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Stories

FOR

Young Hearts and Minds

BY
F. J. GOULD

AUTHOR OF "THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF MORAL LESSONS,"
CONDUCT STORIES," ETC.

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MORAL EDUCATION
LEAGUE, LONDON



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PREFACE

IN the United Kingdom and in the United States I have, as representative of the Moral Education League, told stories very many times to very many children. Memory recalls the eager faces of multitudes of young listeners in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, Cardiff, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, Brighton, Southampton, Portsmouth, Ryde, Exeter, Bristol, Nottingham, Derby, Norwich, Aylesbury, Newcastle, Durham, York, Carlisle, Bolton, Swansea, Carmarthen, Aberystwith, Bangor, Ayr; in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Chautauqua, N.Y., Madison in Wisconsin; and in other places too numerous to catalogue. My stories, drawn from a wide and even cosmopolitan variety of sources, were presented with a definite ethical aim; and, on the strength of a very long experience, I can confidently affirm that young people do not relish a tale less because it has a clear moral intention. I even believe they prefer tales of that character, so long as the narratives are rendered with dramatic vigour, and genial humour, and provided that the "moral"

emerges in the act of telling rather than assumes the form of an elaborate appendix. English, Welsh, Scottish, Irish, and American children have all alike furnished me with data for this general judgment; and I might add the evidence furnished by the circulation of my *Youth's Noble Path*,* in India, and the appearance of translations of some of my previous work into Arabic, Polish, Italian, etc. I protest against the superstition entertained by a certain class of writers on education that the healthy child-mind feels a repulsion for moral teaching. The exact opposite is true.

Some of the stories in the present collection are suitable for telling; others (such as that entitled "Peace be Unto You") for quiet reading in garden-nook or fireside corner. The headings do not, as a rule, betray the ethical purpose, but teachers and parents will find indications of such purpose in the "Contents."

These tales have appeared in the children's columns of one or the other of the following periodicals: the *Inquirer*, the *Sunday School Quarterly*, the *Animals' Friend*, the *Midland Free Press*, etc.

F. J. GOULD.

WOODFIELD AVENUE, EALING,

May, 1912.

* Published by Messrs. Longman in 1911.

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Stories

for

Young Hearts and Minds

THROUGH THE HEFT-KHAN.

Undoing the rope from his saddle-bow, the Persian prince flung the noose out so cleverly that it caught the neck of the horrid demon Kurugsar. The demon's eyes rolled with fury, his hair bristled like twisting snakes, but his arms were tied behind his back. Then the Prince Isfendiyar charged again, and broke the ranks of the enemy's horsemen, who flew in all directions. Those whose horses were too tired to run away jumped off, and thrust straw into their mouths to show how low and wretched they felt, and yelled for mercy. Prince Isfendiyar was victor. When he returned to his father, arrows stuck thick all over the young man's armour.

The sisters of Isfendiyar had been made captive by King Arjasp, and the prince resolved to set them free from the Castle of Brass. He did not know the way, but the demon Kurugsar did. The prince said to him—

“If you will truly and safely guide me to the Brazen Fort, I will reward you with a province; if you play me false I will kill you.”

The demon promised to be a faithful guide.

"There are three ways to the Castle," he said ; "one is through a beautiful country, with grand cities and gardens, and it will take you three months to pass through. The second is not so pleasant ; it will take two months. The third is awful ; monsters will meet you on the road ; it will mean a terrible struggle of seven days ; hence it is called the Seven Stages, or Heft Khan.

For a time Isfendiyar sat silent.

"I will go by the Heft Khan," at length he said.

After drinking wine the demon Kurugsar talked freely and loudly, and said :—

"The Seven Stages is a road of danger, and I do not think I can help you through it."

Isfendiyar felt a doubt of the demon's good faith, and bound him in chains, and took him with him in the army of 12,000 horsemen.

STAGE ONE.—Kurugsar rode on horseback, though one of the prince's warriors had to guide the steed. The army reached a dreary waste, and the day was near its close when they came to a forest and a river, and two huge wolves, as large as elephants, rushed out upon the Persians. Showers of arrows greeted the beasts. The prince made onset upon one monster, his brother upon the other. Soon both wolves lay dead, and the army had a joyful supper, and slept in peace.

STAGE TWO.—The army tramped on next day ; a great lion and a lioness sprang out. The prince's brother leaped to the combat, but Isfendiyar waved him back, slew the lion at one blow, and beheaded the lioness with one stroke.

"What next ?" he inquired of Kurugsar.

"A dragon that draws fish out of water by magic spell and eats them, and that breathes forth fire, and drops poison from its jaws, and has a mouth like a cave."

STAGE THREE.—The prince was prudent. He had no mind to rush into needless danger. So he invented a closed carriage, studded all over with spikes, like a hedgehog with bristles. It was drawn by horses. Into this carriage Isfendiyar stepped; the door was shut, the horses drew it forward, and the people watched.

The dragon heard the sound of the wheels. It advanced. It yawned. It took a big bite at the car. The horses and vehicle slipped into its huge mouth, but stuck in its throat, and then fell out again. Isfendiyar opened the door, thrust his sword into the dragon's head, and then, struck senseless by the poison-drops, fell to the earth. Nobles and soldiers rushed up to the prostrate prince, and sprinkled rose-water over his face, and, to the joy of the army, he soon revived. The dragon was dead.

STAGE FOUR.—On the fourth day the troops rested beside a rippling stream, and ate and drank.

A sweet-faced lady approached. Behind her, like a horrid shadow, glided a demon.

"Sir," she cried to Isfendiyar, "I beseech you to rescue me from this hateful creature."

The prince, however, had been warned by Kurugsar. He flung his noose round the lady's neck—no! the witch's neck. Then the witch changed her form. She was a cat that mewed,—a wolf that yelled,—an old man that trembled. But Isfendiyar coolly watched her movements, and at last gave her a death-blow. Then a black cloud curled up from her body,

—it was a demon belching flames from his mouth. Through the fire Isfendiyar sprang, and, though his clothes were singed, he succeeded in cutting off the creature's head.

STAGE FIVE.—Over plain and hill the horsemen proceeded. At evening the fifth peril came in sight. It was the Simurg—an enormous bird, that bore in its claws its two young ones, as big as elephants. The prince jumped into his spiky carriage. Dropping her dear chicks, the Simurg swooped upon the vehicle, and seized it, but hastily drew back when it felt the points of the blades. Isfendiyar leaped out, and slashed the Simurg in two; and the young Simurgs fled away.

STAGE SIX.—The army marched. Near sunset they pitched their tents by a river. A tempest arose. Snow fell. Frosty blasts blew. Soldiers rushed into caves, and shivered, shivered, shivered for three days and three nights, snow descending all the time, and no food to be got. Then the wind ceased, and the frozen warriors crept out of their holes, and thawed themselves in the sunshine, and wondered if ever they would be able to reach the ladies in the Castle of Brass.

STAGE SEVEN.—The demon's bonds had been taken off, but so doubtful did the prince feel as to Kurugsar's truth that he put the demon in chains again. Kurugsar said the last stage would be a very burning desert, but the army passed over cool sand, and arrived at a large stream.

"You have not spoken right," grumbled the prince.

"No, why should I? You have left me in chains six days."

Isfendiyar bade that the fetters be struck off. The horsemen rode on, and at evening the yellow walls of the great Brass Fort shone on the sky-line.

"Ha!" shouted the prince, "I shall now raze the Castle to the earth, and lead the women and children captive to Persia."

"And may the stars put evil spells on you," shrieked Kurugsar, "for such cruel thoughts against my old master, Arjasp, and his people."

A swing of Isfendiyar's sword brought the demon to the ground, and Kurugsar never cursed or blessed again.

The Castle was made of brass and iron, miles high, and miles wide, and no way in seemed possible, and the prince, in a very unhappy mood, asked an old fakir on the road :

"How many men has Arjasp?"

"A hundred thousand," said the thin, grizzled old man. "And they have water and everything they need."

Then the prince thought of a trick. He dressed himself as a travelling merchant, and got a hundred dromedaries, and on ten of the beasts he put parcels of embroidered cloth ; on five, rubies and sapphires ; on five, pearls. On each of the eighty others he tied two chests, and in the chests a soldier, and so, as $80 \times 2 = 160$, there were 160 soldiers hidden in the boxes ; and a hundred more, who looked like drivers and slaves, had weapons hidden under their garments.

The caravan marched to the gate. King Arjasp allowed the supposed merchant and his dromedaries to enter, and the disguised prince showed the king his stores of cloth and jewels. As he talked he saw some

women pass by, with water pots on their heads. They were his own sisters.

At this moment the king and courtiers were examining the goods for sale; and the women approached.

"Sir," they said in quiet, anxious tones, "we hear you come from Persia. Can you tell us any news of the prince Isfendiyar?"

"What have I to do with Isfendiyar?" he answered roughly.

But they knew his voice and joyfully called him by name; and he, seeing he could no longer conceal the fact, told them he was indeed their brother, and would speedily rescue them from prison.

The merchant smilingly invited the king to partake of a feast at his expense, and tables were spread, and wine passed round, and while drinking was deep and music merry, Isfendiyar ordered the boxes to be opened, and the soldiers released. Out jumped the 160 warriors, and, joined by their comrades, they rushed in a body upon the guests and the king. One or two ran to the gates, where Isfendiyar's brother had hurried up at a signal, and was waiting to dash in. The gates swung open.

Arjasp was slain, and after many of his followers had been killed, the rest yielded to the Persian prince, and promised to serve in his army, and Isfendiyar led his sisters home in triumph.

Alas! the day came when Isfendiyar was to die, though not an old man, by an arrow made from a Kazu tree. And the foe that shot the arrow would never have known its secret had he not learned from a Simurg how to make the shaft from the wood of the Kazu. So one Simurg took revenge for another.

In this tale the Persians show their admiration for a man who will go through fire and water, as the saying is, to aid the weak and the distressed.

Note.—The story is adapted from the “Shahnameh” or “Epic of Kings,” by the poet Firdausi ; translated by James Atkinson.

THE LION-KILLER.

The growl of a hungry lion, or puma, made Father Juan rein up his horse. The American puma is not so dire a beast as the African, but it is not to be treated lightly. Father Juan kept a steady eye on the lion, got off his horse, picked up a big piece of stone, aimed it with sure aim, and cracked the beast's skull. When he found the creature was dead, he picked it up, and flung it behind his saddle, mounted, and rode on to the village of San Xavier, and showed the corpse of the lion to the Indians. These Indians had held the puma sacred. Neither with the arrow nor musket nor stone would they kill it, for they feared that those who so slew a puma would be certain to die. The Redskins looked with horror at the body of the lion, and told one another the good Father—their teacher and friend—would soon die. But the time passed and Father Juan did not die, and so the old idea that the lion was an animal not to be touched passed out of their minds. They knew now that it was but a superstition.

Father Juan Ugarte was one of a band of Jesuit priests who gave their hearts and strength to the work of teaching the Red Indians of Lower California the message of the Christian faith. This land of Lower California is a long arm of dry—very dry—

land running southwards, with a gulf and islands on one side, and the far-stretching blue Pacific on the other. In the valleys corn and fruit can be grown, and the Indian people, with whom the Jesuits dwelt, lived in rude stone shelters, or in bushes. They dug up roots for food, and gathered the prickly berries of the cactus. With bow and arrow they hunted the deer, antelope, ibex, hare, and rabbit. When other food ran short, they devoured snakes and grasshoppers, or wandered along the tide-washed shores and caught fish in nets, or with spears. The men went nude, and the women wore skirts of reeds sewn together by fibres of plants. Men adorned their heads with scraps of pretty sea-shells and bands of pearls. For baskets they used the fibre of palm trees. You have already heard that they treated the lion as a dreadful thing, or "taboo." Another taboo was to look at a husband's mother, and the woman who raised her eyes to her husband's mother was doomed to die. So simple were these Indians in their ideas that when a sickness once broke out, they thought the trouble was due to some clay pots which had been left on the sea-shore by some fishermen. The pots had been turned towards the rising sun, and the Indians had the notion that if the open mouths of the pots could be stopped, the sickness would stop at the same time. A few of the bravest Redskins crept stealthily on hands and knees towards the pots, and hastily dabbed clots of clay into the open mouths and then rushed away.

You may be sure it was no easy task to teach such scholars as these the story of the blessed Mary and Jesus, and Joseph and the saints. While the Fathers taught religion, the Indians would some-

times start a wrestling match, or a foot-race, or pull the hair of their companions, or yell like wild beasts and screech like Californian birds. It would puzzle the cleverest Council School teacher to-day to conduct a class of grown-up scholars who behaved in this lively Redskin style. But the patience of the Jesuit priests seemed never to reach an end; and one of the noblest of the teachers was Father Juan Ugarte. He had come from the other end of Mexico, travelling about a thousand miles to the coast, where he hoped to board a mission schooner. Not seeing it, he would not be baulked; but he patched up an old fishing-boat and made a straight line to the west across the great Gulf, and so reached the Spanish settlement of Loretto. This was in the year 1700.

Juan was like a giant in health and strength, and all this burly power he gave to the service of his Church. The first thing he did in the new country was to learn the strange tongue of the Indians, and then he took with him a small band of Spanish soldiers and workmen to found the mission which he called San (Saint) Xavier. A little church and a priest's cottage had been built by another priest aforetime, and here Juan took up his abode; but he sent the soldiers and the workmen back to Loretto, for not a single Indian would come near the place for fear. After a few hours, a brown-skinned naked boy prowled about the church, and the Father held out to him a gift of biscuits and sugar, and bade him bring his friends. Next day, a crowd of them came and sat on the ground while the priest gave them biscuits and sugar, and talked in a gentle voice; and they went away. After some days, the Indians flocked to the church each day, and listened to his

teaching—though what a business keeping school was, you already know—and at the end of the simple and gracious lessons the Father handed round boiled corn to his scholars. This was their religious instruction, and their reward for listening. But Father Juan taught other subjects. He took a pick and a hoe, and told the wondering Indians he would show them how to cause the earth to bring forth food. The earth needed water, for it was thirsty, like men were often thirsty, and so he dug a ditch to water the land, and made water from a spring fill the ditch, and boys and men helped him in the digging. Now and then the diggers threw down their tools. They had had enough hard labour! Weary work it was to persuade the Redskins to set to the work again, but by patience and firm speech and look, the priest succeeded; and to such as toiled well he gave extra portions to eat.

At each dawn, in the humble Catholic church, the Father knelt at Mass with such Indians as had a mind to attend; and, after mass, Juan would say a few words about the Christian way of belief. Then he put off his "soutane," or coat, and cooked porridge, and ladled it out to his congregation; and the Indians ate with joy. Father Juan led his people to the fields; showed them how to milk goats, and clear away brushwood and stones, and plant seeds, and harrow and dig; and how to chop wood for fires. One day a huge Indian made fun of the lesson in farming, and screamed with noisy laughter, whereat the priest seized him by the hair of his head and lifted him up and swung him to and fro like a big doll, and then dropped him. At this point, all the Redskins fled lest they also should be taught.

law and order in the same manner; and only after long delay did the scholars assemble again. Each evening Father Juan gathered the folk at the church, and, with rosary in hand, he prayed, and so sent them away to their mean huts, and he himself, without a soldier to guard him, slept alone in the cottage—surely the bravest of the brave in all that land of California.

A few soldiers now joined him, to assist in building houses, and laying out fields of wheat and maize. Fruit trees also he planted, to wit, olive, fig, and orange; and he planted a vineyard; and his sheep and pigs and horses and cattle fed on the mountain sides. Father Juan sheared the sheep and spun the wool, and taught Indian boys and women how to use the distaff and spindle. Later on, he fetched a Spanish weaver to teach weaving, and a woman to teach sewing; and he himself gave lessons to the Red boys in the crafts of brick-making and carpentry and smith-work. When folks were sick they need not now stuff clay in the mouths of pots, but they sought care and healing in the cottage which Father Juan used as a hospital. In the school, the young people learned to read, to write, and to sing.

Other missions had sprung up in various parts of California, and Father Juan Ugarte became chief, or Superior, of them all. But he was always for new work, and new duties. He built a brig. Friends smiled when he first spoke of his plan. There was no timber, they said. No, but he would find some, and he tramped up the valleys till he came to a forest of guariba trees, good for shipbuilding. How was he to get the timber down the mountain roads to the sea? He collected a party of Indians, and he and they

laid a road for 40 miles from sea to forest. Then he and they felled trees during four months, and stripped off the bark, and hauled the logs down to the water's edge 40 miles away ; and he and they built a brig, and also a small pinnace. When work paused each day, Father Juan lifted up his voice and told the story of Christ and Mary and the blessed Saints. Iron and rope and sails were fetched from Mexico, and when, after fourteen months, the brig was launched, it bore the name of the "Triumph of the Cross." For many years the Triumph sailed to and fro in the great western seas and its bays.

In 1721 Father Juan sailed in the Triumph along the coasts of the Gulf of California, searching out nooks and corners not before known, and making a map of land and water. At one island, where the Indians knew him to be a friend, he was carried ashore by the sailors, for he was sore pained with rheumatism, and he sat on the beach, and the Redskins passed before him, and, one after another, they knelt, and he put his hands on them and blessed them. At a place, two hundred miles from Loretto, named by the Indians Rushing Brook, he opened a new mission, which was known as San Ignacio, and houses were built, and a priest put in charge.

So passed the noble Jesuit's days, and in 1730, at the age of 70, Juan Ugarte died at Loretto, and all the people in the fourteen mission villages of California mourned the loss of the Father to whom they owed so much.

Time flowed on. In 1767 the government of Spain had turned its heart against the Jesuits, and all the Fathers—there were then sixteen—were bidden to leave their Missions for ever. The Indians marched

with them, sad and weeping, to the shore, and a Spanish vessel bore them away, never to return. It is not for us here to ask why all this was done. But we can stand a moment in silent respect, and do honour to the memory of valiant Father Juan.

NOTE.—The facts are drawn from vol. I. of Bryan J. Clinch's "California and its Missions," published at San Francisco in 1904, in 2 vols.

MAN THE MASTER.

A Bantu negro called his dog, and left the hut and went out to catch rats. A bell hung from the dog's neck.

The negro's name was Mpobe.

He was born near the vast lake Albert in Uganda. Sunshine and rain, and pain and the mystery of the forest had run through all his life.

Alas! poor Bantu; and mystery would follow him to the last of his days.

Other negroes offered to help him in the hunt. They beat about in the long grass, in order to start the rats.

Rat!

Mpobe's dog was let loose. The beaters held a net ready, so that the rat would be trapped as it fled from the dog.

But the meshes of the net were too wide. The rat escaped; and the other men, tired of the chase, left Mpobe all alone with his dog.

"I will go back to my wife with no game," said the Bantu to himself.

Rat!

The dog pursued it into a dark cave, and his master followed. Deeper into the darkness, and deeper and deeper ran rat, dog and man.

Gone! The rat was no more seen.

A light broke. Mpobe came out, panting for breath, into a clearing, and there was a village, and he asked the negro folk,—

“Have you seen a dog chasing rats?”

They pointed, and Mpobe hurried on till he saw a Tall Man, a very large man, a very strong man, sitting with the dog at his left hand, and a lot of rats at his right.

“Whence come you?” asked the Tall One.

“From hut and garden. I follow my dog.”

“Where are you now?”

“I do not know, Tall One.”

“Go back. Take rats and dog. But say no word to any soul about what you have seen here. If you do, it will mean death.”

“So be it.”

The negro wife smiled as Mpobe returned with rats and dog, and she laid supper.

“You have been away two days,” she said.

“Yes.”

“Where?”

“Ratting.”

“What else?”

“Naught.”

The wife told her father she was sure there was a secret. So the father asked Mpobe many questions. But the Bantu did not tell.

Mpobe's mother asked questions—many questions. Long time was Mpobe silent.

“I dare not tell,” he said, “the Tall One would kill me.”

“I shall not repeat what you say,” said the old negress.

Then he told her of the cave, the village, and the Tall One.

She thought there was no harm in telling her daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law (Mpobe's spouse) saw no harm in telling her mother, and so the story of the Stranger went from lip to lip.

Night fell, and Mpobe the Bantu was falling asleep.

"Mpobe," called a voice.

"King," answered the negro.

In that country of Uganda, if a man calls you by name, you always cry out "King."

"You have told."

"Only my mother."

"The thing is done. Eat all your goods up, and then the end will arrive."

Mpobe sold his own son—the most precious thing he had—and bought a cow, and slew it, and turned it into salt beef, and nibbled a piece each day, as little as he could live on. For a year he nibbled salt beef, and at the end of the year the Tall One glided into his hut.

"Mpobe, have you eaten all?"

"No."

"Eat on."

At length, not a scrap was left. As he swallowed the last morsel, the Bantu leaped into the forest, and hid himself in the shadows of the African jungle, and he lay down and slept. But the voice was heard, saying,—

"Mpobe?"

The negro awoke.

"King!"

"Is all eaten!"

"Not quite."

"Mpobe, I come!"

The Bantu rushed away, and he crouched in a cave, and then in another cave, and another; and he hid beneath the water of many a stream, and he lowered himself into deep holes, but the shadow of the Tall One fell upon every spot that he hid in.

The Bantu ran no more.

"Tall One," he said, sadly, "the cow is all gone. I told what I should not tell. I yield."

As the sun went down, the Bantu's life was ended.*

In this Uganda tale, we have a picture of the weakness of man in presence of the world. He yields to his master, and cannot understand the forces and mysteries that conquer his feeble powers. The shadow of the Tall One—the shadow of mighty Nature—falls upon every spot he hides in.

A new scene opens. I take up a book of travel in Africa,"† and I find a photograph of a wonderful bridge. Let me tell you about this bridge.

In November, 1855, the famous explorer, David Livingstone, saw the river Zambesi, a mile wide, rushing into a narrow gorge by a fall that roared with never-ending thunder, and sending up a spray and steam that could be seen fifty miles off.

The natives call the giant waterfall by a very striking name: "The smoke that sounds."

Before such power and such majesty, what can man say or do? Will he not bend in fear and awe?

*"Adapted from Sir H. Johnston's "Uganda Protectorate," vol. 2, pp. 706-7.

†"Through South Africa with the British Association," by J. Stark Browne, published in 1906.

No, he will not. The spell that lay on poor Mpobe will not lie for ever on humanity.

Something remarkable happened in September, 1905. A train steamed over the African veldt, and right to the very edge of the Zambesi Fall. And then?

There is a picture in Mr. Browne's book. It is a picture of a noble iron bridge, made in one span, and crossing the deep gorge of the river at a height of 350 feet above the water. The train went beyond the edge. It came to a standstill in the centre of the bridge; and the roar of the enormous Falls was heard like the voice of many heavens and thunders.

The passengers alighted from the train, and the chief speaker made a short speech. This speaker was Professor Darwin, son of the celebrated Charles Darwin. The Professor said the bridge was now open for the traffic of Africa. Over this bridge the steam chariots would roll, and the wonder of it made him think of the lines written by his great-great-grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, in 1785:—

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Urge the slow barge, and draw the flying car.

The coloured races of Africa will often look up at the white man's bridge, and into their minds will come the splendid thought that not for ever need man cower before the terror and the strength of Nature.

Man spans the thundering river. He crosses the ocean in his liners. He shoots upwards in his airships.

Once man was a slave of earth, air, fire, and water.

Step by step he has learned to outwit nature. He is learning to be master.

The white man has led in this conquest. But the African native may travel in the magic train over the Zambesi bridge.

It is meet and right that the coloured races should share in the glory of the white. There is, in the heart of the negro people, and the kindred tribes of Africa, many a fine quality ; and they will be loyal and useful comrades of the whites, if only we act towards them justly and openly.

Let fraternity be our watchword.

Long live Europe !

Long live Africa !

Let both the white and black races march to greater conquests.

REVOLVER SHOTS AND BLUE LIGHT.

"I think it's going to rain: I will take my umbrella."

So you say as you go out in the morning. Your mind's eye looks forward to a rainfall which has not yet fallen; and you PRO-VIDE an umbrella. PRO means "before," and VIDE means "to look"; and so to PROVIDE means "to look before"; and PROVIDENCE means "looking forward"; and PRUDENCE is short for PROVIDENCE. Therefore, the PRUDENT person is one who looks forward, and thinks of things beforehand.

Trees were once planted in the streets of some of the towns of the island of Ceylon. This was an act of prudence or foresight, in order to ward off the rays of the hot Indian sun. Very good; but, as the trees grew large and shady, another thing happened; or, as we often say, another consequence followed. A certain kind of green caterpillar loved the leaves of these trees. Not only did the caterpillars eat the leaves, but they had a way of dropping down upon the people beneath, especially children, and annoying them with a sting which hurt almost as much as the sting of a wasp. The Ceylon folk found out that, in altering one thing, we may make more changes than we wish! We cannot blame

them for the prudent act of planting trees. All we can say is that human eyes cannot foresee everything! All the more reason, then, that we should keep open eyes to foresee as much as possible. The caterpillars had to be got rid of by smoking them off the trees by means of torches raised on poles.

You will find Alaska, a country of mountains, on the map of North America. Glaciers, huge and white, glide down the slopes. Here, in June 1888, a strange story went about. In a shop in the town of Juneau, photographs were sold at 15 cents each, showing a picture of a city seen across Muir Glacier—a city in the air; and the picture was called—

The Silent City, the wonder and pride of Alaska's bleak hills.

Here you could discern houses, and a tall church, and trees, and the masts of ships on a river! Many people bought the picture and wondered at the wonder, and some climbed Alaska's bleak hills, to find the Silent City, but their eyes never beheld it. Now, prudent people—foreseeing people—would have foreseen a climb for nothing. They would have said, "This tale is not likely to be true; there is a mistake somewhere; we will look a little closer into this story before we sweat and toil up Alaska's bleak hills." This was done by Professor W. H. Hudson, who happened to visit Juneau. He examined the photograph very carefully.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I know this place—houses, church, trees, shipping. It is the city of Bristol, on the river Avon, in old England."

And so indeed it was; and I am afraid there is nothing more to be said except that you must not believe everything you are told.

The famous Alpine guide, Melchoir Anderegg, sat one morning with an English companion on the side of a mountain. They were sheltered under rocks, and were finishing their breakfast, and would soon start their big climb. All of a sudden, Anderegg gave a loud yell, or "jodel."

"What's that for?" asked the Englishman.

"To scare the chamois on the peaks yonder. They will run away now, and as they run, the loose stones which they move will roll down the ice-slope and pass us by. If we had begun climbing without this prudent action, the chamois would have been frightened at our coming, and scampered off, and the blocks of stone would have rattled down and swept us off our feet."

Prudence, therefore, foresees danger to one's-self.

And to others.

In 1908 an inquest was held in Holloway Prison, London, to inquire into the death of a woman-prisoner, aged 24, who had fallen down some steps and was killed. The doctor said he found signs of an old break, or fracture, in her skull, and no doubt she had met with an accident when a baby, and this had caused pressure on the brain, and led her to suffer from fits. He added that persons with brains in such a state were likely to yearn after drink, and so become drunkards. What sorrow had been created for this woman and her family by this one little cause of a fractured bone. It is possible that some person had been in charge of this baby many years before, and, in a forgetful moment, left the child uncared for, and the fall took place, and did the harm that was never healed. Need I tell you, then, what the prudent girl or boy will do when entrusted with the care of a

younger child? Will they not do what Andrew did, and guard against the evil that might happen?

On the coast of the United States, near the mouths of the river Delaware, and other streams, the waters once teemed with the rough-coated fishes known as sturgeon. The sturgeon yields a roe, which, when salted, has a flavour much liked by eaters of dainty things; the roe is called caviar. In the year 1880, the fishermen in this region caught such piles of sturgeon that the weight amounted to about 12,000,000 pounds. At a wharf at Bayside, New Jersey, a thousand sturgeon were often seen lying ready for sale. But the fish were caught recklessly and imprudently; for no thought was given to the future. The sturgeon gradually got less and less in number, for less and less were bred in the waters. After 1897 the fishery fell off, and on the Bayside wharf perhaps only a score or so of sturgeon might be observed. What was to be done? The breeding season, when the eggs of the roe were plentiful, was from March 1st to May 1st, and people agreed that, in this period no fish ought to be caught, so that the young might be freely bred. Therefore, several States passed laws that March and April should be treated as a "close season," that is, a season closed to fishing. And thus, the sturgeon had a chance to breed, and to increase in numbers. We see here that prudence is practised for the public good.

A fog may at any time fall on the rocky coast of Cornwall, and bring terror and death to fishing-vessels and steamers. Such a fog came down on a September evening, 1910, at Cadgwith, east of the Lizard Head. A large steamer, of some nine thousand tons, came very near the Terrick Rock, the captain

not seeing the peril because of the sudden darkness. But there was an Englishman, a coastguardsman, on duty at this point. His English ear had caught the sound of the steamer, and his English heart was prompt to obey the call of duty. The coastguardsman seized a revolver, pointed it seawards, and fired four shots. Next moment he lit a blue danger-light, and its flare blazed through the murky fog. The danger had been foreseen, and human lives were saved by this quick foresight. And this foresight, which defends humanity, is the noblest of all.

A few days later this letter was published :—

THE COASTGUARD SERVICE.

To the Editor of the *Morning Post*.

Sir,—On Thursday evening last, a thick fog suddenly overwhelmed this coast, causing a large steamer of some nine thousand tons to run close under the Teriek Rock beneath my garden. Owing to the promptitude of the Coastguardsman Reed, who fired four revolver shots and lit a blue light, the ship reversed her engines just in time, but it was so close that half a minute more and she would have been lost. This occurrence surely points to the absolute necessity of keeping this valuable body of men up to their full complement, so that a constant look-out should be maintained on this dangerous coast; for these fogs are liable to come over at all times of the day and night.

—Yours, etc., J. JOHNSTONE.

Maen Veor, Cadgwith, Sept. 2, 1910.

Well done, Reed !

NOTE.—The Alaskan story is taken from the *Popular Science Monthly*, vol. 51; and the notes on the sturgeon fishery from the same magazine, vol. 73.

HOW KING AND COTTER CLIMBED.

A band of mountain climbers, had camped in a fir-wood in the Sierra Nevada. On all sides rose high peaks, and the way to the peaks was over ice, snow, and heaps of broken granite.

King and Cotter were young. Brewer and Hoffman were older. King and Cotter said they wanted to get up to the top of a tall mount, which as yet had no name, for no man had climbed it to give it a name.

"You might as well try to ride on a cloud as to ascend that peak," laughed Hoffman.

However, it was agreed that the young men should make the attempt. The hobnails on their boots were strong ; so were the young men's hearts, and the two things went together very well. They must carry luggage—a barometer, a compass, a pocket-level, some thermometers, note-books, bread, beans ready cooked, deer's flesh enough for seven days ; and all these articles were rolled up in two blankets, one for each man, and then each carried a very big knapsack strapped to his shoulders, of the weight of 40 pounds.

Well, would King and Cotter manage to give the mountain a name? Of course, any lazybones could sit down on a heap of moss and feathers and stare up at the grand old snowy top and say :—

"I name thee Mount Jones."

But the world would not receive the name that way, and no map-maker would draw such a mountain on his map.

You would not call King and Cotter lazy because they lay down to sleep first, for a good sleep is part and parcel of a good task. The sun had not risen when the couple of pioneers set out, their friends going a little of the road with them, and carrying the knapsacks, those 40 pounders.

Over fields of snow they trudged till they reached a level where pine-trees hung out their dark branches for the last time. No more trees grow beyond. Granite slopes rose upwards like prison walls. Granite blocks were scattered here and there in the vales and gorges, and, in and out of the granite blocks, rippled brooks that tumbled and tumbled to the shades below. The eyes of the men were charmed by lakes, blue in colour, and smooth as smooth could be; and, where patches of grass made green spaces, little flowers of blue and white spotted the green. The four men sat awhile on a ridge, and gazed at the flowers, the rocks, and the vast heaven over all. Then Brewer and Hoffman helped to fasten the knapsacks—those 40-pounders—on to the young men's shoulders. The high peak—granite it was—pointed to the eternal sky. It had no name.

"What is your plan?" asked Brewer.

"I have none," replied King, "except . . ."

"Except?"

"Except to get to the top."

"Good-bye," shouted King and Cotter.

"God bless you," cried Brewer and Hoffmann; and the two older men tramped downwards to the camp.

Before the two young men a long, long slope fell away. They threw a stone, and the stone bumped down, some three thousand feet, stirring the snow into white clouds at the points where it hit the ground. They marched on, and then began to go down a place of broken rocks, and halted on a little plain of snow. This was not climbing up, indeed, but they were seeking a path by which to ascend. Meanwhile the sun was at the set, and King and Cotter prepared to camp out for the night. In the evening light, the hill-tops glowed orange ; the sky was violet ; then all turned grey and gloomy ; then the stars flashed ; and the giant peaks were black ; and one of them had no name, and perhaps it soon would have one, and perhaps not.

King and Cotter had supper of cold venison and bread, and, with icy water, they made some not very warm tea ; and then they rolled themselves up in blankets and slept.

At 4 a.m. the two friends rose, ate venison by the light of the moon, packed the things up, strapped on knapsacks—those 40-pounders—and started. They stumbled, groped, pulled each other along, cut steps in snow, and kept stopping to take breath. At one place, there was no line of advance at all. Overhead sprang a wall of rock, and from this some crags of granite jutted out. King and Cotter threw up a looped rope ; the lasso caught a crag ; they hauled themselves up thirty feet, and struggled on. They came out upon a summit whence they saw a deep gorge, and, gazing down into this wide, wide space, they saw many blue lakes, and trees afar off and below, and the sound of many brooklets made music in the lonely vale.

There was no road up from here. King and Cotter had lunch, as they sat on granite seats 13,000 feet above the sea ; and they agreed that they must descend the steep cliffs, in order to gain a path which they believed ran round the south side of the hill that had no name.

No name.

King slid down the rope, the loop being circled round a rock, and when he had slid down 40 feet, Cotter followed ; and they rested on a ledge, crouching like monkeys. King went on again, Cotter holding the rope. It was a bad moment for King, for he fell on a ledge, and was near rolling over to death, when he gripped hold of a mountain gooseberry bush, whose roots were stoutly tangled in the rock, and kept him from the plunge. Cotter dropped the knapsacks down, and then rattled down himself, King grabbing him as he neared the gooseberry bush. Two more scrambles of this sort brought them to a snow-heap, where they rested ; and it was now three hours since they had started down from the spot where they lunched. They were now tied together by the rope, and, in this manner, they slid down a long slope of snow, till they dropped upon a frozen lake, and—King on his back and Cotter on his back—they shot over the ice like smooth stones. They untied the rope ends, and got ashore the other side, and were glad to be out in an open area, where they could feel the sunshine, and they shouted, and sang snatches of songs, and laughed at the mount that had no name. It was six miles away still. There were trees now, and flowers ; and King and Cotter looked at the trees with joy, and smelled the flowers.

They climbed again till it was the hour of supper. A fire of resinous pine-wood cooked the venison, and frizzled the beans and made some tea—most jolly tea—and the young climbers slept on a bed of pine needles—sharp in name, but soft to lie on.

At 3.30 a.m., breakfast—venison, bread, beans, tea—and moonlight. By this dim light they resumed the climb, over snow, over boulders of granite. When the sun rose, it shed its rays over a vast field of snow dotted with granite blocks, and, afar off, lo! the nameless hill smiled a red smile in the flush of the new day.

King, be a man! Cotter, be a man! He deserves neither bread nor beans that will not play the manly part. This hill must have its name to-day. America's old hill shall have a new nature, for it shall have a name to call itself by. Feet? They are sore. Shoulders? they are black and blue with the burden of the straps of the knapsacks—those 40-pounders. Hearts? The hearts are good. "We told Brewer we had no plan, but we have courage, have we not? The hill has no name; but it will have one ere long. Is it likely we shall go back to Brewer and Hoffman, and say we have not reached the top of the white Sierra?"

At times, when the sun had melted the snow on which boulders rested, the great stones clattered past the pioneers. The climbers did not dare march in a line, lest the boulders dislodged by one should crush his comrade. So they walked, one to the right, one to the left. They snatched sudden hold upon rocks; they dodged to avoid rolling stones; they sliced out the ice into steps. Here and there the ground yawned, and a slip would have meant

death in a pit. On the left hand the view opened out upon a valley, ten thousand feet down, and in it shone the blue waters of Owen's Lake ; but up here the pools were frozen. The summit was now very near. It was composed of a smooth cap of granite, with sides too steep to climb, except where a huge icicle hung against the rock. In this icy mass, King cut holes for his hands and feet, and so crawled upwards, and then leaned over the granite top to look at Cotter.

Cotter was coming, hand over hand. His face turned skyward, and he seemed in doubt and despair. He caught sight of King's eyes, and then he smiled, and on he climbed. A few more strides brought the companions to the height. It was just noon. King rapped his hammer—his geologist's hammer—on the granite as a sign of conquest. The two men shook hands, a very excellent thing to do on the top of a mountain 14,386 feet high. There would be something to tell to Brewer and Hoffman.

But the name ! Should it be King Peak or Cotter Mount ?

No. Their thoughts had flown across the Rocky Mountains ; across the United States : across the Atlantic Ocean, to the land of the Union Jack. In that land there dwelt a man of science, learned in the science of physics, of heat, of light, of sound ; learned in the nature of mountains, and the ice and the glaciers of mountains. His name was Tyndall.

King said—

“ The name of this peak is Mount Tyndall.”

NOTE.—The particulars of the ascent of Mount Tyndall are drawn from Clarence King's “ Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada,” chap. III. (published originally in 1872).

GOJIRO.

“There are seven old shafts here filled with rubbish,” said the manager to the workmen, “and I have orders from the company in London to clear them all out. We hope to find copper in one of them. Begin with this end one.”

They began digging.

This happened a few years ago at Cordova in Spain. It is now more than two thousand years since the men of Carthage (a great seaport of Africa) conquered Spain, and sank shafts for the mining of copper. The Romans and the Carthaginians waged deadly war ; and so sure as the Romans seemed likely to capture any place where copper was mined, the men of Carthage would fill up the shafts to hide the earthy treasure from the hated enemy. An English company had bought the land containing seven such filled-up shafts.

Three were cleared out, and no signs of copper appeared. The shafts, indeed, only went a few yards down, and stopped. So the manager changed his plan, and started at the other end, and the same thing happened. A telegram was sent to London :—“Have cleared six holes ; no trace of copper lode.”

A reply came from London to Cordova : “Clear out the seventh.”

So the spades began again, for the company were not going to be beaten if they could help it. Some distance down the diggers struck their spades against a heavy iron door. With much labour, the door was forced open. A passage was seen. It led into a real copper mine. More than two thousand years ago the Carthaginians had ceased working on the approach of the Romans. They had stopp'd up the shaft ; and—cunning Africans that they were—they made six other false shafts, and threw rubbish in, so as to deceive the foes, and make it seven times as difficult to find the true mine.

The company had persevered. Beaten once, beaten twice, beaten thrice, four, five, and six times, they held on, and won a victory at the seventh. They had a great copper reward, and they deserved it.*

We will shift our scene to Japan.

A twelve-year old Japanese boy was fond of reading. Hard words—he learned them ; difficult passages—he got over them. Page by page he plodded through five volumes of the “Ancient History of Japan.” Gojiro was a persevering boy, and the father was happy to see it, and he gave his son a fine gift. This took the shape of sixteen volumes of stories of the heroes of China. There were plenty of pictures. The leaves were made of mulberry paper, and the binding was of silk.

Gojiro's heart was full of joy. He must study these books at once. At bed-time he fixed up his mosquito curtains, to keep out the wretched little biters. He sat inside his cotton cage, a lamp at his side, a lovely book of Chinese heroes on his knees, and he read, and read, and read, and slept.

* A. F. Calvert's “Impressions of Spain,” pp. 278-9.

Slept.

And dreamed.

Now in his dream he was in China, and in China he stood on the bank of the vast Yellow River, where the stream made a beautiful smooth sheet, and then tumbled over rocks, and splashed over ragged rocks, and danced round large rocks and small, and roared down the white rapids till it became smooth again.

What fishes were those that kept leaping up the rapids, seeking to gain the smooth lake above?

These scaly creatures, these valiant fishes were carp. It is worth while to look in a natural history book for a picture of a Japanese carp. Crowds of carp jumped and fell back, and jumped, fell, jumped, fell, jumped, fell; and the rapids made a noise like thunder; and up above, the lake was smooth and soft, and the cliffs and the tall fir trees made a nice shadow on the broad water.

Jumped, fell; jumped . . .

An old Chinaman stood at the lad Gojiro's side. His beard was long and white. Sage, men called him; and a sage is a wise man.

"Sir," asked little Gojiro, "what is the name of this place?"

"The Dragon's Gate, my child."

A dragon is no friend of man. A dragon's gate is a gate guarded by a very dreadful foe. The water-dragon guarded his gate well, and the bonny carp, the mettlesome carp, the lively carp, the valiant carp, the persevering carp, jumped, fell, jumped, fell, jumped, fell; and the water-dragon roared.

Cheers!

One of the carp had leaped to the topmost point of the waterfalls, and had reached the lake, and was

cutting through the smooth pool in rare style ; and Gojiro could fancy the dark cliffs smiled, and the tall fir-trees waved with pleasure.

Gladness shone in the aged Chinaman's face.

Gojiro's heart thumped.

It is a very fine thing when the carp leaps and gains the height ; when the child cons the tough lesson and learns it ; when the youth takes up the gymnastic exercise and becomes quick at it ; when the girl follows the ambulance course through till she is really good at first aid ; when the lad grinds at the technical class till he knows something worth knowing about engineering ; when the young couple strive to make their room neat, and their children well-behaved, till the home is a model to look at.

Jumped, fell ; jumped, fell.

Gojiro's gaze was fixed on the victorious carp. Lo ! a white cloud came down from the dream-sky. The eyes of the carp glowed red as fire. It rose from the water ; it glided into the cloud ; it soared as a bird rather than a creature with fins, and it passed from sight into what glorious land of sunrise or sunset or starry heaven the boy knew not ; but he was as happy as if he himself were the flying carp. And perhaps he *was* the flying carp.

Suddenly he awoke.

" Well," said Gojiro to himself, " I must let the boys see the carp."

So he made a big one—fifteen feet long—out of thick paper, and painted it, and hung it on a pole, and set the pole on the roof, and when the wind blew, the valiant carp jumped, fell, jumped, fell, jumped . . .

Ever since then, in the May-time, the Japanese have held the Feast of the Carp ; and paper fishes of

all sizes float on poles on the tops of tens of thousands of houses, and the wind tosses them, and flaps them, and all Japan seems rattling with the sound, and the hearts of the sons of Japan leap.

Brave carp! Brave men!

It would seem, then, my bonny English carp (you who read this page), that they who want copper must dig, perhaps in three places, perhaps in seven; and they who want to know of history and of heroes must pursue the book and the task like eager hunters who hunt; and they who would gain the happy lake where the shadows of the fir-trees kiss the waters must leap, and leap.

But what are souls good for if not for leaping?

NOTE.—The carp incident is adapted from W. E. Griffis' "Japanese Fairy World," pp. 227-235.

STRENGTH.

The world all dark--blind. The world all silent--deaf. The world a'l shut up in walls so that our tongue can speak no word to it--dumb.

Helen Keller, an American girl, was born in the year 1880. Up to the age of nineteen months she saw the light of the sun, and the blaze of flowers, and the green of grass, and the faces of mother, father, and friends. Then she fell ill, and from that time to the present day Helen has been blind, deaf, and dumb.

Dumb? Well, no. She has had teachers who taught her to frame words that can be heard by others, though she cannot hear them herself. To-day she can read by means of the Braille letters, or raised type, which you may have seen blind folk reading from in the street. She can speak in the finger-language, and even, as I have just said, with the lips. She can write in the most lovely English, so that if ever you are able to con her "Story of my life" you will be charmed by the beauty of her tale. Mark Twain and other famous Americans have been proud to count Helen Keller among their friends. She is a woman who is a strong and glad power in the world. We want her to stay.

She was not always strong, but she wished for strength. Even when she was a small child she longed

to be strong. She longed to count for something, so that she could make a mark, and do things that other folk felt and understood and had to reckon with.

Well, and now you shall hear how she tried to prove her strength. And mind, to begin with, *it is good to be strong*; and *it is good to desire strength*.

Miss Sullivan came to live in Mr. and Mrs. Keller's house, in order to give herself up to the work of teaching little Helen. As soon as she sat at a meal with the family, she saw Helen's way of proving her strength. Little Miss Keller grabbed at other people's food all round the table.

Miss Sullivan began the battle of will against will—her will against Helen's. She pushed Helen's hand back from her plate. Helen pushed back, and made an ugly noise. The war had begun. All the family left the room, glad to let the teacher fight the thing out for herself.

Miss Sullivan locked the door, sat down, and ate her breakfast. Helen lay on the floor, kicking and screaming; also trying to pull the chair from under the teacher. After half an hour of this exercise she rose up and felt about to see what Miss Sullivan was doing, and she thrust her hand into the teacher's plate. Being thrust back, she pinched teacher. Being pinched by teacher, she rushed round the table to find what the other folk were doing, and of course discovered that all the rest had gone out. She returned to the table, and began eating with her fingers. Miss Sullivan gave her a spoon. Helen threw it on the ground. Miss Sullivan forced Helen to the floor, and made her pick up the spoon; then put the little lady in her chair again, and compelled her to eat with the spoon. Helen finished her

breakfast. Then Miss Sullivan made signs that the table-napkin was to be folded. No—yes ; no—yes. So the tussle went on. Helen flung the serviette to the floor (the precious and useful floor!), rushed to the door, found it locked, and kicked and screamed. After a long time, she folded the napkin, and was then allowed to go out into the sunshine and the quiet garden. The battle was over, and Miss Sullivan went up to her room and cried. For not in anger or in ill-will had she struggled, and the battle had cost tears to the victor as well as the conquered.

But the child became victor also. She had thought the strong person was the person who upset neighbours, and fretted neighbours, and invaded neighbours' comfort and neighbours' peace. Year by year she learned to read, to write, to do household work. Year by year she learned a yet nobler learning. She learned what strength was. She was strong in *helping herself and in helping others* ; and she knew, and she knows to-day, that her strength is admired. All over the world people speak the name of Helen Keller with pleasure—not the Helen who made the folk dread her approach, but the Helen who gives the bright example of patience, of daily work, of friendship, of cheerful speech. The noisy child was weak ; the quiet woman is strong.

Once, when Miss Keller dwelt a while at the Red Farm in the country, she loved two trees. One was an oak, hundreds of years old. It stood on a cliff, and had braved the winds from whichever way they blew, and had stood unmoved amid the tempests of the centuries. She loved the strong oak that gave men shelter, and would, if needed, give them its sound and honest timber.

The other was a linden tree. It rose high beside the entrance to the Red Farm, stretching its naked boughs in winter in friendly arches over the door, and waving its leafy curtain in summer, and flinging a happy shade. One afternoon a storm burst over the land, and, though Helen could not see the lightning, she felt the trembling of the house and the very earth. When a great shaking passed all over the building, Helen's heart beat fast with the thought,—

“The linden has fallen!”

She and her friends went out as the rain ceased, and she stretched out her hands and touched the fallen giant. To her the linden tree was like a hero who had faced a thousand dangers of wind and weather.

“It wrung my heart,” says blind Helen, in her book, “to see him prostrate who had so mightily striven and was now mightily fallen.”

Such honour do the strong deserve. They are strong in service, giving their shelter and their shade, and preparing their sturdy wood for the use of the world. And if so be they fall, good folk rejoice not, and the hearts of men sorrow for the fall of the noble. Yes, but it is not the sorrow that is felt for the poor, weak, fretful, selfish, noisy nature that tries to be strong at the expense of other people. It is the sorrow that admires the strong even in death.

Strong tree! strong man! strong woman! we salute you in respect. Deep are your roots, and full of power your sheltering arms, and you are strong in that *strength which blesses and lives for others.*

ZEO.

Steam hisses, *tsee-see* . . . And so the old Greek name for *to boil* was *zeo* or *zeein* ; and a man who did his play or his work in a quick, sharp, full-hearted, boiling sort of way was called by his neighbours *zelos*. He had *zeal*, he was *zealous*.

Now look at the style in which the Spanish painter, Esteban March, did his pictures. His work-room or studio was one day turned into a very strange scene. It bristled with pikes, cutlasses, and javelins. The painter blew a loud blast on a trumpet ; he beat a drum with all his might ; and then, sword in hand, and shield on arm, he charged at the wall, and shouted a lusty war-cry ; and his servants and his pupils fled from the house in much fear and amazement. But March meant no harm. His aim was to paint a battle-picture. He wanted to do it well. He wanted to get into the spirit of the thing before he took crayons to draw or brush to paint. So he seemed to boil ; and lazy pupils (if such there were in that studio) understood the difference between just doing a task, and doing it with zeal.

A child sat on the edge of a quay and was so given up to its play that it forgot danger, and fell into the water. A shout, a crowd, a splash ! But it was not a man or boy or woman who leaped in ; it was a dog.

Well and deep did Tray dive ; and sure enough he seized the child's dress, and brought the frightened little soul safe to land.

Splash again ! What ! Another child fallen in ? What is the matter now ? Why has Tray dived a second time ? Silence. The people wait and wonder. There's his head. He struggles to the quay. He lands. What on earth is this ? In his mouth is a poor, ragged, soaking-wet doll ! Ah, the child's doll. Tray meant to do the business thoroughly. No half-measures for him. Doll and all must be saved. A great sound of laughter rises, for the people's humour is tickled at the idea of rescuing a doll. Tray enjoys himself, and he trots away amid the cheers of the crowd. They admire his zeal. Even an animal can be zealous. Nor did Tray expect a medal ! *

John Gould, of Dorsetshire (born 1804, died 1880) had a fine eye for birds, and a keen love for making pictures of them. In a museum he studied many stuffed Australian birds, and drew and painted them, and published part I. and part II. of a book on "The Birds of Australia." Then he stopped and said to himself, "Is this a full and true account of the birds of Australia ? Are they all here ? Am I dealing honestly with readers by letting them think this is a complete report ?" He and his wife packed up their things, and off they went to the far South-land. They roamed in Tasmania ; they crossed Bass Strait ; they visited South Australia ; they pushed inland as much as four hundred miles from the coast of New South Wales ; they got folk to help them ; they examined

* The poet Browning tells this story.

fields, woods, lakes, rivers, and at length made out a list, with pictures, of three hundred kinds (species) of birds never before noted in books. Then they returned to England, and began part I. again, and so finished "The Birds of Australia,"—though I grieve to say the good wife died in the midst of the work. Gould used to say he wished, after his death, to be known as the Bird Man. And a thorough Bird Man he was, too. I think it was grand of him to go all round the world sooner than publish a book that was not useful, true, and complete.

Just as zealous a man, though he had by no means such a simple name as Gould, was the Chinese officer Chu-chih-hsi, who served his country in the seventeenth century. His business was to look after the Yellow River, or Hoang-ho; to improve it by dredging the mud off the bottom; to build and strengthen the embankments for checking floods; to make the splendid water-road safe to travel on, free of robbers, and clear of hindrances. For ten years this officer thus toiled for China and its people, and then came a disaster. A breach opened in the embankment, and the river began to rush through. All hands to the breach! Wood, earth, stone were brought and banked up; nor bees, nor ants, nor beavers, nor men ever worked harder, and Chu-chih-hsi went in and out among the workers, never resting till the peril was overpast; and when the labour was heavy, he sang Chinese songs to the folk, and put fresh spirit into their hearts; and his *civic zeal* inspired all the people. Worn with service, he died; but to this day China remembers him, and boatmen who are caught by storm or other danger on the Yellow River, often call out his honourable name.

Are Americans less likely to be zealous than Chinamen? Not a bit of it. One night, in or about 1893, at a town on the shore of the vast Lake Superior, a telegram was received saying that one hundred and ten miles away, two vessels were ashore, beaten by tempest, and likely to break up. To the rescue! A lifeboat was hurried to the railway-station; the crew hurried after it; the rocket-line and apparatus for carrying shipwrecked people from ship to shore was flung into the express train. A blinding snowstorm raged, and through this blizzard the train of salvation flew. By midnight it had run one hundred and ten miles. Crew, boat, and apparatus were speedily on the beach of the raging lake, whence the two distressed vessels were discerned through the darkness. Thirty-four lives were snatched that night from death in the waters.

One more story, and then my boiling's done.

"Bravo, bravo!" shouted many French voices in a crowded room, and many French hands were clapped.

It was in Paris, August, 1886. An old Frenchman bowed his thanks to the assembly. It was the famous chemist and clever student of the laws of colour, Chevreul. A most ancient man he was, for he was that day a hundred years old, having been born in August, 1786, three years before the great Revolution. Brightly gleamed the old colour-chemist's eyes when someone stepped forward and presented him with a bouquet of many-coloured flowers—a gift of lovely colours for the Colour-man.

A few days later, an Englishman—a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—called to see M. Chevreul. The aged chemist was in bed, but very ready to chat to the visitor. He had been reading a book of Molière's

Plays, and these are plays that make you laugh. He laid the book down and chatted. He chatted about the Revolution and the Reign of Terror, and the dreadful scenes he had beheld in 1793. He chatted about Napoleon Bonaparte. He chatted about chemistry ; about colours ; about red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet, mauve, pink, brown, crimson. Time passed, and the old man chatted. Time passed, and the old man's eyes sparkled as he chatted of the science of light and colour that he loved.

At length the Englishman rose to go.

"Ha, my friend!" cried Chevreul, "I see what it is. You are tired of hearing about colours, but I am not tired of telling about them."

They both laughed.

It was beautiful to see the old, old man still thrilling with joy at the thought of wonderful things in a wonderful world. He was zealous to the last breath of a well-spent life.

ONE TEAR.

The rush of the feet of the horses made the earth shake, and, like a bright wave, the men in armour charged the foe ; and the foe also charged, and the shock brought fall and death to many.

The captains of the city of Florence shouted.

The captains of the city of Arezzo shouted.

Now, in this battle of Campaldino, fought on a June day, 1289, one of the horsemen of Florence was a young citizen named Dante, and he was afterwards a famous poet. The leader of the cavalry of Arezzo was pierced in the throat by a Florentine lance, and, leaping in sore pain from his horse, he fled on foot, the drops of blood making the ground red as he ran. Up the hillside he climbed till he lay down in a very lonely spot by the bank of a mountain stream, and a dark cloud hung over the scene.

Much sin had this man of the sword done in his lifetime, and, as he thought of his bad deeds, he was sad ; for a man that lives among men must act as a man, and not as a wild beast who kills prey and licks blood. Then the dying captain, whose name was Buonconte, snatched up two rough sticks and crossed them like the Cross of Christ, and his heart became soft with sorrow for his wrong-doing, and a tear rolled from his eye, and he sighed to the Mother of Heaven—

"Mary!"

He died, and the one tear glittered on his cheek.

A white angel flashed from the sky to the Italian valley and lifted the soul of Buonconte; and a black spirit—demon of hell (so Dante the poet says in his lovely fable)—sprang forward and cried,

"O, thou from heaven, why dost thou rob me of mine own? He shed but one tear."

The white angel did not pause, but bore the soul of Buonconte out of reach, for the one tear proved that he had the heart of a man, in spite of all his sin. Then the dark cloud grew darker, and a mist rolled round the hills, and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the stream rose and snatched the body of the captain in its roaring waters, and flung it on the waves, mile after mile, till it was lost in the mud-banks of the River Arno, and neither corpse nor cross was seen any more.*

You shall hear next of a mighty and proud lord of Egypt, whose heart was like flint in its hard self-love, but at last it melted into human sorrow, and the lord shed one tear.

Rich gifts he gave to all who did him service, not that he loved them, but that he loved himself, and was full of windy conceit at the praises of their lips.

"Friend," said a voice to him one day, "a poor, mean thing is your life, with all its shine and show. Never do you join the company of your fellows in church prayer, and not even at the holy tide of Easter do you go to Mass; and so you stand apart in your pride and your stubborn will."

"What shall I do?" said the rich Egyptian lord.

* Dante's "Purgatory," canto 5.

“ Seek the counsel of the good old hermit.”

The rich man mounted the hill, and found the cave amid the rocks where the white-bearded hermit lived and prayed, his food being the water of the well and the herbs and fruits of the wood and mead. To him the lord told the tale of his life, and how the voice had bid him repent, and yet he felt his heart was too hard.

“ My son,” said the hermit, “ I will give you a penance to perform, and it may be that your soul will be shriven and pardoned for its self-love. Take this flask, and fill it at yon stream.”

“ And what else ? ”

“ Naught else.”

The lord bent over the stream and dipped the flask, and not a drop of water would flow in ; and he dipped again, and again, and again, and yet the flask would not fill ; and hot was his anger.

He arose and turned towards the cave. Then he made pause, and said to himself—

“ Nay, but I will not let the old man see I have failed. I will go to and fro on the face of the earth, and I will visit the streams and lakes, and try one after the other till I have filled the flask, and the hermit will shrive me, and my soul will have peace.”

He went forth, and searched for a rivulet or a pool that would fill the flask. The pilgrim of the flask wandered in the passes of the mountains, and rested under oaks and pines, and wandered on the sands of the sea, and slept under cliffs by the loud-sounding waves, and wandered among villages and hamlets, and asked shelter in the farmer's barn, and still the flask was dry, and still the flask was dry, and still the flask was dry.

Ragged and weary, he kneeled in a forest and muttered a prayer, and the lady Mary, that great dame of the high heaven, stood in glory before him ; and the birds twittered in the trees, and the field mice peeped through the leaves of grass.

"Hail, Mary," he said meekly. "I have failed. My flask is dry, and I am tired of the long quest."

"Return to the hermit," bade the lady Mary, "and confess your failure."

There was a spark of joy and hope in the rich lord's breast, for he thought the end of his journey was come ; and he arrived at the cave.

"Father," was his quiet speech, "I have been far and wide, and the flask is dry, and my heart is not touched to the quick, and I know I am not yet pardoned and shriven ; and the Queen of Heaven has sent me with this humble message."

"My son," replied the aged saint, "you have done enough. Let go your purpose, and rest from your labour."

The lord turned homewards, and his soul was bitter.

"Shall I," he asked himself, "shall I go home and sleep in my bed with the task undone? I have failed, I have failed, and I know it is the fault of my self-love. But, in sooth, I will fill the flask ere I die, and prove that I repent me for the coldness of my heart." . . .

* * * * *

At this word a tear, just one tear, broke from his red eyelids and fell into the flask. In a moment the tear had swollen, and the flask was brimming with water.

Ah, blessed tear !

He ran back to the cave, and showed the flask.

"You are shriven," said the hermit.

The rich lord of Egypt went home in deep peace.

He had the heart of a man.

NOTE.—The legend of the Egyptian is adapted from Evelyn Underhill's "Miracles of Our Lady."

TWO "BAD" MEN.

"This fellow Burke," said the captain of the *Maidstone*, "is no good. He's Irish; he's a don't-care; and he's worthless. Have him if you like."

So Captain Arabin agreed to transfer the wild Irishman to his own ship, the *North Star*. It was not long before he saw good things in the heart of Burke. The Irishman, if harshly treated, was indeed a fury and a terror. But he could be jolly, and he could be kind—and something else.

The *North Star* lay in the Niger river at Bonny. There passed by a boat that bore a dead man. The dead man was the captain of a merchant vessel; and his crew were carrying him to shore to bury him; and the splash of their oars was slow and sad.

A shout! a commotion. . . . The boat had capsized; and the water of the Niger swarmed with sharks. Alas! all but one of the sailors were killed by these monsters of the sea. One still struggled to keep afloat. Burke sprang overboard, and battled his way through waves and among sharks; and he seized the sinking man and kept him up till a boat came to the rescue.

Again, the *North Star* was at anchor in the river at Sierra Leone, West Africa, and this river also was dangerous with sharks. A man fell overboard, and a

cry of alarm rang out. Burke the Irishman—only Burke—jumped from the *North Star*, dared sharks and death, and maintained the half-drowned sailor afloat till the arrival of a boat.

Commodore Collin beheld this heroic deed. Tears of admiration . . .

We live by admiration, hope and love,
—tears of admiration filled his eyes; and he sent Burke a handful of dollars.

I know no more of Burke. He goes off the scene as he receives the Commodore's dollars. But this one thing I know clearly, that those who counted him a "bad" man made a great mistake.*

In the land of the Bactrian camel—the Asiatic region known as Balkh—there was once a prince named Ibrahim ben Adham (Ibrahim, the son of Adham). Now this Ibrahim had set his mind on the things of the Inward Life: that is, not thrones, and slaves, and soldiers, and the pomp of courts, but on thoughts of Allah, and the training of the soul in the way of temperance and mercy. So he gave up the throne of Balkh for ever, and vowed himself to the religious life as a dervish. He lived with a group of other dervishes, as companions of the Devout Life. In the daytime they worked as labourers for a journeyman's wage, and at evening they came together in their settlement, and ate supper, and they had all things in common, "neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own." Ibrahim never supped till he had knelt at evening prayer.

* The story is told in Rev. R. Walsh's *Notices of Brazil*, published in 1828.

Now one evening he was late, and the brethren had fasted all day, and lost patience.

"We will break our fast," they said, "and go to bed. Ibrahim will find us asleep. He will be ashamed, and he will not keep us waiting another time. The selfish man will learn a lesson."

They ate, and they lay down on their mats. Then came the son of Adham. He was late because he had lingered long at prayer, and his thoughts had laid fast hold on the world beyond Balkh, and the plains of Asia, and the clouds and stars.

He saw his comrades asleep.

"Poor souls," he murmured, "they have perhaps gone to bed hungry. I will prepare them a good meal, and waken them to the pleasure of it."

He had brought flour with him; he kneaded it; he made cakes; he blew up the embers of the fire; and he cooked, and made ready.

"Come, my brethren," he said, "arise and eat."

They woke.

"What are you doing, O son of Adham?" they asked.

"I have got supper for you hungry ones," he said.

They looked at each other.

It was their turn to feel regret.

"We plotted to put him to shame," they said, "and while we cherished hard thoughts of him, he was busy in caring for our comfort."

They ate and drank, and it was a feast of love.

This was the Ibrahim whom our English poet, Leigh Hunt, has told of under a somewhat different name—Abou ben Adhem.* It was he who saw an

* So Mr. Claud Field explains in his *Mystics and Saints of Islam*, from which the above anecdote has been adapted (pp. 36-42).

angelic presence in his room one night, writing the names of men who had so loved God that they were counted of high rank in the world of angels. When he found his name was not in this golden book, he begged that at least he might be writ down as one who loved his fellow-men ; and you know, from the story of the dervishes of Balkh, how gracious his heart was towards the brethren. And at the last, it was found that the Son of Adham (Adhem) was highest in the list of the noble souls :—

Abou ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a rich dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
“ *What writest thou ?* ” The Vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “ *The names of those who love the Lord.* ”
“ *And is mine one ?* ” said Abou. “ *Nay, not so,* ”
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke, more low,
But cheerily still ; and said, “ *I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.* ”
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

And if I were that angel, I should also write the name of Burke of the *North Star*.

THE WONDERFUL EYES.

A man with a very keen eye worked in a large room that contained an army of bottles, jars, tubes, crucibles, magnets, wires. His eye was busy, his hands were busy, his brain was busy. Yet not too busy was he to amuse a little niece who sat quiet as a mouse, sewing in a corner. Now and then he would give her a nod, or a kind word ; or he would throw a morsel of potassium on the water in a basin, and the child's eyes lit with wonder to see the metal catch fire and fizz across the water. If she had a hard sum to do he would help her ; and the problem became a pleasure, because the uncle's love had lightened the labour.

The little niece stayed with uncle and aunt Faraday, at a cottage at Walmer on the coast of Kent. From the cottage window he would look with joy many times a day at blackbirds feeding their young in a nest in a cherry tree. In the mornings the child would sometimes wake him early to go and see the sun rise over the waters of Pegwell Bay. At sunset, too, he and the niece would stand and watch the red glow over the Downs until all was grey, and perhaps the bells of Deal would chime softly over field and vale. One evening, about 10 o'clock, the uncle called the child into his room to see a ghost ; but he smiled

as he spoke. He placed a candle on a table, and he and she stood with backs to the candle, and, looking out of the window, saw a thick white mist that had risen from the earth, and the shadows of man and girl appeared as ghosts painted on the fog! They laughed at the shadows; for science—the clear knowledge of things—sees and understands, while fear and ignorance shrink from ghosts and dangers.

All things had a message for him. He watched the funny motions of crabs; he watched the sparkle of the glow worm; he fixed a telescope on a desk at a window, so as to be ready to observe scenes of glory in the eternal sky.

“Nothing on sea or land escaped his eye,” said his niece when, in after years, she wrote down her memories of the good uncle Faraday.

She tells also how he delighted in play—at charades, for instance; dressing up as a most horrid villain, or grunting on the carpet as “a learned pig.” Moreover, he would read from the page of a story or a poem while the listeners listened with silent breath. He read Byron’s lines about the storm on the Swiss lake:—

Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

Michael Faraday was born in South London in 1791, his father (a blacksmith) and mother having come from the mountains of Yorkshire. Only a very little school-learning fell to his lot. He acted as errand-boy to a London shopkeeper, and carried

newspapers from house to house. Next he toiled as apprentice to a bookbinder. In his spare time he read papers, and books that unfolded the secrets of nature—of the heavens, of light, heat, weight, of the forces of the magnet, of the facts of chemistry, and at length when he had reached the age of 21, the famous man of science, Sir Humphry Davy, asked him to be assistant at the Royal Institution, at 25s. a week, with two rooms to lodge in at the top of the house. Sometimes, accidents happened. Between his finger and thumb he held a small tube containing a few grains of mixture of chlorine and azote (nitrogen). A scrap of warm cement fell against the tube. An explosion roared. Faraday's hand was cut, and nail torn. By good fortune he wore a glass mask, and his face was saved.

He had never gone further than twelve miles from London. In October, 1813, he set out on a long tour with Sir Humphry and Lady Davy. Across the restless Channel; in a French stagecoach; up and down the streets of Paris. One Saturday he beheld the Emperor Napoleon ride by in a carriage on which fourteen footmen stood; and the Emperor wore a hat with a very large plume. The next Wednesday he saw a fairer sight than the pomp of great captains. It was in the forest of Fontainebleau:—

I do not think I ever saw a more beautiful scene than that presented to us on the road. A thick mist which had fallen during the night, and which had scarcely cleared away, had, by being frozen, dressed every visible object in a garment of wonderful airiness and delicacy. Every small twig and every blade of herbage was encrusted by a splendid coat of hoar-frost, the crystals of which in most cases extended above half an inch.

Rocks, hills, valleys, streams, and woods, then a milestone, a cottage, or human beings came into the moving landscape, and rendered it ever new and delightful.

The journey took them on a long round through France, Italy, the Tyrol, Switzerland, etc., till April, 1815 (two months before the battle of Waterloo).

At Paris, at Rome, and at other cities, Davy and Faraday met scientific men. They talked of newly-found gases and substances—of chlorine, of iodine; they made experiments together. A group of these searchers after knowledge stood one day in a Roman chamber, and eagerly waited while the sun's rays, focussed by a big burning glass, fell upon a diamond. Suddenly the diamond began to burn with a scarlet and purple light. The sparkling gem of carbon was at last reduced to gas (carbonic acid gas). On another occasion, the party climbed Mount Vesuvius, when it was flaming and smoking. Past the groves of fig-trees and past the vineyards they climbed; then up over rough stones, till they halted close to the fiery crater. Heavenwards rolled the smoke; red leaped the flames. Lumps of yellow substance strewed the soil.

"That is muriate of iron," said Davy, always ready to find science in the changing world about him.

Lava flowed over the edge of the crater. An Italian boy cooked eggs in a crack of a stream of lava, and invited the English folk to eat eggs, bread, and wine. They sat and ate, and, as they dined they snuffed the scent of chlorine, of sulphur, of hydrochloric acid! All day they lingered on the burning mount. When dusk came on, the guides

lit torches; Vesuvius flung up crimson flames; a supper of chicken, turkey, cheese, wine, roasted eggs, etc., was eaten; songs were sung—"Rule Britannia!" by an Englishman, and Russian songs by a Russian; and then it was time to go; and asses carried the tired people to their hotels, to beds, and to dreams.

But Faraday's eyes saw other things than burning diamonds, smoking volcanoes, or experiments with magnets. Near the house at Rome in which Davy lodged, a gallows was fixed, some 36 feet high. A large pulley was fastened at the end of it, and a strong rope ran through the pulley. One morning a crowd collected. A troop of soldiers brought a prisoner, who was placed under the gallows with his hands tied behind him. The rope was twisted round his hands. He was drawn up to the top of the gallows, dropped; and again, and again. Then the prisoner was taken to a neighbouring house, where some cordial was given him to drink; and he was marched away, a large placard dangling on his breast bearing the words, "For insulting soldiers." He had thrown at them.

Such things were done in Rome in 1814.

"It is cruel," murmured Faraday, for his heart was ever quick to answer to the feelings of his fellow-men.

Who would have thought that Faraday, so lively in writing his journal of travels, experiments, and adventures, and so cheerful in penning letters to his dear mother in London, suffered bitterly from the unkindness of one who should have shown him respect and courtesy? But his friends knew very little of the trouble. Lady Davy regarded the young man as a sort of servant, and ordered him to do this and that, with very little sign of sympathy. In

Switzerland she bade that Faraday should take his meals with the servants, but the master of the house, who would have gladly treated the young student as a friend and guest, could not bear to see him slighted, and got out of the difficulty by arranging that Faraday should take his meals in a room by himself. There was, it is true, no dishonour in sitting at table with a servant. I have seen families where the "servant" sits at meals with the "master" and "mistress." But Lady Davy did not observe this custom herself. Faraday said very little about all this to his friends. It has been said by Clotilde de Vaux, "It is unworthy of a noble nature to diffuse its own trouble;" and Michael Faraday did not loudly complain, and he owed no grudge.

In due time he became a celebrated master of the sciences of physics, magnetism, electricity, chemistry. Philosophers were glad to hear of his new thoughts and his discoveries; and, at Christmas, multitudes of happy children crowded to hear him lecture, and to admire the experiments which he performed before their wondering eyes.

Yet he, also like a child, year after year examined the world with eyes unwearied. Most of all, he loved to follow the way and the work of that power we call electricity. Four hundred years before Christ, a Greek had seen how yellow amber when rubbed drew towards itself (attracted) such light stuff as straw or dry leaf. The electric force was remarked in certain kinds of fish—in the torpedo fish; in some eels. Gilbert of Colchester found it acting in diamonds, sapphires, rocksalt, sulphur, alum, etc. A German in the 17th century had drawn a spark of electric light from a ball of sulphur. It was this electric force

that Faraday followed, as a hunter follows his quarry—watching, hiding, seeking, springing upon new facts—searching for the electric power in solids, in gases, in flames, in light, in the heaven above, and in the earth beneath. When you see the electric ray blaze from the lamp or the lighthouse tower, and when you see the car fly swiftly by, carrying its load of people, remember the name of Faraday. Poor, tired brain! Its strength was departing in the latter years of his life. One of the last things that he was able to do was to fix an electric light in the tower of Dungeness, so that it could throw its bright warning for miles across the sea, and (as he said) “guide the mariner across the dark and dreary waste of water.”

He lived in a pleasant house at Hampton Court. His niece Jeannie Reid (once the little girl who sat quiet as a mouse) often visited him, and she says,—

“I shall never look at the lightning flashes without recalling his delight in a beautiful storm. How he would stand at the window for hours watching the effects and enjoying the scene.”

And whenever he saw a man or woman in distress, he made haste to help.

On a sunshiny August day, 1867, Michael Faraday sat in a chair in his study, and was very still.

His wonderful eyes were closed.

Peace.

Note.—See A. Bence Jones’s “Life and Letters of Faraday,” 2 vols., published in 1869.

THE SEARCHERS.

“What a noble face she has!” murmured two women.

They were looking at a woman's head, made of marble. The marble eyes seemed to glow, and the marble mouth was closed as if in firm purpose. It was the bust of Marianne North, in a house called the North Gallery, at Kew Gardens, near London. Famous and lovely are the Gardens, with the palm-house, the lake, the tall pagoda of many storeys, the path of cedar trees, the walk near the river where the rhododendrons blaze with red flowers in June, the thatched cottage which King George III. and his Queen were so fond of, and the museums full of various kinds of wood. Yes, but I like nothing in the Gardens better than the house in which the eyes of the marble lady gaze and gaze, as if in search.

As we glance round the two rooms in the North Gallery, we see what she searched for, and what she found. The walls are covered with pictures of plants, gay with colour—red, green, blue, yellow, pink, violet, orange, brown, indigo. Eight hundred and forty-eight pictures in all are here—pictures of flowers, weeds, shrubs, trees, grasses. Most of the plants were not painted from copies in books, or even from

things that grew in English gardens and glass-houses. Miss North visited the plants in their own homes. That is to say, she took ship from English shores and sailed to the United States, both east and west, to Brazil, to Chili, to New Zealand, to Tasmania, to Australia, to Japan, to Borneo, and to Java, in the Eastern Seas; to Ceylon, to India, to Egypt, to the Cape of Good Hope, to Italy, to Portugal. Thus she carried on her search all round the great globe itself. Not for gold or silver did she search, like the Spaniards who conquered Mexico and Peru; not for slaves did she hunt, like the slave-traders in Africa; her voyages were not the voyages of the pirate in quest of spoil. Her eyes—those wondrous eyes—sought for things of beauty and things of marvel, and things of use to mankind. She sailed on rivers, she walked on the sands of the sea, she climbed mountains, she heard the roar of waterfalls in lonely valleys, she passed into the depth of the forest, she sat in the shadow of old temples, she saw the sun rise over the pine trees of the Himalaya peaks, she felt joy in the red evening light over the hills of Queensland in the far South; she lifted her eyes to the tall palm trees that hung their feathery leaves over the waters of the stream of old Nile, and she painted the glories that she searched for and found—in red, green, blue, yellow, pink, violet, orange, brown, indigo. And here, in Kew Gardens, are the 848 treasures that she culled; and in this house, where the noble face is preserved in marble, we may go from point to point, from picture to picture, and think to ourselves, or tell each other in whispers, how beautiful the world is, and how grand is the eye that searches for the beauty. We salute this lady,

Marianne North, who was born at Hastings in 1830, and died at the village of Alderley, in the west of England, in 1890; and she lies buried in the village churchyard.

Some days are bright and sunny; and some are filled with shade and gloom. There is beauty in the world, and you and I can search for it, as the noble painter did. There is also evil.

One day, I had come home from Kew Gardens and I picked up a book about food and health. The word food is a good word, and the word health is a good word, and you might think the book would speak of nought but sweet and fair things; but it was not so. There were dark pages in the volume that told of bad food. There were reports from doctors and inspectors (searchers) who had looked into shops and markets and cattle-ships, and searched, and, alas! found what was ugly and foul. They found the bodies of diseased sheep, diseased bullocks, diseased pigs, diseased horses, and the flesh of these animals was meant to be sold for human food. The eyes of the searchers saw much, but they could not see all. In one year, for instance, they found in Smithfield Meat Market, in London, 1,173 tons of bad flesh, and in other parts of London in that same year they found between 30,000 and 40,000 tins of bad foreign meat; and, in the name of the law of England, all this foul food was destroyed, so that the health of the folk might take no hurt. But there was much that they could not see, and all the evil food was not destroyed. You know also that in our towns and counties, we have servants of the State called analysts, whose work it is to search for the bad, not only in the meat-stores, but in the shops

where dealers sell milk, butter, sugar, cocoa, bread, vegetables, fruit, &c.

Once I paid a visit to a fever hospital, where I sat for a while with a skilful doctor in his room, and on the table he had a number of small glass tubes, and in these tubes he had small quantities of blood, and he would place a drop of blood under his strong glass (microscope), and search and search and search. For what? For the germs of fever. The blood in each tube was taken from a person who was ailing, and who might or might not be ill of fever; it was hard to say till the eye of the searcher caught sight of the fever germ under the glass. Then the sick person would be moved from his house to the hospital, so that other people might not take the disease also. I need hardly say the drops of blood drawn from his veins were so few that it did him no harm to lose them, and so the health of the folk of the town was shielded by the wisdom of the searcher.

Now when I set out to tell of the lady who went round the globe in search of wonder and beauty, you had no idea that I should go on to speak of things vile and dreadful and perilous. But let us have our minds clear about this searching. Is it good to search the world, our dear mother-earth, for things of beauty? You will at once say yes. And you can go forth in the place where you dwell, and find many such things from time to time; and even if you live in a gloomy and wretched spot, you can raise your eyes to the blue and gold and white of sky and cloud, and the fair spangle of the stars. And is it good to search the world, our dear mother-earth, for things that are ugly and foul? Yes? No? Maybe you are not sure what to say, and you do well to pause.

It all depends upon *Why* we search for the ugly and the foul. But do you think the searchers I have spoken of, the searchers after the bad in the people's food, and after the disease germs that mean danger to the people's health, do you think they are good searchers also? Yes, because they search for the sake of the people's safety and comfort ; they are servants of the common weal.

We gave our salute to the noble lady in the North Gallery in Kew Gardens. Let us give our salute also to the men and women who search with keen eyes for whatever does harm and brings the shadow of death. We must be brave, and brave folk can face the ugly as well as the beautiful, and brave folk wage war against the ugly and the foul, so that, little by little, our dear mother-earth may be more and more free from what is vile, and made more and more like a garden city, and the painters may go to and fro and everywhere find places that are lovely, and people that dwell together as joyous brethren.

THE MISSING STONE.

"What's at the end of the road?" asked the small boy of his nurse.

"A river."

"And what's beyond the river?"

"A mountain."

"And what then?"

"I don't know."

"Well," said the boy, "I shall go and see."

The boy was Antoine Thomson d'Abbadie, born in Dublin, 1810, of French parents. This boy, who talked to his nurse about the Beyond became a traveller. He journeyed east and west—in America, in Egypt, in Abyssinia. For eleven years he lived among strange tribes of Africans near the Red Sea, and he learned five languages of Abyssinia, and felt at home in that far-off land. He had an open eye for many kinds of science, the stars and planets, old cities and ruins, the faces and shapes and manners of peoples, and ancient coins. Once he went to the West Indies to watch the passing of the planet Venus like a small black ball over the golden disc of the sun—"the transit of Venus," as astronomers say.

Antoine built a very noble house near the coast which is splashed and fretted by the waves of the Bay of Biscay, and near the peaks of the Pyrenees in

the South of France. Scores of windows gave light to the house, and its towers pointed their spires towards the sky which Antoine loved to examine. One tower was provided with telescopes for stargazing, and below it there was a cellar, and in this deep chamber underground were fixed instruments and balances which delicately measured the movements of the ground in case of an earthquake. Woods and gardens made a bright surrounding. Steps led up to the chief door, and over the porch ran a balcony, and the trees drooped their leaves over the entrance.

But when this mansion, the Château d'Abbadie, was being finished, and the masons were about to lay the last stone of a balcony in front of a window, Antoine said :

"Stay! that stone shall wait to be laid by the hand of an Emperor."

It had happened years since that Antoine travelled in America and there met a prince—Louis Napoleon, nephew of the famous Napoleon who made the wars in Europe and Egypt, and Antoine and the prince were good friends. The prince once said,

"If ever I come to power in France, I will grant you any favour you ask."

He did come to power. First he was President of the French Republic, and then Emperor of the French. His court was gay with the uniforms of officers, and music gave a charm to his palaces.

Antoine met the Emperor Napoleon III. The Emperor remembered the words spoken in America.

"I promised," said he, "to grant any request you should make to me. Have you forgotten?"

"No, sir," replied the man of science. "I have

built myself a mansion in the South, and there I hope to spend quiet days the rest of my life. I beg that, when you visit Biarritz, you will spare a few hours from the pleasures of the seaside city and come to lay the last stone of my château."

"I will do so," said the smiling Emperor.

But he never did.

Before the summer had passed, Napoleon III. had declared war against Prussia, and the Prussians, aided by all Germany, marched up from the East like a wall of steel and terror, and met the French armies in the shock of battle. It was as if a Dark Angel had winged his way over France, and shed upon the earth the poison of Hate and Pain.

The missing stone was never laid.

At Sedan, in September, 1870, a great army of Frenchmen—brave Frenchmen—were obliged to yield to the Germans, with their flags, their guns, and their Emperor. For awhile Napoleon III. lived a sad life in a German castle; then after the close of the war he crossed to England, and he died amid the green meadows and rustling trees of Kent. The summer covered the gardens of the Château d'Abbadie with the glow of red and gold, and the winter shrouded the Pyrenees with a cloth of snow, but the stone in the balcony was still missing.

A society of learned men—the Academy of Sciences—chose Antoine d'Abbadie as their President. Aged and weak though he was, he took a pride in attending the meetings of the Academy each Monday, as sure as the sun and as correct as the clock. His voice was failing, but he murmured to his comrades his love of science, of new knowledge, of progress.

To this Academy he gave a gift.

"You shall have," he said, "my Château in the South. But I ask two things. Do not fill the place of the missing stone. And continue the work which I have begun of mapping the stars; and I desire that, during the next fifty years, the astronomers of the Château will finish a list of five hundred thousand stars, so that the people of the future may find their way more readily among the shining maze of the heavens at night."

Antoine died in Paris, March, 1897.

Night after night his wish is fulfilled. Keen eyes watch the stars, and busy fingers handle the pen and record observations, and the list of the half-million suns is growing.

The reason of man goes on with its search and its conquests. It explores the earth, and the heavens above, and the waters under the earth. The soul of man is on the watch-tower of science.

Voices may cease, princes may fall, and the missing stone will never be laid, but the human mind proceeds in its glorious march.

NOTE.—Based on an article in the *American Popular Science Monthly*, Vol. 54 (1898-9), pp. 81-4.

THEY WORE CAVALRY BOOTS.

A STORY OF A THEORY.

"And after the battle, sir,"—

"Yes, sir, what happened after the battle?"

"The rain fell. And do you know why?"

"No, sir."

"It was because the discharge of so many guns caused the water in the air to thicken, that is to say, to condense, and so to fall in a heavy shower."

"You don't say so!"

"I do say so! And it is my belief that we could at any time produce rain by discharging guns and explosives. The more guns the more rain. The United States need rain very badly sometimes; and this is how it may be got. That, sir, is my THE-O-RY."

Many gentlemen put their heads together and talked loud and talked soft, about this theory of Mr. Dyrenforth's.

"There's nothing in it," said some.

"There's something in it," said others.

One of the others was Senator Farwell, member of the Congress of the United States of America. He listened with his right ear to Mr. Dyrenforth; he

listened with his left ear; and he was convinced the theory was good.

"It is my belief," he cried as he stood up in Congress, "that Dyrenforth has found a great truth! The United States want rain. Dyrenforth can give us rain. Let us give him dollars, guns, bombshells, gunpowder, rosellite; and he will produce such a concussion of the air as will bring down torrents of refreshing rain from heaven, and water the dry and thirsty earth. I propose a grant of seven thousand dollars."

Agreed!

On a clear evening in August, 1891, on a large open space at Midland, in the State of Texas, a company assembled in order to put the theory to the test. Wagons brought up loads of bombshells, rosellite, gunpowder, etc., and Mr. Dyrenforth and a friend who acted as his lieutenant were seated on fine horses. People called Dyrenforth the General, and he and his friend wore cavalry boots—long boots such as life-guards wear. With a jingle of spurs and a smack of whips the General and the lieutenant galloped to and fro as if preparing for battle. The General sat upright like Alexander the Great, like Hannibal, like Napoleon Bonaparte. His eyes looked full of THEORY.

Mortars to throw shells stood in a line, facing the clouds which were drifting up from the horizon, across the clear sky. These clouds must be condensed into rain.

Fire!

Boom—bang—burst—crash—smash—rumble—roar!

The crowd watched with anxious eyes. A clatter

of hoofs was heard, and the General and his friend, wearing cavalry boots, swept by like a whirlwind and round the field of war.

But there wasn't any rain.

Cheap balloons were then sent up containing hydrogen gas and oxygen gas, and carrying a wire which, at a certain moment, discharged electricity and made a spark which turned the gases into water.

"The theory is," said the General, "that when this water is formed in the upper regions by chemical action—by chemical action, sir—the water in the surrounding atmosphere will also condense. That is the THEORY."

Silence in the crowd. Balloons go up. Sparks! Ha! What now?

The General and his lieutenant flashed by on their war horses, like the cuirassiers who charged the English at Waterloo.

But there wasn't any rain.

There were clouds. There was a General. There was a lieutenant. There was a noise. There was a theory. There were cavalry boots. But there wasn't any rain.

Time passed. Senator Farwell still held the THEORY. So did Dyrenforth. And the dollars were not all spent.

At 8 o'clock in the evening of a November day in the year 1892, at San Antonio, in the State of Texas, U.S.A., a second experiment was tried. People again admired the cavalry boots of the General and his nimble friend. The air was warm. The temperature stood at 72 degrees by the Fahrenheit thermometer. I mention the Fahrenheit thermometer

in order that you may feel how scientific the whole business was. Seventy-two degrees by the Fahrenheit thermometer, remember. Now, if the explosives were fired, the air would be cooled, the moisture in the atmosphere would be condensed, and the rain would fall. That was the theory. And you will be so good as to bear in mind that the plan—the THEORY I mean—had been explained by a Senator, approved by the Congress, and supported by a grant of 7000 dollars out of the public treasury. This time, the battle stuff was on a vast scale—8 balloons, 150 shells, 4000 lbs. of rosellite—enough to blow a whole army to pieces, and to bring down all the waters that are above the firmament.

Is all ready ?

The General and his lieutenant rode by, as grand as Cæsar, as cool as Wellington, as keen as Count von Moltke.

Fire !

Balloons up, sparks ! Flash, clash, crash, splitter, splatter, splutter, mutter, roar, encore, burst asunder, thunder, crack, smack, boom, doom, terror, horror, bang !

One of the balloons had soared up into the very midst of a thick black cloud, and the electric spark shot like lightning.

The leader and his assistants tore east and west, and north and south, amid the storm. They flew like demons of the smoke. There was an awful amount of THEORY.

But there wasn't any rain.

No, not a drop fell on the parched soil of San Antonio in the State of Texas, U.S.A. Nevertheless, as the General pointed out to the gaping crowd, Con-

gress had debated the question, and the United States of America had devoted 7000 dollars to this scientific purpose. The problem had been studied by experts in chemistry, in magnetism, in electricity, in dynamics and statics, and in meteorology.

Well, could anything be better? Dynamics, statics, meteorology! Next Wednesday the thing should be tried again; next Wednesday.

Crowd again; balloons again, ten; bomb-shells again, 175; rosellite again, 5000 lbs. General again, lieutenant again; and they wore cavalry boots, and pranced backwards and forwards in the style of General Grant, General Lee, General Stonewall Jackson, General Washington.

All ready? Do you all understand the THEORY?

Fire!

Oh, the bursting and the booming; the rushing and the gushing; the shrieking and the hissing; the bellowing and the echoing; the bang, bang, bang!

Like stormy petrels, skimming the waves in a tempest, the General and his lieutenant galloped hither and thither—the THEORY seeming to wrap them in mantles of fire.

Yes, it was all very well in theory, but . . .

But there wasn't any rain.

After all the talk about physics, dynamics, statics, meteorology, not one drop!

How finely Senator Farwell had talked!

How learnedly Dr. Dyrenforth had stated his case!

How fair the theory seemed!

But there wasn't any rain.

A number of explosives, bombs, and other stuff were left. On the Thursday evening, they were all

fired off to get rid of them ; and everybody went home. The General and his friend, and the cavalry boots went home. The theory went home.

But there wasn't any rain.

NOTE.—Adapted (very much adapted !) from a description of the occurrences in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, vol. 55, pp. 489-90.

THE ROCK-CRYSTAL BOX.

The young professor had very wonderful eyes—eyes that saw things in star-land, in earth, in sea, in air, which other eyes could not see. This wisdom of his was the philosophy of nature ; he was professor of Natural Philosophy. He had come from Belfast to Glasgow College in 1846 ; but his eyes could not see the future. He did not know that he would be a professor at the college desk for 53 years.

The windows of his house—"No. 2, The College," it was called—looked two ways. One way was into a dull square yard, known as the Quadrangle ; and on this side you could see the young learners—the students—pass to and fro, with books under arms. The other way was into some narrow back streets, dirty streets, miserable streets, dark streets. One of these lanes went by the name of "The Havannah." Now Havannah is a city in the island of Cuba in the West Indian seas, and palms and many lovely trees grow there in the happy sunlight. But this gloomy lane in Glasgow had no trees ; and the young professor's eyes saw in this Havannah crowds of ragged creatures like grim ghosts, and in a letter to a friend he spoke of these poor Scots as "dreadful specimens of humanity." So here, in the College, the grand lessons of science were learned ; and, in the slums,

men and women and children lived in dismal cellars. The professor saw fairer scenes when he spent a holiday in Switzerland, and climbed the giant hills and watched the roaring cascades.

In the winter of 1848-9, a shadow fell on Glasgow—mansions, College, and the Havannah. The cholera broke out, and the plague killed thousands. Among the dead was the professor's father. There are wretched lanes still in Glasgow (I have seen them), but the health of the city is better cared for, and to-day it would be hard for the cholera to find a home for its evil presence.

The professor was William Thomson, afterwards known as Lord Kelvin. It was he who laid the first cable on the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, so that telegraph messages could be sent from the New World to the Old; and many other wonders of science did he achieve. But the sad slum in the shadow of the College was a warning to our nation that the noblest science of all is that which gives thought to the health and housing and progress of the people. Pray do not suppose I mean that Lord Kelvin had no such care. I mean that none of us should be so wrapped up in the study of stars, or physics, or chemistry, or any other sort of science, as to forget the cry of the poor and the misery of the unclean lanes.*

Having told of a learned man, I will tell of a learned woman, Maria Agnesi, born at Milan, in Italy, in 1718. As a little girl of five she spoke French; at nine, Latin; at eleven, Greek; and at twenty, Spanish and German. A famous Frenchman visited her house, and saw Maria sitting on a sofa in the company of

* Prof. S. P. Thompson's *Life of Baron Kelvin*, vol. i. pp. 201-211.

thirty persons ; and an Italian count spoke to her in Latin, and in that language she replied easily and with quick understanding, and the company admired her knowledge. She was scarcely a grown woman when she had written 199 essays on science, and she felt a joy in writing on algebra and geometry, and her name was mentioned by many lips as that of a very remarkable scholar. The Pope sent her a coronet set with precious stones, and also a gold medal ; and the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria gave the clever Maria (her namesake) a rock-crystal box adorned with a shining gem. A Professor of mathematics was wanted at the University of the city of Bologna, and the post was offered to Maria Agnesi, but she did not accept it.

In 1752 her father died. Several of his sons were still young, and needed a guardian to watch over them till they could do their duty as men and citizens. Maria gave much of her time to their service ; she was herself their tutor, and taught them from the ample store of her learning. But her heart was large enough to gather into its circle of love yet other folk who were not members of the Agnesi family.

Fatherless and motherless children found a friend in Maria, and a refuge under her roof.

And still her heart had room. Two infirm persons were added to the group who sheltered in her house.

This teacher of her young brothers, this guardian of orphans, this protector of the infirm, had a wondrous hunger in her soul. She hungered for the doing of more works of mercy. Her mind, once filled with a passion for science, and books, and skill in speaking tongues, now gave itself to the science of the helping

hand, and the language she loved most was the language of comfort whispered in the ear of the sorrowful.

Shall we then say that all her learning was a mistake? Not at all. But the science of humanity has a finer part to play than the heaping up of the wisdom of many schools.

Maria Agnesi saw poor women who had no proper homes, and she resolved to set apart a portion of her large mansion as a kind of asylum for these sisters in want.

But now a pause took place. The orphans and the infirm and the sorrowful women could not be fed and aided without money.

Maria Agnesi searched among her treasures. She took up the crystal box, which glittered like fairy-glass. From an Empress's hand she had received this gift as a mark of admiration for her learning. She looked at the box of crystal, and she looked at the pale faces of her humble companions.

A rich Englishman was passing through the city, and she knew he had a taste for articles that were rare and curious. To him she sold the Empress's crystal box, her purse was full, and her heart was glad for the sake of the women.

And still the work grew, and 450 persons of both sexes at length received the compassion and the alms of the lady of Milan.

She died in 1799, and people called her the Servant of the Poor.*

More than a century has passed, and to-day the wise folk do not believe the best way to end the sorrows

* Article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, vol. iii. pp. 402 409.

of the slum and the sickness of the poor is to sell jewels and bestow alms ; nor can homeless women be all sheltered under the roofs of the wealthy. You young citizens must, as you grow older, help us to find nobler and more useful plans than these. But we honour the memory of Maria, the Servant of the Poor. We think, as she thought, that love to one's neighbour is a purer thing than the learning of the college. Science is a treasure of the mind, and it is the glory of man to know more and more of the vast world he lives in ; but his chief glory is to bless his fellows.

We admire the box, not just for its sparkling crystal and its brilliant gem, but because love used it for the service of the brethren.

HOW THE CLOUD CAME BACK.

This is an old Arab tale :—

In the days when the sons of Israel still dwelt in their own land, there was a man whose piety had so pleased Allah (God) that God gave him a Cloud to go with him every day, and afford him shade from the sun's rays.

It came to pass that the Cloud-man sinned, and Heaven was wroth with him, and took away the Cloud, so that the heat of the sun smote sore upon his head.

The man was in great grief, and prayed oft that he might be pardoned for his trespass, and that the pleasant shadow of the Cloud might be restored.

One night, as he slept, a voice spake to him in his dream—

“If you wish that God the Most High should give you back your Cloud, go to the King in a certain town and tell him what you desire.”

To this town he made his way in haste, and he asked the road to the palace.

At the gate of the royal house he saw a young man, seated on a throne, which was of pure gold, crusted with pearls and diamonds, and round the throne a crowd of folk pressed in order to make known their wants.

"Whence come you?" asked the young man.

"I come from a far land to see the King."

"You cannot do so to-day. Tell me what you wish."

"I can tell none but the King."

"You must come again. Only once a week can you see the King himself."

The Cloud-man took shelter for some days in a ruined chapel.

When the set day arrived, he mingled in the crowd at the palace gates, and they were admitted by the vizier or minister. The King was on the throne. One by one the people were led to his presence, and the Cloud-man's turn came at last.

"Welcome, Cloud-man," said the King. "Be seated near me till I have disposed the affairs of the other folk."

Now the Cloud-man marvelled greatly that the King should know him, but he sat, and answered naught.

When the people were all satisfied, the King arose, and took the stranger by the hand, and led him through a very long corridor, in which no man could be seen, and they entered a poor looking chamber, strewn with straw. The room contained an old prayer-mat, a tub for washing, a ragged couch, and some palm-leaves.

The King put off his robes, and put on a coarse woollen garb, and a horsehair cap. Then he sat and cried:—

"Wife!"

"Here," answered a voice.

She came from behind a curtain.

"Do you know this man?"

"Yes, he is called the Cloud-man."

The King asked his wife to leave the chamber. She looked like an old leather wine-skin, so coarse was her wool coat ; and yet she was young.

Said the King—

"Brother, we will tell you about ourselves ; then we will grant you your request, and you can depart."

"So strange is this scene," replied Cloud-man, "that it makes me clean forget my own affairs."

"My good forefathers," the King said, "passed the throne from sire to son, and, after they had all passed to the bosom of the Most High, the throne fell to my lot. I had no mind for the vain pomp and show of the rich world where kings dwell. At one time, I resolved to go about as a pilgrim to holy places, and to leave my subjects to choose a new ruler. But I feared this would cause disorder, and the law would be broken and the religious life no longer lived. Well, meanwhile, the people took the oath of homage to me, and I began my duties as King, though my thoughts were far away. Meats were set on the board. The guards and the mamelukes did their soldierly service ; and the sentinels stood armed at the gates as in the days of my fathers. Then I left my splendid abode, and I took up my dwelling in this ruined apartment, which one enters by this rickety door. Here I doff my royal vesture, and assume these common woollen garments ; and I weave mats of palm-leaf to sell in the market, and the price of the mats brings in enough for the food of my wife and myself. She, like me, has given up the glories of the royal state. The people outside do not know the simple life we lead. I appointed an officer to attend to the prayers of the citizens, but,

as I learned that they beg for me to appear, I fixed one day of each week when I should show myself to the folk and listen to their petitions, as you have seen. And this have I done for many a long day. Stay with us this day and night, stranger. We shall, before sunset, sell our palm-leaf mats, and then we shall have food wherewith to break our fast. To-morrow morning you will go on your way, having obtained that which you desired."

As the day drew near its close, a little boy came to the King's room.

He gathered up the palm-leaf mats and went out.

After an hour or so he returned with a bundle in his hand. He had sold the mats in the market, and had bought bread and vegetables with part of the money, and fresh palm-leaves with the other part.

The sun had now gone down.

King and Queen partook of the humble meal, and the Cloud-man was their guest.

In the palace officers and servants fared richly, and they lay on soft beds; and, in the town, not a soul that night reclined on a poorer mattress than that of the King and Queen.

The stranger lay in a corner of the ruined chamber.

Hours passed, and when it was near the break of day, the King and Queen rose up from their ragged couch, and they knelt on the prayer-mat, and they prayed and wept, saying :

"Oh, Allah, thy servant is with us, and his heart longeth for the kindly Cloud, and he hath been guided here in search of his lost blessing. All-powerful One, give him back his Cloud."

The King lifted his eyes towards the window in

the broken wall. Faint was the light in the eastern sky.

"Friend," said the King, "your wish is granted."

So the wanderer bade his host farewell, and found his way along a silent passage, and so out into the streets of the city.

No man stirred on the road. The cocks crew.

As the wanderer stepped from the back door of the palace, the Cloud floated over his head, ready, at any moment he needed, to shield him from the rays of the Arabian sun.

And all his days, the Cloud went with him, like to a servant that follows a master.

* * * * *

This is but a legend.

Was it well that the King should live in such a lonely room, shut out six days of each week from the busy world?

You and I might not think so. But to his mind it was the best thing to do. He did his duty, as he thought.

Can clouds follow men? No.

Can one man bring a cloud to the service of another? No.

What, then, did the Arab story-maker mean by the tale?

He meant that, in this world, the work and character of the Good Men and Women bring blessings to those who are less good.

The love of noble hearts overshadows and soothes the pain of the others.

Note.—The story is adapted from the French translation, by G. Rat, of the Arabian treatise, "Al-Mostatraf," published in Paris in 1899; volume I, chapter 31.

PIERRE AND MAGUELONE.

Now when all tongues in the land spake of the fair face and form and soul of the daughter of the King of Naples—the place of the noble blue bay—it came to the ears of Pierre, who was son to the Count of Melgueil in the region of Provence in the South of France. Nothing in the world would do but he must set eyes on this lovely maid. He put on his armour, and donned a helmet, and there were silver keys on his helmet, and also on his shield, for he would fain unlock a hundred gates if so be he might reach the lady. So he rode all the way to Naples, and the King was holding a great show of fighting Knights, and in this tourney the lance of Pierre did brave feats, and the folk gave him lusty cheers, and he saw the princess and she loved him, and he loved her. The King, her sire, had promised she should wed the prince of Carpona, but she had no mind to marry the man, and she and Pierre, one day-dawn, ran off towards France.

Well, the rays of the sun streamed on the heads of the young couple, and Maguelone lay down in the shade of a tree, and put her head on Pierre's knee, and slept, but he kept awake. He saw in her bosom a small silk bag, and he drew it out, and peeped in, and found in it three rings. These rings he had

himself given her in token of his love. Lest he should waken the maid, he did not replace the bag, but left it on a stone. Lo ! a black raven flew down and picked up the bag and bore it right away. Pierre rolled his cloak as a pillow for Maguelone's head, and he ran hard after the raven. The bird perched on a cliff that hung over the sea, and Pierre flung a pebble, and the raven let the bag fall into the water. The young man found a boat, leapt into it, and set up the sail, and stood out to sea. A brisk wind blew, and blew, and blew, and he could make no head against it, and across the sea it drove him, hour after hour, and all the long day and night and day, till behold ! he was thrust, faint and worn, on the beach of Alexandria in Egypt. And there he had to stay, a stranger in a strange land, and he was made a page-in-waiting to the Sultan ; and oft, in secret, he sighed the name of Maguelone.

Now, when the princess awoke under the tree, she saw not her dear comrade, and she sprang up and ran here and there, and cried,

“ Pierre, Pierre ! ”

The setting sun could not tell her where her lover was, nor could the stars, nor could the night owl in the forest. At break of day, she turned her face to Rome. On the way to the famous city she met a woman who was a pilgrim, and with her she made exchange of garments ; and, clad in drab robes, she trudged along the road to Rome. At the door of St. Peter's Church the poor girl knelt in prayer, and a lord who passed threw coins to her as to a beggar ; and he was her uncle, and knew her not. But there was no rest for the sole of her foot in Rome, and she journeyed to the seaside town of Genoa, and went in

a ship to the coast of Provence, whence her dear Pierre had come to search for her. And when it was told her that a little isle lay off the coast, good for a pious woman to dwell in and be at peace, she went to it, and made it her home, and with the gems and rich things she had brought with her from her father's house, she paid for the building of a small church, and a house of shelter for the infirm, and she nursed sick folk with her own kind hands.

One day a lady came to her and poured out the tale of her woe. She said she was the Countess of Melgueil, and her son, Pierre, had gone to Naples, and no man knew after that what had happened to him. But little did the Countess think the good nurse was her son's lover.

A gift of a fish was brought to the door of the Count of Melgueil. It was a tunny, and when it was cut open, what should the Countess see inside it but a silk bag, and in the bag three rings, and they were the very rings she had once bestowed on her son Pierre. With great haste she was rowed in a boat, that she might show the Lady of the Isle the marvel that had befallen.

The Sultan of Egypt had much love to the French page, and at last he granted Pierre's prayer and let him go back to the land of his birth.

"But," said he, "be sure you come back to see me."

To Pierre he gave fourteen casks of treasure, and, so that the treasure might not be seen by curious eyes, Pierre laid salt on the top of each cask ; and he set sail.

The ship called at the island of Sagona, and Pierre the Frenchman went on shore to see the land and have the pleasure of a walk. It was a joyous place,

and he roamed a long time, and then lay on the grass and fell into slumber. A fair wind blew, and the master of the ship made search for the youth, but nowhere did he and his men set eyes on him, and they, supposing him to be lost or devoured by wild beasts, went away without him, and sailed to Provence. The captain would not keep the fourteen casks (as he deemed) of salt, and he gave them to the Lady of the Island, even the good Maguelone; and she reckoned that she had salt now to last her a very long time.

The salt she had by her having given out, she went one day to fetch some from one of the fourteen casks. But when she dipped her hand therein, she lit upon the golden treasure; and truly she had plenty of riches to enlarge the church, and add to the comforts of her almshouse for the sick.

When Pierre awoke on the island of Sagona, he fell into deep grief, for he was alone in the world, and saw no way of escape. Yet help came; for a vessel touched at the isle, and the crew took him on board, and treated him with compassion.

"We will take you, sir, to Maguelone," they said.

"Who or what is that?"

"The Lady of the Island off the coast of Provence, and she gives a home to the ship-wrecked and to the forlorn."

He was haggard and ill, as they bore him to the House of Shelter, and the Lady of the Isle knew him not; and as she wore a veil, neither did Pierre know her. His face was browned by the sun of Egypt, and the beard that had grown on lip and chin made him seem quite other than the youth who once had worn the helmet of the silver keys.

She came to visit the sick and strangers, and paused to speak to him, and he sighed a deep sigh, and she bade him tell the cause of his sorrow, and he told her the tale of his travels, and all the sadness of his heart. At that she could scarce keep back the cry that leaped to her lips, but she ruled herself, and made haste to the church, and bowed before the altar and gave thanks with many a tear and sob.

She sent word that Pierre should come from the almshouse, since he was now better of the sickness, and that rich clothes should be given him ; and she put on royal robes like to the robes she used to wear at her father's court in Naples, and her veil was thrown aside, and her face shone as the sun at its rising. And when Pierre saw her and knew her, then his heart was so glad with the new gladness that he forgot all the hardships and pains of the past, and they put their arms about each other in peace and joy ; and they became husband and wife.

But whether Pierre ever saw the Sultan of Egypt again I know not.

The church of Maguelone still stands, and looks out over the waters on which Pierre had tossed in peril and grief.

NOTE.—The story is an old mediæval legend, first told by Bernard de Trevies, and afterwards re-written by the poet Petrarch ; and the above version is adapted from the legend as given in the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's *In Troubadour Land*.

MY OWN SON.

The name of the ship was *Glory*. So it was called when it was launched, and for the first time cut the waters of the great sea. But glory was added to *Glory*—H.M.S. *Glory*—when, one day in 1909, it rested at anchor in the harbour of Malta.

Fire !

It was a passenger vessel that was all aflame, and the red light glowed on the Maltese water. The captain ran the ship ashore, but the sea was wild with surf, and, in the fire or in the tumbling breakers, several lives were lost. The passengers were chiefly Arabs.

Now the skin of the Arab is brown and swarthy, while the skin of us English—us Europeans of the North—is fair and white ; and you know that some of us have a high pride along with the white skin, and we have a way of reckoning ourselves the front-rank folk of the earth.

A pinnace (an eight-oar boat) from H.M.S. *Glory* had taken in some of the passengers from the burning liner, when three Arabs lowered themselves over the ship's side by a rope. Two of them were picked up. The last got twisted in the rope, and he dangled over the water, while the iron hull of the ship glowed hot and red with fire and death.

The brown-skinned Arab hung there, not knowing if death or life should claim him.

Thomas Bouttell, a bluejacket of H.M.S. *Glory*, settled that terrible question. He seized the dangling rope, untwisted its coil from the passenger,—the side of the liner glowing almost red-hot,—and both fell into the sea, and the son of England held up the son of Arabia in the surf, until they were rescued by a boat some time after.

The Stanhope gold medal was given to Thomas Bouttell.

You will suppose I tell you this story so as to give honour to the bluejacket's courage. His was indeed a manly act, and worthy of a sailor and a citizen. I am thinking, however, of something else. I am thinking of *whom* he saved. It was not a fellow-bluejacket; not a fellow-countryman; not a fellow-European, but a son of Asia,—an Arab,—a disciple of the prophet Mohammed. Bouttell asked nothing as to the colour of the man's skin, or the place of his birth, or the creed of his religion. It was a *human being* who was entangled in the rope; so he went to his help.

Black is a deeper hue than brown; and a negro, to some eyes, is further off us white (and proud) Europeans than even the Arab. Very well, now I will speak of a negro who lay on the floor of the church of S. Maria della Scala at Rome in June, 1849.

Why did he lie on the floor?

He was dead. He had been killed by a French bullet. Rome had been besieged by the French army. Rome had been ruled for a few weeks by famous captains,—Garibaldi and others,—who were seeking to make Italy free from the Pope and from all

foreigners. For a few weeks Rome had been a republic. Garibaldi's men, in their red tunics or shirts, had manned the walls, and served the cannon, and defended Rome from the artillery of France. Numbers of the defenders of Italy's liberty were slain. Two of them,—*two*, observe,—had been laid on the floor of the church I spoke of,—and Ugo Bassi, the priest, kneeled and wept over them both,—both sons of the Republic and of freedom. One was Manara of Milan, a rich young Italian; a dashing rider and soldier; clever at music; aged twenty-four. A ball had gone clean through his body. And a wife mourned for him, and a child; and Ugo Bassi the priest wept for him. The other was the black man, Anghiar, a fellow of enormous strength, who had met Garibaldi in South America, followed him like a noble dog from land to land, and taken a share in all his master's sufferings; and, as he held Garibaldi's horse, his head was shattered by a bullet.

Over the white cavalryman, and over the faithful black, the priest Bassi bent his head, and dropped the tears of grief and respect. Both had given their service and their life. Both,—white and black,—were children of humanity; and both deserved homage from all noble hearts.

Come, let us change the scene. You shall hear of the mother of a poet,—the olive-skinned poet Malabari, of India. She was a Parsee of Baroda; and if you will search the map of India, and find Baroda, it may be that the name of Baroda will henceforth be pleasant to your ears, for this Baroda woman was a very splendid daughter of India. In 1856 she lost her husband, and was left alone with a baby (the poet afterwards) aged two years. She

resolved to go to the city of Surat for a new home ; and she travelled in a rough country cart,—a hay-cart,—along the hill-roads and jungle-paths, and her baby was at her breast. One day, a troop of wild Bhils,—forest robbers,—swarmed round the hay-cart, and the mother's heart leaped with a terror which the baby—happy child—knew nothing of. But the Bhils took compassion on the lonely Parsee woman, and gave her gifts of such things as they had, and made sure that she reached the city of Surat unharmed.

Parsees and Hindoos do not always live as friends. But the heart of Bkikhibai (such was her name) was pure from the malice that hates the people of another race. One day, she saw a half-dead infant lying in a basket near her door. It seemed so forlorn ; so lonely ; and she herself had often been lonely. She picked up the child, and gave it the milk from her own breast ; and the women that were her neighbours jeered and said :—

“You know not what caste the babe belongs to ! Perhaps it is a low-caste child !”

And in truth it was ; for when its mother came to fetch it, she was found to belong to the despised Mahars,—the road-sweeper class ; and loud was the scorn of the Hindoos at what they called the folly of the Parsee woman.

But was it folly ?

Was it not as brave an act as the deed of Thomas Bouttell ? He feared not fire nor water, and she feared not the bitter scorn of neighbours.

Her little boy Malabari fell sick of the small-pox. A quack doctor came and advised her.

“Cut off,” said he, “the live nails and eyebrows of some boy who lives in the same street,—never mind

the pain it gives,—and offer nails and hair to the goddess of small-pox ; and your son will recover.”

Her Parsee heart flamed up in anger.

“No,” she said, “every boy in the street is my own son.”

My own son ! She would not gain a blessing for her son at the cost of another lad’s health and comfort.

From this poetry in the mother’s soul the son Malabari drew the beauty of his poetic thoughts.

Thomas Bouttell, the English sailor, saved the Arab.

Bassi, the priest, wept over white and black alike.

The Parsee mother fed the Hindoo baby.

The bond of humanity was the tie that made these folk of different colour and race feel as brethren.

My friend, the Vicar of St. Mark’s, Leicester,—his name is F. L. Donaldson,—preaches to rich and poor alike the message of the Good Life. In his church a great cross hangs from the ceiling, and on the wall is a picture of angels dancing. A few years ago, a shadow was on the town of Leicester. Crowds of men were workless and in misery, and four hundred of them banded themselves together to march to London, to let all the people,—King and citizens,—see that they were in need, and wished for work and wages. Through rain and along muddy roads they walked four days, and the Vicar of St. Mark’s went with them ; for he did not hold back from their mean clothes, or their pinched faces, or their rough speech and manners. But he companied with them because they were human brethren in sorrow. They were his own brothers.

His own brothers. . . .

AT THE RUINED PALACE.

It was about midnight. The Caliph Al-Mamun, Prince of Bagdad, called to his trusted eunuch, and said :—

“Take two of your fellow-servants with you, and go on an errand for me. I have heard that every night an old man goes to the ruined palace of the Barmecide princes, and recites poems in memory of their good deeds and in sorrow for their death. The Barmecides were the enemies of my father's house, and this old man cannot be our friend. Bring him to me.”

The three servants of the Caliph of Bagdad traversed the silent streets of the city till they arrived at the ruined palace, where broken walls stood up against the starlight, and charred beams and fallen pillars lay strewn in dismal heaps.

They had scarcely hidden themselves behind a pile of rubbish when they saw a young man, carrying a small carpet and an iron stool. He was followed by an old man, whose upright form had an air of dignity and strength.

The old man sat on the iron stool, and lifted up his voice, and recited in poetic lines a song of mourning for the dead,—

“When the sword struck off the head of the noble

Giafar and the Prince's herald proclaimed the death of my beloved Yahia, then did I weep for the changing fates of the world, and I told myself that the earth no longer contained anything to live for."

Thus he cried aloud. And when he had finished, the three watchers sprang out and seized him, saying :—

"You must come with us to the Prince of True Believers, even Al-Mamun."

He uttered a sigh of despair :—

"Then I have but a short time to live. Allow me to go to my shop and leave in writing my last instructions to my dear ones."

This they permitted. Entering a shop in one of the bazaars of Bagdad, he rapidly penned some words on a paper, and left it for his friends to see ; and then he accompanied the eunuch to the palace of Al-Mamun.

"What," asked the Caliph, with a frown, "have the Barmecide traitors done for you that you should recite their praises at the ruins of their house ?"

"O Prince, I owe to them great debts. May I tell you about what they did for me ?"

"Speak," said Al-Mamun.

Then the old man told the following tale :—

His name was Al-Mondir. Born at the ancient city of Damascus, of a noble family, he had fallen on evil times, sold the house which was his birth-place, and set out with his family—about 30 persons—for Bagdad, hoping to find help at the hands of the Barmecides ; for the Barmecides were famed in all quarters for their generous hearts. At Bagdad, they lodged in a mosque, where they sat in hunger and misery, while Al-Mondir, clad in shabby garb, went

forth to seek aid. Having reached the part of the city where the Barmecides resided, he saw a chapel, the roof and towers of which sparkled with gold, and inside which he saw a hundred gentlemen dressed in splendid costumes. Two eunuchs stood at the door and invited Al-Mondir in. Entering the chapel, he mingled, ill-dressed as he was, with the grand company.

A messenger appeared and said :—

“Gentlemen, you are requested to repair to the mansion of Yahia, the son of Kalid.”

They went thither—a hundred and one in all—and saw Yahia seated on a platform in a garden ; and he and they saluted. Ten of his sons were at his right and left hands.

A young man issued from the house, and before him walked a hundred eunuchs wearing golden belts, and each carried a gold box containing sweet wood of aloes, and a piece of red-yellow amber ; and these boxes they laid before Yahia, the son of Kalid.

Then said Yahia to the Kadi, or judge :—

“I beg that you will now marry my daughter Aisah to this youth, the son of my father’s uncle.”

At the close of the ceremony, balls of musk and amber were thrown upon the guests, and the eunuchs marched round with silver plates, on each of which were a thousand gold coins ; and they presented the gifts to the invited people. Each man poured the gold into the full, open sleeve of his robe, put the silver plate under his arm, bowed, and departed.

Al-Mondir was left till last, almost afraid to gather up the coins. At a sign from a eunuch, however, he took the treasure, and was about to go away, when a voice called him back, and bade him lay down

coins and plate before the feet of Yahia, the son of Kalid.

"Sit beside me," said Yahia.

"To what family do you belong?" Yahia, the son of Kalid continued.

Al-Mondir recited the history of his griefs.

"Call my son Mousa," commanded Yahia to a eunuch.

The son came.

"This man," said Yahia, "is a stranger in Bagdad. Take him home with you, and treat him as a friend."

Mousa took Al-Mondir by the hand, and led him to his own house, and entertained him one day and one night.

Next morning, Mousa called in his brother Al-Abbas and said :—

"The vizier, Yahia, has commended this man to my care, but you know I have business to do at the palace, so I request you to protect my friend."

Al-Abbas treated Al-Mondir with the same kindness. In this way, he passed through the houses of all the ten brothers. But he had heard no tidings of his family.

On the eleventh day, a eunuch entered and said :—

"Depart now to your family, and may peace be on your head."

"Alas," murmured Al-Mondir to himself, "I returned the gold coins, and I have nothing to take my children."

The eunuch led him through a number of rooms, till he lifted the curtain at the entrance to the last, and said :—

"Let me know if there is anything you need."

In that chamber were gathered Al-Mondir's family,

everyone of them beautifully clothed and joyful in looks. To Al-Mondir were given a large sum of money, and two estates in the country.

Such was the old man's tale.

"For thirteen years," he concluded, "O Prince of True Believers, I lived with the Barmecides as if I belonged to their kin. When at length they fell under the wrath of your late father, and were put to death by Mesrour the executioner, your Treasurer ordered me to pay a tax so heavy that the income from the estates cannot bear it, and I was ruined. But never, sir, do I forget the goodness of the Barmecides, and at night I have gone to the place where they died, and renewed with tears the memory of their gracious deeds."

"Bid the Treasurer come here," said the Caliph Al-Mamun.

He appeared before the throne.

"Do you know this old man?"

"Certainly. He is a friend of the Barmecides."

"What tax has been imposed upon him?"

The Treasurer named the amount.

"Well," said Al-Mamun, "give him back all he has paid you, and take note that the two estates belong to him, without tax, and to his heirs after him for ever."

The old man broke into weeping.

"My friend," said the Caliph, "why do you weep?"

"O Prince of True Believers," he answered, "the benefits I receive from your hand are still due to the noble Barmecides, for it was my sighs at the ruin of their dwelling that caused me to be arrested by your Highness's officers. Never shall I forget those generous people."

Tears came into the Caliph's eyes.

"You do well," he said. "Remain ever faithful to their memory."

Note.—The story is taken from the French translation, by G. Rat, of the Arabic work, "Al-Mostatraf," published in Paris in 1899.

TRUST.

A house stood at the crossing of two roads in Alabama, in the south of the United States. It was a store, which supplied goods to the country round. A coloured gentleman, named Booker T. Washington, was talking to the store-keeper, who was a white man.

Presently, a negro passed the store, and the store-keeper hailed him.

"I want you," he said, "to do an errand for me. I want you," (here he handed him a packet of money) "to deliver this money to my friend, So-and-So."

He named a friend who lived miles away. The negro promised to leave the money at the house of the person named, and then walked on.

"You seem very ready to trust that man," said Booker Washington.

"I am; and yet I don't know his name. But I know him by face very well, and he has lived in that neighbourhood a long time; and I am sure my money is in safe hands."

"White people," said Booker Washington, "often accuse coloured folk of being so quick to pilfer."

"Well," replied the storekeeper, "and some black folk, like some white folk, do pilfer. But this man won't. I have given him a special charge to carry out, and he will faithfully do what he promised."

Such is the story told by Mr. Washington in one of his interesting books about his people—the negro people to whom he belongs, and for whose sake he has carried on a splendid college at Tuskegee, U.S.A., and on whose behalf he has spoken many and many a time at meetings of white men and women.

While I am speaking of this trust between white folk and coloured folk, I may relate to you another short story from quite a different quarter of the world, namely, from the grand island of Borneo in the East Indies. You know something of this island of forest, where the india-rubber tree grows, and the ebony, and the cinnamon; and where the orang-outang grins, and the tapir wades in mud. The people are of three races—Chinese, Dyaks, and Malays. Years ago, that famous Englishman, Sir James Brooke, reigned over the region of Sarawak, in north-west Borneo; and he kept the peace among the people, so that men traded without fear or alarm. At that time an Englishman often lent money to Malay traders, and he found them—these dark-faced Asiatics—so honest that he never asked for a receipt. They always paid him back. Well, no; not quite always; one man cheated; only one.

Now, a certain Malay came to him, and said, “Lend me money,” and the white man lent him a small sum wherewith to trade along the coast. But after a month, the Malay came again, and said,—

“Lo, I have lost my prahu (ship) and all that was in it; and I have nothing left to trade with; therefore, I pray you, lend me twice as much as before.”

The Englishman did as he asked; and after a few weeks, the Malay came again, in a sore plight, and said,—

"Once more I am in distress, for my new boat has been wrecked at the mouth of the river, just as I sailed near to home; and, I beg you, sir, to lend me more, and I will surely repay; for misfortunes will not follow one for ever."

The Englishman pursed his lips, and mused awhile, in doubt, and then at last he agreed to lend again. After three months, the Malay came again, and said he had sailed the seas and done much business, and gained a profit, and out of this he paid the most part of the debt; and he smiled as he paid, for it was a joy to him to give back that which he owed. He went on another voyage, and gained a profit, and paid the rest of the debt; and the white man was content; and the Malay prospered exceedingly in Sarawak.

In these two short tales I have told of the trust which white men put in men of colour. You shall now hear of a case in which a man of red skin put faith in a man of white skin; and it fell out thus:—

In the 18th century, when the Red Indians of North America had much sad strife with folk from Europe, a French Canadian, named Baby, lived near the town of Detroit; and there was war in that land.

One evening as Baby sat by a blazing log-fire, the door quietly opened, and, with silent foot, in glided the far-famed and terrible Indian chief Pontiac—gleaming his eyes, bright the feathers of his head-dress, cruel the edge of the blade of his axe. He was not a stranger to Baby, and the Frenchman said not a word as the Indian took a seat, and gazed into the red glow of the fire.

A pause followed.

"The English," said Pontiac, "have offered you a bushel of silver for my scalp. Is it not so?"

"No," answered the Frenchman, "it is not true. Even if they had offered me that reward I should not do what they wanted. I would not betray my Indian friend."

Pontiac stared straight and long into the white man's face, seeking to read in it the signs of truth or cunning; for a man's face is even as a book, and keen eyes can read it.

Then was Pontiac satisfied.

"My brother," he said, "has spoken the truth, and I will show him that I trust him."

At this, he wrapped his blanket about his body, and lay down near the fire, and slept through the night, and woke not till the dawn threw its white ray over the purple waters of Lake St. Clair.

In trust and faith he slept.

A QUESTION.

"Then," asks a boy reader, "do you mean that any man can always trust any other man, white or coloured?"

"No," I reply, "I do not mean that. I mean that where men are able to place faith in one another, this trust is a thing of beauty."

NOTE.—The first incident is from Booker T. Washington's "Story of the Negro," published in 1909; the anecdote of the Malay is from Spencer St. John's "Life in the Forests of the Far East," second edition; and the story of Pontiac is from N. B. Wood's "Indian Chiefs," an American work, published in 1906.

GUIDES AND FRIENDS.

Great hills rose up before the eyes of the two men who stood in the vale just at the spot where a path began to mark its in-and-out line amid grass, and trees, and rocks.

One of the men pointed to the path and asked :

“Who made this old Indian trail across the hills? I know the Kootenai Red men, bearing axe and bow, have often marched along it as they went to meet the Blackfeet Indians on the other side of the Rockies ; but I wonder who first wore this path with the tread of patient feet.”

His friend smiled.

“It was not the Red Man,” he said. “The feet that made this trail were the feet of dumb animals. Ages ago, the elk, and the deer, and the mountain sheep searched the passes for grass and for water. They thirsted, and toiled, and wandered far and near, and when they found good springs and good pasture, they marked the road with their feet day by day, year by year ; and so the Red Man used the trail made by the four-footed guides, and the path to the Pacific Ocean was traced over rock and fell, and the White Man also came, and he little thinks, as he travels by foot, or perhaps by train, across this mighty range,

that his humble brethren of field and forest were the pioneers." *

It is right to give honour to Columbus, who found the New World, and to Cook, who brought to light the unknown lands on the southern side of our globe. Give honour also to the subhuman creatures who showed the East the way to the West.

If you were to visit Rosenborg Castle in the City of Copenhagen in Denmark, you would see a painting of a negro boy with a fine mastiff at his side ; and the black lad and the big dog bring to mind the story of something that happened at the crowning of a King. Frederick IV., King of Denmark, with a shining company of lords and ladies, slowly paced into the cathedral, and he and his courtly folk knelt in divine service. Gems glittered in the crown which the Archbishop held over the royal head. Now, the King loved the dog, and had bidden the negro bring the mastiff to the house of worship. But when the dear old four-footed soul saw the hands of the white-robed priest come down towards the king, he thought some evil would befall his master ; and as the boy, dazzled by the grand scene, had let go the chain, the mastiff sprang in front of Frederick, and pawed the King's gay garment, and growled a terrible growl, as who should say : "Touch my lord if you dare, sir priest !"

And of this brave defence of a King by a dog the painting keeps alive the memory. It justly teaches us that, even in our times of pride and glory, it is

* Emerson Hough's "Way to the West," published at Indianapolis in 1903.

meet that we should let our subhuman comrades share the pageant, and take rank as our friends.

Since I have told of a dog in the house of worship, I may pass on to tell of the dog that Dr. Havelock Ellis saw in a church in Spain. It was in the town of Tudela. When Dr. Ellis entered the building to gaze at its treasures and its beauties, a dog who had lain curled up in a chair raised his head and eyed the stranger in a keen manner, as if to make sure no harm was coming to the church which he guarded. The chair stood near the high-altar.

In Gerona Cathedral, again, Dr. Ellis noticed a cat which strolled in and out among the kneeling people, and let many a hand stroke her, while the priest murmured the words in the Office of the Mass.

You will have heard, perhaps, of the collies who used to attend kirk with their shepherd-masters in Scotland, and who did not understand the long sermons, but understood how good it was for man and animal to live as friends. And I know a church in Liverpool where, once a year, in token of thanks to the animals who give so much love and help to man, a dog is allowed to lie on floor or chair as a member of the family.

Having now watched the elk, the deer, and the sheep marking paths over the Rockies, and having seen the wakeful dog and the purring cat sharing in the glory of Kings or the solemn prayers of the men and women in church, I will speak last of a place where there are no Rocky Mountains, and no crowds of courtiers, and no splendid altars; but where we shall feel the beat of a kind heart, and hear the music of a gracious word said to a horse, that can say no word in return.

This spot is the Fenland, in the east of England, near the wide bay of the Wash.

It is a land as flat as flat can be, and once was all marsh and waste, but to-day it is a place of corn and fruit and grass.

Mr. S. H. Miller* walked one evening when the summer sun was drooping low, and a ruby glow spread over the sky in the west, and a soft big moon came up like a face that looks on earth in peace and joy.

The rattle of a reaping-machine was heard, and two horses drew the strong cutter, and the cheeks of the driver were brown with sun and wind. Mr. Miller was behind a hedge, and the reaper did not see him.

When the machine reached a corner of the field, the man gave the horses a pause, and let them have easy breath, and he held out to each a handful of plucked corn, and they ate with much content; and as they ate the man said cheery words to the eaters.

Still lower drooped the sun in the ruby west. Its work had no rest, for it must shine on the New World. The tide of the sea also had no sleep, and its ripples gently rolled on the sandy beaches of the Wash. But man and beast must slumber.

Slap! the hand of the driver joyfully smacked the warm neck of the nearest horse.

"Now, my beauty," he cried, "one more round, and then you shall both go home and have your supper!"

Such are sometimes the love-feasts of the good animals that serve us.

* See preface to Mr. Miller's "Handbook to the Fenland," p. xxviii.

THE CONCERT.

This concert was held in no gilded room, and no door had to be passed through, nor did any folk need to show tickets, nor was there any carpet on the floor ; but there was grass and there was moss.

Warm was the sun at morn of an autumn day, when nuts were ripe in the woods. Rivers ran in laughing leaps and merry eddies, and waterfalls splashed white on rocks, and in and out of the snowy spray of the falls, the ouzel, or water thrush, darted and fluttered its little brisk wings. On high stood the hills, and pure was the snow on their tops ; and in among the mountains were glens where the shades were deep, and the air was cool. All over the hills there were armies and armies of trees—armies and armies of sugar-pines which hung out hundreds of branches like feathers ; armies and armies of the Douglas spruce, 200 feet high perhaps, and 6 feet round perhaps, and 100 to 500 years old perhaps ; armies and armies of cedar-trees, 150 feet high, and holding out many, many shaggy arms ; armies and armies of silver fir-trees, rising taller than church-steeples, and waving grand plumes of leaves. Now, on such trees grow cones, or fir-apples, and in the cones are seeds, and the seeds are sweet meat for squirrels, and they are the beloved food of the Douglas squirrel.

When I was in the United States in the summer of 1911, it gave me joy to see the squirrels jumping freely up the trees in the parks of New York, Boston, and Chicago; and in the shady streets of the city of Madison—the Fair City of the Four Lakes—I saw squirrels run over the footpath, and they were in no dread of man or boy. But of the Douglas squirrel I could only read in a most lovely book, writ by a man that lived among the hills of the West.*

He is but a few inches long, but his life is as quick and joyous as any life on earth, and lions have no deeper pride in their kingly leaps than this little four-foot of the hills of America. From nose to the root of the tail he measures about 8 inches; and the tail—a very happy, jolly tail—is 6 inches. Back and part of his sides are blue-grey; the belly buff; and between the blue-grey and the buff is a dark stripe. Black and long are the whiskers; strong and sharp are the claws; and the keen eyes glitter with a brightness that flashes through the pines and cedars as ready and spry as the wand of a fay. And oh! to see him jump; to see him jump on the light boughs of the firs; to see him jump from tree to tree; to see him jump up towards the noble blue of the sky, and down towards the soft brown of the earth. And oh! to see him snap off the cones, and cut and nibble, and eat like a merry child, as if his meal was a time for dance and music and ever such gay laughing. And oh! to see him hide his cones; down in dark holes he hides them, under old stumps of trees he pokes them; hour after hour he works, and he bites, and picks, and

* John Muir's "*The Mountains of California*, published by the Century Co., New York, 1894.

gathers, and hides; for the days of storm and frost will come, and the days of cold and want will come, and the merry little buff-belly will be warm in his den, and eat in peace the store he has culled in the time of the warm sun.

Now, as he mounts the trees, he calls aloud, and this is his call :

“PIL-lil-loo-eet! PIL-lil-loo-eet!”

Like a flash of light he flies up, and he rests on a bough, and then he cries :

“Chee-up! chee-up!”

And then, as he squats amid the feathery branches of the silver-fir, he puts his front paws to his soft fur breast, and his breast rises and falls with the quick beat of his small heart, and, as swiftly as he can, he calls :

“Pee-ah! pee-ah! pee-ah! pee-ah! pee-ah!”

People who have heard him (ah, how I should like to hear him!) say he shouts “Pee-ah!” one hundred and fifty times to the minute.

Thump! thump!

This noise of thump was made by cones that dropped from a yellow pine in the forest, when a Scotsman—Muir was his name—walked early one morning, and looked in love at tree and moor and mountain and sky. With quiet step, Muir crept forward till he stood below a giant Douglas spruce tree. From this tree the cones had fallen. They fell into a bush. Down came a Douglas squirrel, and in a moment he had found and seized the cones, and was dragging them between his sharp teeth to the foot of the tree. He sat and ate, nibbling away at the scales of the cones till he had stripped them off, and got to the sweet nuts within; and Solomon in all his glory,

and on his ivory throne, was not so glad as this wee mite in the forest of California.

While he ate, the Scotsman began to whistle. At once the squirrel sprang up the pine, paused on a dead branch that stuck out, and listened with his two ears as if they were fifty ears. More than twelve tunes the Scot piped with his Scottish lips. The Douglas squirrel turned his head to right, to left, as if to say, "It is good, my man, go on."

It was not long before other Douglas squirrels came from trees near by, and even birds came ; and so this was the audience, some four-footed and some two-footed, and all with small hearts that beat, beat, beat. Also, the heart of the Scot beat with good-will to his little comrades of the woods. In this concert, some of the tunes Muir whistled were these :

"Bonnie Doon."

"Lass o' Gowrie."

"O'er the Water to Charlie."

"Bonnie Woods o' Craigie Lee."

One of the birds was a thrush with spotted breast. Even more than the Douglas squirrels he felt the charm of the whistle ; and he came down closer to the Scot. Closer he came still. All of a sudden, he sprang from the tree, and flew very near to Muir's face, and fluttered his wings fast, ever so fast, staying in one place in the air for half a minute, and his eyes seemed filled with wonder at the man's music.

All still were they—squirrel the first-comer, and all his friends and the staring birds. Was ever such concert heard since Columbus first saw the shores of America ? Whoever before whistled "Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon" to such a pleasant audience ?

The programme was all but done. Said the Scot to himself, "I will now close with a slow, grave tune, slow and solemn, slow and stately."

Then he piped on his lips that tune which has so often rung its strain in churches and chapels, east and west, when the folk sing :

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,"

to wit, the tune of the Old Hundredth Psalm. But music that is fine to the ear of man may not be so fine to the ear of a Douglas squirrel. Squirrel the first-comer did not like the slow, long-drawn measure. He shook his small body and tail, and he yelled : "PIL-lil-loo-eet !"

Thus screaming, he dashed up the yellow pine and was seen no more. The rest of the squirrels rushed away like mad. The birds waited ; they hoped for more.

But the concert was over. The Scotsman walked homewards, and there was peace in his soul, and he breathed a blessing on the little friends with whom he had spent so merry a half-hour.

THE MICE, THE TORTOISE, AND THE LYRE.

If the mouse caught in a trap could speak as well as squeak, it would certainly ask :

"What crime have I been guilty of? Why am I put in gaol? I found food, and I ate. Man does the same every day. Oh, if a mouse could be fetched out of prison by a writ of *habeas corpus*, how boldly would I stand at the bar and tell judge and jury that I am Not guilty ! "

The poor prisoner might add :

"Besides, there is something I cannot understand. If I steal into people's houses, I am trapped and doomed to die. If these humans find a white mouse, he is caught, it is true, but after that he is petted and admired ; and yet I am sure he is no more a saint than I am."

It is not likely this wee grey mouse has ever heard of the submarine vessels employed in the British and other navies, or of the white mice that used to be placed in them, not as pets, but as signals of danger. Up till about the year 1908, white mice were kept in a case in the well, or deep chamber of every British submarine ; and if they were able to wonder, much must they have wondered why they were taken, without being asked if they objected, on long sea-

voyages. The reason was this: The submarines were driven by the aid of gasoline. Now, if gasoline escaped from the tank in which it was stored, it might explode and shatter men and officers in a terrible death. As soon as any gasoline escaped it affected the lungs of the poor little prisoners, and the white mice squeaked. The squeak was a shrill signal of danger, and the crew hurried to find the leak and repair it. The lion in the old fable was saved by the mouse. The sailors in the British submarine were saved by the warning of the white mice.

Mousekind have not had too much kindness from mankind. But I have read with pleasure of one man—a strong, brave man—who treated a mouse—a mouse he had never seen in his life before—with a kindness that must have surprised the little stranger, especially as the thing happened in Snowy Siberia. For Siberia has a bad name for unkindness shown by men to men, let alone animals.

Well, this is how it happened. Mr. Harry de Windt, a famous traveller, had been riding in a sledge drawn by reindeer across the frozen plains and marshes of Siberia. So chill was the air that the milk hardened into blocks, and wine into red lumps; bread was as tough as iron, and a man's breath fell in powder from his mouth and nostrils. Mr. de Windt reached a wretched wooden hut, from which he cleared out the drifted snow, and in which he made a roaring fire. Beside the fire he ate his breakfast. The cold was 12 degrees below zero.

He and his companions caught sight of a small field-mouse curled up on a heap of earth in a corner of the hut. It was half frozen; it could scarcely move.

Lonely dweller in the Siberian desert, it little thought—supposing it could think at all of such things—that help would come from a visitor from far-off England. Mr. Windt and his fellow-travellers gathered boughs of fir-trees, and made a nest and placed the mouse in it, and left a good supply of biscuit-crumbs. The mouse ate eagerly, glancing up at Mr. Windt (he says) “with a grateful look in its beady black eyes.” In this charming friendship the man and the mouse parted for ever. If the tiny animal could have written the story of its life, it would have reckoned that a very wonderful day when a traveller from Europe saved it from starvation with a precious gift of crumbs.

This incident in Siberia reminds me of something that is told in the life of Hans Christian Andersen, the teller of fairy tales. He was riding in a carriage along a road in the land of Greece, that country of poets, artists, wise men, and lovers of freedom. The road led to a marble quarry, which he wished to visit. Suddenly he saw a tortoise, slowly creeping in the same direction as Mr. Anderson was himself going. The man of fairy tales (you know the “Ugly Duckling,” don’t you?) stopped the carriage, got out, and picked up the tortoise. This he did, so he told a friend, for two reasons :

1. To prevent it from being run over.
2. To help it on in the world a bit.

After all, it was right that some good man—and Hans Andersen was just the proper sort of man—should let the tortoises know that they were not quite forgotten, and that some hearts were grateful to them. Yes, grateful—thankful. And thankful for what, do you think ?

For their music !

Music from tortoises ? Surely these poor, humble creepers have no voice to sing like a Jenny Lind or an Adelina Patti !

No, indeed. But ages ago, when men first made the seven-stringed lyre, the seven strings were fastened to a strip of wood, which was fastened to two goats' horns (thanks also to the goats, then !), and so were strummed by the singer as he sang his songs of battle or of love. But some man of wit found out that the sound of the lyre would well forth more sweetly and strongly if the instrument were fixed to a tortoiseshell. The shell acted as a "sounding-board." Old poets say that the first lyre so attached to a tortoiseshell was framed by the clever fellow Hermes, and Hermes gave it to the bright Apollo, and the bright Apollo gave the world most lovely music.

Thanks to thee, O great Apollo !

Thanks to thee also, O modest tortoise !

* * * *

My friend (and the animals' friend), Mr. Ernest Bell, read this story of the lyre, and reminded me that, in America and Ceylon, turtles are most cruelly treated in order to obtain "tortoise-shell." Part of the shell is actually taken from the living creature, which is then let free, and is again robbed of its covering when the "skin" grows afresh. If "tortoise-shell" can only be got in this horrible way, it should not be used by human beings at all. I believe, however, that the sounding-board of the old Greek lyre was the whole shell, which could be taken from the dead tortoise.

THE DOG.

It stuck up its short tail and gave it a wag.

Then it did a very odd thing. It went on along the road, and thrust its head forward and its nose up, and walked as if it were tugging at a string, but there was no string. It is true there was a man behind. It was Father Devoy, a thin, pale priest, who said Mass in the small church, and told the village folk their faults, and knelt at the bedside of the sick, and related stories of good Saint Patrick, and Saint Columba in the wicker boat, to the girls and lads of the school; and the people loved him.

After the dog—not at all a sleek and pretty dog—had pulled at the string which neither he nor anybody else could see, it made a halt, and looked round to catch a smile from Father Devoy.

Then once more it stuck up its short tail, and wagged it; and then once more it fared forward, pulling at a string which was not a string.

Priest and dog were walking in an Irish valley. On one side was a river that twisted in and out of mud-plots and patches of green. On the other side there was plain bog. Soft and brown red was the bog, and it was like a cushion to sit on, and the heather was gay with its small blooms, and yellow gorse blazed in bunches of gold, and willow-

trees bent over pools. Here and there a man, turf-knife in hand, sliced out slabs of black turf from the soil and heaped them on a barrow. From the little thatched houses of the village by the road there curled up a blue cloud of turf smoke, and the blue smoke slowly moved in the gentle breeze towards the hills of sand that fenced the valley in. Above all was the still sky that bent its arch over the hills of Ireland, and over the wide, wide sea that beats for ever on the shores.

A real string had once hung between the dog's neck and the hand of a blind man. This blind man was Kieran, and he had a long white beard, and he had been blind a great while. Not for twenty years had he seen the gold of the gorse, or the willows that drooped over the looking-glass of the pools. He roamed from town to village, from village to town, and women and men gave him such alms as they could from their scanty store, for the folk were sadly poor in that Irish land. When he came to this valley of the red bog, he made it a rule to stay at the hut of an old couple who had no bairns, and they asked him for no pay. They let him sit in a corner near their turf fire, and such sup as they had they shared with him, and he might lie on the earth floor at night in peace, and at the dawn he would return thanks and bid them good-day, and go forth to beg ; and he could hear the ripple of the stream, but never might he see its fair waters.

Now the time came when old Kieran was to die, and sore sick was he in the hut of his good friends who always gave him a free shelter, and they fetched Father Devoy in much haste. The Father hurried to the wayside cabin, and brought with him

the holy oil with which to touch the hands and eyes and feet of aged Kieran. And when he had been blessed by this last sacrament, the beggar said :

"Father, be good to my dog."

The priest made promise that he would, and the blind man died.

The dog licked the face of Kieran, and pulled at his coat, as if to say, "Master, let us go on our road, the sun is up, and the women will come when you knock at their cabin doors."

Thus for a while did the simple creature call to its master, and when it found there was no answer, it stood on its hind legs as if to beg, and they that heard the whine of this poor four-foot soul knew that it was the wail of grief. After that, it lay down at the old man's feet, and growled if anyone dared to touch the dead.

In his lifetime—for twenty years past at least—the beggar had had no bed, for he had slept on bare floors in mean huts ; or he had slept in the open air. But now he had a bed, the best his friends could give him, and this was a sack. Such as it was, it was laid out in love, and in love the hands of the old couple placed the body on this humble couch ; and people from the cottages of the village came to sit and mourn in the cabin where the dead lay. In one hand of the beggar was a rosary of beads, black and worn with the touch of his fingers for so long a time. In the other hand was the little woollen scapular which he had carried over his shoulders, and a small figure of a lamb bearing a cross—the *Agnus Dei*—for, as you may have seen, he was a Catholic in his faith.

Old Kieran was buried in the churchyard where

very old elm-trees lifted their heads and swayed in the wind, and where dark yew-trees spread a wondrous gloom.

Father Devoy kept his word, and his kind voice and friendly touch gave joy to the heart of the dog, and the two comrades often took their strolls abroad on the road through the valley.

The dog pulled at a string which no man could see. Then it would stick up its short tail and give it a wag. And it would look up. . . . But which face it saw—the face of the good priest or the face of the old blind beggar, I am not sure.

NOTE.—This sketch has been adapted from “The Island Parish” of Father Joseph Guinan, published by M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, and I venture to commend to elder readers this most charming series of descriptions of the life of a remote Irish village.

INDO-NO-KANE.

Many, many years ago a prince built a Buddhist temple at Osaka, in Japan. It still stands in its large grounds, though the walls are mouldy with age, and the red and gold on its carvings are faded.

Strange things are to be seen in the shadow of this temple of Tennoji. There is a big pond with tortoises that lie lazily in the water. There is a very large drum which the priests beat. There are shops where you can buy toys. People buy cake to give to the tortoises, or to a deer which bends its head and seems to ask for dainties.

We must be sure and not miss seeing the Indo-no-Kane tower. As we approach, we hear the sound of a bell.

Again, the bell sounds.

Thus it goes on, all through the day and week and year ; not with a regular sound, like a bell in an English church, but sometimes the sounds are close together, sometimes further apart.

Every time the bell sounds (so the Japanese say), a little child in the Spirit-land hears, and runs to the temple of Tennoji ; runs to see its toys ; runs to see the dresses it used to wear.

And who pulls the rope of the bell ?

Mothers pull it ; fathers pull it. For mothers and

fathers never forget their dead children ; and memory pulls the rope, and at the call of love, the dead child runs.

So the Japanese say.

If you would like to know more of the town of Indo-no-Kane, or the " Bell that Guides," come and look.

A golden image of the lord Buddha rests in a shrine ; and before this image pray the priests. Tapers burn with twinkling lights. There is a smoke from the vessels of incense. Women kneel. Children kneel. But some of the little children that come to the Tower of the Bell are too small to understand the worship of Buddha. They play on the floor, and laugh ; and their mothers let them play.

Tang !

The bell has sounded.

Rattle !

Some money has fallen on the floor. It has been thrown there by the mother or father who pulled the bell-rope as a signal to some dear dead lad or lass—some Japanese lad or lass.

Very calm is the face of the golden Buddha.

Tang ! The bell has signalled again.

Rattle ! More money has been flung on the floor.

We can fancy that some wee boy or girl potters through cloud or mist and comes to the tower, and peeps in, and sees mother kneeling at the shrine ; and sees father at the door, and sees a tiny brother or sister playing, and sees some new toy placed there to give it joy.

I must tell you that in the tower of Indo-no-Kane, all about the Buddha of gold, there are hundreds and hundreds of slips of wood, on which are written the

names of the dead children. These names are for the living to read, and so recall the dead.

But there are things here that the dead look at, and so recall the love of the living. These things are the toys—heaps of toys, put on shelves by the hands of affection; toys that have been brought only yesterday, and toys that have remained here for years and years and years. Notice how many and various they are :—

Soldiers, trumpets, swords, helmets, breast-plates, dolls, dolls' houses, dolls' furniture, masks, monkeys, dogs, cows, horses, kites, balls, funny figures, etc.

Little hands once flew the kites; little faces once laughed at the comic masks; little eyes once glistened at the march of the soldiers; little mouths once blew the trumpets; little masters once ordered the horses to gallop over hill and dale; little housekeepers once set the tea-things on the table, and put the furniture in order; and little sleepers slept with the toys near their bed.

Tang! the bell rings.

Rattle! the coins clatter.

Gaze upwards. You cannot behold the bell. But now you are surprised to observe the clothes that hang from the roof—clothes of the children in the Cloud-land; silken jackets and skirts, and small sandals that once trotted over the stones of the street. Love has hung these relics of the dead from the roof of the Bell Tower.

Tang!

Perhaps the father who tugged at the rope dropped a tear.

Rattle!

A mother has thrown some coppers on the mat,

and murmurs the name of the little creature that once she had in her arms. And though she cannot see it, she imagines that the precious baby is toddling through the air, and saying to itself,—

“Mother!”

The face of the gold Buddha is very calm. It has no tears on its cheeks.

Tang!

Rattle!

Do you see the great bell-rope?

In all the world, surely there is no such curious bell-rope as this. It is as thick as a man's arm—a big arm.

The rope is like Joseph's coat of many colours.

Yes, many colours, red, blue, orange, yellow, green, purple, lilac, pink, primrose, scarlet, violet, brown.

Whatever can this rope be made of?

Come closer. Touch.

Does not mother put a bib or tucker under the baby's chin and on its chest when it feeds?

English tuckers are usually white. Japanese bibs are of many colours. The bell-rope in the temple of Tennoji is made of babies' bibs—scores and hundreds of tuckers. What cooing of baby-voices was once heard over these bibs; what baby-words were once prattled; what baby-lips smiled up at the faces of parents!

But the Japanese think the babies will know again their bibs, and their dresses, and their toys.

The live brothers and sisters play merrily on the floor of the temple, and the eyes of the parents rest on them, as if to say—

“Dear children, stay here. We do not wish to hang your frocks on the roof.”

So sweet and gentle is the face of the golden
Buddha.

Tang!

Rattle!

NOTE. —Adapted from Lafcadio Hearn's "Gleanings in Buddha
Fields," published by Kegan Paul.

PROTORNIS BLUMERI.

The helmet of the man on guard shone in the rays of the moon. He watched at the gate of the Roman camp, and the army lay asleep in the vast square space, round which the high earthen bank rose. In the woods and the vales lay the German foe.

While the sentry watched and the army slept, the emperor was awake, writing in his tent. His thoughts had travelled away from the camp and the wild enemy in the German forests. His mind went back to the early years when kind friends and teachers gave him their love and care. On the parchment before him he set down his memories of all that they did for him. The eyes of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius gleamed with tenderness as he wrote:—

“Good grandsires, good parents, a good sister, good teachers.”

Good *teachers*.

The Swiss boy, Oswald Heer, used to get up at four in the morning to learn his language lessons. His father, the village clergyman, thought him a wonder. So did the neighbours. Oswald measured land, and calculated the area or space. He calculated the heights of Alpine hills that reared their white tops

over the village. One day, as he sat in the open air, measuring and figuring, a paper blew away, and seemed to be lost for ever. However, it was brought back a few days later by a mountaineer who had found it high up ; and the mountaineer said, with a smile :—

“Here is a letter which came from the sky. When I saw it, I was sure it was meant for the parsonage.”

Oswald Heer had a great friend in choirmaster Blumer, of the Canton of Glarus. The choirmaster loved insects as well as music. He had an old volume all about insects, and he kindly lent it to young Oswald. The boy was so pleased with it that he copied the book, word for word, into five manuscript books, and even copied the pictures as well ; and thus he learned while he wrote and drew. Oswald kept his passion for natural history all through life till he died in 1883. Often he roamed among the rocks of Switzerland, hammer in hand, breaking stones, and searching for fossils, or signs of buried life. He brought to light the remains—embedded in stone—of an ancient bird. Proud was Oswald Heer as he gazed upon the stony relics of a creature that had winged its way through the air millions of years ago. He must give it a name. Should he call it the Bird of Oswald, or, in Greek and Latin, *Ornis Oswaldi* ? No. Like the emperor in the Roman tent, he cast his thoughts far back. He remembered the friend Blumer, who helped him in his early education. He would call the old, old bird by Blumer's name, and so, to this day, the fossil bird is ticketed in the museums as *Protornis Blumeri*, or “Blumer's first bird.” It is charming to look at the

fossil in the rock, and see in it a token of the gratitude of a Swiss scholar to the hand that helped him on the road of learning and science.

Another famous naturalist—an English one—was Frank Buckland. As a boy he attended Winchester school. Even at that time he had a big love for anything that flew, crawled, or ran on all-fours. He was clever at skinning badgers and rats. He could extract, or draw out, the poison fangs of adders. Bones and feathers and butterflies, and the skeletons of small beasts made a curious museum in his cupboard. At one time he thought he would study men as well as beasts, and be a doctor, or rather, a surgeon. He used to get up in the middle of the night, and hastily tie two sticks together. His schoolfellows asked him why. He said he must practise answering a call at midnight, when the surgeon was summoned to bind up a man's broken arm or leg!

However, Frank did not become a surgeon after all. He became a naturalist, and above all he studied fishes. Models of fishes made by him are still to be seen in the museum at South Kensington.

I have mentioned that he was a scholar at Winchester. A very old city is Winchester, and a very old school is Winchester school. The founder of it was William of Wykeham, and he opened the school nearly 600 years ago.

Frank Buckland had the same kind of grateful memory as the Emperor Marcus and the Swiss man of science, Oswald Heer. In the year 1865 he was writing in his journal, and he called to mind the many good lessons he had learned at Winchester. Then he set down these words—

Why should I not imitate the example of that great and illustrious man, William of Wykeham, and endeavour to do as much good as possible in my humble way? I will therefore begin next week, and put up a storm barometer for the use of the fishermen at Herne Bay.

A barometer, as you know, is the weather glass in which one may read the signs of coming sunshine, or rain, or breeze, or violent gale. A fisherman's eye is keen to read the signs of the weather in the cloud, the mist, the way of the wind, the motion of the sea. But a barometer is better and surer. Its rising or falling quicksilver tells a tale that may be trusted. If it says "Storm," the fisherman will take heed, and not venture out upon the water unless the need is very, very dire. The glass saves life.

Before long, the storm barometer was fixed in its station at Herne Bay on the coast of Kent, and wives and children had cause to bless the useful instrument which gave timely warning of the coming tempest, and so prevented the loss of the husband and father's life.

Wonderful was the chain of deeds. In the days of the Black Prince and King Edward III., William of Wykeham had built his school, out of love for learning, and for the boys of England. Centuries later, Kentish fishermen, who perhaps did not know his name, and never heard of his school, had reason to bless his memory in the gift of Frank Buckland, the grateful scholar.

Thus should the present time return thanks to the past time.

The Swiss naturalist breathed his gratitude into the strange name of an ancient bird.

Buckland kept alive the good name of William of Wykeham, not merely by entering it in his journal, but by doing a work of mercy for his neighbours.

You girls and boys who read this little history of grateful scholars are yourselves learners. Already you owe much to elders and teachers. The debt is great. Think of the teacher always with thankful memory, and let your acts of kindness be the tokens of your recollection.

And you, like the emperor, may some day take the pen, and look back over the years that have rolled past since last you answered the call of the register, and write—*Good teachers.*

A JAPANESE SCHOOLMASTER.

The little boy Yukichi was poked into a cupboard when visitors came to the house of the widow Fukuzawa. She had five children, and her rooms were so small that when friends sat at tea, there was very little space to spare, and so Yukichi, the youngest, was put out of the way. The widow was poor, and she had no time to teach her children, and Yukichi reached the age of fourteen before he became aware that he was unable to read like other boys of his Samurai, or noble class. The lad resolved to learn, and when one teacher did not suit him he went to another and another, till he found one who did his business well. Yukichi was ready at any useful task. He could mend shoes. He could put hoops on tubs. He could stop a leak in the roof. He made a sword. He was not ashamed, Samurai though he was, to carry home parcels of food from the shops.

At that time Japanese scholars had a great longing to learn the Dutch language, for Dutch books were plenty in Japan, and in these books were stores of the wisdom of Europe—facts of science and art, such as the folk in the Land of the Rising Sun (Japan) desired to know. So Yukichi, at the age of 17, tramped to the city of Nagasaki, and took service in the house of a scholar, who could teach Dutch. He

taught Chinese to the scholar's son, and did all sorts of odd jobs, sweeping the floors, helping his master in the bath, and feeding the mistress's pet dog and cat. In the year, 1855, he arrived, without money and weary of foot, at the town of Osaka, where he hoped to lodge at his brother's house, and attend the school kept by the learned man Ogata. The brother died; and, by Japanese law Yukichi was head of the family, and must go to his mother's city, and pay up all debts; and when he had done this, nothing remained. His brave mother, poor as she was, would not be a burden on him, and begged him to journey back to Osaka, and pursue his Dutch study; and he went.

The teacher, Ogata, in kindness of heart, would take no fee. Young Fukuzawa (as we will call him) and the other students lived, indeed, very simply. Their meals were mainly made up of rice, a few vegetables, and now and then stale fish. They saved money by wearing no clothes, except at class; and naked students were often seen in the streets. Such was then the fashion among the Japanese. Never did learners work harder. When a young fellow pored over a Dutch volume he never asked a comrade to help him. Each ploughed his own furrow. The college had but two Dutch dictionaries in its stock, and five or six young men would often sit round each book, waiting turns to look up words and meanings. Every four or five days, a professor gave lessons, and pupils who did work correctly received white balls, and those who made mistakes, black balls; and there were no prizes. These Japanese youths were eager to learn chemistry and study the secrets of solids, liquids, and gases. They practised making ammonia out of the bones and hoofs of horses, but the smell of

the ammonia staggered the whole neighbourhood, and the experiments had to be done in a boat out on the river. Even then the odour clung to their clothes (such few clothes as they wore!) and the dogs howled as the sons of science marched past.

One day, Ogata, the teacher, showed Fukuzawa a new Dutch book, which explained what wonderful things the Englishman Faraday had found out in electrical science. The students crowded round. They begged that they might be permitted to copy out the precious pages—about 150 pages of print—that told of Faraday and his work. Ogata said he had borrowed the book; he must give it back next day; but the students might use it this one day and night. Hour after hour the youths wrote and wrote, in fierce haste, copying out the 150 pages; one youth taking up the task as his companion's hand dropped in sheer fatigue; and when the dawn broke the last line was written out.

In 1858, at Yedo, our toiling student became himself a teacher, and opened a school for teaching Dutch. In 1859, he walked to Yokohama and back—40 miles—in 24 hours. English shops had been opened in that seaport town; and English words were heard in the streets; he must learn English. He began by the aid of an English-Dutch dictionary. Next year, an old sailing ship, partly worked by steam, was sent across the Pacific Ocean to the United States. The government had bought the old vessel from the Dutch, and Japanese officers and sailors managed it, though they were new to this sort of craft; and glad enough they were to take with them some American sailors, who had been shipwrecked, and who were willing to lend a hand on the passage

home to the States. Here was courage for you, like to the courage of Columbus in daring the voyage over the Atlantic. Storms shook the vessel; two row-boats were lost; the drinking water ran short; yet did not the hearts of the heroic Japanese fail; and after 37 days of severe labour they reached San Francisco. The Americans bade them welcome, and the strangers from the home of the chrysanthemum-flower looked in wonder at the city and its scenes. Much did Fukuzawa marvel at a wheeled carriage, in the shafts of which a horse stood. A friend opened the door, and bade him go in. Behold! the horse started to run, the wheels went round, the machine sped along the street; never in all his born days had Fukuzawa seen such a thing! Not only did he take back to Japan the story of the four-wheeler. He carried a Webster's dictionary, which was much in use when he re-opened his school, and held classes in English.

In 1861 and 1862 he made a yet longer journey. This was to Europe. He visited France, Holland, and even Russia. When he returned, he found that the older Japanese, the Conservatives, who hated Dutch and English, and everything European, were doing all they could to keep out foreign ideas and ways, even going so far as to murder the teachers of the outlandish lessons. One night, when the moon's rays lit the roads of the city of Yedo, Fukuzawa saw a Samurai, girded with a sword, coming along, and it seemed to him that the tall fellow meant to attack! He crossed over the street. At this moment the Samurai crossed also. They almost met. Would it be murder? Fukuzawa turned and fled. Having run a good way, he turned his

head, and lo! the Samurai, terrified by Fukuzawa, was also tearing away in the opposite direction as fast as his legs would bear him. In 1867, Fukuzawa again saw America. But he had no need to fear his foreign wisdom would get him into trouble. In 1868 the ancient rule was changed, and the Mikado, or Emperor, set up a new order, and encouraged his people to learn all they could from the peoples of the West. From this time onward Fukuzawa taught in peace, and his school at Tokio was the workplace of hundreds of young pupils. Twice he had to move his school to a larger building. He cared for learning more than for money, and what fees and profits he received he divided with his staff of professors; and sometimes they came to him with the complaint that he had paid them too much! It was not fair, they said, that he should take less than he deserved. Nor did his pupils only bend over books. They loved games as well, and might be seen running races, and showing their skill in high jumps and long jumps. When he fell ill, the nation was grieved, and the newspapers told day by day how the sick man grew weaker, and many were the presents and packets of sweetmeats sent to his house. He died in February, 1901, amid the tears of the people; for Japan understood the debt it owed to the educator of its youth. At the time of his death more than a thousand pupils attended his great college of Tokio; and more than 15,000 Japanese who were living the life of honourable citizens, cherished respect for the memory of their old teacher, Fukuzawa Yukichi. Japan loves its schools and its teachers. In 1890 the Emperor said these words to his people:

Know ye, our subjects, our Imperial ancestors have founded our empire on a basis broad and everlasting, and have deeply and firmly implanted virtue. Our subjects, ever united in loyalty and filial piety, have from generation to generation illustrated the beauty thereof. This is the glory of the fundamental character of our Empire, and herein also lies the source of our education. Ye, our subjects, be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers and sisters ; as husbands and wives be harmonious ; as friends, true ; bear yourselves in modesty and moderation ; extend your benevolence to all ; pursue learning and cultivate arts.

Often do Japanese lips repeat this speech of the Emperor.

NOTE.—The particulars relating to Fukuzawa have been drawn from a paper by Mr. W. G. Aston, read to the Japan Society of London, May, 1901.

DUTY AT THE STREAM.

A knight rode out to the chase. The deer leaped in the forest, and soon would the fleet-footed creatures fall beneath the stroke of the hunter's arrows or spears. A squire bore the lord's weapons, and many servants and dogs followed in a noisy train.

As he crossed the meadow near a stream, the tinkling of a bell caught his ear.

A priest passed by towards the river, and he carried with great care a little box ; and before him walked a servant, who seemed to warn bystanders that in the box was something precious and sacred. The box contained the Holy Bread from the Altar—and this bread (such was the Roman Catholic faith) was the very body of Christ—the "Corpus Christi."

At once the knight leapt from his stead, doffed his helm, and bent low to the ground before the priest and the Host ; and his followers made a like salute.

The priest hurried on. When he came to the bank of the stream, he found that the rains from the hills had so swollen its waters that the little wooden bridge had been swept away. He gently set the Host on the grass, and took off his shoes, and girded his loins, and was about to plunge into the stream.

"Why do you do this?" cried the knight, who had been watching his movements.

"Sir Count," he said, "I am hastening to the bedside of a dying man, in order to give him the last consolations of religion."

"Take my horse, and go on your holy errand," bade the knight.

The priest crossed the stream on the Count's horse, and thus the sacred bread was kept from wet and injury, and the comfort of the sacrament was the sooner brought to the sick man.

Next morning the priest led back the horse to the door of the castle.

"God forbid," said the knight, "that ever I should chase the roebuck, or ride to battle, on a steed that bore the Body of Christ. Keep it, good priest, not for your own ease, but to carry the Host if ever time is short and the need is great."

Such is the story given in one of the ballads of the famous German poet, Schiller. We will not now ask whether the Catholic belief in the Corpus Christi is just and true. For my part, I respect the honest faith of the Catholic in the virtue of the sacred Host. But what we can all admire is the priest's sense of duty. Nothing would stay his passage to the spot where a neighbour's weakness claimed his pity and love. He braved the loud-sounding stream.

This loud-sounding stream rolls along the valley of our everyday life. Every day some task awaits us on the other side. Will we, like folk of courage, dare the waters?

"In all things be men." These five words are printed on a badge worn by the boys in a certain school. Far away from England is the school, and

the tint of the boys' skin is darker than that of our English faces. The school is at Srinagar, on the River Jhelum, in Cashmere, India.

Now, on the badge, beside the five words, one may see a picture of two boat-paddles crossed. If you were to ask the teacher of the school, the Rev. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe, the meaning of the badge, he would say :

The paddles stand for hard work and strength.

The heart-shaped blade for kindness.

And the boys know how to handle the real wooden paddles. They have been taught to manage a boat on the stream. They take part in races, in festivals, in pleasant excursions up and down the happy river.

But there are some times when the paddles are called for, not in race or festival or summer trip, but in the stern task of saving life. And then these Cashmere boys do their duty, as did the Catholic priest in Schiller's noble ballad of the Host.

Rain fell four days. Snow melted on the northern hills, and torrents rushed down the gorges into the Jhelum river. A telegram flashed the news from Islamabad, forty-five miles up-stream, that the flood was coming down upon Srinagar city.

Alarm !

The folk who lived on the edge of the Jhelum hurried to place their most precious possessions in safety—either in boats or on the backs of animals, or in carts, so as to hurry away from the scene of peril.

Coolies worked in wild haste, under the command of officers, to build up banks of earth, stone, and wood, along the edge of the stream, in order to protect the low-lying streets of Srinagar.

The flood !

Over walls, over gardens, over meadows, over the thresholds of houses pours the masterful water, and none dare say it nay.

A number of people—the poorest class of people in the town—have not been able to remove their goods and their families in time. They are of the meanest classes or “castes.” Their richer neighbours have taken no notice of them, for they are but low-caste folk. Men, women, children, dogs, even poultry, are huddled in wretched groups on the roof-tops of mud cottages, and their cry goes up to heaven as the angry flood races round the feeble huts, which will soon crumble and give way!

The cry is heard.

It is heard by the boys who wear the badge of the heart-shaped paddles, and whose motto is “In all things be men.”

They put out their school boats. This is no race for pleasure and prizes. It is a work of mercy and salvation. These strong Cashmere lads are going to the aid of their weak brethren—Indians like themselves, though of lowly caste.

The people are rescued.

As the boats paddle their course to and fro (for more than one journey is needed), some of the people on the river bank shout out:

“Shame on you for defiling your caste! Shame on you for touching these creatures of common birth!”

But these reviling words do not check the heart-shaped paddles, nor chill the blood in the hearts of the Cashmere lads. Their motto is not “In all things be members of a caste,” but “In all things be men.” As men they go forth to relieve those in danger, not asking what social class the distressed folk belong to.

For, in India, in England, and in all lands, "we are members one of another"; and, no matter what our birth or our manner of earning an honest livelihood, or the amount of our income, we are children of a common Family. And that is why we owe duties to one another. That is why the call of duty is so strong and earnest; and they who love their fellow-men will not shrink because the stream is at the flood.

BEES.

Sharp from the sea rises Mount Pelion, and its rocky sides are clad with groves of oak, chestnuts, beeches, elms, and pines. Here sprang the lion upon the maid Cyrene, when, with quiver over her naked shoulder, dart in hand, she dared to face the king of beasts. A gold ray of light shot upon the scene, and Apollo, fair, strong and calm, stood between lion and maid, and before his kingly glance the foe fled. Then the kiss of the god touched her lips, and she was lifted up heavenward, and far over blue waves was she borne, till she stepped upon the sands of Libya. In that land of the camel and the date tree, where salt lakes gleam under the hot sky, the lady Cyrene bore a son, and called him Aristæus. Years passed; and he learned wisdom in the plain of Thebes, in the Greek country of Bœotia. This was the place where Hercules, the Mighty One, was born. Here dwelt that noble centaur, Cheiron. He was man in head and arms and heart, and horse in legs and flanks and tail; and he was cunning to teach hunting, and the use of healing herbs, and the music of the stringed lyre, and running and wrestling, and the art of telling things that were going to happen; for he was a seer. The youth Aristæus took in the instruction with heedful eye and ear, and he became

wise. He took to himself a wife, and they had four sons ; and upon one of them, Actæon, fell a very sad fate, for, as he hunted on the rocky hills, the hounds had a most evil fit of madness, and they tore their own lord to pieces. Tears of grief flowed from the eyes of Aristæus, and he shook from off his feet the dust of Thebes, and went over to Libya, where first he saw the light of the sun (Apollo's beams of light), and his mother gave him a fleet of ships, and sailors to row them. From the African coast he and a host of people sailed to the island of bright vales and vines on terraces, even Sicily ; and over this he ruled as beloved master ; and also over Sardinia ; and to other isles and coasts he was a bringer of blessings. Freely he had received of wisdom ; and with a free hand he gave. It was this Aristæus who shielded from harm the people's sheep and goats, and their vines and gardens. He taught folk to hunt in the woods and vales, and to keep bees in hives, and to grow the fat olive. He gave men the wit to build shelters from the heat of the sun, and skill to watch the signs of weather ; so that it was said he turned upon the fields of the isle of Ceos the rain and cool wind which the dry land thirsted and prayed for. When the name of Aristæus was spoken, the eyes of the people of many lands were lit with thanks, and he was as a good father that blesses and protects his children.

Shame threw a gloom on the life of Aristæus ; and this was the manner of its happening. He saw the lady Eurydice, and her form was a form of beauty in the sight of gods and of men, and he ran and she fled. She fled, and terror blew its blast upon her. She fled and death met her ; for a snake in the grass bit her

foot, and lo! she lay sick with the poison of its fang, and so she died, and her soul went down to Hades below; and grey and misty and cold and black were the caves of Hades. Thus death came to her, and, to him, shame, for on him rested the guilt. She heard in the darkness of death the music of her husband's lyre; for he had come down to the caves by night to find her. The King of Hades let her go because of the beauty of the music. Alas! her husband, Orpheus, turned back to look at her as she followed him up the narrow path from death to life; and he had been forbid to look back; and she was lost to him for ever. Long time did Orpheus wander amid rocks, in forest of oak, on deserts of ice, mourning for his dear; and the very tigers and wolves lay on the earth before him, mastered by the charm of his lyre. Fierce furies tore his body to pieces, and tossed his head into a stream; and even while it floated on the waves, the head remembered the lost love, and the lips cried aloud the name of the dead wife; and the echo of her name was heard in the hollow valley all the way down to the eternal sea.

Woe now to Aristæus! The bees in his hives died. No more was their pleasant murmur heard amid the flowers of the field; and the stores of honey could not be renewed in the cottages of toiling peasants. Aristæus was in sore distress, and he stood beside a river, and cried to his mother, Cyrene, who lived in the crystal grotto below the waters of the earth. She sat with her maidens as they spun garments of wool, dyed with rich green hue; and the spinsters were clad in clothes of many colours and of gold; and one of them sang a song of the gods. When the mother's ear caught the prayer of her son (quick are the ears

of the mothers to hear), she bade the waters divide, and lo! her son Aristæus sprang from the river bank, and descended to the palace of Cyrene among the caverns below. Much did he wonder as he gazed at the vaults of crystal and rock, which led to the house of his mother. Meat they set on the board for him, and cups of wine. Some of the wine the mother sprinkled in the fire of an altar, and the flames, fed with spirit, thrice shot up, and Cyrene was glad at this sign of the good will of the gods, and she spake to her son:—

“The secret of your loss you may learn from old Proteus, who keeps the herd of seals for King Neptune. Each sunny noon, he drives his seals to a sandy beach, and he and his creatures of the deep slumber in the heat of the day. He is a seer. He knows the past, the present, and the future. Seize him while he sleeps. Hold him fast, no matter what shape he takes, and grip him till he answers your questions.”

So when the hour had come, mother and son rose up from the grotto, and hid themselves in a cool hollow among the cliffs. It was now mid-day. The heads of many seals bobbed up and down in the bay. Ancient Proteus rode in his chariot drawn by two sea-horses. He sprang upon the shore, and while his seals lay on the sands he reclined in the shade of the cave. Then Aristæus fell upon him and held him fast in iron chains. Slippery was his skin, and a blue phosphor light blazed in his rolling eyes. Lo! Aristæus was now struggling with a bristly boar; and then with a roaring tiger; and next with a dragon coated in scales, and then with a furious lioness, and then with a pillar of fire, and then with a splashing torrent of water. Aristæus would not let go. At

length Proteus yielded, and took his proper form, and asked,—

“What is it you want of me?”

“Tell me why my hives are ruined.”

“You suffer,” said Proteus, “for your own sin. It was you who caused the death of Eurydice, for, as she fled from your rude touch, a snake bit her, and she descended into Hades. The music of Orpheus so charmed the King of the World Below, that he released the prisoner from her gloomy fate. Alas! Orpheus looked back, and broke the commandment of the King, and never again may see his wife; and he also died, and his lips cried her name while his poor head floated down the river to the endless sea.”

Proteus said not a word more. Leaping into the sea he sped away in his chariot, and his herd followed him.

“My son,” said Cyrene, “it is now clear what you must do. Get four choice bulls that graze on the green mount, and four fair heifers that have never felt the wooden yoke on their necks. Slay them as sacrifices, and leave their bodies among the trees of the grove which is sacred to the memory of Eurydice. After nine days, go thither again, and see what has happened to the dead cattle.”

All this he did; and after waiting nine days, he rose early in the morning, and offered a gift of poppies to Orpheus, the lord of music; and he killed a fatted calf, and a black-wooled ewe, in honour of Eurydice—unhappy Eurydice, to whom he did the wrong. Then he walked into the grove where the eight beasts had reddened the soil with their blood.

Already their bodies had decayed; and behold! from out of their corpses came a thick swarm of

murmuring bees, and the murmuring bees darkened the air, and Aristæus heard their buzzing with great joy; and the murmuring bees hung together in a huge cluster downwards from the boughs of a tree, and Aristæus hastily made hives ready, and he hived the murmuring bees, and all was well. (*But see the note at the close of this chapter.*)

Now might the human race have honey as well as milk, and the garden of many a cottage was bright with the array of the straw houses of the honey-makers.

In due time Aristæus died on the lofty hill of Hæmus, and he passed up to the dwelling of the gods. Many blessings had he brought to mankind, and now that he was gone, they too laboured as he had laboured, for only by the toil of head and hands can the blessed fruits of the earth be obtained. Work well, then, O sons and daughters of men, at your arts and crafts, and make the wealth that shall feed you, and clothe you, and roof you, and give you sweet rest at night. But have a care, O sons and daughters of men, for the rest at night shall fail you, and peace shall leave your fields, if you do unjust and brutal deeds, and cause cruel wounds and deadly hurt to your neighbour. Woe was it to Aristæus when he did the wrong.

And so, beekeepers and olive-growers, and comely lads and girls, fare ye well.

NOTE.—The story of Aristæus is told by the poet Virgil in the Fourth Book of his “Georgics.” Virgil’s statements about bees are not always to be trusted; so the reader should consult such works as Mr. T. Edwards’s “Lore of the Honeybee.” Mr. Edwards explains that a certain species of fly may be hatched out from grubs deposited in carcasses, and these yellowish insects were mistaken by the ancients for bees.

GETTING IN BETWEEN.

Have not people often said to you, " You shouldn't interfere ? "

" Interfere," means to come in between.

Well, no, you shouldn't; but sometimes you should. For instance, Muzungu interfered, and I believe you will agree he did right.

Among the yellow-brown folk of Uganda, in the year 1861, Mutesa was king. In a palace of palm-tree wood, interwoven with reeds and grass—a building fifty feet high—this negro prince lived; and the floor was laid with soft grass, and the mats were of leopard-skin and ox-hide. The towns in his kingdom were composed of thatched huts; in the orchards were banana trees, and the fences were made of reeds. Hither came the noted English traveller, Captain Speke, and the Uganda people called him White Man, or, in their own tongue, Muzungu.

" I invite you to a picnic," said the negro prince one day; and the White Man and the King and Court all went down to the shore of the broad and shining lake, Victoria Nyanza, and sat down to eat fruit.

Now, Mutesa had several wives, and one of them did a wicked thing. She plucked a fruit from a tree, and offered it to her husband, You and I would

have called it a polite thing to do, a nice picn'ic deed. But in the land of Uganda, in the year 1861, it was thought very wrong for a royal wife to hand a fruit to the King. I cannot tell you why; but you see it was in the year 1861.

“Death!” shouted Mutesa.

At that word, the King's pages flung their turbans off their heads, and rushed upon the wife, and bound her with cords. The King's pet sister, Luluga, and other women swarmed round the King, and knelt, and asked mercy. Mutesa caught up a thick stick and beat his sister's head.

“White One!” shrieked Luluga.

Then Speke rose up in great haste, and ran, and got in between the King and Luluga, and lifted his hand, and looked the King in the face, and begged him to forgive. Mutesa paused. Then he smiled at Muzungu, and peace was restored; and the people sat down to eat and drink. This was the way in which Speke interfered to stay an act of injustice to a negress who had done no evil.

Another person who got in between was Job Turner. This happened at a private school, kept by Miss Hall, in Boston, Massachusetts. Miss Hall had stiff grey curls on each side of her head, and at times her temper was hard, for the children were tiresome; and for this I trust you will not think too ill of her, for teaching is trying work. I am a teacher myself, and, though I have not got stiff grey curls on each side of my head, I have often lost my sweet temper.

Well, to Miss Hall's school went girls—one was Mary; and boys—one was Job Turner, and he was deaf and dumb. Mary, aged eight, sewed badly;

Job Turner, aged eight, sewed well. He could do embroidery for collars, lace veils, and neckerchiefs. Afterwards, when he was a man, he became a preacher to deaf-and-dumb people, preaching by hand-signs, of course ; and Mary was afterwards Mrs. Livermore, and she was a nurse during the American Civil War, and later on, a lecturer.

Job Turner often helped Mary with her sewing. One hot afternoon, the school windows were open, and the meadows outside looked happy in the sun ; and flies buzzed in a tone that seemed to make the listener lazy ; and the needle in Mary's fingers was damp with sweat, and alas and alas ! she had two yards and a half of sheeting to hem. The sewing-pocket that was tied to her waist felt as heavy as lead. What a drag the work was ! And was life worth living ? Mary untied the sewing-pocket, threw it on the seat beside her, and picked up a story-book called "English Mary," and eagerly read it.

Miss Hall came round to see the tasks, and found Mary's sewing badly done, and ordered her, as a punishment, to walk round the school and show her dirty stitching to all the scholars, one by one. Most miserable was Mary now ; and her heart was filled with shame at being gazed upon in scorn by her school-fellows.

Suddenly Job Turner jumped up, got in between, and snatched the sheeting from Mary's hands, and looked up sternly in Miss Hall's face.

He stretched out the calico at arms' length as if to say, "What a lot of sewing for a small girl to have to do !"

All the girls and boys were watching what he did ;

and Miss Hall, with the stiff grey curls on each side of her head, looked down in surprise.

Then Job Turner placed his hand on Mary's head, and then raised his hand towards Miss Hall, as if to say, "Mary is so little; so much smaller than you."

Then he pointed to the buzzing flies, as if to say, "Who could work fast and fair on a hot day like this, when the flies annoy and the air is so heavy?"

Job Turner threw the calico sheeting on the floor, and kicked it. He took Mary's hand, led her to the corner where the scholars' hats were kept, put her bonnet on for her, and moved towards the door.

At this point, Miss Hall stepped forward, beckoned the two children back, and made signs to the deaf and dumb boy that Mary should not be punished any further, and he quietly went back to his seat. For all that, Mary had to listen to a severe scolding from the teacher, which perhaps she merited, for we should not read story-books when the calico has to be hemmed. Anyway, whatever Miss Hall said, of course, Job could not hear!

I think Miss Hall was too hard upon little Mary. It is certain that Job Turner thought so. To his mind, it was most unjust to expect so small a scholar to do the sewing without a mistake and without soiling the material on a day like that; and still worse, to put her to contempt before all the school. Miss Hall thought otherwise, as we know. But we cannot help admiring the spirit of the boy who would not sit tamely by while, as he judged, an act of injustice was being done. He sprang up and got in between.

I do not ask you who read these two tales to go to Uganda, or to that famous city of Boston, Massachusetts. But you are in a world where the cry of distress is heard every day. . . .

I won't say any more.

NOTE.—The anecdote of Captain Speke is extracted from Sir H. H. Johnston's "Nile Quest," pp. 156-8, and that of Mary and Job from Mrs. Livermore's "Story of My Life," published in 1898, at Hartford, Conn.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Is there in all the world a finer-looking stag than the caribou of Newfoundland? It stands some four feet high—foot to shoulder ; light brown on its upper parts, but sometimes all white ; antlers, with many points, branching upwards, right and left ; feet wonderful for running on bogs, snow or ice ; and, swim or walk, it is all one to the caribou. He eats tree-moss, reindeer-moss, and blueberries. But if a swift frost ices the ground and trees and shrubs, and fastens up the food in its “glitter” (as the Newfoundland people call it), then the caribou is in peril of starving, and must haste away to some kinder district. In December, 1898, a “glitter” froze the plains near Sylvester. Tens of thousands of caribou were in the woods or out on the open when the frost bit the earth ; and they knew the danger at once, and, dark night as it was, they started westwards in a great army in order to escape the glitter. Joe Rigg, a trapper, was the only soul that set eyes on this strange march. The multitude of deer passed by hour after hour, the stags tossing their beautiful antlers, the does leading the young. In scores, in hundreds, in thousands, in myriads, the host trotted by, and Joe Rigg stared as if spell-bound at this grand procession.

I will not stay here to ask if man could live well without killing animals in order to provide himself with food. Let us for the moment agree that kill he must, so as to procure meat. But to kill these noble creatures wantonly and without need ; what shall we say to that? A thousand men, it is said, cross from the mainland to Newfoundland each year to slay the antlered caribou. When the caribou herds crossed the railway-line at Howley in the autumn in the course of their yearly emigration, men gathered in crowds for the joy of shooting. In October, 1897, a man, armed with a Winchester rifle, shot a doe who led nearly 30 others across the line. She fell dead. Her followers stood in terror, not knowing which way to turn, and the shooter brought them down one after the other. All he needed for his own wants was one carcase. Since then the law of Newfoundland has directed that nobody may shoot more than three.

But if the stones of Newfoundland could cry out and tell their thoughts, it is not only of the hunters' cruelty to the caribou that they would tell. They would relate how the Indians of the island have cause to sorrow for the coming of the folk from Europe, from the days of Cabot onwards. For three hundred years the Boethick Indians struggled to defend themselves against the white race. They had straight black hair, big cheek bones, small black eyes, and a copper-coloured skin. There are none left to-day. In March, 1809, a party of Newfoundland men met, near the Red Indian Lake, a Boethick native and his squaw. A reward had been offered by Government—why I know not—for a live Red Indian. The party made a dash at the woman, and

captured her. Her husband flung himself upon the white men, armed though they were with such weapons as muskets and bayonets. They shot him, and he died in the attempt to save his wife from these cruel strangers. She was taken away as if for a show, and Lady Hamilton drew a sketch of her which is still to be seen ; and people called the unhappy captive Mary March, because it was the month of March, when she was seized for the Government reward. Next year, the British took her back, for it was now the wish of the government to make friends with the Copperskin tribe, and Mary March might (they thought) take the message to her people. Ere she landed from the British ship, she died ; and the captain had the body borne up a river, which was frozen over, and so brought to the lake where she had first been captured ; and there he laid it down and then went away. Some 18 years later Mr. Cormack visited the spot, and found two bodies in a wooden hut. The hut was one of the burying places of the Boethicks. One skeleton was covered with muslin. It was that of poor Mary. Her Indian neighbours had found the corpse by the lakeside, and laid her next to the heroic husband who gave up his life for her sake ; and near by the visitors found two images of a man and a woman—tokens of the dead who lay in the hut ; and with these there was also an image, tiny like a doll ; and this was the token of Mary March's baby, which had died two days after its mother was carried away by the armed foreigners. And if we think of the Indian, and his wife and his child, lying in this lonely place by the lake, we shall not perhaps find it hard to explain why the Red Men of America had so many

bitter feelings against the white people from the east.

John Hinx was a half-caste, his father being English and his mother a Micmac Indian; the Indians having come to Newfoundland about the middle of the 18th century. His skin had the Indian hue, and the white traders seem to have considered that a man of colour need not be treated so honestly as a European. At the age of 18 he worked to support his sister, and his widowed mother. In order to earn good money, he took service at a saw-mill at 20 dollars a month. In the spring, he did tree-felling and cutting; he cooked for thirty timbermen; and at other times he hunted deer and brought the meat in for the food of the camp. After twelve months, he judged well to go home, and therefore asked the mill-owner for his wages—a whole year's pay. The master promised to raise his wages if he would stay on longer; and, in a happy thought that he would be able to take yet more money to the distant women, John Hinx toiled on—sawing, cooking, hunting—for nine months; and then he begged for a settlement. The master put on a grieved look. He was so sorry, he said; he had hoped for a profit from two shiploads of timber sent to St. John's, but alas, the cargoes had been lost, and he could not pay a penny of Hinx's wages. The Micmac turned away sore at heart, and in his mind he saw the home far off, where two women waited for the good things he was to bring them. John left the white man's mill, and he had neither money nor food, and, as he trudged over the winter snows for nine long days—the wind beating heavy flakes in his face all the while—he bitterly cursed the

bad faith of the master who was false to the word he had pledged to an Indian workman. Thirty years afterwards he told the story to the English traveller, J. G. Millais, and it made the listener feel ashamed of the action of the white tyrant. A voice from the Bible cries :—

“Woe unto him that useth his neighbour’s service without wages, and giveth him not for his work.” (Jeremiah xxii. 13).

I will not say the Red Men have always done the right thing towards other Red Men, or towards the white strangers from the oversea countries. If, however, they acted brutally we must bear in mind they were unlearned barbarians. Certain it is, from many a traveller’s witness, that the Indian people could and did often behave like knights and gentlemen towards the whites, and here is a Newfoundland tale in proof :

Steve Bernard was one of the eleven children of Joe, a Micmac chief. A few years ago (about 1904) he and his Indian friend Micky John were hunting caribou near the Bay de Nord. It was January, and the ground was snow-white. One morn, Steve bore a young doe home to the hut, and as he was about to enter, he caught sight of foot-marks on the other side of the brook which ran by the shelter. The foot-marks pointed northwards to a drear waste. After an hour in came Micky.

“Why have you been going northwards, Micky?” inquired Steve.

“I have been west.”

“Are not those shoe-prints yours?”

“No, Steve. Let’s go and look at them close.”

They crossed the brook, bent down and examined.

"'Tis a white man's track," said Steve. "He wears boots, and he has no hunter's load on his back, for see, the track is light. It is some stranger who has lost his way. We must find him, else he will die when the cold night comes on."

Steve made up a packet of meat and rum, grasped an axe, and set off, followed by the loyal Micky John.

The foot-marks in some places circled in great rings, showing that the white man was wandering about as if dazed or mad. The Indians ran over the crackling snow. It was a race of life against death. At last, they caught a glimpse of a man's head peeping over a bush.

"Hollo!" shouted Steve.

The lost man sprang forward, as if out of his senses, and clasped Steve Bernard round the legs, his eyes wild with joy. His garments hung in ragged strips, and he was unable to crawl further. Micky and Steve carried Michael Fannell—such he said was his name—five miles to the hut by the rivulet, and they rubbed his skin hard with spirits, and gave him clothes of their own to wear, and laid him down to rest, and he slept sound and deep.

And after three days Steve and Mic took the man to his home miles away, and behold! there came out a great crowd of men in search of the lost Michael. When they saw the Indians and the lost man—now found—they lifted up their voices in a mighty shout of joy. They rested a night and journeyed on again next day, and so arrived at the village of Bay de Nord, and bells were rung in a merry fury, and whoso had a gun fired it, and the women folk wept tears of gladness; and none could hear himself speak amid the jolly din.

The women told Micky and Steve that if ever they came to the Bay de Nord a square meal would always be laid for them, and their feet should never lack strong, well-knitted white socks. And as oft as the Red Men passed the Bay de Nord, they ate and drank in good cheer, and their feet were for ever warm in the socks which the women gave them. And so, blessed be all feet that haste to the aid of him that is faint by the way.

Note.—For this sketch, various passages have been adapted from the graphic and beautifully illustrated travel-book “Newfoundland and its Untrodden Ways,” by J. G. Millais ; published by Longmans in 1907.

LOOK UP.

Scores of men and women hurried into a London station, bought tickets, bought newspapers, bought refreshments, questioned guards, called to porters, found seats, changed seats, and at length settled themselves to quiet and ease in carriage corners, with thoughts of a lunch in the train, a snooze, a dip into a novel, a welcome at the end of the journey from the waving pines, or brook splashing down the hillside, or the long musical roll of the sea.

And how few of the passengers looked up as the train was waiting to start.

Why look up?

The glass roof of the great station at Paddington needed some kind of repair. It was necessary to stretch a huge canvas below it to protect persons from the dropping of paint, chips, broken glass, and the rest.

A group of labourers were engaged in fastening the immense grey awning across the roof, tying it to beams, so that it curved in big folds like the sails of an old-fashioned ship. In order to go from point to point the men had rested long planks, about twelve inches wide, across the beams. Sitting astride on beam or plank they knotted stout ropes; then crept along beam or plank, and knotted again, and so on.

A mistaken move one way or another would have meant a fall of some sixty feet, and a maiming for life—perhaps death.

Somewhere about 1885, I visited a large and crowded hall in London, where, at a certain stage of the evening's entertainment, everybody looked up, and we all wondered. An elderly Frenchman—the famous Blondin—was holding a long balancing-pole as he stepped slowly to and fro on a tight-rope. Music sounded, many lamps flashed, and we all wondered. This same Frenchman had once walked on such a rope across the roaring Falls of Niagara; and all America and Europe wondered.

Without music, without spankled costumes, without admiring crowds to behold them, the Paddington labourers straddled the roof-beams and wormed their way along the dangerous planks; and if anybody looked up, the passing glance had no wonder in it. They were only risking life and limb in order to clean and mend a roof and fend off snow and rain from the folk below.

Look up,—yes. Look round about you also. You shall see the wives in the houses as well as the men on the planks of peril. At grey dawn the eyes of the women wake to the work of the long day, if indeed they need to wake; for perchance the call of a child has broken in upon the slumber of the night. The kitchens glow with the new-lit fires. Children's voices ring from room to room. Busy hands of women prepare the morning meal. Fathers have gone to field, factory, shop, railway, dock. There is a bustle and a hustle of baby-washing, and of dressing of maids and urchins, and a babel of chatter, and a banging of doors, and a clatter of shoes on the path

to the school. Tasks at class ; tasks in the cottage ; the learning of lessons at school ; the anxious handling of money in women's hands ; the careful buying in the market ; the dropping of tears when the silver and the copper are too scanty for the getting of food and garments. Blessed are they who find poetry in the white and purple heather, the yellow gorse, the hills ranged in a blue line, the sparks of light that dart from the hastening stream. Blessed are they who find poetry in women's hands, and in the love which scrubs, and brushes, and polishes, and washes, and mends, and sews, and darns, and cooks, and adorns, and plans, and suffers, and aches, and hopes, and fears, and waits, and yearns, and believes, and serves, and makes ends meet, and tires not so long as strength holds out, and toils till the sky glimmers with stars, and till the wind of the night blows over the waves of the far, far sea, and there is a hush, a sob and a remembrance, and the graves of mothers are green.

Stretch out your arms in emerald glory, trees of the springtide. Shine on the wayside bank, ye companies of happy primroses. Lift up your heads in pure white majesty, all ye Alps and rocky peaks, and spread your hundred colours in the sun, O all ye flowers of earth's many gardens ; but your pride and your beauty cannot show so noble a thing as the love of labouring fathers, the love of labouring mothers.

It is the love that builds a bower of protection for the *Family*.

It is a love which builds up the wealth, and the manhood, and the womanhood, and the good name and history of the *Country*.

It is a love that builds the walls, and the pillars and the roof, and the place of science and music and vision for *Humanity*.

And it whispers

It sings

TRINITY BAY.

“In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.”

Very blue was the sea in Trinity Bay, and sweetly mild the ray of the sun on a February morning. Some way out the white edge of a field of ice told how frost had nipped the Atlantic and bound it in its chill fetters. The bay faces eastwards on the coast of Newfoundland, and here dwell many thousands of hardy fisherfolk in huts and cottages, hamlets and villages.

Seals were reported. Though the season was winter, the day seemed so cheerful and gay that the men resolved to set out hunting among the ice-floes. The first boat had approached the ice and the crew caught sight of seals, and they fired guns to signal to those behind that all was well. More than two hundred men were now crossing the bay.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, Death overclouded the heaven. The north-east blast blew up a storm and whipped the sea into a terrible spray, and as the spray fell it froze, and it covered boats and men as with sheets and coats of glass. Some men rowed boats to the north side of the bay. There were six boats. In one of them the force of the

water broke the oars, and a shout of dismay arose. The neighbours in the nearest boat took the crew on board their own small vessel, though it was now in peril of sinking with the weight. One old man died straightway, and already the ice clung to him like a stiff cloth ; with a few quick, sorrowful farewell words his comrades threw the body into the sea. They rowed again for life, battling for an hour against wind and wave. The brother of the dead man also died, and he, too, was committed to the cold deep.

“ Land ! ”

Amid the misty spray, one of the men had caught sight of the rocky shore close at hand. They struggled out, those who were able, the rest were dragged along by their companions. Four of them died just after landing.

Three men saw the poor fellows crawling up the slippery rocks. They hurriedly lit a fire, and then hastened down the cliff and helped the seal-hunters to climb up to the fire. The party then turned towards the nearest house—two miles off. Two more died on the way. Frost-bite gave dreadful pain to all who were left alive, and he suffered most who had given his mittens to a lad.

A number of boats had managed, with immense effort, to gain the shelter of various small coves and inlets. Then it was observed that several boats were still out, and night was near, and they were far from home. The hunters who had just reached land in safety had a hasty meal, rested a little while and rested their stiff limbs and then

Then,—oh, courage of the great human heart!—then they put out to sea again to rescue their brethren.

Two boats were launched. One came back, having found no castaways.

The crew of the other caught sight of a light on the beach. Howling was the wind, and dusk had fallen on Trinity Bay.

Quickly the rescuers rowed towards the light. A fire, nearly out, flickered on the shore, striving to keep up its flame amid the angry winds. Three fishermen, pale and faint, were seeking to cheer and sustain two comrades who were yet paler and yet more faint. And the dim light of the fire revealed two corpses lying in the boat on the beach, and each dead man was sheeted thick in a case of ice.

The five living men were taken to a cottage, and the full breath of their life was restored to them.

All that Saturday night the tempest roared, and so loudly that you could not hear the sobs of the women ; but they did sob.

Next day, at noon, a woman on the shore discerned afar on the surface of the wide bay, a tossing boat. She gave the alarm. Life-savers at once manned vessels and hastened seawards. Not only one boat drifted,—there were four others—carrying seventeen fishermen in all. The crews of seven boats had passed the night on the ice ; breaking up two boats, they had made a fire. They killed two seals, and so they ate meat and warmed themselves.

Other boats were seen and rescued that Sunday, and twenty-seven more lives were saved.

Tears for the lost.

Honour to the memory of the dead.

Reverence for the courage that helps and saves amid darkness and ice.

Such is the courage that keeps the old earth sweet
and fresh day by day, and makes it worth while to
live and love and see the sun.

NOTE.—Adapted from details given in Dr. W. T. Grenfell's *Vikings of To-day*, chap. xvi. This interesting work deals with medical work among the fishermen of Labrador.

THE LIGHT.

Dark the sky ; all dusk the air ; black the trees ; lone the path.

A step is heard. Who walks by night ? And how can he find his way in this deep gloom ?

Light ! A flash of light ! A Chinaman travels this road, carrying a paper lantern from which a candle spreads its joyous ray.

The candle is of tallow, but it is coated with white wax ; and it is this white wax which adds brightness to the flame. Whence comes the wax ? " Lend me your ears," and hear the secret of its birth and growth.

Smooth of leaf, a kind of privet tree grows ever green in the Chienchang valley in the Chinese highlands ; and its blooms are snowy in May and June, and after the snow-blooms peeps out the purple fruit. Men of science name the tree "*Ligustrum lucidum*," but you and I will name it the Light-giver. In the month of March the branches break out as if in brown warts. The brown warts slowly open, and in the cracks are seen small white grubs. These grubs will evolve or unfold into six-legged creatures (insects), and the male insects will bring forth, from their very own bodies—white wax.

But not here. Not in the Chienchang Valley.

Not in this highland air. Chinese wit has found out that the wax will be brought forth (secreted) if the insects dwell 200 miles away, in the city of Kiating. But the grubs will soon become insects, and if Chinamen want white wax they must take the grubs in all haste to Kiating city; and the soft, worm-like things will grow as they are carried.

Haste, haste! you who want light.

Grubs are picked out and made into packets weighing 16 ozs. each, and each packet is wrapped in leaves of the wood-oil tree. Sixteen of these green boxes are a load for one man. And now, off to the city of Kiating. But have a care! Not by day, and in the glare of the sun of noon, may the white grubs be borne, for they must not be too quickly changed from the cool air of their native valley. Therefore, the porters must journey by night. They must journey fast; they must run—they must run 200 miles.

Fare forth, porters. Along level roads, along river banks, along the sides of canals, along paths up hill, along high passes over mountains, the patient Chinamen pursue their steady trot in the dusk of the night.

Hearken to the feet of the runners. They run in the dark that the world may have light. Wherever they go, gates of cities are left open, that the porters may not be delayed by opening and shutting and parleying with gatekeepers. While citizens are abed, along the quiet streets the porters trot. Out into the countryside again; through woods and over hills; across bridges and splashing through fords. The porters rest in the heat of the day, and as the evening coolness draws near the stern and sure running begins again,

and the moon and the stars shine upon the long line of the carriers.

Kiating city is reached. Each green packet is hung by a straw to the branch of an ash tree. There is wondrous life in the green case—life that unfolds, life that swells, life that leads to light. The grubs grow into insects, and the feeble little insects cut their way through the leaf that shuts them in, and they climb up the straws and creep up the ash trees. After thirteen days the male insects secrete pads of white wax, a quarter of an inch thick. Busy hands rapidly collect the wax, and throw it into iron pots of boiling water. The wax melts, rises to the top, and is skimmed off. The treasure has been won, and the valley of Chienchang has yielded its precious store, thanks to the patient feet of the runners, thanks to the deft hands of the workers of Kiating. The wax is used to size paper, to size cotton goods ; to impart a gloss to silk, to polish furniture, to coat the candles for a light to lighten the darkness.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom.

Patience.

Labour.

Light.

Not only in China, but all over the earth do patience and labour do their precious service.

At every sunrise the hands of women tend children, and order the house, and make ready for the day. At every sunrise men go forth to their labour, and they toil till the sunset and the evening star. Honour, three times honour, to the patience and the labour that bring the light.

* * * * *

“Father, I see that the world is great, and I fear lest the order of it and the life of it may fail.”

“Listen, my child, to the feet of the runners.”

NOTE.—The particulars from which this sketch is adapted are drawn from Mrs. Archibald Little's "Intimate China," pp. 436 to 440.

THE BOHEMIANS.

The gay sun of June, 1911, shone on the golden dome of the State House in Boston, United States, and I looked up at it with pleasure ; and with pleasure also I glanced across the lawns, the lakes, and the shady trees of Boston Common.

A cool breeze blew across the river—the noble river Charles, which glides in a strong, quiet flow to the sea ; and I admired the bridges that spanned it, and I admired the brave hands that had built the bridges.

A short journey took me over the river Charles to Charlestown. I climbed a sloping street till I came upon a plot of grass, and up from the grass there rose a tall shaft, or obelisk, of stone. This is a pillar of memory, and by this stone the people of America call to mind the battle of Bunker Hill, in 1775, when citizens of Boston fought against the red-coated soldiery of England. To these sons of America I gave a thought of respect, for they risked limb and life for the freedom of their land—soon after to be known as the United States. But the days of peace had come, and when I had leave to enter the Charlestown High School a few steps from the Bunker Hill monument, I spoke to the young pupils as an Englishman should speak to friends and

brethren ; and, so long as I shall live, I shall be glad that I met these lads and girls of Charlestown.

It so happened that in the evening I went to the Tremont Theatre, and saw a lively play ; and in this play the men and women made rare sport, saying—

“We will be Bohemians !”

Then there was dancing and capering ; and time would fail to tell of the bright dresses of the dancers—green, scarlet, pink, blue, violet, yellow, and the rest ; and of the blaze of lights, and the high jinks, and the beating of drums, and the turning over head and heels, and the much laughter.

“Well,” said I to myself, “and this is what it means to be Bohemians.”

Next day I rode in a street car across the river Charles by one of the bridges whose builders I had saluted, and so I came to a spot among trees, and iron gates ; and within the gates were halls of colleges and learning ; for this was the famous Harvard University. As I went to and fro amid these houses of booklore and science, I spied a museum ; and to me, asking what might be the wonders of the place, a man said—

“Here you may see the glass flowers—very marvellous indeed—made by the Bohemians.”

Now truly this seemed a thing to look into ; for those pretty dancers and wild drinkers of wine and strong drink had not appeared like men and maids who had skill in making glass flowers. Therefore I made haste to go up the stairs, and find what manner of folk these other Bohemians were. To say sooth, what I found in the museum was most surprising ; and nothing I had beheld in the city of Boston—neither the State House, nor the bridges, nor the monument

of Bunker Hill, nor the fine public library, no, nor any other sight—so struck my thought—so impressed me—as what I saw in the Gallery of the Glass Flowers.

People were bending over glass cases, and in the cases were models of flowers, all shapen in glass. You could see a lily so close to the true likeness of a lily that you might think—

“This is the flower itself.”

Not so. Every flower was of glass, and there were 720 different sorts of flowers, shown in glass models. There were 2900 models in all. In beautiful array one sees the flowers of the

Angel's trumpet,	Mango,
Beet,	Marigold,
Bergamot,	Ox-eye,
Bladderwort,	Pea,
Blazing-star,	Pepper,
Cane,	Pomegranate,
Cherry,	Potato,
Cinque-foil,	Sage,
Fig,	Sensitive plant,
Flax,	Thyme,
Ground Nut,	Tobacco,
Jack-in-the-pulpit,	Woodbine,
Lady's slipper,	Yew,
Love-in-a-mist,	Zigopetalum crinitum.

The last name, beginning proudly with Z, may be awkward to speak, but like the rest, its owner is lovely to gaze upon. Leaves of various hues appear like real leaves, ready to rustle in a passing breeze. Here are branches and stems and twigs. Here are flower-petals, stamens, pistils, ovaries, seeds, fruits—all of glass. Of course, the models are often moulded

so as to be much larger than the little part of the plant which it shows forth ; for some parts of plants, though very important, are so small that the naked eye can note scarcely anything about them. From many quarters of the world come people to examine these glass models. Men of learning visit the museum, as well as the children from the homes of Boston.

The makers, or artists, of the flowers were two men, and two only, and they were Bohemians. They are so called, not because they act in a wild and don't-care manner, but because they were natives of Bohemia, a country on the north of the Austrian empire, and famed for its old cities, its hills and forests. The name of the artists is BLASCHKA.

Leopold Blaschka was born in the village of Aicha in the year 1822. At the grammar school he learned to study in books. From his father at home he learned to cut and polish precious stones, and to do the work of the goldsmith and the silversmith. As a young man of 21 he sailed to America, and when, on his journey, he got hold of any strange sea creature, he made careful sketches of their forms. Next year (1854) he began to construct models of plants in glass ; and the skill he had gained in the shaping of gems now stood him in good stead in copying the fair figures of the flowery gems of wood and mead.

"There is genius in the fingers of Leopold," people began to whisper as they watched.

Among other objects Leopold made sixty glass orchid flowers, which were placed in the Natural History Museum at Liége, in Belgium. A fire in 1863 burned the Museum and the orchids ; but the genius in the fingers of Leopold lived on.

He had one learner. This apprentice at the glass

craft was his son Rudolf (born 1857). Father and son laboured together, not only to model plants, but to make models of sea-creatures, especially those kinds that have no bones (invertebrates); and the glass-ware of the Bohemian father and son is treasured to-day in many a museum in Europe. Beginning in 1887, the artists have made flowers for Harvard, and Harvard University has a collection such as no other place in the world possesses. The idea of gathering the collection was that of Professor Goodale. He paid a visit to the Bohemian family, who had moved to near Dresden, in Germany. There he observed some splendid glass orchids, made 20 years before by Leopold as a present to his wife.

Why should not this skill, which could give gifts of love to a wife, give gifts of science to the world?

Mr. Goodale talked of this idea to the Bohemians, and to American friends, and at last the father and son agreed to fashion the Harvard flowers. They sent to America one hundred models a year.

In 1895 Leopold died. I have seen a picture of the old Bohemian, and his eyes were clear and keen, as if able to read secrets in nature and art, such as only poets and artists can read.

The glorious power still lives in the brain and fingers of Rudolf; and still the treasury of glass flowers grows year by year, proving to the eyes of thousands and tens of thousands how beautiful are the flowers of the field and the hill, and how princely and majestic is the genius of the artist.

NOTE.—Besides personal inspection, I am indebted for some particulars to a booklet by Mr. George H. Kent, published at the Cambridge University Bookstore, U.S.A.

THE MINISTER.

Waters that never rest stretch in a vast sea on all sides of Sable Island.

This low-lying isle, in shape like a long bean or banana, stands about a hundred miles from the coast of Nova Scotia. It is about 20 miles long, and each end of it thins off into a bar of sand for 17 miles, thus making, in all, a line of more than 50 miles in the waste of the Atlantic Ocean. The swish of the tide is always heard, but when a storm spreads its black over the sky the sea leaps up in breakers which crash on the sands in 50 miles of white uproar.

Soft-backed seals and ivory-tusked walruses used to sport on the shore. Fish teem in the waters, and ducks and other sea fowl flap their million wings over the shining beaches. In the early days of its history the island had been in the hands of the Portuguese—those valiant seafarers who had discovered the Cape of Good Hope ; and they had left cattle and swine on the lonely bit of land, but had not settled there themselves. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, had thought to use the island as a handy store place for food. But he had poor fortune in those wild waters. Of his five ships one deserted, a second was sent home, a third was wrecked on Sable

Island, a fourth—his own—was lost at sea, and the fifth carried the last men of Sir Humphrey's band back to England.

In 1598 the French King, Henry IV., resolved that the English should not be let alone in their attempt to master the new world of North America. A marquis, named La Roche, had leave from Henry to sail west, and take possession of whatever lands lay out there, and call himself Viceroy, that is, the ruler on behalf of the king. The Marquis chose as rough a set of men as he could find for the task. He took sixty prisoners out of French gaols; and, as companion and friend, he also took a monk of the order of St. Francis of Assisi—that gentle St. Francis who carried lambs in his arms and called the birds his Christian brethren. Now this monk was not only a friend; he was (what every friend is, in truth) a servant or minister.

La Roche landed fifty of the fierce-eyed convicts on the island, along with some stores; and then sailed on, seeking the best place whereon to fix a settlement; and meaning to come back for the company of fifty.

He did not come.

A westerly gale drove his ship far off, and he found no rest till he dropped anchor in a French harbour; and he never tried to return to Sable Island.

During five years the fifty convicts—fifty Crusoes one might almost say—dwelt in a sad society on the little wilderness in the Atlantic! But no! There was no true society, for there were no brothers. Quarrel and hatred ruled the unhappy colony. Men swore and cursed, and fought and killed. Amid the

noise of strife, one voice was raised for peace. It was the pious voice of the monk:—"Sirs, ye are brethren." They heeded not. Felled by cruel blows, smit by grim disease they died, 39 of them.

Eleven wretched convicts, clad in sealskins, and with hair shaggy as old Pan's, roamed on the island, and listened to the unending wailing of the ocean.

At length news came to France, and the King despatched a Norman pilot to the rescue. The monk was ill, and would not go away with the rest.

"Soon," he moaned, "soon the woe of life will be past. Let me be."

So they left him on Sable Island, and the eleven long-bearded Crusoes got back to France, and were led into the presence of the King, and told in his royal ears the story of their dreary five years' exile.

The Franciscan monk did not soon die. He overcame his sickness, and, for a long time after, lived on the isle, watching the growth of plants in his small garden, and wandering up and down the beach in quest of shellfish for his solitary meal. Oft he offered prayer; oft he counted his beads; oft he cast his eyes over the grey dome of heaven, and oft he thought of the beautiful France, where first he knew the love of mother and father.

The wild, wild sea now and then gave him a comrade, for some fishing-boat or merchant vessel was driven on the sandy shoal and beaten to pieces, and one or two wrecked souls were glad to share the shelter of the monk's hut, and listen to his kind counsels.

The Catholic fishermen of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland did not allow him to want. They gave

him gifts ; and they helped him to raise an altar, where he might repeat the Mass, and where captains and crews of passing ships might land for a while and kneel as he lifted the Host in the holy sacrifice. Many a fisherman glanced from a distance across the uncounted waves, and remembered that, if he felt sad and hopeless, a warm heart beat on Sable Island, and a fatherly tongue was ready to speak a blessing.

In due time the monk folded up the roll of this mortality, and the little garden had no master, and the white breakers plunged up the sands, but were never heard by the old Franciscan.

Yet, it is said

It is said by those who love a legend that the soul of the good monk still dwells on the lonely isle. There are fair meads in France, but the monk has not sought them. There are sunny lands in the south where the sons of France have cast their lot, but he will not leave the home of the wild duck and the gull in the north ; and the throb of his heart is yet warm with love for them that go down to the cold sea in ships.

Legend, is it ? Yes, such are the legends that we all of us make each day ; for when, in our village, in our town, in London, or New York, or Benares, or Melbourne, a man or woman has lived the kindly life, we hold their memory fast after their death, and to us it seems as if they still move in the old scene, and drop tears for the new sorrows.

The fishermen of the north say—oh ! what will these dear legends not say !—that he may yet be seen walking on the yellow beach, or lifting up his hands in prayer at the humble altar, asking mercy

for the sailors whose barks are being driven on the sand-banks, or uttering the last words of charity as a ship falls in ruin on the coast of Sable Island, and the waves toss the bodies of sons and brothers and fathers that will kiss the comrades of the home never again.

NOTE.—Adapted from a passage in Dr. S. E. Dawson's *Saint Lawrence Basin*, chapter xiv.

THE SAINT, THE CHILD, AND THE BOOK

White candles twinkle before an image in a shadowy corner of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster. The image is that of a shaven-headed monk, on whose left arm rests an open book, and on the open book sits a little child, and the eyes of the man gaze in love upon the face of the child. The man is Saint Anthony of Padua.

Anthony was a lad in Lisbon, Portugal, at the time when the English Richard Lion-heart swung his axe among the Saracen foes in the war of the Crusade. From the days of his youth till the day of his death wondrous things were done by Anthony. So say the old legends, and I tell some of them to you here, not as true tales, but as showing a picture of a man who was a Force for Good in the world, as indeed we each of us should be. A Force for Good, not a poor pale shade, not a Nought (o), not a mere name, but a Man.

He was but ten years of age when he knelt to pray, and saw the foul Fiend come near to fright him from his holy task. Anthony hated the hateful. He flung himself to the floor, and marked the sign of the cross on the stone ; and the Fiend fled ; and they say the cross stays in the marble to this very day.

As a young man he became a priest, and went to Italy, and he put on the grey garb of the Order of St.

Francis of Assisi, and spake many a loving word to crowds of folk in church or field, and he moved the souls of people deeply, as they heard his call to the good life. Yet he felt that more might yet be done : that souls were not moved deeply enough ; that his force as a Voice of Love might be yet more mighty. Therefore as he stood on the shore of the sea, he thought of an idea to rouse the slow mind of the listeners, and he cried aloud to the creatures in the water :—

“ O fishes of the sea and rivers, listen ! To you I come to tell the message of God, because men turn away from hearing it.”

Then fishes of all kinds and sizes swam towards the beach, and held their heads above the water, and so kept still while the saint spake, and when he bade them depart they plunged again into their ocean home. And we smile at the tale, and yet we understand that it is a hint in season to the people who pay no heed to teacher or adviser.

What do you think the man saw who peeped at Saint Anthony through a crack in the door of the room where he had gone to rest ? A ray of light had shot from out of the chamber, and the master of the house must needs look in to see the cause. On the arm of Anthony lay a book that he had read, and on the book sat a shining Child who, the legend says, was Jesus, the Child of Bethlehem ; and in one hand the saint held a lily, and on his face was a glow of love. And this is the meaning of the image that is lit by twinkling tapers in Westminster Cathedral ; and it may also have another meaning (as I deem), and lead us to think of every child in the world as a dear soul who should be caressed by the arms of humanity.

For each little child has in itself some force to help the human race.

At Bourges, in France, Anthony preached in a wide mead to a great multitude, and they hung upon his words, and felt glad in the warmth of his earnest soul. As he taught them, clouds gathered in the sky ; and still he went on teaching, and still the clouds grew blacker, and the rumble of thunder rolled over the heavens after the quick beam of the lightning, and the crowd made as if to fly to shelter. Then Anthony called :

“ Stay ! There shall not a drop of rain fall upon your heads ! ”

The storm broke in a circle over the land, but within that magic ring not a person in the saint's audience was wetted. In good sooth, the tale may mean that folk heard Anthony with such close heed that they forgot the dropping of the rain ; for they were as mindful listeners as the fishes in the story just told. But I must fain say that the lesson in this tale is for the teacher, and not the scholar ; for if the teacher speaks with wit and care, the scholar will like enough listen.

Another kind of storm took place when, in a market square, Anthony stood on a platform of wood, and gave an address to the townsfolk, and, just in the midst of his sermon, the platform gave way, and the planks and the preacher and many of his friends came to the ground with a noise as of thunder. In a moment, Anthony had sprung up, and ready hands pieced together a little pulpit, which he mounted with cheery step, and the sound of his voice was so hearty and the light in his eyes so joyous, that none moved from the spot ; and, though the whisper went round

that the Fiend had tried to upset the meeting, no disorder made panic in the big crowd. Therein, to be sure, is a good hint to all folk in crowds.

Now it came to pass that as the saint did humble work (in the garden, some say), and busily plied his tools, he heard a bell ring, and he knew it was the bell that was rung when the Sacred Host was lifted at the altar by the priest in the Mass. Anthony fell on his knees, and gazed at the chapel hard by, and lo! the wall opened, and he saw the Bread of the Sacrament in the vessel in the priest's hands; and he knew by that token that a blessing comes to such as do honest toil in house or field, and he who labours with true heart has eyes to see the vision of things that are pure.

In Padua, a city of the fair Italian land, St. Anthony preached very often. Nor did he cry his message of love and duty and warning to the folk in street or cottage or church only. Into the castle of fierce rulers he would urge his way, and none dared stand against the brave glance of the just man's eye. A proud lord, named Ezzelino, had treated the people ill, and when he heard the burning words of rebuke from the lips of St. Anthony of Padua, his cheeks tingled for shame and fear. For they who preach honestly say words of warning to the rulers and the rich, and have no respect of persons.

On the morning of June 13, 1231, the saint murmured his favourite hymn to Mary—"O Glorious Lady"—and then died, aged 36. The children in the streets of Padua cried, "The saint is dead, the saint is dead!" Much people were in the train of mourners that walked slowly behind the hearse that bore his body to the great church of Padua; and the Catholics

utter his name with grateful thought whenever June 13 comes round in the Christian year.

Many years later, in the French town of Toulon, a poor woman put a small image of Anthony in her shop ; and before it she set two boxes—one for papers of pleading to the saint, the other for money given as thank-offerings. Now so much was the money that it sufficed to pay for white bread (St. Anthony's bread, it was called), for all the needy little ones in Toulon. This custom was followed in other towns, in France and elsewhere, and bread was thus provided for thousands and thousands of girls and boys. And indeed if ever there was a saintly work that could be done by human hands it is the feeding of the children that are in want.*

* The Catholic version of the life of St. Anthony may be read in a popular tract issued by R. and T. Washbourne.

CAPTAIN ODIN.

Since the earth has divers terrors within its borders, and since men are oft weak and foolish, it is well that there should be Captains, whose hearts are honest and stout, and whose wits are masterful and sparkling; and these noble spirits lead the people by their bravery and wisdom. Such a spirit was Odin, of whom we hear tell in the old Norse story of the "Heimskringla."

The sharp-nosed ships of the Norsemen cut many seas in north and south, and so it came to pass that these sailors of Norway had much knowledge of the shores and bays, both near and far, though, in sooth, they mixed their science with tales of things that never were. In the Heimskringla it is writ that a great sea goes along from Niorvasund (the Straits of Gibraltar, as we speak to-day) right east to the land of Jerusalem; and its waves toss yet further east in the Black Sea. North of the Black Sea is a wide land, where live dwarfs, and blue men, and perilous beasts and dragons. And south there is Blue-land (Africa), where the dark folk swelter in the burning sun. Also there is Asia.

Now, in Asia is Asaland, and here there is the city Asgard, and in this city is the home of the famous Odin, leader of men.

Odin was a man of this sort. He was a warrior of such mettle that his folk could never think of him as being beaten. When he sent his men into battle, he laid his hands upon their heads as they kneeled, and cried a blessing in a loud voice, and thereafter they knew no fear. If ever, on land or wave, a danger lowered over them, they uttered the name Odin, and then set their faces cheerily at the danger; not cowardly thinking the Master would do all things for them, but manfully striking at the evil in the spirit of their Captain. But neither did Odin make out that he was all-in-all, and that he had himself no need of aid. Rather was he ready to learn from the wise; and when his friend Mimer, the sage, was slain, and Mimer's head was brought to Odin, the Captain took the head, and painted it with the juice of herbs so that it should not decay, and kept it in his house, and it answered his questions; so that Odin oft asked the cunning Mimer council in war or peace, and the head gave shrewd reply.

The earth is broad, and the mind of man takes no rest, but must needs brood and wonder and travel; and Odin bade his folk take their wives and bairns and goods with him on a journey north. They crossed the plain of Russia, and stayed a while in the forests of the Germans, and in due time they arrived at the grey sea, and saw land on the other side. One of Odin's people was the woman Gefion, and she went north, and became wife to a giant of Jotunheim, and had four lads; but her heart was with Odin's folk all the time, and she changed her four sons into oxen and yoked them to a plough, and with its share she broke off a piece of the northland, and so made the isle of Zealand. Odin's son took her to wife, and

they dwelt at Leire,* in the land that the Danes afterwards ruled. But Odin himself made a kingdom further north, where to-day dwell Swedes and Norwegians. To his fellow Captains Niord, and Frey, and Heimdal, and Thor, and Balder he gave lands ; for he was a comrade among brave comrades.

When he sat in the company of his great warriors, his face was noble to see, and they that looked upon it were uplifted and braced. In war also they gazed upon him, and drew zeal from his zeal, and wondrous was the way in which he changed his shape and colour as he willed. In hours of quiet and peace, none could tell tales of glory so well as he, and he told them in verse and music, so that Odin and those who learned his splendid notes and words were known as Song-smiths. Thus he had music both for the hearth and the field of strife. Dreadful in truth was the noise of Odin's cry in battle ; and the storming of his warriors was as the tempest of heaven ; for, in their Berserk rage, they rushed as wild dogs or wolves ; they bit their shields ; they had the muscles of bears and bulls ; they felled the foe at one stroke, and they quailed at neither iron nor fire. Such were the Berserkers in their fury. Yet Odin could outpass them all. For while they fought with stock and blade and shaft, the Captain, in his might of wit, could put out red flames with only a word, and with a word he could turn a thunder-storm to peace, and a word from his master-lips turned the wind this way and that. If he had no need of his ship Skidbladner, he rolled it up as a man rolls up a garment, and bore

* There is a hamlet near Leicester which is still known by the ancient Norse name.

it as fishermen bore coracles. Wherever he went, he forgot not to carry Mimer's cunning head. Even if men died he could call up their ghosts out of the earth; whence Odin was named the Ghost-lord. Also he had two black ravens, and they flew whither he would, and told him what things soever had happened in all parts of the earth. What they made known to him, he made known to his folk, and he sang learned Runes, so that from his wisdom the people might draw knowledge. If a thing was lost, the eye of Odin would find it, and, at his bidding, the hills would open, and the bowels of the earth yield their secret.

Now Odin knew that men must live not merely by war, and Berserk madness, or by the music of the battle-song and magic rhyme. They needs must keep order in the home and the village, in labour and in their goings to and fro. Therefore Odin made laws, and showed the people how to obey and how to behave both as to life and death. In the midst of the season of frost, they must shed the blood of beasts as a gift to the Gods of soil and air, and, in the early days of summer, ere the fleet sailed to the over-sea wars, blood-gifts again must please the gods; for man is not a creature that can live by his own strength alone; and he must know the powers of nature, and the good laws, and make his lot better by loyal obedience to the rule of Right. The people paid taxes to Odin, for the treasure was not for his own greed and pleasure, but wealth that he used for the common health and safety of the folk. Such was the government of the great Captain.

His task was at length done, and others must carry on the work he had opened in wisdom and prudence.

When he died, the Swedes said he had gone to Asgard, and his soul died not, but lived for ever as a shining god. Whenever they went out to war they looked upwards, and saw the mighty shape of Father Odin in the high heaven, and so, in faith and fearlessness, joyed in the victory or fell slain on the field, as the fates might order. The body of Odin was burned in a vast funeral pile, and the smoke rolled in many clouds. His ashes were no more seen, and the smoke of the pile passed out of sight ; but the glory of the Captain never died ; for, indeed, the Noble Heart that once beats will beat on in the lives of the men that come after, and whoever acts as a Man helps in the building of the temple of Manhood for ages yet to endure.

NOTE. — The *Heimskringla* was translated into English by Mr. Samuel Laing. A new edition was issued by Dr. R. B. Anderson in 1889.

DOWN THE RIVER.

TWO EXPEDITIONS.

On the Cumberland river in the United States there stands to-day the busy town of Nashville, capital of Tennessee. From its chief building a tower rises some 200 feet—a token of the city's pride.

The history of the city goes back to 1779-80.

James Robertson had noted the spot as a good one for building a settlement ; and he told his thought to other folk of English race. It was then an open place—a piece of prairie that lay under sun or snow, disturbed now and then by the feet of Red Men, and chanted to by the waves of the Cumberland river.

Said Robertson to his friends,—

“We are the advance guard of a civilisation, and our way is across the Continent.”

So he got the people together—about 380 men, women and children. The women and children—some 130—in the keeping of a few men, travelled in canoes. Many, many miles had they to go ; and the season was winter ; and for thirty miles the river Tennessee tumbled in rapids, down which the boats jolted. Every now and then, a shot from Cherokee Indian guns made one life less in the little army of the brave. Let us not speak ill of the Indians.

They were defending the land of their fathers against the hand—the strong, conquering hand—of the White Race.

Of the water party 30 or 40 were killed by the Red Men ; and 97 reached the chosen spot on the Cumberland river.

The other party journeyed over land, and they had 500 miles to cover ; but they turned not back, and at length rejoined the children and the women ; and when this land party were numbered, the roll came to 226. In November, 1780, only 134 persons remained of the band that started under the leadership of James Robertson.

War shook the small colony, and death lessened it. Indian against White, and White against Indian.

In the early months of 1781, only 70 persons were left.

The question was now put—"Shall we stay, or shall we go back."

Every voice replied,—

"We will stay."

So they stayed in the lonely settlement, and the waters of the Cumberland river rolled by murmuring, as if half in mockery, half in wonder at the courage of the Whites.

One of the settlers fell among the Indians, and he was shot and stabbed, and then his scalp was torn from his head ; and he escaped, and told the tale, and he kept a bold countenance, and said no word about closing the task of city building.

A little girl was scalped, and the mark of the wound was there all her life.

A band of Indians made a rush upon the little fort, and were thrust back by 15 men and 30 women.

All night, Mrs. Sally Buchanan was making bullets from melted lead. The morning dawned, and the 45 people had now become 46; for the valiant woman that made the bullets was the mother of a new-born child.

Strong and hardy and tough-spirited were these pioneers of the United States. Their clothes were made from the skin of the elk, the fox, and the wolf; and they had no pleasure in soft velvet and satin.

And the high tower of Nashville lifts its head over the Cumberland river in this twentieth century, and bids us salute the memory of the brave founders of the city.*

A yet nobler spirit, however, appears in the second expedition of which I will tell. In the first, what did we see? White against Indian; though, indeed, we admire the bravery and loyalty of the Whites. In the second, we shall see White Men acting as courageous captains to coloured folk. Our scene changes from North America to South America.

Where the indiarubber tree flourishes, and the tea shrub, and many another tree give richness to the forest; and where thick-skinned tapirs wallow in mire, and pumas and jaguars devour their prey, and the giant ant-eater prowls, and monkeys and parrots chatter in the branches—in this land of Paraguay flows the mighty stream of the Parana.

At one point in its path of 2000 miles, it tumbles in one of the finest waterfalls in the world. Above its thundering waters flashes a rainbow, trembling in the mist and the sunlight.

*Adapted from Emerson Hough's "Way to the West," published in 1903

Here, in the year 1631, a great crowd of Indians gathered in fear and amaze ; for war had broken into the land, and the Paulistas—a people of mixed race, Portuguese, Dutch, Indian, negro—had overrun the plains and carried riot and fire and robbery into the towns where the people lived and laboured under the leadership of Jesuits. Strange, indeed, it may sound, but Jesuit priests had come from Spain to do two things—to teach the native folk the faith of Christ, and to teach them the arts of growing useful plants and rearing cattle.

But the Paulistas were spirits of disorder, and the Jesuit Father Montoya—a brave Spaniard—had sent word to six different settlements,—

“Come to the great falls, and from there I will lead you to a place of safety and peace.”

Here, where the river howls in its white wrath amid the dense American jungle, an army of 2500 families had met, trusting to Father Montoya. Some twelve thousand men, women, and children looked to him as sheep guided by a good shepherd.

Scarcely had the Indians begun their march along the bank of the noisy Parana, when news was brought that Spaniards—enemies—had built a fort on the road to bar the way.

“To the woods !” ordered Father Montoya ; and the poor folk, carrying children and other burdens, plunged into the forests. Men with knives walked first, cutting a path for the pilgrims. Amid the clash of knives and the cries of the wild animals of the forest, might be heard the hymns of the Indians, and the cheerful calls of the four priest-captains—Montoya and his three Jesuit comrades. On the second day, the march was without music · the

people were already tired, and bent their heads wearily, and the trees over them threw vast shadows. Eight days passed before they could leave the woods, and approach the river, at the spot where the immense falls ceased to bubble and heave.

Here, for some time a halt occurred, long enough to sow and reap crops of maize. Montoya himself worked with the hoe. Montoya himself worked with the spade also, helping to hew down trees for the building of a fleet of canoes.

Friendly hands had, from distant villages, sent food for the pilgrims ; and at last the band of Indians were ready to launch upon the river, and, under the valiant Montoya, meet whatever fate might threaten. A raft overturned ! A woman and two children had splashed into the river, and alligators and water boas swarm in these perilous waters. Great was Montoya's joy when the woman's black hair bobbed up, and she and her little ones were dragged by the hands of Montoya and his companions into a canoe. Alas ! many a raft and many a canoe was upset, and many an Indian lost in the Parana's waves.

The fleet stopped at a settlement. Food was scarce. Illness raged. Eleven hundred of the pilgrims died ; and many, driven by dire hunger, wandered in the forest in search of food, and found it not, and pined and lay down in the last rest.

Forward ! Again Montoya led his pinched and haggard followers, and, when at length the multitude halted at the end of the long, long march, it was reckoned that the Jesuit captain had brought the people a distance of about 500 miles in all.

The cruel hands of the Paulistas had destroyed two towns, named Loreto and San Ignacio. In the new

land to which Father Montoya had guided his Indians, he built two new towns, and they were named by the old names—Loreto and San Ignacio. Thus, while inhuman men made havoc and ruin, the humane and noble spirit of Montoya created order and peace. And out of the store of Jesuit money, he spent gold enough to buy ten thousand cattle, and he gave them to the people, and the people became herdsmen, and their cattle multiplied.

Father Montoya voyaged to Spain, the country of his birth, there to plead with the King that Indians should not be enslaved unless made prisoners in regular war ; and to this and other favours for the natives, the King agreed. Montoya crossed the ocean to Peru, and in that land, at the age of 70, died ; and honour be to his name.

NOTE.—The details as to the Indian flight down the Parana are taken from R. B. Cunninghame Graham's "Vanished Arcadia," published in 1901.

THE ISLAND SPEAKS.

The Isle that will speak in this brief tale of a man's life is that which lies amid the waves of the Irish Sea. Cliffs stand bold and high at Spanish Head, and many a hill and many a moor rise and fall in green and heathery beauty ; and the land has large store of lead and zinc ; and the myrtle grows at ease in the mild air ; and the sea round about is rich in fish. This Isle of Man speaks of Thomas Wilson.

In a Cheshire village was Thomas born, in the winter of 1663, not long after Charles the Second came back from foreign lands to his English throne. His parents sent him to Mr. Harper's School, and then across to Trinity College, Dublin, where one of the students was Jonathan Swift, who afterwards wrote "Gulliver's Travels." It was in Wilson's mind to learn the art of the doctor, and he did indeed get a knowledge of herbs and drugs ; but then he thought it would be a better work if he became a teacher of religion, and so he was set apart as a priest of the Church of England. Now there was at that time an Earl of Derby who desired a priest in his own house, and he chose Thomas Wilson for his chaplain, and also as tutor to his son. Whatever money Thomas had for his work, he always took a fifth part of it, and placed it in the drawer of a cabinet and used it

for the good of poor neighbours. And since Earls as well as humble peasants need wise teaching, Thomas Wilson duly gave advice to Lord Derby. This Lord had fallen into deep debt through want of care of his affairs, and Wilson told him of his faults, and how he spent far too much on the goods he bought for use or for pleasure ; and for the plain speech, Lord Derby thanked the candid chaplain and promised to live more honestly. In April, 1698, Mr. Wilson bade farewell to Lord Derby's house, since he was now to be Bishop of Sodor and Man, and not many months later, he married a wife.

The Bishop's money was scant. He must needs buy spices, sugar, wine, books, and the like for his household ; and it was his duty, as father, so to speak, in the Isle of Man, to give aid to all forlorn souls cast by shipwreck on the shores of his little land. But what he could not buy in money, he got by other means. He sold the corn off his farm in exchange for cloth or leather, and he had tailors and shoemakers at work in his house to make the stuff into clothes and shoes. Though his treasure was small at first, his heart was always great. When he gave oft to beggars, his friends reproached him, for they said he was aiding the idle and the loafer.

"It may be so," he replied, "but I would rather give to ten unworthy folk than let one worthy person go away without help."

The Bishop's house had not been dwelt in for eight years before his coming. There was but a tower and an old chapel that was not in ruin ; and, almost from the ground up, he had to build the rooms and the barns and the stables again, and make all clean and snug. Also, he planted many fruit trees in the ground

thereof, and set up fences, and stocked the domain with thousands of timber trees, and laid out a farm for corn and cattle ; and so, in the course of years, the estate that had been poor became good and fat.

His dear wife died in 1704, and left him with a little daughter and a little son, and though at first he shed tears in "an angry sorrow," yet afterwards his mind grew strong and brave, and he said to himself: "Whatever my hand findeth to do, I will do it with all my might, for the night cometh, when no man can work."

For some time following his settling in the Island, he was the only man who could act as doctor, and he kept a shop of drugs for the use of the Manx people, and gave to the poor such medicine as he thought best ; and, mayhap, he was not always quite wise in his giving of drugs ; but it is certain that the people loved him for his grace and good-will, and that also is fine physic for them that are sick.

Bishop Wilson put libraries of books in the parishes for such as liked to read. A church was unfinished, and he paid £40 to finish the building. A chapel had a shabby window, and the Bishop had a new and fair one fitted in. He built schoolhouses, and helped in the making of books printed in the Manx tongue—for Manx was then spoken in the Island, and was the language of the people's prayer and labour, and grief and joy, till the nineteenth century, when it began to die out of use.

Bishop Wilson had no fear of lords or any folk, and he rebuked sinners, high or low. It so happened that a woman was accused of evil-doing, and the great lady that accused her was wife of the Governor Horn. The Bishop was sure that Mrs. Horn had

spoken untruth, and he bade that she should be barred out from the Table of the Lord, and the partaking of the sacred bread and wine. Now, one of his priests set him at nought, and let the lady come to the table as if no such order had come from the Bishop's lips; and Bishop Wilson said the priest should no longer do his office, but must be "suspended." Governor Horn took mighty offence, and one day soldiers marched into the Bishop's palace (the house he had changed from ruin to strength) and arrested him in Horn's name, and he was clapped into prison in Castle Rushen, in June, 1722. Deep was the grief of the people at this treatment of the Bishop, and day after day they gathered in crowds before the window of his jail, and he stretched forth his hands from the grated window, and blessed them and spoke peace and gentle counsel. By order of the King of England, Thomas Wilson was set free. Now which was truly in the right in this affair—Wilson or Horn—I know not; but this I know, that the Bishop was a man of bold heart, and was resolved to do what was just, even though rich men and Governors withstood him.

In the year 1740, a dark season brought sadness to many Manx homes, for there was a sore famine in the Isle. The harvest had been small, and though there was much corn in England, there was a tax upon the food so high that the people could not afford to buy it from English dealers; and there was much distress.

The Bishop shared his store of barley, and then he and some noble-hearted ladies bought wheat and barley from Ireland and from England, and sold the corn at half-price to the poor (but not more than two

pecks to any one buyer at a time), and to such as had no money he gave the corn free ; and when the ear heard him it blessed him, and when the eye saw him, it bore testimony to his well-doing.

The February winds of 1741 blew into Douglas Bay a small vessel carrying Welsh oats, and bound for Dumfries, in Scotland.

When the Manx people knew that the ship had corn, they took counsel with one another and said : " Let us go on board and take this food, that our wives and bairns may have whereof to eat."

So they went on the ship, but not as folk that made riot, but in order and in quiet earnest.

They measured the corn with care and bore it to the school-house, and bade the churchwardens guard it for the public use ; and such as had need of food came and bought at the prime cost ; and the money was given in full to the captain, and he was also paid for the carriage of the oats in his ship, so that he might give just account to the owner of the corn, Provost Currie, of Dumfries.

Seven Douglas men wrote to the Bishop the true report of the taking of corn from the vessel, and begged him to make peace with Provost Currie, since the people did this thing in stress of hunger ; and the Bishop was mindful to do as the men of Douglas prayed.

Yet was Thomas Wilson quick to warn off men that seemed to be treading on his ground and dealing with his flock. A clergyman from Norwich had the idea of giving a Sunday evening lecture in one of the Manx churches, and by leave of the priest of that parish ; and thereat the Bishop was wroth, and would hear of no lecturing, for he said he and his clergy

well enough taught the people of the Island, and needed not this stranger and meddler. Also, he was angry at the spreading about of a book called "The Independent Whig," and forbade the people to read its evil words ; though indeed the book was made in all good faith and the writer of it had zeal for the freedom of the people. But good men do not all think alike on politics, and the Bishop would have it that "The Independent Whig" was a wicked book.

He had no locks on his palace doors, for he did not deem that any man would enter for his hurt. When Dr. Pocock, the traveller, paid him a visit, he first sent the Bishop a copy of his book of travels, grandly bound in Morocco leather.

"You are very welcome," said the worthy Bishop, with a smile, to the doctor, "but you treat me with undue pomp, and you ought not to offer the poor Bishop of Man a present, as if I were an Eastern prince."

Cardinal Fleury, a priest of the Church of Rome, sent him a kind letter, asking after his health. "You and I," said the Cardinal, "are the two oldest Bishops in Europe ; but if your age permits you to come to France, I should be happy to see you." Whereupon Thomas Wilson gave a pleasant answer to Fleury, and the Cardinal held the Bishop in such honour that he spake to the King of France, and the King gave orders that, while war between France and England was waged, no fighting ship should make attack on the Isle of Man ; and thus the virtue of the old Bishop was as a wall to the Island in the Irish Sea.

Roman Catholics who lived in Man were friends

with the Bishop ; the Quakers held him in respect ; and he told Dissenters that if they thought well to stand or sit at the Breaking of Bread in his churches they were free to do as they pleased, that so there might be no hindrance in their meeting Church folk in neighbourly kinship.

Till he was past 80 years of age, he rode on horseback to and fro, watching over his churches, his schools, and his flock ; and the white hair of the Bishop was a glad sight to the people of village or upland hamlet.

Once he paid a visit to the Court of England, and met Queen Caroline ; and there was a group of Bishops at her side. Some of them desired higher places in the Church. But Thomas Wilson had already told the Queen he had no wish to leave his dear Island.

"See here, my Lords," said the Queen to the Bishops, as Wilson drew nigh, "here is a Bishop who does not seek translation to greater rank."

"No, indeed, and please your Majesty," answered Wilson ; "I will not leave my wife in my old age, because she is poor."

Now, by his Wife, he meant the Isle of Man.

In March, 1755, Thomas Wilson, aged 93, walked in his garden after Evening Prayers ; and the air was very damp, and he caught cold and lay on his bed, and so died in gentleness like a brown leaf that falls softly from the tree.

Many people followed his coffin as it was carried by peasants of his domains along the two-mile road to its resting-place ; and each tenant of the domains had a new coat given him for mourning. The coffin was of elm wood. Now this wood was sawn from

the trunk of a tree which Thomas Wilson had planted soon after he came to the Isle, more than half a hundred years since. He was buried in the East end of Kirk Michael Churchyard ; not inside the church, because he had oft said that such a place was not sweet and wholesome, and the dead must not harm the living.

In days past he had had a very loyal manservant, who worked for him twenty years and always did honest service. And since a humble man who lives truly is as worthy of esteem as a bishop or a prince, I will set down the name of this manservant, to wit, John Rhyddiard. When Rhyddiard died and was buried, Bishop Wilson placed a stone at the head of the grave, and on the stone were writ words of praise.

But though Wilson had words of praise carved on the tomb of his honest man, he would have no such words on his own, and so he gave order to his son. Therefore, the son had this writing cut on one side of the Bishop's tomb :—

THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED
By his son, THOMAS WILSON, D.D.,
a Native of this Parish,
who, in obedience to the express commands
of his Father, declines giving him the
character so justly deserved.

LET THIS ISLAND SPEAK THE REST.

Yes, let the Island speak. The sea gulls would flap their white wings along the shore, and the waters would roll on the beaches, and the snows would glisten on the fells in the winter, and the heather would gleam on the moor in the summer, and the years would

flow by ; yet would not the hearts of the folk lose thought of Thomas Wilson : for the Island would speak the rest.

And whoso you are who read this tale, and whether your house be great or small, act as a brother among brethren, and the place where you once dwelt shall speak the rest.

NOTE.—The particulars above narrated are drawn from C. Crutwell's " Life of Bishop Wilson," published in 1781.

THE LIBERATOR.

An army marched to the West in search of freedom, and the Captain was Simon Bolivar, who is known in history as the Liberator. In June, 1819, the soldiers—brown skinned, partly of Spanish, partly of Indian blood, with some English volunteers—marched along the bank of the river Apure. The enemy was Spain. The Spanish pioneers had conquered this region of South America. Times had passed, and the people now desired to govern themselves, and they had risen, under the leadership of Bolivar, against the power of Spain.

Alligators made the rivers dangerous. Red deer trot ; armadillos creep ; monkeys chatter ; parrots crack nuts ; and white vultures, with red heads, glide through the air in search of prey. Native Indians go up and down the rivers in rough canoes in search of the egret, whose lovely feathers are sought after for the adorning of hats. Alas ! poor egrets, they die too soon, because they are beautiful.

On the left hand of Bolivar's army stretched the wide plains of the Orinoco, where cowboys herd vast herds of cattle. Many Llaneros (cowboys) had joined the Liberator's force, but they had a dread of hills and mountains, and, when they saw the road he was taking towards the rugged West, many of them deserted.

The band of Liberty pressed forward, on horse and on foot.

On the savannahs, the grass grew more than six feet high. A long-legged stork was sometimes seen standing in the midst of a marsh. Lizards basked in the sun.

Hills arose, and, after a time, the men lifted up their eyes to the high peaks of the Andes afar off, the ice of glaciers glistening on the sides of the mountains. Bolivar counted his men, and they numbered 2,500. A small army, indeed, but it had faith.

Faith! Yes, even in the midst of many waters. Rains fell, and Bolivar's troops waded in streams that reached to the knee, or even at times to the waist; or they swam (beware of alligators!)—or they crossed rivers in boats made of hides. No easy matter was it to keep the gunpowder dry. At night, the soldiers halted on some rising ground, and lit fires for cooking and for drying clothes.

Colonel Rook, leader of the English company, had been present at the battle of Waterloo. His temper was cheery amid all troubles. Dreadful was the march of his company, which formed the rear-guard when Bolivar's army struggled along the cold pass of the Paya.

"How have you fared?" asked the General, as Rook and his half-frozen men trudged into camp.

"We have had a pleasant time," replied Rook, with a sunny smile.

All the animals—mules and horses—perished in the chill of this high path; for Bolivar had led his people to hills that rose 13,000 feet above sea-level. Had they climbed a little higher, they would have

trod the [fields of eternal snow. Clad in light clothing, which was suited to the warm plains, the soldiers suffered terribly, and many died; and wretched was the state of the cowboys, who had no brave horses to carry them.

Salute the brave horses. They, also, bore the pain of the fight for freedom.

Men flogged one another, not in wrath, but in brotherhood, seeking to warm their sluggish blood. Sleep was difficult.

Down in the valley, at the city of Bogota, the Spaniards could sleep at ease. They little dreamed of the approach of Bolivar and of Liberty.

On July 6th, the army had dragged its weary road downwards to the small town of Socha, where the valley is green, and fruit trees bear fruit, and water mills grind corn, and the air is sweet like everlasting spring; and the ragged Host of Freedom took breath after the toilsome crossing of the Andes; and Rook, the Englishman, smiled again, not knowing his death was so near; and Bolivar was glad with the pride of a man who overcomes hardship in noble cause.

The people of Socha ran out to the help of the invaders. They offered food, tobacco, country beer; and there was a joyful hum of talk and joke and song. Rusty muskets were cleaned, and mules and horses bought, and long-haired youths came forward as recruits for the fight that was soon to be waged. Hair had to be cut; musket drill taught; orderly marching learned.

About 4,000 Spaniards met the Liberator in the valley. Some of them had mounted the hills on the left. The Army of Freedom was in peril. Then the

cowboys charged to the front, and Rook and his English clambered up the left slopes, and the soldiers of Spain gave way. Rook's arm was badly hurt, and had to be cut off. A few days later, he died ; but to the last he might have said :—

I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

On August 7th, a bridge and a river were the centre of a battlefield, and at the close of the day, 1,600 of the enemy had yielded, with guns and stores, to the power and faith of Bolivar. This was the victory of Boyoca ; and three evenings later, Bolivar and his comrades tramped into the capital city of Bogota.

To-day, Bogota is the capital of the Republic of Colombia. Bolivar's body rests in the capital of the Republic of Venezuela, which also owes its liberty to the Liberator. The Republic of Bolivia is named after his name.

Let us work to put an end to all war ; but let us remember with honour the heroic spirits who fought in wars of freedom.

Honour to Simon Bolivar, and the men who crossed the Andes in 1819.

Let us be just, and give a salute also to the Spaniards who died, doing—as they deemed—their duty.

NOTE.—The details are drawn from F. L. Petre's "Simon Bolivar," published by Methuen, in 1910 ; and a paper by Professor H. Bingham, in the "Geographical Journal," October, 1908.

FRANCIS AND LEO.

Two men in grey coats, and hoods pulled over their shaven heads, and with feet in sandals, knocked at the door of a great house—Saint Mary of the Angels it was called—at whose warm fireside they hoped to forget the cold. Rain had soaked their coats, and mud soiled them from head to foot, and their feet and hands felt nipped, and they were very hungry.

The door swung open, and a sweet red light came from within.

“Who are you?” cried the porter.

“We are your brethren, we are sons of Holy Church, pray let us in. We are Brothers Minor of the Grey Robe.”

“Rogues!” he said in a surly tone, “be off with you. Are you not grey beggars that lead folk wrong with your teaching, and ask food from the people you cheat, and thus you rob the deserving poor? Away!”

Bang!

Twilight crept down upon hill and field and house, and the grey Brothers Minor stood yet at the door, and longed to enter in.

“Surely,” they murmured, “he knows us; he knows we are souls that do no harm, and seek only

to do men good by our preaching, and if we knock he will let us in."

They knocked again.

"Thieves and wretches!" he called, as he saw them stand like shivering ghosts, "go to the almshouse for beggars yonder, for here you shall have neither board nor bed."

Bang!

Still in the darkening night they waited, and when, at length, they ventured to knock again, the porter rushed out, cudgel in hand, and he grabbed first one and then the other by the grey hood, and sent each with a thwack of the hard stick rolling in the snow.

The two monks—Francis and Leo—bore such hardship for the Cause. Now this Cause was the work to which they had given their lives, namely, to lead the folk of Italy and other lands to give up all sorts of cruelty and injustice and foulness, and live as true brothers and sisters—gentle, tender, just and devout, "after the pattern of Christ." So St. Francis of Assisi, spoke of the Good Life—"after the pattern of Christ." If it happens that to-day we do not teach the Good Life in just the way and in the words which he did, yet for all that, we know him to have been a pure and brave soul who served mankind with all his strength and loved his neighbour as himself.

Now, on a cold day in the early part of the year, Francis and Leo walked together from the city of Perugia.

"Brother Leo," said Francis after a while, "if the Brothers Minor could give sight to the blind, and make lame men walk, and deaf men hear, and dumb

men speak, and drive out demons, and raise the dead to life, even that would not be perfect joy."

They walked on.

"O, brother Leo," cried Saint Francis, "if we knew all knowledge and holy books, and could read the hidden thoughts of people's souls, even that would not be perfect joy."

They walked on along the path, Leo still in front.

"Brother Leo," said Francis, "if we were so skilful that we understood the course of the stars and the healing power of plants, and the nature of birds, and beasts, and fishes, and stones, and waters, even that would not be perfect joy."

They walked on.

"O brother Leo," cried Francis, "if we could preach to the heathen, and turn their unbelieving souls to the faith of Christ, even that would not be perfect joy."

They were now two miles further from the city of Perugia than when Francis began this manner of speech, but his friend Leo wondered, for he could not tell what the good grey friar meant.

So he turned him about, and looked Francis in the face, and said :—

"Father, I beg you in the name of God to make plain to me what this perfect joy is."

Then replied the saint :—

"If we were to come to the house of Saint Mary of the Angels, and stood, cold and hungry, at the door, and knocked, and the porter refused us once, and twice, and at the third time smote us with a grievous hard stick and rolled us in the snow, then would it be perfect joy, because that is the best thing we can

do for the blessed Christ. When we work for him, and endure shame and insult for His sake, we are doing as He did, and proving our love by our pain, and so we may glory in the cross of Christ ; and that is perfect joy.”*

Let us be clear as to the joy which Francis spoke of. The joy was not really because he was cold, or wet, or tired, or hungry, or because he felt the smart of the porter's stout cudgel. What he meant was that he had a manly joy in feeling he had the strength and courage to take without wincing and cowering the hard treatment meted out to a dreamer of new things, a pioneer of a Better Way, a Reformer of things that had a bad form and needed shaping into a good form. It is a joy to be strong enough to prove our loyalty to the good Cause.

It is well to clap hands for the Cause ; it is well to speak pleasant words about the Cause ; it is well to go to meetings about the Cause ; it is well to give money to the Cause ; it is well to be clever for the Cause ; it is well to have praise from neighbours because we work for the Cause. None of these things would be certain proof that we truly loved the Cause. But when we bear pain for the Cause, it is a certain proof, and we may be glad we can stand the proof or test ; and this is the moment when we reach what the Grey Friar called, in his burning Italian speech, “ perfect joy.”

There are many Causes.

There is the Cause of helping to get folk better food, better clothes, better housing, better health,

* Adapted from “The little flowers of Saint Francis of Assisi,” edited by T. W. Arnold, chap. 8.

better wages, or, as we sometimes say, better Social Conditions.

There is the Cause of helping people towards a wiser mind, towards a larger knowledge of nature and of art, towards a more masterful power over the world, so that they may help themselves, guide themselves, teach themselves, and maintain themselves—the Cause of Education.

There is the Cause of leading folk to a nobler Conduct, so that men and women may live a simple life in food and drink and dress and household style, and be just towards others in trade and commerce, and be gentle to the feeble and lowly, to the weaker races of mankind, and to animals, and live in peace and charity with all ; and this is the Cause of Morality and Religion.

And when you see a man (or woman) bear pain in any Cause that will help other folk to better social conditions, better Education, better Conduct, you will respect such a man. He may be called by a name that many people dislike ; he may be a Socialist or not a Socialist ; a Christian or not a Christian ; a white man or a coloured ; a grey friar or clad in some other hue ; his name familiar as Francis, or with a strange Russian or Asiatic sound ; but if so be his heart is honestly given to his Cause, he deserves our respect. And his heart has a manly joy in the courage and the service.

KENKO KAN.

Sun, fling your kisses of gold upon the white sails.
Wind, bear this ship along by its heroic sails.
Water, play as you will about this valiant young
Beagle, for it will bravely endure your shock and carry
its noble passenger in safety round the world.

And so H.M.S. Beagle flies forth from an English harbour, and conveys Charles Darwin on his voyage of discovery. Not to discover new lands was his quest, but to observe whatever was fresh and wonderful in fish, reptile, bird, mammal, insect, plant, and man. Not for the dealing out of death did the great Englishman scour the oceans, and touch upon many a wild coast. Never did pirate watch for spoil on the broad grey sea more eagerly than Darwin watched for the facts of nature in living creatures and in rocks. All the story of his wandering you may read in his "Journal of Researches into Natural History and Geology during the voyage of H.M.S. Beagle." It is not, however, of Darwin that I wish now to speak. He rests in the Abbey of Westminster, and people stand in reverence as they look down upon the stone slab marked by his famous name. Here, in this church, where kings are crowned, lies a king of thought and science, and the world gives him honour. But what has become of the Beagle?

On the first page of the "Journal" is printed a picture. Darwin's two-masted ship is at anchor in the Strait of Magellan. In the rear rises the snow-clad peak of Mount Sarmiento. Three canoes in the fore part of the scene are paddled by natives of Patagonia. The Beagle has worked half its passage round the globe. Kissed by the sun, blown by the wind, borne by the sea, it has taken its stout share in the great naturalist's labour. Faithful comrade of man, it has helped in the progress of human knowledge.

And if the Beagle could speak and dream. . . .

"What," it might ask, "shall be my latter end? Shall I be preserved with jealous care like the sword of the Cid, the knightly hero of Spanish song, or as the crown of that mighty Charlemagne, who ruled Franks and Germans with the sceptre of empire, or as the faded tapestry of Bayeux on which the ladies of Normandy wove the battle between Duke William and the desperate English at the hill of Senlac? For the grand deeds of man lend glory to the wood, the iron, the stone which have served his purposes, and humanity hallows the vessels in which it rides to splendid destinies."

The spirit of the ship is silent awhile; and then—

"Mark you," it says, "my track across the Atlantic has been stained by no blood of violence, and I shall cross the Pacific and the Indian oceans as a messenger of peaceful ideas. This English genius whom I transport from shore to shore once shot a bird in sport, and pitied its dying agony, and vowed he would never more kill a living thing for pastime; and against no human being is his hand lifted in wrath or

defiance, and his aim is the pure aim of spreading wisdom among the nations of the earth.

Near the close of the "Journal" one sees another picture, in which the Beagle, gay and strong, is "Homeward Bound" for England. Darwin wrote:—

"On 2nd October, 1836, we made the shores of England, and at Falmouth I left the Beagle, having lived on board the good little vessel nearly five years."

What became of "the good little vessel?"

In the year 1860 it was sold to a Japanese prince, and the prince sold it to the Japanese Government as a warship. The sun still kissed it, the wind blew it, the waves broke in fun or in anger upon its weather-worn hull as it cruised hither and thither off the land of the paper-lantern and the cherry-blossom. All this time, Darwin was toiling with patient eye and hand and brain in the gardens and study of Down in Kent, and gathering the lore of pigeon, and worm, and climbing plants, and insect-eating plants, and of man's descent from animals that were not human. The old ship was now known as the Kenko Kan, and was used as a sort of jail, or "Chastising Place" for ill-behaved Japanese sailors; and in the vessel whose deck Darwin had so often trod, there were sighs of the sorrowful prisoner and the sound of the scourge.

Darwin died, and was buried in the Abbey amid the mournful respect of the English-speaking world.

In 1890 Mr. V. M. Law lay ill in a Japanese house on the coast. A friend paid him a visit, and they talked of the scene beheld from the window.

"You see that vessel?"

"Yes," said Mr. Law.

"That is Darwin's old ship, the Beagle."

"You don't mean it?"

"I do ; but you will not see it much longer, for it will soon come to its end in the Navy Yard."

When Mr. Law recovered he resolved to follow the fate of the *Beagle* to the bitter end. In the Navy Yard, thirty miles from Tokio, he found the object of his search. Alas! he only arrived in time to see Darwin's veteran ship being wrenched to pieces, and marine store-dealers were buying the remains as "old junk" ; and the sun's kisses fell no more on its sails, the wind blew it no more to east or west, and the water nevermore rolled round its honest timbers.

Honour to ground once trodden by heroes ; to the roof that once sheltered poet or gifted craftsman ; to the tomb where repose the ashes of genius ; to the ship which carried the seer round the globe.

Note.--For the particulars on which this sketch is based see Darwin's "Journal," and the American "Popular Science Monthly," vol. 57.

WHAT THE STONE SAID.

A Red Indian boy had lost both mother and father. A Red Indian woman had lost her husband and all her children. She took pity on the boy, and gave him a home in her wigwam, and thus she found a son, and he a mother.

A year passed, and each was happy. He roamed the forest in search of game, and, being clever with bow and arrow, he slew many beasts and birds, and the widow's table was well supplied, and she could often ask friends to a feast.

One sunset he came home far past his usual hour, and his load of game was scant.

"Why home so late?" she asked, in surprise.

"Birds and beasts are scarce," he said, "and I had to go far in my quest."

Next day the young hunter returned after dusk; and, again, his store was small. And the next day, and the next day, the like thing happened; and so on for a week.

The widow begged another Copperskin boy to watch and find the real reason; but the two lads came back together, when forest and prairie and stream lay in the shadow of night, and the lads were as silent as the stars.

So, also, a third boy.

So, also, a fourth.

At this the widow marvelled greatly, and, after pondering in her heart, she resolved to ask the aid of the Iroquois chief.

What, then, had befallen the boy and his comrades? What strange spell had put the seal upon their lips, so that they came out of the depths of the forest unwilling to say a word of what they had seen and heard?

The widow's lad had shot birds one morning, and he had come to an open spot in the woods where was grass, and in the midst of the grass a big flat rock, and he put the birds on the stone, and then sat down to rest, and the rays of the noonday sun were warm.

A voice issued from the stone :

"Would you like me to tell a tale?"

Startled, he made no reply.

"Would you like me to tell a tale?"

"Yes," he said.

He bent his head, and, in soft tones, the stone told its tale; and beautiful was the story; and the sun sank lower, and still the boy listened as if to a magic history; and at last the voice said:

"No more to-day; and for my pains you must give me your birds."

The boy left the birds on the big flat rock in the depths of the forest, and made haste to catch more, and that was how he returned late. As you know, a second boy followed. He also heard the wonderful tale, and he promised to keep the secret. So also did the third boy, and the fourth; for the words of the rock were as enchanting music to their young ears.

Well, the Iroquois chief did not go himself; he sent a man, his friend. To him and to the boys the stone spoke :—

“I will tell no stories to-day. But bid your chief and all his folk attend here to-morrow, and they shall hear a great message.”

Next day a crowd of Redskins had gathered at noon about the rock. Deep was the silence, except for the passing now and then of a light-footed deer, or the flap of a bird's wing among the tall pines, or the gay leap of a squirrel from bough to bough ; and all eyes were turned to the big flat stone ; and the golden sun shone upon the people and the trees.

The stone said :

“I will speak to you of the past. I will speak of the folk that dwelt on the earth ere you were born.”

Low and clear was the voice, and still were they that heard the tale, hour after hour, all through the long day, till the red sun had sunk low, and the stars led the march of Dusk and Night.

Next day the folk came, and the stone took up the tale ; and so on, day after day, week after week, for the story of the Past is a long, long message, and not yet have the eyes of the most learned men read all the pages.

Last of all, the stone in the forest said to the Indians :

“Such is the tale I had to recount ; and none of you can keep in mind the whole of it ; but some will remember one part, and some another ; and so let each repeat what his memory can carry, and let the rest hearken, and thus you will learn from each other, and to the man that tells the story well, let tobacco

be given, or venison, or a bird caught in the forest. I have done."

* * * * *

In this quaint tale of the Red Men there is the idea of a Vast Story which is unrolled before us by the Past Times of the world, but which no one man can ever recite. The Red Men of America could know but little. Europe and America and Asia know very much to-day, but always some new fact is coming to the light, and the tale of the Bygone Ages is charming for old and young.

The Poet has a tale to tell—of the Greeks at Troy, and Ulysses wrecked at sea, and the kind God who was chained to the rock of Caucasus ; of the deeds of the Romans ; of the scenes of Hell and Purgatory, and Heaven, even the Ten Heavens ; of Cæsar, and Macbeth, and Hamlet, and the Tempest, and of Paradise Lost, and of much else about things above and below. Not, indeed, that the poet's words are to be believed just as they are said, but there is yet a noble truth in his song.

The Painter and the Sculptor have a tale to tell, and in the works of the men whom we call the Old Masters and the Antique Artists we have fine messages from the centuries—statues of the gods, paintings and vases that relate the legends of the chase, and battle, and travel, and adventure, and love, and the wondrous heart of man.

The man of Science has a tale to tell, and he spells it out of rocks, and fossils, and gems, and veins of metal, and quarries, and mines, and rivers, and seas, and shores, and hills, and valleys, and woods, and flowers, and the bones and feathers and fur of beast and bird, and the tiny frames of insects, and the

scales and fins of fishes, and the glistening stars. We call his tale geology, and natural history, and biology, and such names, and every year he adds other chapters to his old-world story.

The Historian has his tale to tell, and he first cons it himself in ancient buildings, and temples, and monuments, and coins, and tombs, and mummy cases, and caves, and writings on rock and brass, and scrolls of papyrus, or parchment ; and his story is of hunters, shepherds, chiefs, kings, priests, armies, villages, cities, slaves, traders, serfs, artizans, travellers, inventors, machines, parliaments, revolutions ; and he that hath ears to hear, let him hear, for the history of Man is a tale that is full of pain, and full of glory.

The story is a great Bible, and each of us, sons and daughters of the Human Race, can write a blessed word or two on one of the leaves. Each of us can play the part of a man, and our life will be a new line in the splendid roll.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves, nor leaves of stone :
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.

NOTE.—The Iroquois legend is adapted from the version given in the preface of Jeremiah Curtin's *Hero Tales of Ireland*.

THE IDEAL.

Hills on this side, and hills on that, and in the vale there runs a stream, and on the bank of this stream is the Tuscan town of Lucca. An old town it is, and an old church is in it, and in the church is a cross, and on the cross is Christ; and this image is much loved by the folk of Lucca.

Now it was in this way that the cross came to the town. A thousand or more years ago (so the tale goes), a Bishop of Lucca had a dream, and in this dream he heard a voice.

"Lo," said the voice, "there shall come to you, for the good of you and your people, a crucifix of wood, cut by the hands of one of the Twelve Apostles, and it shall float over the sea, from a far-off shore, and it shall come to the coast of this Tuscan land."

The Bishop of Lucca made haste, and took folk with him, and they stood on the shore and gazed out to the west. He and his folk oft wept, and oft they sinned, and oft they looked upon the earth in search of base things, but now they raised their eyes.

They raised their eyes. . . .

A boat came in sight. It drifted nearer and nearer. No man was in the boat, only a cross with the Christ thereon. The Bishop and the people raised their eyes, and watched the Holy Cross as it moved gently

up and down on the waves. At last it came to rest on the shore at the city of Pisa.

The Bishop of Pisa and much people went in a crowd to the beach, and they made a loud cheer of joy, and claimed the cross for their own city.

"Nay," answered the people of Lucca, "it was our Bishop who saw it in a dream."

"And our Bishop," shouted the Pisans, "to whose land it floated."

A man thought of a plan to stay the strife.

"Put the cross on a wain," he said, "and let a yoke of oxen draw it which way they will."

This was done. A multitude of people followed after the oxen, and the oxen drew the wain along the road till they came even unto Lucca, and it was thought for sure they would halt at the Church of St. Michael. But this they did not do, for they stayed at a piece of waste land. Men bore the cross from this place to St. Michael's Church.

At break of day folk saw the cross on the waste ground again, for it had moved in the night. For, indeed, those holy things that men long for do not always stand where men wish, but are apt to stand in quite other spots.

The citizens bore the cross to the Church of St. Michael. Next night it again glided to the waste ground, and the same thing happened even a third time, till the people saw it was a vain toil to replace it under the roof of St. Michael. So they built a new church round the crucifix as it stood on the waste land, and to-day the church is called the Cathedral of Lucca.

Year after year, century after century, the folk raised their eyes to the face of the Man on the Cross.

They laughed in their city, they wept, they had pain and sickness and loss, and they would oft act as brutes, and waged war. But none the less, it did their hearts good to go and look at the cross that came from afar and over the wonderful sea.

Yes, over the sea came the Idea of Better Things. Over the sea came the Ideal; and, though the eyes of the folk were daily cast down to base things, yet at times they were raised.

The citizens loved the Ideal very much, and some gave it gold and some gave it silver, and some gave it stones that shone like the rays of the sun; and these gems were put upon the Christ.

All the year round the cross is kept hid in an iron roan, all but the feet; and the people will come to see the feet. Even in dull days, and when hope is low, and tears are many, the people can catch that little glimpse of the Ideal.

But on one day each year the whole image is unveiled, and there is much joy in the town, and the crowds in the street sing and dance, and buy gifts for friends and sweethearts.

They go up to the cathedral, and are still and silent, and they watch the lighting of the candles in front of the cross, which is even yet hid behind a veil.

The last taper is lit; the veil is drawn; the people crowd in—men, women, children, and they press towards the altar whereon stands the Image.

These people are not holy people. They do and say and think evil each day, just as people do in other cities and other lands, and all over the great old earth. But then, there is a blessed love in those same hearts. It is a love that does not die. It is

love for the Ideal. The heart of man cannot beat in true life without the Ideal.

An English traveller was among the crowd. He was watching a Tuscan mother. She carried a baby as she strove to get near the Ideal to kiss its feet.

Now the babe had also its Ideal, and this was a toy balloon; and this gay balloon, at the end of its string, bobbed up and down, and the babe raised its eyes in delight and cried in great gladness to see its leaps in the light of the many tapers. For right from the early years of man's life the eyes are lifted from the common things to things that tell a message of the Ideal.

The mother had reached the altar. She stooped to print a kiss upon the feet; and as she did so, the babe laughed in happy laughter at the balloon.

The English traveller smiled, and tried to hush the child; but it still laughed.

The kiss was given; and the mother went home to her poor house and she was very glad.

It comes over the sea still, and the eyes of the people are raised at the vision of it; and it does not always rest at the spot they choose, nor go just where they point; but it blesses the nations—the Ideal blesses the nations.

The poor of all lands lift their eyes. It is they who most need to look up and watch for the bright dream to be made real, though oftentimes they see naught but the feet of it.

There are nations on the earth that are not free, and they raise their eyes to the Ideal and they wait.

Folk that have ill-taught minds, and yet feel how great things they might do if they were better trained, these also look up.

The women that sigh now, and have no sweet home, and no honour from the men of the city, and bear hunger and shame, these gaze also.

All kiss the Ideal.

NOTE.—The legend and other particulars in this little sketch are adapted from Sir Francis Vane's *Walks and People in Tuscany*, published in 1910.

“PEACE BE UNTO YOU.”

The spire of the church is so noble that, in the whole world, there is none more kingly in its upward leap to the sky : and the colours of the many windows are as the glory of heavens and fairy-lands. Most splendid is the carved work of the portals by which you go into this Cathedral of Chartres in France. Tombs of the ancient dead are here, and the tall pillars rise in majesty. Hands of artists built the church in sixty-six years (1194 to 1260) ; and to the makers of such places of beauty, and of sweet lights and solemn shadows, to the architects of the Middle Ages, I say, let us give honour and thanks, as is most meet.

Chants and hymns ring, joyful or sorrowful, from wall to roof, and the voice of the priest answers the voices of the choir. But take heed of this strange thing, to wit, that when the bishop intones the words, “Peace be unto you,” scarce any sound is heard in reply. If you were to enter any other Catholic church you would hear the choir sing in glad chorus at the words, “Peace be unto you.” But at this Cathedral of Chartres all you can catch is the low murmur of one man. It is as if the rest of the choir, and the folk that kneel in the nave, held their breath to hearken for some very precious note of music or of poetry.

There is a very great silence : and so it happens day by day.

You will ask why the kneeling crowd are so still—still as the air on a summer eve, or as the dark yew-trees in the churchyard. This is the tale.

A great while ago, when the church was beginning to be built of fresh-cut stone, a procession of singers marched from point to point in the grounds near the sacred house. It was on All Saints' Eve, and people knelt and crossed themselves in pious respect before the grottoes where saints had once dwelt, and at the Well of the Constant Martyrs. Constant, or loyal, had these good souls been—for rather than be untrue to their faith they suffered death, and they were drowned in this well. The water was deep.

Now in the choir was a boy that had blue eyes, and hair that shone as gold ; and his mother had much joy in the sight of her son, and in the sound of his voice among the singers ; and she was there on All Saints' Eve. She was a widow.

What means this ? The widow listens as one in dumb surprise. She cannot hear her son's voice. She runs. Through the throng she presses. A group of priests bend over the coping of the well. The choir sings no more. The lad has fallen into the depth of the Well of the Constant Martyrs, and there is no way to save him, for the water is deep.

Then was his mother sore grieved, and she was as one who sat in the dark and in the shade of death, and bitter as gall were her tears. Yet would she not stay away from the House of Prayer.

It came to pass after a few days that the woman stood while the choir again walked, singing as they went ; and, lo ! all at once she heard the voice of her

lad, even as it was wont to be heard aforetime. Much did she wonder and fear, and she ran to see what this sound could mean. She saw her boy, with a gay countenance, bearing a candlestick of gold ; and she fell upon his neck and kissed him many times, and all the people gazed and were astonished. But you and I, O children and friends, will not stand amazed at the marvel ; for do we not know how the old-time legends whisper to us words of truth out of their quaint fancies and imaginings ? And his face, they say, was as the face of an angel.

"Son," she asked, in the hearing of the folk of Chartres, "where have you been ?"

"Mother, I have been deep, and yet not so deep that I lost heart and soul, and to my ears there came music each morn and each eve."

"Tell me," she said, "what music it was."

"It was the music of the Spirits in the World Beyond, and yet not in their own choir alone did they chant, for they joined in the Psalms of the church in this our city."

"But we heard them not, my son."

"No, mother," said he, "but I did ; and it was at one moment more than others that I caught the pure strain."

"When was that ?"

"When the bishop sang, 'Peace be unto you' ; then, mother, the choir of spirits broke forth into a grand song in reply."

Whereat the people again fell into wonder, and looked at one another in much doubt.

"Howbeit," said one, "when the 'Peace' is sung let the answer of the choir be low, and let us others keep silence, if so be we may hear the song from afar off."

Since that time—and it is many a year gone now—whenever the bishop chants, "Peace be unto you," only one singer answers, and he in such a gentle tone, that it might as well be no chant at all ; and the folk of Chartres are very silent as they kneel, for they hope to hear the mystic hymn.

What comes to their ears I know not, though I know there are three rose-windows in that church, and the light that comes through the blue glass and the gold glass and the red glass is the light of the sun and the light of the stars and moon, and I know of a poet who says, in his magic verse, *The love that moves the sun in heaven and all the stars* ; and I know he means that love is light.

I know, also, that, in some spots which you and I can reach, we shall find a peace that charms and an air that soothes, and if we keep silent it shall be good for us, whether we hear songs in cloudland, or amid the grass that grows below our feet. Such spots are these :—

Where buttercups blaze in great meads, and the white cow chews the cud, and the thatched cottages glow in the sun.

Where the cool path winds through the bracken, and tall beeches twist their roots on the banks of trickling springs of water, and the woods are the home of the squirrel and the mouse.

Where the lake spreads a shiny mirror among the hills, and the fir-trees are gloomy, and the sky is blue, and the red-brick house peeps from the elms on the shore.

Or where we go in the dark of night—or of pain—and hold the hand of a faithful friend.

PETER MCPHERSON, WHEEL- WRIGHT.

The Atlantic waves lap the mud-flats of British Guiana. On the low plains grow rich crops—sugar, cotton, tobacco. Wide levels of grass appear next, and they rise towards the mountains, where forests are dense, and waterfalls roar ; and in the forests are found gum-trees, balsam, sarsaparilla, tree-ferns and cocoa-nut palms ; and here are heard the cries of many animals—humming birds, owls, parrots, jaguars, tiger-cats, tapirs ; and dark Indians lurk in the depths of the woods.

When negro-slavery came to an end—a right good end—in British Guiana, the masters of plantations and works were hard put to it to find just the best sort of men to labour in field and yard. For some years they tried the plan of bringing men from Europe—Scots, English, and others—who would promise, or bind themselves by “indenture,” to serve an employer for such and such a time. Then wages were good, and they could save money.

Among these indentured labourers was a wheel-maker named Peter McPherson. As a boy he had run about bare foot on the hills and in the valleys of Scotland ; and from father and mother and neighbours he had picked up many a pretty song. For instance, he had got by heart the verses in which

Robert Burns tells of the river Doon (only here I put it into prose) :—

You banks and rising hills by the charming stream of Doon, oh! how can you clothe yourselves in blooms so fresh and gay? You little birds, how can you pipe so merrily while I am so weary, and so full of care? You will break my heart, warbling bird, as you flit so cheery among the flowery thorn-bushes; for you bring to mind the happy days when flowers bloomed and birds chanted, and I was glad; but the bright times are past, and will never return, and I grieve in my loneliness.

Peter became a sturdy artisan, and so deft was his hand in the shaping of wheels that a Guiana land-owner was very pleased to hire McPherson as a wheelwright. Perhaps even to-day old carts creak along the streets of Georgetown, or along the banks of the Essequibo, whose wheels were fitted by the skilled wit of Scottish Peter. Years passed; Peter served his time; he saved money; he bought the estate or farm on which he had once worked, and which the owner wanted no more. He also bought the house of the old manager, and made it his home. It was a queer sort of a dwelling, two storeys high. To preserve it from damp and rats and other vermin it was built on pillars, rising ten feet above the earth. The building was out of repair. There were holes in the floor, and if you peeped down, you would see an odd collection of objects in the space below—old wheels, old broken carts; and in and out of the rubbish there wandered fowls, goats, sheep and cattle; and the smell was not that of roses.

Here the wheelwright spent his latter years. Once every twelvemonth Peter McPherson had a grand tour among the neighbouring farmers. For three weeks he would ride his pony and go from house to house, and, after finding his slow way down to the coast, he would take the road back to the lonely spot where the fowls pecked among the cast-off wheels under the house on pillars. Alas! he would sometimes take too much to drink, and lie in heavy sleep by the wayside while the pony had a feed of grass.

Peter fell ill. Never again would he make an honest wheel—and he had made many. As he bore the last pains, it was good that he had the power to think and recall; and his thoughts wandered across the ocean to far-off and beloved Scotland, where, bare-legged and shouting, he had coursed along the lanes or on the moors. And the watchers that sat by his bed heard Peter's faint voice repeat:—

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, full o' care?
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird.
That wantons through the flowering thorn,
Thou minds me o' departed days,
Departed, never to return.

With the music of Scottish poetry on his lips, the old wheelwright slept into the pale sleep.

Of those drunken times at the wayside we will here say nothing. Something finer we know of Peter McPherson; we know that his hours of gloom were lightened by the memory of verses he had learned in his early years.

Do you, therefore, young learners, among the many things you learn of science and history and the business of the field and shop, forget not to lay up for yourselves a precious treasure of snatches of poetry. Ever so noble and rich is the store of our English and Scottish and Irish poetry. There is not a braver and lovelier store in the whole world. Wherever you journey, in times to come, you will recall these snatches, as travellers recall the memory of Home, Sweet Home. Be thrifty, and save up in your hearts these treasures of song and dream. Such treasure Wordsworth once gathered as he walked :—

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a cloud,
A host of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

And this most excellent memory he carried away in his soul, and he saved it with great care ; and this was a very wise economy ; for the hour often came when he was glad that he had not wasted the vision of the water-side :—

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Children of the land of Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson, garner poems in the thrifty barns of your memory.

NOTE.—The account of Peter McPherson is adapted from Mr. H. Kirke's " Twenty-five Years in British Guiana," published 1898.

AS YOU GO INTO THE STADIUM.

Babbling over gravel, the river Alpheus runs westward to the blue water-field of the Mediterranean Sea. If you stand on the bank of Alpheus, and look across the vale, you see the pine trees grow dark on the sides of the Hill of Cronus. The vale is seven miles long and one mile broad, and is named Olympia. In old days, this Olympia was the most famous spot in the world for games, and the people who took part in the games were the Greeks. None but Greek men and Greek boys might share the noble exercises. No slave might see the races, the boxing, the wrestling, the chariot-rides. Maidens might watch, but not married women.

Part of the vale was closed in by stone walls, and in this space rose temples to the gods, and altars. Statues looked with quiet and stately faces upon the gay scene. Gay, indeed ; for in and out of this Olympian square passed a great multitude of men and boys, and laughing girls. Once every four years the games were held, and folk swarmed hither from all quarters of Greece. Nor did men merely come for the games. A poet would attend in order to read his poem to the listening crowd ; a history writer would recite his tale of princes, chiefs, and wars and sieges. Merchants would bring their goods for sale. Artists

would show their pictures, their terra-cotta figures, their pretty painted pots.

The father of the gods and men was Zeus, and at Olympia was built a glorious house in his honour, and in this temple was the wonder of the world—an image of the Father. It was composed of white shining ivory from the tusks of elephants, and of gold from the mines. The image of Zeus was seated on a throne adorned with gold and precious stones and white ivory and black wood of the ebony tree. In the god's right hand was held a woman-figure, meaning Victory; and in his left a metal sceptre and on the sceptre a royal eagle. The sandals of the god were of gold, and so also was the robe; and on the robe one could see animals and lilies. Whoever gazed at the bearded face of Zeus and looked into the Father's kingly eyes, felt that he beheld something splendid and yet awful; and people called it the most beautiful image on earth. The maker of it was Phidias, and the children and children's children of this artist—and only they—were allowed the honour of keeping the statue in good repair, by rubbing oil on the ivory to prevent it cracking, and so on; and these caretakers of the figure of Zeus had the proud name of the Burnishers of the Image.

Now it was a very great business for boy or man to appear in the games. When a naked athlete walked on to the race course, or Stadium—upright, strong, supple, his curly hair tied round with a ribbon—the thousands of onlookers on the Stadium seats gave him clap and shout, and prepared to watch his feats at running, wrestling, boxing, and the rest. But in order to fit himself for the grand game at Olympia, the athlete had to pass many an hour

and many a day and many a month in training. He would lift and fling heavy weights, bend bars of iron, catch hold of a bull and push back its strong neck, and aim blows at big bags of sand. He might only eat such foods as were thought meet by his trainer—fresh cheese, dried figs, and wheat ; pork, beef, goats' flesh ; not fish and not pastry ; and the bread must be lightly baked. Of course, all athletes were not alike. Some were wiry and slender like the god Hermes, who had wings on his feet ; and some were huge and massive, after the style of Herakles, the god of strength ; and many, it must in truth be said, were coarse in their bodies, brutish as pigs, and rude in their speech. Yet, in the best times of Greece, no doubt the men and youths who competed in the games were often heroic in their manner and high-spirited and full of honest mettle.

At the back of the temple of Zeus, where the ivory and gold image was, grew a tree of wild olive—the Olive of the Fair Crown it was called. From the branches of this tree were plaited the crowns which were placed on the heads of the winners in the games. A crown of wild olive was the only prize given at Olympia ; though when a victor went home to his city the people would fill his house with gifts of money and much else, and poets would sing verses in his praise. Such rich rewards would seem to spoil the real glory of the victor ; and the simple crown of wild olive leaves rendered him a nobler sight than all the golden coins that filled his lap when he sat at the banquet in his city.

Now, however gross and swinish some of the athletes might be, the founders of the games so ordered the customs that all should be done as if in

holy and solemn worship. The olive branches for the crowns were not pulled from the tree by any chance hand, but must be cut off with a sickle of gold. Nor could any common boy do the cutting. He must be a boy whose mother and father were both alive, as if to say that no shadow of illness or death must be cast upon this work of crown-making.

When the athletes were ready to enter the course for the games, they must not simply show their stout limbs and their fine muscles. They must answer questions :—

Are you a freeman? Yes.

Are you of pure Greek blood? Yes.

Are you an outlaw? No.

Have you insulted the gods? No.

Have you been trained ten months? Yes.

“Then,” said the judges, “to the truth of your answers you must swear before the statue of Zeus.”

Nor was this the end.

The father of the games-man must stand forward, the brothers must appear, and the teachers must attend, and all must take oath to the gods on high that the athlete would do no foul act in the race or match, and be guilty of no injustice.

Injustice? Of what kind might this be? It happened sometimes that a man would bribe his opponent, and say, “For the sake of this money which I hand you, you will let me win in the match—do not run so fast as I, or do not strike such strenuous blow as I,” and so on; and thus, when the people in the Stadium applauded the winner of the Fair Crown, they would, without knowing it, be cheering and clapping for a lie. Once a boxer was late in arriving at Olympia, and it was his own fault

for he had stayed on the road to win money at games in Ionia ; but his tale was that his ship had been beaten back by contrary winds, and for this lie he was punished. And another case was this : a father very much wanted to see his son win a wrestling match, and he gave a bribe, not to the lad's opponent, but to the other father ; and thus the two foolish fathers agreed to cheat the Greek people who admired wrestlers, not sneaks. For this ill deed the fathers were heavily fined ; the sons were not punished.

You have noticed that unfair games-men were fined. What was done with the money ? It was paid to sculptors who made statues of Zeus, and these bronze figures of Zeus—called Zanes—were set up at the gate of the Stadium. In the course of years there were as many as sixteen of these Zanes, each resting on the right foot, and the left toeing the ground, as if to imply that the god was ready to step forward and challenge the evil-doer for his deceit and injustice.

The sixteen Zanes, I say, stood like a row of sentinels at the gate. Every athlete had to pass them on his way to the Stadium. Every athlete was thus silently warned that he was to play fair, to play justice, to play the man. Indeed, on the foot or pedestal of one of the Zanes it was written that the Olympic Games were to be contested for—

MANLINESS NOT MONEY.

And so the young men took their way to the crowded Stadium, and there was a great sound of shouting, and tens of thousands of eyes were turned towards the athletes, and eager were the hopes of friends that this one should win, or that. But the images of Zeus stood at the door. No word came

from the lips of bronze, but the statues yet bore their message and exhorted the games-men to fight fair and be just.

Step into the Stadium, athletes of England, of Europe, of America, of Humanity. This Stadium is for you all—for bright-eyed girls and sprightly lads. The world lies before you. Parents, friends, teachers gather at the gate to see you pass in and wish you well. You will be workers, fellow-workers, citizens, fellow-citizens, home toilers, and travellers ; some on this side in politics, some on that ; some voting for this counsel and some for that. Give one glance, comrades, at the statues of bronze. Step into the Stadium, young souls ; play the manly part, play the womanly part, and be open and straight and just.

The games are beginning, comrades ; and Olympia is the world.

NOTE.—Vols. I. and III. of Pausanias, edited by Dr. J. G. Frazer, have been consulted for details ; also Smith's " Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities."

THE PERFECT KNIGHT.

The story of Chevalier Bayard, "without fear and without reproach" (*Sans peur et sans reproche*).

Bayard's motto : *Do thy duty come what may* (*Fais ton devoir, adviennne que pourra*).

THE PERFECT KNIGHT.

He holds a cross before his closing eyes. The cross is the handle of a sword. Leaning backwards, the knight gazes at the sign of Christ. He is dying.

The monument of which I speak rests on a stone block, or pedestal, in an open place in a French city. A very ancient city it is; for the spot was once covered with the huts of a tribe of Gauls. This was two thousand years ago. The Romans made forts here, and called the city Gratianopolis. The lips of Gauls could not say this strange name. They cut the name down till it became Grenoble; and that is what we call this French city among the Alpine hills to-day.

Who is the Knight that holds the cross before his dying vision?

It is the Chevalier Bayard, whom men always speak of as the man "without fear and without reproach." He died of a wound got in battle, in the year 1524. And, if you will list, I will tell the tale of his life.

Nearly twenty miles from Grenoble is a vale, and in the vale once was a castle with pointed towers, the dwelling of a good old chevalier that had four sons. The second son was Pierre Terrail, and this Pierre, with a sparkle in his eye and a clear skin, had told his father that it was his wish to be a knight, and do

service to France in the wars against her foes ; and the lad Pierre was then about thirteen years of age.

The old chevalier's brother was the Bishop of Grenoble ; and the bishop having come to see him, they knelt at mass together, and then washed their hands, and sat at meat, and made merry ; and so fell to talking about the boy.

"The lad," said the chevalier, "desires to serve his King."

"Then," spake the bishop, "I counsel that he be placed as page and squire with the Duke of Savoy ; and, if you consent, I will give the boy a horse, and will go with him to the Duke to-morrow."

"I agree with all my heart," said the old chevalier.

The Bishop had a fair suit of velvet and satin brought from the town, so that the boy might be right well clad to appear before the Duke. In the morning, the horse was led into the court of the Castle, and Pierre leaped upon his back, and pricked his flanks with spurs ; and the steed, being of stout mettle, made quick plunges, and a rider of weak spirit would soon have been thrown. But the boy kept his seat firm, as if he had been a man of thirty, and the folk that stood by felt wonder and pride at his manly temper.

Now they made ready to depart, and the grey father blessed the lad, and the mother, with tears, said to him—

"Pierre, my son, you will be page to a noble master. Trust the grace of God each dawn and each eve, and be good to all men. Be a man of your word. Help the widow in need, and aid the orphan, and give succour to the poor."

So saying she took from her sleeve a little purse that had in it six gold coins and a silver piece ; and to a serving-man that waited on the Bishop of Grenoble, she handed a box that held linen for the boy's use. Then the bishop, and Pierre, and the rest set out for the house of the Duke of Savoy ; and the boy, very joyous to be the rider of a fine steed, rode at his uncle's side, and felt as if he had now begun to serve France.

Young Bayard was thus made page to the lord of Savoy. One day, the Duke and his company of knights and pages, rode in bright array to the city of Lyons, where the King of France held his court. The plumes of the knights waved gaily, and their armour shone, and the horses, also clad in armour from head to tail, pranced from the windows to see the show. A day or two later the King was pleased at the manner in which the Duke's page bestrode a stallion, and the Duke of Savoy asked leave to present Bayard as a page to the King ; and the King, in turn, gave the ad into the keeping of the Lord of Ligny. With this gentleman Bayard served till he was seventeen years of age.

The town of Lyons is a city of much fame, for its noble river Rhone, and for its cathedral ; and in this place was born the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, a man who wrote fine sayings in a book, and in whose memory a tall column was built at Rome.

One day, a valiant French knight, named Claude de Vaudrey, hung up a row of shields in a public spot in the city of Lyons, and set an officer to stand by and take the names of such men as should touch the shining shields. Now, if any man touched a shield it meant he was prepared to fight in the lists, and,

sword or lance in hand, to ride full tilt against Claude de Vaudrey to try who was the stronger.

Bayard was no longer a page. He stood in front of the shields, and was thinking deeply.

"Whatever are you dreaming of?" asked his cheery friend, the young Bellabre.

"Now that I am counted a gentleman," said Bayard, "I would fain prove myself able to do feats of arms. But I have no proper war-horse, nor have I the armour that fits a warrior in the lists."

"Well," cried his comrade, "let us go and talk to your uncle at the Abbey up the river, for he has a soft heart, and he will give you money for your outfit."

Then Bayard, doubting no more, touched all the shields in the row, one after another, and the officer smiled and wrote down Bayard's name in his book, and said—

"Good youth, it will be three years ere you grow a beard, and yet you are so rash as to dare a fight with a skilled jousting knight like Claude de Vaudrey."

Next morning, the two young men rowed in a boat up the river, and stepped out upon the greensward that lay in front of the Abbey. The Abbot and a monk, prayer-books in hand, wearing black caps and white gowns, walked to and fro and murmured words of piety.

"Ha, Bayard," exclaimed the Abbot, as he beheld the youth, "so you have been foolish enough, I hear, to touch the shield of Claude de Vaudrey."

"And for that cause," answered Bayard, "I come to you, good uncle, to beg your aid in buying the outfit of a man-at-arms that so I may quit myself as a gentleman should, and after the manner of my forefathers."

At first the Abbot said nay ; but at last he said yea ; and, going to a cupboard, he fetched out a bag of money, and he gave two hundred crowns to Bellabre, and said—

“With this silver you can buy two horses for your friend, since he is not skilled enough in buying to do the thing himself ; and I will write a letter to the tailor Laurencin to bid him make such a suit as Bayard needs for the tournament.”

With many thanks to the good priest, they took their leave, leaped into the boat, and rowed down to Lyons, and sought out the tailor, and showed him the Abbot's letter. So Laurencin the tailor brought out fine garments and glittering brocades, and Bayard chose things that would cost seven or eight hundred francs.

It happened that, as the Abbot dined that day, he told his friends how he had had a visit from Bayard, and how he had given him a letter to the tailor.

“But father,” said one, “suppose he runs up a bill much larger than you think for?”

The Abbot was startled. He sent a messenger in all haste, bidding the tailor not to go beyond a suit of the value of one hundred, or one hundred and twenty francs.

Alas ! the deed was done ; and Bayard, all glorious in brocade and velvet, had marched off wearing a suit worth eight hundred francs ! But the Abbot was rich, and, after making a grimace, he uttered no more moan about the spent money.

And the tournament was a brave spectacle. Knights in armour flew backwards and forwards, and lances broke on shields, and men and steeds

rolled on the turf, and people cheered, and ladies watched. At the end of the contest, Claude de Vaudrey confessed that none had so well fought as the youth Bayard. Therefore, the visor of Bayard's helmet was lifted so that his face could be seen, and he rode along the lists in front of the seats where the ladies sat, and the ladies said :—

“A very gallant youth is this ; he has done better than all the others.”

One night, our chevalier slept little. His thoughts ran on a grand joust that he was planning. He rose at dawn, and wrote out on a paper the words which a trumpeter was to cry through the town of Aire :—

“Pierre Bayard, young Knight and beginner in the use of arms, servant of the King of France, and of the Lord of Ligny, hereby tells all comers that a tournament will take place outside the town of Aire on the 20th day of July. It will last two days. First day, Knights in armour from cap to toe will ride a-horse and break lances and wield swords ; prize, a gold bracelet. Second day, Knights will stand a-foot, at a barrier as high as the waist, and fight with lances and axes ; prize, a diamond.

Such was the notice that the trumpeter cried through the town, amid much chatter of citizens, opening of windows and doors, and rushing of crowds ; and some forty or fifty gentlemen took up the challenge.

First day. Twenty-three knights were ranged in a row on each side, all clad in polished steel—feathers dancing on helmets—horses glittering with bright leather, silver and gold. They jousting, two at a

time. Bayard pointed his wooden lance at Tartarin ; the point caught Tartarin's arm ; the lance broke into five or six pieces ; and then the trumpets sent forth a shrill note, and the first charge ended. Again, the horsemen advanced, again the lances were pointed, and Bayard's lance pierced Tartarin's plume and carried it off the helmet. In a third charge Bayard broke a third lance in shock upon his opponent's armour. In this way, the knights fought two by two. Then the sword-play followed ; and swords flew up and down, and to and fro, and right and left, with many a ring, and clash, and thud, and swish. And folk said the best swordsmen were the chevalier and Bellabre, and Tartarin, and Captain David the Scot, and Chimay and Tardieu. And at the going down of the sun, the knights put off their warrior's gear, and sat with the French ladies at supper, and after the eating and the drinking, there was a merry dance and gay music till the night had all but passed into dawn ; and the young gentlemen saw the ladies home. Thus, in good cheer and good faith, men that had dealt blows in the joust sat at one feast, and had joy in one mirth, and made one band of friends.

Second day. They all, knights and dames, went to mass, and heard the chant of priests in the solemn church ; and they came out again to dine at the chevalier's house ; and after that, the crowd stood about the lists, or place of contest, and the knights, two and two, thrust lances at one another across the barrier of wood. When many a lance had been cracked to splinters, they set-to with axes, and it was indeed a sight to see Bayard bring down his axe upon the head of Hanotin, and to hear Hanotin roll on the earth with a crash of iron and a sprawling

of heavy legs and arms ; and at that fall the judges shouted, "Halt! Enough! Let Hanotin retire!" And Hanotin got out of the jousting-place ; and others hacked at each other over barriers, and so the axe-work went on for seven hours that hot summer day.

When armour was doffed, and the knights were clad in soft raiment, they joined the ladies at supper, and at the close of the eating, silence was made, and Lord St. Quentin spoke to the company in the great hall, and said :—

"It is clear to me and to all the noble gentlemen, whom I have inquired of, that while many knights have done well in this two days' joust, there is none that has so bravely behaved as the chevalier, Bayard. But since he has himself offered the prizes, and he will not of course give them to himself, it is our wish and no doubt the wish of all here that Bayard should himself bestow the bracelet and the diamond on whom he will."

For a while the chevalier said no word. Then he gave his judgment.

"The bracelet," he said, "shall go to Bellabre ; and the diamond to Captain David the Scot."

And this was done, and none of the other knights made question of the judgment, for they knew how to deliver stout blows, and how to bear assault, and how to go without prizes if such should be their fate. And if some of you who read this tale of lance, sword, and axe, should think it not good that men should fight even in sport, it is right to bear in mind that, in those fifteenth century days, it was no little thing to persuade men to leave real shedding of blood, and to strike in a manner that made furious sounds,

and did but small harm to flesh and bone. It was a sign that the lust of war had become less strong.

Some years went by, and the King of France died, and the new King was Louis the Twelfth.

In the wide plain of Lombardy, in the North of Italy, is the city of Milan, where a marble church shines white, and the town wall runs eight miles round the busy place, and fourteen gates are for entrance and exit. In that land, the silk-worm feeds on the leaves of the mulberry tree. Now, King Louis had taken Milan, and his soldiers, for a time, held the citadel, and then were thrust out by the great Lord Ludovic Sforza; and this Ludovic was named the Moor, or Moro, which means mulberry; for he had a mulberry tree painted on his shield.

One morning the chevalier Bayard rode out with forty or fifty men-at-arms to a spot where he had heard 300 of Ludovic's Italian horsemen were to be found.

"France, France!" cried the Frenchmen, as they charged, their horses' hoofs making a dull rattle on the ground.

"Moro, Moro!" shouted the Italians, as they waited the onset.

Then there was a fierce medley of French and Italians, and horsemen in couples waged deadly battle, steeds falling, and men-at-arms lying wounded or dead.

Suddenly, the Italians turned about, and galloped at high speed towards Milan, the city of the white cathedral. The French men-at-arms rushed headlong after them till near the gates. Then a cry arose,—

"Turn back, men-at-arms!"

All did so except the chevalier Bayard—him that

was without fear. He clattered into Milan, and the citizens hastily moved to this side and that to let the horseman pass.

"At him! At him!" sounded the yells on all sides, and soon a crowd of people had stopped the chevalier's steed, and Bayard was a prisoner. Lord Cazache took him to his own house, and treated him with honour, and gave him the raiment of a gentleman to don in place of the armour he had worn in the fray. In this guise he was led to the palace of Lord Ludovic, the Moro, or Moor.

"Who brought you here, sir?" asked the Moro.

"I knew not I was alone, for I deemed my comrades came right on with me into Milan."

"Now, tell me, young gentlemen, how many men has the King of France in his army?"

"Some 1400 or 1500 men-at-arms, and 16,000 or 18,000 foot soldiers; and they are more than you can beat."

"I would, Sir Bayard, I could meet them and try their valour."

"I wish it also, my lord; and I would it were tomorrow, if only I were free."

"You shall be free and I will give you what you ask."

"Then, my lord, I pray you give me my horse and my arms."

"Captain Cazache," said Ludovic, "give Bayard his arms and his horse."

So the chevalier arrayed himself again in armour, and sprang on his horse without using the stirrup, and rode swiftly round the palace yard, and thrust a lance so hard at the ground that the wood splintered, and yet the young knight was not unseated by the

shock ; and soon he had dashed away and was galloping towards the French camp.

"It would be an ill thing for us," said Ludovic, "if all the French King's men-at-arms were such stout youths as that."

You will have in mind the Lord of Ligny, in whose service our chevalier had been since a boy. To him belonged the town of Voghera, near Milan, and, because the folk of that place had made war against the French, the Lord of Ligny was wroth, and set out to make a ruin of the town.

Then twenty of the chief people came forth to speak to the French lord, but he rode past them, and said no word, and they were sore amazed and afraid. They spake to the good Captain d'Ars,—

"Sir, we beg you, for that you have a kind heart, to entreat the Lord of Ligny to let us come before him and to hear our speech."

On the next day, the Captain d'Ars brought them to his lord, and these twenty men knelt on the floor, and bent their heads in much show of meekness and grief, and one said,—

"My lord, we humbly ask pardon for our evil doing in that we rose up against the King of France and against you ; and we place ourselves, our wives and our children in your power to do with us as you will ; and we beseech that you will of your good pleasure take at our hands these vessels of silver, which are worth three hundred marks."

Thereupon, some men bore two tables, on which were bowls, cups, and jugs that had well-wrought handles, and all were of silver, and the sheen of them was fair to behold.

But the lord of Ligny frowned.

"Out with you, scum!" he cried. "If I did to you that which I ought I would hang each of you from the window of his house. Begone!"

Captain d'Ars knelt, and said,—

"My lord, I gave these folk my word that I would soften your heart towards them, and now I pray you let my words come true, and I verily believe they will, from now henceforward, be your loyal servants.

"We will, we will!" cried the twenty citizens of Voghera.

The lord of Ligny made no more threats, only he bade them think of the greatness of their fault, and he said he would take no gifts.

"To you, chevalier," he said to Bayard, "I give these silver vessels."

"I thank you, my lord," replied the knight without reproach, "but it would bring me harm if I kept these poor people's goods."

The chevalier gave them back their vessels, and they departed in peace and joy. And even when the Lord of Ligny sent Bayard a red velvet coat, and a fine horse, and three hundred crown pieces, the chevalier had not the money long in his keeping, for with an overflowing heart, he bestowed his money on his friends.

Some time later, Bayard had come with Lord de Ligny to the Kingdom of Naples, and it fell to his lot to take charge of a castle in the town of Minervino, and days passed idly, and he grew weary of doing naught. So, one day, he sallied out with about thirty other men-at-arms, and looked across the country to see if they might meet Spaniards; for there was then war between the French and the Spaniards. Sure enough, some forty Spanish knights

were caught sight of. They were known by the red crosses on their coats, the French having white crosses. Each side levelled lances. The Frenchmen charged, roaring out, "France, France!"

To this the Spaniards answered,—

"Spain, Spain! Saint Iago!"

Crash!

Lances were broken. Men fell. Horses rolled over. Shields rang as they struck the earth.

The dismounted men-at-arms leaped on their steeds again, and the fight began again. Soon all the Spaniards fled. The Spanish captain, Don Alonzo, rode last. Bayard rode close upon him. Alonzo swept round, and swords crossed in fury. The Spaniard's horse at length stood still, and not even the spur would urge him to move.

"Yield!" cried the Frenchman.

"To whom?"

"To Bayard."

Don Alonzo gave up his sword, and the troop returned to the castle. Two horses were left dead, and a few men were badly hurt. None had been slain.

"Your ransom," said the chevalier, to the Spanish captain, "will be one thousand crowns. Till that sum is sent by your friends, you will remain a prisoner here, but, if you give me your parole, you may move about as you please."

"I will pledge you my word of honour."

Some three weeks passed; and, each day, Don Alonzo went in and out as he willed, and no man said him nay, for he was on his parole, or word of honour.

A guard at the gate was Theodore the Albanian, who wore fierce long moustaches.

"I will give you fifty ducats," said the Spaniard to Theodore, "if you could get me a horse, and fly from the castle with me, that so I may go to my friends and collect the ransom, for I am tired of this dull place."

"But you are on parole."

"Well, but I will send Bayard the ransom—the thousand crowns."

"Good, at dawn to-morrow be near, as if meaning to take an early stroll."

The plan worked well. When Don Alonzo sauntered from the castle, the sentinel took no heed.

Two horsemen were galloping from Minervino. They were Don Alonzo and Theodore the Albanian.

Our chevalier rose betimes. It was not long ere he missed the Spaniard, and understood what had happened, and he sent a stout squire, Le Basco, in hot pursuit, and with him were nine other soldiers.

Miles along the road they hurried, and they saw a man mending a broken strap in the harness of a horse that sweated with fast running. It was Don Alonzo. He tried to spring into the saddle. Le Basco and the nine soldiers flung themselves upon the Spaniard, made him captive, and led him back to the castle.

"Is this the way you keep your parole as a gentleman?" asked Bayard sternly.

"I meant no guile. I would have sent you the ransom; but I was sick of waiting."

Don Alonzo was shut up in a tower for a fortnight, though he had good food, and no chains were fastened on him.

A trumpeter blew a blast outside the gate. He had come from Alonzo's friends. He said that in

two days the ransom would arrive. And so it did and Alonzo was set free. But the chevalier, without fear and without reproach, felt scorn for the silver of this untruthful man, and gave it to the garrison of the castle, keeping nought for himself.

When it came to Bayard's ears that Don Alonzo spake evil of the way he had been treated in the castle, he sent a trumpeter with a letter to the Spaniard, after this style :—

Sir Alonzo,—It has been told me that you make out you were badly dealt with in my keeping, and you know such was not the case. So you will be good enough to withdraw your false words, or, if you do not, you and I must make combat on horse or foot, as you may care. So adieu.

The trumpeter brought back reply that Don Alonzo would not withdraw his words, and that the duel must take place. But he never thought the chevalier would fight, for Bayard had lain in bed with sickness.

The day of the duel dawned. Bayard, coated in white, with armour underneath, rode with two hundred horsemen to the place agreed. Big stones were ranged in a wide ring, and inside this ring the two knights would contend on foot one with the other; and, spear in hand, the friends of each—French and Spanish—stood about the circle of life and death. At first, Don Alonzo felt unready for the fray, but he soon gained heart, and stepped towards the chevalier without fear and without reproach. Each had a plate of steel on his breast, a gorget of steel on his neck, and a helmet of steel with the vizor open, on his head.

Bayard fell on his knees, and made prayer to God, and he kissed the earth, and, as he rose, he made the sign of the cross of Jesus, and he came straight to the foe, as if he were in a gay dance with dames of grace.

"Sir Bayard, you seek me?" asked Alonzo.

"I will defend mine honour," said the chevalier.

With sharp rapiers they lunged and crossed and parried, and the Spaniard's cheek was cut; and Alonzo sought to strike the Frenchman's face, and Bayard kept wary guard, and, at last, he made a feint, for he seemed as if about to thrust, but did not, and, so soon as the Spaniard had swung his weapon round, Bayard's rapier flew at the neck of the foe, and ran deep through the gorget, and Alonzo fell, and he grasped the chevalier and they dropped to the ground together. Then Bayard put a dagger to the face of the Spaniard, crying,—

"Yield, Sir Alonzo, or you die!"

No word came from the lips of the foe, and no word ever would. One of the Spaniards said in a loud voice,—

"Sir Bayard, he is dead. You have won."

At this Bayard knelt and gave thanks, and three times he kissed the earth, and he bore the body of Alonzo from out the ring, and he said,—

"Have I done all I need?"

"Too much, Bayard," answered a soldier, "too much for the honour of Spain."

"Take this poor corpse," said the chevalier, "and, indeed, I wish with all my heart that he were yet alive."

The two troops parted, one going slowly and with sad eyes; the other going, with a great shrill sound

of trumpets, to a church, there to make grateful gifts to the holy altar.

The war was still waged in Naples. One day, it came to the ears of Bayard that a treasurer was carrying a large sum of gold for the Spanish army, and that at dawn next day he would pass along a certain road. Bayard set his mind on seizing the gold, not that he cared for the spoil himself, but so that he might enrich his friends and humble his foes. While it was yet dark, he rose and made for a valley, where he placed Captain Tardieu and twenty-five men on the spot, and he himself watched with twenty at another. As the sky began to grow light the tread of horses' hoofs was heard, and the Frenchman looked from behind rocks, and saw a troop of Spaniards, and in the midst thereof was a horseman that had a great bag.

"France, France! Death, death!" shouted the French.

Short was the scuffle and swift the flight of the troop, but the treasurer and his serving man were both taken captive; and brought to the nearest town.

From the bags was turned out a pile of shining Spanish ducats, bearing the faces of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. When the chevalier bade his folk count the coins, the treasurer said:

"Do not trouble, sir, there are 15,000."

Then spake Captain Tardieu,—

"A share of this spoil is mine, for I took part in the risk."

"But," said the chevalier, "you were not at the fight."

At this Tardieu's cheeks were red with anger, and

he stalked off to the general of the French army, and, in a loud voice, told of the wrong he bore. But, on hearing all the facts, the General ruled that naught should be done but what the chevalier thought fit. Thereat Tardieu and Bayard went back, and the chevalier pointed to the gold coins on the board, and said with a laugh,—

“Fine sugar plums, eh, Tardieu?”

“Fine, indeed; and if I had half of them I should be well off.”

“Take the half of them, my friend,” said the chevalier.

“In good sooth,” cried the captain, with tears of gladness, “you are as good a giver as the great Alexander.”

So Tardieu took 7500 ducats, and the day came when he wedded a French lady, the daughter of Lord Saint Martin.

As to the rest of the gold, the knight without fear and without reproach had no lust for it, and he gave it all away to his soldiers; and had nothing himself except a joyous soul that joyed in the joy of his comrades.

Now it fell out next that Bayard kept a bridge against the onset of two hundred Spaniards, and you shall hear how it came about.

The bridge made a span across the stream of Garigliano. A Spanish captain, Pedro de Paz, a very short but a very bold man, led 120 horsemen over a ford, and behind each horseman ran a foot-soldier with an arquebus, or shoulder gun. At the rush of this band the French fled to their camp with the loss of many men, and so left the bridge without guard, and now it would seem as if the French,

cooped up in a small space, with no way of exit, must needs suffer much hurt. The Spaniards were close to the bridge, when Bayard rode to the spot, and caused a check, for two or three Spaniards rolled over the low wall of the bridge at the shock of his charge, and he so wielded his lance and sword that the whole troop of them could make no headway. When Le Basco galloped up with two hundred Frenchmen, Bayard and the new-comers plunged forward like a band of lions, and they gave spur after the flying Spaniards for a mile. Thus was the bridge of Garigliano saved.

Eight hundred Spanish horsemen were seen hasting to the aid of those in flight, and the French halted, and started to go back, and Bayard rode last. On flew the Spaniards, and scores of Frenchmen fell, and Bayard's steed, worn with the day's toil, all but fell into a ditch, and the chevalier was surrounded by the foe.

His visor being down, and they not knowing him, the Spaniards made no great note of the prisoner, nor did they even disarm him, but, turning about, took him towards their camp. His sword was at his belt, and his axe in his hand.

Now, when the French knight Geoffrey saw that Bayard was not in the troop, he halted them all, and cried,—

“Bayard is not here. Either he is dead or a prisoner, and, even if I go alone, I will go in quest of him.”

At that word they all made tight the harness of their horses, and rode at quick pace after the enemy shouting, “France! France!”

In the clash of arms, some Spaniards fell, and

Bayard sprang upon the short-tailed horse of one of the fallen enemy, and cried aloud,—

“France, France ! Bayard, Bayard !”

This name was to the foe as the roar of a lion among deer, and they fled with swift foot, and the dust curled up at the flight of their horses.

At the ending of this war (in the year 1504), Bayard dwelt a while at the city of Lyons, and lay sick of fever ; also he had a wound in his arm that had been caused by a pike, and that took a long time to heal. But you shall hear how, weak as he was, he climbed the hill at Genoa.

The King of France had cause of war against the city of Genoa, and he passed the rocks and rivers of the Alps, and made advance towards that fair port on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. Though Bayard's health was poor, he would not stay at Lyons, and he rode among the knights.

At the top of a hill near Genoa, the citizens had raised a stout fence, and many heads and many spear-points were seen by the Frenchmen from the road below.

Some of the French captains deemed there was a large army behind the bastion on the hill, others said there were, belike, but a mob of peasants and townsmen.

“Bayard, what think you ?” asked the King.

“I cannot tell,” he said, “but, by your leave I will go up and find out, and, ere an hour is past, if I am not slain or caught, you shall know how things are in the bastion.”

“I beg you to go,” replied the King of France.

With several captains, and a hundred or more men—all with short lances in hands—they advanced

on foot, and began to clamber up the rocks and winding paths.

“France! France!” shouted Bayard, as he reached the hill-top and saw the bastion in front, and the breeze from the blue Genoese sea puffed in his pale face, the fever having left its mark upon him. Then the troop marched, and the Genoese folk came forth from the fort, and a sharp tussle took place, and soon the citizens fled wildly down the hill; and when the French would have pursued the Chevalier withheld them, and led them straight to the bastion, and climbed over the fence, and soon cleared the place of the enemy.

The years passed, and the name of the Knight without fear and without reproach was in the mouth of all men as the name of a hero. And so now we come to his deeds at the siege of Padua.

This Padua was a fair city of many towers, and having walls and gates round about, and grand gardens, and a University for the teaching of young men, and, in front of the church of St. Antony stood the statue of a Venetian captain on his horse, cut by the clever hand of Donatello; and Padua was on low lands, sixteen miles from Venice and the sea, and to Venice this city belonged.

The Emperor of Germany, Maximilian—he whose helmet was bright with the plumes of the peacock, whose armour was streaked with lines of gold, and whose coat-of-arms was a double-eagle—laid siege to Padua, and his host of Germans, and Italians, and French were as many as one hundred thousand, and he had much cannon.

A straight road led to one of the gates of Padua, and the Venetians who held the town had put a stout

fence or barrier across the road ; and two hundred steps away a second barrier ; and so a third and a fourth ; and deep ditches ran along each side of the way. Here, in sooth, was a hard nut to crack. And in Padua were a thousand men-at-arms, and 12,000 footmen, and guns small and large.

Amid a rattle of bolts and bullets, the attacking party drove the Venetians from the first barricade.

At the second, Lord de Bussy was cut badly in the arm, and his horse was killed, and the stormers swept over the barrier with such a rush that they ran or rode on to the third fence, and took that amid wild shouting ; and at the fourth, some 30 or 40 horsemen jumped from their steeds, and the pikes on each side of the fence clashed and flew to and fro ; and fresh men hurried up from the city.

"Gentlemen," said Bayard, to his comrades, "we may wait six years at this rate, and I beg you to do as I do."

So the trumpet blew a high note, all sudden and bold, and Bayard and his men sprang over the bank of earth and wood, with pikes towards the foe, and they rolled like a wave of wrath after the flying warriors of Venice, calling "France ! France ! Empire ! Empire !" and so the rout of men and pikes went on even up to the gate, and there it paused, for the enemy—except the fallen in battle—darted into Padua and the heavy doors were slammed to, and the fight was closed for that day.

The siege lasted eight weeks, and the stone and iron balls shot from the Emperor Maximilian's cannon had made three broken holes, or breaches in the ramparts of Padua, and you would have thought that the scaling ladders would have been put to the walls, and

the city carried by assault, but this did not happen, for the Emperor's heart was not so lion-like as the heart of our Chevalier.

A score of miles or so north of Padua was the town of Treviso. In the church of Treviso at this day may be seen some of the glorious paintings of Titian, the artist of whom Venice is proud ; and this master of gold, and crimson, and blue, and other such colours, was alive in the same age as the knight without fear and without reproach.

Now, from Treviso there oft sallied out a certain Captain Malvezzi, who stole like a thief upon the Emperor, and did much harm, and then escaped with no loss to himself and his troop.

Well, one September morning, while it was yet dark, Bayard took sixty men-at-arms, and a spy who knew the country led the way ; and at dawn they reached a great walled mansion from which rose up a tall tower. To the top of this tower an old archer named Mouart climbed, and with keen eye he looked abroad on all the landscape till he saw, some way off, a band of three hundred horsemen ; and the horsemen were going towards the camp of Maximilian.

Then there came a trumpet sound, a gallop, a charge, a roar, a hurling of men and horse to earth, and a wrestling for banners ; and the end of the fray was that Bayard returned to camp, and in the midst of his troop were more prisoners than he had soldiers in his command, but Captain Malvezzi got free.

The Emperor and his Germans made salute as the French Chevalier passed by.

"My lord Bayard," said the Emperor, "I would

give a hundred thousand florins to have a dozen such knights as you."

Three or four days later, Bayard did another feat of arms in this wise.

Thirty miles from Padua there was a castle called Bassano, and here Captain Scanderbeg, with fierce Albanians and skilful cross bowmen, held the fort; and from time to time Scanderbeg made attack on the droves of cattle which the Germans were driving towards the Emperor's land. These cattle had been taken from the Venetians, and therefore Scanderbeg was but seizing the Venetian cattle again; for, in the cruel game of war, each side robs and thinks robbery right.

Early one morn a spy led the Chevalier and some forty horsemen to a spot near the castle of Bassano, and there they found a large herd of the raided oxen and cows. Hid by the wayside, Bayard and his men-at-arms waited till the sun rose, and the blare of a trumpet told that the garrison of Bassano were waking to the work of the day; and it was like enough that this work would be a sally from the fort in order to capture more cattle.

"Whichever way the enemy go," said the spy, "they must needs cross a small wooden bridge a mile down this road. Therefore, sir Bayard, I counsel this—let them pass the bridge, and do you then put a few men at that spot to prevent the return of Scanderbeg to the castle, for a very few can guard so strait a way; and do you meet the enemy further on still, and drive them towards Bassano, and at the bridge they will be caught as in a trap.

All this came to pass. Some of the foe escaped, but sixty Albanians and thirty cross bowmen—more

than Bayard's own number—made surrender ; and after that the castle of Bassano was yielded up to the Chevalier and the Emperor.

Now, in this same fight, the standard bearer of the cross bowmen fell into a ditch, and a French youth, yet in his teens, flung himself upon the fallen man and shouted,—

“Yield thee, or I kill !”

Saying this, he lifted up his sword, and the standard bearer, who was a plump, broad-faced man thirty years old, lost his freedom to the French lad of seventeen. The lad's name was Boutieres. He made his prisoner get again on a horse, and led him to the Chevalier, and, with much pride, showed the flag he had snatched from the cross bowmen's ensign ; and the soldiers laughed to see that the small soldier was victor over the big.

And they laughed yet again when, a few hours later, a feast was held in a hall, and the slim youth Boutieres led his fat prisoner in as a peasant might lead a bull.

“My lord,” cried the standard bearer, “it is not meet that the company should laugh. I had no fear of this lad, and it was not he to whom I yielded, but to your power alone I gave myself up.”

“Verily,” said the Chevalier to the youth, “it seems you have no right to this prize.”

“My lord,” exclaimed the slim Frenchman, with red anger in cheek, “let me and him get on horseback, and face each other, and grasp our lances, and I will prove which is the better soldier.”

“Granted,” replied Bayard.

“No, no !” yelled the fat man, and a burst of laughter shook the hall, and Bayard laughed as loudly

as the rest ; for he was a brave soul that was as ready to make merry at a jest as to face the awful onset of battle.

Though three breaches had been made in the ramparts of Padua, yet would not the Germans make entry, and they raised the siege, and Bayard was made master of the garrison in the city of Verona. This city of Italy lay at the foot of the giant Alps, and its walls were massy, and one of its sights was the open-air theatre built by the Romans in the day of their power.

A certain captain Manfrone—a Venetian—set all his wits to work to entrap the Chevalier, and with this aim he had a talk with a cunning knave who acted as spy.

“Go to Verona,” he said to the knave, “and play your part thus—tell Bayard you have brought him great news. Tell him you know for sure that Captain Manfrone will pass near the city with a few light-armed horsemen, and that he would do well to sally out to attack me. But in point of fact, I will bring with me 200 men-at-arms and 2000 foot soldiers, and Bayard will be taken in the snare ; and into your palms I will pour a hundred gold ducats.”

The spy, whose name was Vizentin, made his way to Verona, and, being known to the guards, was let in and allowed to speak to the Chevalier, who was just then at supper.

“What news, Vizentin ?”

“Good news, my lord.”

Bayard rose from the table, and led the rogue (not knowing he was a rogue) aside, and heard all the lying tale, and he was glad, and bade Vizentin sit and eat, and then he made known to his friends and

captains what things Manfrone had plotted. They all made ready for the fight next morning.

But as one of the French captains, Sucker by name, went to his lodgings late that night, whom should he see but the spy creeping out of the house of a man who was a friend of Venice.

"Ho, ho!" cried Sucker, as he grabbed Vizentin by the collar, "so you love those who love Marco, do you?"

Marco was St. Mark, and St. Mark was the saint who was patron or guardian of Venice.

Sucker marched the spy to Bayard's house and put the knave in a safe corner while he and the Chevalier sat in the great fire-place, with the red logs at their feet, and Sucker declared he had no trust in the man Vizentin.

The spy was called in.

"Vizentin," said Bayard, "you must out with the truth, or you will hang at dawn of day; but if you tell all the facts, I give you my word on the faith of a gentleman, that you shall go free."

Vizentin fell on his knees, pale and cowardly, and made a clean breast of the plan that was hatched by Manfrone, the Venetian.

"You are a scoundrel," said Bayard, "and death ought to be your dole. But I have given you my word not to harm you, so you will be kept here awhile, and then sent out of the town."

Bayard sent to the Prince of Anhalt, a German commander who was lodging in Verona, and begged him to lend 2000 footmen; and sure enough at the next dawn, the two thousand were ready drawn up in array. With these, and with the men-at-arms the Chevalier marched out across the plain.

Leaving the 2000 footmen in hiding at a village, Bayard and his horsemen rode on till they saw Captain Manfrone with a troop of cavalry. Bayard had the trumpet of retreat sounded. Out sped the Venetian force that lay in ambush. Manfrone was in high glee. His plan seemed a great success. He and his little army charged upon the retiring French.

Meantime Captain Sucker had carried word to the 2000 footmen at the village; and now these sallied out, much to the dismay of Manfrone and the Venetians. A swift charge of the French swept the foe before them. Manfrone galloped off the field. Many a Venetian was captured.

On the return to Verona, Bayard had the spy brought before him.

"Vizentin," said he, "you can go and ask Captain Manfrone if Bayard has as much wit in the art of war as himself."

Two archers led Vizentin out of town. He went to the camp of Manfrone, and there was seized and hanged.

In the course of the same campaign it happened that the people of a large village, Longaro, had taken refuge in a very deep cave in the side of a mountain. More than two thousand men, women, and children, had taken alarm at the approach of both French and Venetians, and had hid themselves, with provisions and their best treasures, in the cave. A band of camp followers, looters, and ruffians passed that way, and sought to enter the grotto. Two were shot by balls from arquebuses. A dreadful plan was then carried out. The wretches piled up wood, straw, and hay at the cave's mouth, and set it on fire, and the

smoke filled the grotto, and so suffocated all the unhappy people within. They lay as if asleep.

Such are the fruits of war ; and these awful fruits cannot be hid even by the noble character of Chevaliers without fear and without reproach.

Bayard caught two of the dreadful band of pillagers, and hanged them.

Pope Julius was Pope of Rome at that time, and he was a lord of lands, priest of Christ though he was ; for he forgot that a priest's business was to teach souls, not to heap up riches. And his soldiers lay siege to a certain town which he claimed as his property. It came to the ears of Chevalier Bayard that Pope Julius would journey along a certain road six miles to the besieged town of Mirandola. So Bayard, who was on the opposite to the Pope in the war, set an ambush near the town of San Felice, whence Julius would proceed.

Well, in the morning, the gate of San Felice swung open, and the drawbridge was let down, and there came out a procession of priests and monks and cardinals, with a hundred horse-guards. This troop led the way, and the Pope, seated in a litter with a canopy over it, was preparing to issue from San Felice.

"To arms ! to arms !" shouted the French ; and then began a scuffle and a flight, for the Pope's men were not heroes in battles.

Now, what should happen just at this point but a storm of snow ! Down flew the heavy white flakes, on men-at-arms, monks, horses, mules, and friends and foes, the thickest fall that had been seen in that part of Italy for a hundred years.

"Holy father," said a Cardinal to the Pope, "it is not well to venture out in such a tempest as this."

The Pope agreed, and bade the bearers of his litter turn back.

A shouting was heard. The routed priests and monks and servants were seen flying headlong through the snowstorm towards the castle. They scampered in like a multitude of hares. Pope Julius sprang from the litter, and lent a hand at the ropes that pulled up the drawbridge. The French men-at-arms galloped to the edge of the moat, but were too late.

It snowed six days, and froze hard, so hard that a cannon fell on a sheet of ice, and did not break the thick crust.

Mirandola was captured by the Pope.

This Julius was one of the most warlike of all the priests that ever sat in the chair of St. Peter. White was his hair, soldierly his heart and will ; and hence Martin Luther once called him, "the old lion with the white mane."

Thirty miles from the sea, where the stream of Po crawls over low lands, the city of Ferrara is seen with its walls, gates, and castle with square towers. To this city the Pope laid siege, and it was part of his plan to starve the folk into yielding.

"It cannot be done," said a Venetian captain to the Pope Julius, "unless you take the fort of Bastida, a score of miles or so from here ; for from that fort came loads of food for the garrison, and we have not force enough to keep the relief back. But if we are masters of Bastida, and the road that leads thence to here, we can starve Ferrara in two months."

"Let Bastida be taken at once," said Pope Julius.

Then the captain, whose name was Jean Fort, led

more than 7000 horse and foot to Bastida, and they set up tents, and placed cannon, and begun to fire upon the stronghold.

By noon that same day, a swift runner had run from Bastida to Ferrara with the news, and at the city gate he met the Chevalier Bayard.

"Whence come you?" asked Bayard.

"My lord, I come from Bastida, which is in sore straits, for an army has opened fire upon it; and the captain says he must cede the place unless aid is sent within a day."

"Is the garrison weak?"

"There are but twenty-five men to defend Bastida."

"Come with me to the Duke," said the Chevalier.

The Duke of Ferrara and a friend sat on mules in the open square of the city, and they were conversing when Bayard led the messenger to the spot. When the Duke read the letter from the commander of Bastida, his face clouded, and he shrugged his shoulders.

"If Bastida is lost, Ferrara will be lost," he said.

"The fort is in peril and nothing can be done."

"Why?" asked his friend.

"Because it is twenty-five miles hence, and the only road goes over a small bridge, and the road is so narrow for half a mile that men must march in single file, and if the enemy held the hills on each side, they could stop ten thousand soldiers from the passage."

"My lord," said Bayard, "let me show you a plan. We have four or five thousand foot soldiers. Let 2000 of these, with 800 Swiss under Captain Jacob, go down the river in boats. The horsemen will ride by land. All will meet near the narrow road, and we shall fall on the foe at break of day."

"Bayard," cried the Duke, "what is there that you cannot do?"

And thus it was carried out, in spite of the darkness of the night, and the fall of rain. When the men from the boats joined the men-at-arms the whole band threaded their way, one by one, along the narrow path and over the bridge. It took an hour for all to pass. A grey light was in the east, and the Duke was in dread lest Bastida should have been entered by the Pope's army.

Boom! boom! boom!

Three reports came from the fort. All was well. The garrison still held out.

By advice of the Chevalier, Bastard du Fay was sent forward with a small troop of horse; Captain Pierrepont followed at a distance with a larger troop; and the main body moved along a third line towards the castle of Bastida.

On a sudden the French trumpets rang out defiance. A murmur of surprise was heard in the Papal camp, and the enemy sprang to horse, or marched out, crossbow and spear in hand. But they were attacked at three points, and after an hour of heavy fighting the enemy were beaten; the Pope's plan had failed, and the Duke and Bayard and their joyful soldiers returned to the city of Ferrara, and feasts were spread for the victors by the Duchess—the far-famed Lucrezia Borgia.

Pope Julius took it much to heart that his cannon had made no breach in the walls of Bastida, and that he now had far less chance of mastering Ferrara. He had a secret talk with a man of false soul, named Agostino.

"By the body of God," he exclaimed, "I must

have Ferrara! Agostino, there were certain friends of mine in the Duke's city. I sent word to them to devise a way by which one of the gates should be opened for my soldiers, and so I might have regained my city—for it is mine. But Bayard scented out the scheme, and seven of my good servants were hanged. Agostino, I have now a new idea. Listen."

"I hear."

"Go to the Duke of Ferrara. Tell him that if he will throw off the French and be my man, my niece shall be wed to his eldest son. He shall be banner-bearer to the Holy Church, and captain of my forces. Will you do this, Agostino?"

"Your holiness, I will."

One fine day the Pope's messenger sat with the Duke, and unfolded all these offers to him. The Duke said he would reflect. He ordered dinner to be set before Agostino, left him in the palace, and hurried to the lodgings of the Chevalier, and told him all.

"Be sure, Bayard," said the Duke at the end of the tale, "I shall stand by France and the French. But it seems to me it would be well to gain this Agostino over to our side. He may be useful."

"Very well, my lord, try it," answered the Chevalier.

Back went the Duke to the Palace, and he spoke of many things to Agostino, and, little by little, let him see that it would pay him richly to take the side of the Duke rather than the Pope.

"You know, Sir Agostino," said the Duke, "how vile a temper the Holy Father has; and you can in no wise count upon his truth; and any day you may find that he has played you a bad turn, and you will

be lost. Would you not fare better in the service of Ferrara ? ”

“ My lord, you say sooth ; and for the last few years I have had the very same thought in my mind. I have no love for this Julius, and oft, as I wait upon him at his afternoon meal, it has come into my head that I might do certain things. Indeed, if you will deal well with me, my lord, I warrant that, in a week’s time, he shall eat—and eat no more.”

“ I will deal well with you,” said the Duke, “ and I will give you two thousand ducats in gold coin, and goods worth five hundred more.”

Again the Duke left Agostino at the Palace, and sought out Bayard. The Chevalier was ordering men who cleared out an embrasure in the city wall. An embrasure, you must know, is an opening from which to point cannons.

The two Knights walked along the ramparts as they conversed.

“ The end of Julius is at hand,” said the Duke, “ for Agostino declares that the Pope will depart this life within eight days.”

“ How can he tell the hour of a man’s death ? ”

“ How ? He can tell how poison will work in the Pope’s food.”

At this word, the Knight without fear and without reproach crossed himself with the cross of Christ ten times. He looked upon the Duke, and said,—

“ And can a prince so noble as you do so foul a thing ? If I thought the plot were truly meant, I would myself go to the Pope and warn him.”

“ But Julius would be ready enough to poison me ! ”

“ That may be so,” replied the Chevalier, ‘ let him that sits in the chair of St. Peter do as he lists, but

never will I, a French Knight, take part in so dark a business as this you hint at."

The Duke spat on the ground, and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Readily would I get rid of all my foes by poison if I had the power. But your view of such matters is not mine, and I will not go counter to you, Chevalier."

"Agostino ought to be hanged," said Bayard.

"Perhaps so," answered the Duke, "but I gave him the word of a prince that his person shall be safe."

So they let the rascal go, telling him they had no further need of his services or his poison.

At the foot of the Italian Alps is the city of Brescia. The castle was on a high hill, and from this castle you looked down upon the houses of the city, and the citadel, or strong place, in the midst thereof.

In the year 1512, the Venetians had swept the French out, and the city, all except the castle, was in their power; and they built up a strong mound betwixt the citadel and the castle.

The Duke of Nemours, a French prince of much valour and good name, had come, swift as an eagle, to the help of Brescia, and he and his soldiers crowded the castle on the hill, and made ready for an assault on the new earthwork and the town. You may be sure the Chevalier Bayard was not the last in the attack. The Lord of Molart led the storming-party, and with him marched a body of knights on foot, who, for love of Bayard, were prepared to take shares in the deadly battle at the mound.

But first a man with a trumpet appeared before the town, and, in the name of the Duke of Nemours, he cried in a loud voice and bade the men of Venice and

St. Mark open the citadel to the French. They spoke back in scorn, and the trumpeter brought their reply to the Duke.

The rain had made the ground moist, and the feet of the soldiers slipped as they climbed the slope towards the new rampart.

"France, France!" shouted the French.

"Bayard!" cried others.

"Marco!" roared the Venetians.

Feet rushed. Men fell. Banners fluttered. Grappling, rolling, rising, gasping—French and Venetians wrestled and plunged.

"In, comrades!"

It was the voice of Bayard. The next moment, he had dropped with a thud to the damp earth, the iron head of a spike sticking deep in the flesh of his thigh. His friends tore up shirts to bind his wound. The blood of the noble knight ran freely.

In dreadful clamour and amid heaps of the men of Venice who were smit by the blast of war, the Duke of Nemours pressed into the city, and the fight carried fire and blood into the great square of Brescia. The city shook; the very houses seemed to shriek. Soldiers became robbers, and black deeds were done that would not have been acted if Bayard had ridden unwounded amid the conquering throng.

The Chevalier limped along, clinging to two archers, and a band of his comrades sadly followed. They halted at the first house they reached, and wrenched a door from its hinges, and on it laid the knight without fear and without reproach. With careful step, the bearers bore the injured warrior along the streets, and paused at the door of a large mansion. It was the dwelling of a man of wealth. He had fled to a

convent, leaving his wife and two daughters. The maids had hid themselves under the hay in a loft.

The Frenchmen knocked, and the lady of the house, very white in the face, opened the door. Quickly, the litter was borne in, and the door closed. Two archers had been placed outside as guards by order of Bayard.

Very quiet was the house after the noise of battle. Bayard was laid upon a bed in a large chamber.

"Sir," said the lady, humbly kneeling before the pale Knight, "I yield to you this house and all that is therein, but of your mercy I pray you to save my honour and my life, and the life of my two daughters."

"Madam," was the Chevalier's answer, "this wound that I have may be a wound even unto death; but while life is in me, you and your daughters shall be as free from harm as my own self. Only I beg that you will keep them to their rooms, and I pledge my word that no man shall thrust himself upon their gentle company. Nor shall any pillage be done to your goods, and I will show you all the respect I can."

Then, at the asking of Bayard, the lady fetched a surgeon, who searched close into the wound, and said the head of the pike had not cut any large blood vessel; and he bound the wound. Not long afterwards, there came a surgeon also from the Duke of Nemours, so the Knight was well tended.

"Where is your husband?" asked Bayard of the lady.

"I know not if he is alive, sir; but if alive, I think he may be in the convent yonder."

"Let him come home," said Bayard, "for here he will be in peace."

Soon the husband came in, under the ward of three Frenchmen.

"Be of good cheer, sir," spake the Knight, "you have friends staying in your house, and it behoves you to take care of me and them."

The Duke of Nemours paid a visit to the wounded captain.

"You must get yourself healed betimes," he said laughing, "for we have to fight the Spaniards in a month.

"I will be carried there on a litter, my lord," replied Bayard, "sooner than be out of the affair."

The Duke sent the Chevalier a purse of five hundred crowns, and Bayard gave the money to the two archers that had stayed loyally by him when he fell at the earth-work in the assault on the city.

About five weeks Bayard kept his bed. Then he got up, and took a few steps across the room. He was weak, but felt he was on the right road to health.

"I fret sore," said he to the surgeon, "and I beg you to tell me if I should take hurt by going back to camp."

"Your wound is not quite healed," replied the man of physic, "but it will soon be well. I will give you bandages and ointment, and you can see to it yourself, and I think you may go out in a day or two."

"In two days," cried Bayard, joyfully.

On the morning of the last day, the lady of the house came to his room, followed by a manservant, who bore a box of steel. Bayard sat on a chair, resting his leg. She knelt; but he bade her rise and take a seat.

"Sir Knight," spake the lady, "you have been

truly courteous to me and mine, and none of your men has touched our goods. But I know that, by the rules of war, we are your captives, and this house is yours. I pray you not to take all, but, of your goodness, to receive this small gift."

The steel box was filled with shining ducats.

"How many?" he asked, laughing.

"Two thousand five hundred," she said, fearing lest he thought the sum too scant, "but we will give you more."

"Madam," said the Chevalier, "much kindness have you done me since I have lain in this chamber, and I shall always be your grateful servant. I will not accept your money, for all my days I have cared more for men than for ducats."

"My lord," she prayed, kneeling again, "I beseech you to receive what we offer."

"Well," he replied, "first fetch your daughters."

They had been his very pleasant friends, for they had cheered him in his time of pain by singing and by playing on the stringed lute, and on the tuneful spinet.

"Sir," spake the older girl, "we thank you deeply for having shielded us from hurt in this season of war."

"Ladies," answered Bayard, "very gracious company have you been to me. I desire to give each of you a thousand ducats for your wedding portion, and I ask you to pray for me."

Turning to the mother, he added:—

"The five hundred that remain I trust you will share among the ladies in convents who have lost their wealth in these wars. And now I must bid you all adieu."

"O, flower of knighthood," cried the lady of the house, "may the Redeemer, Jesus Christ, who died for sinners, show his grace to you in this world and the world to come."

The master of the house also came and spake his thanks.

Now, after he had dined, Bayard went down to the street where his steed awaited; and, as he was going, the daughters came and gave him presents, made by their own hands—a pair of bracelets, done in twisted gold and silver thread; and a purse of crimson silk. Then, forthwith, he placed the bracelet on his wrists—for the French knights wore bracelets in those times—and he put the purse in the sleeve of his tunic, and said that he would cherish these fair gifts as long as they would last.

Then he mounted his horse and rode to the French camp, which he reached on a Wednesday evening before Easter. And when his coming was noised abroad in the camp, men-at-arms and footmen, and all were as glad as if ten thousand fresh warriors had been added to the army.

A day of dread and of blood was Easter-day, 1512.

"See, my lords, how red is the sun," said the Duke of Nemours, as he rode out early with his knights.

"It means, sir," quoth one, "that a noble prince will die to-day."

The tramp of foot-soldiers was heard as they passed over a bridge of boats that crossed a canal near Ravenna. The city of Ravenna lies amid marshes, and canals carry their slow waters to the sea near Venice.

A band of French men-at-arms trotted along one

bank of the canal, and presently caught sight of a band of Spanish men-at-arms—Pope Julius's men—on the other side.

The Chevalier Bayard rode in front of the French, and bowed, and cried across the canal :

“Sire, we and you await the battle ; but let us now speak in peace, and shoot no bolt from either side.”

“Who are you ?” asked Captain de Paz, the Spaniard.

“I am Bayard.”

“Ah, Bayard, the French army is stronger by thousands of warriors now that you have returned. And may I ask who is yonder captain, the leader of your troop ?”

“It is Gaston de Foix, Duke of Nemours.”

At that name, all the Spanish men-at-arms leapt from their steeds, and bowed low, saying, “Your servants, sir.”

“I thank you,” replied the French leader. “I wish I and your general could fight in single combat, and end this war, and save the lives of many soldiers.”

“’Tis nobly said,” spake a Spaniard, “but our general is not likely to agree.”

“Then, my lords, farewell,” said the Duke, “and now I shall ride over yon bridge, and I shall not return alive until you or I are conquerors.”

Thus, in courteous manner, the French and Spanish enemies made parley one with the other, and then rode to the field of death.

“Spain, Spain ! Saint Iago !” was the shout on one side.

“France, France !” on the other.

The Spaniards were beat ; but the man that said

a prince would die said sooth, and the sun that rose red that morn did not go down till it had shone on the corpse of the Duke in a ditch. Pierced with many wounds, Gaston de Foix had fallen, and he lay amid a heap of dead men and steeds, while the trumpets of Spain called the retreat, and dusk came down on the marshes and dark pine woods of Ravenna.

The dead Nemours was borne to the Cathedral of Milan, and two thousand men on horseback followed his bier, and before it were carried forty flags that had been taken from his foes ; and tears fell freely, and the dirge of the priests rose in sad wail to the roof of the glorious church. And to this day one may see at Ravenna a fine column of marble that tells the tale of the Easter that began so red and ended in such grief.

Times went ill for the French, and woe fell upon the Chevalier. For in the retreat from the city of Pavia, he held the foe at bay when the French passed a bridge. Two horses were slain under him ; and still he kept his post. But a shot from the ramparts of Pavia, tore the flesh between his neck and shoulder.

“ ’Tis naught,” he said.

He staunched the blood with moss, and his men tore pieces from their shirts to make bandages.

Heavy at heart, and leaving many a comrade behind, the French retreated. The Chevalier Bayard, sick and worn, reached the pleasant town of Grenoble, where he was born, and for seventeen days tossed in a high fever ; and in his raving of brain he cried aloud :

“ Alas ! why did I not fall at Ravenna with the

noble Gaston? Why died I not in the city of Brescia? Oh that Saint Anthony would heal this fire in my bones! For once, when I saw a shrine of St. Anthony like to be ruined by fire, I beat off the flames, and saved the Saint's home from the peril."

Every lip that could say a prayer in Grenoble made plea to God and Saint Anthony, and the fever of the Knight without fear was healed.

In the service of the King of France, he took part in the war in Spain, and was captain of the artillery at the siege of Pampeluna, a strong fortress near the Pyrenees mountains.

One day, he had made a breach in the walls of a castle some miles from Pampeluna. The moment had come for the assault, and Bayard called to a troop of lansquenets (footmen) to throw themselves into the breach.

"For double pay we will!" they said.

"Yes," was Bayard's reply.

But they dared not venture. The fort was captured by another band of men altogether.

Would you believe it? After the fort had been seized, some of the lansquenets came to Bayard and asked for their double pay?

The Knight turned away in scorn.

In the evening he gave a supper to the gentlemen of the army; and, as they ate and drank, in lurched a German lansquenet, half-drunk, roaring:—

"Where is Bayard? I seek to kill him!"

The Chevalier rose and said,—

"Is it I whom you seek? I am Bayard."

"No, no," replied the soldier, taken aback, "not I myself, but all the regiment seek to kill Bayard."

"Alas, sir," said the Chevalier in mock terror,

"I dare not fight seven thousand men. I pray you, spare me."

At that, there was a great tempest of laughter, and Bayard ended the affair by inviting the fellow to take his seat at the table.

In 1513, Bayard was present at the Battle of Spurs fought at a Belgian village between Henry the Eighth of England, and the Emperor Maximilian on the one side, and the French on the other. The French Knights used spurs to their war-horses in the flight from the field. Not so Bayard. But he was girt about by so many Burgundian foes that he advised his comrades to surrender. Now, as the French Knights were giving up their swords to the captains of the enemy, our Chevalier saw a Burgundian Knight standing in the shade of some trees, resting from the strain of battle, and taking off his helmet to get cool.

Bayard had a quick thought. He galloped straight at this Knight, pointed his sword at him, and exclaimed,—

"Surrender, sir, or die!"

"To whom am I surrendering?" asked the hot gentleman, as he gave up his sword.

"To Bayard," was the answer, "and I in turn yield my sword to you, and am your prisoner. Take me to King Henry's camp; but, if we meet any English who would fain slay me, I beg you to lend me my sword again."

So it was agreed; and the two Knights, each the prisoner of the other, rode towards the camp. Some English horsemen rushed upon them on the way, but sheered off again when the two Knights made a bold defence.

Bayard stayed several days in the Burgundian's tent, and then said,—

“Sir, I pray you, let me speak to the King of England.”

“Well,” quoth the other, “but let us fix the ransom you are to pay as my prisoner.”

“Ransom!” cried Bayard, “but it is you who are *my* prisoner!”

In truth, the Burgundian knew not what to say, so he kept silent as to ransoms, and led Bayard to the Emperor and King Henry. Both these princes felt it a high honour to meet so famous a Knight as the Chevalier, and had much pleasant talk with him. As to ransom, they were of one mind, namely, that the Burgundian, and not Bayard, was the real prisoner. They also said the Chevalier should go free, if he would give his word, as a gentleman, not to use the sword for six weeks. To this he consented, and for six weeks he struck no blow.

The next King to reign over France was Francis I. A brave prince he was, and a stout soldier he proved himself in a battle with the Swiss in the Milan country. In this same battle, Bayard took a big part. At evening, when the foe had been chased many a mile along the road to the city of Milan, Francis the King kneeled down before the Chevalier Bayard.

The King kneeled to a subject!

He begged Bayard to dub him knight.

Now it is the wont of Kings to make knights of such men as they choose; and lo! here was a King who prayed to be made a knight by a knight. But this he did to show his respect for so true a gentleman; and Bayard touched the King's

shoulder with a sword, and knighted Francis the First.

Thus, in toil and in service and in honour, the years passed, until the hour of death struck for the Chevalier Bayard.

* * * * *

In the spring of the year, 1524, the French and the Spaniards were at war on the soil of Italy. The French, step by step, were giving way before the soldiers of Spain. Bayard kept ward over the rear of the army, and from time to time, sword in hand, made charge upon the pursuers.

A bullet from an arquebus shot through his waist, and broke his back-bone, and for the pain thereof he cried the name of Jesus.

Then in faint voice he said—

“My God, I am killed!”

He held the cross-handle of his sword before his face, and the words came faint and broken from his lips—

“Pity me, O Lord, according to thy great mercy.”

Pale were his cheeks and brow, and his eyes dim. He grasped the front of his saddle, and a squire came and helped him off the horse, and laid him under a tree.

Men of France and men of Spain—friends and foes—made a sad group round the dying Knight. His enemies had no word to say in blame of him, for he was ever kind to the fallen soldier and the prisoner of war.

“Would to God, noble Lord of Bayard,” said the Marquis of Pescara, a Spaniard, “that I could shed a quart of my own blood if so be I could give you life.

For since I have held sword in hand, never have I known or heard of a knight like to you in nobleness. I pray God to have your soul in His keeping."

And the same grief was in the breasts of all the Spanish captains.

"With such a leader," murmured the French, as they wept, "we always felt full of faith, and he was to us as the strongest castle in the world. Cruel, cruel is death; for death snatches the good man more eagerly than it slays the bad."

Jacques, the steward, leaned over the Chevalier, and his heart was like to break.

"Jacques, my comrade," quoth the Knight, "I mind not dying, but I sorrow to think I have not done my duty as I might; but I trust the good God will show mercy to me. And I beg of you, Jacques, to let me lie still beneath this tree; for it would give me sore pain to be moved."

So when Diesbach, a Swiss, would have had six men cross their pikes so as to form a bed for the Chevalier to be carried on, the steward said nay, his master's will was to remain in peace where he was.

By the stress of war all the French must needs retire, and Bayard was left alone among the Spaniards. But they showed him honour even in the hour of death, and spread a tent over him, and with tender hands lifted him on to a soft bed, but still under the tree.

With the cross of his sword before his eyes, Bayard died.

His body was borne, as a thing of great price, and with a train of folk that mourned, to a church, there to rest a while; and then to another church, and so on

till it was brought to Grenoble, where many people met it, and bowed as it was taken to the Church of Our Lady. It lay there one day and one night, and the chants of the priests sang the grief of all France. Next day, it was carried to a monastery a mile or two beyond the town, and buried. For a month after the burial, there was no sound of dance or feast in that part of France. Chief of all, grieved the widows whose distress he had soothed with his help, the orphan-girls to whom he had given marriage-portions, and many another poor soul who had been blessed by his pity. Bold as a lion was he on the field of war. Gentle was his spirit towards any that bowed down in pain. To France and its King he gave his life and strength, and his rule was :

“Do thy duty, come what may.”

Therefore was he called the Knight without fear and without reproach.

But I crave that you will hear a few words more ere I close this tale.

Bayard died in the year 1524. In all his fights he used spear or sword or lance or axe, but not the cross-bow or the arquebus. He threw himself into the fray, and did not sit at home while others bore the deadly brunt, and faced storm and cold, and the hardships of the march, and the terror of the battle.

Now in all these things—in his willing valour, in his pious spirit, in his courteous manner to women, in his good bearing to the captives—Bayard shows us how great a soul a Knight could be. As he was, so were the best knights and gentlemen of the Middle Ages,

No tongue can tell the number of the bad deeds done in those ages, when prisoners died in horrid dens, and hapless women were burned as witches, and the strong robbed the weak. But, like a star in the gloom, shone the light of such men as Bayard.

In that age, men had not risen to the thought of Peace for the World. They were glad at times to have a Truce of God, though it might last but a few days. There was once a hundred years' war between France and England. In Germany, about a hundred years after the death of Bayard, there began the Thirty Years' War.

More and more, as time glides on, the heart of man hates war. The gleam of the soldier's helmet and bayonet is seen in many a drill-ground, and at the gate of many a fort, but less and less do the minds of men incline to use the weapons of bloodshed.

Bayard was the hero of the past age. Girls and boys, let us salute his memory. It is not right for us to despise the soldiers of the bygone days, even though it may be the prayer of our hearts that Peace may reign on the earth from now onwards, and for all time.

“Do thy duty, come what may.”

He turned the motto into deeds in the service of France on the field of war.

What is the motto of a citizen who loves Peace, and lifts up his voice against the pride and lust of war?

Still the same :—

“Do thy duty, come what may.”

The hero of the Middle Ages calls to the folk of the New Day :—

“Children, go forth, and have no fear of the evil, and give no man cause to reproach you. Live for others—family, country, Humanity.”

NOTE.—The life of Bayard was written (no doubt with some imaginative additions) by a French author, calling himself the “Loyal Serviteur,” and it was printed in Paris in 1527. It can be had in various English translations.

THE END

Appendix A.

THE MORAL EDUCATION LEAGUE,

6 YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.

Object :—To urge the introduction of systematic Moral and Civic Instruction into all schools, and to make the formation of character the chief aim in education.

The Moral Education League was founded in 1897. It has issued many leaflets, pamphlets, etc. It has published a *Graduated Syllabus of Moral Instruction and Training in Citizenship* for Elementary Schools, Infants and Standards 1-7. The Committee of the League is also issuing books to illustrate all the lessons outlined in its Syllabus. ² *A Teachers' Handbook of Moral Lessons, The Garden of Childhood* and *The Magic Garden*, based on Standards 5 and 3 and the section for Infants of the Syllabus respectively, have already been published through Messrs. Nelson at 1s. 6d. net each. Other moral-lesson text-books based on Standards 1, 2, 4, 6, and 7 are nearly ready. ² The League recommends also text-books by Messrs. Everett, Gould, Hackwood, Quilter, and others. Some sixty Education Authorities have now provision, or have decided to make provision, for more or less systematic Moral Instruction in their schools. In nearly every instance the Moral Lessons are given in addition to the Scripture Lessons and as part of the secular curriculum. The Cheshire, West Riding, Surrey, and other Education Authorities have adopted, with very slight modifications, the *Graduated Syllabus* of the League. About one hundred Education Authorities have taken

² See Appendix B.

some definite action in the direction of the proposals of the League.

Recently, too, the need and importance of an efficient Moral Training in the schools of the State have been especially urged by the Board of Education in the Introduction to the Education Code (1904-5), the Regulations for the Training of Teachers (1905), and most explicitly in the "Suggestions for the Consideration of Teachers" (1905). In this last document the Board of Education states with definiteness that "the good Moral Training which a school should give cannot be left to chance; on this side, no less than on the intellectual side, the purpose of the teacher must be clearly conceived and intelligently carried out."

Finally, the Education Code for 1906 makes provision for Moral Instruction in the ordinary curriculum of all Public Elementary Schools, leaving to the various local Education Authorities to decide whether such instruction shall be given incidentally, or systematically and as a course of graduated instruction. In the *Prefatory Memorandum* to the Code the Board of Education, however, states emphatically:—"It is therefore desirable that where systematic teaching of this subject is practicable such teaching should be direct, systematic, and graduated."

The action taken in the direction of providing for Moral Instruction in schools by the Board of Education and the local Education Authorities is almost entirely due to the propaganda carried on by the Moral Education League.

Information concerning the League, and a copy of its *Graduated Syllabus of Moral Instruction and Training in Citizenship*, will be forwarded, on the receipt of a post card, by the Secretary, Mr. Harrold Johnson. The Moral Education League, 6 York Buildings, Adelphi, London, W.C.

Appendix B.

MORAL INSTRUCTION BOOKS.

FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN.

The Garden of Childhood. Stories for School and Home.
By Alice M. Chesterton. With Illustrations by Gertrude
M. Bradley. Issued for the Moral Education League.
Nelson. 1s. 6d. net.

The Magic Garden. By Alice M. Chesterton. With
Illustrations. Nelson. 1s. 6d. net.

FOR CHILDREN AGED 10 TO 14 YEARS.

The Children's Book of Moral Lessons. (First Series :
"Self-Control" and "Truthfulness"; Second Series :
"Kindness" and "Work and Duty"; Third Series :
"The Family" and "People of Other Lands"; Fourth
Series: "Justice", "The Common Weal", "Our Country",
"Social Responsibilities", etc.). By F. J. Gould. Watts
& Co., Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London. Cheap
Edition of the First Series, 6d., in cloth 1s., Second, Third
and Fourth Series, 2s. each.

Stories for Moral Instruction. By F. J. Gould.
Watts & Co. 1s net.

Life and Manners. Stories for Moral Instruction.
By F. J. Gould. George Allen & Co., Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.

The Children's Plutarch (stories from the "Lives"
told in simple language); with an Ethical Index
for the use of teachers. By F. J. Gould. Six Illus-
trations by Walter Crane. Watts & Co. 2s. 6d. net.

A Teachers' Handbook of Moral Lessons. Compiled
by A. J. Waldegrave. Issued for the Moral Education
League. Nelson. 1s. 6d. net.

Onward and Upward. A Book for Children. By H. H.
Quilter, B.A. Illustrated. George Allen & Co., Ltd.
1s. 6d.

Notes of Lessons on Moral Subjects. (Forty Lessons for the use of Teachers only.) By F. W. Hackwood. Nelson, Paternoster Row. 2s.

Conduct Stories. Stories for Moral Instructions. By F. G. Gould. George Allen & Co., Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.

The Art of Living: Sources and Illustrations for Moral Lessons. Translated from the German of Dr. Fr. W. Foerster, by Ethel L. Peck. For School and Home. Dent. 2s. 6d. net.

Youth's Noble Path. A Volume of Moral Instruction Designed for the use of the Children, Parents, and Teachers, and mainly based on Eastern Tradition, Poetry, and History. By F. J. Gould. Longmans. 2s.

FOR OLDER SCHOLARS.

Ethics for Young People. By C. C. Everett. Ginn & Co., 9, St. Martin's Street, W.C. 2s. 6d.

GRADED COURSES.

A Manual of Moral Instruction, covering all the sections of the Syllabus of the Moral Education League, according to the concentric plan. By James Reid, M.A. Nelson. 2s. 6d. net.

A Syllabus of Moral Instruction (with Illustrations and Instructions for Teachers), Standards 1-7. Published by the Leicester Education Authority. To be had of the Midland Educational Co., 7, Market Street, Leicester. By post 4s. for all the Standards, 7d. per Standard.

