. One poor little fellow had had one leg bitten off by a shark, close up to the thigh, but he hopped about as merrily as any of them and performed as marvelous aquatic feats. During the five hours we remained in port our ship's deck was filled with traders, who had brought for sale white and gray ostrich feathers, pieces of amber with imprisoned insects, photographs of Aden, grass cloth from Madagascar, and Turkish embroideries. They began by asking most exorbitant prices, and when you offered about half what they asked, such sad, reproachful glances as they cast upon you! Eventually they would accept fair terms rather than lose the trade. Throughout India, Europeans, in dealing with natives, have found by long experience that the real worth of their merchandise is about one-third of the asking price. It was interesting to see the various nationalities as they gathered on our ship's deck: there were Parsee and Mohammedan merchants from Bombay, Jewish traders with their close-shaven heads and long cork-screw curls hanging in front of their ears, and the merry Somali boys, with their woolly heads and gleaming white teeth, and bronze figures so slightly covered.

After leaving Aden we turned from the Red Sea into the Indian Ocean, and for six days our course was due east. At sunrise on the seventh morning the coast of India was visible, and at nine o'clock our ship dropped anchor in the harbor of Bombay. "Fair haven" is the meaning of Bombay, and, built on an island, or chain of islands, it encloses a splendid harbor of forty square miles. To the north and east are numerous islands, and on the mainland there are hills from one thousand to two thousand feet high, while the handsome government buildings are seen on the west, prominent among them being the lofty and well-proportioned tower of the University.

The drive to our hotel, although it was two miles distant, seemed but a step, such were the strange sights on which we looked with wide-eyed amazement. Here were men wearing all their clothes on their heads, immense turbans of white or red cotton, and a loin cloth, while all the rest of the body was innocent of covering. On their foreheads were lines of yellow and red paint, which indicated their religious sect, while the single dot of paint between the eyebrows proclaimed the fact that the man had been to the temple and received purification for the day. Children, as naked as the cherubs in Italian art, wore, instead of the cherubic wings, silver bands about the ankles, and women, with scanty drapery, were adorned with bracelets; necklaces, and the hideous nose rings. The Parsees in their white garments and towering hats made a pleasant contrast with the scantily-clothed natives, while the yellow-turbaned Sepoy in policeman's uniform, and the European, with his topee hat and inevitable white umbrella, made still another variety. It is possible to visit India and come away without seeing anything more of native life than can be observed in the streets. English life in the presidential cities is precisely the same as in London or Edinburgh, but when it was understood that the Chautauquans desired chiefly to study the manners and customs of the people of the land, ample opportunities offered to visit government and mission schools, native Christian churches, and those desolate apartments called zenanas, where, after marriage, Hindu and Mohammedan ladies are immured.

An afternoon's excursion to the Elephanta Caves gives us an idea of the rock temples of the Hindus. These famous caves are on an island in Bombay harbor and are all hollowed by laborious excavation out of trap rock. The largest one is about one hundred and thirty feet deep and equally wide, and rests on huge pillars twenty feet high. Bas-reliefs, staring passively from the rocky walls, represent Siva in various forms, with his wife, Parvati. Facing the entrance of the temple is a colossal trimurti, representing the Hindu trinity, Brahma, the creator, in the center, Vishnu, the preserver, on the left, Siva, the destroyer, on the right. Glimpses of the outer world, with its tropical luxuriance of vegetation, bathed in the ruddy light of the sinking sun, made a most striking contrast to the mysteriousness and gloom of this heathen temple, to which, in the days when worship was celebrated there, the costliest offerings were brought.

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Horrible as the Hindu custom of cremation is to our ideas, the Parsee fashion of leaving the dead to be devoured by vultures, is a thousand times more repulsive. The Parsees are descendants of the ancient Persians, who sought refuge in India from religious persecution some thousand years ago. They are not only fire-worshippers, but they desire to maintain the purity of all the elements. Their "towers of silence" are circular white stone structures, perfectly plain outside, but the ghastly thing about them is the fringe of vultures sitting around the edge with their heads pointing inward. The bodies of the dead are placed, quite naked, in grooves within the enclosure; hundreds of vultures swoop down from the neighboring trees whenever a body is thus exposed, and in an incredibly short time the satiated birds move away with slow, heavy flight, having left nothing behind but a skeleton! After the skeleton has become perfectly dry in the sun and wind, the carriers of the dead, a separate and peculiar class who are not permitted to mix in social intercourse with other Parsees, gloved and with tongs remove the bones from the grooves and cast them into a central well, where rich and poor must literally meet in death.

Eight days in Bombay and we are off for Poona. The first-class railway carriages in India are wider and longer than those in England, with a small bath room attached, and are so arranged as to be easily converted into comfortable sleeping-coaches, but you are expected to furnish your own bedding. Poona, the capital of the Mahrattis, signifies "the holy city," and is the stronghold of Brahminism. It is situated in a wide-stretching, treeless plain, surrounded with hills. Here are the government English schools, the Sanscrit College and the military headquarters for Western India. A quiet Sunday here in a delightful Scotch manse, twenty-four hours in Ahmednagar, where we are received most hospitably by Americans of the Mahratti mission, and on we go to Agra, to which point the Taj Mahal is drawing us like a magnet.

Approaching Agra in the freshness of the morning, an exclamation of delighted surprise from one of the quartette drew the rest of us to the window, and there, about a mile distant across a level country, rose that miracle of loveliness in white marble, the Taj Mahal. We saw it reflected in the Jumna as we crossed the railway bridge, two or three graceful palm trees intervening, and then the grim walls of the extensive fort became visible as we glided into the city. The Taj was built less than two hundred and fifty years ago by the Mogul emperor, Shah Jehan, as a tomb for his favorite wife, Moomtaj a Mahal. It is thought that he purposed rearing a similar tomb for himself on the opposite side of the river, and having the two mausoleums connected by a bridge, but this stupendous project was never executed, and Shah Jehan lies by the side of his beloved wife, whose best known name, from her surpassing beauty, was Noor Jehan, the "Light of the World." The Taj is situated in a quadrangle measuring eighteen hundred by one thousand feet, enclosed with red sandstone walls, turrets at the angles and a gateway on each side. The colossal gateway itself is a grand object, with its lofty arches of red stone, through which one sees as in a frame the avenue of black cypresses leading up to the dazzling monument. Most attractive gardens stretch away on either side, where are walks, seats and umbrageous trees, and one is at liberty to wander over the soft turf and examine the roses which grow here, under the skilful care of an English florist, with unsurpassable prodigality of bloom and fragrance. The Taj, toward which all this loveliness is but the outer court yard, stands on a superb terrace of white marble 313 feet square, and at each angle rises a slender minaret. From the center of the building, which is an irregular octagon, springs the marble dome, slightly bulbous in shape, 70 feet in diameter, and rising to a height of 120 feet. The dome is surmounted by a gilt crescent 260 feet from the ground level. At each of the four corners is a light marble cupola. Around all the arches of the portals and the windows, around the cornice and the domes, on the walls and in the passages are inlaid chapters of the Koran, the graceful, flowing Arabic characters being formed

of black marble. The real tombs of Shah Jehan and his wife are in a spacious vaulted chamber immediately below the one containing the sarcophagi, and this is reached by a sloping passage. Everything is exquisitely finished here, and all the materials are genuine, but the elaborateness of detail is in the grand hall above, which is a lofty rotunda lighted both from above and below by screens of marble perforated to a depth of two inches in most elegant lace-like patterns. Around this chamber is a wainscoting of sculptured tablets representing in bas-relief flowers, special prominence being given to the lotus and the lily. The octagonal marble screen, six feet high, which surrounds the sarcophagi is open tracery of most intricate design. The sarcophagi themselves are of the purest marble, inlaid with a mosaic, resembling the Florentine, in vines and flowers. Thirty bits of cornelian form the petals of a single flower, and the other stones most used in this rich ornamentation, which is lavishly employed over the exterior as well as the interior of the building, are bloodstone, agate, lapis-lazuli, turquoise, coral, chalcedony, amethyst, and other stones which have no name in our language. The dome contains an echo more remarkable than that of the Baptistery at Pisa, and even to ordinary conversation it sends down a shower of musical sounds like sweet bells jangled. During the five hours we spent here a constant crowd of natives had been coming and going. Toward sunset the Europeans began to assemble. We looked down on the gay scene from the great arch of the gateway. Green parrots with harsh scream darted in and out of the leafy branches; the familiar gray squirrel ran noiselessly up and down the tree trunks; the scent of innumerable blossoms filled the air; the Taj reflected the golden glory of the sunset, and after the sun had gone its color changed to a light blue, and as the brief twilight faded and the moon came out it looked like a pearl. The chattering crowd left one by one, until we were comparatively alone. We walked around the mausoleum and stepped inside the arch of one of the mosques. A flock of frightened doves flew out with whirring wings. Symmetry, purity, and perfection, such as are rarely seen in man's work in all this round world were before us. Directly above the gilt crescent of the dome hung the full moon, over whose face light clouds were passing. As we watched the sky and the movement of the clouds, the dome itself seemed to float like an airy bubble.

In greatest contrast to this magnificent mausoleum is the simple sodded grave of that faithful daughter of Shah Jehan, who shared her father's captivity, and who desired this inscription to be placed on her stone: "Let no rich canopy cover my grave. This grass is the best covering for the last resting-place of the poor in spirit." This we turned aside to see as we drove the eleven miles out of Delhi to visit the Kutab Minar, which is perhaps, after the Taj, the most celebrated piece of architecture in India. It is a fluted column, 240 feet high, and supposed to be, not a Mohammedan, but a Hindu building, dating from the twelfth century. It is built in a series of five stories. The first three are of fine red sandstone, on which are horizontal bands of passages from the Koran carved in boldest relief, and these are harmonious in architecture, but the last two stories are of white marble, with a plain surface, and seem like a patch. The great mosque of Delhi is called the Jumma Musjid, or Friday Mosque. The arrangement is the same in all Mohammedan temples large and small. A quadrangle open to the sky, a fountain flowing into a square, shallow tank, in the center, for the ablutions of the faithful, a colonnade on three sides with open arches, and on the west, facing Mecca, stands a building surmounted with domes, open in front, and destitute of everything approaching a symbol. Pure monotheism is here—the worship of the invisible deity. In the midst of this revolting polytheism of the Hindus one hears with no little satisfaction the muezzin's call from the minaret, "God is great. God is one. There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

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One may travel day after day in India without meeting Europeans, but crowds of natives fill the third and fourth-class carriages, in which the rates are very low. India is in advance of America in one respect. On every train there is always one carriage provided for ladies who are traveling alone, called the "Ladies' Reserved," as is the custom in England and on the Continent. Here only, where we pride ourselves on our railway conveniences, do we have the odious fashion of herding together promiscuously in sleeping coaches, which may be endurable if one has an escort, but is most disagreeable when a lady is unattended.

Much of the scenery in India is monotonous and uninteresting, but the tropical vegetation is always attractive. We pass palms in all stages of growth, stalwart, untutored banyans, graceful, delicate bamboos, plantains, the scarlet-blossoming cotton tree, the feathery, fir like casuarina, some squares of sugar-cane and covered spaces for the cultivation of the betel-nut, which has a smooth green leaf, not unlike the plantain, and which, mixed with a preparation of lime and spices, is used by the natives for chewing, quite as much as tobacco is with the western nations. The scarlet lips, tongue and gums, which result from using this leaf, are quite as disagreeable to see as the disgusting effects of tobacco chewing.

White paddy birds hover over the marshes, and groups of cattle are grazing in the meadows. At the tanks, which abound everywhere in India, and which are often partially covered with a green scum, the natives are bathing, or washing soiled linen, or carrying water away for cooking purposes! The railway stations remind one of England, they are so neat and tasteful and attractive with their blossoming shrubs and potted plants. Dracænas grow here seven feet high, and these with other foliage plants, and the showy, scarlet poinsettia and magenta bougainvillia are oftenest seen at the railway stations. Occasionally we pass near a small village. The mud huts, with their drooping thatched roof, are surrounded by palms and plantains, and stand near a tank of water. The native Indian has no idea of privacy. One sometimes sees a whole population out in the streets cleaning their teeth. No man in India thinks of shaving himself, but instead of our luxurious modern appliances, the barber and his victim go out on the sidewalk, sit opposite each other on their haunches, and the deed is done in the face of the world. The barber is an important member of the community. He often acts as village doctor, and, in some parts of India,

helps to arrange marriages. There are very few beggars to be seen in India, except such as are religious mendicants by profession. There is no poor law, but the patriarchal system obliges every wealthy head of a family to provide for his poor relations to the twentieth cousin.

In Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow memories of the Sepoy mutiny of 1857, and all its attendant horrors, fill the air. Cawnpore is pre-eminently a memorial town. Every trace of the buildings where the fiendish massacre occurred has vanished, and now one looks abroad on shaded avenues, beautiful gardens, a quiet cemetery, and broad stretches of green turf. Over the ghastly well stands the colossal white marble figure of an angel leaning against a cross and bearing palm branches.

The architectural beauty of Benares as a city of temples and palaces, and its characteristic features as a sacred, pilgrim city can best be seen by a sail on the river soon after sunrise. The city is built tier above tier on a cliff which stretches along the bank of the river for three miles. From the heights numerous flights of stone steps lead down to the water, and these are thronged by devotees who begin the day by a bath in the Ganges. It is evidently a religious act, for although there are crowds of men of all ages, there is no frivolity and very little conversation. The women keep by themselves, but they have no entirely separate bathing place. As our boat glided along we came to the burning *ghât*, where we paused and saw the flames already lighted about one body. Another body, wound about in red figured cotton, was lifted from the bier and placed on the funeral pyre. It seemed all the more shocking because life had so recently departed that there was none of the rigidity of death, and the limp form might, from all appearance, have belonged to one in sleep. While we lingered the clang of discordant instruments told of the approach of a funeral procession. The body is carried on a rude bier constructed like a ladder, and borne on the shoulders of men who shuffle and jostle along in no very reverent manner. The bearers carry the corpse into the Ganges and leave it there, that the sacred waters may flow over it before cremation. In the early morning we saw these three phases of a Hindu funeral and, sailing on, still another yet more shocking sight was revealed to us, for we caught a glimpse, just under the surface of the water, of a naked, swollen, floating human body, and above it the vultures were hovering. Leaving our boat, we walked a long distance through the narrow winding streets of the city to one of the largest and most frequented temples, where is the famous "Well of Salvation," into which worshipers throw flowers until there is the most fearful stench rising from this putrid mass of decaying matter, and yet this loathsome stuff the deluded devotees drink, as they believe it will wash away the blackest crimes. Haste and dissatisfaction seemed the predominant mood of every mind.

Calcutta takes its name from Kali, the goddess of vengeance. Situated on the river Hooghly, ninety miles from the sea, its heat is more oppressive than that of Bombay, and in no respect is the city as attractive. A day at Serampore, an early morning visit to the Kalighat, an excursion to Darjeeling, from which point we had a view of the snowy range of the Himalayas, a morning in the botanical gardens, where we linger under the great banyan tree, which covers a space of ground eight hundred feet in circumference, and whose far-reaching branches are supported by nearly two hundred trunks, some of them a hundred feet in height, drives on the Maidan at sunset, and many visits to mission schools and zenanas, under the auspices of American ladies, fill with delightful experiences our two weeks in this city.

Four days by steamer across the Bay of Bengal and we are beyond the break-water in the harbor of Madras. As soon as our ship drops anchor we are surrounded by masulah boats and catamarans. The former are curious constructions, sewed together to outride safely the furious dashing of the Madras surf, while the latter are fishing boats, formed of three logs scooped out a little into the canoe shape, and manned by a single naked native. Nothing but British pluck and enterprise, or American daring, would have attempted to build a city on a site so utterly unpropitious as Madras. On an inhospitable coast, exposed to the northeast monsoon and to the unsheltered glare of a scorching sun, stands a thriving city of four hundred thousand inhabitants. Although warned against venturing into Southern India after the first of March, we find the heat less intolerable here than in Calcutta. Scotch hospitality makes our week in Madras altogether enjoyable, and then we are off to Bangalore, a hill station and the chief military post of Southern India. After a pause of two days, we proceed to Trichinopoly, where Bishop Heber met death from apoplexy, in his forty-fifth year.

On our railway journey to this place we passed cacti, with pale yellow and magenta blossoms. Strange aquatic birds stood lazily in the marshes. Numerous weavers' nests hung on the trees along the wayside. These weavers are an industrious and happy community. They work diligently in the construction of their nests, and have harmonious relations with each other, stopping now and then in the midst of their activities, as if by mutual understanding, to indulge in a little concert, and when their burst of melody is over they resume their nest-building. It is said that they light up their homes by attaching a glow worm to a fresh bit of mud, which is plastered on the inside of the nest. The freshness of the early morning is succeeded by dry heat as the sun rises higher and higher with torrid beams. We see the natives quench their thirst with the milk of green cocoanuts, but we dare not indulge in its use. The pampas grass waves and glistens in the sunlight; enormous ant-hills are seen surrounding dead stumps or standing unsupported on level plains; green parrots and gorgeous butterflies chase each other unmindful of the heat, and toward noon we see the famous rock and huge *gopuras* of Trichinopoly across the rice fields. In spite of the fierce heat which overwhelms us with drowsiness, we take a carriage in the middle of the afternoon for the temples of Seringham. On our way we pass a horse which has dropped dead with sun-stroke. Europeans are something of a novelty here, and we are followed by a crowd of men and boys as soon as we leave our carriage to walk through the pillared hall of the temple.



From the flat stone roof we obtain an idea of the extent of this great pagoda, which is seven miles in circumference and includes many bazars and streets of Brahmin's houses. From the summit of the rock of Trichinopoly, which rises two hundred and fifty feet above the town, we see the sun set, a fiery ball. Northward lies Seringham, with its dark gateways rising out of a sea of green foliage; eastward we look toward Tanjore, where the Danish missionary, Schwartz, lies buried; to the south and west stretches the town of Trichinopoly. The clang of heathenish music is going on in the adjoining temple of Siva. On our descent we come upon one of the temple elephants, with bells hung on each side to announce his approach. He makes a salaam to us and picks up most adroitly with his trunk a tiny bit of silver which we offer him, passing it up to his rider. It is curious to see the great creature come down the stone steps with apparent ease.

At Madura we were in a thoroughly American atmosphere of kindness and cordiality. Even the American rocking-chair was not wanting to make us feel at home. Here we met the faithful workers in the Madura mission, and studied the fruits of their forty years of labor. Seven hours' railway ride over a flat, fertile but uninteresting country, with the mercury at 95°, and we reach our last stopping place in India, Tuticorin, from which port we take steamer for Colombo, on the island of Ceylon. As our ship moved away from this southernmost point of the Indian Continent we looked back at the neat little town, once famous for its pearl fisheries, and all our memories since landing at Bombay seemed to gather into one entire and perfect pearl.

Twenty-four hours pass and we are in the harbor of Colombo within the shelter of the substantial breakwater of artificial pressed stone. The heat, although greatly tempered by the sea breeze, is like that of a vapor bath. One of the largest and best conducted hotels we have seen in this part of the world receives us, and we are immensely amused by the costume of the Singalese waiters, who present a most ladylike appearance. They wear long white petticoats and round-about jackets, while the hair is combed back from the forehead, fastened in a knot behind, and ornamented with a yellow tortoise shell comb. This extraordinary style of dressing the hair has existed since the days of Ptolemy, who describes it. It seems a strange incongruity to see a beard and mustache, a comb and a chignon on the same head. One of our party says that while he can affiliate the world over with "a man and a brother," he declines to have anything to do with a man and a sister. A few hours in Colombo, and we are off to Kandy, a hill station seventy-five miles distant. We are fortunate in having with us Mr. Fergusson, one of the best botanists of this region. Vegetable life flourishes here in rank, riotous luxuriance. We pass palmyra, cocoanut, and talipot palms; cinnamon fields; coffee plantations, and rice growing on artificial terraces like hanging gardens. The red and pink lanternæ that we cultivate in our home gardens grows and blossoms by the wayside with the freedom of the commonest weed. At one of our stopping places we buy mangoes and rose-apples, and green cocoanuts containing a cool, delicious milk. The cocoanut water was most refreshing, but the mangoes were far inferior to our peaches, and the rose-apples were more agreeable to the eye than to the palate.

How exhilarating were the first whiffs of mountain air and the first glimpse of wooded hills and deep valleys after the steaming heat and monotonous flatness of the plains! All through the bright hours of this Saturday afternoon we climbed ever higher and higher through scenery combining Alpine grandeur with tropical luxuriance, until sunset found us at Kandy, the sacred city of the Buddhists. In the center of the town is a picturesque lake, fringed with tall, graceful bamboos, whose feathery branches sway with the slightest breeze, and in repose look like fountains of green spray shooting up into the deep blue sky. Hills rise on either side, on whose slopes are coffee plantations. There are a number of pagoda-shaped temples here, one of which contains that holy relic, the pretended tooth of Buddha. The people of this region are much more vigorous and manly than the Singalese of the coast, and the chignon and comb seem still more absurd when worn by this energetic, war-like race.

The seventy miles between Colombo and Galle is traversed the first third of the way by rail, and the remaining two-thirds by a somewhat primitive stage coach. Natives are in front and in the rear, but we have the whole interior to ourselves, the horn sounds its inspiring strains, and we are off at good speed over excellent roads. We are never far from the sea. Sometimes we drive on the shore in sight of the rolling surges, again we see the gleaming blue water through the palms, and whenever we pause we hear the deep undertone of its mighty voice. The plantain, the mangrove, the dark, glossy, broad leaf of the breadfruit are almost the only varieties of foliage we have in contrast with the ever-present cocoanut, which casts its shadow on the ground with a central stem of light, instead of shade, running through the immense frond. The population of Ceylon is twelve times as dense in the western as in the eastern provinces, and all the inhabitants of the coast are supported by the cocoanut. The natives have a saying that the cocoanut palm loves the sound of the human voice, and, like the magpie and robin, will not flourish away from the habitations of men. Like the palmyra palm in the north of Ceylon, the cocoanut in the south yields most of the necessaries of life. Its fruit furnishes food, its shell drinking vessels, its juice palm wine and sugar, its stem materials for building, its leaves roofs, matting, baskets and paper. The number of these trees in the island is estimated to be twenty millions, which yield from seven to eight hundred million cocoanuts annually, and are worth ten million dollars. These trees are carefully guarded at night when the fruit is ready to pick. The natives climb these tall, smooth trunks with great agility, partly by the aid of bamboo ladders, and oftener with the help of a short band of cocoanut fibre between the feet or around the loins. Along the route we passed half a dozen or more school houses, admirably constructed for the climate, with a substantial roof, wooden walls about six feet high, and the upper portion left open to all the winds of heaven. We could see the blackboards and the teacher and the pupils as we dashed by. On the summit of Richmond Hill, two miles from the town of Galle, where the Wesleyan mission is situated, we can not do better than pause and await the steamer which is to

bear us to Hong Kong and Yokohama. A broad verandah, furnished with tables, rattan couches and easy chairs, commands a magnificent outlook. A waving sea of palms leads up to distant mountains on the one side, while on the other a sea of palms stretches away to that far-flashing ocean which is soon to bear us on its bosom.

[To be continued.]



# ART OF CONVERSATION.

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The art of conversation so essential to every one who wishes to mingle in society, can only be perfected by frequent intercourse with the polite, yet great assistance may be derived by an intelligent person from the observations below, and no important blunders can possibly be made if the rules here given be attended to.

Under favorable circumstances, and among persons who know how to train a conversation, there are few if any amusements more grateful to the human mind. Every one knows something which he is willing to tell, and which any other that he is in company with wishes to know, or which if known to him, would be amusing or useful.

To be a skilful conversationist, one's eyes and ears should be busy; nothing should escape his observation. His memory should be a good one, and he should have a good-natured willingness to please and to be pleased.

It follows that all matter of offense in conversation should be avoided. The self-love of others is to be respected. Therefore, no one is tolerated who makes himself the subject of his own commendation, nor who disregards the feelings of those whom he addresses.

There is as much demand for politeness and civility in conversation as in any other department of social intercourse. One who rudely interrupts another, does much the same thing as though he should, when walking with another, impertinently thrust himself before his companion, and stop his progress.

It was one of the maxims of a French philosopher, that "in conversation, confidence has a greater share than wit." The maxim is erroneous, although it is true that a fashionable fool may attain to the small talk of which much of the conversation of society is composed, and his glib confidence may so impose upon the superficial as to make this pass for wit; but it will not be received as such by that portion of society whose esteem is desirable. Good sense, sound and varied information, are as necessary as confidence to enable a man to converse well.

In addition, then, to the ordinary routine of education, make yourself acquainted with the passing circumstances of the day—its politics, its parties, its amusements, its foibles, its customs, its literature, and at the present time I must also say its science. Some of these subjects may be the parent of much gossip and scandal; still, a man moving in society as a gentleman, must be ignorant of nothing which relates thereto, or if he is, he must not appear to be.

Avoid a loud tone, particularly in speaking to ladies. By observing men of the world, you will perceive that their voices, as it were, involuntarily assume a softness as they address the sex; this is one of the most obvious proofs of an intimacy with good society.

Never attempt to occupy the attention of a company for a long time; unless your conversation is very brilliant it must become very tiresome.

The object of conversation is to entertain and amuse. To be agreeable, you must learn to be a good listener. A man who monopolizes a conversation is a bore, no matter how great his knowledge.

Never get into a dispute. State your opinions, but do not argue them. Do not contradict, and above all, never offend by correcting mistakes or inaccuracies of fact or expression.

Never lose temper—never notice a slight—never seem conscious of an affront, unless it is of a gross character, and then punish it at once.

You can never quarrel in presence of ladies, but a personal indignity may be avenged *anywhere*.

Never talk of people by hints, slurs, innuendoes, and such mean devices. If you have anything to say, out with it. Nothing charms more than candor, when united with good breeding.

Do not call people by their names in speaking to them. In speaking of your own children, never "Master" and "Miss" them—in speaking to other people of theirs, never neglect to do so.

It is very vulgar to talk in a loud tone, and indulge in horse-laughs. Be very careful in speaking of subjects upon which you are not acquainted. Much is to be learned by confessing your ignorance—nothing can be by pretending to knowledge which you do not possess.

Never tell long stories. Avoid all common slang phrases and pet words.

Of all things, don't attempt to be too fine. Use good honest English—and common words for common things. If you speak of breeches, shirts, or petticoats, call them by their right names. The vulgarity is in avoiding them.

Be not partial to theorizing, or your conversation will assume the style of speech-making, which is intolerable.



# CHEERFULNESS TAUGHT BY REASON.

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By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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I think we are too ready with complaint  
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope  
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope  
Of yon grey blank of sky, we might grow faint  
To muse upon eternity's constraint  
Round our aspirant souls; but since the scope  
Must widen early, is it well to droop,  
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?  
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted  
And like a cheerful traveler, take the road,  
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread  
Be bitter in thine inn and thou unshod  
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,  
"Because thy way is *short*, I thank thee, God."

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# TALES FROM SHAKSPERE.

By CHARLES LAMB.

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Bertram, Count of Rossilion, had newly come to his title and estate, by the death of his father. The King of France loved the father of Bertram, and when he heard of his death, he sent for his son to come immediately to his royal court in Paris; intending, for the friendship he bore the late count, to grace young Bertram with his especial favor and protection.

Bertram was living with his mother, the widowed countess, when Lafeu, an old lord of the French court, came to conduct Bertram to the king. The King of France was an absolute monarch, and the invitation to court was in the form of a royal mandate, or positive command, which no subject, of what high dignity soever, might disobey; therefore though the countess, in parting with this dear son, seemed a second time to bury her husband, whose loss she had so lately mourned, yet she dared not keep him a single day, but gave instant orders for his departure. Lafeu, who came to fetch him, tried to comfort the countess for the loss of her late lord, and her son's sudden absence: and he said, in a courtier's flattering manner, that the king was so kind a prince, she would find in his majesty a husband, and that he would be a father to her son: meaning only that the good king would befriend the fortunes of Bertram. Lafeu told the countess that the king had fallen into a sad malady, which was pronounced by his physicians to be incurable. The lady expressed great sorrow on hearing this account of the king's ill health, and said, she wished the father of Helena (a young gentlewoman who was present in attendance upon her), were living, for that she doubted not he could have cured his majesty of his disease. And she told Lafeu something of the history of Helena, saying she was the only daughter of the famous physician Gerard de Narbon, and that he had recommended his daughter to her care when he was dying, so that since his death she had taken Helena under her protection; then the countess praised the virtuous disposition and excellent qualities of Helena, saying she inherited these virtues from her worthy father. While she was speaking, Helena wept in sad and mournful silence, which made the countess gently reprove her for too much grieving for her father's death.

Bertram now bade his mother farewell. The countess parted with this dear son with tears and many blessings, and commended him to the care of Lafeu, saying, "Good, my lord, advise him, for he is an unseasoned courtier." Bertram's last words were spoken to Helena, but they were words of mere civility, wishing her happiness; and he concluded his short farewell to her with saying, "Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her." Helena had long loved Bertram, and when she wept in sad and mournful silence, the tears she shed were not for Gerard de Narbon. Helena loved her father, but in the present feeling of a deeper love, the object of which she was about to lose, she had forgotten the very form and features of her dead father, her imagination presenting no image to her mind but Bertram's.

Helena had long loved Bertram, yet she always remembered that he was the Count of Rossilion, descended from the most ancient family in France. She of humble birth. Her parents of no note at all. His ancestors all noble. And therefore she looked up to the high-born Bertram, as to her master and to her dear lord, and dared not form any wish but to live his servant, and so loving to die his vassal. So great the distance seemed to her between his height of dignity and her lowly fortunes, she would say, "It were all one that I should love a bright peculiar star, and think to wed it, Bertram is so far above me."

Bertram's absence filled her eyes with tears, and her heart with sorrow; for though she loved without hope, yet it was a pretty comfort to her to see him every hour, and Helena would sit and look upon his dark eye, his arched brow, and the curls of his fine hair, till she seemed to draw his portrait on the tablet of her heart, that heart too capable of retaining the memory of every line in the features of that loved face. Gerard de Narbon, when he died, left her no other portion than some prescriptions of rare and well-proved virtue, which by deep study and long experience in medicine, he had collected as sovereign and almost infallible remedies. Among the rest was one set down as an approved medicine for the disease under which Lafeu said the king at that time languished; and when Helena heard of the king's complaint, she, who till now had been so humble and so hopeless, formed an ambitious project in her mind to go herself to Paris, and undertake the cure of the king. But though Helena was the possessor of this choice prescription, it was unlikely, as the king as well as his physicians were of opinion that his disease was incurable, that they would give credit to a poor unlearned virgin, if she should offer to perform a cure. The firm hopes that Helena had of succeeding, if she might be permitted to make the trial, seemed more than even her father's skill warranted, though he was the most famous physician of his time; for she felt a strong faith that this good medicine was sanctified by all the lucky stars in heaven, to be the legacy that should advance her fortune, even to the high dignity of being Count Rossilion's wife.

Bertram had not been long gone, when the countess was informed by her steward that he had overheard Helena talking to herself, and that he understood from some words she uttered, that she was in love with Bertram, and had thought of following him to Paris. The countess dismissed the steward with thanks, and desired him to tell Helena she wished to speak with her. What she had just heard of Helena brought the remembrance of days long past into the mind of the countess, those days probably when her love for Bertram's father first began; and she said to

herself, "Even so it was with me when I was young. Love is a thorn that belongs to the rose of youth; for in the season of youth, if ever we are nature's children, these faults are ours, though then we think not they are faults." While the countess was thus meditating on the loving errors of her own youth, Helena entered, and she said to her, "Helena, you know I am a mother to you." Helena replied, "You are my honorable mistress." "You are my daughter," said the countess again; "I say I am your mother. Why do you start and look pale at my words?" With looks of alarm and confused thoughts, fearing the countess suspected her love, Helena still replied, "Pardon me, madam, you are not my mother; the Count Rossilion can not be my brother, nor I your daughter." "Yet, Helena," said the countess, "you might be my daughter-in-law; and I am afraid that is what you mean to be, the words mother and daughter so disturb you. Helena, do you love my son?" "Good madam, pardon me," said the affrighted Helena. Again the countess repeated her question, "Do you love my son?" "Do you not love him, madam?" said Helena. The countess replied, "Give me not this evasive answer, Helena. Come, come, disclose the state of your affections, for your love has to the full appeared." Helena on her knees now owned her love, and with shame and terror implored the pardon of her noble mistress; and with words expressive of the sense she had of the inequality between their fortunes, she protested Bertram did not know she loved him, comparing her humble un aspiring love to a poor Indian, who adores the sun, that looks upon his worshiper but knows of him no more. The countess asked Helena if she had lately an intent to go to Paris? Helena owned the intent she had formed in her mind, when she heard Lafeu speak of the king's illness. "That was your motive for wishing to go to Paris," said the countess, "was it? Speak truly." Helena honestly answered, "My lord your son made me to think of this; else Paris, and the medicine, and the king, had from the conversation of my thoughts been absent then." The countess heard the whole of this confession without saying a word either of approval or of blame, but she strictly questioned Helena as to the probability of the medicine being useful to the king. She found that it was most prized by Gerard de Narbon of all he possessed, and that he had given it to his daughter on his death-bed; and remembering the solemn promise she had made at that awful hour in regard to this young maid, whose destiny, and the life of the king himself, seemed to depend on the execution of a project (which, though conceived by the fond suggestions of a loving maiden's thoughts, the countess knew not but it might be the unseen workings of Providence to bring to pass the recovery of the king, and to lay the foundation of the future fortunes of Gerard de Narbon's daughter), free leave she gave to Helena to pursue her own way, and generously furnished her with ample means and suitable attendants, and Helena set out for Paris, with the blessings of the countess, and her kindest wishes.

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Helena arrived in Paris, and by the assistance of her friend the old lord Lafeu, she obtained an audience of the king. She had still many difficulties to encounter, for the king was not easily prevailed on to try the medicine offered him by this fair young doctor. But she told him she was Gerard de Narbon's daughter (with whose fame the king was well acquainted), and she offered the precious medicine as the darling treasure which contained the essence of all her father's long experience and skill, and she boldly engaged to forfeit her life, if it failed to restore his majesty to perfect health in the space of two days. The king at length consented to try it, and in two days' time Helena was to lose her life if the king did not recover; but if she succeeded he promised to give her the choice of any man throughout all France (the princes only excepted) whom she could like for a husband; the choice of a husband being the fee Helena demanded, if she cured the king of his disease.

Helena did not deceive herself in the hope she conceived of the efficacy of her father's medicine. Before two days were at an end, the king was restored to perfect health, and he assembled all the young noblemen of his court together, in order to confer the promised reward of a husband upon his fair physician; and he desired Helena to look around on this youthful parcel of noble bachelors, and choose her husband. Helena was not slow to make her choice, for among these young lords she saw the Count Rossilion, and turning to Bertram, she said, "This is the man. I dare not say, my lord, I take you, but I give me and my service ever whilst I live into your guiding power." "Why then," said the king, "young Bertram, take her; she is your wife." Bertram did not hesitate to declare his dislike to this present of the king's of the self-offered Helena, who, he said, was a poor physician's daughter, bred at his father's charge, and now living dependent on his mother's bounty. Helena heard him speak these words of rejection and of scorn, and she said to the king, "That you are well, my lord, I am glad. Let the rest go." But the king would not suffer his royal command to be so slighted; for the power of bestowing their nobles in marriage was one of the many privileges of the kings of France; and that same day Bertram was married to Helena, a forced and uneasy marriage to Bertram, and of no promising hope to the poor lady, who, though she gained the noble husband she had hazarded her life to obtain, seemed to have won but a splendid blank, her husband's love not being a gift in the power of the king of France to bestow.

Helena was no sooner married, than she was desired by Bertram to apply to the king for him for a leave of absence from court; and when she brought him the king's permission for his departure, Bertram told her that as he was not prepared for this sudden marriage, it had much unsettled him, and therefore she must not wonder at the course he should pursue. If Helena wondered not, she grieved, when she found it was his intention to leave her. He ordered her to go home to his mother. When Helena heard this unkind command, she replied, "I can nothing say to this, but that I am your most obedient servant, and shall ever with true observance seek to eke out that desert, wherein my homely stars have failed to equal my great fortunes." But this humble speech of Helena's did not at all move the haughty Bertram to pity his gentle wife, and he parted from her without even the common civility of a kind farewell.

Back to the countess then Helena returned. She had accomplished the purport of her journey, she had preserved the life of the king, and she had wedded her heart's dear lord, the Count Rossilion; but she returned back a dejected lady to her noble mother-in-law, and as soon as she entered the house, she received a letter from Bertram which almost broke her heart. The good countess received her with cordial welcome, as if she had been her son's own choice, and a lady of a high degree, and she spoke kind words, to comfort her for the unkind neglect of Bertram in sending his wife home on her bridal day alone. But this gracious reception failed to cheer the sad mind of Helena, and she said, "Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone." She then read these words out of Bertram's letter: "When you can get the ring from my finger which never shall come off, then call me husband, but in such a *then* I write a *never*." "This is a dreadful sentence!" said Helena. The countess begged her to have patience, and said now Bertram was gone, she could be her child, and that she deserved a lord, that twenty such rude boys as Bertram might tend upon, and hourly call her mistress. But in vain by respectful condescension and kind flattery this matchless mother tried to soothe the sorrows of her daughter-in-law. Helena still kept her eyes fixed upon the letter, and cried out in an agony of grief, "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France." The countess asked her if she found these words in the letter? "Yes, madam," was all poor Helena could answer.

The next morning Helena was missing. She left a letter to be delivered to the countess after she was gone, to acquaint her with the reason of her sudden absence; in this letter she informed her that she was so much grieved at having driven Bertram from his native country and his home, that to atone for her offense she had undertaken a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Jaques le Grand, and concluded with requesting the countess to inform her son that the wife he so hated had left his house forever.

Bertram, when he left Paris, went to Florence, and there became an officer in the Duke of Florence's army, and after a successful war, in which he distinguished himself by many brave actions, Bertram received letters from his mother, containing the acceptable tidings that Helena would no more disturb him; and he was preparing to return home, when Helena herself, clad in her pilgrim's weeds, arrived at the city of Florence. Florence was a city through which the pilgrims used to pass on their way to St. Jaques le Grand; and when Helena arrived at this city, she heard that a hospitable widow dwelt there, who used to receive into her house the female pilgrims that were going to visit the shrine of that saint, giving them lodging and kind entertainment. To this good lady therefore Helena went, and the widow gave her a courteous welcome, and invited her to see whatever was curious in that famous city, and told her that if she would like to see the duke's army, she would take her where she might have a full view of it. "And you will see a countryman of yours," said the widow; "his name is Count Rossilion, who has done worthy service in the duke's wars." Helena wanted no second invitation, when she found Bertram was to make part of the show. She accompanied her hostess; and a sad mournful pleasure it was to her to look once more upon her dear husband's face. "Is he not a handsome man?" said the widow. "I like him well," replied Helena with great truth. All the way they walked, the talkative widow's discourse was all of Bertram; she told Helena the story of Bertram's marriage, and how he had deserted the poor lady his wife and entered into the duke's army to avoid living with her. To this account of her own misfortunes Helena patiently listened, and when it was ended the history of Bertram was not yet done, for then the widow began another tale, every word of which sank deep into the mind of Helena; for the story she now told was of Bertram's love for her daughter.

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Though Bertram did not like the marriage forced on him by the king, it seems he was not insensible to love, for since he had been stationed with the army at Florence, he had fallen in love with Diana, a fair young gentlewoman, the daughter of this widow who was Helena's hostess: and every night, with music of all sorts, and songs composed in praise of Diana's beauty, he would come under her window, and solicit her love: and all his suit to her was that she would permit him to visit her by stealth after the family were retired to rest; but Diana would by no means be persuaded to grant this improper request, nor give any encouragement to his suit, knowing him to be a married man: for Diana had been brought up under the counsels of a prudent mother, who, though she was now in reduced circumstances, was well-born, and descended from the noble family of the Capulets.

All this the good lady related to Helena, highly praising the virtuous principles of her discreet daughter, which she said were entirely owing to the excellent education and good advice she had given her; and she further said, that Bertram had been particularly importunate with Diana to admit him to the visit he so much desired that night, because he was going to leave Florence early the next morning. Though it grieved Helena to hear of Bertram's love for the widow's daughter, yet from this story the ardent mind of Helena conceived a project (nothing discouraged at the ill success of her former one) to recover her truant lord. She disclosed to the widow that she was Helena, the deserted wife of Bertram, and requested that her kind hostess and her daughter would suffer this visit from Bertram to take place, and allow her to pass herself upon Bertram for Diana; telling them her chief motive for desiring to have this secret meeting with her husband, was to get a ring from him, which he said if ever she was in possession of, he would acknowledge her as his wife.

The widow and her daughter promised to assist her in this affair, partly moved by pity for this unhappy forsaken wife, and partly won over to her interest by the promise of reward which Helena made them, giving them a purse of money in earnest of her future favor. In the course of that day Helena caused information to be sent to Bertram, that she was dead, hoping that when he thought himself free to make a second choice by the news of her death, he would offer

marriage to her in her feigned character of Diana. And if she could obtain the ring and this promise too she doubted not she could make some future good come of it. In the evening after it was dark, Bertram was admitted into Diana's chamber, and Helena was there ready to receive him. The flattering compliments and love discourse he addressed to Helena were precious sounds to her, though she knew they were meant for Diana; and Bertram was so well pleased with her, that he made her a solemn promise to be her husband, and to love her forever; which she hoped would be prophetic of a real affection, when he should know it was his own wife, the despised Helena, whose conversation had so delighted him.

Bertram never knew how sensible a lady Helena was, else perhaps he would not have been so regardless of her; and seeing her every day, he had entirely overlooked her beauty, a face we are accustomed to see constantly losing the effect which is caused by the first sight either of beauty or of plainness; and of her understanding it was impossible he should judge, because she felt such reverence, mixed with her love for him, that she was always silent in his presence; but now that her future fate, and the happy ending of all her love projects, seemed to depend on her leaving a favorable impression on the mind of Bertram from this night's interview, she exerted all her wit to please him; and the simple graces of her lively conversation and the endearing sweetness of her manners so charmed Bertram, that he vowed she should be his wife. Helena begged the ring from off his finger as a token of his regard, and he gave it to her; and in return for this ring, which it was of such importance to her to possess, she gave him another ring, which was one the king had made her a present of. Before it was light in the morning, she sent Bertram away; and he immediately set out on his journey toward his mother's house.

Helena prevailed on the widow and Diana to accompany her to Paris, their further assistance being necessary to the full accomplishment of the plan she had formed. When they arrived there, they found the king was gone upon a visit to the countess of Rossilion, and Helena followed the king with all the speed she could make.

The king was still in perfect health, and his gratitude to her who had been the means of his recovery was so lively in his mind, that the moment he saw the countess of Rossilion, he began to talk of Helena, calling her a precious jewel that was lost by the folly of her son; but seeing the subject distressed the countess, who sincerely lamented the death of Helena, he said, "My good lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all." But the good-natured old Lafeu, who was present, and could not bear that the memory of his favorite Helena should be so lightly passed over, said, "This I must say, the young lord did great offense to his majesty, his mother, and his lady; but to himself he did the greatest wrong of all, for he has lost a wife whose beauty astonished all eyes, whose words took all ears captive, whose deep perfection made all hearts wish to serve her." The king said, "Praising what is lost makes the remembrance dear. Well—call him hither;" meaning Bertram, who now presented himself before the king; and, on his expressing deep sorrow for the injuries he had done to Helena, the king, for his dead father's and his admirable mother's sake, pardoned him, and restored him once more to his favor. But the gracious countenance of the king was soon changed towards him, for he perceived that Bertram wore the very ring upon his finger which he had given to Helena; and he well remembered that Helena had called all the saints in heaven to witness that she would never part with that ring, unless she sent it to the king himself upon some great disaster befalling her; and Bertram, on the king's questioning him how he came by the ring, told an improbable story of a lady throwing it to him out of a window, and denied ever having seen Helena since the day of their marriage. The king, knowing Bertram's dislike to his wife, feared he had destroyed her; and he ordered his guards to seize Bertram, saying, "I am wrapt in dismal thinking, for I fear the life of Helena was foully snatched." At this moment Diana and her mother entered, and presented a petition to the king, wherein they begged his majesty to exert his royal power to compel Bertram to marry Diana, he having made her a solemn promise of marriage. Bertram fearing the king's anger, denied he had made any such promise, and then Diana produced the ring (which Helena had put into her hands) to confirm the truth of her words; and she said that she had given Bertram the ring he then wore, in exchange for that, at the time he vowed to marry her. On hearing this, the king ordered the guards to seize her also; and her account of the ring differing from Bertram's, the king's suspicions were confirmed; and he said, if they did not confess how they came by this ring of Helena's they should both be put to death. Diana requested her mother might be permitted to fetch the jeweler of whom she bought the ring, which being granted, the widow went out, and presently returned, leading in Helena herself.

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The good countess, who in silent grief had beheld her son's danger, and had even dreaded that the suspicion of his having destroyed his wife might possibly be true, finding her dear Helena, whom she loved with even a maternal affection, was still living, felt a delight she was hardly able to support; and the king, scarce believing for joy that it was Helena, said, "Is this indeed the wife of Bertram that I see?" Helena, feeling herself yet an unacknowledged wife, replied, "No, my good lord, it is but the shadow of a wife you see, the name and not the thing." Bertram cried out, "Both, both! O pardon!" "O, my lord," said Helena, "when I personated this fair maid, I found you wondrous kind; and look, here is your letter!" reading to him in a joyful tone those words, which she had once repeated so sorrowfully, *When from my finger you can get this ring*—"This is done, it was to me you gave the ring. Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?" Bertram replied, "If you can make it plain that you are the lady I talked with that night, I will love you dearly, ever, ever dearly." This was no difficult task, for the widow and Diana came with Helena purposely to prove this fact; and the king was so well pleased with Diana, for the friendly assistance she had rendered the dear lady he so truly valued for the service she had done him, that he promised her also a noble husband: Helena's history giving him a hint that it was a suitable reward for kings to bestow upon fair ladies when they perform notable services.



Thus Helena at last found that her father's legacy was indeed sanctified by the luckiest stars in heaven; for she was now the beloved wife of her dear Bertram, the daughter-in-law of her noble mistress, and herself the countess of Rossilion.



# THE LAST SNOW OF WINTER.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

Soft snow still rests within this wayside cleft,  
Veiling the primrose buds not yet unfurled;  
Last trace of dreary winter, idly left  
On beds of moss, and sere leaves crisply curled;  
Why does it linger while the violets blow,  
And sweet things grow?

A relic of long nights and weary days,  
When all fair things were hidden from my sight;  
A chill reminder of those mournful ways  
I traversed when the fields were cold and white;  
My life was dim, my hopes lay still and low  
Beneath the snow.

Now spring is coming, and my buried love  
Breaks fresh and strong and living through the sod;  
The lark sings loudly in the blue above,  
The budding earth must magnify her God;  
Let the old sorrows and old errors go  
With the last snow!



# CONJURORS.

By THOMAS FROST.

A French conjuror of the first of the present century, was Comte, who was as famous for his ventriloquist powers as for his legerdemain. Many anecdotes are current among continental conjurors of the consternation which Comte created on various occasions by the exercise of his powers as a ventriloquist off the boards. He once overtook near Nevers a man who was beating an overladen ass, and, throwing his voice in the direction of the poor brute's head, reproached the fellow for his cruelty, causing him to stare at the ass for a moment in mingled surprise and awe, and then take to his heels. On another occasion, being in the marketplace of Mâcon, he inquired the price of a pig which a peasant woman had for sale, and pronounced it extortionate, a charge which the owner, with much volubility, denied.

"I will ask the pig," said Comte, gravely. "Piggy, is the good woman asking a fair price for you?"

"Too much by half," the pig seemed to reply. "I am measled, and she knows it."

The woman gasped and stared, but she was equal to the occasion.

"Oh! the villain," she exclaimed. "He has bewitched my pig! Police, seize the sorcerer!"

The bystanders rushed to the spot, but Comte slipped away as quickly as he could, and left the affair to the intelligence of the police.

On one occasion the possession of this strange power was the means of saving Comte's life. He was denounced by some ignorant Swiss peasants in the neighborhood of Friburg, as a sorcerer, set upon and beaten with sticks, and was about to be thrown into a limekiln, when he raised such a horrible yell, which appeared to proceed from the kiln, that the fellows dropped him, and fled precipitately from the spot.

Miller, whose strange adventures and vicissitudes were related by himself in his "Life of a Sowman," was a conjuror of the fair-frequenting class during the greater part of his varied life. He relates an amusing anecdote of a failure he once had in performing the common trick of cooking a pancake in a hat. He was performing before a private party at Kelso, and among the company was an elderly gentleman, who sat close to the operating table, and caused some discomposure to Miller and his attendant by the closeness of his observation of their motions, and the grimaces and chucklings in which he indulged whenever he discovered, or thought he had discovered, the mode in which any of the tricks were performed. The pancake trick is done by secretly introducing into the hat a ready cooked and hot pancake in a tin dish, and above this a gallipot. The batter is prepared, in sight of the spectators, in a similar gallipot, just as much smaller than the other as to fit closely into it. The contents of the smaller gallipot are poured into the larger one, and both are withdrawn together; and the conjuror, after pretending to cook the pancake over a lamp or candle, presents it on the tin dish.

Miller's attendant was so much confused by the watching, grimacing, and chuckling of the old gentleman that he omitted to place the gallipot in the hat which a gentleman of the party had lent for the purpose, and Miller poured the batter upon the pancake before he discovered the omission. He was not so ready-witted as Robert-Houdin showed himself on similar occasions, nor was his attendant so equal to the emergency as the French conjuror's ministering imp proved in the face of such a disaster. They could only stare in bewilderment at the spoiled hat until Miller, recovering from his confusion, confessed his failure, explained the manner in which the trick is done, and threw the blame upon the inquisitive and chuckling old gentleman.

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Anderson, a juggler widely known in Europe as the "Wizard of the North," during a provincial tour met with a strange adventure. One day, toward the conclusion of an engagement at Elgin, he visited Forres, a town twelve miles distant, to make arrangements for repeating his performance there, in the vicinity of the "blasted heath," on which, according to tradition, Macbeth met the witches. Having made the requisite arrangements, he was directed by the printer to the residence of an elderly widow, who had apartments to let, which, proving suitable, were taken for one week.

"You'll excuse me, sir," said the widow when he was about to depart, "but I maun tell ye I'm a puir widow, and a' that I hae to live by is what I get by lettin' my apartments. Ither folk hae engaged 'em, saying I might expect 'em on a certain day; but they didna come, sae I was disappointed. It's an old sayin', that 'burnt bairns dreed the fire.' Ye are a stranger, although a decent lookin' man, and ye may do the same; sae I hope ye winna object to pay half o' the rent aforehand."

Anderson made no objection, but at once handed four half-crowns to the old lady. At that moment he remembered that he must see the printer again before he left Forres, and, as the day, which had threatened to be a wet one, was fine, he left his umbrella with the widow, whose good opinion the payment in advance of one moiety of the week's rent had quite secured. But, unfortunately, the widow read the words, *Great Wizard of the North*, on the handle of the umbrella when Anderson had left her; and he observed, on his return, that she trembled and changed color as she regarded him intently from head to foot, without venturing to approach him.

"Save us!" she faintly ejaculated. "Wha are ye?"

"I am a rather notorious character," Anderson replied, with a smile, "and I have no doubt, although you have never seen me before, that you have heard of me. My name is Anderson, and I am known as the Wizard of the North."

"A weezard, are ye?" said the affrighted widow. "Then, for the love o' guideness, gang oot o' my house! I wadna lodge ye for ae night under my roof nae for a' the world. For the love o' heaven, gang awa, and tak your umbrella alang wi' ye."

As the Elgin coach was shortly to pass the house, Anderson did not pause to explain or remonstrate, but stepped at once toward the door, when the widow cried, "Stap! Dinna leave ought belonging to ye wi' me; tak your siller wi' ye, and never let me see your face again."

Hastily taking the four half-crowns from her purse, she threw them upon the floor, screaming that they burned her fingers, and immediately fell back in a swoon of terror. In her fall, her head struck a stool, slightly lacerating her cheek; and on several of the neighbors hurrying in, on hearing her scream and fall, they found her bleeding, and apparently lifeless. The women cried out that the stranger had murdered the widow, and the men seized Anderson's arms, to prevent his escape.

At that moment the coach was driven up, and the driver, seeing a crowd about the widow's house, pulled up, and inquired the cause of the commotion.

On being told that a murder had been committed, the guard leaped down, and, looking through the window, recognized Anderson, whom he had seen several times in Elgin. The coach started again, and Anderson, finding he was in an awkward position, as the old lady gave no signs of life, demanded to be taken before a magistrate at once. This, he was told, was impossible, as there was no magistrate within seven miles, and all that could be done was to lodge him in the town jail until the next day.

To the jail the conjuror was taken, therefore, between a couple of constables, who were commendably prompt in making their appearance. The coach went on to Elgin, where the guard lost no time in spreading the news of the wizard's arrest, and, going to the Assembly Rooms, told the audience, who were just growing impatient at the conjuror's non-appearance, that "they might conjure for themselves that night, for there would be no wizard, as he was where he would not get out with all his magic; he was in Forres jail, for murdering an old woman." A thrill of horror ran through the crowded auditory; then a murmur arose, and loud demands were made for the return of the money paid at the doors. This was done; and nothing was talked of at Elgin that night but the horrible murder at Forres.

On the following morning, Anderson was conducted to the residence of the magistrate, where the widow, who had recovered in the course of the night, told as much of the tragi-comical story as she knew. The gentleman who administered justice in that remote district smiled at the old lady's narrative, reproved the witnesses for their hastiness, and at once discharged Anderson, with an expression of regret for the inconvenience and loss to which his detention had subjected him. The news of the *dénouement* of the affair reached Elgin as soon as Anderson, for whom it proved an excellent advertisement, bringing crowds to the Assembly Rooms, and inducing him to prolong his stay in that town several nights beyond the term he had intended.



## THE INFLUENCE OF WHOLESOME DRINK.

Three-quarters of that staunch body which you bring with you to the task of perusing these pages, my firmly-knit friend, notwithstanding substantial appearances, are nothing but thin water. If without your clothes you weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, one hundred and thirteen of those pounds are mere liquid, which could be poured through the spout of a tea-pot, or even the channel of a tobacco pipe. Are you surprised to find yourself of so watery a nature? If you are so, you have no good ground for your wonder, for I can tell you that liquid has plenty of work to perform for your good.

Water is continually being drained away out of the supply-pipes of your body, and therefore requires to be as constantly restored to them, unless the blood is to be allowed to get so thick that it can no longer flow freely through their channels. The Great Architect of your body purposed that this should never happen, because if it did, all the powers of your frame, which are sustained by the blood-movement, would suffer and flag. Therefore he has contrived a plan to prevent such thickening of the life-stream.

So soon as your blood has begun to grow thick and to flow slowly, it moves unwillingly and lazily through the structures of your throat, as well as through all other parts. The thick lazily moving blood there causes that unpleasant feeling which you call thirst; a feeling which is so disagreeable that the instant you are conscious of it, you seek to get rid of it by swallowing drink.

When you drink water to quench your thirst, the thin liquid goes down into your digesting bag, and is then directly sucked up into the supply-pipes which run about all over its inside. There it thins the thickened blood, goes with it to the heart, and is thence pumped out through the channels of supply, taking its part in all the operations of life, diluting and changing here, and carrying and cleansing everywhere. There are various outlets through which the waste is poured away, but the principal of these lie upon the skin and in the kidneys. Before it is poured away, however, it actually forms part and parcel of all the structures of your frame; is for the time a portion of your life! It runs not merely through the digesting-canal of your body to the outlets for waste, but actually through the blood, and heart, and brain. Hence you see good drink may carry health, and vigor, and activity to all these internal and delicate parts; but bad drink may at once introduce mischief there, and danger, and disease.

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The best possible drink is, of course, that which has the most power to fulfil the main office for which it is required; that is, the keeping the blood duly thin, for easy and ready flow. In its capability to do this, Nature's own liquid, pure water, stands altogether alone. No other fluid is at once so incorruptibly impartial, and so generously free; so ready to dissolve, so willing to carry, and so frank to return what is entrusted to it. When healthy people drink freely of pure water, the solid substance of their frames is actually washed and worn away, in consequence, more quickly; but this is directly made up to them by their getting stronger appetites, and eating more solid food. The food replaces the wear, and they do not waste, although their structure is more quickly consumed. The wear and tear goes to work, instead of to waste.

People do not, however, drink only pure water, perfect as that liquid is for the performance of the service for which it is swallowed. An immense amount of ingenuity and industry is spent in preparing beverages which are commonly preferred to plain water, because they have very agreeable flavors, and because it is believed that they are nourishing as well as thirst-quenching. These agreeable artificial beverages are principally prepared by the agency of boiling water, and the leaves and seeds of certain vegetables, which are cultivated for the purpose very extensively in various quarters of the globe.

Of these vegetable-furnished beverages, some are swallowed as soon as they have been prepared, and even while the warmth of the water is in a certain degree retained. Others are kept for some time, and allowed to pass into a condition of half decay, before they are used. The former class consist of the tea, coffee, and cocoa, so familiarly known in most households, besides being employed daily in a greater or less degree, by more than seven hundred millions of human beings.

Few persons undervalue the fragrant drink, which pours forth its pleasant leafy smell upon almost every table, from the cottage to the palace, once or twice in the day. Tea-drinkers are not, however, aware how enormous is the quantity of the fragrant leaf that is required every year for their supply, although only distributed to them by small spoonfuls.

Upon the hillsides, in the remote land of China, there are thousands of acres of gardens filled with rows of plants, that look from a distance something like large gooseberry bushes, but which upon closer inspection more nearly resemble stunted japonica shrubs. Almost as soon as these shrubs have fully put forth their young leaves, men and women come round, and strip their twigs and branches bare. They then carry away the leaves, and dry them with much care, partly by exposure to the sunshine and air, and partly by the heat of fires of charcoal, until two-thirds of their weight have been steamed away. When the leaves are dried quickly, the shrunk and crisped foliage is of a green color. When they are left moist for a longer period, and are dried more slowly, they turn of a dull black hue. In either case, the crisped and curled leaves form the tea, portions of which are sent over the sea for the use of English tea-tables. The ground which is devoted to the growth of the tea plant, in China, would, if all joined together, form a farm nearly as large as Wales! Three millions and a half of acres are there covered with tea-bushes; and the entire produce of these acres in tea, is fifty times as large as the amount which is consumed in England. Fifty monster ships, like the Great Eastern, would not hold therefore the tea produce of

a single year. Of tea, and of its allies, coffee and cocoa, the earth yields yearly not less than three thousand millions of pounds; a quantity which it would take a grocer a hundred years to weigh out, if he worked at the rate of a pound every second. More than half the inhabitants of the earth are daily engaged in the occupation of consuming this vast amount.

Although these favorite beverages are now so extensively used, this has not been very long the case. In the year 1664 the East India Company made a present to the Queen of England of two pounds of tea, considering it a very rare and choice gift. The Chinese themselves do not seem to have drunk tea generally before the seventh century. Cocoa was brought from Mexico to Spain in the middle of the sixteenth century for the first time; and coffee was not seen in London until the seventeenth century. Hence it appears that these drinks are at least not actually necessary to human beings. The forefathers of the present generation did without them for centuries.

When articles, which were scarcely known to be in existence three centuries ago, have so rapidly spread themselves through the world, that they are now viewed almost in the light of daily requisites by the larger half of mankind, it may very safely be concluded that there is some strong reason for the result. The reason may be a good one, or a bad one; the articles may be found to be of great service when employed, or they may be merely felt to produce agreeable feelings not necessarily serviceable. Is it possible to determine in which of these predicaments tea and its allies stand? As a first step towards the formation of an opinion in this matter, it will be quite worth any interested person's while to satisfy himself by a very easy experiment that there is something in tea, which careless notice and common use would never discover. Let him simply rub a teaspoonful of dry tea leaves to powder, and place it in a flat watch-glass, standing on the hot hob of a fire-place, a piece of stiff white paper being twisted up into the form of a sugar-loaf, and covered over the watch-glass and powdered tea. So soon as the tea has become very hot, a white steam-like vapor will rise from it, and be entangled in the paper, and if the paper cap be removed after a few minutes and be unfolded, its surface will be found to be sprinkled with a white glittering powder, something like pounded glass, or very fine salt. The powder is the vapor, turned into the powdery state, after it has been entangled by the paper. There is so much of this white powder in tea, that three grains can be procured from half an ounce of the leaves. Fifty pounds of good tea would furnish a pound of the white powder.

Having found out the existence of this white powder, hidden away in the black or green leaves of tea, the next thing we have to do is to discover, if possible, what its nature and character are. The chemists have given it a learned name—*that* will not help us much in our present proceedings, still it may be convenient to know the curious substance by the title it bears among learned men. The chemical name of the white powder is *theine*. This means nothing more than the white powder contained in tea. There is another really helpful consideration, however, which naturally occurs while we look at this substance. "Where did the white powder come from?" How did it get into the tea-leaf?

The white powder of tea was formed in the leaf, when that leaf was stretched out in the Chinese sunshine, as the plant grew on the side of the warm Chinese hills. It was made out of the food which the plant sucked in from its native soil and its native winds, in the little chambers of its living structure, at a great expense of wise effort and skill. No human artist can make a grain of that white powder, if he spend a lifetime in the trial. In the little tea-leaf, as it grows on its sunshiny hillsides, the most subtle and cunning powers are set to work by the wisdom which knows everything, and by the hand which holds and directs all things in man's wonderful world. The result is, that out of coarse earth, and thin vapors, and fostering sunshine, the ingredients of the white powder are gathered together, and mixed, each in its proper proportions, and in the right manner, in the hidden recesses of the growing plant. God, in his own sublime language, says to the Chinese soil, and atmosphere, and sunshine, "*Let the white powder of the tea plant be,*" and there it is.

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In a world that is so overflowing with perfect contrivance as this one, which serves as man's dwelling place, it is not at all likely that this curious white powder is made by the tea plant in such abundance—twenty-five thousand tons of it at least turned out on the Chinese hills every year, and scattered thence to the four corners of the world—without having some very good work appointed it to do. You will not wonder, therefore, that inquiring men, who know that all these thousands of tons get mixed in the ordinary course of ordered events with the flesh and blood of human bodies, should be very curious to find out what they are capable of doing there. Another very surprising fact also tends greatly to strengthen this curiosity. The coffee tree grows not in China, but in Ceylon, in Arabia, and in the West Indies. The cocoa tree flourishes on the other side of the American continent, in Mexico and Peru. Yet the coffee and cocoa plants make out of the East and West Indian, the Arabian, and the South American soils, vapors, and sunshine, exactly the same kind of white powder that the tea plant manufactures on the Chinese hills. Plants so unlike in external appearance, and living in districts so remote from each other, first get to be used in similar ways in the preparation of beverages for millions of the human race. Then curious and prying inquirers find that there is one principle present in all these beverage-yielding plants. The common-sense inference is plain. It is most likely that it is this one substance present in all the three different plants, which has led to their being employed so generally in the preparation of drink.

The experiments which the chemists have tried with this white powder, with a view to the discovery of the action it may be able to exert upon living bodies when taken into them, appear to prove simply this. When swallowed in proper quantities it has a most wonderful sustaining power. It seems as if it enabled food which is taken with it to go one-fourth part as far again in supporting the strength of the body, as it would without the addition; and if it does this, it is

certainly not because it adds an equal amount of bulk to the food, for a trifling pinch of three or four grains of the powder, as much as could be laid on a silver four-penny piece, is enough for the purpose during one day. If a healthy man has half a pound of bread taken from his daily meals, and three grains of the white powder of tea added in its stead, his body does not miss the bread. The white salt of tea, coffee, and cocoa, seems to possess the power of relieving the body from the effects of wear and waste, and so of decreasing its requirement of food.

This extraordinary substance also produces another very remarkable effect on the living body, when it is swallowed in these small quantities. It cheers and enlivens, at the same time that it aids in supporting the bulk and strength of the frame. The chemist finds, when he examines its precise composition, that it is even more adapted to supply the substance which the nerves and brain lose by wear and tear, than to diminish the loss the flesh undergoes from the same cause. The white powdery ingredient of coffee and tea is most probably a rich and strong nerve-food, provided for the support of the nervous structure and brain, rather than for the nourishment of the flesh; it is nerve-making substance rather than flesh-making substance; and it exerts some mysterious and very extraordinary influence of lessening the waste of wear and tear in the structures of the living frame, without stopping their useful activity in the same degree.

In order that the nature and suspected action of this white powder of tea, coffee, and cocoa may be kept fairly in the mind, it may be well, instead of speaking of it by its learned name, to call it the nerve-food ingredient of these beverages. Some further remark might very well be made touching the probable reason why these beverages, thus rich in a nerve-strengthening food, should have come into such general use in modern times, although scarcely employed in remote ages. But it may, on the whole, be best merely to say that it is quite in accordance with the general management of the Gracious Providence who rules over man's world, that the additional wear and tear of nerve and brain, which of necessity follows from the increase in numbers in the human race, and from the advance of the arts and civilization, should have had some counteracting compensation provided for its relief.

The best foods and the most valuable medicines are all as injurious as poisons, when they are taken in great excess. Every blessing which God has furnished to man is intended to be *used*, and not to be *abused*. Men are expected to learn how to employ them well, and how to avoid applying them improperly. The nerve-food ingredient of tea and coffee is no exception to this universal rule. When three or four grains of it are taken in the day, it refreshes and sustains; but if as much as ten grains are taken in the same time, it makes the blood flow with great rapidity through the supply-pipes of the body, and produces an uneasy feeling in the head, continued watchfulness, and trembling in the limbs. These effects, however, it must be remembered, are the results not of use, but of the abuse of the substance. The Chinese account for the sleep-banishing power of tea, when taken in excess, in this way: They say that many centuries ago there lived in the Flowery Land a holy man, who desired to spend his entire life in watching and prayer, but who was constantly catching himself napping in spite of every effort to keep himself awake. Getting at last to be very angry with the eyelids, which would not keep open, he one day determined that he would settle the business effectually by cutting them off. He put his shrewd plan into effect, and cast the offending eyelids aside upon the ground. The eyelids, however, directly took root, and grew up into two fine plants, which bore leaves, having the form of eyelids, and being fringed with hairs, like eyelashes, round their borders. The plants proved to be tea plants, and the leaves of the descendants of those plants now make amends for the offenses of their first parents, the holy man's eyelids, by furnishing a drink which keeps sleepy people awake.

Tea contains several other ingredients besides the nerve-food just now described. It has in it something which gives it the very fragrant smell, and delicate agreeable flavor, tea drinkers learn to value so highly. This fragrant principle, however, does not exist in the fresh tea-leaf. It is produced by a new sorting and arranging of the ingredients held in the fresh leaf, during the process of drying and roasting. The more carefully the tea is dried, the more delicious its taste and scent become. But tea has also an astringent matter in it, something like the astringency of the mouth-drawing sloe-leaf;—this is not very easily dissolved from it by boiling water. It is only taken up from it after it has remained in hot water for a very long time. Tea contains too a large amount of a true flesh-making substance, of a nature very closely resembling that of the meal of beans or peas. This is not at all dissolved in boiling water. It has been related that when the Queen of England first received her present of the precious tea, the royal cook, not quite understanding what ought to be done with it, boiled it well, and then dished it up on the dinner table, in the same way as spinach and other vegetables. If it be true that the queen's cook did treat the tea in this way, the plan was not altogether so absurd as it seems. Tea leaves, well cooked, and eaten after this fashion, would prove quite as wholesome and nutritious as beans and peas, the excess of the more active ingredients being removed by the boiling water, and the nourishing meal being principally left behind. Not more than a fourth part of this valuable production, tea, is really unnourishing wood and ash.

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When a beverage is prepared from tea, if it be the object to get their finest qualities from the leaves, without regard to expense, the best method of proceeding is to use a large proportion of tea, pouring on as much boiling water at once as will make us the quantity required, and taking it off again after the tea has been standing about ten minutes. The water then dissolves principally the nerve food ingredient and fragrant flavors, and leaves behind the coarser meal and astringent parts. When, on the other hand, the object is to get all the nourishment out of the tea which it can be made to yield, about a quarter of a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda should be put into the water with the leaves, and the whole should be allowed to stand, covered up closely in a warm place, for a longer time. By this management, the nutritious meal and other coarser

ingredients are partially dissolved into the water, as well as the finer parts. The addition of sugar and milk to the beverage of course increases its directly nourishing powers.

Half an ounce of good tea contains about three grains of the active nerve-food ingredient. This therefore is quite as much as any individual should use for the preparation of beverage for a single day. It is also somewhat important how even this moderate quantity is employed. Much of the bad effect which has been attributed to tea, really has been due to the way in which the tea has been drunk, rather than to the direct influence of the leaf. People commonly swallow many cups of it in rapid succession, and pour it down their throats as hot as they can bear it. This is all very unreasonable and wrong. As a rule, never more than a couple of small cups of tea, made from about two drachms of the leaf, should be taken at one time, and even these should not be drunk until the beverage is so far cooled as to cease to give an impression of actual heat to the palate and stomach. The stomach itself makes things warm that are submitted to its influence; there can, therefore, be no harm in warmth. Warm things are not weakening to the stomach, as some people conceive. It is only hot things that are weakening, because they force and over-goad the activity of the organ, and then leave it weary and exhausted from the forced work it has been made to perform.

[To be concluded.]





The men most to be pitied are those who have no command over themselves, who can not do what they would, and who, even whilst they are performing virtuous deeds, do so from mean motives, from regard to happiness and mental satisfaction, fear of the reproaches of conscience, or else of future punishment. This is all very well and useful, supposing that the man can not be kept in the straight path by any other motives, but he who looks inwardly to the heart and soul can derive no satisfaction from such conduct. True nobility only exists when the good is sought for its own sake, either as a recognized law of pure duty, or from the feeling of the lofty dignity and constraining beauty of virtue. It is only these motives that show the disposition to be great and noble, and these alone react upon the character.—*Wilhelm von Humboldt.*



## C. L. S. C. WORK.

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

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The studies for June are, in addition to the Required Readings of THE CHAUTAUQUAN in English, Russian, Scandinavian, Religious, Chinese, and Japanese history and literature, the little Chautauqua Text-Book on China, Corea, and Japan.

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There are no memorial days for June.

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Finish the required readings for June as early as possible; fill out the memoranda promptly; and report to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J.

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Practice the Chautauqua songs at home; with them sing baby to sleep; with them fight the blues; from them gather new inspiration.

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Whitaker's English Almanac has an especially full astronomical department. It contains an immense amount of British information, in three hundred and twenty closely packed pages. It is on sale at Brentano's, New York.

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S. Pease, 64 Summer Street, Lynn, Mass., would like to purchase the first volume of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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Members of the Class of 1883 taking the White Seal course for this year, are not required to re-read Chautauqua Library, volume one.

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Members of the C. L. S. C. may wear their badges at any time, and in any place.

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A special seal may be won by members of the Class of 1882 who will re-read with care the following books. There are members of this class who have expressed the desire to review that year's work, and to do it with greater thoroughness: Green's Short History of the English People; Stopford Brooke's Primer of English Literature; Chautauqua Library of English History and Literature, volumes one, two, and three; Mackenzie's Nineteenth Century; Justin McCarthy's History of our own Times; three historical plays of Shakspeare.

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"Can the author of our Greek history give information as to the time of the settlement of the Doric colonists of Spain and Ireland?" Answer: Concerning the Doric colonies of Spain and Ireland, Prof. Timayenis says: No movement ever occurred in any section or tribe in Greece for the purpose of establishing any colony in Ireland, or any part of the world beyond the pillars of Hercules. A few, very few, daring Greeks, especially from the coasts of Ionia, and belonging to the Ionic, not the Doric tribe, led by a spirit of adventure, sailed beyond the pillars of Hercules, and are supposed to have reached Albion (England). Then, fearing the return voyage, a few of these daring adventurers remained in Albion, and thus crossed into the continent, i. e., passed into Europe proper from the narrow sea-passage separating England from Europe. "Sporadic settlements" may have taken place, but no colonization of Ireland ever took place. These sporadic, commercial movements occurred about 700 B. C., and even earlier. As the Greeks had founded several cities on the coast of Africa, in Carthagenia, and these cities flourished in a most wonderful manner, a large number of these Greeks passed to the south of Spain. They belonged to the Doric, Ionic, and Æolic tribes. But very probably the Doric element predominated. The number of Greeks who settled in Spain was not large, and very many reasons can be brought to substantiate this statement. These settlements in Spain, according to the best authorities, commenced 600 B. C., and again a few hundred of Greeks found their way to Spain about 600 A. D.

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A New York graduate of 1882, a counselor at law, writes to Mrs. M. Bailey, of Jamestown, as follows: "As a graduate of the C. L. S. C. of '82 I enclose one dollar, voluntary contribution to the memorial bell. I think the idea a good one, but why have I heard so little about it? The committee should send a circular to every member of the class, and see, too, that they receive a reply, not necessarily a contribution. Many will neglect it from carelessness or lack of interest, unless the matter is energetically pushed. As a member of '82 I am interested in this, as I wish the bell to do honor to the class. \* \* \* There is one thing I would especially like to see the class of 1882 do, and that is to found a scholarship somewhere. Most of its members, I presume, like myself, are not college graduates, but more or less self-educated, and therefore prize, perhaps, all the more a thorough university course, and would be glad to help some one to advantages of which they

were deprived.”

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The second Commencement Day in the history of the C. L. S. C. will be Saturday, August 18, 1883. Let the class of 1883 be present in person, or by a word of salutation to the class, through the superintendent of instruction. Address, after July 14, Dr. J. H. Vincent, Chautauqua, N. Y.

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C. L. S. C. "Recognition" Days:  
At Ocean Grove, N. J., Tuesday, July 3.  
At Monterey, Cal., between July 4 and 13.  
At Monteagle, Tenn., Saturday, July 21.  
At Lake Bluff, Ill., Wednesday, July 25.  
At Monona Lake, Wis., Thursday, July 26.  
At Lakeside, O., Monday, July 30.  
At Framingham, Mass., Thursday, August 30.

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At Mountain Lake Park, Md., under the direction of Rev. Dr. W. M. Fryinger, there will be a C. L. S. C. Recognition Service.

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"Would you allow a boy of nine years to read Shakspeare? My nine-year-old does this. He also reads the tales published in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. I frequently hear him quoting Hamlet, and telling the story to his sister. No one has encouraged or advised him to do this." Answer: Steadily, faithfully, prudently fill this little fellow's mind with Bible facts, reading to him its finest passages of poetry and history; guiding him to the love of truth in every-day life; training him regularly to attend worship; cultivating to its highest degree conscientiousness in all little things; mix in with his Shakspearean readings choicest selections from other classic writers, and you will have nothing to fear from the youngster's taste for Shakspeare.

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A lady writes: "My copy of Mrs. Alden's 'Hall in the Grove,' has been read by from twenty-five to thirty persons, and is still going." A good plan to help on the C. L. S. C. Let our readers take the hint.

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Committee on Graduation at Monterey: President C. C. Stratton, D.D.; J. H. Wythe, D.D.; Prof. H. B. Norton; Miss L. M. Washburn.

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# C. L. S. C. SONG.

## ----- EVENING PRAISE.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

WM. F. SHERWIN, 1877.

QUARTET or SEMI-CHORUS.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system is for a quartet or semi-chorus and includes the lyrics: "1 Day is dying in the West; Heav'n is touching earth with rest: Wait and worship while the night". The second system is for a full chorus and includes the lyrics: "Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord God of Hosts!". The third system is also for a full chorus and includes the lyrics: "Heav'n and earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!". The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), a 6/8 time signature, and dynamic markings like *p* and *Cres.*

[Transcriber's Note: You can play this music (MIDI file) by clicking [here](#).]

QUARTET or SEMI-CHORUS.

1 Day is dying in the West;  
Heav'n is touching earth with rest:  
Wait and worship while the night  
Sets her evening lamps alight  
Thro' all the sky.

FULL CHORUS.

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts!  
Heav'n and earth are full of Thee!  
Heav'n and earth are praising Thee,  
O Lord most high!

QUARTET or SEMI-CHORUS.

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome  
Of the Universe, Thy home,  
Gather us who seek Thy face  
To the fold of Thy embrace,  
For thou art nigh.—*Chorus*.

Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent.

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Now that the Chautauqua University has its charter, signed by the Governor of New York, it will be something to have on a C. L. S. C. diploma, in one of the higher fraternities, the seal bearing this legend: "The C. L. S. C. of the Chautauqua University."

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Let all graduates of 1883, who can not be present at Chautauqua, August 18, send to the president a simple word of salutation, with a short sentiment, which may be read at the afternoon meeting. Do not neglect this. A few words may have packed into them a forcible and encouraging thought.

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Will members of the C. L. S. C. who know of any graduates of the Class of 1882 who have died during the past year, be kind enough to send to the Superintendent of Instruction their names and residences, date of death, and any items concerning their lives, illness, etc., which may be suitable for enrollment in the archives of the C. L. S. C.

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## PACIFIC BRANCH C. L. S. C.

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The especial attention of the members of the Pacific Branch is called to the following announcement from the Plainfield office:

Members of the Pacific Branch should send their final reports to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., immediately after finishing the June reading, that she may be able to forward the list of graduates on the Pacific coast to the Commencement Day Committee early in July. No names can be reported at the Monterey Assembly as graduates whose report blanks do not reach the Plainfield office by the 28th of June.

J. H. VINCENT,  
Supt. of Instruction, C. L. S. C.

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## C. L. S. C. TESTIMONY.

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*Massachusetts.*—The arrangement of subjects seems to me so well adapted to the requirements of such a class of readers, and suits my own case so completely, that I can not say too much in its favor. Sickness and death visited my home last year, and my reading lost much of its interest, and brought me discouragement in one way—it was so hard to read with a mind distracted by anxiety—but it was a great comfort withal, and just what I had wanted, but not dared undertake for some time. This winter it has been my privilege to meet regularly with the local circle, and the subjects are exceedingly interesting.

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*Massachusetts.*—I am one of the “busy housekeepers,” and to me the C. L. S. C. course has proved “a poem, and a picture, and a sermon altogether.” I have not been to school for twenty years, but loved study when I did attend. How often I have wished, even now, I could attend some school or college, and lo! the college has come to me. Last summer I read “The Hall in the Grove.” That book gave me a strong desire to be numbered with the army of Chautauqua. There has been a circle of a few young people in our town for two years. This year it has greatly increased, and it has been my privilege to be numbered with them. This course of study meets a want in thousands of hearts, not unfelt, but unrecognized. It uplifts the soul and enlarges views of life, and leads to a fuller appreciation of the power and love of God. May the blessing of the Father rest on the leaders and workers of the C. L. S. C.

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*Massachusetts.*—The mails, which bring my own memoranda, etc., from your office are also bringing similar copies to the address of my dear sister, Lucy L. Bullock. With a heart full of sorrow I have to tell you her name must be placed upon your starred list. She has passed on before us. In a drawer, near her diploma and packages of examination papers, I find a slip with these words, in her handwriting: “*Blessings on the C. L. S. C.*”

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*Rhode Island.*—I like the C. L. S. C. very much, and wish to join it. I am sixteen years of age, a spinner in a woolen mill. I promise if possible to complete the four years’ course, and also to give four hours a week to study, if nothing should prevent. I hope to give three hours a day more than the time specified.

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*Maryland.*—Although I have been much discouraged by last year’s work overlapping this so much, I do not intend to give up. I teach at a distance from home, and have little time except at night, and then am often too tired for real study. Still, I have derived benefit from the work so far, and hope next year to send more creditable memoranda.

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*Ohio.*—Continued ill-health and reading at night has so injured my eyes that I can now only read what my business absolutely requires—I find this a great affliction. The knowledge gained by the studies during the four years is a source of great comfort and satisfaction to me. The encouragement received from the addresses sent to students from time to time carried me through places where I might have failed.

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*Minnesota.*—I did not begin my course of study for 1881-1882 until about the last of April. It is rather hard work for a student to “catch up” at any time; and if that student be a mother of four little children, and at the head of a household, it is almost discouraging. Still I have done it, and at the present time can say there is no back study. I have thought several times I should like to write to the C. L. S. C., but have hardly seen the time in which to do so. I was the first to join the C. L. S. C. in this part of the country, it having been recommended to me by a friend. Now there are several members. So you see how your members are increasing. It is a grand work you are doing, and you have many heart wishes for still greater success.

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*Texas.*—I am more and more pleased with the C. L. S. C. I do not have as much time to study as I would like, but think I will catch up by October. I am afraid that I will not be able to stand as good an examination as I wish, but will do the best I can. I aim to start with the reading next fall. I think the prospect is very good for a local circle here. I shall do all I can for the C. L. S. C. cause.

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*Micronesia.*—I have decided to engage in a course of study with the C. L. S. C., though the land of Micronesia is so far away I shall not be able to obtain all the advantages of the school as I should at home. But in this far away land we need something to incite to effort, or our literary knowledge is likely to fall behind.

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## A LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

The following very interesting letter was received by the Arthington C. L. S. C., of East End, Pittsburgh, Pa., from Robert Arthington, Esq., a wealthy gentleman of Leeds, England, noted for his interest in popular education, and especially for his methodical missionary work. The letter was written in reply to a letter by the secretary, informing him of the choice of "Arthington" as a name for their branch of the C. L. S. C.

LEEDS, ENGLAND, January 20, 1883.

DEAR SIR:—On behalf of your association, accept the expression of my interest as I peruse your letter and enclosures. I am glad to know your circle is making progress. The serious study of events in the history of mankind, taken in their course and connection, in parts of the world best known at various seasons, or synoptically in successive periods of the past, the course of every series traced to its present, the panorama surveyed and examined, must be an exercise exceedingly fruitful in the most instructive and delightful contemplations, interesting and solemnizing to the moral sense, yea, to the Christian heart. And the pictures of natural scenery, simple or mingled with art, in life or in ruins, in the various landscapes drawn from different parts of the earth and presented to the eye of the mind as in thought, we stand in the midst of them as they arise, admiring them in their own grandeur and loveliness, or finding in them a fit place for reflection and prayerful meditation, are well worth beholding, recalling, and gazing upon with quickened and cultured powers and imagination, extracting, combining and storing. I much admire the picture of the academic grove and structure which the engraving frontispiece of your pamphlets set forth. And I am very much pleased with the choice of expression observable in Dr. Vincent's address, featured as it is in the excellence and particularity of the advice given to the students. I shall treasure your letter and its enclosures. Whilst studying the soberest facts of man's history, and the creation of the earth and the world, and great principles of physical creation and natural science in their developments or capabilities, let me hope ardently that you will be led to give your most enjoyed and devoted thoughts and resolves, always depending on the spirit of the Lord, to the need of man in his heathen state, and command of Christ our Lord, taking care that all the dark places of the globe, each one carefully sought out, shall be illuminated with the light of the Christian Scriptures, and the Word of God. Some or many of you know the Lord. May the joy of the Lord in faith of the Father and of Jesus be your supporting power. To all I say: "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened." Yours faithfully,

ROBERT ARTHINGTON.





## LOCAL CIRCLES.

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[We request the president or secretary of every local circle to send us reports of your work, or ask the circle to elect a member to write up your method of conducting the circle, together with reports of lectures, concerts, entertainments, etc.—Editor THE CHAUTAUQUAN, Meadville, Pa.]

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**Maine (Norway).**—We have twenty members, sixteen of whom are regular members of the C. L. S. C. We meet once in three weeks at the homes of the members. The method of conducting our meetings varies. At our next meeting we are to take up the questions on "Astronomy" in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. We are behind in our reading, as we did not organize till November, but hope to make it up before the end of the year.

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**Vermont (Milton).**—Our local circle was organized in November last, and at present we have a membership of nine. We meet weekly at the homes of the members, and have several times met at the homes of those (not members) interested in the C. L. S. C. Thus far a teacher has been appointed weekly for each subject under consideration; but at our last meeting a change was made, so that now, each member brings three or four questions on each of the subjects read. At nearly every meeting we have in addition to our regular work, abstracts, essays, select readings, music and Chautauqua games; and these combined with our solid work make our meetings very interesting and pleasing to our members.

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**Massachusetts (Hyde Park).**—We have a flourishing circle. Hold meetings once a fortnight. At our last meeting we had a delightful and instructive talk from Prof. J. E. Shorpe, of Dorchester, on "Gravitation, and the Wonders of the Pendulum;" also a paper on "The Moon," by one of our young ladies, forcibly illustrated. We follow our honored Dr. Vincent's advice, to move around and secure all the local talent we can to help us. The high school principal gave us an evening on "Geology," and one of our school board promises us still further aid in astronomy, and with the use of his telescope we hope to become better acquainted with our neighbor, the moon, who has grown wonderfully in our affections this last quarter. We can not refrain from speaking of a visit last evening to the South Boston circle, with a membership of 200. The exercises consisted of a blackboard review lesson in astronomy by Mr. Oldham, of Boston University, and a chapter in English history, conducted by the president, Rev. R. R. Meredith, with his accustomed clearness and definiteness. Select music helped to fill up the measure of a very enjoyable hour.

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**Massachusetts (New Bedford).**—On October 6, 1882, a circle of members and friends of the Pleasant Street M. E. Church was formed with thirty-seven regular and twenty-nine local members, the organization to be known as the New Bedford Pioneer Local C. L. S. C. It was voted that a regular meeting be held at the church the last Thursday of every month, at which some entertainment shall be provided for by a committee chosen from the circle. We have had five lectures on Geology and two on Astronomy by Rev. E. F. Clarke, pastor of the church, and a number of evenings of Greek History, with readings and essays by members of the club. The average attendance has been from one hundred to one hundred and fifty.

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**Massachusetts (Saxonville).**—A local circle of the C. L. S. C. was organized in Saxonville, Monday evening, October 16. We have six local members, and we hope to add many more to our list. Our method of conducting our meetings, which we hold once in two weeks, is as follows: Each member is requested to bring in six or more questions covering points of difficulty met with in his or her reading; these questions to constitute a question drawer to be conducted by the Committee of Instruction; by the time these questions are answered the required reading has been pretty thoroughly gone over and picked to pieces.

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**Rhode Island (Providence).**—Wayland Branch of the C. L. S. C. was organized in October, 1882, and has a membership of sixteen, thirteen of whom belong to the general circle and all of the Class of '86. The president appoints a committee of three to prepare the programme for the succeeding meeting, and the exercises, like those of many other local circles, consist of questions in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, or prepared, short essays, abstracts and readings. We were very much interested in Dr. Vincent's "How to Conduct Local Circles," given in the February CHAUTAUQUAN. Glad to read his approval of *small* circles. We are few in number, but to express it as he does, we "take to" each other, and spend our time very pleasantly and profitably.

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**Connecticut (East Lyme).**—We, the Pleiades Circle, are enjoying our third year. Are quite few in numbers but great in zeal. We have a membership of twelve, seven of whom are members of the national class. Our practice has been to read and discuss the lesson assigned for the evening, always including a portion of questions and answers from THE CHAUTAUQUAN, but we have now adopted the admirable plan suggested by Dr. Vincent, viz: the reading aloud by one of the members of a page or two of the required reading, the others listening; then each one in turn

repeating all he or she remembers of what has been read, and that, we were surprised to find, would be nearly every thing of importance. We think it an excellent discipline for our minds to learn to listen attentively, and when this habit is acquired it is surprising to see how much the mind readily retains. We have tried many plans, but none that pleases and benefits us like this, and we heartily recommend it to all Chautauquans. One of our rules is, for each member to come prepared to state some important fact, either relative to the lesson or not; these are stated the last thing before the meeting closes. We probably shall never be able to report any great increase in numbers, as our village is small and not a growing one, but we are fully conscious that our individual improvement does not depend upon the greatness of numbers, and so we struggle on, realizing a continued improvement of our minds, and a constant pleasure derived from our labors.

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**New York (Silver Creek).**—A local circle was organized here in October, 1882, and we now have twenty-two members. We have a very good attendance each evening. All seem very much interested, and the interest seems to increase at each meeting. Our reading is done at home, and we meet to review, recite, suggest, and encourage each other.

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**New York (Brooklyn).**—The first meeting of this circle was held Thursday evening, October 19, 1882, in the chapel of the New York Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. There were thirty-two persons present. Our circle meets on the first and third Thursday evenings of each month, in the chapel of the church mentioned. The C. L. S. C. is not confined to the New York Avenue Church, but is representative of at least seven different churches. We have now seventy-five members, besides a large transient attendance. Great interest has been expressed throughout. One large addition to our numbers—some ten names—comes from the union of the Bedford local circle with ours.

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**New York (Chili Station).**—The Bryant Circle is now in its third year, and numbers thirteen regular and six local members. We endeavor to meet twice a month, at the home of some member, but, owing to the large territory over which our circle is scattered, the attendance is often small. The homes of some of our members are nearly ten miles distant from each other. It would be difficult to give any "order of exercises" as followed in our meetings, for we try to profit by the many good hints given in the reports of other local circles, and our plan usually varies with the receipt of each number of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. Indeed, I think our meetings would compare favorably with Dr. Vincent's idea of a "model class-meeting." We observed Milton's day and Longfellow's. We think *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* better than ever, and all have been interested in the study of astronomy. It seems as though the stars were brighter than ever before, and twinkled especial encouragement to each C. L. S. C.

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**New York (Accord).**—We can scarcely call ours a "local circle," as we are but a "triangle," still we meet Friday afternoons, alternately at each of our homes, and our meetings are most enjoyable as well as profitable. In our home readings we follow the outline of C. L. S. C. studies marked out in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, and underline certain passages which particularly interest each, and at our weekly meetings we review or talk over. All questions, discussions, or expressions of opinion are always in order, as we are not at all formal. We learn the answers to the questions in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* and text-books, and if puzzled or can not clearly understand subjects of study, why we ask questions about it, of our minister, school teacher, or any one we think can help us. We have found this a most excellent means of gaining information. We think often of our class mottoes, and strive to "keep our Heavenly Father in our midst."

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**New York (Gasport).**—We organized a local circle at Orangeport the first week in October, 1882. We have a membership of nine. We meet twice each month, using the questions in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* at our meetings. Each member also brings original questions, which are answered during the meetings. We are much interested, and intend to complete the course.

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**New York (Danby).**—Last summer some six members of the Congregational Church, including the pastor and his wife, visited Chautauqua. Some took the Normal Course under Dr. Hurlbut, while others attended the lectures and took a general view of things. All returned to their homes delighted and profited. They were enthusiastic over the advantages presented at Chautauqua. The pastor organized a class in the C. L. S. C. Fourteen joined in the regular course and sixteen united as local members. Thirty copies of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* are taken in the congregation. The meetings have been well attended during the year, and the interest seems to increase. The circle meets every Tuesday evening, and a round-table session is held on Friday evening. We are now reviewing and preparing for the examination papers. We expect to send a larger delegation to Chautauqua this year than last.

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**New York (Darien).**—Our local circle was organized at the beginning of the year, and now numbers twenty members. The chief studies, like history, preparatory Greek, geology and astronomy, are reserved for circle work, and are taken up in such a way that each one can readily do a part. Each book is thoroughly discussed by topics in the form of abstracts of the subject

matter. For convenience the circle is divided into three divisions. Each division is responsible for the topic of its evening. Four or five of one division discuss a subject previously assigned, while the remaining members of the division are appointed as questioners. After they have completed their work the whole circle have the privilege to ply questions and discuss. The diagrams have made the study of geology of much interest, and afforded pleasure. The Chautauqua game of Grecian history, together with the question-box, have been auxiliaries of general interest, and helped to develop the Chautauqua Idea.

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**New York (Granville).**—We have seen no mention in THE CHAUTAUQUAN of the circle formed in this place. A word from us may not be without interest to your readers. About the first of October last the attention of Dr. Tenny, one of our most skillful physicians, was called to the Chautauqua course of reading. He, with a few other interested persons, sent for the necessary documents, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the Chautauqua Idea taking strong root in the community. Our circle now numbers upward of thirty, including in its membership the Baptist and Methodist pastors. Our president, Dr. Tenny, has greatly added to the interest of our meetings by a series of reviews, assisted by our geological charts. Regular meetings are held monthly, but of late we have found it necessary to meet once in two weeks. Our circle takes its name from the beautiful stream flowing through the village. The Mettowee C. L. S. C. salutes sister circles and fellow-Chautauquans.

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**New York (Troy).**—The Troy local circle sends us the following interesting programme, neatly printed and, we infer, sent to the members of the circle:

C. L. S. C.

Our sixth monthly meeting will be held in the North Second Street Methodist Church, Thursday evening, April 5, 1883.

**PROGRAM.**

- |  |                      |
|--|----------------------|
| 1. The Stellar System                          | Miss Ida L. Miles    |
| 2. The Worlds and the Word                     | Miss Mary A. Chilson |
| 3. Telescopes—How Made. (Illustrated)          | R. D. Comstock       |
| 4. Questions on page 353 in March CHAUTAUQUAN. |                      |
| 5. Round Table.                                |                      |
| 6. Shakspeare-a <i>conversazione</i> .         |                      |

Our program is still astronomical. The importance of the subject is our only apology. Astronomy is a vast science. We master vast things by patient and persistent work. Page after page, book after book, is the method; "never be discouraged," is the spirit. Come to this monthly meeting. Bring something and get something, and so be enriched. Read a little every day. Work hard along your wisely adopted plan.

Prof. H. P. Judson of the High School, has kindly consented to be present and answer all the astronomical questions the circle may be pleased to ask. Use your liberty.

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**New York (Chautauqua).**—We have in this beautiful Chautauqua an organized circle of the C. L. S. C. We meet on Tuesday evening of each week. Open our meetings with Scripture quotations and prayer; close by appropriate singing. We have an essay on each character and every point of interest in each lesson. By so doing each one has something to do, and thereby we get a rehearsal of our lessons with various views.

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**Pennsylvania (Catasauqua).**—Our local circle was organized September 15, 1882, and numbers twenty-seven regular and twenty-five local members. We have had two very interesting lectures so far, one upon astronomy, by Bishop Warren, and another upon chemistry, by Prof. Gayley, of Birdsboro, Pa. Several of our teachers take an active part in our regular meetings, giving lectures upon the subjects of the preceding month. We have the geological charts and find them very useful in the study of geology. Our President, Rev. S. O. Garrison, was the originator of the circle here, and throughout the winter has done his best to make the meetings interesting and instructive. In addition to the regular officers, we have a librarian. Our circle is undenominational. All are welcome. Success attend all Chautauquans, is the wish of our circle.

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**Pennsylvania (Philadelphia).**—We are but seven in number, all much interested and have been organized since November 28, 1882. But one of our number is connected with the regular Circle. She is delighted, and endeavors to persuade all others to join. Finding we could not complete the entire course with any degree of thoroughness, we confined our studies to two branches, geology and history of Greece. One member made for our use a map of Greece. It is done with ink on muslin, and is about 36×24 inches. We find our lesson much clearer and more enchanting since we have had it. Altogether the winter has been very profitably employed. Each member reads in turn, or as the teacher of the evening may direct, and when we come to anything uncertain, we look it up in dictionary or encyclopædia. All bad grammar and incorrect pronunciation are immediately corrected, so that it is really a benefit to us.

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**Pennsylvania (Berwick).**—Our circle was formed September 22, 1882, with ten members. We have now twenty-eight members, and we meet semi-monthly. Our exercises are exceedingly

interesting, as we have some live students among us. No subject is passed over without thorough investigation and research. We are following the plan laid down for the monthly studies, and will complete the course in the required time. We can recommend the C. L. S. C. to those who are outside of its benign and ennobling influence.

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**Maryland (Cambridge).**—Last October we formed a C. L. S. Circle of seven members. We call our circle "The Bird's Nest Circle," owing to our place of meeting. We have members from sixteen to over seventy years of age in our circle. We are all warm, personal friends, and gather around our "round table" each month with earnest hearts and words, each one feeling free to express his or her opinion, or to ask any question. The good seed that has been sown here is springing up in our hearts and minds.

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**North Carolina (Charlotte).**—This vigorous young circle is not only living but active. It embraces over twenty members, who are making good progress, and are full of enthusiasm. The circle meets semi-monthly. In addition to this it celebrated the centennial of the birth of Washington Irving, on the evening of April 3. The exercises were full of interest. They consisted of an original poem on Irving; a sketch of the life and literary career of Irving; a fine rendering of "Ichabod Crane." Quotations from Irving's works were called for, and many beautiful thoughts and sentiments drawn from the writings of the great author.

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**Missouri (Carthage).**—Our twelve Chautauquans are still on the advance, for we know all retrogression is considered treason in C. L. S. C. eyes. The program of our weekly meetings is as follows: Roll call; responses of select quotations; current events; papers by half the circle on questions discussed in our work; the class exercise in which all reading for the week is discussed. On last Wednesday evening we observed the Shakspeare and Addison memorial days. Mrs. Ruffin's spacious mansion was placed at our disposal. The life of Shakspeare and a most scholarly biography of Addison were read. After supper, music, readings and recitations were given by members and visitors. The evening closed leaving us all desirous of many such "memorials."

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**Ohio (Delta).**—This is the fourth year of the C. L. S. C. of Delta. When we first started we had a large and enthusiastic circle of seventeen members, regular and local. Death has taken two. A half dozen or more have moved away. There are a faithful few left. We have quietly read and studied, meeting once a week and discussing matter read. We intend to finish the course and read for seals.

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**Ohio (Springfield).**—The Seminary Circle of the C. L. S. C. was organized in 1878. It is composed of six ladies, all members of "The Hall in the Grove." Our method of conducting the work has been varied somewhat in reference to the subject presented, and has included recitations, essays, papers, readings, CHAUTAUQUAN questions, and annual reviews of memoranda, while conversations on the Greek history are a marked feature of this year's meetings. The memorial days are especially interesting, Longfellow day having been observed with increased interest. Our fifth "Shakspeare" meeting was held on the 23d of April. The program was full of interest.

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**Ohio (Toledo).**—The Vincent local circle meets at the residences of the members every two weeks regularly, and sometimes in special meetings every week. Generally the questions in THE CHAUTAUQUAN are asked, that being regarded as a good review of the studies taken, but the answers go beyond those published with the questions. There are frequently papers prepared and read on history or some part of the course of study. Readings are found to be very interesting and profitable. At one time, the same passage will be read by different persons, and comparison made of their styles of reading; at another time a story will be read, or sketch of history, or statement of science, and all will recall as much as they can remember of what was just read. At the meetings we usually sing the songs published in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, and a brief prayer is offered, or all unite in repeating the Lord's Prayer. Conversation is free on all topics. Frequently the roll is called and members respond to their names by quoting a sentence from the author or literature then under consideration. Visitors frequently meet with the circle and often take some part. Additional members are received from time to time. Only one member has fallen out by the way, while others have been saved from doing so by a faithful urging of the motto, "Never be discouraged." The three mottoes are frequently repeated in concert. The Circle and THE CHAUTAUQUAN have been a great blessing to many.

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**Ohio (Wauseon).**—Our method of conducting our circle changes with the presiding officer. Our president is also our instructor. In Greek history chapters were given to certain members and they gave a brief synopsis. This proved so interesting it was continued through geology. We had the charts. We have about twenty members who are reading the whole course, and about half as many more that take THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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**Ohio (Ravenna).**—Our circle numbers thirteen members, meeting weekly at the homes of the

members, and includes persons belonging to the classes of '82, '84, '85 and '86. After opening exercises of short Scripture reading and prayer, we have a review of the week's reading. In geology this review was conducted by means of questions given to each member the week previous. These questions were numbered, covering the reading in regular order. No. 1 was read and answered by its holder, then No. 2, and so on. Generally, however, all read the lesson assigned, and it is divided into thirteen parts, longer or shorter, according to the subject; one part is then given to each member, and it is his duty to report that part to the circle, expressing the thoughts in his own language. In this way the entire lesson is reviewed, and each one has had a share in it. After this we discuss the current events of the week, each person reporting something that has interested him. Then mispronounced words are reported by any member, and we try to have about three biographical sketches (limited to three or four minutes each) of persons whose names have been mentioned in the reading. To many this may seem a long program, but we are prompt in reciting and have no side issues, and our sessions are usually only an hour and a half long, except on "memorial days," when we extend time to two hours. Questions may be asked at any time, usually asked in a general way, so that the one speaking may not be embarrassed.

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**Ohio (Felicity).**—The Pleiades C. L. S. C., now in its fourth year, still continues to thrive with unabated interest and zeal. Though we can not record entertainments and lectures, of which some of our more fortunate "local" sisters boast, yet we manage to derive a great deal of benefit and pleasure as we trudge along, and our "circle day," as we call one Saturday in every three, the one on which our little band meets, is as refreshing and invigorating to us as the oasis to the traveler in the far east.

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**Indiana (Baker's Corners).**—December 11, 1882, a local circle was organized here, known as the "Jolly Toilers Local Circle." The regular meetings are to be held every two weeks. Exercises to consist of recitations, essays, songs, &c.

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**Indiana (Pendleton).**—On the evening of December 28, 1881, thirteen ladies and gentlemen met for the purpose of organizing a local circle. Although two months behind in our studies, there was a general spirit of encouragement. This year the class is composed of fourteen members, and a great deal of enthusiasm and interest is manifested. We meet every Monday evening, and in this way bring nearly all our studies into the circle meetings. We follow the outline of study as laid out in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. The president appoints two teachers for two months' reading, and they conduct the recitations by the Socratic method.

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**Indiana (Danville).**—The C. L. S. C. is composed of twenty-seven members. The circle meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month; at present at the homes of the members, though we expect in the near future to secure a C. L. S. C. hall, or regular place of meeting, this becoming necessary on account of the increase in number of members and visitors; the latter, we notice, most generally becoming the former. We are happy in having as one of our number Prof. Joseph Tingley, well known among the Chautauqua Assembly workers, also several professors of science and history from our normal school, ministers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, etc. We are not without young people, and those more advanced in years, who never had the advantage of much "book learning," all adding what we can to the interest of the meetings, and all gaining much therefrom. Subjects are assigned at one session and brought up at the next. An author is also selected, from whose writings quotations are given at roll-call. The question box, and critic's report, are important features of the evening.

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**Indiana (Terre Haute).**—The C. L. S. C. of Terre Haute, Ind., has been organized about three years. As a local circle it is doing good work. Between twenty-five and thirty are taking *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* and the books. Of this number sixteen are active members of the circle, but only four are members of the general circle. At times we have met at the homes of the members, but this year we meet at the church every two weeks, on Friday evenings, spending an hour and one-half. Sometimes we assign the work individually, and at other times we have general recitations on all; this depends on the character of the lesson. We devote the whole time to the lesson, except the opening exercises, secretary's and critic's reports.

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**Illinois (Lacon).**—We have a flourishing circle of twenty-two regular and seven local members, organized in February.

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**Illinois (Aurora).**—An interesting class of sixteen ladies, ten of whom are regular members of the C. L. S. C., the ages ranging from nineteen to sixty-three, has been organized in Aurora, Illinois. Prof. Wilber, ex-State Geologist of Illinois, gives the class the benefit of his large and choice collection of specimens.

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**Wisconsin (Milwaukee).**—The course of study this year has been most delightful, especially enjoyable were those fascinating books by Prof. Wilkinson and Bishop Warren. The East Side

local circle devoted one evening to star-gazing from the Signal Service station, aided by a telescope, sailor's glass and several opera glasses.

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**Minnesota (St. Paul).**—Our local circle numbers sixteen members, twelve of them regular members. We take the lessons as given in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, sometimes using the questions given there, at others asking questions from the book. Occasionally we have essays by different members, on subjects selected by our president. Four of our members complete the course this year.

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**Minnesota (Rochester).**—In October last a class was formed in this place, composed of twelve married ladies. There were misgivings on the part of some of the number, lest on account of a multitude of home and other duties, they might not be able to accomplish what they were undertaking in as thorough and satisfactory a manner as they wished. For that reason only about half of the number became regular members of the C. L. S. C., although all are equally interested in the course. Our meetings are held semi-monthly, in the afternoon, at the residences of the members. We carry out the plan of study suggested in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, appointing ladies to take charge of the different subjects, making the recitations conversational, as far as may be. Short essays upon the different characters studied in history are frequently given, and these, with now and then one of our games or songs, furnish abundant variety. The interest seems to increase, rather than diminish, and we are persuaded better things of ourselves than we had dared to hope.

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**Minnesota (Mantorville).**—A local circle was organized here September 26, 1882. All are glad that they began such a course of study. We have twelve members, with a promise of accessions next year.

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**Iowa (Fonda).**—On Tuesday evening, March 20, 1883, we organized a local circle of the C. L. S. C. It is composed of eight members of Class of 1886; others are expected to unite with us. The members all pronounce our meetings a success. Our lessons have been Greek history, using questions in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, and thoroughly arguing all points brought out by them. Much good is being accomplished by this circle, and others in our midst are anxious to join us.

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**Iowa (Boone).**—We have heretofore had no local circle in Boone, as the triangle, who have been the only Chautauquans, have pursued their studies alone. They will graduate this year and have concluded that it is "too good to keep," so they have organized a local circle of ten young people, who meet every Saturday evening at the home of the leader. We have had six very interesting meetings, and we hope the welfare of the circle is assured. Our leaders have been teachers for many years, and they vary the exercises to our needs, so that, although we are behind in our studies by commencing late, we are making up the work fast, and hope to belong to the Class of '86.

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**Kansas (Osage City).**—Our circle was organized last October with twelve members, who were the teachers of the public schools. Soon afterward five more were added, and several local members. We meet every Friday evening at our respective homes. We open the meeting with roll call, which is responded to by a quotation from each member. We then have the different branches, conducted by a leader or teacher, appointed the preceding meeting—a social class, where discussions, expression of opinions, as well as questions are in order. We have enjoyed all the reading and meetings. We have enjoyed all the reading and meetings, and they have proved most profitable and interesting.

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**Utah (Salt Lake City).**—We have organized a Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle in our city, with a membership of twelve.

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**California (Sacramento).**—The only local circle in our city, the beautiful capital of the State, is the Sacramento Circle, numbering thirty-four members, principally ladies. This is our third year, and our interest is still increasing. We meet every Monday evening at the home of some member, and twenty is our average attendance. Contrary to the expectation of some, we all found the "Preparatory Greek Course" wonderfully interesting. Packard's "Geology," illustrated by the charts, aroused our enthusiasm on that subject, while Warren's "Astronomy" has given us fresh zeal in the glorious study of the heavens. Our method for work is as follows: Committees are appointed to arrange questions on each study. These are numbered and distributed at one meeting, and, with their answers, are read at the next, then placed in the hands of another member, who prepares a paper from them, with such additional data as may be obtained from other sources. This third reading is to the students a final review of the subject, and is particularly profitable to the compiler. Sixteen papers have been read before the circle since October last. Oral exercises consist of readings from *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, the poetic quotations, and unusually fine passages which frequently occur in our studies. To the text-books we endeavor to give due attention, memorizing as much as possible. A critic appointed for each month, reports

all errors in pronunciation at the close of the evening, and there is usually some time for conversational discussion. Our only public entertainment, as yet, this year, was a highly interesting and instructive lecture on "The History of a Dead World," by Prof. H. B. Norton, of the State Normal School, San Jose, California. The lecture was a study and illustration of those phenomena which seem to teach the nebular hypothesis of creation. All the successive phases of development, including the nebulæ, stars and sun, planets, and finally the moon, the "dead world," were illustrated and described. The lecturer's novel description of a "lunar day" was such as to charm the large audience present, and he closed with an appropriate recitation, "A Flight Through Space," by Jean Paul Richter. Having just completed the astronomy, the illustrations, and explicit information given throughout the lecture, were doubly appreciated. The C. L. S. C. has also been brought into prominence here by two recent lectures by Rev. H. H. Rice, on "Books and Reading," with special reference to the Chautauqua course.

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**Sandwich Islands (Honolulu).**—We wish to express the very great pleasure and profit with which we have perused the Chautauqua studies during our last missionary voyage. It seems to have been the very thing necessary to fill some of the spare hours at sea with pleasure and profit. We call ourselves "The Floating Circle," and are often joined by our missionary passengers. We desire to continue these interesting and instructive readings. Miss Jennie Fletcher, at the Island of Ponape, in the Caroline Group, is a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. She desires to commence the studies for 1883, and to prosecute the four years' course, promising to give the required hours of study, and expecting to give even more time to it.

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Eloquence is a painting of the thoughts; and thus those who, after having made the sketch, still add to it, make a picture instead of a portrait.—*Pascal*.





## LOCAL CIRCLE LECTURES.

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**Ohio (Cincinnati).**—Through the courtesy of the C. L. S. C. of Grace M. P. Church, the fourth lecture of the third course of free lectures, given by the Cincinnati circle, was delivered at that church on March 29. The lecture was by Col. John A. Johnson, a member of the Class of '85. His theme was "English Literature," and the lecture was replete with apt quotations from the masters of our language. In the course of his remarks the lecturer recalled the old plan to free Ireland. After drawing a vivid word-picture of the condition of Ireland in the early centuries—the "Island of the Saints"—a country of colleges and learning, sending the first missionaries to convert the Britons in its sister island—he added:

"Would Ireland know the solution of her vexed question? Then let history repeat itself; and instead of the torch of the incendiary, or the knife of the assassin, let the Irish tenantry take in their hands, as did their ancestors thirteen hundred years ago, the Bible of the blessed Savior, and convert again the English land-owners to the doctrines of him who taught, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' They have tried sullen submission, careless indifference, crafty counsels, and armed rebellion, none of which have been successful. Now let them try Christian forbearance and fortitude. Let once the fires of a pure and enlightened Christianity burn on the altars of Ireland's homes, and the God who watched over the destiny of ancient Israel when in bondage, will in his own good time speak as he did then, saying: 'Let my people go.'" The lecture, which occupied nearly an hour in its delivery, closed with these words: "The edifice whose building we have watched is not yet completed, and the work is still going on. We have not looked into the interior but have only glanced hastily at the outside. We have not commemorated the army of faithful workmen; we have not even named all of the master builders. Our object has been suggestive, rather than descriptive, and instructive rather than amusing, and we may not have proved even interesting, but our chief desire has been to so present the subject as to awaken within the breasts of some a desire to know more of that literature of which the world is justly proud."

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**Maryland (Cambridge).**—At a recent meeting of the "Bird's Nest Circle," in Cambridge, Maryland, an enthusiastic address was given by one of the members, Mr. R. Christie, a gentleman seventy-four years of age. We copy extracts from it. It has the ring of a genuine Chautauquan—a man whose heart remains young though his head be gray: "If I were a poet whose 'hallowed lips were touched with fire,' I would sing the praises of the C. L. S. C. As it is I can only very briefly speak a few prosy words in its favor. The C. L. S. C. is by many regarded as the grandest conception and its establishment the greatest achievement of the Nineteenth century. However this may be, it is unquestionably the largest university in the world; for in what other institution of learning do we find forty thousand students, or two thousand circles with twenty members each pursuing voluntarily, eagerly and persistently the same studies, the same *curriculum*. As members of this great school we may without the imputation of egotism be allowed to speak of a course of studies by which we have already been enlightened and benefited, and of which, but for the fertile brain of Dr. Vincent we, some of us at least, would have remained in profound ignorance. \* \* \* But thanks to Chautauqua the watch-fires of forty thousand sentinels are burning, the world moves and the giant Prometheus is unchained. Let no cry of superficiality from Jack Butlers or Dolly Vardens deter us from pursuing the even tenor of our way. Let us then as true Chautauquans go on our way rejoicing."



## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

### FIFTY QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON CHAUTAUQUA TEXT BOOK, NO. 34, ASIATIC HISTORY—CHINA, COREA, JAPAN.

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

1. Q. What is one of the important particulars in which China is unlike Africa, or aboriginal America, or even India? A. It is not a collection of diverse tribes or races, but is one great nation.

2. Q. What is the basis and conserver of Chinese civilization? A. Filial piety.

3. Q. What is China's heritage from Confucius, her greatest sage? A. An arrested development and stunted civilization, low morals, not higher than Proverbs, but loftier than Franklin's, yet vastly below the Sermon on the Mount.

4. Q. What does the Chinese Empire comprise? A. One-third of the Asian continent, and one-ninth of the dry land of the globe.

5. Q. What are the comparative areas of the five great landed governments of the world? A. China in area ranks third; the British and Russian exceeding, and the United States and Brazil falling short.

6. Q. What are the boundaries of China? A. On the north, the Altai Mountains and the Amoor River; on the east, Usuri and Yalu rivers, and the Yellow, Eastern and China seas; on the south, Annam, Burmah and the Himalaya Mountains; and on the west, Siberia, Turkestan and the Himalayas.

7. Q. What is the area and what the population of China proper? A. It is two million square miles in area, and has over four hundred millions of people, the most densely populated country in the world.

8. Q. What are the three great rivers of China? A. Ho-ang, Yang-tse, and Hang, or Se-King.

9. Q. What are three great divisions of China? A. Manchuria, Mongolia and Ili, or Eastern Turkestan.

10. Q. What is Tibet? A. It is the highest plateau in the world, surrounded by mountains, snows and glaciers, which are the cradles of the mighty rivers that irrigate India, Turkestan, Burmah and China.

11. Q. Into what three periods is the history of China divided? A. The legendary period, from 2356 to 1122 B. C.; the semi-historical, from 1122 to 770 B. C.; and the historic, from 770 B. C. to 1883 A. D.

12. Q. What are some of the things the Chinese had from very ancient times and for centuries alone? A. Tea, silk, paper, printing, the magnetic needle and gunpowder.

13. Q. At whose reign does Confucius begin his history? A. The reign of Tao, 2356 B. C., the beginning of the legendary period, when the golden age was ushered in.

14. Q. With the commencement of the semi-historical period, 1122 B. C., what system was begun for the government of China by Wu-Wang, the founder of the Chow dynasty? A. The feudal system under which China was governed for over nine hundred years.

15. Q. When was Confucius born? A. 551 B. C.

16. Q. What are the names of China's three greatest sages, and how near to one another did they flourish? A. Lao Tsze, Confucius and Mencius. They flourished within about a century or two of one another, at about the time of the captivity of the Jews in Babylon.

17. Q. Of what did the primeval religion as taught by Confucius consist? A. Of the double worship of God and of ancestors.

18. Q. What is said of the writings of Confucius? A. They influence one-third of the human race, and are the basis of the Chinese social, political, moral and educational systems, and form the national Bible.

19. Q. Name three great conquerors who, with their empires, flourished during the Chow dynasty. A. Cyrus, Darius Hystaspes, and Alexander.

20. Q. In the following, or Tsin dynasty, what was done by Prince Cheng who took the title of first Universal Emperor? A. He abolished the feudal system, drove back the Hun Tatar hordes into the desert, built the great wall, and extended the empire to the limits of modern China.

21. Q. What colony entered China and settled in Honan province during the Han dynasties, between B. C. 209 and 190 A. D? A. A colony of Jews.

22. Q. About what time was the system of competitive examination of candidates for office founded, and civil service reform made an accomplished fact in China? A. About the commencement of the Christian era.

23. Q. When was Buddhism introduced into China? A. In A. D. 68.
24. Q. What great dynasty began its course in 618 and lasted until 905 A. D? A. The great Tang dynasty.
25. Q. During the Tang dynasty what forms of religion were introduced into China? A. A Nestorian Christianity flourished in a limited number of places during two centuries, until extirpated by persecution. Mohammedanism took root, and mosques were built in various cities.
26. Q. Under what emperor did China reach the acme of its glory? A. Under Kublai Khan, grandson of Genghis Khan.
27. Q. What has been one of the worst results of foreign intercourse with China? A. The introduction of opium, which began at the opening of this century.
28. Q. From what province have nearly all the Chinese in Australia, the East Indies and the United States come? A. The one province of Kwang-Tung, in which Canton is situated. Most of them are natives of a district not larger than Connecticut.
29. Q. About how many Christians are there now in China? A. There are now about 16,000 protestant church members, and a following in all of about 25,000 nominal Christians.
30. Q. At the rate of increase in the number of Christians since 1840 when will China be a Christian nation? A. During the next century.
31. Q. Into how many periods may Korean history be divided? A. Four.—Era of old chosen, era of the three kingdoms, united Corea, and modern chosen.
32. Q. What is said of the character of the early history of Corea possessed by the natives? A. It is of a confused and untrustworthy character down to the Han dynasty, 206 B. C., and until after the Christian era is drawn almost wholly from Chinese sources.
33. Q. During ten centuries after the opening of the Christian era what chiefly is the history of the three States which the independent tribes of the peninsula form? A. It is chiefly that of border wars, with alternating invasions or succor from China and Japan.
34. Q. What is said of the Korean alphabet? A. In the seventh century a Shinra statesman invented the Korean alphabet of fourteen consonants and eleven vowels, classified according to the organs of speech, and perhaps the most perfect in the world, which greatly promoted the spread of native literature.
35. Q. How was political unity first given to the peninsula in 960 A. D? A. Wu-Wang, of noble blood, arose out of Korai, and by talent and arms extinguished the rival states, and proclaimed united Corea under the name of Korai, fixing his capital at Sunto, a little north of the present capital.
36. Q. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to whom was Corea subject? A. To the Mongols.
37. Q. What occurred in 1392, on the fall of the Mongols and the rise of the Ming dynasty in China? A. A revolution in Corea overthrew the reigning family, when the present line of rulers and order of things were established. [531]
38. Q. What were some of the provisions made to carry out the national policy of Corea, that of isolation? A. A coast guard along the sea to patrol by day and kindle signal fires at night, a line of pickets and custom-houses on the frontier, with a neutral strip of land unoccupied and devastated, seventeen leagues wide on the Manchurian side, and ten miles in width along the Tumen river.
39. Q. What was the result of a treaty of peace and commerce entered into in 1876 by the Japanese commander Kuroda with the Koreans? A. The ports of Fusan and Gensen on the east coast have been opened to Japanese trade.
40. Q. What field of missionary effort will Corea soon be? A. One of the missionary fields of reformed Christianity.
41. Q. What does the empire of Japan comprise? A. Four large islands, various outlying groups, and about 3,800 islets.
42. Q. What are the three imperial cities of Japan? A. Tokio, Kioto, and Ozaka.
43. Q. What is the state of things first revealed by the light of written history in Japan? A. The central and southwestern parts are inhabited by an agricultural people dwelling in villages, and governed by chiefs, under a rude species of feudalism. In the central region of Yamato, around Kioto, these communities are in allegiance to the royal family of the mikado.
44. Q. What radical change in government was made in 603? A. Simple feudalism was exchanged for centralized monarchy with boards of government.
45. Q. For five centuries, from the seventh to the twelfth, how may the political history of Japan be written? A. In the rise and rivalries of the Fujiwara, Taira, and Ninamoto families, all of them sprung from scions of imperial blood. The mikados were little more than puppets.
46. Q. In 1192 what office was created, which existed with intervals until 1868? A. The military ruler called Shogun, known to foreigners as Tycoon.
47. Q. What are the names of three of the greatest men in Japanese history? A. Nobunaga, Hideyoshi and Iyeyasu.

48. Q. For more than two centuries previous to 1868 what laws prevailed in Japan which made it a hermit nation? A. Japanese were forbidden to leave the country, boats had to be built on an unseaworthy model, and all foreigners, with a few exceptions, were banished.

49. Q. What have the recent revolutions in Japan effected? A. A profound change in the national policy toward foreigners; the restoration of the ancient centralized imperialism; and the abolition of the feudal system.

50. Q. When did protestant Christianity, founded upon the Bible and the preaching of Christ crucified, begin in Japan, and with what results has it been attended? A. It began in 1859, and in 1881 there were about seventy churches and over four thousand members in Japan.



THE Summer Assembly of the Pacific branch of the C. L. S. C. will open on the evening of July 4, and continue nine days. This Assembly is held annually at Pacific Grove, two miles from the old historic town of Monterey, California. A very large attendance is expected, and all members of the C. L. S. C. are urgently invited to come to the richest intellectual feast yet spread for them at this western C. L. S. C. table. An able corps of lecturers and instructors has been secured for the session, and the exercises of the first graduating class of the Pacific Branch, which occur on Friday, July 13, will be the crowning feature of this Assembly. All members of this branch who hope to attend, will do well to notify the secretary, Miss M. E. Norton, and also J. O. Johnson, the manager of Pacific Grove, in time to secure good accommodations. The Assembly circular will soon be forwarded to all members of this branch.



# OUTLINE OF C. L. S. C. STUDIES.

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## JUNE.

For the month of June the required C. L. S. C. reading is Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 34, Asiatic History, by Rev. William Elliot Griffis, and the designated parts of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. The division according to weeks is as follows:

FIRST WEEK (ending June 8)—1. Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 34, Asiatic History—preface and introduction—to page 19, inclusive.

2. History of Russia, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday readings, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, selection for June 3.

SECOND WEEK (ending June 16)—1. Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 34, Asiatic History—China—from page 21 to page 50, inclusive.

2. Readings from the literature of China, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday readings, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, selection for June 10.

THIRD WEEK (ending June 23)—1. Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 34, Asiatic History—Corea—from page 52 to page 62, inclusive.

2. History and Literature of Scandinavia, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Pictures from English History, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

4. Sunday Readings, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, selection for June 17.

FOURTH WEEK (ending June 30)—1. Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 34, Asiatic History—Japan—from page 63 to page 87, inclusive.

2. Readings from the literature of Japan, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday readings, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, selection for June 24.



# C. L. S. C. READINGS FOR 1883-84.

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## HISTORY.

Readings in Roman, French, German, and American history in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

History of Greece, by Timayenis, volume two, parts seventh, eighth, tenth, eleventh. (Students of the Class of 1887, not having read volume one of Timayenis' History of Greece, will not be required to read volume two, but will take "Chapters from Greek History," instead of volumes one and two of Timayenis.)

Stories in English history, by the great historians, edited by C. E. Bishop, Esq.  
Chautauqua Text-books, No. 16, "Roman History;" No. 21, "American History."

## LITERATURE.

Preparatory Latin Course in English, by Dr. Wilkinson.

"English Literature," Chautauqua Text-book, No. 22, by Prof. J. H. Gilmore.

Primer of American Literature, by Richardson.

## SCIENCE.

How to Get Strong, and How to Stay So, by W. Blaikie.

Readings in Botany, by Dr. J. H. Wythe.

Chautauqua Text-book, No. 22, "Biology."

Readings in Physical Science, in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.

## RELIGION.

Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, by Rev. J. B. Walker.

Sunday Readings in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, selected by Dr. Vincent.

Chautauqua Text-books, No. 18, "Christian Evidences;" No. 39, "Sunday-school Normal Class Work."

## GENERAL.

Readings in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* about the Arts, Artists, and their Master-pieces; about Commercial Law and Political Economy.

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## **ARDOR OF MIND.**

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By JAMES KERR, M.A.

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Intense ardor in the pursuit of its object seems to be one of the leading characteristics of genius. This quality of the mind, this enthusiasm, impels to persevering study, to sustained application and constant effort.

In most men of genius it is found that they are fully engrossed with the subject, and, as it were, possessed by it, while it is before the mind. When they have anything important in hand, they are so absorbed in that one thing that it occupies all their thoughts. They can not attend to less important matters, and every inferior object withers in its presence.

The perfection of any literary work seems to arise in a great degree from the author having deeply meditated on the subject, brooding over it with unremitting attention, allowing no other thoughts to intrude, until it stands before his imagination a picture complete in every part. When this is done, he can sit down and commit it to paper off-hand.

Such was the case with the poet Burns. Intense meditation, deep all-absorbing thought, seems first to have moulded the subject in his mind, and then, when that was done, he could write it down rapidly. We have minute details of the moments when he composed two of his most celebrated pieces—"Bruce's Address" to his soldiers, and "Mary in Heaven." On both occasions he was so rapt in thought, and so possessed by the subject, as to be unconscious of what was passing around him.

It is said of Sir Walter Scott that, after choosing a subject on which to write, he carefully brooded over it, until the outline of the story had taken a distinct shape before his imagination. After being thus moulded in his mind, he would seize the pen and throw off page after page with amazing rapidity.

This also seems to have been the case with Mozart, the great musical composer. When engaged in one of his compositions he would meditate on the subject with intense ardor, until it stood before him complete in all its parts, and then he would write it down easily in the midst of company, and when people were conversing and laughing around him.

We have an instance of this characteristic of genius in Rousseau. Every study he took up he pursued with intense ardor. A friend shows him how to play at chess. He suddenly becomes wholly engrossed by it, shuts himself up in his room, and spends days and nights in studying all the varieties of the game. The same ardor and intense application he threw into everything he undertook. He brought it to bear on his botanical studies, his musical compositions, and his literary pursuits. He tells us that he composed the greater part of some of his works in bed, in the hours of the night when sleep deserted him. "I meditated," says he, "in my bed with my eyes closed, and in my mind turned over and over again my periods with incredible labor and care. The moment they were finished to my satisfaction I deposited them in my memory until I had an opportunity of committing them to paper." Such was his ardor in pursuit of knowledge that he used always to carry books about with him, and while at work in the garden he was constantly conning pieces over and getting them by heart.

This ardor, this intense application to the subject in hand, which is characteristic of men of genius, may account for their liability to what is called absence of mind. They are notoriously subject to this infirmity. Hence it is that a Sir Isaac Newton, lost in thought, sits still while his boot is burning before the fire, and after a while calls in the servant remove the fire, instead of himself removing his foot. Hence it is that an Adam Smith, absorbed in his own thoughts, sallies forth in his dressing-gown, and walks miles and miles into the country, unconscious of his strange attire and of the ridiculous figure he cuts. This is called absence of mind, but it implies great activity of mind.

Some writers there are who can shift lightly from one subject to another, attending to various studies at various hours of the day. There are such men, and men too of no mean capacity, though not, it would seem, of the most ardent genius. Macaulay somewhere speaks of Southey as having an aptitude for applying his mind to several subjects in succession—a piece of poetry in the morning, history in the forenoon, a review in the evening. He confesses that for himself he had no such power. Whatever he took up he must apply his whole mind to until he finished it. That one subject was for the time all-absorbing; and who knows but to this he may have owed much of his success as a brilliant writer!

## **THE SONG OF THE ROBIN.**

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By Miss A. M. STARKWEATHER.

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*A poem for the children.*

A robin to her young ones said,  
As she flew home with food:  
"You look so cunning in your bed—  
You are a handsome brood.

"But I must teach you how to fly,  
You darling little elves;  
I think you're old enough to try  
To look out for yourselves.

"Now *you* must hunt for worms and flies,  
You're getting fat and lazy,  
For food and drink, your constant cries,  
Just drive me nearly crazy.

"Now I will take you, one by one,  
And you shall each know how;  
Red Robbie, you're my eldest son,  
Come down upon this bough.

"Now hop out on the edge, my dear,  
Of this your pretty nest,  
And spread your wings, and fly right here,  
Just so; now do your best."

"Peep! peep! don't make us go alone;  
We are not big enough,  
Our bodies are not fully grown,  
Our feathers yet are rough.

"*You* get our food; we can *not* fly—  
'T would hardly keep you busy.  
Peep! peep! oh! oh! it is so high  
I'm almost getting dizzy."

"Come, robbie dear (chirp, etc.), come right along,  
Spread out your little wings;  
Chirp! Chirp! I'll cheer you with my song,  
Come while your mother sings" (chirp, etc.).

He spread his wings, and found that he  
Could fly like any bird,  
And all around, from tree to tree,  
His joyous notes were heard.

*Bird Song.*

"O, what a great big world to roam!"  
Said Rob; "I'm glad I'm in it.  
I wonder how they do at home:  
I'll just run round a minute.

"You babies, if you'd only try,  
You'd leave that horrid nest;  
But I can't mope here, so good-bye,  
I'm going way out west!"



## WITH AGASSIZ AT PENIKESE.

By PROF. J. TINGLEY, PH. D.

Ten years ago the lamented Agassiz undertook the establishment of a summer school, at the seaside, for the benefit of teachers of natural history. There was first prominently inaugurated the system of summer instruction which has since been successfully practiced at Chautauqua and elsewhere, in other branches of knowledge, and which seems annually to be growing in popular favor. For this reason it has been thought that a brief account of the life and work at Penikese would be welcome to the readers of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. A volume might be written without exhausting all the points of interest connected with the story. The lectures daily delivered for seven weeks to the students there assembled would themselves fill many volumes. Our sketch, therefore, must of necessity be imperfect, affording glimpses only of that time so full of activity, delightful study, novel impressions, and golden promise. As far as possible, it shall be representative, and afford a clear conception in outline of what was designed and accomplished. Prof. Agassiz, being the master spirit—the soul of the enterprise—must be, of course, the central figure in the foreground of our picture. What a delightful summer it was! Undimmed by any presentiment of the shadow which, so soon after, was cast upon its memories, the picture of Penikese, its active life, its cheerful surroundings, its brilliant designs for the future, was a picture of energy, enthusiasm, and hope. The summer was one of bright, unclouded skies, the air laden with delicious perfume of the bay-berry bushes, the breezes full of health and joy. Thousands of sea gulls with silver plumage circled through the air, with unceasing flight and tireless wing, uttering notes of encouragement to their young, and shrill notes of warning to intruders, adding intensity to the atmosphere of activity prevailing. Even the sea gave complacent and hospitable welcome to the great naturalist and his followers who had come to search for her treasures. In the gentle plashing of the waves upon the sunny shores, there was a murmuring of content, soothing and grateful. Separated entirely, for the time, from the busy world, wholly absorbed and happy in their favorite study, under such auspicious circumstances, and with such glorious companionship and guidance, the active throng would scarce have asked for any happier lot.

The memories which crowd upon them now are so rich in incident, new ideas, widened conceptions, affectionate fellowship, all now hallowed by the event which brought the enterprise to its close, that with many it will ever remain as the greenest spot of their earthly life. For though as one of the pupil-teachers has expressed it, "The buildings and appliances were but half finished, even at the close of the term—*we yet had Agassiz*. He was present at the head of the table at every meal, he was present at every lecture or exercise, at every meeting of the students' 'clubs,' and when not lecturing, was intently following, and ready to supplement any lack of information in any discussion by professors or students." He himself said: "I have given myself up to the task with all the energy of which I am capable."

The idea of establishing a summer school at the seaside for the benefit of teachers of natural history originated with Prof. N. S. Shaler, then a teacher of natural history in Harvard College. He communicated his thought to Prof. Agassiz, and together they attempted to organize such an institution, selecting Nantucket as the best location, on account of its facilities, and the moderate expense of living there. About that time Prof. Shaler received the appointment of State Geologist of Kentucky. Partly on account of his health and partly to prepare for his new work he went to Europe, leaving to Prof. Agassiz the entire care and management of the new enterprise. He entered enthusiastically upon the work; secured suitable and comfortable accommodations for a class of fifty—the full number desired—with the proper arrangements for lectures and laboratory work, boats and other conveniences. He also secured the gratuitous services of twenty naturalists as lecturers and demonstrators; some of them of long experience, and all with reputations for skill and learning in their special fields of study. They gladly co-operated with him, partly from their love of the work and partly from their love and esteem for Agassiz himself. Before a public announcement was made, or at least before any invitations were extended to teachers to come and enjoy the opportunity, Mr. John Anderson, a wealthy tobacconist of New York City,—owning the island of Penikese in Buzzard Bay, which he had bought and improved for a summer seaside residence,—tendered the island with its buildings and improvements to Prof. Agassiz for the use of the proposed school. This offer being subsequently supplemented by a donation of \$50,000 in cash for needed preparations, was accepted formally upon the 22d of April, 1873, and arrangements made for the immediate erection of suitable laboratories, dormitories, lecture rooms, aquaria, etc. In the meantime Prof. Agassiz's movements having become known, he was beset by hundreds of applications for admission to the privileges of the school. Fifty were selected—perhaps the first fifty properly qualified who applied, and all the rest were rejected. It is said that in one small city in New York State there were twenty applicants and nineteen disappointments. The fortunate fifty were duly notified of the day their presence would be welcomed, and accordingly met promptly on the morning of the 8th of July, 1873, upon the deck of the little steamer *Helen Augusta*, lying at her wharf in New Bedford, Mass. At ten o'clock we steamed down the bay and at twelve we were met at the Penikese pier by Prof. Agassiz and his excellent wife, with broad and smiling welcome. Three minutes walk brought us to an extemporized lecture room previously used by Mr. Anderson for a barn, but now cosily furnished with neat chairs and tables. When all were in their places, Prof. Agassiz stood up before us. Then occurred an event, beautiful, impressive, never to be erased from memory, soon rendered classic

through Whittier's charming poem.

He looked around upon that assembly, and saw their hopeful trust in him their chosen leader. He realized, perhaps, as he had not before, the deep significance of the hour. His beaming smile was chastened by an expression of tender solicitude, that our hopes and expectations might not be disappointed; and by the thought, "In my own strength I am not equal to this task. One higher than I must direct this movement." After a moment's pause he said: "Ladies and gentlemen; we meet under very peculiar circumstances. We are all strangers to each other. I know not whether there be one in this assembly upon whom I could call to open these exercises with prayer. As for myself I would not ask any man to pray for me. I will ask all of you to join with me a few moments in silent prayer."

"Then the master in his place  
Bowed his head a little space,  
And the leaves by soft airs stirred,  
Laps of wave and cry of bird,  
Left the solemn hush unbroken  
Of that wordless prayer unspoken,  
While its wish on earth unsaid,  
Rose to heaven interpreted.

\* \* \* \* \*

Even the careless heart was moved,  
And the doubting gave assent,  
With a gesture reverent  
To the master well beloved.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who the secret may declare  
Of that brief unuttered prayer?  
Did the shade before him come  
Of the inevitable doom,  
Of the end of earth so near,  
And eternity's new year?"

Then followed a few words of welcome on the part of Agassiz—of gratitude to the gentleman whose liberality had insured the success of the undertaking, and of cheerful encouragement to all for the realization of their hopes. They were responded to by an eloquent address from a lawyer from New Bedford, and another from Mr. Girod, of New York, representing Mr. Anderson. We were then dismissed, and the life at Penikese was begun.

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### THE ISLAND AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Penikese is an island of about one hundred acres in extent, and at its highest point about one hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is situated about fourteen miles north of New Bedford, Mass. It is sheltered from the open sea by the chain of Elizabeth Islands; the nearest, Cuttyhunk, being about two miles from Penikese, and the others, Nashawena, Pasque, and Naushon, stretching away for twenty miles to Woods's Hole, at the lowest point in the bend of Cape Cod peninsula. Beyond these islands, oceanward, is Vineyard Sound, a sheet of water ten miles wide and twenty-five to thirty miles long. Then comes Martha's Vineyard, twenty miles in length—then the great ocean. Through the passes between the four Elizabeth Islands, called by the fishermen "holes," the tide enters with much force twice each day, bringing with it multitudes of fish in great variety. These are entrapped by cunningly-devised inclosures called pounds, several of which are located along the adjacent shores and islands. From these pounds the markets of New York and other cities draw their supplies of fish. From them, also, the school at Penikese reaped rich harvests of sharks, skates, sword-fish, and numerous other species, such as would not have marketable value. The northern limit of the gulf stream lying just beyond Martha's Vineyard, the tropical seas occasionally send their life treasures by that current into these waters. Many specimens of tropical life were caught there during the summer.

### THE ABUNDANCE OF LIFE.

The locality was rich in animal life. Besides all the usual varieties of life to be found on the land, there were some particularly abundant at Penikese. But the sea, with the island shores, was the inexhaustible source of supply. The radiates were represented by jelly-fish, sea-cucumbers, sea-anemones, sand-dollars, sea-urchins, and star-fish; the articulates by lobsters, common crabs, hermit crabs, king crabs, etc.; the mollusks by mussels, clams, naticas, pyrulas, whelks, etc., and the vertebrates by turtles and an endless variety of fish from the pounds. All these could readily be obtained for the aquariums, for study while living, or for dissection and preservation. The excursions in search of treasures for the laboratory were always rewarded with ample success, and were full of intense interest and enjoyment. A bed of star-fish discovered that season on the southern shore of Cuttyhunk, ten or twenty acres in extent, almost level, and only twelve or fifteen inches in depth at low tide, afforded literally bushels of these interesting creatures. A small bay on another side of the same island swarmed with limuli, or king crabs, of all ages, while on the shore were hundreds of their cast-off crusts, or skins, in perfect condition. Lobsters were obtained from the fisheries in the neighborhood. Those of us unaccustomed to the rich fauna of the sea were simply astonished and almost bewildered by the abundance of life within our reach and at our command.

## METHODS OF INSTRUCTION AND STUDY.

At Penikese books were discarded, except for occasional reference, and the several students were encouraged to study the objects for which they had opportunity or special inclination. Each was also encouraged to select for himself some particular line of investigation and devote himself to that alone, and to a great extent this was done. There were the botanists, who gave special attention to the seaweeds and other plants; the ornithologists, who did nothing but collect, dissect, and preserve specimens of birds; the microscopists, who studied the diatoms and foraminifera and other microscopic forms, and made microscopic sections of tissues. One gave his entire attention to radiate animals, another to mollusks, and still another gave special attention to the development of the eggs of the tern. In the study of animals, about the first lesson impressed was the necessity of mastering their structure by the free use of the dissecting knife. For some days the toads of the island furnished specimens for the dissecting table; a day or two was devoted to the study of the internal as well as external structure of the lobster, each student dissecting one or more specimens. Then sharks, skates, star-fish, jelly-fish, flounders, sea anemones, turtles, birds, and even insects went under review in the same careful manner.

A second lesson urged was the importance of studying the development of animals while in the egg or embryo state. Döllinger, the father of the now noted Dr. Döllinger, and in whose house Agassiz lived for four years, was the founder of this branch of scientific research, and gave Agassiz his first lessons in Embryology. Agassiz often alluded to him in terms of most tender recollection and regard. This man commenced his investigations in 1817, by opening three thousand eggs in various stages of development.

Prof. Agassiz, while preparing the drawings and material for his study of the embryology of the turtle, published in the second volume of his "Contributions to the Natural History of America," opened and examined many thousand turtles' eggs. He frequently and earnestly urged attention to this, as an almost uncultivated field of research, and yet of vast importance in the solution of problems.

The eggs of the tern alluded to furnished the opportunity for a lesson. A sufficient number of these eggs were opened and prepared to enable students to master the methods and learn what to observe. The manner in which Agassiz first taught a group of inquirers this interesting lesson, was an event to be remembered. It was in the open air. The question as to method was asked. Eggs were brought; the professor seated himself upon a convenient keg of nails, and the observers stood about him. He first showed in what position the egg should be held, and then with delicate and patient manipulation, he removed the shell in minute pieces at the right spot, and revealed the marvelous structure within, all the while accompanying his work with sparkling thoughts in delightful words.

Another lesson was the constant and patient observation of the motions and habits of living specimens in the aquarium. Often a student would sit all day long watching a single specimen, and did not find such work either irksome, uninteresting or unprofitable.

It has been remarked that the career of original investigation with Agassiz measurably closed soon after his coming to America, and his career as an instructor began. He turned his attention to the development of the natural history of America. This he saw clearly could not be done without the aid of trained naturalists, and there were none in America. It was then his mission to create them. The establishment of a complete museum, to which all students of natural history could have access, was the first step; a museum which should not only equal, but surpass the great museums of the Old World. The design, according to Agassiz's own plan, was so far completed before his death, that what remained to be done could be as well done by his trained assistants. He had stamped his own character and ideas upon it indelibly. Prof. Tyndall declared that there was nothing like it in the Old World. Another equally qualified to judge, familiar with all the Old World museums, declared that nowhere in his travels had he seen such an amount of original work done as here. The museum at Cambridge is an institution peculiarly American in that it is arranged without the trammels of Old World methods. In it every specimen is labeled with the name, locality, date and donor securely fastened to it, and the same duly recorded. A specimen concerning which, from whatever cause, any uncertainty has arisen as to the locality, is rejected, and consigned to the laboratory for dissection, only the best attainable specimens are retained. Unnecessary or imperfect duplicates are set aside for study or exchange. His completed plan will present a collection of the animals of the world arranged systematically, according to the principle of classification adopted by Agassiz, and exhibiting their structure. This is supplemented by minor collections showing embryonic development of the different types of animal life, synthetic relations, etc. The value of such a collection as an educational power no language can over-estimate. This museum of comparative zoölogy at Cambridge, Mass., is pre-eminently the greatest monument to his memory. The plans of instruction at the museum and at Penikese were identical in methods and principles. The first object was to bring students face to face with Nature, discarding books and recitations, substituting original observation and work. "If I can succeed in teaching you to observe," he said, "my aim will be attained. It is not my purpose to communicate knowledge to you, but to awaken into activity a faculty which is too generally dormant, that of observing accurately for yourselves. I will teach, but I will not give information. To all intents and purposes I will be ignorant before you. Do not ask questions, for I shall not answer them, but shall so lay out your work that you will find your own path without difficulty."

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### THE FIRST LESSON.

On the first day, the island itself was assigned for a lesson. Questions were suggested to be

answered on the following morning. What is the nature of the soil, and what is the geological constitution of this island? What is its position with respect to the points of the compass. Take the main building as your guide, if you have no compass, for that lies east and west. What is the meaning of the curve between the island and the peninsula connected with it? What is the meaning of the loose materials about us, and the huge boulders scattered over the surface? What relation does the island bear to the adjoining islands and to the main land? When the class had again assembled he allowed each to report what he had learned, and taught how by comparison and combination to understand its full significance. He said that an exhaustive answer to each of these questions, individually wrought out, would itself be a good summer's work. By the observations thus made and subsequently during the summer, it was fully demonstrated that Penikese and the whole range of neighboring Elizabeth islands, twenty miles in length and two or three in width, were a part of a terminal moraine—formed by the great ice sheet which covered the continent during the glacial period as it was gradually receding toward the polar seas.

Prof. Agassiz taught at Penikese partly by lectures, and these lectures, as was his custom, were always extemporaneous. No one who ever heard him need be told that beyond all comparison he was the model scientific talker of the age. Even those who have but read his lectures know what a charm lingers in the sentences which have been transferred to paper. But one must have heard him to realize the secret of his greatest power. The printed lectures carry the brilliant thoughts, the luminous and interesting facts, the flow of apt illustration; but the glow and fervor of his own profound interest in the matter of his speech, "raying out in a countenance that seemed to beam from interior light, and pervade the tones of his sympathetic and singularly expressive voice," the "palpitating life" of his rapidly-uttered words, and back of all his intense personal magnetism, diffusing itself through the hearts of his charmed audience,—these are things that can not be transferred to paper. Writers in attempting to describe the manner of his eloquence have seemed to exhaust the vocabulary of eulogy.

At Penikese he probably excelled himself. He complimented his school by seeming to believe that he was in the midst of friends, who fully appreciated him, and who were in full sympathy with him. In 1864 it was the good fortune of the writer of this paper to hear him deliver a course of six lectures on the glaciers, before the Lowell Institute, in Boston. They were charming, popular, grand; but at Penikese, on the same subject, he seemed like a different man. All through his summer life there flowed a current of quiet but profound happiness, that lightened his step, glowed in his conversation, shone in his countenance, and gave animation and radiance to his lectures, in a manner he perhaps never before so fully exhibited. This thought was common among the students there assembled. He gave lectures almost every day, embracing full and exhaustive courses upon the glaciers, upon embryology, upon classification, upon methods of instruction, upon systematic zoölogy, upon scientific books and authors. There were also the spontaneous lectures, called out by some casual remark, the exhibition of some new and interesting specimen, or by the prominent presence of some object of natural history, which we might not think of studying at the time. For example, we were regaled one morning with some fish for breakfast. Prof. Agassiz, entering after the rest were seated, noticed the fish. Going immediately to the black-board, which at that time was near and in full view; he said: "Ladies and gentlemen: You are this morning feasting upon a very delicious fish, called the scop. Its scientific name I will write upon the board. It is *Pagrus Argyrops*—one of the sparoids. This species is not found north of Cape Cod, or at least, very rarely found. Its range is from Cape Cod west and southward. It is not found in the southern waters, only on the shores of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and Virginia. The family is not well represented in America. Another species, called 'sheepshead,' is found in the South, and there are a few species in the Pacific Ocean. The Mediterranean Sea, however, abounds in species of the family. In all there are two hundred species known, and they are confined to the temperate and tropical regions. They are intensified in the Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean, as many species being found there as in all the rest of the world." Then he sat down, and his auditors immediately proceeded to dissect and test the qualities of their specimens, according to natural principles and with intense relish. In the regular morning lecture, after breakfast, an hour in length, he gave a more thorough scientific account of the structure of the scop, detailing its generic and specific characteristics, in a most masterly and fascinating manner, concluding his lecture by instructing in the proper method of describing any fish technically, explaining the symbols used by the most learned in that department of knowledge. On another occasion, while a group were seated engaged in social chat, a single query made as to the possibility of preserving the beautiful colors of star-fish, and other sea animals, drew from him for half an hour a flood of interesting facts concerning the colors of such creatures, their glory, their mysterious and changeful nature, and their evanescence. He deplored the want of knowledge in this direction, and encouraging his pupils to enter that field of investigation as explorers, promised sure results to such as would enter upon it in the truly scientific spirit.

### **HIS INTENSE LOVE OF NATURE.**

This rose to the level of a passion, and was constantly revealing itself in unconscious words and actions. Once he told the story of Dürckheim, a German naturalist, who after close investigation, wrote a monograph upon the cockchafer, a common insect of Europe, which attracted much attention from scientific men. For weeks before he went hard to work he abstained from any kind of food which was stimulating, even coffee, so that he might have full command of his nerves and steadiness of his muscles. He also so supported his person that the beating of his arteries should not interfere with his delicate dissection. Then Agassiz having held up before us this example for our imitation, gave utterance to the following memorable words: "When sitting at the laboratory table, you should give yourselves up to the work exclusively.

Never trifle with Nature. The objects we study are the works of the Creator. Even materialists consider them as the works of the highest forces in Nature. A laboratory of natural history is a sanctuary in which nothing improper should be admitted or exhibited. There we are in the constant presence of Nature and its Author. *I can tolerate with less mental agony improprieties in churches.*" When the student would come in from the sea with a bowl of newly-captured jelly fish, or some other equally common specimen, he would frequently see Agassiz coming down to the path to meet him. "What have you got this morning?" Looking at them tenderly—although he had seen the like thousands of times—he would exclaim, "Oh, they are beautiful; very beautiful!" This tenderness for animals extended even to those usually considered repulsive. The toads of the island he would frequently handle without a thought of disgust. A live garter snake two feet in length was brought to him in the presence of ladies who manifested their usual repugnance and fear. "Why," said Agassiz, "of what are you afraid? It can not harm you. See! I will let it bite me." Then taking the reptile in his hands he suffered it to coil over his wrist, and holding it gently by the neck, put his finger into its mouth. "It does not hurt me nor harm so much as the pricking of a pin. This is a very fine specimen of unusual color. It should be preserved." He was particularly careful to forbid any wanton destruction of life, or practice of cruelty in the preparation of specimens for dissection. Abundant as the birds were on the island, only the ornithologist was allowed to shoot, and he was restricted to specimens actually needed. Even the nests so profusely scattered were sacred, and those who were engaged in the study of embryology alone were permitted to collect them. Familiarity with all the forms of life had made him exceedingly tender and watchful of their natural rights.

Thus only a glimpse has been given of the summer school at Penikese. We can but make bare mention of the other principal attractions and advantages: the daily boat excursion over the bay and sound; the rambles along the rocky shores in search of treasures cast up by the sea; the trips to Gay Head, on Martha's Vineyard, in search of tertiary fossil shark's teeth; the unique curiosities of the sea that were daily brought in for inspection, ever new and wonderful; the parties selected each day for dredging expeditions on the beautiful yacht "Sprite," under the lamented Count Pourtales; the lectures and admirable practical lessons given by the other members of the faculty, Profs. Packard, Wilder, Bicknell, Arnold Guyot, Dr. Brewer, Benjamin F. Pierce; the naturalists' "club" meetings; the quiet Sabbaths, when, in the absence of regular service, meetings for religious conversation were held; the evening gathering with Prof. and Mrs. Agassiz under the flagstaff on the summit of the island, overlooking the western sea, to watch the glories of the dying day, whiling away the hour with song and familiar converse—all these memories and many more crowd upon us for notice, but we forbear.

Alas! that the golden hopes raised by such brilliant beginning should so soon be blasted. Agassiz died during the succeeding December. No man was ever more generally, more tenderly, or more profoundly mourned. By none was his loss felt with more poignant grief than by those who were with him at Penikese. No man, after his death, felt himself capable to complete the liberal plans laid out by Agassiz, and the enterprise was abandoned. Had Agassiz lived, such was his power over men that he would have readily secured, from legislative action, and from the donations of wealthy men, all the money he would have asked, to enable him to carry forward the enterprise. His success in that direction was unparalleled.

It is impossible to conjecture what an impulse would have been given to the study of natural history and higher culture in kindred science, had he been permitted to live until he could have seen the budding promise burst into bloom of realized success. But it was not to be.

Fain would we linger still upon the thoughts which crowd upon the memory now, but we must draw the curtain. Yet his beautiful spirit, genial, loving face, beaming with kindness and sympathy, his winning grace and charming presence, his sublime self-denial in his devotion to Nature, his grand intellectual expression with voice and pen, his overflowing heart, so tender and so true, and so constant in its blessing, can never fade from our vision, nor from our memory.



# THE COMING OF SUMMER.

By HARRIET MABEL SPALDING.

We are looking for summer. Far over the hill,  
Do you catch the faint sound of her hurrying feet?  
Does the voice of her coming with melody thrill?  
Do you strive the first breath of her whispers to greet?  
She is coming. Bright garlands her pathway surround;  
Her fair hands are laden with blossoms of snow.  
Do you hear the soft sweep of her robe o'er the ground,  
As she speaks to the flowers to awaken and glow?

Creep forth the small vines from the hedge and the wall,  
So shyly they meet the glad gaze of the sun;  
The brooklets sing low as they clamber and fall,  
And the brown hills new mantles resplendent have won.  
The spider a shimmering gossamer weaves  
In the lap of the meadow, and lightly is thrown  
Its faint web of gold o'er the green of the leaves,  
While buds of ambrosia around us are blown.

There's a gem in each drop of the dew on the grass,  
The earth is awakened with carolings sweet;  
The daisies are flashing in stars where we pass,  
And the buttercups hide in the moss at our feet.  
The cowslips are changing from green into gold,  
On banks where the frosts of the winter have died;  
The violets are seeking their hues to unfold,  
And the red rose has flung its rich canopy wide.

There is blue overhead: there is emerald below,  
A blending of hues in the pearl of the sky;  
While garlands of azure and blossoms of snow  
In gardens of beauty and loveliness lie.  
She is here! she is here! the bonnie, bright June,  
Like words of rejoicing in moments of grief;  
Her song you may trace in the woodland's glad tune,  
Her tear in the cloud and her smile in the leaf.



GEN. BOLLY LEWIS, who spends midwinter in Jacksonville, Florida, and spring and fall at the Gibson House, Cincinnati, will have charge of the Hotel Athenæum at Chautauqua during the summer. He is making every preparation to furnish his guests first-class entertainment. With a hotel and furnishing that cost \$125,000, all complete, even to the grounds being graded, sodded, and flowers blooming, he is sure to do it. The hotel will be open June 15, one month before the School of Languages opens. Correspondents should address General Lewis before that date at the Gibson House, Cincinnati, Ohio; after that, at Hotel Athenæum, Chautauqua, N. Y.





## IN SOME MEDICAL BY-WAYS.

By ANDREW WILSON, F. R. S. E.

That the beautifying or improvement of the person, under certain circumstances, is a perfectly legitimate procedure, when judged by the common-place rules of society, is a conclusion which demands no evidence by way of support. No one would dream for a moment of disputing the assertion, to come to personal details, that a defacing wart, mole, or wen, on the face, capable of being readily removed, without danger, by surgical interference, should be so disposed of. And to take the very common and exceedingly annoying case, of a profusion of hairs attaching themselves prominently, say, to some simple skin-growth, and capable of being permanently or temporarily removed by depilatories, the same remark holds good. Such acts of personal attention need no excuse. On the ground of common personal æsthetics, apart altogether from the freedom of annoyance from marked blemishes of face or figure, the amelioration of such deformities is a bare act of justice to the individual in question. The removal of a blemish is physiologically as defensible a proceeding as the replacement of missing teeth by the aid of the dentist, and in this latter act we find the truest warrant, since, for digestive purposes, the possession of teeth or their artificial substitutes is absolutely necessary for the preservation of health. To the replacement of a maimed limb by an artificial one, there can be still less objection. The common ground of expediency, utility, and function, presents us with an unanswerable argument in favor of aiding nature, in so far as we are able, by the devices of art.

Very different, however, is the argument which would fain carry these same reasons into the domain of the peruke maker, and into that of the manufacturer of face-paints and lotions. On what grounds, æsthetic or otherwise, could a change of color in the hair be demanded or defended? Similarly, on what grounds could we justify the practice of face-enameling, or the smoothing out of the wrinkles which time writes naturally enough on our brows and faces at large? It can not be argued that a false eyebrow or curl is as justifiable as false teeth, for the purpose of the latter as aids to digestion is plain enough; whilst the only conceivable ground for the adoption of the former appendages would be "an improvement in looks"—an avowedly small-minded excuse, and one, in any sense, of doubtful correctness. To the deficiency or want of eyebrows we become accustomed, as to the whiteness of hair or other peculiarities of *physique*; but if the practice of supplying nature's defects—justifiable enough under certain conditions, as we have seen—is to be regarded as legitimate under all circumstances, the extremes of absurdity to which such a practice may and does lead are readily enough discerned. Admitting the false eyebrow, why should we exclude the "nose machine" advertised for the charitable purpose, when worn daily (in private), of altering the unbecoming natural style to that of a becoming and, it is to be presumed, fashionable olfactory organ?

Of the deleterious effects of the continued application of the fashionable lotions and varnishes for the face, medical science is not slow to testify. Few readers can forget the exposures in the famous Rachel case; or the testimony then and at other times offered, to show that such "preparations" for the toilet are made, as a rule, to sell and not to use. Let Dr. Taylor, in the name of authority, speak concerning the effects of common hair-dyes. "Cosmetics and hair-dyes," says this author, "containing preparations of lead, commonly called hair-restorers(!) may also produce dangerous effects. I have met," he continues, "with an instance in which paralysis of the muscles on one side of the neck arose from the imprudent use of a hair-dye containing litharge. These hair-dyes, or 'hair-restorers,' are sometimes solutions of acetate of lead of variable strength in perfumed and colored water. In other cases they consist of hyposulphite of lead, dissolved in an excess of hyposulphite of soda. In one instance, the continued use of such a dye is reported to have proved fatal, and lead was found in the liver, and in one of the kidneys. Mr. Lacy," adds Dr. Taylor, "has pointed out the injury to health which is likely to follow the use of white lead as a cosmetic by actors." Doubtless "preparations" do exist, in which the metal in question is absent; but in any case, the want of certainty as to the composition of the substance, should, in itself, serve as a condition inculcating caution and suspicion in regard to the use of such nostrums.



# DEATH'S CHANGED FACE.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Sweet Savior, since the time thy human feet  
Trode thirty years our parched and dusty ways,  
How hath the wilderness of life grown sweet  
With flowers and warbled praise!

How hath the heavy mist that wrapt us round,  
The weary mist of tears and soul-wrung sighs,  
Lifted, and bared to us the blue profound  
Of God's far quiet skies!

And more than all, how hath a gracious change,  
To poor scared men that slunk with fluttering breath,  
Passed o'er the face, that erst was stern and strange,  
Of thy strong angel, Death!

Lo, through the mazes of a tangled wood,  
Nowhither bound, we groped through vistas dim,  
While shadowlike amid the shadows stood  
Old Death, the archer grim.

We deemed his face was pitiless and blind;  
Shot all at random seemed each whirring dart,  
Yet none did fail a resting-place to find  
In some wrung, quivering heart.

And there, with writhen limbs and sightless stare,  
Down in the drenchèd grass the victim lay,  
What erst was man, erect and tall and fair,  
Now shrunk and fading clay.

And over him in dull and hopeless pain  
The mourners stood, sore stricken and perplexed;  
"He lieth prone; he will not rise again;  
And who shall fall the next?"

O sweet changed face! We see, we know him now,  
Rent the thick mist that blurred our straining ken—  
Death: of all angels round the throne that bow,  
Most pitiful to men!

Through the dusk chamber where the watchers weep  
Slowly he moves with calm and noiseless tread,  
And o'er the weary one that longs for sleep  
He bends his gracious head.

"Poor eyes!" he saith, "long have ye wept and waked;  
I come to bid your tears and vigils cease."  
"Poor heart!" he saith, "long hast thou yearned and ached;  
I come to give thee peace."

"Be of good cheer," he saith, "world-weary waif.  
One sharp swift step, and all the way is trod:  
Through the heaped darkness I will lead thee safe  
To the great light of God."

A sharp sweet silence smites the tingling ears.  
How snow-like falls the peace upon his brow!  
Hark! happy mourners, smiling through their tears,  
Whisper, "He sleepeth now!"



## CHAUTAUQUA RIPPLES.

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At the opening exercises of the Chautauqua Teachers' Retreat and Chautauqua School of Languages, on *Saturday, July 14*, addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent, Superintendent of Instruction, and the Rev. C. H. Payne, D.D., LL.D., president of the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio. Prof. Sherwin will conduct the concert. Day fireworks, under the direction of Prof. Hand, of Hamilton, Ontario; Readings by Prof. Cumnock, of Illinois and a reception in the parlors of the Hotel Athenæum.

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The above item shows that the Chautauqua schools open one week later this year than in former years. It will be a great day. Perhaps we shall hear something about the new "Chautauqua University" in July.

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Applications are numerous for documents and general information, at the office of the C. T. R. and C. S. L. Early in May it was common to fill out eighteen applications for admission in one day.

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On June 24, Dr. Vincent, president, Lewis Miller, of Akron, Messrs. Clem. Studebaker, of South Bend, Indiana, Jacob Miller, of Canton, Ohio, vice-president F. H. Root, of Buffalo, N. Y., and J. Glidden, of Cleveland, Ohio, and the secretary, Mr. A. K. Warren, of Chautauqua, were in council at the Hotel Athenæum, at Chautauqua, providing liberal things for the accommodation and comfort of the multitudes expected at Chautauqua in July and August.

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The drive-ways for carriages hereafter will extend a mile and a half along the lake shore, touching docks, railroad depot, ice-cream stands, hotel, croquet, and lawn-tennis grounds, and giving a beautiful view of vessels plying the lake.

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The large correspondence received at the office of Miss Kimball, in Plainfield, N. J., by Dr. Vincent, in New Haven, Conn., Mr. Warren, at Chautauqua, and at the office of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, and CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY HERALD, in Meadville, Pa., indicate that there will be a great gathering at Chautauqua, from the North and the South, from the East and the West, the coming season.

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It will be the tenth year of the Chautauqua Assembly, and the greatest year of all.

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One of the new things in July will be the "Summer Trip Beyond the Sea." The evening on the journey will be characterized by the organ, choir, fire-works, etc.

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The complete Chautauqua program for 1883 will appear in the advance number of the ASSEMBLY HERALD, a copy of which we shall send to every subscriber with the July number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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The CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY HERALD is the official organ of the Chautauqua Assembly. It is a daily, published on the grounds at Chautauqua every morning. *It will contain full reports of the meetings and from sixty to seventy-five lectures in the volume.* The first number will be issued on Saturday morning, August 4, and every day thereafter (Sundays excepted) till August 27. Price, \$1.00 for the season. Address T. L. Flood, editor and proprietor, Meadville, Pa.

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"Minnehaha," "Hiawatha," "Winona," "Buffalo," and the "Assembly," are among the new names of steamers on Chautauqua Lake.

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The large steamers will be provided with stewardesses to look after the comfort and welfare of lady passengers. This is a new provision and one that will be highly appreciated.

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New families commenced moving to Chautauqua early in June, and every day scores new arrivals.

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The Governor of Tennessee is in lively sympathy with the "Chautauqua Idea." He is giving encouragement to the Monteagle Assembly, in the South, and hopes soon to visit Chautauqua. General Lewis says there will be a large representation from the South at Chautauqua the present season. The more the better.

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Grocery stores, meat stores, furniture stores, and even a millinery store, may be found at

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“Tell us which will be the great days at Chautauqua?” This question comes to us nearly every day. It is hard to answer. Dr. Talmage, Rev. D. H. Wheeler, LL.D., president of Allegheny College, Bishop Warren, Dr. Vincent, Joseph Cook, Rev. A. Wheeler, D.D., of Pittsburgh, presidents of a half-dozen colleges and universities, eminent editors, great preachers, and splendid musicians from all parts of this country and Canada will be there. And then C. L. S. C. Commencement Day, which will be the *golden day* of '83 (Saturday, August 18), with an oration by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., addresses by Dr. Vincent and Lewis Miller; concerts by the big choir, great organ, little organs, pianos, bass viol, cornet; cantatas, solos, duets, choruses, etc.; stereopticon exhibitions, fireworks by day and fireworks by night, spelling matches, Greek lights, C. L. S. C. bonfires and bonfires for children, croquet, lawn tennis, rowing, sailing, excursions on the steamers, receptions and processions. The best way to get the great days is to bid your friends who must stay at home good-bye, and go to Chautauqua for the season.

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If you can't go for the season, don't fail to be present on *Tuesday evening, August 7*, when the tenth Assembly opens. Then the Chinese lanterns will be lighted, cottages illuminated, a peal of bells will ring, cannon be fired, flags will wave, vespers (the old songs) will be sung, orators of other years on this sod and new ones from many States and Canada will speak. The lake will glow with beauty, as the steamers illuminated with many colored lights come and go with their crowds of people, and the fireworks glare on the shore, and shooting into the air redden the dome of the sky and reflect the glory of their colors in the waters below. At Chautauqua every day is a great day.

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The cost of living is not high. A room can be rented in a cottage, for the season, for \$12.00; it will be furnished with bed, chairs, etc.; at such a price the occupant must take care of it herself. Table-boarding may be secured for the season at \$5.00 per week. A better room, furnished with more conveniences, costs more. A party of a dozen people, more or less, coming from a distance, may rent a cottage for \$125.00 or \$150.00 (or a larger party a larger cottage for more money), and then board themselves. By bringing their own servant and taking a lady or gentleman through *free*—if they will do the buying and preside over the house—board is reduced to the minimum price. If, however, individuals or families prefer to go to a regular boarding-house, that is, a cottage kept by a private party (and *some of these* are well kept, and make pleasant homes), they may secure room and boarding in the same cottage for \$8.00, \$9.00 and \$10.00 per week, and perhaps less. The Hotel Athenæum is a magnificent institution—with dining-rooms facing the lake, and a capacity for seating five to six hundred people at one time. It will accommodate from four to five hundred guests. The price per day and week is higher, but the fare is the best and worth all that is asked. Write to Mr. A. K. Warren, secretary, Chautauqua, Chautauqua County, N. Y., for information about rooms, cottages, boarding, or anything you desire to know about living at Chautauqua, and your questions will be answered promptly and satisfactorily.

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# CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES.

## HINTS TO BEGINNERS IN THE STUDY OF NEW TESTAMENT GREEK.—III.

By REV. ALFRED A. WRIGHT, A.M.<sup>[M]</sup>

### HELPS—IN THE LANGUAGE ITSELF.

1. *It is easily learned by any one who can easily learn anything.* A lady complained to her pastor that she was greatly in doubt about her Christian character, because she could not recollect Bible passages, though she had just read them. The pastor did not tell her the old story of a similar case where the hermit answered by pouring water into a basin; wiping it dry, he said, "You see the basin holds none of the water, yet it is cleaner." But he instantly suspected the true state of the case. "How much of anything you read do you retain in mind?" "Why, nothing," she replied; "I've been that way always." Here was mental defect, not moral obliquity. She couldn't learn Greek any more readily than anything else.

Now to all persons not mentally incapable of learning anything, Bible Greek presents special helps to enthusiasm, and hence to success.

2. *It is the language God chose as the vehicle of his Gospel.* There must be in it the qualities suited to the needs of an Apocalypse of God, or he would have selected a language more capable of containing and of expressing such a revelation. Hence this fact is inspirational as a sentiment. We study the very words of God. We come nearest and most directly to the oracle, to the secrets of Deity.

We are admitted to the *sanctum sanctorum* of his counsels, who spake in Jesus Christ and his apostles the "wonderful words of life." But we need not rely upon the sentimental virtues of Bible Greek inspiration for evidence in proof that the language itself helps the student of it.

3. *Bible Greek, like Bible Hebrew, is essentially the vehicle of spiritual conceptions and of spiritual truths.* The spiritual in man can find no loftier expressions of "what is in man," than in New Testament Greek.

4. *The very construction of the language, its idioms, the mental view points involved in its structure and mechanism, are themselves helps.* With the Greeks thought was not indefinite as too largely is the case with us. They never dealt in that commodity of which certain æsthetes recently in this country appeared to have possessed the monopoly; *i. e.* "unthink thoughts."

The Greeks did not think "about" things. They thought at things, or they thought out things, or they thought things. Thucydides said that the Greeks could not bear to think of things future as though not already within their grasp. Hence we find their language largely uses the present for the future tense. This present tense mode of thought, bringing everything directly before their eyes, contributed not a little to that definiteness of conception and of expression which characterizes the language throughout. It was both the cause and the effect of Greek exactness and of tetheredness in thought and speech.

Every preacher should at least read Blackstone: if possible, he should take the full law course, not alone to know the principles of common law, but also and especially for style's sake; to know how to state things exactly, economically. Verbiage is expensive. It burdens speed. It weakens force. It is the mark of a mind untrained. Bible Greek helps the preacher just at this point. Let him master the language and he will unconsciously think in the very channels along which the tides of Greek thought, feeling, emotion, and sentiment glide, never overflowing their banks into the flat and boundless marshes of nowhere.

### FASCINATIONS OF THE JOURNEY.

1. *The Bible Greek student is continually helped in his studies by the fascinations of his journey.* On every side arise new friends to call him blessed. It is no arid desert which invites his footsteps. The land flows with milk and honey. No wild beasts are there: no enemy. It is God's land: his Eden where he walks and talks with the true Adam.

Here, for example, is a grand plane of literary observation and loftiness. The air is bracing, a tonic to weak chests surfeited with library hot house forcings and environments. Then too the moral upliftings which one gets! The sense of presences invisible to eye, unheard, untouched: presences recent from heaven. Oh how one's littlenesses and inferiorities, one's shortcomings and dwarfedness feel the rebuke of loftier spirits, speechless, but loftier. Here are theologic forests and drives through green carpeted woods that smell of myrrh and balsam, even as though his footsteps and his garments had just passed.

Yonder is an apocalyptic plateau, an island of the sky, from whose top all heaven is visible. Are not these things helps? to preacher? teacher? scholar? Hear just one word from Paul. It puts us on that plateau yonder. He tells the Romans (i:20), "For the invisible things of him, since the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being perceived through the *things that are made*, even his everlasting power and divinity." He tells the Ephesians (ii:10), "For we are his *workmanship*, created in Christ Jesus for good works." In these two passages the italicized words are the same. They are not found elsewhere in all the Bible. The word is *poiema*. From its plateau we discover

the harmonies and the unity of the uni-verse of God—the oneness of Deity with us dirt. God is discovered, *un*-covered in the *poiema*—the poem of Nature: so that the heathen are excuseless. We are God's *poiema*—the poem of Grace recreated in Jesus Christ.

Ah, to find that one word, to stand upon its apocalyptic summit and to see, is worth four years' climbing, though it should be harder than up Katahdin's gorges, steeper than the icy sides horrific of Mt. Blanc.

But, in addition to this telescopic vision-range, the Greek student gets at the infinities below him. The water drop is essentially, if not integrally, an ocean. Infinity is unthinkable in any direction: just as unthinkable when one thinks along the diameter towards the center of a sphere as when one thinks in reverse direction.

So there is here philological microscopy; of words and letters even: all valuable, sometimes necessary to any knowledge, always disciplinary. Paul writes to Timothy, (iii: 16) "Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh." Thus some Mss. But others make Paul say, "Great is the mystery, etc., he who was manifested in the flesh." The Mss. differ only in a letter, scarcely that. The difference is just that between an O and a  $\theta$ . Hair splitting? Yet on that one hair hangs doctrine, and duty, and destiny. And Ellicott has split this hair out of the Alexandrine Ms. One case of intricate and extraordinary surgery well performed, establishes the surgeon's fame and fortune in a day. Ellicott's treatment of this passage—fascinating as a romance, and romantic in its fascination, the very quality of reading which the ill-trained judicial faculties of some pastors need—his treatment of this passage is one of the triumphs of philological microscopy. Of no utility? Do this kind of work and the use will appear in one's own self.

[To be continued.]



## EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

### "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

THE CHAUTAUQUAN is nearly three years old. In honor of its fast-approaching birthday it has donned a new cover, and comes to its readers asking for the approval of not only its contents but of its improved appearance also. The cover has been carefully selected. It is sincerely hoped that it will meet with the approval of our friends—we feel sure that it will. The design will be full of meaning to every ardent Chautauquan. Not fancy alone, but a tender memory of the "Society of the Hall in the Grove," the "League of the Round-Table," "The Order of the White Seal," "The Guild of the Seven Seals," and, above all, the dearly-loved C. L. S. C., has suggested the really beautiful and chaste design. The cover has not only artistic value, but, by it, the size of the magazine is increased four pages: thus we give our readers seventy-six instead of seventy-two pages. From the first THE CHAUTAUQUAN has aimed at keeping its price down, while in a healthy, vigorous way, it increased in value. When in September, 1880, the first number of the magazine was issued, it contained forty-eight pages; since, we have increased to seventy-two; now, we offer seventy-six—but we make no increase in price. We believe that both in appearance and contents THE CHAUTAUQUAN will now compare favorably with any magazine of its age in the world, and certainly its cost is far below that of any magazine of equal merit.

To be an efficient and useful organ of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has been its aim. The enthusiastic reception with which it has met leads us to believe that it has not failed. We say enthusiastic reception, for THE CHAUTAUQUAN finds, on looking over its visiting list, that it numbers tens of thousands. It goes into every one of the States and Territories to regular subscribers; also across the Atlantic, in Europe, it goes to England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Sweden, Germany and Italy; it is sent to the East and the West Indies, to Africa, China, India, New Zealand, and the Sandwich Islands. The number of post offices receiving it in the United States is as follows: New York 819, Pennsylvania 500, New Jersey 128, Ohio 456, Illinois 345, Iowa 239, Indiana 179, Michigan 219, Minnesota 67, Wisconsin 140, Maine 151, New Hampshire 92, Rhode Island 35, Connecticut 160, Massachusetts 373, Vermont 109, Virginia 25, West Virginia 16, Maryland 26, North Carolina 10, South Carolina 24, Georgia 24, Alabama 15, Tennessee 28, Florida 27, Louisiana 5, Mississippi 25, Arkansas 15, Kentucky 26, Delaware 12, District of Columbia 3, Texas 42, Missouri 70, California 137, Oregon 15, Nebraska 55, Kansas 110, Dakota 37, Idaho 10, Montana 8, Colorado 42, New Mexico 4, Arizona 2, Washington Territory 13, Wyoming Territory 5, Indian Territory 3, Utah 7, Nevada 6, Canada 210, giving a total in the United States and Canada of 6,069. In short, THE CHAUTAUQUAN goes to more than six thousand post offices; nor does this represent our circulation. During the present volume we have printed twenty-six thousand copies each month.

We call the attention of our readers to the combination offer. As the Assembly approaches, and THE ASSEMBLY HERALD will be issued as a daily, we offer the *daily* for 1883, and the *fourth* volume of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for two dollars and twenty-five cents, providing the subscription price be sent before the first of August; after that time the price will be two dollars and fifty cents.



## THE C. L. S. C. COURSE OF STUDY FOR 1883-84.

This number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN brings the announcement of the C. L. S. C. course for the coming year. With no little interest will the members, young, old, and prospective, read and compare with those of the preceding years. Without disparagement of the past, it is safe to say that the course for next year will be the best of all thus far. We expect to be able to say the same a year hence with reference to the course for '84-'85, for experience is ever suggesting where changes and modifications may be made, which are entitled to be called improvements. Thus it is hoped that each new year will have greater attractions and greater facilities and benefits to offer.

It will be observed that the next year's course is divided into five general departments. At the head of the list, as heretofore, stands history. This is the logical order, for history is the map or guide book to the student in all other fields of inquiry. With it as the chart, or lamp, in hand, the student is ready to begin the study of the literature, art, science or religion of a people. A wide range of historical readings, including Roman, German, French, and American, will be published in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Several of the now famous Chautauqua text-books of history will be used, and those attractive "stories" in English history will continue, and will be edited by C. E. Bishop, Esq., already favorably known by his work in the course of this year.

In the studies of science and literature it is the aim to secure, if possible, even more thorough work than ever before. The superintendent of instruction and his counselors, whilst adhering to the design to give to the student the widest and best "outlook," have kept steadily in mind the quality as well as the quantity of the work, and it is their purpose not to sacrifice the former for the sake of the latter. In each of these departments will be found names of authors of established reputation, who, either as writers of special text-books, or of articles for THE CHAUTAUQUAN, are to be teachers in the school of the C. L. S. C. for the year to come.

The department of distinctively religious readings still holds the large place that ever has and ever will be assigned it in the C. L. S. C. course. It has never been disguised that the culture at which this organization aims is Christian culture. It is the inspiration and reward of him whose brain and heart have toiled unceasingly in its behalf, that such an aim is being now realized in thousands of homes. It will be gratifying to those who have perused the Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN this year to know that they are to go on through the next year, and that the same taste and discrimination will characterize their selection.

There is also to be a department of readings described as general. This includes works about the arts and artists, and descriptions of their master-pieces. It will also contain articles on commercial law, and various questions of political economy. Taken all in all, here is a plan for a year's study which is self-commending. It is clear that the C. L. S. C. has long since passed beyond the domain of experiment, and is become an established fact. The coming year, like each successive year in its history, will witness a widening of its sphere of influence and good.





## THE ENGLISH-IRISH TROUBLES.

For many months the hostile attitude assumed by the leaders of the Irish people toward the British government has been the most exciting topic of the current news. It has been the most important as well as the most perplexing problem with which the present British ministry have had to deal. The serious nature of the disturbances which have arisen is evident from the fact that they seem to increase rather than diminish with the lapse of time.

The attitude of the Irish toward England betokens the most intense hatred and the bitterest rancor. It is indicative of an uncompromising determination to accomplish their purposes, even by the most foul and unscrupulous methods. Assassination, boycotting, deeds of violence of every sort, are the deliberately chosen weapons. The ultimate design of the Irish leaders is not only to obtain redress for present grievances, but also to deliver Ireland from English rule, and to establish its independence. But it is by no means necessary to perpetrate revolting crimes in order to secure a country's liberty. When the American colonies determined to free themselves from what they considered the oppressive tyranny of Great Britain, there was no resort to assassination in all its horrid forms; there were no Guy Fawkes plots, no boycotting, no bloody deeds of violence, but the simple and determined uprising of an united people in might and majesty. The assassin's dagger, infernal machines and dynamite explosives are poor arguments with which to convince the world that the Irish people are deserving of being freed from English rule, or are fitted for taking a place among the nations of the earth. The spirit which has been manifested by the representatives of the Irish people in carrying out their plans is not only hostile to England, but also to the welfare of society in general, and to government of all kinds. England has sought with patient forbearance and wise legislation to modify or eradicate the evils of which its Irish subjects justly complain. All its overtures have been met of late with threats of violence, or vandal attempts to destroy the public buildings of the realm.

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The sympathy which has been manifested toward the Irish people since the outbreak of the present troubles by many of those familiar with the story of their ancient wrongs is steadily decreasing, because of the violent measures adopted by the would-be champions of the Irish cause. The barbarous methods which have been employed to carry out their designs have not only alienated the sympathies of the civilized world, but have also demonstrated that the Irish, at present at least, are utterly unfit for self-government. If, by any combination of circumstances, they should be able to secure national independence, the result would doubtless be productive of a state of anarchy, or even of a return to barbarism. Only the utmost cruelty and tyranny exercised by a government toward its subjects can justify violence in order to secure what they think to be their rightful liberties.

The facts are, that not liberty, but license and lawlessness are the necessary outcome of the methods employed by the unprincipled and unscrupulous men who now are in the ascendant in Irish affairs. If the Irish people would meet the overtures of the English government with a like conciliatory spirit, and heartily second the efforts of the present administration to secure a speedy and thorough redress of all grievances; would cast the mantle of oblivion over the past, and devote their energies to developing the varied resources of their beautiful island, in a very brief time peace and harmony would be restored to their distracted country; Ireland would enter upon a career of prosperity that would rival, if not excel, anything ever recorded in its previous history.



## PROHIBITION IN POLITICS.

The political parties are beset with moral reforms—prominent among these is the temperance cause. The friends of prohibition propose to introduce their principles into the dominant political party; or, if they fail, to grow a party of their own. This has been the policy of a certain class of temperance people in some sections of the country for several years. As an independent party they have never polled a very large vote for a National or State ticket, nor do we think that they expect ever to do so. But they have, in many elections, held the balance of power, particularly where the great parties were evenly balanced. On account of this the prohibitionists have compelled the Republican party to legislate in the interest of temperance. The radical temperance people, who have bolted the Republican ticket where prohibition has been denied them, or when men unfriendly to the cause have been set up as candidates for office, have done more for temperance by what they failed to do, than the independent temperance organization has done. It is this policy which has caused the Republican party to become the prohibition party in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Iowa, and Kansas, and other states. We have no reason to believe that this party would have enacted temperance laws but for the proposed action of temperance voters. Its fundamental doctrines as a party were on another line of reform: both the leaders and the rank and file had to learn the prohibition lesson. This the temperance people have been teaching them, and with marked success. But what of the future? Will this policy win, or will temperance people be obliged to adopt a new plan of campaign, a new method of work? The cause of prohibition is just. The traffic in spirituous liquors must be struck at the root; but how? How to get prohibition into law, and keep it there, is the problem that no politician, statesman, or philanthropist has yet solved. However just the cause may be, it is hard to deal with old party leaders, trained, as they have been, in the political schools of the past twenty years, and entrenched in strong organizations. A good cause deserves wise management, especially so when it is beset with tacticians who are backed by the power of money and of great organizations. Temperance leaders must consider carefully before going much farther; for the sake of the cause they must be cautious. All signs in the political world point to the breaking up of the old political organizations—certainly, neither one of them is cemented by a grand moral question. The party of the future must have some law of right in its creed before it can depend upon the support of the masses. Is prohibition a broad enough platform for a great national party to stand on, is a question that will be settled in the near future.



## EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

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The price of THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD, for August 1883, and THE CHAUTAUQUAN for the coming year, will be \$2.25, provided the subscription is sent in before August 1. After that date the price for both periodicals for one year to one address will be \$2.50. The ASSEMBLY HERALD is a 48 column daily published every morning (Sundays excepted) during the Chautauqua Assembly. The first number will be issued on Saturday, August 4. Price of the ASSEMBLY HERALD for the season, \$1.00. In clubs of five or more at one time, 90 cents each. The HERALD will contain full reports of all the Chautauqua meetings. Six stenographers and six editors, besides several reporters, are employed every day to mirror the proceedings at Chautauqua in the ASSEMBLY HERALD. It will contain a complete report of the C. L. S. C. Commencement exercises. Please send in your subscriptions early, before the busy season at Chautauqua opens.

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An exchange says: "American colleges derive two-fifths of their income from students, while English universities only get one-tenth from that source." The great reduction in the valuation of property since the war, and a corresponding reduction in rates of interest, have cut down the income, from their endowments, of American institutions of learning, hence the students are obliged to pay a higher price for their privileges in order that the professors may be supported and that the colleges may live. It is still an open question, however, whether a great endowment is the best method of supporting a faculty in a college or university. Where the professors depend largely on the students for support, there will be more enterprise and progress and adaptation of education to the needs of the times.

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On the last night in June the Rev. Dr. Vincent spoke for an hour and a half in McKendree Church, Nashville, Tenn., on the Chautauqua movement, the C. L. S. C. and the "Southern Chautauqua" at Monteagle, Tenn. A correspondent writes: "The C. L. S. C. is taking root in the South and Dr. Vincent's grand sermons and lectures in Nashville have given us a regular Chautauqua boom. The State librarian, at Nashville, Mrs. Hatton, is a member of the C. L. S. C. class of '85, and up in her reading. Dr. Dake, of the same city, an eminent physician, is enlisting heartily in the C. L. S. C. work. Col. Pepper, with whom many Chautauquans are acquainted, has rendered effective service for the cause in this State."

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There is grim justice in the brief story told in the following: "Voltaire's house is now used by the Geneva Bible Society as a repository for Bibles. The British Bible Society's house in Earl street, Blackfriars, stands where, in 1378, the Council forbid Wycliffe circulating portions of Holy Scriptures, and where he uttered the words, 'The truth shall prevail,' and the Religious Tract Society's premises are where Bibles were publicly burned."

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Governor Butler, of Massachusetts, is the sensational Governor of these times. He turned his attention from the duties of his office long enough, recently, to remark that, "For thirty years both political parties have looked for their presidential candidates to four pivotal states—New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Ohio." He thinks this explains Mr. Blaine's failure to receive the nomination—he was from Maine; Mr. Hendricks is from Indiana. And then he goes on to give this as a reason why some men who aspire to the place will not reach it. As with a judge, Governor Butler's conclusion may be right, but his reasons are not satisfactory. Our whole political system needs reconstructing, if his theory about electing presidents be true.

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Many years ago a quaint old divine named Dr. Richards preached in Hanover, N. H. At a conference of ministers once held in that town each clergyman was called upon to give some of his more remarkable experiences. When Dr. Richards's turn came he said that he had no experiences to give. "But," said one, "you must have had a difficult congregation to preach to, composed as it is of the villagers, the faculty of Dartmouth College, and the students." "Well," said the doctor, "the fact is the villagers don't know enough to make me afraid of them; as for the faculty, I know more than all of them; and in regard to the students, I don't care a copper for any of them."

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One life, fertile in resources, consecrated to a good cause, may be a giant in the earth. Read this: "The Rev. William Taylor says, 'I have sent to India, from America, within about six and a half years, fifty missionaries—thirty-six men and fourteen women. Besides these missionary workers, we have fifty-seven local preachers, of Indian birth, who support themselves, and preach almost daily in the churches and in the bazars. All these are backed up by over 2,040 lay members, who are workers also, and who pay the running expenses of the whole movement.'"

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We complete the "Required Readings" for the C. L. S. C. for 1882-'83 in this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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At the recent celebration of the one hundred and fifteenth anniversary of the Chamber of Commerce in New York, Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman replied to the toast "Commerce." He referred to the present commercial relations between the United States and Mexico as a step toward the brotherhood of the races and the unification of the nations of the earth. He hailed the chamber of commerce as the new John the Baptist, inaugurating a wise commercial era and a higher morality. He hoped there would be more Christian merchants like Peter Cooper and Governor Morgan, and William E. Dodge. He said that American petroleum now lights up the Garden of Eden, the Acropolis, Jerusalem, and the Bosphorus, and that America is the light of the world.

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Members of the C. L. S. C. class of 1883, *read up—read up*—fill out your blanks and send them in to Miss Kimball in good season, that your diplomas may be made out and ready on the 18th day of August, which will be C. L. S. C. Commencement Day at Chautauqua.

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We are to lose two more old buildings. In Philadelphia, the house where Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence must make room for a new and finer building. In London, "The Cock," a tavern famous since the times of James I., among *litterateurs*, is to be destroyed. Our shining, expensive monuments, are fine things for the parks, no doubt; but it does seem that those places made dear to us by the lives and works of the great should be preserved before we strain to build superfine marble statues. These grand memorials, when built at the expense of places which should be sacred to us, are little more than monuments of our worship of finery and show.

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May festivals are becoming as common as May flowers. The Handel and Haydn Society, of Boston, closed their sixth triennial festival on the 6th of May. Pittsburgh had hers. Cincinnati showed that she had an eye to business in her immense dramatic festival. However this festival may be criticised, the friends of the legitimate drama have reason to rejoice over the real merit that was displayed. A collection of first-class talent will always raise the standard, and there is a wonderful need of the dramatic standard being raised.

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Prof. Lalande writes us that he will be pleased to give any information concerning the French department to any one writing him. After the 15th of June his address will be Indiana Cottage, Chautauqua, N. Y.

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A new American Art Union has recently been formed in New York City. It includes men of various schools—the design being to favor no style or method, but to form a union out of the best men of all schools. A feature will be the "rotary" exhibitions, the first of which takes place in Buffalo in June. Besides, there will be a permanent New York gallery established, and an art journal.

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The employment so dear to every boy, sooner or later, stamp-collecting, has become a science. Like all new things in America it has received a big name. He who used to be a stamp-collector is now a "philatelist." A national society has been formed, and like all good societies too, it has its organ in a neat little monthly magazine, called *The National Philatelist*.

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There is always something new in local circle work. We learn this month that the energetic circle of Danville, Ill., is looking forward to a C.L.S.C. hall. We earnestly hope they will succeed; but of all the unique places for holding the meetings perhaps the missionary packet is the foremost. The "Floating Circle" that writes us from Honolulu must certainly be a blessing to all who come within its reach. We heartily wish it God speed.

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An excellent commemoration of the fourth centenary of Luther's birthday is under way in England. Translations have been issued of three of his chief works, "Christian Liberty," "The Babylonian Captivity of the Church," and the "Address to the Nobility of the German Nation." The latter was published in 1520, and in a short time reached a circulation, wonderful for that time, of 4,000 copies.

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Robert Browning has recently published in England his twenty-second volume of verse. "Jocoseria" he calls it, and, as the title indicates, it contains poems both grave and gay. Mr. Browning is now seventy-one years old, and it is twenty-two years since his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, died. Age and sorrow have neither killed nor embittered the poet. Something of his popularity may be inferred from the fact that within three days after "Jocoseria" was published, eleven hundred copies were sold.

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Santa Fé will strengthen its claim to be called the oldest city in the United States by celebrating its 333d birthday. The Tertio-Millennium celebration begins on the 2d of July and continues thirty-three days. It is the intention to represent not alone the mining and industrial prosperity of that section, but the three civilizations that have successively occupied New Mexico

and the regions adjacent.

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It is comforting to those who must serve, to know that they have titled company. It is said that out of the 872 baronets of Great Britain, some are so poor that they gladly accept clerkships; so, in the bank of England and the Oriental Bank, there are baronet clerks; another is in the Irish police service.

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Testimony comes to us from Micronesia that the mail reaches there but once a year. Surely friends of the Missionaries should see that the mail be a rousing one.

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Out of a population of 43,000,000, Germany sends 22,500 students to her various universities; while England, with a population of 25,000,000, has 5,000 students—less than half as many in proportion to population.

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This year is the centennial of the evacuation of Savannah, Charlestown and New York, of the signing of the treaty of peace between the United States and England, and of the final evacuation by the British. Celebrations will be of every-day occurrence. The 26th of November, Evacuation Day, will be the last.

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Superintendent Ellis, of Sandusky, takes strong ground against introducing industrial education into the public schools. He believes that the evils prevalent in society, attributed by some to the public schools, are due to other sources, notably to the greed for gain. What is needed for the workingmen in all departments of labor, he says, is the kind of training given by the public schools. Industry is cultivated in the schools, and the same quality that sends a boy to the head of his class will push him to the front in whatever business or work he may engage when he leaves school. The object-lesson craze and the natural-science craze in the public schools exhausted themselves without any serious detriment to the schools or any increased expenditure of public money, but if there is to be an annex of industrial training it will involve a large expenditure of money in addition to what some people now consider the highest limit for educational purposes.

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Of all feats of engineering skill the most remarkable is the Brooklyn bridge, now completed and open to the public. The bridge roadway from the New York terminus to Sands street, Brooklyn, is a little over a mile long. The whole structure is upheld by four cables containing 21,000 wires. A cross section shows two railroads, two carriage ways, and a foot bridge, giving a width of 80 feet. The company was organized to build the bridge in 1867, and work was begun early in 1870. Though the cost was originally estimated at but \$7,000,000, exclusive of the land, it has overrun that sum by \$5,000,000. The total cost will be about \$15,500,000 including the land. Two men deserve especial mention in connection with the enterprise; the engineer, John A. Roebling, and his son. The former lost his life while directing the work, and the latter has contracted the terrible "caisson disease." To their intellect, oversight and faithfulness much honor is due.

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The idea of fostering art by a thirty per cent. duty put on foreign pictures is ludicrous in the extreme. American artists will become superior by study, not by the pictures of foreigners being excluded. People of taste will not buy a poor work, which they do not like, because it is cheap. They will go without or buy the foreign picture, in spite of the duty. Painting is not manufacturing, even if the average American rates it so, and sees in a work of art only so many dollars and cents.


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The name of Chautauqua Lake Sunday School Assembly has been abridged by the Legislature to the more general name of Chautauqua Assembly, by which corporate title it will be hereafter known.

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The July number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be the last number in the present volume. The next volume will begin with the October number.

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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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Q. Name the present sovereigns of European countries.

A. Great Britain, Victoria; Austria-Hungary, Franz Josef I.; Belgium, Leopold II.; Denmark, Christian IX.; Germany, Wilhelm I.; Prussia, Wilhelm I.; Bavaria, Ludwig II.; Italy, Umberto I.; Netherlands, Willem III.; Portugal, Luis I.; Norway and Sweden, Oscar II.; Spain, Alfonso XII.; Russia, Alexander III.; Turkey, Abdul Hamid II.

Q. Is it not probable that those comets which are supposed never to reappear will do so after an indefinite period?

A. It can not now be said that any comet revolves in a hyperbolic orbit, and thus it is possible that ultimately all will return to our system.

Q. Who discovered the revolution of the earth about the sun?

A. Copernicus revived the theory, but made the orbit a circle; Kepler showed it to be an ellipse.

Q. How can this theory be proved?

A. It does not admit of ocular demonstration, but can be shown to fit all cases, and can be proved to be the necessary consequence of the law of gravitation.

Q. How do you pronounce "Tucson," the name of a city of Arizona?

A. "Took-sōn' ;" locally, often "too'sun."

Q. Who are the first novelists of the times?

A. William Black, W. D. Howells, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Henry James, Jr., Wilkie Collins.

Q. If a tree were to fall on an island where there were no human beings would there be any sound?

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A. No. Sound is the sensation excited in the ear when the air or other medium is set in motion.

Q. What are the governments of the different European states?

A. There are four empires: Russia, Turkey, Germany, and Austria; two Republics: France and Switzerland; ten limited monarchies: Norway, Sweden, Great Britain and Ireland, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Denmark, Belgium, and the Netherlands.

Q. What is the distinction between talent and genius?

A. Genius is the particular bent of the intellect which is born with a man; talent is a particular mode of intellect which qualifies its possessor to do something better than others.—*Crabbe*.

Q. What is the origin of the word mosaic?

A. It is derived from a Greek word signifying belonging to the muses, or polished, highly-finished, elegant.

Q. What is the tasimeter?

A. An instrument for measuring minute extensions or movements of solid bodies; also used for measuring minute changes of temperature.

Q. Is the "White Seal Course" to be read the first year, or during the four years?

A. Information concerning C. L. S. C. studies can be obtained more directly, and exactly, from Dr. Vincent or Miss Kimball.

Q. In what year was Mrs. Browning born?

A. 1809.

Q. Where can we find an account of the late religious movement in the east under Chunder Sen?

A. The Rev. Joseph Cook in his late course of lectures in Boston, gives an account of Chunder Sen and his work. The lecture may be found in *The Christian Advocate*, or *The Independent*.

Q. Why is it said that such and such planets are the ruling ones for the year, as we see it in the almanac?

A. Those which in their revolution come nearest to the earth and in consequence appear most brilliant, as well as exert a greater attraction, are said to be the ruling planets.

Q. Who was the "Arthur," of Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

A. Arthur Hallim, a very dear friend of Tennyson's, who died when 22 years old. He is said to have shown a superior literary ability in the few works which he left.

Q. Who first adopted the year of 365¼ days?

A. Julius Cæsar.

Q. Is the constellation "The Southern Cross," visible at Honolulu?

A. It is not.

Q. What is the origin of the story which Longfellow puts into the mouth of the Notary Public?

A. It is an old Florentine story. Rossini in his opera, *La Gazza Ladra*, has used it in a modified form as his plot.

Q. How are we to reconcile the statement made in Packard's *Geology*, that the earliest race of man existed 50,000 to 100,000 years ago, with the Bible chronology which places Adam's creation at 6,000 B. C.?

A. The controversy concerning the age of man is fully treated in Draper's "Conflict Between Religion and Science," published by Appleton; and by Dawson, in his "Origin of the World," Harper & Brothers.

Q. Mention a good short work on Rhetoric.

A. Kellogg's "Text-Book on Rhetoric;" published by Clark & Maynard, 5 Barclay street, New York.

Q. Is the word *Kimon* or *Cimon*, pronounced with hard or soft *C*?

A. Soft *C*.



# C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR JUNE.

## HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF SCANDINAVIA.

P. 487, c. 1—"Voltaire." See notes on Scandinavia in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for May.

P. 487, c. 1—"Ukraine." A former south-east province of Poland lying on both sides of the Dnieper. Now it is identical with Little Russia, having, since 1793, belonged to the Russian government. It was to this country that Charles XII. turned after his disastrous march toward Moscow in 1707-8. Within its borders his army was reduced by cold, hunger and fatigue, until at last, in the battle of Poltava, Charles was wounded, and his army defeated and scattered.

P. 487, c. 1—"Five years in Turkey." The long delay of Charles in Turkey was justified by his hopes of arousing the Turkish government to the danger of allowing the Russians to consolidate their rising power, as well as by his plans for obtaining a powerful Turkish army which he himself should lead.

P. 487, c. 1—"Ulri-ka."

P. 487, c. 2—"Vasa line." See page 245 of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for February, 1883.

P. 487, c. 2—"Frederick of Hesse." Frederick belonged to Hesse-Cassel, the elder branch of the Hesse dynasty. This electorate was incorporated with Prussia in 1866, and in 1868 became part of the province of Hesse-Nassau.

P. 487, c. 2—"Holstein." A former duchy of Denmark, but now a part of Schleswig-Holstein, a province of Prussia.

P. 487, c. 2—"1771." This year is famous as the time when Louis XIV. exiled the parliament of Paris, and for the seizure of the Crimea by the Russians. It is interesting to note, also, that the first edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was published in 1771.

P. 487, c. 2—"Catherine II." The wife of Peter III. Her husband being very unpopular, she assisted in a conspiracy against him and became empress. Her reign was filled with conquests and schemes for improvement. Although she enlarged the kingdom, her reforms, undertaken for show, were transient. She died in 1796.

P. 487, c. 2—"Bourbon Family." A French ducal and royal family. Different branches have held the thrones of France, Spain and Naples, and have been dukes of Parma. It derives its origin from the lords of Bourbon in Berry. In France the Bourbons succeeded the house of Valois. The first king was Henry IV., who was acknowledged in 1594. The family is now divided in two branches represented by the Count de Chambord, a descendant of Charles X., who was assassinated in 1820, and the Count de Paris, a descendant of Louis Phillipe, who lost his crown in 1848.

P. 487, c. 2—"Sodermanland." söder-män-länd. A south-east laen or province of Sweden; fertile, level, and abounding in lakes. Its capital is Myköping.

P. 488, c. 1—"Triple Coalition." England, Russia, and Sweden.

P. 488, c. 1—"Bernadotte," bër-na dötte'. (1764-1844.) He was educated for the law, but enlisted, and when the revolution broke out advanced rapidly. He became a marshal of France, had control of the army at Hanover, and in 1806 was created Prince of Ponte-Corvo, a district of Naples. In both military and diplomatic affairs he showed independence, moderation, and ability.

P. 488, c. 1—"Austerlitz," öüs'ter-litz. A small town of Moravia, in the north of Austria, famous for a battle won here by Napoleon over the combined Austrian and Russian armies—the most glorious victory, perhaps, of his career.

P. 488, c. 1—"Tilsit," tīl'sit. A town of Prussia, on the Niemen River. After the battle of Friedland, in 1807, Napoleon met the Emperor Alexander on a raft in the middle of the Niemen, and the Tilsit treaty was made, by which Prussia lost half of her territory.

P. 488, c. 1—"Pömm-e-rā'ni-a." A province of Prussia lying on the Baltic Sea. It came into the possession of Sweden during the thirty years' war.

P. 488, c. 1—"Gottorp," got'torp.

P. 488, c. 1—"St. Gall." The capital of a Swiss canton of the same name. It grew up around an abbey built there by St. Gall, in the eleventh century.

P. 488, c. 1—"Holstein-Sonderburg." Reference is made to the family of Holstein-Sonderburg, which designates that branch of the Oldenburg line which received part of the Sleswick possessions. *Sonderburg* is the name of the line, and *Holstein* is prefixed to the territory which it controlled.

P. 488, c. 1—"Hëls'ing-borg." A town in the south of Sweden opposite Elsinore in Denmark. It lies on the narrowest part of the sound. [545]

P. 488, c. 1—"Mörner," Merner.

P. 488, c. 2—"Leuchtenburg," löik'ten-burg. A principality of Bavaria, ceded in 1817 to Eugène de Beauharnais, the son of the Empress. Josephine, here referred to, was the daughter of Eugène.

P. 488, c. 2—"Riksdag," Rix'däg.



P. 488, c. 2—"Landsthing," lands'ting (th like t). The upper house in the Rigsdag, or Danish parliament. The lower house, corresponding to our House of Representatives, is called Folkething.

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## HISTORY OF RUSSIA.

P. 489, c. 1—"Troitsk'aia-Serg-iéva."

P. 489, c. 1—"Alexander Nevski." See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for May.

P. 489, c. 1—"Söl'ov-ëts-ki'." On the White Sea; the ordinary name for the "Frozen Sea."

P. 489, c. 1—"Pë-chër'skī." See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for April, page 367.

P. 489, c. 1—"Ser'gi-üs."

P. 489, c. 1—"Benedict." Saint. (480-543). A native of Italy. While a student at Rome he became so disgusted with its vices that he fled to the desert of Subiaco. Finally, being unable to remain concealed, he built a monastery and formed the Benedictine order.

P. 489, c. 1—"Glebes." The farms and lands belonging to a monastery, or any ecclesiastical organization, are called Glebes.

P. 489, c. 1—"Ivan the Fourth." (1533-84). Called the Terrible from the horrible energy which he showed in restoring to order his rebellious subjects. He did more for improving the material interests of his kingdom than any of his predecessors, enlarging the army and advancing commerce. Especially important was his treaty with Queen Elizabeth after the discovery by the English of a sea-passage to Archangel. In 1570 he put to death 60,000 citizens of Novgorod, which he hated on account of its independent spirit. Almost as cruel were his massacres in Tver and Moscow.

P. 489, c. 1—"Peter the Great." He was born in 1672; began to reign, jointly with his brother Ivan, in 1682, his sister being regent. Peter, however, soon obtained complete control. At once his energy began to display itself. The army was reorganized, the czar going through every grade of service, and requiring his nobles to do the same. Shipwrights from other countries were employed to build a navy, and as he had no sea-ports but those on the White Sea, he declared war against Turkey and took Azof. He visited many countries of Europe to study their civilization; sent his young nobles with their wives, to the European courts to polish their manners; introduced men of learning and established much needed schools. Indeed, every conceivable reform was carried on. His wars were principally with Charles XII, of Sweden, (short accounts of which have already been given), with Turkey, and with Persia. He died in 1725.

P. 489, c. 1—"Catherine the Second." See note on Scandinavian History, present number.

P. 489, c. 2—"Ar-chi-măn'drīte." Literally, the chief monk. The title in the Greek church corresponds to abbot in the Catholic church.

P. 489, c. 2—"Bells." The bells of Russia are the most famous of the world. Before the great fire there were in Moscow alone, 1,706. Of these the Tsar Kolokol is the largest. This "king of bells" was cast in 1733 from the fragments of what had been the giant bell of Moscow, but had fallen from its support and been broken. The Tsar bell is said to weigh 443,772 pounds, and to be worth \$300,000. It is not now hanging, and it is not known whether it has ever been. It stands on a granite pedestal, and has been consecrated as a chapel.

P. 489, c. 2—"Kröt'kī."

P. 489, c. 2—"Debonair," dëb-o-nar'. Anglicized from the French expression *de bon air*—of fine bearing or appearance,—so in its present use, as an adjective, it means courteous or gentle.

P. 489, c. 2—"Dmīt'rī."

P. 489, c. 2—"Monomakh," mo'no-makh. See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for January, 1883, page 179.

P. 489, c. 2—"Bol-ga'ry." See map.

P. 489, c. 2—"Mamaï," mă-mă'ï.

P. 489, c. 2—"Köl-om-na." See map.

P. 489, c. 2—"Ser'pük-hof."

P. 490, c. 1—"Ku-lī-kō'vă."

P. 491, c. 1—"Dõn-skoï'."

P. 491, c. 1—"Käl'ka."

P. 491, c. 1—"Black Death." The plague which ravished Europe in the fourteenth century. It appeared first in Italy in 1340. In London alone, in 1348, two hundred persons were buried daily. In 1362 in England, fifty-seven thousand three hundred and seventy-six persons perished. Germany, Ireland, France, and all Europe were alike afflicted, as many as thirteen millions dying in a year.

P. 491, c. 1—"Tī'mur Lënk."

P. 491, c. 1—"Tăm'er-läne."

P. 491, c. 1—"Tök-tăm'uish."

P. 491, c. 1—"Kõs-trõ'mä." See map.

P. 491, c. 1—"Ka-răm'sin." (1765-1826.) A Russian historian. He spent his early life in studying, traveling, and writing. In 1801 he published his once popular "Letters of a Russian Traveler:" these led to his being appointed historiographer of Russia. He began soon after his "History of Russia," in twelve volumes. It met with wonderful success and was translated into several languages.

P. 491, c. 2—"Perm'i-a or Perm." See map. The government of Perm still exists. It lies partly in Asia and partly in Europe, being intersected by the Ural Mountains. The population is something over 2,000,000.

P. 491, c. 2—"Genoese," gĕn'o-ĕse. In 1299 the Genoese obtained from Venice, by treaty, the exclusive dominion of commerce on the Black Sea. They made the most of the opportunity, and forts, factories and colonies soon lined the coast. They were favored by the Byzantines, and so carried on commerce with India. This power was wrested from them by Mohammed II., in 1453.

P. 491, c. 2—"Kaf'fa." The ancient Theodosia, or Feodosia. A fortified town and seaport of Southern Russia. It rose to great power under the Genoese.

P. 491, c. 2—"Az'of." The port of the River Don by the Sea of Azof.

P. 491, c. 2—"Parks of artillery." All the cannon of an army with its carriages, ammunition wagons and stores.

P. 491, c. 2—"Personel." Personal appearance.

P. 491, c. 2—"Assumption." A taking up into heaven, especially used in reference to the Virgin Mary, whose assumption is celebrated on the 15th of August, and in honor of which the cathedral was named.

P. 491, c. 2—"Eu-dox'ia."

P. 492, c. 1—"Am'ă-ranth." Immortal amaranth. The flower which, poets say, never fades.

P. 492, c. 1—"Olaf." See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for February, page 245.

P. 492, c. 2—"Harried." Plundered, pillaged.

P. 492, c. 2—"E-lĕts'." Still in existence; contains about thirty thousand inhabitants.

P. 492, c. 2—"Căt-a-la'nia." The northeastern province of Spain.

P. 492, c. 2—"Bis-căy'an." Of Biscay, a little province in the north of Spain, on the Bay of Biscay; it is famous for its iron mines.

P. 492, c. 2—"Vĭ'-tovt."

P. 492, c. 2—"Vörsk'lă."

P. 492, c. 2—"Ed'i-ger."

P. 492, c. 2—"Tĕm-ir' Küt'lū."

P. 493, c. 1—"Ol'gerd."

P. 493, c. 1—"Dim-it'rie'vitch." Son of Dmitri.

P. 493, c. 1—"Vi-ăt'kă." See map. The province still exists under the same name.

P. 493, c. 1—"Entente cordiale." Good terms. A perfect understanding.

P. 493, c. 1—"Pă-læ-öl'o-gŭs." The name of a prominent Byzantine family, which attained to imperial honors in 1260.

P. 493, c. 1—"Sig'is-mund." (1366-1437.) Emperor of Germany. He was defeated by the Turks in the battle of Nicopolis, in 1396, while trying to relieve the Byzantine empire. Through his influence the Pope called the Council of Constance to put an end to the Hussite doctrines and other heresies. Although he protested against violating the safe conduct which was given Huss, he consented to his murder. In 1419 he defeated the Turks at Nissa.

P. 493, c. 1—"Trō'ki."

P. 493, c. 1—"Vil'na." See map.

P. 493, c. 2—"Photius," phō'she-us.

P. 493, c. 2—"Ia-gel'lo."

P. 493, c. 2—"Hös'po-dăr." The lieutenant, or governor, of Wallachia, or Moldavia. By the treaty between Russia and Turkey this officer holds his appointment for life and pays annual tribute.

P. 493, c. 2—"Landmeister." Governor.

P. 493, c. 2—"Mĭnd'vog."

P. 493, c. 2—"Gĕd'i-min."

P. 493, c. 2—"Pö-dō'lĭ-ă."

P. 493, c. 2—"Ruthen'ian." The Ruthenians are important as a nation only in Galicia, and there an effort has been made to develop a Ruthenian literature. The language spoken by these people is between Polish and Russian, and is said to be more melodious than either. [546]

P. 493, c. 2—"Galicia," gă-lĭ'ci-a.

## PICTURES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

P. 494, c. 1—"Royal Parents." They were René, of Anjou, and Isabella, of Lorraine. René held titles to the thrones of Naples and Sicily, and through Isabella, claimed Lorraine. His whole life was spent in a useless struggle to win these provinces.

P. 494, c. 1—"King of France," Charles VII.

P. 494, c. 1—"Grandson." It will be remembered that Henry V. married the Princess Catherine, daughter of the insane Charles VI. after the peace between those made kings in 1419. Henry VI. was their son.

P. 494, c. 1—"Anjou," ăn'jôu. A north-west province of France. During the days of feudalism and chivalry the counts of Anjou were famous in European history. Many were bold crusaders. Foulques V. became king of Jerusalem. The house of Plantagenet has its origin in Geoffrey of Anjou, the father of Henry II. of England. In 1483 the province was permanently annexed to France, and since has given titles to Bourbon princes.

P. 494, c. 1—"Jack Cade." Born in Ireland; died in 1450. Assuming the name of Mortimer, and calling himself a cousin of the Duke of York, he raised a band of 20,000 insurgents to force from the king certain concessions. He defeated an army sent against him, forced his way into London, beheaded several chief officers and pillaged parts of the city. Finally truce was declared, and the insurgents who would retire, were pardoned. Cade fled, but was overtaken and killed.

P. 494, c. 2—"Nathless." Nevertheless.

P. 494, c. 2—"St. Albans." In Hertfordshire. The town is named after St. Albans, the first British martyr, said to have been beheaded during the persecution by Diocletian, 286 A. D.

P. 494, c. 2—"St. Paul." The finest of London cathedrals. It is said to have been first built in the fourth century on the site of a temple of Diana. The present cathedral was finished in 1710, at a cost of about \$7,500,000. The interior decoration, as planned by the architect, Wren, has been going on several years. The length is five hundred and ten feet; breadth, two hundred and eighty-two feet.

P. 494, c. 2—"Te Deum." The first words of a hymn of thanksgiving. The Latin, *Te deum laudamus*, (We praise thee, O God), is still used in the Roman Catholic churches.

P. 494, c. 2—"Bloreheath." Famous only for this battle. A cross commemorates the struggle. It is in Staffordshire, in the western central part of England.

P. 494, c. 2—"Northampton." It is on the Nen River, about equally distant from Edge Hill and Naseby, places famous for battles of the civil war. It has been through many trials: was burned by the Danes in 1010, ravaged by the plague in 1637, destroyed by fire in 1675 and, in 1874, was the scene of riots.

P. 495, c. 1—"Menai," mĕn'i. Between the Welsh coast and the Isle of Anglesey. The highway from London to Dublin has long led across the Menai Straits and through the Isle of Anglesey. To perfect this route a suspension bridge was built there in 1818-1825. And in 1850 was finished the well-known Britannia tubular bridge, then the most wonderful piece of engineering skill in the world.

P. 495, c. 1—"Roxburgh." In Roxburgshire, a south-east county of Scotland, bordering on England.

P. 495, c. 1—"King James." The Second James of Scotland; born in 1437, and crowned in his sixth year. The greater part of his reign was spent in trying to suppress his ambitious nobles. He was but twenty-nine years old when he was killed.

P. 495, c. 1—"Wakefield." An ancient town in the north central portion of England.

P. 495, c. 1—"Jeanne d'Arc'." The French for Joan of Arc.

P. 495, c. 1—"King-Maker." Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick; so called from the prominent part he played in placing Edward IV. upon the throne, and afterward reinstating Henry VI.

P. 495, c. 1—"Tou'ton," or "Tow'ton." In Yorkshire.

P. 495, c. 1—"Northumberland." The northernmost county of England.

P. 495, c. 2—"Ber'wick." On the Tweed, lying in Scotland but belonging to England; it is not legally included in any country. It has always been prominent in border wars.

P. 495, c. 2—"En route." On the way.

P. 495, c. 2—"Flanders." Formerly a large, prosperous country, almost independent, though ruled by counts. It embraced the present provinces of Belgium bearing that name, the southern portion of Zealand in Holland, and certain of the north-east departments of France.

P. 495, c. 2—"Last of the Barons." This title for Warwick was first used by Hume in his "History of England." He says of him: "No less than thirty thousand persons are said to have daily lived at his board in the different manors and castles which he possessed in England; the military men allured by his munificence and hospitality, as well as by his bravery, were zealously attached to his interests; the people in general bore him an unlimited affection, and he was the greatest, as well as the last, of those mighty barons who formerly overawed the crown and rendered the people incapable of any regular system of civil government." Bulwer Lytton has used this expression as the title for his historical romance on Warwick.

P. 495, c. 2—"Debris," dā-brē'. Ruins, rubbish.

P. 495, c. 2—"Barnet." In Hertfordshire, not far from St. Albans. A column commemorates the battle.

P. 495, c. 2—"Duke of Clarence." The brother of Edward IV.

P. 496, c. 1—"Miss Strickland." An English authoress. (Born 1796, died 1874.) She wrote extensively. Her works comprise poems, several romances and novels, and valuable histories of the queens of England and Scotland, of the "Bachelor Kings of England," the Tudor princesses, etc.

P. 496, c. 1—"Breviary," brēv'ya-re. A book containing the daily service of the Catholic Church.

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### NOTES ON SUNDAY READINGS.

P. 496, c. 1—"John Caird." A Scottish clergyman, born in 1823. His principal parishes have been Edinburgh and Glasgow. The sermon, "Religion in Common Life," was delivered before the royal family in 1858. He has also published a volume of sermons.

P. 501, c. 1—"Abel Stevens." The chief historian of Methodism. For several years he served as a pastor; but in 1840 became editor of *Zion's Herald*. After leaving this paper he edited in turn the *National Magazine*, the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, and *The Methodist*, retiring from the latter in 1874. Dr. Stevens has published several works principally in reference to the origin and progress of Methodism. Mrs. Mary L. Robinson, the author of the "History of Russia," is his daughter.

P. 501, c. 1—"Stanley." An English clergyman born in Alderly in 1815. After his graduation he remained in the university at Oxford for twelve years. In 1864 he was made dean of Westminster, and in 1874 rector of the University of St. Andrews. He is a leader of the "Broad Church" party. Has published several volumes of essays and lectures, besides a very popular work, "The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold."

P. 501, c. 1—"Usher." (1580-1656.) An Irish prelate connected with the Irish Church and Trinity College in Dublin until 1641. During the revolt of the Irish, in that year, his property was destroyed; after that he remained in England. The system of chronology used on the margin of the English Bible was arranged by him. His complete works comprise seventeen volumes; principally commentaries and antiquities.

P. 501, c. 1—"Rutherford." (1600-1661.) An eminent Presbyterian divine. Principal of St. Andrew's College.

P. 501, c. 1—"Incognito." Unknown.

P. 501, c. 2—"Căt-e-chët'i-cal." Consisting of questions and answers.

P. 501, c. 2—"Hannah More." (1745-1833.) Born at Stapleton, England, and educated at a seminary kept by her sisters. At sixteen she began to write, producing a drama called "The Search After Happiness." Others followed, one of which was brought out by Garrick in 1777. Her deep religious impressions soon caused her to change the character of her writings to the moral and religious. Advanced ideas on woman's education led her to write and work for much-needed reforms, and as well to her being invited to prepare a course of study for the princess Charlotte of Wales. About £30,000 were accumulated by her from her writings, at least one-third of which she bequeathed to charitable purposes.

P. 502, c. 1—"Mō-räle'." Morals.

P. 502, c. 1—"Pascal." (1623-1662.) A French author. Among his most important works are those giving to his experiments and theories concerning atmospheric pressure, the weight and elasticity of the air, and the laws of equilibrium. Pascal's philosophical researches did not prevent his taking interest in public affairs. The Jesuits, then strong in France, were brought into disrepute principally through his "Provincial Letters." Under the title of "Thoughts on Religion," his ideas of Christianity were published. [547]

P. 502, c. 1—"Cicero." (106 B. C.-43 B. C.) A Roman of noble family and fine education. He held many important public positions, but attained his greatest triumphs by his orations. His political labors were interspersed with philosophical studies, and several works on such subjects were written by him. He fell by the proscription under the triumvirate, after Cæsar's death.

P. 502, c. 2—"Bon'ar." A sacred lyric poet, born in Edinburgh in 1808. Published in 1856 "Hymns of Faith and Hope."

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### NOTES ON CHINESE LITERATURE.

P. 503, c. 1—"Confucius," kon-fū'she-ūs. The Socrates of China. He was born in 551 B. C., in Shantung, a north-east province of China. His father died when Confucius was but three years old and his education was left to his mother. At the age of twenty-four he left the public service in which he had engaged, to mourn for three years the death of his mother. During this time he studied the ancient writings, until he became imbued with the idea of restoring the doctrines and usages of the former sages. At the age of thirty he was ready to begin teaching. His fame was wide; he taught and preached until called to the service of his native country. Here he became prime minister, but was finally removed through the intrigues of a neighboring prince. The rest of

his life was spent in spreading his ideas. His death occurred in 479 B. C. For his doctrines, see Text-Book 34, pages 25 and 26.

P. 503, c. 1—"Tsǎng Tsǎn."

P. 503, c. 1—"Book of Odes." The Shi'king, or the third of the Five Classics, one of the oldest collection of odes in existence. They are arranged in four sections: national airs, lesser and greater eulogies, and songs of praises. Nothing corresponding to the epics and narrative poetry of other nations is contained in them. They are rather sonnets. Their chief claim is their antiquity. Chinese writers are said to be very fond of quoting stanzas from the odes. Having gone through the hands of Confucius they are supposed to have peculiar authority.

P. 503, c. 1—"Hi'ǎn King." This memoir belongs to what are called the secondary classics. It contains eighteen chapters of the apothegms of Confucius, and professes to be a conversation between Confucius and his pupil. Its authenticity is doubted by many. Some thirty commentaries have been written upon it.

P. 503, c. 1—"Ta Hi'oh." Next to the Five Classics in authority come what are called the Four Books, the first of which is "Ta Hioh." Obedience and virtue are the subjects of them all. They are supposed to contain the teachings of Confucius, although he did not write them.

P. 503, c. 2—"Lun Yu." The third of the Four Books. The words and actions of Confucius are recorded by his disciples in the work. It shows his method of teaching, his shrewdness and insight. In this work the negative form of the golden rule is found: Do not unto others what you would not have them do to you.

P. 503, c. 2—"Chinse' to kuhyü." From daylight until nightfall.

P. 503, c. 2—"Sun'glo." The name of certain hills in Kiangsu, a western province of China, where the green tea grows. The name is applied by the natives to the tea gathered there.

P. 503, c. 2—"Rain." The weather affects the quality and quantity of a tea crop. An excess of rain mildews, a lack of it withers the leaves.

P. 503, c. 2—"Mǎl'lards." The wild duck. Sometimes called green-head from its beautiful iridescent feathers.

P. 504, c. 1—"Bowling shoes." The shoes worn by Chinese laborers are made of silk or cotton, with thick felt soles. The toes are turned up at the end for ease in walking, it is said.

P. 504, c. 1—"Umbrella-hat." A flat bamboo hat, resembling a Japanese parasol without the handle.

P. 504, c. 1—"Aglaiia," ag-la'ya. A fragrant shrub of the same family as the orange. Its flowers are used to scent the finer kinds of tea, and it is not improbable that the leaves are sometimes mixed with the tea.

P. 504, c. 1—"Third gathering." Three crops of tea are gathered in a season. The first is of the leaf buds; as soon as they begin to open and show a white down they are picked. In May the full-grown leaf is picked, and in July the last crop. The first produces the finest tea.

P. 504, c. 1—"Sparrow's tongue," "dragon's pellet." Translations of common names used by the natives for the Souchong or Peccho tea.

P. 504, c. 1—"Firing pan." The quality of tea depends almost as much upon the drying and rolling as upon the age and condition of the leaf. The leaves are carefully assorted after gathering. Hot pans being ready they are thrown upon them, and kept in constant motion to prevent burning. As soon as the oil is forced from the leaves and they begin to crack they are put upon the table for rolling. The tables are made of split bamboo, with the rounded side up. The workman takes a handful of the hot leaves in his hand kneading them until the green oil is forced out. This is followed by drying in the sun, the leaves being spread thinly on trays. They must be cured as gently as possible that they may not lose their brittleness nor become crisp in the sun. Of course this process is varied with different varieties of tea. With the finer kinds not more than a handful is used in the firing pan at once.

P. 504, c. 1—"Flag." The name given to the leaflets when they first begin to unroll.

P. 504, c. 1—"Awl." By this term they designate the leaves which are still rolled up and somewhat sharp.

P. 504, c. 1—"Dramatis personæ." Characters of the drama.

P. 504, c. 2—"Mace." The Chinese arrange their monetary system on the principle of weight. The names for the chief divisions are "tael," "mace," "candareen," and "cash." The table runs: ten cash make one candareen, ten candareen one mace, ten mace one tael. The cash is the only native coin now in circulation.

P. 504, c. 2—"Dragon's head tuft." One of the most common objects in the decorative art of the Chinese is the dragon. It has been taken as the imperial coat of arms, and is revered by every devout Chinaman. The throne of the emperor is the dragon's throne, his face the dragon's face. Styles of dress and the arrangement of the hair are, of course, named after the dragon. This "tuft" is very simple: the hair is twisted in a large puff, high on the head, and a little to the right, and fastened by two large pins; a tube inserted under the coil receives the stems of flowers—an ornament almost universal with Chinese ladies.

P. 505, c. 1—"Phoenix," fē-niks. Not the phoenix of the Arabian story, but one of the four fabulous animals of the Chinese, the emperor of birds. It is of wonderful beauty, appears only

when the kingdom is ruled by a man of perfect justice, or in the time of some sage; has not been seen since the days of Confucius.

P. 505, c. 1—"Golden-lilies." See Text-Book 34, page 36.

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### NOTES ON JAPANESE LITERATURE.

P. 505, c. 2—"Izana 'gi." For sound of vowels see foot-note, page 64, Text-Book 34.

P. 505, c. 2—"Izana 'mi."

P. 505, c. 2—"Awa 'jí."

P. 505, c. 2—"So-sa 'noö."

P. 505, c. 2—"U-zu 'mé."

P. 505, c. 2—"Futoda 'ma."

P. 506, c. 1—"Amatera 'sü."

P. 506, C. 2—"Rai 'kō."

P. 506, c. 2—"O 'ni." A demon.

P. 506, c. 2—"Gen 'ji and Hei 'ki." Names of the rival families Minamoto and Taira. (See page 70 of Text-Book 34.) The emblems of these houses were red and white flags. Some one calls the war "The Japanese War of the Roses."

P. 506, c. 2—"Watana 'bé Tsu 'na." A dependent, or servant.

P. 506, c. 2—"Shu 'ten dō 'ji."

P. 506, c. 2—"Sa 'ké." Rice-beer, an exhilarating drink, popular among the Japanese.

P. 506, c. 2—"Kan 'da Mi 'ō Jin." Illustrious deity of Kanda. The title given to the first ruler, or mikado, of the Taira family, a wicked, tyrannical man who, even after death, haunted the people until they erected a temple and worshiped him as a deity. In 1868 his image was torn from the temple and hacked to pieces by the mikado's troops.

P. 507, c. 1—"Ku 'gé." A court noble.

P. 508, c. 1—"Nirvâna." One of the teachings of Buddhism is that the soul must return again and again to the body, that it must be born, suffer and die innumerable times. If the life be pure, and the doctrine right, each life will be higher than the last; gradually, through self-denial and struggle, the soul becomes purified and reaches Nirvâna, or perfect rest; but if the truth be rejected, the soul sinks deeper in every life before another opportunity is given to raise. Life, not death, is the terror of a Buddhist. For a clear and beautiful description of Nirvâna see "The Light of Asia," by Matthew Arnold.

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### NOTES ON TEXT-BOOK 34.

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P. 8—"Ho-ang Ho '."

P. 8—"Yang 'tse-ke-ang '."

P. 8—"Su-chow '."

P. 8—"Ti-en-tsin '."

P. 8—"Sîn-găn '." The metropolis during the Tang dynasty. The city has been celebrated for the monument of the Nestorian missionaries (Text-Book, page 33) found there.

P. 8—"Shen-si '." A northern province of about 70,000 square miles.

P. 8—"Pe-kǐng '," Năn-kǐn '," Fu-chow '," Shǎng-hāi '," Cǎn-tǒn '," Hong Kong '," A 'moy, Nǐng-Pō '," Kāi Fung '." All large and important cities of Western China.

P. 8—"Grand Canal." By means of this canal an almost entire water connection between Canton and Peking is made, and through the two great rivers which it crosses goods can be carried inland. The canal is nearly twice as long as the Erie.

P. 8—"Kan-su '," "Shen-se '," "Shan-se '," "Chi-li '," "Shan-tung '," "Ho-nan '," "Kwang-tung '," "Yun-nan '," "Sze-chuen '."

P. 8—"A-moor '," "U-su-ri '."

P. 8—"An-nam '." The country south of China. Tonquin, its largest province, borders on China, and is the seat of the present Franco-Chinese trouble.

P. 10—"A-moor 'ia." The Amoor country lying on the left bank of the river bearing that name.

P. 10—"Sa-ga-lē 'en." An island off the west coast of Asia. The Russians have made their colony a penal settlement.

P. 11—"Pe-chi-li '."

P. 11—"Debouched," de-bosh 'ed. Opened, flowed; in this connection.

P. 12—"Embouchure," äng-bo-shur '. The mouth of a river.

P. 12—"Man-chu 'ria."

- P. 12—"Sun'ga-ri."
- P. 12—"Kuldja," kool'ja.
- P. 13—"Gobi," go'be.
- P. 14—"Manchi'u."
- P. 15—"Ya'o."
- P. 16—"Indo-Germanic." The German or Teuton races which are supposed to have entered Europe from Asia. The Germans, Dutch, English, Danes and Swedes, are the principal ones.
- P. 16—"Fuh-hi'."
- P. 17—"Accadian." From Accad. One of the four cities in the land of Shinar.
- P. 17—"Arrow-headed." The wedge shaped characters found among the ruins of Babylon.
- P. 18—"Sē'rēs."
- P. 18—"Jade." A very hard mineral—valued by the Chinese chiefly because of its sonorousness and color.
- P. 18—"Kask-gar'." A province of East Turkestan.
- P. 18—"Thian-shan," te-ahn'shan.
- P. 19—"Buddhists," bō'dists. Believers in Buddha.
- P. 19—"Nestorians." Followers of Nestorius, a priest at Antioch, made patriarch at Constantinople in 428. Soon after he was deposed by the council of Ephesus on account of his opinions. His followers were received in Persia and became well known. A remnant still exists in Kurdistan, and in India, under the name of Syrian Christians.
- P. 19—"Franciscans." A religious order of the Roman Catholic Church, founded by Saint Francis. They have founded schools and convents in every part of the world.
- P. 19—"Sam-ar-cand'." One of the chief cities of Russian Turkestan.
- P. 23—"In-tě-r-nē'cine." Deadly.
- P. 24—"La'o Tsze" (ze); "Kūng Fū' Tszē," "Mīng' kō."
- P. 24—"Mencius," mēn'she-us.
- P. 24—"Brāh'mins." The followers of Brahma, the god of the Hindus. A spirit to be worshiped by contemplation, and of which the soul is a portion. Mortals can only be released from transmigration by getting a correct notion of the spirit.
- P. 24—"Tāo-ism." Taoism is the name both of a religion and a philosophy. It does not take the name from its author, for tào is not the name of a person, but of an idea. The religion is a gross polytheism, full of superstition. As a philosophy it is the teachings of the book *Tāo Teh King*. There it is taught that "Man has for his law the earth; earth has heaven for its law; heaven has tào for its law; and the law of tào is its own spontaneity."
- P. 25—"Ge'om-a-cy." Divinations by points or figures made on the earth, or by casting figures.
- P. 25—"Dr. Legge." Professor of Chinese in Oxford University.
- P. 26—"Hereditary nobles." The city which contains his remains is chiefly inhabited by his descendants. Four-fifths of the families bear his name.
- P. 27—"Cos." An island in the Ægean Sea near the coast of Asia Minor.
- P. 27—"Cy'rus; Dari'us Hys-tās'pēs."
- P. 29—"Literati." Literary men.
- P. 29—"Ho-măn'." "Ning-pō'."
- P. 30—"Stylus." An iron instrument sharpened at one end and formerly used for writing.
- P. 32—"Cabul," ca-bool'. The name of a city, province, and river of Afghanistan.
- P. 32—"Roman embassy." The emperor Marcus Antonius sent an embassy by sea to the country producing the rich silks prized in Rome. It appears to have been a failure, neither trading, or advancing commerce.
- P. 33—"Theo-do'si-us." Roman emperor, (346-395).
- P. 33—"Jus-tin'ian." Roman emperor, (482-565).
- P. 33—"At'ti-la."
- P. 34—"Ol'o-pen."
- P. 35—"Mā'gi-an-ism." The teachings of the ancient wise men, or magi of the east.
- P. 36—"Khalifs," or Caliphs. A title given to the successors of Mahomet among the Saracens.
- P. 36—"Mussulman." A follower of Mahomet, signifying resigned to God.
- P. 37—"Baikal," bi'kal.
- P. 38—"Yo-shi'tsuné." See page 71.
- P. 38—"Matteo;" "Nicolo Polo." Venetian noblemen and brothers. In the thirteenth century

while on a mercantile voyage they reached China, were favorably received, and promised to return. They did so, with letters from Gregory X., and, accompanied by young Marco Polo remained twenty-four years. Marco held an official position during three years—the only European who ever held a high office under the emperor of China. From the accounts which he wrote on his return, he has been called the Herodotus of the middle ages.

P. 39—"Căt'ă-pŭlts." Military engines used for throwing.

P. 39—"Carpini;" kar-pee'nee.

P. 39—"Mon-te Co-ri'no."

P. 39—"Avignon," ah-veen-yong'. A city of Southern France. The popes from Clement V. to Gregory XI. (1309-1377) lived here. The last restored the papal see to Rome.

P. 40—"Porcelain tower." It is an octagonal tower, nine stories high. The outer face is covered with slabs of glazed porcelain of green, red, yellow, white, etc. The body of the building is brick.

P. 41—"Ricci," rēt'che.

P. 42—"Schall." A Jesuit missionary sent to China in 1820. By his skill and learning he gained the favor of the people, and received one hundred thousand proselytes into the church. But the favor turned, and he was thrown into prison, where he died.

P. 43—"Ginseng," jĭn'sĕng. A root found in America and Siberia, and used in China as a panacea for every ill.

P. 47—"Coolie." A porter, a laborer.

P. 52—"Kō-ra'i."

P. 53—"Ki-shi'."

P. 54—"Shin'ra; Hi-ak'sai."

P. 58—"Han-yang'."

P. 60—"Ku-ro-da," ku-ro'da.

P. 61—"Fu'san; Gen'san."

P. 63—"Name." Griffis, in "The Mikado's Empire," gives sixteen different names for Japan, which he has gathered from the Japanese literature or heard in colloquial use.

P. 64—"For-mo'sa."

P. 66—"Sat-su'ma."

P. 75—"Men'dez Pin'tō." An adventurer of the sixteenth century. He wrote a book of travels, which is included in the classics of Portugal.

P. 75—"Xavier," zăv'e-ur. A Roman Catholic missionary, and one of the holiest and most useful of any time. He was one of the founders of the Jesuit society.

P. 79—"Ty-coon'."

P. 79—"Domin'icans." An order of preaching friars, founded in 1215 by Dominic.

P. 80—"Shim-a-ba'ra."

P. 81—"Syl'la-ba-ry." Table of syllables.

P. 81—"Shintō." The ancient religion of Japan. "It teaches the divinity of the mikado, and the duty of all Japanese to obey him implicitly. Strike out these doctrines and there is nothing left but Chinese cosmogony, local myth and Confucian morals." [549]

P. 84—"Etas." The local outcasts of Japan, including tanners, leather-dressers, grave-diggers, or those who in any way handled raw hide or buried animals. They were totally cut off from the rest of the people.

Errata, in "Notes on Required Readings" for May.

P. 482, c. 1—Lip'etsk.

P. 482, c. 2—Pol-tĭ'nas.

P. 483, c. 1—"Homerus." The work here referred to was in the original, that is in Greek, with a Latin title.





## LECTURE BY ARTEMUS WARD.

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You are entirely welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to my little picture-shop.

I couldn't give you a very clear idea of the Mormons—and Utah—and the Plains—and the Rocky Mountains—without opening a picture-shop—and therefore I open one.

I don't expect to do great things here—but I have thought that if I could make money enough to buy me a passage to New Zealand I should feel that I had not lived in vain.

I don't want to live in vain.—I'd rather live in Margate—or here. But I wish when the Egyptians built this hall they had given it a little more ventilation.

I really don't care for money. I only travel round to see the world and exhibit my clothes. These clothes I have on were a great success in America.

How often do fortunes ruin young men? I should like to be ruined, but I can get on very well as I am.

I am not an artist. I don't paint myself—though, perhaps, if I were a middle-aged single lady I should—yet I have a passion for pictures—I have had a great many pictures—photographs—taken of myself. Some of them are very pretty—or rather sweet to look at for a short time—and, as I said before, I like them. I've always loved pictures.

I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child I once drew a small cartload of raw turnips over a wooden bridge.—The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention.

They said I had a future before me. Up to that time I had an idea it was behind me.

Time passed on. It always does, by the way. You may possibly have noticed that Time passes on.—It is a kind of a way Time has.

I became a man. I haven't distinguished myself at all as an artist—but I have always been more or less mixed up with art. I have an uncle who takes photographs—and I have a servant who—takes anything he can get his hands on.

When I was in Rome—Rome in New York State, I mean—a distinguished sculptist wanted to sculp me. But I said "No." I saw through the designing man. My model once in his hands—he would have flooded the market with my busts—and I couldn't stand it to see everybody going round with a bust of me. Everybody would want one of course—and wherever I should go I should meet the educated classes with my bust, taking it home to their families. This would be more than my modesty could stand—and I should have to return to America—where my creditors are.

I like art. I admire dramatic art—although I failed as an actor.

It was in my school days that I failed as an actor.—The play was the "Ruins of Pompeii."—I played the Ruins. It was not a very successful performance—but it was better than the "Burning Mountain." He was not good. He was a bad Vesuvius.

The remembrance often makes me ask—"where are the boys of my youth?"—I assure you this is not a conundrum.—Some are amongst you here—Some in America—some are in jail.—

Hence arises a most touching question—"Where are the girls of my youth?" Some are married—some would like to be.

Oh my Maria! Alas! She married another. They frequently do. I hope she is happy—because I am.—Some people are not happy. I have noticed that.

A gentleman friend of mine came to me one day with tears in his eyes. I said "Why these weeps?" He said he had a mortgage on his farm—and wanted to borrow £200. I lent him the money—and he went away. Sometime after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever. I ventured to remind him of the £200 he had borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him—so I told him I would throw off one hundred pounds. He brightened—shook my hand—and said—"Old friend—I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality—I'll throw off the other hundred."

As a manager I was always rather more successful than as an actor.

Some years ago I engaged a celebrated Living American Skeleton for a tour through Australia. He was the thinnest man I ever saw. He was a splendid skeleton. He didn't weigh anything scarcely—and I said to myself—the people of Australia will flock to see this tremendous curiosity. It is a long voyage—as you know—from New York to Melbourne—and to my utter surprise the skeleton had no sooner got out to sea than he commenced eating in the most horrible manner. He had never been on the ocean before—and he said it agreed with him.—I thought so!—I never saw a man eat so much in my life. Beef—mutton—pork—he swallowed them all like a shark—and between meals he was often discovered behind barrels eating hard-boiled eggs. The result was that when we reached Melbourne this infamous skeleton weighed sixty-four pounds more than I did.

I thought I was ruined—but I wasn't. I took him on to California—another very long sea voyage—and when I got him to San Francisco I exhibited him as Fat Man.

This story hasn't anything to do with my entertainment, I know—but one of the principal features of my entertainment is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it.

I like music.—I can't sing. As a singer I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am.

The other night some silver-voiced young men came under my window, and sang—"Come where my love lies dreaming."—I didn't go. I didn't think it would be correct.

I found music very soothing when I lay ill with fever in Utah—and I was very ill—I was fearfully wasted.—My face was hewn down to nothing—and my nose was so sharp I didn't dare stick into other people's business—for fear it would stay there—and I should never get it again. And on those dismal days a Mormon lady—she was married—tho' not so much so as her husband—he had fifteen other wives—she used to sing a ballad commencing "Sweet bird—do not fly away!"—and I told her I wouldn't.—She played the accordion divinely—accordionly I praised her.

I met a man in Oregon who hadn't any teeth—not a tooth in his head—yet that man could play on the bass drum better than any man I ever met.—He kept a hotel. They have queer hotels in Oregon. I remember one where they gave me a bag of oats for a pillow—I had night-mares of course. In the morning the landlord said—How do you feel—old hoss—hay?—I told him I felt my oats.

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**EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK,**

**AND EDITOR'S TABLE.**

The new department of *Notes on the Required Readings* will be continued. The notes have met with universal favor, and will be improved the coming year.

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
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**FOOTNOTES:**

[A] It is of silver and weighs nearly a thousand pounds.

[B] *Vid.* THE CHAUTAUQUAN for April, 1883, p. 365, col. 2.

[C] Timur, following the rôle of his ancestor, Genghiz, united numbers of the Asiatic Tatar tribes, and set forth upon long journeys of devastating conquest. At thirty-five he could call all the desirable Asiatic world, including India, Turkey, and Egypt, his own. He held royal, orientally gorgeous state at Samarkand, his capital, the most magnificent city of Central Asia. Its inhabitants numbered a hundred and fifty thousand, many of whom were educated in its forty colleges, seats of Mohammedan learning. In one of its colleges were bred continually a thousand students. Timur's title was, "The Commander of the World." He restored, though but transiently, the empire of Genghiz. His disregard of human life and his cruelty may be inferred from his slaughter of a hundred thousand captives on his march to Delhi, and from the ninety thousand corpses piled in the market-places of Bagdad, after his entrance into that city.

[D] See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for April, p. 366, col. 2.

[E] This word is derived from an old Russian one, meaning firestone: a name happily conveying the ideas of the hearth and of a fortress. The elevation crowned by the Kreml, or Kremlin, is composed of a flinty rock. The term signifies an enclosure, enclosed in stone; though the first enclosures were of wood.

[F] On the crest of one of its peaks is a stone marked on the one side Europe, on the other, Asia.

[G] See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for March, 1883, p. 303, col. 2.

[H] See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for April, p. 365, c. 2.

[I] See THE CHAUTAUQUAN for May, p. 428, col. 2.

[J] Russia contains two rivers of this name; one flowing into the Gulf of Dwina, or

Archangel, and one, more properly the Duna, between Livonia and Courland, flowing into the Gulf of Riga. The cities bearing the names of the gulfs are the ports, respectively, of each river.

[K] “Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.”—ROMANS, xii: 11.

[L] The sale of his sermon on “Religion in Common Life” has been immense in Great Britain, yielding its author, it is said, between five and six thousand dollars, which are to be applied to the endowment of a Female’s Industrial School in Errol. This prodigious circulation of the discourse is doubtless attributable, in part, to the circumstances under which it was preached; but of itself it possesses rare merit; and it speaks well for the good judgment of the amiable queen that she directed it to be printed. It is no secret that the queen and prince, after hearing it, read it in manuscript, and expressed themselves no less impressed by the soundness of its views, than they had been in listening to it by its extraordinary eloquence. The subject is a most important one, and it is discussed with fidelity, thoroughness, and an evangelical spirit, and with an unusual force and beauty of diction. The remark is true that Mr. Caird has far more honor from the able, manly, and faithful manner in which he discharged his duty, than from the accident of having had such a duty to discharge.

[M] General Secretary of the Chautauqua School of Theology, and Dean of the Department of Greek and the New Testament.

#### **Transcriber’s Notes:**

Obvious punctuation errors repaired. The more moderd “worshipped” is spelled as “worshipped” in this issue.

Page 489, “DIMITRIEVITCH” changed to “DIMITRIÉVITCH” (VASILI DIMITRIÉVITCH)

Page 491, “Europeans” changed to “European” (the European Mongols to)

Page 492, “Lithunian” changed to “Lithuanian” (Lithuanian prince desirable)

Page 506, “he” changed to “she” (she came to the august)

Page 511, “tenace” changed to “terrace” (terrace of white marble)

Page 513, “surrrounding” changed to “surrounding” (seen surrounding dead)

Page 543, “Millenium” was retained as printed as an archaic spelling (Tertio-Millenium celebration)

Page 545, note “Riksdag” is the Swedish government and the “Rigsdag” is the Danish.

Page 546, “zealousy” changed to “zealously” (were zealously attached)

Page 547, “beomes” changed to “becomes” (soul becomes purified)

Page 550, “Octoer” changed to “October” (beginning with October)

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