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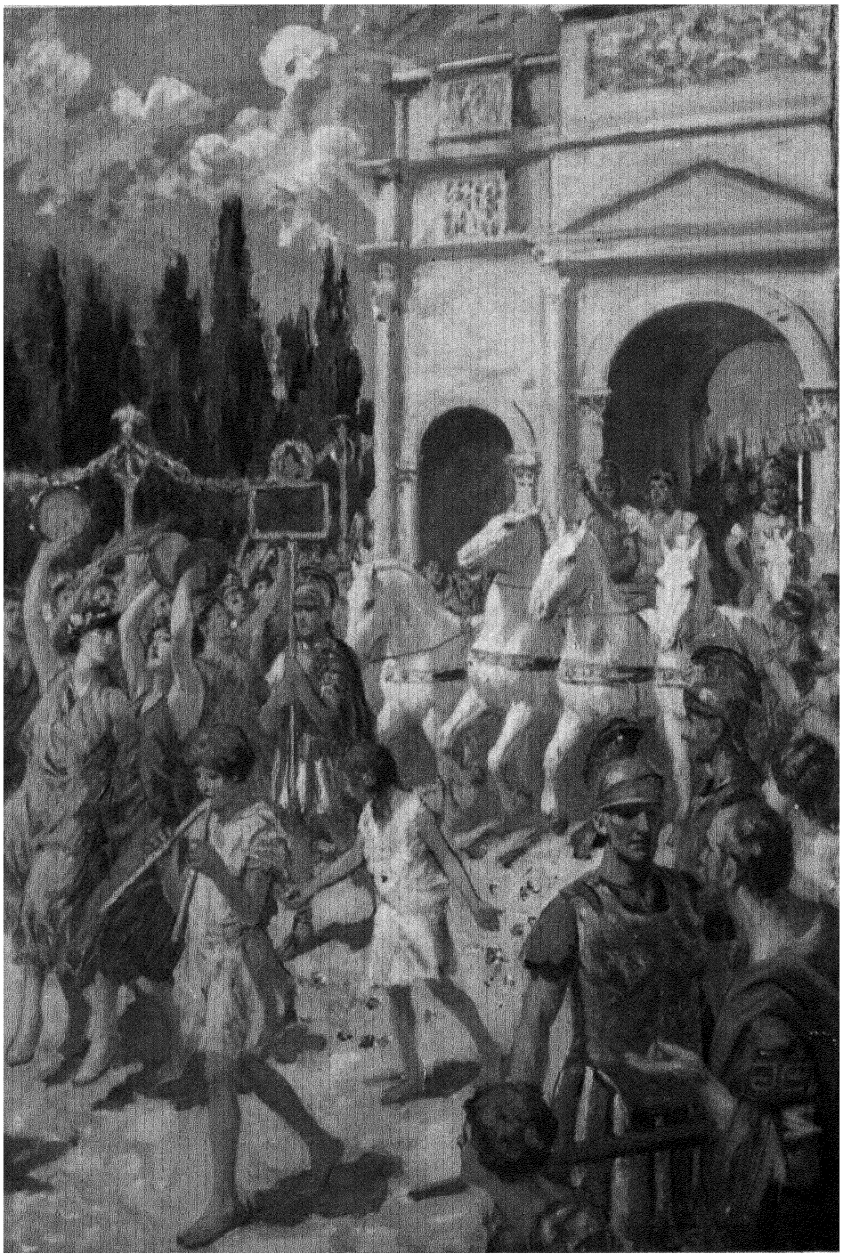
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Books by Arthur Mee

LITTLE TREASURE ISLAND
ARTHUR MEE'S HERO BOOK
EVERY CHILD'S CREED
LETTERS TO BOYS
LETTERS TO GIRLS

Published by Hodder & Stoughton



CAESAR PASSES BY

ARTHUR MEE'S GOLDEN YEAR

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

By the Editor of
The Children's Encyclopedia

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen
KEATS

HODDER AND STOUGHTON LTD.
TORONTO LONDON NEW YORK

Made and Printed in Great Britain by C. TINLING & Co., LTD.
53 Victoria Street, Liverpool,
and at London and Prescot.

TO

A LITTLE TRAVELLER SO TIRED

THE GOLDEN YEAR

In a look-out on a Kent hilltop is a copper plate on which this hill is marked off as the centre of the world, and radiating in thousand-mile circles are lines that point the way to everywhere.

Due north as we sit in this look-out stands no other home so high between us and the Pole; southward the valley creeps and the hills leap on and on, and over the hills and far away there is the great wide world.

Through the library window comes a sound of music, or of human voices, or the tapping out of time. Now it is a man on Eiffel Tower who speaks; now a man on the Kremlin in Moscow who comes tapping. Now it is The Last Rose of Summer that is being sung in Holland; now a voice talking in an English field to a man flying over France, and the man in his aeroplane is talking back. Verily it is the Hilltop of the World.

So this wide world is narrowing down; soon we shall be on speaking terms with all of it. But never, let us hope, will it all become so near to us that we shall lose the sense of ranging over its wide spaces.

We love our snug little island, our beautiful home sweet home, but it thrills us to run down to Dover some day, to pass out of the great white gates, to stand amid the waters

and see Little Treasure Island fading like a dream, and to roam about in far-away lands and live in ages long ago.

Good it is to go, and lovely to come home; and rich is that memory in which are stored the sights of Far Away. We can think ourselves back in a flash in the days of Pharaoh or of Caesar; Egypt and Rome pass before us as we will. We have only to think, and San Marco is before our eyes, or we are looking at Giotto's Tower, or walking in the ruin of Pompeii. A thought of Pisa, and the central splendour of the world is here. A thought of France, and the Louvre has opened its doors to us, or we are riding on the mountain tops, or there is about us the wonder that the Romans left behind in sweet Provence.

Here we will let imagination work; we will roam among the great sights of the world. This is no guide-book. It is a picture of things that a busy man has seen when he has found the courage and the time to say Good-bye to Little Treasure Island, and to run over the hills and far away. It is a notebook of three hundred and fifty wander-days about the world, and what a traveller saw in them. It is a look-back to happy days and far-off things; it is the memory of a Golden Year.

The Gazebo on a Kent Hilltop
Lilac-time

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ITALY

Open my heart and you will see,
Graved inside of it, "Italy."

Robert Browning

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF THE WORLD

To the traveller who has seen much of the world the thought of Italy comes like the return of years gone by. It comes like the rolling back of the Past.

It is not true that the Past has gone for ever, for it lives in the human mind, it is built up into the Present, it marches on into the Future for which we live, and towards which all the hours of our lives are moving. And the thought of Italy is like the coming back of the Past to him who has been in that great land. Nowhere else does history unfold so proudly and solemnly before us.

It is like a casket of rare jewels, this glorious land around the Apennines, like jewels heaped on jewels, and the mind wanders when we think of it—now to Rome, where we seem to walk again in the spacious days of Caesar; now to Pisa, where we turn the corner of its streets and look upon a vision that has moved the hearts of men for century after century; now to Naples, where Pompeii is turning over in the sleep of ages; now to Venice and the glory that is greater than words; now to Florence, the little heaven set up by human hands upon the Earth.

From one place to another the mind of man runs, yet they are only as the peaks in a mountain range. Between them, from Venice to Naples, in that long strip of earth guarded by the rising mountains and the rolling

sea, lie more wonderful places, more marvellous things, more mighty works of the hand of man and more deathless memories of the human race, than can be found in any other land beneath the sky.

It is not the richest land in Europe, but it has laid up a treasure upon Earth that moth and rust will not corrupt. Still its ancient cities ring with the hammer of Michael Angelo; still we seem to catch the music of Giotto's dream. The sweep of Raphael's brush is fresh upon its walls; the children of Della Robbia look down upon its floor; the tenderness of Fra Angelico haunts its cloistered shades; the images of Donatello give out their inspiration still. From every corner of this magic land the wonderful towers rise high toward the sky. They point upward and upward, and they tell of the striving of man to reach the mighty heights. How high the mind of man has climbed in this land no words can tell; we must live among this wonder if we would know a little of it all.

A lovely thing it is to break away for a little while from the strain of the workaday world, to run through the woods and fields and lanes of Kent and through the white gates of Dover; to ride across the Channel where the great white horses play; to see the pleasant land of France again, so quiet and so still; to sleep in a comfortable bed moving sixty miles an hour and wake to see the moon shine down on sweet Provence; to breakfast as we near Marseilles, with the great ships crowding the harbour and the cathedral crowning the hill; to run through the massive mountain range that opens like a gate into the Sunny South; and to ride between the mountains and

the sea, between the climbing grandeur of these Alps of France and the rolling wonder of the sea that will one day bring them down.

We ride between two wonders of a hundred million years, the Rock and the Sea. Can any power on Earth bring down these rocks ?

I am the Rock, presumptuous Sea !
I am set to encounter thee.
Angry and loud or gentle and still,
I am set here to limit thy power, and I will !
I am the Rock !

And at the foot of the Rock is the Sea.

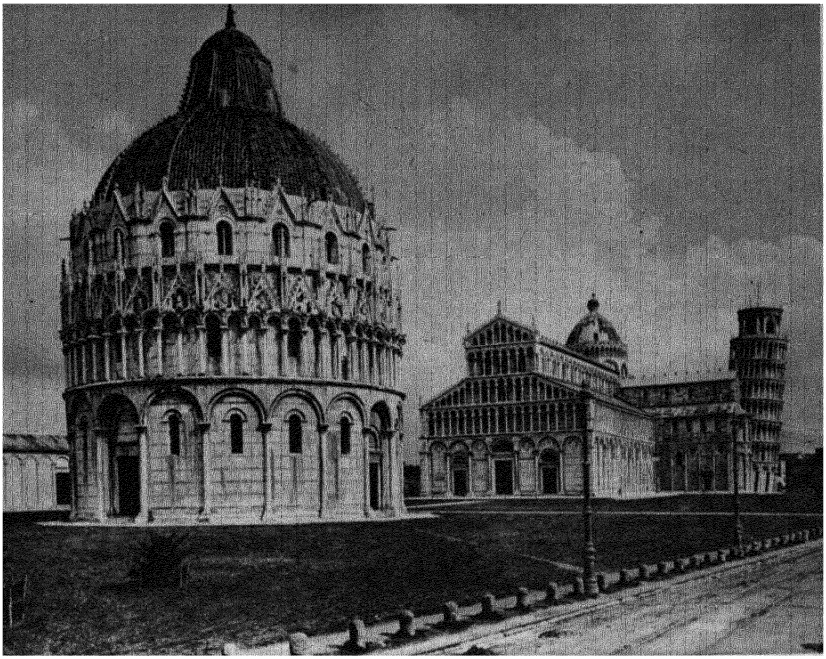
I am the Sea. I hold the land
As one holds an apple in his hand,
Hold it fast with sleepless eyes,
Watching the continents sink and rise.
Out of my bosom the mountains grow,
Back to the depths they crumble slow ;
The Earth is a helpless child to me.
I am the Sea !

So the hills fling out their challenge to the sea ; so the waves engulf the hills while Time passes on. It is nothing in the hours of God, this grinding down of granite mountains and this building up again ; and yet this land of glory we are riding to, this Italy that is the jewelled crown of man upon the Earth, is the work of a few human lifetimes. Here it begins in front of us, with the old houses creeping up the hills of Bordighera. Our thoughts run back to the mists of Time as we enter through the gates of Italy, but it is a busy world and we live too quickly. Let us glance hurriedly at what we see of the incalculable glory of this land.

We come to Genoa, the strange old town pressed in between the high hills and the sea, so that she could grow only upwards, with houses piled in heaps like boxes. So high they stand, so closely packed together, that not since Columbus walked about these streets has the sun shone down in them. Five things we want to see in Genoa, and they are worth a hurried journey through its wretched streets.

We must see the fine statue of Columbus. We must climb to the top of Genoa and look down on the harbour, covering nearly five hundred acres, with seven miles of quays. We must see the marvellous cathedral front, older than the Parliament at Westminster. It stands magnificent in black and white at the top of a flight of steps, and its three great doorways are worthy entrances to a church which was old and famous when Columbus passed this way. We must see the ruins of the house in which Columbus is said to have been born, the windows through which he looked out on the first little world he knew. And we must see the astounding Campo Santo, the Field of Sleep with thousands of white marble tombs, with avenues of cypresses and corridors of stone, and huge flights of steps up which we climb till we are tired to the height where Mazzini sleeps.

Italy has been great in men—one of her smallest cities gave birth in seven generations to more great men than London has produced in a thousand years—but Genoa may well be proud of her dreamers. There came into the world in the narrow streets of this old town two men whose names will shine for ever in the history of the world, Columbus and Mazzini. One looked out across



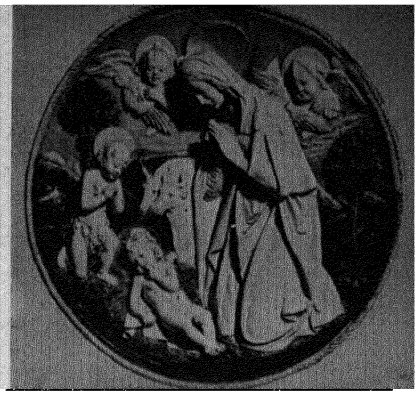
A LITTLE GREEN UNPARALLELED ON EARTH—THE SIGHT THAT HOLDS THE TRAVELLER SPELLBOUND AS HE TURNS ROUND A CORNER IN PISA



BEAUTIFUL PISA, GUARDED BY HER ANCIENT WALLS AND THE EVERLASTING HILLS



A Figure of Temperance by Luca della Robbia



A Mother and Child of Bethlehem by Andrea della Robbia



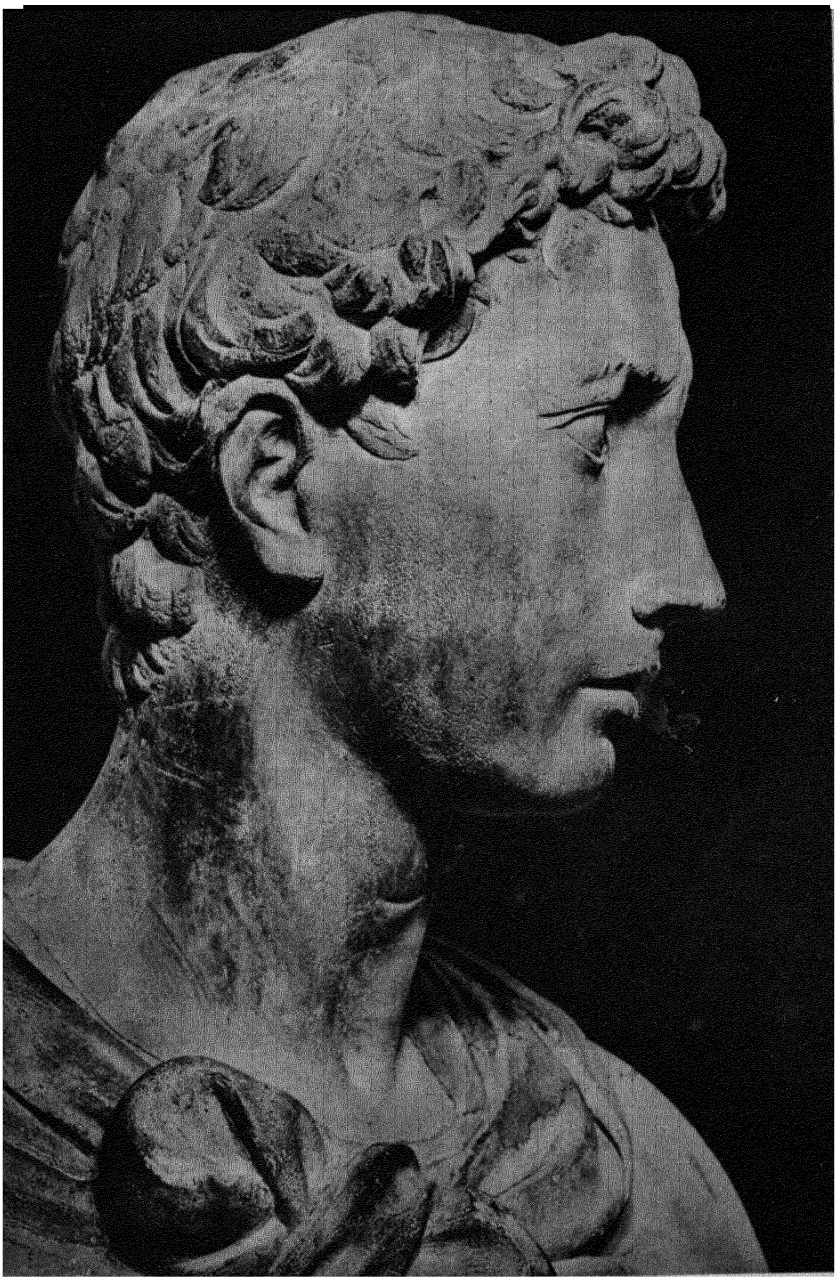
The Lovely 500-Years-Old Picture Perishing on the Walls of San Maria Novella



A PANEL OF SINGING CHILDREN FROM LUCA DELLA ROBBIA'S SINGING GALLERY



THE WONDERFUL SINGING GALLERY CARVED BY LUCA DELLA ROBBIA FOR THE CATHEDRAL OF FLORENCE



SAINT GEORGE OF ENGLAND AS HE STANDS IN FLORENCE—THE IMPRESSIVE STATUE BY DONATELLO TO WHICH MICHAEL ANGELO SAID "MARCH!"

the sea and dreamed of a world beyond; one looked out through prison bars and dreamed of liberty.

One was mocked as a beggarman, walking the streets with his little son; but he had a mighty faith. He pleaded with the king to let him go to search the seas for some new land; he moved the heart of a queen so that she sold her jewels to buy three small ships. He scoured the prisons and manned his ships with the dregs of the human world. He sailed through storms and mutinies and perils incredible. But at last he saw a carved stick floating in the sea and a bird sitting on its nest, and he knew his dream was true. He found his New World and gave it to Spain, and a scoundrel sent out to take command put Columbus on board ship and sent him home chained like a felon. It broke the heart of the proud discoverer, and all his life Columbus kept his chains hanging near him, to remind him of the rewards of public service.

He never knew he had found America; he died believing it was China, and on that bright May day when he died, forgotten and neglected, the thought of Genoa came into his mind. "I, who was born at Genoa," he wrote; and then this proud man, stretched out on a pauper's bed, went on to talk of the seas and islands and countries he had known and found, to beg for consideration for his family, and to leave "half a mark of silver" to a Jew who used to live at a gate in Lisbon. Perhaps Columbus the beggarman had known the beggar at the gate.

Genoa, like her immortal son, threw off the shackles of Spain, and centuries passed away. Then one summer's day was born Mazzini. His heart was stirred, as he grew

up in Genoa, by the sight of Italian refugees from Piedmont. He dreamed of an Italy no longer split in fragments under dukes and kings, but free and united from the mountains to the sea. He saw the vision of the dawn of a new day for the Italian nation, and this brave man feared nothing on the earth if only he might serve the cause of freedom. He did for Italy what Rousseau did for France: he prepared the ground and sowed the seed of liberty. Italy, her cities filled with treasure, her streets adorned with it, her towers rising like precious stones into the sky, should have a treasure that neither Raphael nor Giotto nor Donatello nor Cimabue nor Fra Angelico nor Michael Angelo himself could give her—the treasure of freedom, without which life itself is vain.

Mazzini stirred the hearts of thinking men everywhere. Appealing in vain to kings, he made up his mind that brains can do what thrones can never do. Banished from his native land, expelled from France, driven out of Switzerland, he came to live in poverty in London, educating the Italian organ-boys he found in our poor streets, writing incessantly with passionate eloquence until every free country in Europe was talking of this man, and every despot in Europe was fearing him. Even a British Government spied on him and opened his letters in the interest of despot kings, and there was a storm of indignation through the land. He went back to Italy to stand by Garibaldi; he kept alive the fires of freedom though they flung him into a prison cell with armed soldiers at the door. There he would sit and dream, fancying the tramp of soldiers past his door to be the tramp of a patriot host that yet should save his country.

Two friends he had in his cell: the sight of the boundless sea through his small window and a little finch that would come flying through the bars to share his captivity day by day.

But in the end Mazzini was set free, as was all Italy, and here he sleeps, high above the streets in which he used to play. Strange that today the two chief men of Genoa are men who knew the bitterness of chains and poverty—Columbus who stands magnificent in marble in the street, and Mazzini asleep on the hill.

A landmark of liberty indeed is this old and squalid place, and one thing strikes the traveller who stands and looks at the hills all round the town. Follow them where we will, the ridges are crowned with forts, trade-marks of the militarism that has cursed mankind. They stand out on the skyline everywhere, and as we raise our eyes to those far heights, and think of the toiling masses of men whose strength was given to build these mighty walls up there, we are glad to hope that the day is at hand when senselessness like this is passing from the Earth.

Fine it is to pass out of the depressing streets of Genoa, to begin that ride to Pisa, which we are not likely ever to forget. We are on the very edge of the blue Mediterranean, and though we pass through nearly a hundred tunnels, so that it is like riding in a kinematograph, the views of the hills and the sea are so beautiful that we forgive the tunnels. Hamlets creeping up the mountains, olive groves with their restful green, bright orchards of peach-blossom in full bloom, orange trees loaded with golden balls, the cypress trees that give a dreamy look to every place, the

blue sea sparkling with diamonds all the way, lapping the walls of cliffs and bays, make up a matchless ride.

Two places we pass with names that stir deep thoughts. One is Spezzia Bay. Looking across the clear, blue water of this bay we think of a little boat that was tossing here one July day in 1822. In it sat Shelley—he who loved the skylark and the clouds. Suddenly the clouds came low and a squall burst on the sea, and ten days afterwards a drowned man was cast up on the beach, and they knew that it was Shelley, for in his pocket were the poems of his friend Keats. Here, on the shore, they burned his body for burial of the ashes outside the gates of Rome, but the heart, which would not burn, was snatched from the flames and is in the keeping of Shelley's native land.

Looming ahead as we ride on from Spezzia are the famous marble mountains of Carrara. What visions they bring into a traveller's mind! His thoughts fly everywhere. He thinks of cathedral piles raised up with marble from this place. He thinks of immortal statues shaped from these marble rocks. He thinks of what a Donatello and a Michael Angelo have done with pieces of these mountains, of all the glories they have chiselled out of them. For ten million years perhaps these mountains have been in the making. They were forming when dragons flew and the gigantic saurians were browsing in tropical forests, and they stood waiting when man came, within the very gates of Italy, for that immortal band of artists who could take this marble from its place and make it laugh or cry, or look like a thinking man, or seem to leap to life.

For centuries men have been cutting up these mountains, and still, in hundreds of quarries, they cut out hundreds

of thousands of tons of marble every year, while artists sit near by carving statues out of it. Thousands of men spend their lives cutting up the mountains of Carrara. Hundreds of artists spend their lives in fashioning sculptures out of them, and a vast unnumbered host spends hours of pure delight in gazing at treasures that had their beginning here. Perhaps a thousand tons of this marble is quarried every day, but still the peaks of Carrara glitter in the sun. Men may quarry here for centuries, and centuries may come and go, and these massive heights will stand. They are the cradle of the raw material of incalculable treasures of art.

And now we come to a little green on which there stands a sight unparalleled. We come to Pisa.

This place that we can walk round in an hour or so was a powerful State when our English race was struggling to be free. Far from the sea today, she kept the heathen out of Europe with her fleet before she lost her power through the treachery of an admiral; but she had had a proud story before the knell of doom fell on her ears, and she put up a famous group of buildings as a thanksgiving to God.

Pisa, the central splendour of the Earth! Has any piece of earth been made more lovely by the hand of man? Rising from the green grass of the spacious square are the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Campanile, and the Campo Santo. Four voices cry to God, a poet says, and we can almost hear them. We stand enthralled as if the gates of Paradise were opened suddenly. Venice has a glory of her own, and Florence has her treasures, but not in Italy is any fairer sight than this—the incomparable group of buildings that Time has left for us to see. Here

they have stood while England has been made the land she is. For six hundred years the eyes of men have gazed in wonder here. The age of the cathedral seems incredible, so clean and beautiful is it. Raised on a marble platform a hundred yards long, with one of the largest transepts in Europe, this matchless structure takes us back to the morning of Italy's golden day. The first stone of it was laid three years before the Conqueror came to England, and it was Pisa's dream to raise the noblest monument in Italy to the glory of God. Six shiploads of columns, bronzes, gold, and precious stones were set apart for its adornment, and for sixty years the building went on. Cimabue worked five months on a figure in the roof, for which he received "five lire and ten soldi."

A porphyry column supporting a porphyry vase was brought from Jerusalem, and it is said in an old chronicle that this vase was used at the marriage feast of Cana, in which case Jesus must have seen it. Here is a marble sarcophagus which, if what we read is true, is one of the most remarkable things upon the Earth; for it was brought home by Titus after his conquest of Jerusalem, and it is said that within it are the bodies of Gamaliel, the schoolmaster who taught Saint Paul, and of Nicodemus, who came to Jesus by night.

A solemn place it is, carrying us back with thoughts like these to the days of Galilee, but the beauty of it holds us spellbound. Its roof is blue and gold, and has a hundred squares, and the setting sun shines on the walls of the nave through twenty windows worth their weight in diamonds. The colour of the arches captivates the eye, and everywhere are little bits of this vast place that draw our gaze so

that we forget the marvellous beauty of the whole in looking at a part. We could sit all day amazed at the richness of it all, the little screen and scrolls and gates and carvings, the bits of arches and capitals, the famous frescoes. The sun streaming in from the narrow western windows falls on a marble mosaic like a flashing rainbow. The pictures on the walls are a gallery in themselves. Between four and five hundred columns are scattered about the interior of this beautiful cathedral, and twenty-four huge granite monoliths bear up its roof of gold.

It is terrible to know that the carelessness of a workman imperilled this treasure of the centuries in 1591, when fire destroyed a part of it, but it is hard to believe that it can ever have been a more entrancing place than now. We go in by a bronze door nine hundred years old, with carvings wonderful to see.

By the western end of the cathedral stands the famous Campanile, which every intelligent boy in the civilised world knows as the Leaning Tower. All the world has heard of this famous Tower, which served Galileo, who used to walk about these streets, for one of his great experiments. It is said that it was one of ten thousand towers built in the great days of Pisa, when an old writer spoke of the town as looking like a sheaf of corn bound together by its walls; and the passion for towers became so strong, one citizen striving to build a better and a higher tower than another, that a law was passed at last prohibiting this rivalry in building them. Seven hundred and fifty years ago Pisa determined to have the finest tower on Earth, and her workmen began to drive in piles in 1174. They were laying the foundations for a year, when the

first stone was laid and the builders began. It is a tragic pity that the tower should lean, as if it were tired after standing there for all these centuries, but it was not, of course, the purpose of the builders, as is often stupidly thought. They loved a lovely thing too much to spoil it so. But when the tower had reached a height of forty feet the stones began to sink. They tried to put it straight by placing the higher stones nearer the perpendicular, but still the sinking continued, and at last the work was suspended because no builder could be found to carry on. It waited sixty years, while the tower went on sinking. Builder after builder tried, and lost courage, and it was not till about a century after the foundations were laid that the son of Andrea Pisano undertook to finish the tower. He made the columns on the sinking side longer than on the other, and took care to keep down the height of the tower so that the centre of its gravity fell within its walls. Even so the tower leans thirteen feet away from the straight, and has sunk seven feet below its original level. But still it rises sixty yards above the ground, and, with its tiers of arches and its hundred columns, it is one of the four glories of Pisa.

Facing the front of the cathedral is the famous Baptistery, with three tiers of tall and graceful arches. It is one of the most graceful buildings on the Earth, perfect inside and out. It is ninety-nine feet in diameter, and its walls are nine feet thick. The main door is perfectly set in a double row of richly carved columns, enclosing a series of panels of astonishing beauty. Inside are three everlasting things—the seven-hundred-years-old pulpit, the marvellous font, and the sunlight streaming through the lancet windows, as if the rays were saying,

"This is the place for the sun to shine; truly a place for me." All the world knows the famous pulpit, standing on nine columns of marble, its panels crammed with figures that have come smiling through the centuries, and look today as fresh as when Niccola Pisano left them. The great font is one of the world's masterpieces of carving and mosaic. It has sixteen wondrous panels, each one a rich and delicate piece of craftsmanship, with fine little marble faces of men and animals, jolly horses' heads, and quaint little horned sheep—one of the merriest picture-books in stone existing in the world.

Enclosing the green along one side of this wide square, joining the huge walls of Pisa which still stand in wondrous preservation, is the Campo Santo, the little garden where for centuries the great men of Pisa came to sleep. It is a holy place. On the walls of the cloisters are pictures sometimes terrible, sometimes fine, sometimes as fresh as if done yesterday, and all round are fragments of antiquity; but what holds us here, and brings us back to this place again and yet again, is the quiet and perfect beauty of the little garden in these cloistered walls. The cypress trees stand there like sentinels of Time, guarding this precious place that men have made, and we sit here among the daffodils and wonder if the troubles of the world are but a dream. So still it is, so far away from any cloud of war.

As near as men can make it so, it is perfection, perhaps the sweetest little cloistered place on the continent of Europe, where a man from the busy world may rub his eyes and wonder if what he sees is really there. Here, if anywhere upon the Earth, a man can sit and hear the world

go round, and dream of ever and ever. The very earth on which we tread in this sweet place has come from Calvary; long before the ships of England sailed the seas the ships of Pisa had brought earth from Jerusalem to make a garden here. A great imagination Pisa had, and the Campo Santo is its monument. Death was not a cruel thing to them. They lived their day and did their work, they left their mark on the sands of Time, and they lay down to rest.

And now we come, in our hurried run through this illimitable treasure-house of man, to the matchless city of the world. If we judge it by all that it contains, Florence is the masterpiece of Italy, the most precious gem set in the crown of Art. Here we can only glance at one or two incomparable things; let us leave the glory of these open streets which make Florence the most marvellous Out-of-Door Museum in the world, and look indoors.

If we have only a very little time to stay we run to the Bargello and go straight to its great hall. Perhaps it is the finest room in Florence; certainly it is among the great rooms of the world. It is not crowded with treasure, but what is here is fine and noble, and we should feel, if we did not know it, that we are in a famous place.

In a niche in the wall stands Saint George of England, as fine a man as ever came out of a marble mountain, a wonderful figure, with that something in his face that has made the name of England loved by free men and feared by tyrants everywhere. It was Donatello, who gave the world this figure of our hero, who once gave a statue a playful tap as he finished it, and said, "Speak!"; and when Donatello was sleeping in his grave there came up to his Saint George one day the mighty Michael Angelo,

and, remembering the old story, Michael Angelo looked up at this statue, and shouted "March!" And march indeed he might, for he looks, in his coat of mail, as if he were ready to step down from his pedestal and do battle against whatever dragons of evil there are.

And here are two great Davids. Florence has always loved David, because he slew the tyrant. From a hill across the river Michael Angelo's great David looks down on the town; he stands down in the square where they burned Savonarola; he stands in the Academy; and in another room in this Bargello is another small David that Michael Angelo made. Here he is twice in bronze—once by Donatello and once by Verrocchio. They do not look, perhaps, like the slayer of Goliath, but if they suggest culture and poetry and singing rather than resolution and courage, did not David love the open fields where he tended his father's sheep, and did he not sing psalms of joy and thankfulness? Here, also, are Donatello's two Saint Johns—a remarkable life-sized figure and a marble panel of John in his boyhood. Close by is his John the Baptist, and on the wall is a marvellous bronze panel of the crucifixion, a piece of work that men will be looking at, no doubt, in a thousand years.

From what we may call this Strong Room of the Bargello we pass to the Radiant Room, filled with Della Robbias. Perhaps this is the best room, after all, tender and throbbing with sweet humanity. How dear is everything in this place! How the love of these gentle potters will go down through Time as long as men and women laugh and weep! Well may we be thankful to that happy chance by which the Della Robbias found a way of treating

terra-cotta which turned them from the grandeur of sculptures in marble to this material they fashioned so gently and so well, colouring it too much at times, perhaps, but leaving it radiant and human and with a charm that marble cannot give.

Four centuries of people have loved the Della Robbias, and here they come together at their best, in a room which sets us dreaming as we gaze, and sets us dreaming still when we are far away. So lives the glory of man.

Such is the treasure in this place, and we are running through. We can merely pass by with a glance and wish that hours were years. We can only hurry past this piece of bronze that Benvenuto Cellini made to look as if it were breathing, feeling, pitying, sobbing; at the fine flying Mercury of Bartolommeo Ammanati; at the marvellous carvings in ivory, especially the wonderful chess-board; at the thousands of small things that look like very perfection; at that figure of Brutus which Michael Angelo was carving when suddenly he thought of the crime and stayed his hand with horror at the thought that such a man should kill his friend.

Packed with treasures of the world are the famous buildings here. Who does not know the Uffizi Gallery and the Pitti Palace, which a traveller in a hurry must not go to see for very shame, for there are miles to walk through all these rooms if we would see the wonders on their walls.

Perhaps we may run quickly to a little Spanish chapel everybody knows, opening from the cloisters of San Maria Novella, to see its marvellous painted walls. Every inch of them, and every inch of the vaulted roof, is rich with

colour that stands today apparently as fresh as when its artists left it five hundred years ago. There must be nearly a thousand life-sized people here, most of them masterly figures, expressive and human, and the costumes are magnificent in red and gold. The eye is drawn to a picture of the most pathetic spectacle in human story, the winding procession up the hill to Calvary. It is a poignant scene, with perhaps two hundred figures slowly moving towards that Event which was to change the history of the world; and we seem to hear the sobbing of the women pressing round the tired Bearer of the Cross.

Two shrines there are in Florence that every traveller loves; they are Giotto's and Michael Angelo's. Giotto sleeps in some unknown grave close by his lovely tower. They buried him in the cathedral, but no man knows where. It is where he would wish to lie, and the fact that the merry shepherd boy sleeps here is perhaps the chief reason why we love this place in spite of its emptiness and gloom. Outside it is light and wonderful; the inside is too dark.

Yet here in this gloom did Lucia Della Robbia and Donatello build their famous singing galleries. We see them now in the museum close by, and we marvel at their beauty and wonder at their history, for these priceless marble choirs, with their dancing boys and singing angels, on which Lucia Della Robbia and Donatello both worked for six hard years, were pulled down from their places in the cathedral of Florence to suit the arrangements for a royal wedding! So low does civilisation fall sometimes. They were thrown away, these incomparable treasures of art, and broken up for cornices, and they lay in frag-

ments for about two hundred years. Then some good man did a service to humanity by saving these immortal victims of a royal wedding, restoring them as well as they could be restored, and setting them up where we may see them now. The vigour of the dancing boys of Donatello is balanced by the grace and life-like naturalness of Della Robbia's singers, and two of Della Robbia's panels have been among the most-photographed sculptures in the world.

Michael Angelo sleeps in San Croce. Here, one day, they brought the man who took great masses of marble and shaped them into domes and walls and human figures with faces that laugh and weep; and here, another day, they brought old blind Galileo, who dared to tell mankind that the Earth goes round. They face each other, these two immortal sons of Italy, in their last long sleep in the church of San Croce, and, looking at the lovely sitting figures on the tomb, with Michael Angelo looking down on them, we remember those words of his and think how good they are: "If life pleases us, we ought not to be grieved by death, which comes from the same Giver." At the other end of the nave of San Croce are the most famous paintings of Giotto, with the little chapel of Saint Francis that John Ruskin loved so much.

It was the great Lorenzo Medici who discovered Michael Angelo; he who crowned the city with such magnificence found this most magnificent artist of the world. Michael was a boy, and so well pleased was Lorenzo with his clever modelling that he took him into his house as the companion of his sons. Unhappily, Lorenzo died, and, more unhappily still, we have no great monument of him from Michael Angelo, though every

traveller must wish that the famous bronze figure in the Medici Chapel was of Lorenzo the Magnificent instead of Lorenzo the Insignificant. It is Michael Angelo's "Thinking Man," throned above dawn and twilight, and it seems a thousand pities that this immortal figure should have been made for a Lorenzo Medici who was Duke of Urbino, and not for that Lorenzo whom Michael Angelo, we may be sure, would have loved to set in bronze for all posterity. It is one of the ironies of art that Michael Angelo should give us a superb masterpiece of a Lorenzo who was nobody, and that of the Lorenzo who was all in all to him the only thing to be seen among these tombs is a crumbling coffin and a hideous skull.

It is the everlasting charm of Florence that we can pass, in only a step or two, from the mighty works of Michael Angelo to the tenderness of Fra Angelico, who came down the hill from Ficsole to paint on the walls of San Marco those frescoes that will never fail to draw the traveller here. Was ever an artist quite so loved as he? Were ever pictures so enchanting and sublime? He rarely took up his brush, it is said, without a prayer, and never painted a crucifix without a tear. His pictures were fresh on the walls of these cells when Savonarola ruled in San Marco.

Farther back still in the past of the world we go as we come to Assisi, the hilltop town Saint Francis loved, and where he sleeps. Seven hundred years have passed since Saint Francis was rich and became poor, since he walked about feeding his little brothers the birds, since he gathered his followers about him and went preaching throughout Italy in his brown woollen tunic fastened with a cord. He comes into some of the oldest and most famous pictures

that we see in Italy, going about doing good like the Master whom he served, preaching and practising his vows of chastity, obedience, and poverty.

He sleeps on the hill where a host of pilgrims keeps his memory green, in that lovely church standing out for miles across the wide plain, with a hundred arches perched high on the cliff where Assisi rises like a monarch's crown. And a crown Assisi is, the crown of Saint Francis. They built the church to receive him, and Cimabue filled the walls with pictures. Then they built a church above it, and Giotto and his pupils filled the walls. There are a hundred pictures in stained glass that are said to be six centuries old.

Far down under the altar lies the good Saint Francis, in a sleeping-chamber of great beauty. For centuries no man knew exactly where he lay; it is said that his people hid his body lest it should be stolen. It lay where they left it until nearly our own time, and it lies there still, but no longer unknown. For fifty nights men cut their way through the granite rock beneath the altar, thinking that Saint Francis would be sleeping there, and at last a pick went through into empty space. They had come to a hole in the granite, and, letting down a lighted candle, they saw Saint Francis, lost to the world for over six hundred years. He was placed in this stone coffin as the little preacher of Assisi; on this night, when he was seen again, he was the immortal Saint Francis, loved and remembered for his goodness throughout all the world.

In the Treasury we see the robe he wore, a piece of writing by him, and a pair of slippers his friend Clara made for him. But we see a more striking thing still in Assisi,

for in a church not far away, sleeping in her black bonnet and her crown of white daisies, is Saint Clara herself. There she lies as they laid her, and we look upon her face and her clasped hands. We walk from the tomb of Saint Francis to see the friend who saw him die.

Down in the plain is the great church of Santa Maria, and no traveller leaves Assisi without coming here. Under its huge roof or within its walls still stand the little house where Francis lived, the little hospital in which he died, and the little church to which he came to pray. Glorious with colour and sublime in its inspiration is the small chapel above the cell where Francis of Assisi lived.

On we go across the plain. We look in at an Etruscan tomb, hollowed out beneath the ground in tiny chambers, with marble urns in which a family of Etruria laid the ashes of their dead before the world had heard of Bethlehem. Beautiful works of art they are, with quaint sculptures of frogs and birds that Francis would have loved if he had known that they were here; but he was not to come for a thousand years and more, and these sealed-up chambers were not to be opened for ages after he had gone.

We come in time to a place of infinite grandeur—in Italy we do not know whether it is the beautiful great things or the beautiful small things that enthral us most. We come to Siena, with its two hilltops, the marvellous cathedral on the one and the old church of San Domenico on the other, with the valley between stretching away to the distant hills. We wonder what this huge cathedral would have been if the people of Siena could have finished it. It was to have been the transept of the church they dreamed of, but the dream was too big for them.

We wait a little before we decide that it is cold and disappointing, and then the colour begins to glow, the vast spaces begin to warm, the blue arches of the roof light up like bits of sky, the rose windows glow with fire, and the whole cathedral grows into our sympathies. We never tire of the beauty of the woodwork in the choir, the loveliness of the chapels, the unique mosaic floor (so precious that it is always covered up), the infinite variety of the peeps through the columns and arches, the glory of the pulpit raised on four lions, the loveliness of the big and little domes.

But here again the beauty of Italy is great and small, for is not the loveliest thing in this black-and-white cathedral the little Colour Room that opens off the nave? It is one of the best-preserved rooms in the world, and one of the most harmonious. Its walls are filled with glorious frescoes and its stands with beautiful illuminated books, and on the floor is a marble group from which Raphael made his first studies of antiquity. Raphael himself looks down from a painting on these walls, and, could he see and choose as he stands there, we may wonder if the great master of colours would choose to be anywhere else in Italy than in this Colour Room of the black-and-white cathedral of Siena.

But there is no end to the things that are here in Italy. They take us back into the dim and distant past; they carry the mind into the future that we see in dreams. We must see them to believe them, and to believe them is to strengthen our hope and deepen our faith that the shadows of our days will pass away.

FLORENCE

Here might I rest for ever . . . here.

J. A. Symonds

FLORENCE OUT OF DOORS

A DAY'S ride from London lies the loveliest city on the Earth. An old city it is, with narrow, rambling streets, with roads and pavements of huge stone blocks, with castle-like houses at the corners of its streets, with eavings that throw a shadow across the road, with bridges centuries old, with hardly anything about it that belongs to this age of the world. It is as if a bit of the old world had stood still, and thrown down its walls and opened its gates to the new world passing by.

And the new world comes in through the gates. From every corner of the Earth it comes, and when it comes the new world stands astonished in these streets. It is not ashamed to stand in the road and stare with wide-open eyes at wonder after wonder set up there like pictures from a world of long ago.

A beautiful name this city has in our English tongue. Firenze its people call it; Florence it is to us.

He who has been to Florence will never forget it while his memory lasts. He who loves beautiful things longs to go to Florence again and again. It is like a poem that would not come in words and was written in stone, and the names of its poets are legion. Its streets are little worlds of art. Its shops are packed with gems. The doors of its churches hold the traveller fixed in front of them. Its towers rise to the sky like things not made with hands.

Its streets are guarded by silent sentinels that have stood there through the ages. Its great houses stand as if they were built for ever. Its walls are hung with pictures that Time will not let die. Like awaking from a dream it is to turn away from Florence and step into a train; like walking through five hundred years, from one world to another.

We lose the sense of time in this old town. We think of the men who made this lovely place as if they were here; we look upon the greatness that they gave the world, and see their immortality. Wherever we stand in this great little city we can touch some beautiful thing. Nowhere else upon the Earth is so much loveliness packed into so small space.

Around Giotto's tower it lies. Around the shepherd boy's immortal monument Florence has grown up, as it were, in the bottom of a basin, and majestic hills wind round about it as if to defend it from the ordinary world. Some of them are so high that their caps are white with snow, and perhaps it is something more than imagination which suggests that they are jealous of the majesty rising heavenward from the plain. On the upper slopes of one of these hills, in the village of Fiesole, Florence began a thousand years ago, and even then the grandeur of its rugged towers had begun to be. But it was down in the plain that the dream-city rose, and it had its root in religion, as have all things destined to endure. There came down from the hills a little band of men who loved singing and building churches, and then began the making of this place whose fame has brought all nations to its gates.

It was the golden age, the glowing age, of Art. In the

250 years before 1500 Florence gave birth to more illustrious men of genius than London from 1250 till now, and all these men have left behind the touch of their genius for us to see today.

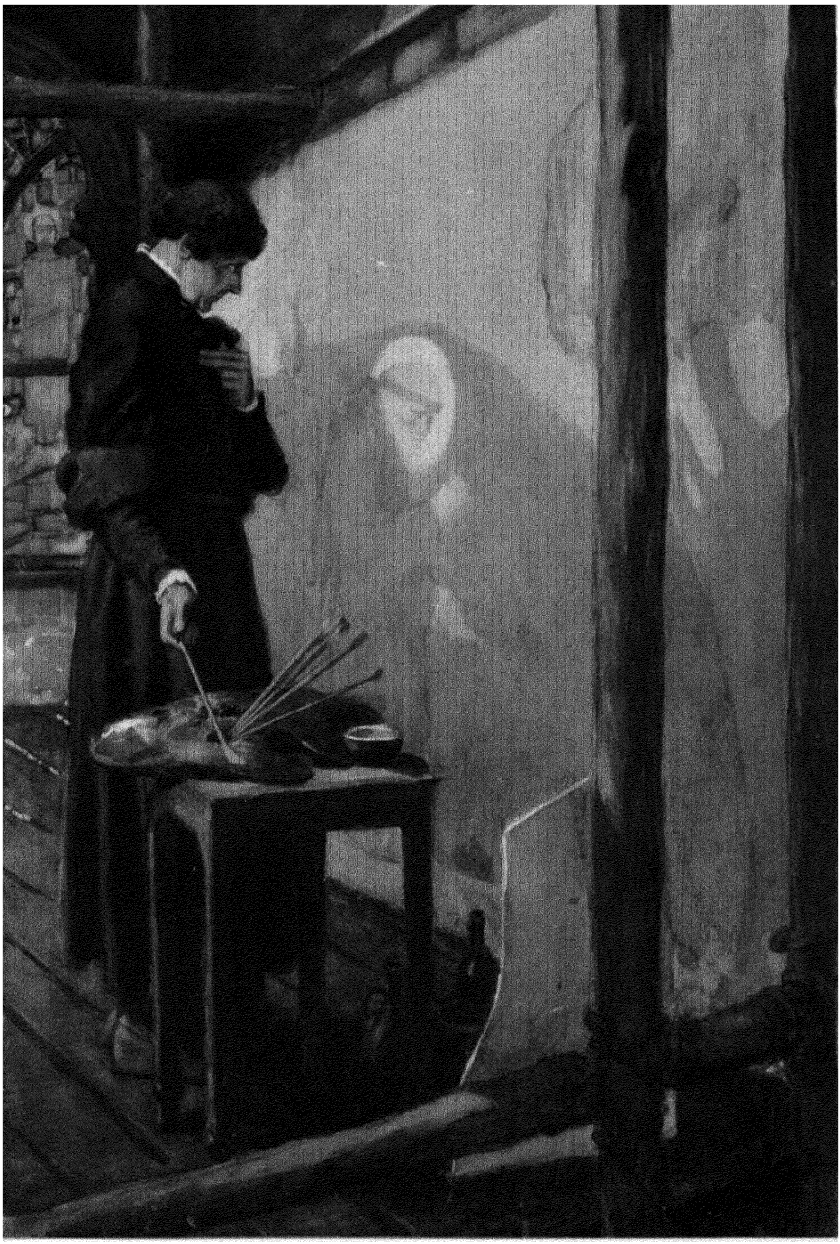
Every tap of a hammer in the making of Florence was like the touch of an artist. Behind the mind of the men who dreamed of these towers, behind the chisels of the men who carved these sculptures, behind the brushes of the men who painted these pictures, was a great love and an ardent yearning—a love of all that is pure and high and noble, a yearning to set up on Earth a vision that should lift the hearts of men into the heavens. And these men, who worked for Time and not for a day, who passed through the world before the world had heard of America, and brought into it such beauty as has not been rivalled since —these men are living kings of Florence now. They gave to Florence the gift of eternal life, and it seems to the traveller, as he walks about these streets, that a city really breathes.

And they made, these wonderful men, not one world in Florence, but two—Florence indoors and out. We are in the loveliest outdoor city in the world in this haven by the Arno. Where else, one wonders, can we walk about in the dazzling sun and look upon such treasure? As we set out on our way, something there is that directs our steps, something draws us, as by a magnet, to the central scene of all this wonder, to the very heart of lovely Florence in the cathedral square. Here Dante would sit on summer evenings, thinking the thoughts that were not to die. Here the poet who wrote in words would sit and watch the poets who wrote in stone.

We stop at the foot of Giotto's White Tower—a man would be ashamed if he could pass it by without stopping—and we look up; and on the breeze there seems to come the voice of Giotto, singing as he sketched his sheep in the mountain valley, and saying in his heart, "I will build a beautiful thing." We feel the very feeling that was in him when he chiselled his marbles, and we look up at his tower and think that surely nothing lovelier has ever risen from the ground.

The foot of this tower, says Ruskin, is the one spot out of Palestine where, if we know anything of the world's history, we feel the dawning of the morning of the world. Behind us is the last building set up on the Earth by the men who learned their work from pagan teachers; in front of us is the best building set up on the Earth by the men who learned their work from Christian teachers. Something like that John Ruskin said, and somehow it seems, even to the ordinary passer-by, that there is a touch of the wonder of Dawn in the Lily Tower.

It rises in the heart of Florence, straight from the street where the children play, and climbs up towards the clouds. It seems to us, as we look up, that it rises to the height of the mountains all around, and it is inseparable from any vision of Florence that we can have, or that any man has had for twenty generations. If we are young and not tired, perhaps we run up to the top of the tower; but it is 276 feet high, and at the top are the great piers on which Giotto would have raised a spire 105 feet higher still, so that the top of the spire would have been level with the cross of Saint Paul's. Perhaps, instead of climbing to the top, we are content to go a little way



GIOTTO IMMORTALISES SAINT FRANCIS ON THE WALLS OF ASSISI

and look out through the open windows, to get the lovely peep of Florence through the niche where John Ruskin loved to look down on it. Or perhaps we are content to stand below and let our eyes run slowly to the top. A hundred things there are for the eyes to rest upon, from the sculptured pictures of the history of the world just above our heads to the stars in the blue domes at the top, which shine at night like stars in the sky. Those of us who love the story of Giotto stop again and again to look at the picture of his dog, whose comradeship in the fields the shepherd boy never forgot. When, long after Cimabue found him minding sheep, he came to build this tower and to chisel these pictures round it, he chiselled the picture of his dog and put this faithful creature there for all to see, although of himself he set down not so much as a mark or a name.

We shall be eager to pick out, also, the statues by Donatello, who helped to furnish Giotto's tower as he helped to build Brunelleschi's dome. It was Donatello who dropped Brunelleschi's dinner when he saw a statue his friend had made more lifelike than his own. But he pleased himself at last, and here, high up in Giotto's tower, stands one of his figures in particular, the one with which it is said he was so pleased that when he put down his chisel he slapped the statue lightly, pretending to be angry with it, and said "Speak!"

Beside the tower stands the Duomo, the great cathedral of Santa Maria, with a front which looks plain in pictures because of its straight lines, though its thousands of pieces of black and white marble make an impressive and majestic mosaic. The front is modern, belonging to our

own time, but the cathedral goes back to the days when Giotto was building and Dante was writing, six hundred years ago. The great bronze doors, with Bible mosaics above them, seem almost perfect things, and their panels alone would adorn a gallery of art, so lifelike are the figures, so dignified the scenes. But it is the beautiful dome that Brunelleschi made, to which he gave many years of his life, dying before it was finished, that crowns the cathedral. We look down on it from every hill round Florence; it shares the glory of Giotto's tower.

Across the street from the cathedral, behind us as we look up at the tower, is the Baptistery, the quaint old cathedral built before England had won her Magna Charta, the place where for over a thousand years every child of Florence has come to be baptized. The old cathedral has been replaced by the new, but nothing new can ever replace one of its three pairs of gates—the bronze gates that face the new cathedral doors. The sun has been shining on them, the rain has been pouring on them, for nearly five hundred years. In the open streets of Florence they stand, perhaps the most famous gates in the world. Lorenzo Ghiberti was twenty years, it is said, in persuading the powers to let him make the gates, and at last he set up a furnace in a street close by, engaged a band of workmen, and obtained for them permission to carry lights about the streets at all hours of the night while the gates were being made. For twenty years they worked, and then one gate was finished, and after that Ghiberti set out to work for twenty-seven years more. So, after nearly fifty years of labour, the two gates were set up. There was born a few years later,

in a house near by, a child whose name was Michael Angelo, and when he had grown up and become the greatest artist of them all, he passed through this square one day, came up to these gates, and declared them fit to be the Gates of Heaven. Here to this day they stand, cut many inches deep in bronze, one of the ordinary, common sights of this extraordinary, uncommon town.

All these things are round about us. Standing in one place we look upon the Baptistery, the Cathedral, and the Tower, and not more than a few minutes away from us, in front or behind, to right or to left, are houses and churches and monuments, palaces and museums, cloisters and loggias, which we could visit for hours or days or weeks together without tiring. There are not many houses in the world like the huge Strossi Palace, rising from a narro treet on boulders so big that they remind us of the pyramid stones. The great house looks as if it would stand unmoved in its place as long as Time shall last. We turn back again and again to look at it, four hundred years old and more, with some of its stones ten feet long and nobody knows how thick, and we note the huge iron rings that still hang from its walls, marking the places where the beautiful old lamps were fixed in other days.

There is not anywhere, perhaps, a more beautiful courtyard than that of the Bargello Palace, once the home of the chief magistrate of Florence, now packed with sculptures and pictures and bronzes and treasures of antiquities beyond compare. Its glorious stairway, open to the sky, is one of the things no visitor to Florence fails to see. Nor is there anywhere else another building like the Vecchio Palace, once a house, once the home of a

Parliament, now a Town Hall. Six hundred years ago and more the dream of this place came into the mind of Arnolfo di Cambio, who half-built it before he died.

Florence has two towers—the stern, slender, rugged tower of the Vecchio Palace, that looks almost as if it would fall, though it is like the rock of ages; and the white tower guarding the Cathedral, which surely will never fall, though for its beauty and daintiness it is like the lily of the valley. The first of these towers, rising from the Vecchio Palace, grows from the foundations that were planned by Arnolfo; the second was planned by the shepherd boy Giotto, who took up much of Arnolfo's work. Only a picture can help us to understand the loveliness of either, and one of the best peeps we get of any part of this world of wonder made by man is the peep of the tower of Arnolfo's palace through the beautiful window in the tower of Arnolfo's successor.

The great Vecchio Tower draws all men unto it for a beauty all its own, but it has a thrilling human interest too, for in a small room at the top of this tower Savonarola spent his last night alive. For five years when the Medici family was expelled from Florence as traitors, after the death of the great Lorenzo, the power of Savonarola became almost boundless in the city they had ruled. Cosimo and Lorenzo Medici had filled Florence with all the glory of art that wealth could buy in that age of unparalleled genius, but Savonarola had no love for art that did not serve his own conception of religion. Stern purist as he was, he raised a passionate crusade against a secular art he felt to be half pagan. He became a mighty power. His followers worshipped him. He roused

the people to such heights of passion that women flocked to the public square to fling their fine robes, their gorgeous ornaments, their precious gems, into Savonarola's huge Bonfire of Vanities. The people declared Florence a republic; they met in the Vecchio Palace and declared Jesus Christ to be Head of the State, and Christianity their only law; the world was to see for once a Christian Commonwealth. A few years passed, and Savonarola came once more into this public square, and he might have said, with Robert Browning's Patriot:

> It was roses, roses, all the way,
> With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
> The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
> The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
> A year ago on this very day.

Now his day was run, and Jesus Christ was no more King of Florence. Savonarola walked out of the Vecchio Tower, and knelt down in an open place.

> There's nobody on the house-tops now,
> Just a palsied few at the windows set;
> For the best of the sight is, all allow,
> At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
> By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

He walked with two disciples to a platform in the middle of the square, and there they strangled him and flung his body in the flames.

Such sights has this square seen. Today it is filled with glory, for it has a collection of monuments unmatched in any open street. Here is the bronze statue Benvenuto Cellini made of Perseus with the head of Medusa; it could not be cast in bronze, his men said, and the artist, burning all he could lay his hands on, nearly killed himself in his resolve

to melt the metal at all cost. Cellini has told us how the crowd gazed on him as something miraculous when he showed this statue to the people, with Cosimo Medici looking down from a window; and he took a holiday in honour of the event, sang psalms and hymns the whole way out of Florence, and was convinced that the limit of artistic glory had been reached. Here is Donatello's marvellous bronze monument of Judith with the head of the tyrant Holofernes; a good square for headless tyrants is this! Here is the famous fountain of Neptune and his four horses, with bronze figures around him looking as if they were almost part of the moving throng of this great square. No money could buy from Florence these sculptures which stand in the open street for the wind and rain to beat upon and for every poor man to see.

We pass from them between the two sides of the great Uffizi Palace, and at every step we are held by the statues which lie in this beautiful way—the two lines of figures, in the niches of the walls, of the makers and dreamers of Florence. We look on these men, and around us at their work, thinking ourselves back in the times when they lived, and we seem to hear a singing of that song of Arthur O'Shaughnessy:

We are the music-makers,
And we are the makers of dreams.
With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:

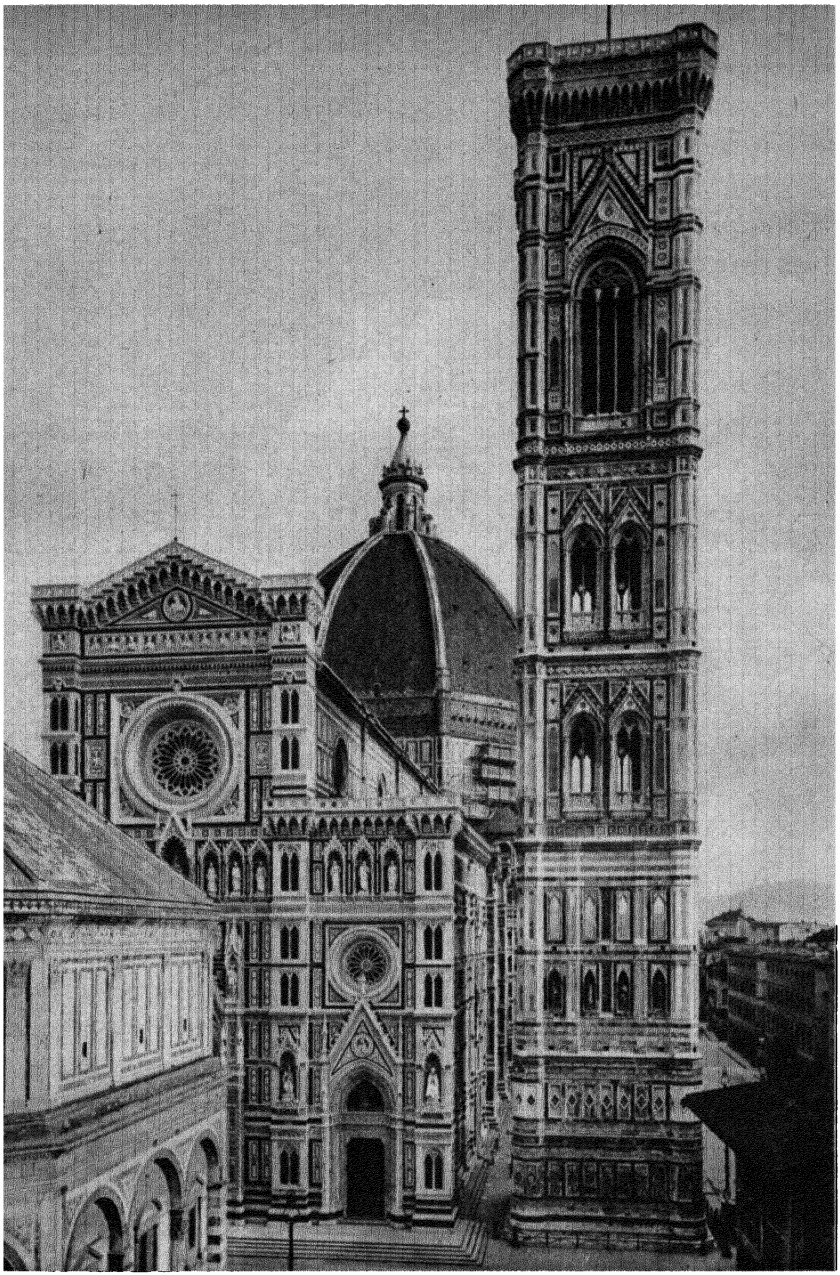
One man with a dream at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We leave the dreams for the river through the archway, and nothing strikes us, as we walk along the banks of the Arno, more than this great Uffizi Palace, stretching from the Vecchio Palace far behind us, winding round the courtyard of the statues, following us down by the Arno to the old bridge, with shops hanging over the river, where it turns the corner and crosses to the other side. Then the Uffizi Palace veers round and rambles in and out of narrow streets, past a lot of houses, climbing up and diving down, till at last it reaches a Park, with amazing evergreen ways and spacious gardens laid out by the Medicis, with fountains and statues and an amphitheatre, until it joins the Pitti Palace across the river, with wide staircases, carved ceilings, and huge chambers full of treasure.

There are a hundred places that our walks in Florence will take us to, and nearly always we shall have to go indoors to see the real wonder and beauty of this incalculable treasure-house. But here we are walking in the sun, looking at Florence as we may see it without opening a door or asking a question or paying a single lira; and even out of doors Florence is almost inexhaustible to the traveller who can never stay long. Even out of doors we can stand and see the lovely children of Andrea della Robbia, whose matchless figures are still fresh in their colours on the front of the Children's Hospital; and for bronzes and marbles and carvings out of doors no other place can equal this, the Out-of-Door Museum of the World. If we can think of a museum as a town, which has come together naturally, in the valley of a mountain range, on the banks of a river, with not a glass case in it and not a single label stuck on, but with everything in its place and

as it should be; not holding its head high with the pride of a stiff museum, but looking like what it is and what it was meant to be—if we can think of this we can think of something like Florence as it is, the richest gem, as somebody has called it, in the diadem with which the Italian people have adorned the Earth.

In the wide squares and narrow streets of this museum we walk about enthralled, and one morning, when the sun is high in the heavens, we climb up the hills across the Arno and walk about the fortifications built by Michael Angelo to keep the tyrants out. Round and round we climb until, half-way up the hill-side, we reach the square from which Michael Angelo's David looks down. We go on to the tower where Galileo turned his telescope to the heavens and saw what man had never seen before, and we remember that here, in the age when Galileo had lost his sight and could find new worlds no more, there came to him one day an Englishman who also was to lose his sight. The young John Milton, whose fame was yet to come, came to this tower and met blind old Galileo, whose fame had brought him to the Inquisition. On these hills John Milton climbed to where Galileo closed his great life-work, and here today is the city's Campo Santo, the last resting-place gathered about the church of San Miniato, set up here eight hundred years ago. A spacious place it is, enriched with thousands of sculptured tombs and marbles; but perhaps the traveller will like still more the little graveyard in the town below, where Mrs. Browning lies. Near her tomb lies Arthur Hugh Clough, who wrote, "Say not the struggle naught availeth," and who loved this little place as he loved the green fields of England:



THE VERY HEART OF FLORENCE—GIOTTO'S TOWER AND THE CATHEDRAL WHERE GIOTTO LIES IN AN UNKNOWN GRAVE



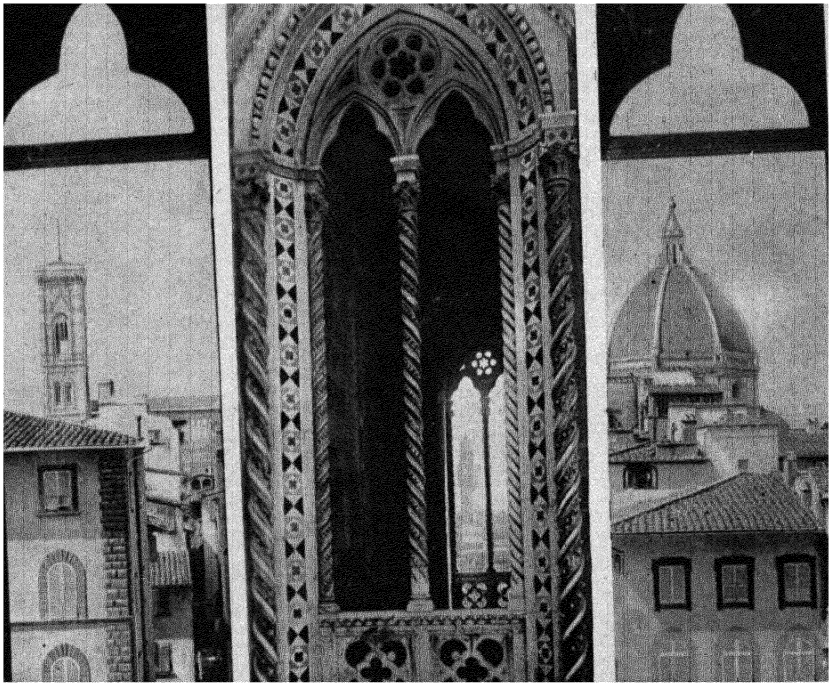
CIMABUE DISCOVERS GIOTTO TENDING HIS FATHER'S SHEEP



LITTLE MICHAEL ANGELO DRAWS A PORTRAIT



FLORENCE FROM A HILLTOP ACROSS THE ARNO



Giotto's Tower from a Window in the Vecchio Tower

The Vecchio Tower seen through the Window of Giotto's Tower

Brunelleschi's Dome from a Window in the Vecchio Tower

THREE WINDOWS IN FLORENCE

Green fields of England! Wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywhere.

Not far away the grave of Walter Savage Landor brings back to us that wonderful verse of his, putting a deep love of life into four lines, which seem to have a perfect setting in this scene of Florence from the hills:

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art.
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

We come back again to Michael Angelo's square, and share his David's view of Florence. On the hill beyond the city lies Fiesole, the cradle of this famous place. Below is the river, and across it is the town. Perhaps it is Brunelleschi's beautiful red-tiled dome that draws us first, and from this height we see well how beautiful a thing it is, so majestic that we can forgive the people of the Middle Ages their fear that the heavens were jealous of it. How warm and friendly a red-tiled city is, and how small is this place below us! We mount to the top of Saint Paul's and see a little bit of London; but we stand on a height above the Arno and Florence draws together like a place a boy could run round. Closely packed this famous city is, with its great stone houses and its narrow streets; and its towers and churches and monuments lie all before us. Yet wherever we look at the town the eye comes to the dome, crowning the heart of the city as the hills crown its circumference. The twin loveliness, the perfect combination, of the dome and the tower must be seen to be believed, and together they breathe the whole

spirit of Florence. Something there is in this place which suggests its inner growth. It was born in the gentle atmosphere of religion. It grew through storm and passion. It rose out of the blinding mists of hate. The traveller who goes to Venice before seeing Florence will be glad he came that way, for it is like stepping from a drawing-room where everything is so neat and delicate that we must hardly breathe, into a dining-room of solid oak, where we can sink on a heavy couch and feel that the house will stand. The name of the Lily Tower must not deceive us. It does not mean something dainty and small and white. It means something great and high and pure and lovely—a very Galahad of monuments. But we must come away.

Far back in the history of the world lies Florence, and the world of today calls us home. We turn our back upon the tower, and the sound of the train breaks the spell that bound us. The train is kind, and gives us a long last look at these immortal towers and domes; but the vision passes from our eyes as we speed into the great world again. The dome sinks down, the towers fade on the plain, and Florence is a memory. The poetry of Dante is in its air. The tenderness of Fra Angelico is in its pictures. The strength of Michael Angelo is in its forts. The ruggedness of Arnolfo is in its palaces. The humanity of Giotto is in its tower. The dreaming of Brunelleschi is in its dome. The magic of Donatello is in its marbles. The terror of the Medici is in its walls. The stern purity of Savonarola is in its everlasting beauty. The truth of Galileo is in its everlasting hills.

Who, then, shall describe Florence? Who can sing the song that comes to us in dreams?

THE CATHEDRAL OF MILAN

Like a sea
Waveless and blue, the sky's transparency
Bathes spire and statue. Was it man or God
Who built these domes? . . .

John Addington Symonds

CARLO BORROMEO SLEEPS

A THING apart among the glories of Italy is the marvellous cathedral of Milan, the spectacular splendour of the great industrial town of Lombardy. Perhaps there is no cathedral anywhere which would be instantly recognised by such a multitude of people as this white marble Duomo begun five hundred years ago and finished by Napoleon.

We may not think of Milan as we think of Pisa, or Siena, or Assisi. This wondrous place may not stir in us any such emotion as we feel in Venice or in Florence. But it is a wondrous sight, which none of us can miss if we would see the marvellous things that men have planned and done.

It was once the biggest church in the world. It covers fourteen thousand square yards, it is nearly five hundred feet long and nearly two hundred feet wide, and the statue that crowns its highest pinnacle is a hundred and twenty yards above the floor of the nave. The windows of the choir are said to be the biggest in the world. It is wonderful to walk about the great spaces between the fifty pillars which support the roof.

Outside, the whole of this vast place is encased in white marble, and we are not surprised to know that the marble came from quarries which some farseeing benefactor gave to the cathedral for ever. He must have thought that such a place would need a marble quarry of

its own, for this monument of the genius and patience and industry of man is more like a forest of marble than anything else on Earth. What the traveller can never get out of his mind, once he has seen it from the street, is the astounding, almost magical, effect of the Cathedral of Milan.

Nothing else is like it; a thousand years or two before and it would have been among the Seven Wonders of the World. As a triumph of human labour it seems to drive the Pyramid to the back of our mind. The Pyramid was the work of a hundred thousand slaves, hewers of stone and drawers of it, and, from the first moment of that Thirty Years Tragedy to the moment when the last stone was laid, there was not a spark of soul put into it. But the burden of labour at Milan cathedral must have been as great as the labour of the Great Pyramid, and *behind every stroke of the chisel there was a mind.*

Words do not convey an impression of this miracle of marble. Climbing its dizzy heights, we picture a mountain of marble somewhere far away. For millions of years the marble mountain had been in the crucibles of God before it rose complete, and one day Man said to this mountain—"Be ye removed and remade. Let your majesty be renewed with beauty and your strength with grace. Be removed to the heart of a great people, transplanted and transformed, so that for all time you may witness to the strength of the eagle, the tenderness of the lily, and the delicate touch of the hand of a man." We climb up the heights of this vast place and grow more bewildered as we climb, for if marble statues grew like trees and this had been a forest it could hardly be more astonishing than

this maze of human art, with statues crowding everywhere, marble figures, columns, groups, animals, a veritable host of marble pinnacles, *and on each pinnacle a statue in life-size.* There are over two thousand statues, enough to furnish a gallery and make it famous, and we climb up among them until a mortal man can climb no more without resting; and still, after resting, we climb again until the thought of our height makes the head begin to swim. From this great height we see the sunlight falling on the Matterhorn, on Mont Blanc, on the famous Saint Bernard, and on the peaks of the Apennines.

And yet we feel that all this glory is a tomb. It does not lift us up as some cathedrals do; and it does not bring to us that solemn reverence of the past, and of the spirit of men, that comes to us in a hundred other places in this land which the souls of men have made so wonderful. Far below the dizzy heights lies what we feel to be the central point of all this wonder, the inner heart of Milan. We go down fifteen steps from the floor of this great nave and through a spacious gallery adorned with marble statues, through a portal of golden columns richly carved, we reach a small, dark chamber. We find our way in the hazy glimmer of a candle, and step softly with a sort of half-wonder and half-fear. We are in a tomb of solid silver, flashing and gleaming with precious stones. We can hardly believe our eyes as we stand in this jewelled chamber.

But something is creaking; a great screen is moving down. What is it that is happening? What new and hidden wonder lies in the dark chamber of this wonderland? Slowly the screen descends, and as it falls there comes before our eyes a sight that surely is unequalled in this

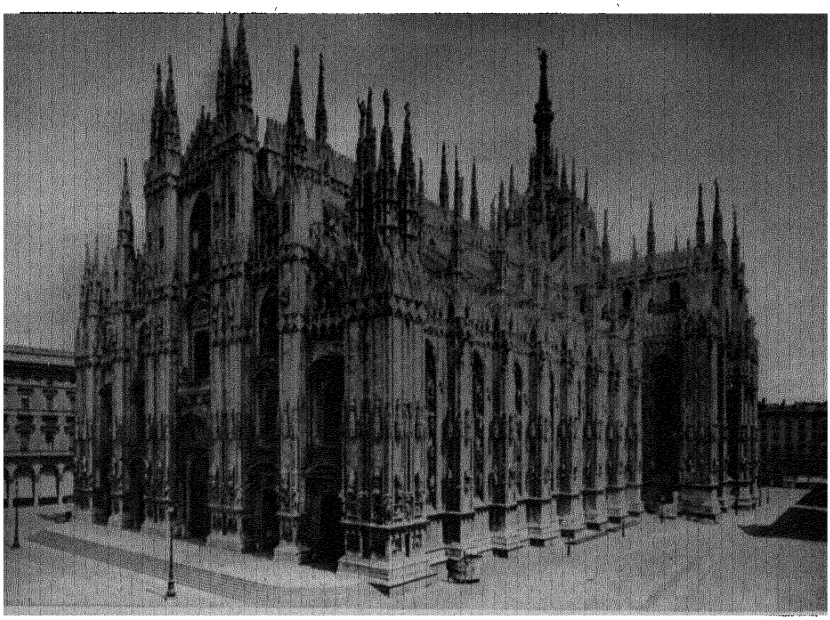
world. The dim light of a candle falls on glittering treasure worth millions of francs, they say. Here is an emerald cross once worn by an empress, and precious jewels lie about as if they were but pebbles from the beach. The creaking of the windlass stops, the candle is held up higher, and its flickering light falls on something strange and hideous in the heart of this glittering place. Here, treasure to the right of him, treasure to the left of him, treasure beneath him and above him, dressed in silken robes of gorgeous colouring, with a jewelled cross on his chest and ruby rings on his hands, lies an ugly, shrivelled-up old man, his eyes fallen from their sockets. An appalling sight it is to see this heap of dust in pontifical robes, with the gifts of kings around him, and the pomp of one of the most gorgeous buildings in the world. At the summit of the highest of its hundred pinnacles the golden figure of the mother of Jesus glistens in the sun; in a cellar four hundred feet below a hideous corpse lies amid diamonds and rubies and pearls.

So lies, beneath all this magnificence, a man who was rich and became poor, a man who loved the people round him and gave his life for them, Carlo Borromeo.

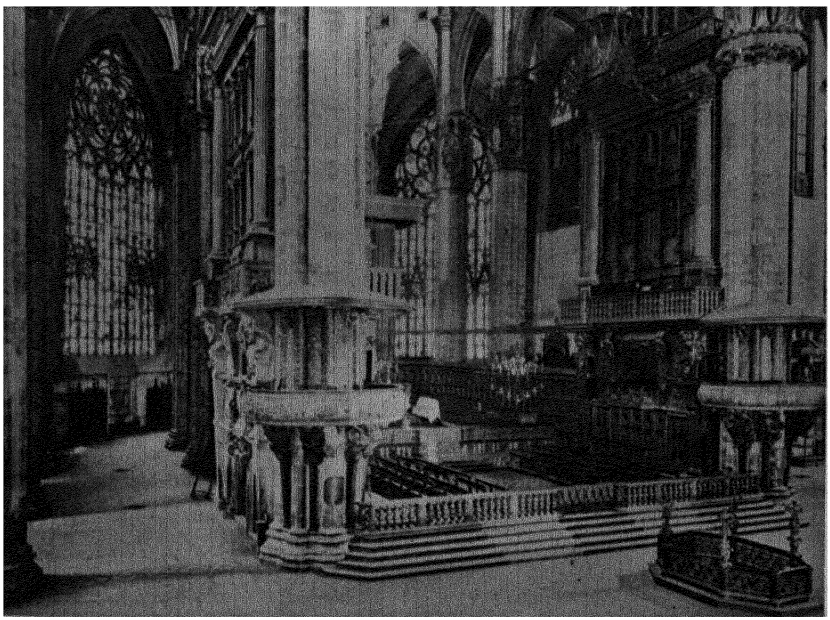
He came of a rich and titled house. At twenty-two he was the leading statesman at the court of the pope; he soon became Archbishop of Milan, and at twenty-six the whole family fortunes and estates were his. He used the revenues for charity and lived himself in poverty. When plague came to Milan in 1576 Carlo Borromeo sold his estate and gave the money to the poor; he risked his life by visiting the sick; he gave no thought to his own safety or well-being; he won the everlasting devotion of his



LEONARDO DA VINCI'S STRIKING FACE OF BEATRICE D'ESTE, NOW IN A GALLERY IN MILAN



THE AMAZING CATHEDRAL OF MILAN, WITH A THOUSAND PINNACLES CROWNED WITH STATUES



THE INTERIOR OF THE MARVELLOUS CATHEDRAL OF MILAN

people by his courage and his charity. He cleared the cathedral of its gorgeous tombs and monuments, not sparing his own family's; this simple man had no desire for pomp and show. Yet it is this heroic figure, he who sold what he had and gave to the poor, that they have laid, against his will, to be a shrunken heap of earth among these precious stones. He deserved a nobler fate for his poor bones than to be ade a thing of scorn and mockery by those who follow him.

So passes the glory of Man. It is the great sermon preached in Milan, and as we creep back to the daylight and leave this terrible scene we feel that we have looked upon a vision as of death itself, that we have seen the ending of the glory of this world. That is the melancholy lesson of Milan to men, taught at the bottom of a cellar in flickering candle-light.

It is true that this tragic note of Milan is often with us as we go through Italy; a boundless hope and the tragedy of despair mingle strangely in this land. From no other land does the traveller come home with a greater sense of the tragedy of the past, but from no other land does the traveller come home with a greater reverence for the mind of man and the heights that it has reached. It is as if the human mind in Italy had modelled itself upon the Alps that guard this kingdom of beauty, as if men had been striving through the centuries to match the mountain peaks. We see these splendours of the past and feel that the mind of man that achieved these things will achieve things greater yet; but we see these splendours rising from ruin unparalleled, from the wreckage of an empire, and we remember that Rome was a failure. We see the

towers that rise to the sky, but we miss the greatness that lies buried in the dust.

It is not enough that man should build great monuments; it is not enough that he should take the things of this world and mould them into beauty. We must make life itself beautiful; we must spread the love of truth and honour and knowledge and justice and mercy deep and wide, till the lives of men and women are as beautiful as the works of their hands.

VENICE

I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand.

Byron

VENICE IN ALL HER GLORY

For a million years Time was making the foundations of Venice. For a thousand years men have crowned them with splendour. She rose out of the sea like a dream; she is sinking into the sea, they say, and will be a dream again.

For age after age the waters brought down the dust of the Alps and cast it into the sea, till over a hundred islands were built up in one small space. Men came, and into these islands they drove huge piles, on which they built magnificent palaces. For generations they went on building; for centuries their axes and hammers and chisels were never still. They linked a hundred islands with hundreds of bridges, until a wonder-city rose out of the waters, with the waves beating all about it, with the sea surging from its streets and often into its houses.

And then the city, as if it were a magnet, drew to itself dreamers and workers from all the cities round. Here came painters and sculptors and poets and builders and workers in mosaic such as had never before come together in the history of the world. Here they toiled for generations; here they set up works of matchless beauty; here they crowned the dust of mountains with wonders all the world goes to see. A queer place was Old Venice. Down in the dungeons below the Ducal Palace, black as midnight, men were thrown in heaps, strangled and wrapped in a sack and dropped in the canal; and upstairs Tintoretto was painting! Upstairs Sansovino was building! Upstairs

Bellini was carving! Next door the artists were building inch by inch the loveliest church men have built. The evil that men do passes away, the good lives after them; and so it is in Venice. The Doges and the dungeons are forgotten; the things the artists and the craftsmen did are remembered for all time.

So that two things have made Venice what she is: she owes her greatness to the sea and to the passionate devotion of her saints, the working men who clothed her walls with glory and set her like a diamond in the sun.

The influence of the sea, Mr. Ruskin has pointed out, is a marvellous example of the way in which Nature shapes history, whatever Parliaments may do. Think of Venice if the sea had washed away the dust of the Alps as the rivers brought it down: there would have been, in that case, no Venice to think of. Think of the tide a few inches higher or a few inches lower: in either case it would have made access to the houses impossible, and there would thus, again, have been no Venice. If the sea had made these waterways broader and deeper there would have been a Venice, no doubt, but not the Venice we know, for the navies of stronger Powers would have sailed up these canals, depriving Venice of her isolation and her independence, and therefore of her supreme artistic glory, for her energies would have been diverted into less fruitful channels. If the canals had been so narrow and shallow that they had received no tide at all, they would have become so offensive that life would have been impossible; and if the surges had been stronger the whole character of Venice would have been changed, because, instead of building dainty palaces, she must have built strong sea-walls and spent most of her energy in

keeping back the sea. So that we may agree about the sea, and give it some of the honour and glory of being the mother of Venice.

But much more let us give honour and glory to those devoted men who, through the centuries, have added stone on stone until this wondrous monument of genius has risen from the waves. What builders they were! What dreams they dreamed! They worked better, perhaps, than they knew; or they worked well because they loved their work, each man putting his soul into the achievement of a splendid purpose, building up his mosaic with the true joy of labour in his heart, each inch of progress lifting him higher and bringing him nearer the goal to which the whole inspiration of Venice was tending. That goal was an expression, in enduring natural form, of the loftiest conceptions of men. We read in the Bible of a temple not made with hands, and truly Venice is, in every sense, a city not made with hands.

We think of that city of King Arthur which Gareth went to seek. At times the summit of the city flashed, at times the lower spires pricked through the mist, at times the city disappeared:

> Then those who went with Gareth were amazed,
> One crying "Let us go no further, lord.
> Here is a city of Enchanters, built
> By fairy kings."

Out of the city a blast of music pealed, and, calling on an ancient gate-man, Gareth wondered

> Whether this be built
> By magic, and by fairy kings and queens;
> Or whether there be any city at all,
> Or all a vision,

Then the gate-man of the city :

> Truly as thou sayest, a fairy king
> And fairy queens have built the city, son ;
> They came from out a sacred mountain-cleft
> Toward the sunrise, each with harp in hand,
> And built it to the music of the harps,
> And, as thou sayest, it is enchanted, son.
> . . . An ye heard a music, like enow
> They are building still, seeing the city is built
> To music, therefore never built at all,
> And therefore built for ever. . . .

And so it seems to us that Venice was built, to the music of harps and the human heart. For certainly hammers and chisels could not build a place like this; Venice is made of heart and mind and soul. In very truth it is the city of a dream.

We feel this deeply as we approach the central glory of this place, the incomparable beauty of Saint Mark's. Mark was a humble man, but he is represented as a lion here, and he lies in a palace if, indeed, his body is here, as they say. Within a foot or two of the tomb stands a screen made up of gems worth a million pounds. Beyond it stand two pillars of transparent alabaster, said to have come from Solomon's temple.

But it is not the screen, nor the columns, nor the wonderful history of everything about this place, that thrills us when we enter and draws us back when we would leave. It is the wonder of the place itself. The interest of San Marco lies where real interest always lies, not in the outward history of it, but in the heart of the thing itself. It has been said that it draws together the three supreme elements in art, and that it is from this standpoint, the central building of the world. Neither in the Old

World nor in the New have I seen anything equal in wonder to this place begun a thousand years ago. Before we read it in Ruskin we make up our minds at first sight that San Marco is more Eastern than anything we have seen this side of the East, and Ruskin says that it is the supreme effort of the West to produce the colour of the East.

Viewed from either of its two main approaches, San Marco is verily a vision in stone. Its gilded domes and turrets, its tiers of splendid arches, its porphyry columns, its marvellous mosaics, its unlikeness to everything else in Europe, are not things that can be put into words. But they are easy to picture compared with the interior. We enter through one of the five great doors, and the solemn beauty of this very heart of Venice overwhelms us. It is not so big as Milan cathedral, which holds forty thousand people; but its arches and altars and domes, its carvings in jasper and gorgeous coloured marbles from the East, take our breath away.

The upper half of the church is covered with gold, and the scenes in the life of Christ, in beautiful colourings, have thus a perfect setting. You sit and dream here with your eyes wide open, staring at the paintings in the domes, the arches, and the ceilings, and wonder how many millions of other people have sat and dreamed here, too. Then you go upstairs and walk around it all, to find that the whole of that wonderful work, the entire upper half of San Marco, save some part that must be solid, is mosaic! Inch by inch, half-inch by half-inch, this wonder of the world was made; half-inch by half-inch these almost countless pictures were built up. You pause before a fine mosaic which Jacob somebody worked at centuries ago, sitting

uncomfortably at a great height for months, but leaving his work behind him at the last to live as long as Venice.

There is said to be only one painting in the church or out; the other pictures are all in stone or glass. It surely is a greater structural marvel of men's hands than Milan Cathedral, or perhaps we may say that Milan is prose and San Marco is poetry. Can you think of a poem in marble, in millions of tiny pieces of marble, so tender and vivid and true that the whole beauty and feeling of the poem come to you when you look up? San Marco is like that. If I could transport a friend at will to any one place in the world for one moment, I would transport him to the front of San Marco's choir—or in front of the church outside? I do not know. Perhaps I should beg for two moments to show him both.

No traveller who has ever been to Venice can have tired of the glory of San Marco, or can ever tire of seeing it in his mind's eye, and for ever after it must mark a higher standard in his conception of beauty in buildings. He will probably sit under its domes hour after hour, dreaming of the builders of it. I have tried to fancy how such a thing of beauty grew, and have started with my eyes fixed on the domes. But from the domes the eye comes to the arches; down the tall columns it reaches the spacious mosaic floor, and then again the great candelabra, the hanging lamps swinging on hundred-feet chains, the carvings in stone and bronze and wood, the altars, the lovely domed pulpit, the stately tombs, the massive galleries through which we walk above it all, the enormous doors and gates. Are there not ten thousand things of interest and beauty in this place? Certainly there are five hun-

dred of these marble columns. I tried to count the figures in the mosaics visible from where I sat, but stopped when I found that one arch above me had seventy, and another single scene two hundred. New scenes come into the vision as we gaze, and there must be thousands of these astonishing pictures built up in stone.

They cover an area, these wonderful mosaics, of nearly fifty thousand square feet, and some of them are nearly a thousand years old.

For five hundred years men were working at them; generation after generation they toiled in this sacred place. San Marco was the passion of their lives; they mixed their raw materials with the love of service and the spirit of beauty and the hope of heaven. They loved their daily task as few men love their work in our own Wonder Age. They felt that every stroke they made was building up the walls of God; they loved it as the sunshine loves the rose. Into these walls they put their faith in Things Not Seen.

We feel, as we go about the world and see the lovely things that men have made, that all through Time there has been working some great power we do not see. Is it not true even in times like these? When the shadow of war is lifted from our days, and we who live through these times look back to them, there will be much to comfort us. We shall remember for ever the long, long days and the dark, dark nights when it seemed as if the world was rocking to its doom; and yet we shall know, in those days, that through it all a light was burning. Dimly, so far off and so small that our eyes can hardly see it now, the lamp kindled when the sun was lit is burning still, and will burn until its shining light reveals the gate of heaven.

Through all the darkness of these times the light of a great truth shines out upon the world—and how it shines in such a place as Venice! It is the truth that still, after all the vaunted strength that nations have built up inside their walls of steel, the strongest power on Earth lies still in the things not seen, in the motive power within the hearts of men. It is the spirit that builds San Marco, not the spirit that builds up ships and guns and bombing planes, that in the end works out the destinies of mankind.

We live in a world of ceaseless wonder; but there is too often, it may be, a forgetting of the things behind. These immeasurable powers that men were winning for themselves were in peril, perhaps, of leading us astray; the strength of the nations was being encased in steel. Brute Force, once conquered by the brain of man, was coming to its throne again with the brain of man behind it, and nothing else that man had made, it seemed, could stand against the huge Steel Brute. Then came the testing time. The Brute burst from its cage, its jaws set, its teeth sharpened. It was to frighten the world, this monster that Frankenstein had made on the Rhine. It looked out upon the world and found itself stronger than all the things it could see, and it came upon them like an avalanche of death. But it did not frighten the world; it did not shake the spirit of mankind. Suddenly there sprang across its path the Things Not Seen, and the greatest army on the Earth fell back. An invisible thing had beaten it.

By all the laws of Matter the Steel Brute must have conquered; but since David smote Goliath the laws of Matter have been confounded in this world by the laws of Things Not Seen. The faith of a man in his Maker,

the confidence of a nation in its destiny, the love of a mother for her child, the spirit of liberty that stirs the hearts of free men everywhere—these things are not to be destroyed by guns. The revolt of the world against an evil thing had been a dream, but we have seen it now, and we shall not forget.

But we have not time to stay for ever listening to the stones of Venice, these stones that have so much to say, that echo through the centuries with the spirit of the men who set them there. There is yet another Venice. It is true that when we speak of Venice we mean these few acres in the centre of the town—the space on which the Ducal Palace and San Marco stand; but there is a light and atmosphere of Venice which are wonderful to see and feel. Tomorrow we shall be in the ordinary world again, and life will seem odd at first. Have you ever been in a town with no noise save the voices of men and women, the flight of birds, and the splashing of oars? For a week we have not seen a horse, a train, a cab, a tram, a motor-car, a bicycle. There are people in Venice who have never seen a horse; it may be true that no horse's hoofs have ever been heard in this city's streets. And yet, so strange and so unlike the workaday world is Venice, that there are here, in these horseless streets, the finest and most famous horses that ever stood for men to gaze at through the centuries. One bronze horse here, on which Colleoni sits, is one of the noblest horses ever sculptured by the hand of man; and there stand over the central portals of San Marco four of the most famous bronze steeds in the world.

They were made, it is said, by an unknown artist of Corinth, and set up nearly twenty centuries ago. Nero

saw them, and took them to Rome to adorn his triumphal arch; Paul may have seen them there. Constantine took them to his capital when he set up a new Rome at Constantinople. They stood in Constantinople for hundreds of years, till about the time that Magna Charta came to England; then the horses were returned to Venice. For centuries they remained at home, but once more they were to travel far, for Napoleon carried them off to Paris. But even Napoleons have their day, and on his fall the horses went back to San Marco once more, and here they stand today, dumb guardians of the rarest church in Italy, perhaps in all the world. These four horses have helped to make beautiful four of the greatest cities in the world.

Colleoni's noble steed, the other famous horse of Venice, has only once been away from home; one of the small things that stirred thousands of hearts during the war was the telegram announcing Colleoni's ride to Rome. For four hundred years and more Colleoni sat on his horse in the great square in Venice. It stood on a high pedestal by the Church of Saint John and Saint Paul; these two monuments — the church with its great men sleeping, the horse with its rider sternly gazing over Venice—have been side by side for centuries. Bartolommeo Colleoni sleeps at Bergamo, but he left his fortune to Venice in return for a statue in one of its squares, and it was Andrea Verrocchio, one of the great sculptors of Florence, who was entrusted by the Republic with the carrying out of this commission. Verrocchio went to Venice to make the statue there, and the story is told that he had just modelled his horse when he heard that the Government of Venice meant to ask a pupil of Donatello to set the rider on the

horse's back. Verrocchio was indignant. He broke his horse's head to bits and went home to Florence, and there followed him a decree forbidding him ever to set foot in Venice again under penalty of death.

But artists can always laugh at governments; they have a power that politicians know not of. Verrocchio smiled at the decree of the proud Republic, and wrote back that he would never run the risk, as if his head were once cut off the Government of Venice could never put it on again, while he could at any time replace his horse's head. The Government of Venice felt that this was true. They cancelled their decree, begged Verrocchio to return, doubled his wages, and promised to leave him alone.

He came back to Venice and began his work again; but he had only begun to restore his broken model when the penalty of death was carried out indeed. Not the Republic of Venice, but a Power that neither men nor governments can contradict carried the artist to his grave; a short and violent illness, and his life was done. He left behind him an appeal that one of his pupils should be employed to complete his work, but Venice chose Alessandro Leopardi, and so we owe to these two men—Leopardi of Venice and Verrocchio of Florence—the carrying out of a monument which, once seen, has never been forgot.

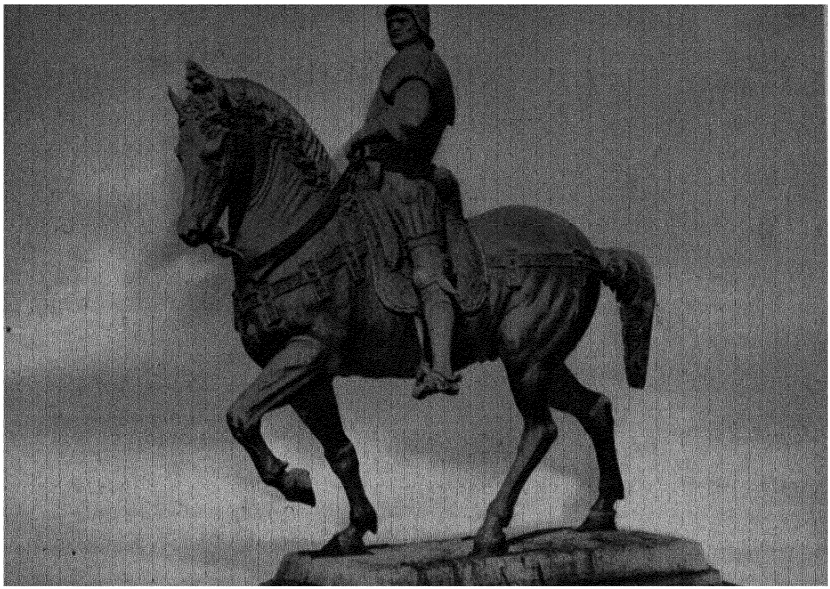
They set up the statue overlooking the Grand Canal, and there, after its brief rest in the shadow of Caesar, this horse still bears its rider, watching the centuries in and watching them out. It has been the admiration of all the travelling world, and the heroic and helmeted figure of Colleoni, in his armour as a leader of troops, is one of the fine figures that have come down to us from olden times,

from the times before Shakespeare wrote of these waters rippling past the square, and of Shylock who haunted the Rialto close by.

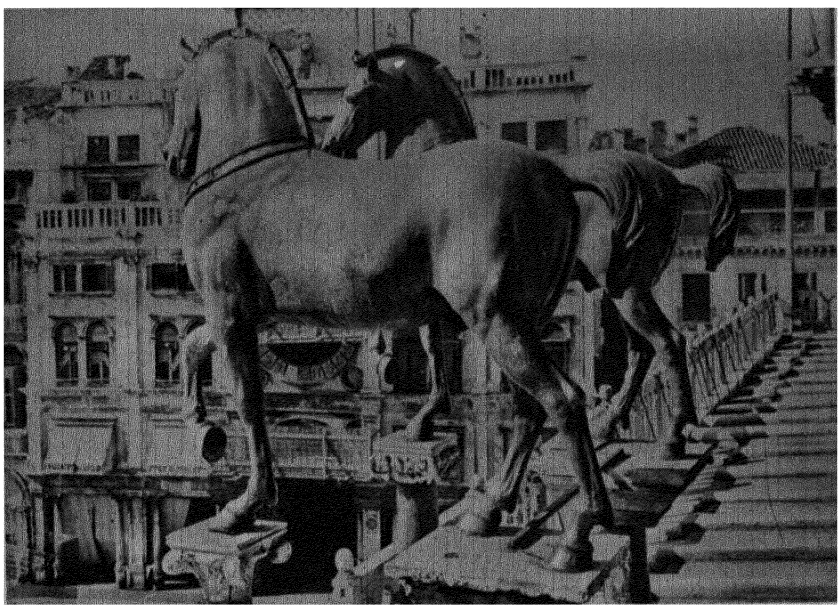
But in the streets and scenes on which these horses look down today no horse is ever seen, no sign of traffic such as we find wherever else we go. There is no running to catch a train, no tinkling of a tram-conductor's bell, no hooting of a motor-car, no keeping to right or left. Is there anywhere else in the world such a place for children as the Piazza of San Marco, the great square across which the old Campanile fell one sunny morning years ago? Nowhere else in the world, perhaps, can we make friends with hundreds of birds in a minute. How long these pigeons have been there nobody seems to know; how many pigeons there are nobody knows. Surely they must be the friendliest flock of birds in all the world.

It is said that for six hundred years there have been pigeons in the square. An old story tells how Venice was besieged by an enemy whose forces were knit so closely around its gates that no messenger could get through. The people of Venice were starving; so little food was there in the city that the pigeons in the bell-towers had to fly for food to the mainland. Outside was an army coming to the relief of Venice, and the commander, catching a number of pigeons, tied notes to their feet, and so let the suffering people know that help was at hand. Venice was then able to hold out until the friendly army could enter, and ever since the people have kept the pigeons at the public expense, in memory of their service to the city.

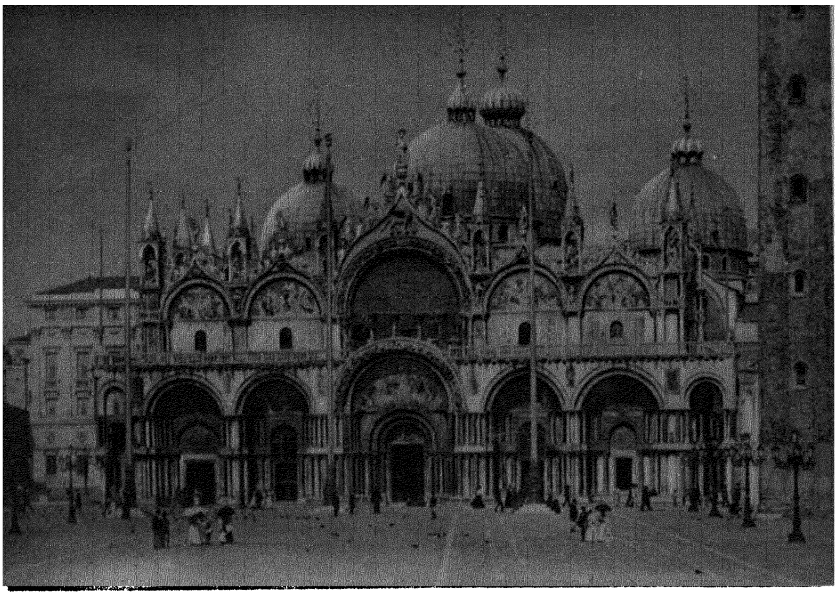
It is quite easy to see that there are more than a thousand of them, and to see them all at the same moment



COLLEONI LOOKS DOWN ON VENICE—THE SPLENDID MONUMENT BY ANDREA VERROCCHIO



TWO OF THE FAMOUS HORSES OF SAN MARCO NOW STANDING IN VENICE AFTER LOOKING DOWN ON ROME, PARIS, AND CONSTANTINOPLE



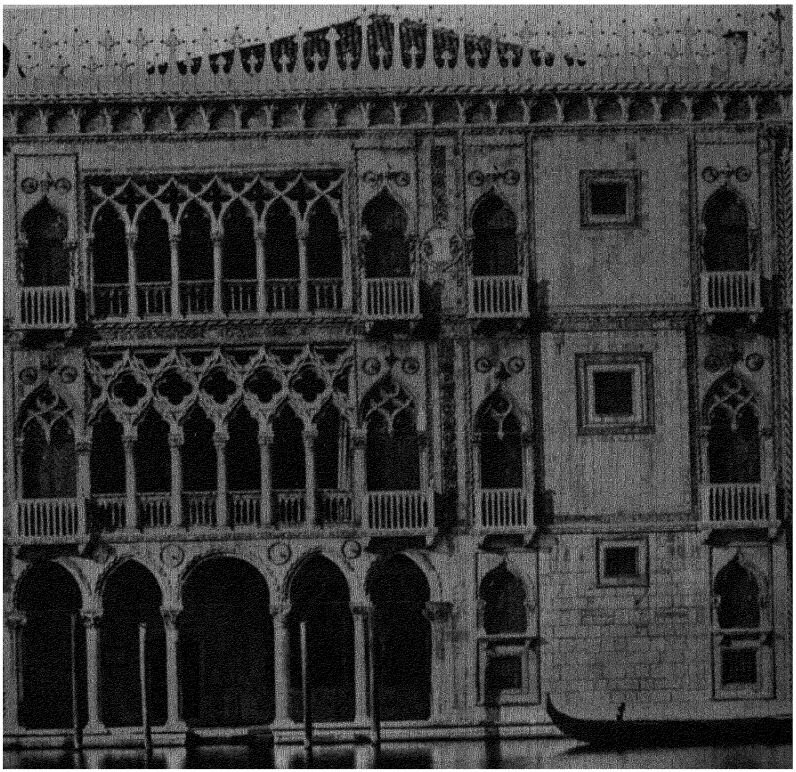
THE LOVELY DOORWAYS AND DOMES OF THE MOST FAMOUS CATHEDRAL IN THE WORLD—SAN MARCO IN VENICE



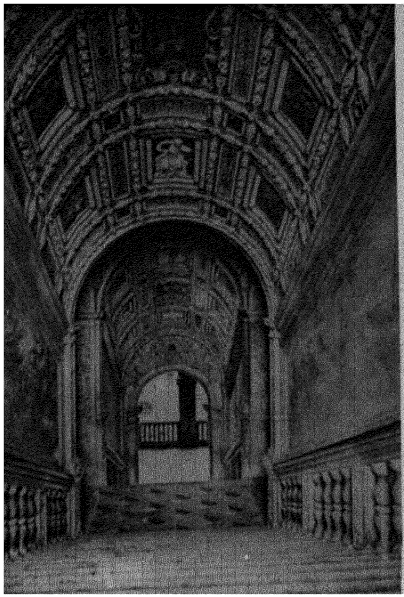
THE RARE BEAUTY OF THE INTERIOR OF SAN MARCO



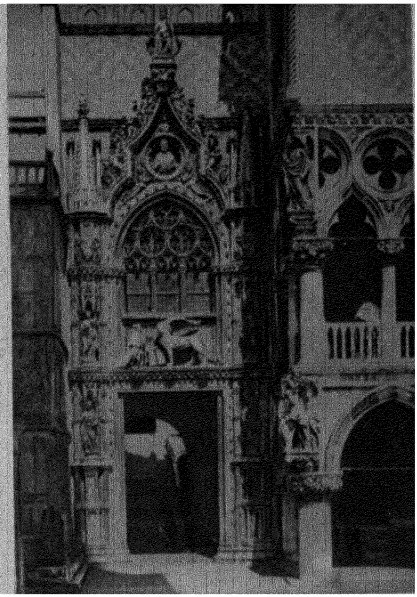
VENICE RISING OUT OF THE SEA—THE GLORY OF THE GRAND CANAL IN VENICE



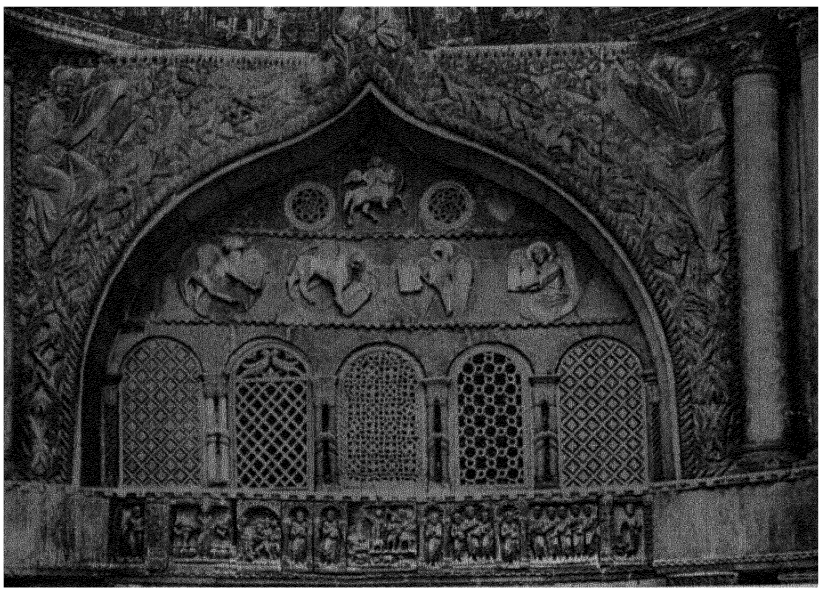
A VENETIAN PALACE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY



A Staircase in the Palace



The Main Entrance to the Palace



The Wonderful Carving in the Lunette over the Doorway

THE LOVELINESS OF THE DUCAL PALACE IN VENICE

rise from the ground and fly across the square is a sight the traveller never forgets. Some little thing that has happened—nobody knows quite what—will set this host of birds in flight. A single movement of a child, or some queer sound that our own ears do not catch, and a thousand pigeons are flapping their wings in the air with quite a startling sound. Yet certainly it is not fear, for the pigeons of Venice have no fear. Nobody ever harmed a single one of them. The cruellest man who beats a horse in Italy would not harm a pigeon in Venice. At the corner of the square sits a man with his sacks of peas and corn, making little bags all day and filling them; and all day long boys and girls, and men and women, buy the corn and throw it to the birds. A handful of corn thrown on to the ground, and a hundred birds are at your feet. Fifty grains of corn in your hand, and a hundred birds are on the tips of your fingers, on your hat, on your shoulders, anywhere about you where they can rest their feet. Round the great square these pigeons will follow a handful of corn, here, there, and everywhere, as the corn may fall.

It is interesting to leave the pigeons and to walk away and drop a single grain of corn. Hundreds of them hear it fall, and are instantly about you. Throw a handful as far as you can in front of you, and hundreds of pigeons are after it; throw a handful as far as you can behind and the flight is reversed almost without a pause. All day the pigeons are eating corn, except when suddenly they fly up to the roofs, looking like hundreds of black spots.

A hundred things are here unlike all other cities. Climb to a great height in London, in Paris, in Cairo, in Athens, in Milan, almost anywhere, and the thing that

comes first into the vision is the animated scene, the tiny people in the streets, the toy traffic on the bridges, horses like sheep, and the whole world as seen the wrong way through a telescope. Things are not like that in Venice.

Looking down from a high tower, we look upon a city of the dead. Not a street is visible, not a speck of this great island scene is moving. Closely packed with houses and churches, built high and so near together that we can shake hands across many streets, the eye cannot pick out from above a single one of the hundred-and-forty canals that run through Venice, not one of the four hundred bridges; even the Grand Canal, the two-mile waterway dividing Venice in two halves, winds its way among palaces so tall that from a distant height it cannot be seen. And so the result is an image of a silent city, fitting impression of Venice even now. The chisels of the sculptors, the hammers of the builders, are no more. The marble palaces, with their gorgeous fronts, belong to the past that has gone; all but a few of them are workshops, wine-cellars, or tradesmen's store-houses now. Only imagination sees them as they were. Venice is paying for her long neglect, and the tax of her carelessness is her doom.

She will disappear into the sea. The Campanile has gone—it fell one morning, after nearly a thousand years, because Venice had neglected it. The Ducal Palace, they say, is going; San Marco may belong one day to the submerged treasures of the waves. No more, when that day comes, will the traveller stand amazed before San Marco and catch the whisper of the magic past, for the earth will have lost one of the rarest jewels in the Crown of Man, and Venice will be a dream once more.

ROME

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, shall dissolve. . . .
We are such stuff as dreams are made on,
And our little lives are rounded with a sleep.

Shakespeare

THE SHADOWS OF CAESAR

TIME rolls back in Rome as in a book; we may say of it that its past and its present and its future are one. All about us is the mystery of Fallen Rome, the vast world-ruin at our feet, casting its strange spell over us. All about us is the power of the beauty of Rome, the enthralling wonder of such a store of lovely and amazing things as men can hardly dream of. And all about us is the Voice of Rome, the stirring of emotions that must come to the coldest heart that beats in this central home of men and things from the beginning of nations as we know them.

We walk on the dust of Caesar, and every step we take in Rome is on historic ground. The Rome which ruled the world for five hundred years is down beneath our feet. Caesar's palace, Peter's prison, Paul's lodgings, are the foundations of the earth we tread. The huge area of the Forum has been laid open, and every day a fragment of the Roman Empire is dug up. But they are only fragments, and Rome must be razed to the ground if the wondrous things beneath her are to be revealed.

Nowhere on the earth is concentrated so much of the vital history of the world as here in Rome; nowhere are ruins so enthralling as these. The interest in Egypt is historical, the interest in Rome is human. Rameses is a far-off figure in the mists of Time; Caesar is a man.

Let us follow him up to the Capitol and down into his Forum. We will go by the broad and handsome flight of steps up which a man walked long ago to hear the singing in the church. One of the hanging lamps was swinging to and fro, and the swing of the pendulum of Time came into the man's mind. He thought of the Capitol above and the Forum below, and of all that they had been and seen; and he came down those steps with his mind made up to write the book on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire which has made his name immortal. We take the steps that Edward Gibbon took, past the ancient statues, past the milestone from the Appian Way which Paul may have looked upon and said, "Still seven miles to Rome," past the cage of living wolves kept there in memory of Romulus, into the great square. Here we pause, enthralled, for in the centre of this square sits one of the noblest men who ever lived, upon his horse. He is Marcus Aurelius.

Some faces there are that follow us through Rome and haunt us afterwards. There is the young Augustus, whose sad, reflective features come back to us through the years. There is Beatrice d'Este, with a stateliness and dignity that will not be forgot. And there is Marcus Aurelius, the boy and the man, the boy who learned from his mother to be gracious and just, the man who sat on the throne of Caesar and wrote that little book which ever since has been a priceless treasure for those who would do right and live well.

"I learned from my mother," he tells us, "piety and beneficence, abstinence from evil deeds and evil thoughts, and simplicity in my way of living far removed from the habits of the rich. I learned from my tutor endurance

of labour, and to want little, to work with my own hands, not to meddle with other people's affairs, and not to be ready to listen to slander."

Here he sits on his horse at the top of the Capitol Hill, one of the rarest bronze figures now standing on the Earth, and we remember, as we look at him, that Matthew Arnold thought him to be perhaps the most beautiful character in history.

We leave him for a walk round the Capitol indoors, in its halls of ancient treasure. Here, in one small room, is surely the most amazing portrait gallery that human eyes can look upon. Crowded together side by side are the Roman emperors, with their wives and families and friends, imaged in marble by artists who knew them; it is like a family party of the Roman Empire. Here are the figures who were names to us at school, landmarks in ancient history, and as we look around this room we feel that they were men, and know what we mean when we say that Rome impressed its image on the world for all time. For here is Rome; here are the Caesars. Here is Julius Caesar as he was, next to him Augustus and his mother. Here, again, is Marcus Aurelius shown as a boy; we see him also as a man, with his wife, his daughter, and her daughter's husband. Here is Caligula, the imperial maniac; here is Trajan, whose marvellous column rises from his Forum just outside. Here is Titus, who conquered Jerusalem, and whose arch still stands, one of the oldest and most thrilling witnesses of history. Here is Nero's mother, and the husband she killed to make way for her son; here is Nero, who killed his mother; then the wife he kicked to death before he killed himself. Madmen and scoundrels, wise men and fools, splendid men and

beautiful women, murderers and pitiful creatures, statesmen and soldiers and men fit to be kings, all are gathered in this little room. We sit before them and see their character plainly in their faces, and with strangely mingled feelings we leave this chamber, crammed with the most thrilling marbles in the world.

We pass as into a sweeter world from the Hall of the Emperors to the Hall of Illustrious Men—how noble a distinction! Nearly a hundred philosophers and statesmen and warriors of old we meet, including the immortal Socrates, who scorned to live unless he could be honest; Agrippa, who built the greatest Roman bridge still standing on the Earth, the Pont du Gard; Alexander, who sighed that there were no more worlds to conquer; Demosthenes, the noblest orator of Greece; Homer and Cicero; Euripides and Aeschylus, who wrote the greatest Greek plays we know. In another hall we find the beautiful head of Dionysos; the statue of a little girl defending a dove from a snake; the bust of Brutus, who slew his friend Julius Caesar; a god of woods and fields by Praxiteles, which seems to draw us nearer as we gaze at it; and the reclining figure of the Wounded Gaul, known throughout the world as the Dying Gladiator, of whom Lord Byron wrote:

I see before me the gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his dropped head sinks gradually low,—
And through his side, the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother,—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.

But we could sit for hours in these small rooms of statues and pictures and all manner of antiquities; who is likely to tire of Titians and Guido Renis, or of such bronze statues as the Boy with the Thorn, or the Wolf of the Capitol? We must leave them for the Forum down below, passing on the way, in an open courtyard, the only authentic statue known of Julius Caesar. He stands as a soldier in armour, calm and dignified as he was, great in his simplicity, looking, if not the foremost man in all this world, at any rate every inch a man, as Shakespeare thought of him:

Here was a man. Take him for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

We look up at Aurelius sitting there, and think how well he is worth the bunch of flowers the Roman senators give each year to the Lateran Church as rent for this great monument; and we walk down the hill into the Forum, the greatest ruin since the world began.

It is disappointingly small to the eye at first, but it grows and lengthens and widens until it is a wilderness of doom. We must have in our minds a clear notion of what has happened in the Forum since the days when this place was the central architectural glory of the world.

As the history of Rome was submerged by the coming up of other nations, so the very monuments of Rome

were buried in the dust of centuries. The palaces of Caesar fell. Their temples broke in pieces, and hundreds of years of ruin left Rome a rubbish heap. By the time the twelfth century came the place where these marbles had stood was an empty space. Orchards and gardens sprang up where temples had been and the avenues of triumphal processions were covered with teams of buffaloes and oxen. The peasantry grazed their cattle here; mechanics set up their workshops here; and only a few tops of columns standing out from the ground suggested the wonder that lay beneath. The very name of Forum was forgotten, and so little was to be seen that even at the beginning of the nineteenth century Lord Byron wrote of one of the highest columns in the Forum today as "the nameless column with the buried base."

That nameless column is named now; its base is revealed, and it stands in the centre of the most remarkable excavations that the eye of man can see. All that is left of Rome is slowly coming back before the sight of man.

Stroke by stroke men have carried on these excavations, and the thought that comes is of the wonderful sight Rome must be underneath. Four levels have been found, and the levels of the streets of ancient Rome lie sometimes twenty-four yards down—never less than eight —from the level of the streets today. Broken columns, ends of temples, beautiful porticoes, ruined halls, mosaic pavements, rostrums, altars, fountains, inscriptions, lines of broken statues, houses with three storeys, steps leading down to cellars and up to churches, enormous walls of red brick stripped of their original marble, exquisite reliefs, triumphal arches—all stretching across the vast space

which begins at the base of the huge palace of the senators and reaches to the arch erected by Titus after the destruction of Jerusalem, with the Colosseum and the Arch of Constantine in the background. Framing it on the right, high up like a ruin in the skies, is the palace of the Caesars.

The traveller is bewildered as he stands amid this ruin and tries to picture what this place was once upon a time. Here in the Forum, in the days when emperors walked about among their people, were twenty-five acres of halls and temples and triumphal arches; twelve hundred marble columns and a thousand colossal statues; miles of porticoes, shops full of treasures, galleries full of pictures; the Senate House and the Archives of the Empire of the World. And it was not a show, all this wonder; it was not only to look at; but to *endure*. It was a thing of beauty made to be a joy almost for ever. So well did they build, these Romans, that columns stand today in the open streets of Rome where they were set up two thousand years ago. So well they did everything that the huge drains out of the city are still in use twenty centuries after they were made. They are big enough, as a writer said in those days, for a hay-cart to pass through.

In this Forum where we stand, the history of Rome was made. It is almost true to say of Rome that everything happened here.

Imagination almost reels to think of the gigantic splendour of this place in days when Rome was Rome indeed. It is wonderful to see the vastness of the ruins, to go round to the left of the Colosseum and see it *whole*: then, walking slowly round, find that this great thing is broken.

The mind cannot picture the Colosseum as it must

have been, yet palaces and temples and tombs have been made of marble taken from this single ruin. Twelve thousand captive Jews are said to have been engaged on this colossal structure, of which the outside walls alone cost twenty times as much money as Saint Paul's. Three times round the outside walls is a mile, and the walls rose high enough towards the sky to hold twenty tiers of seats for eighty thousand people, and in the midst of them, on a throne of ivory or gold, sat Caesar. A thousand beasts were slain in this arena to keep an emperor's birthday, and how many death-cries have gone up from this place nobody can know.

Once upon a time there were four hundred kinds of plants among the ruins, and the first seeds of many of them may have come from the cages of wild beasts brought from distant lands; so that it is a thrilling thing to pull a leaf or to pick a flower growing there, for we hold in our hand a living thing that may go back to a day when lions were let loose on the followers of Jesus to entertain an emperor on an ivory throne.

Yet even the Colosseum can never have seemed so dazzling to the Romans as the very ruins of it seem to us, for all the world in which they moved was so luxurious that one of them wrote complaining that he could hardly tread except on precious stones. A theatre built for a pageant of only three days is said to have been the greatest work ever made by the hand of man. It had three storeys, one of marble, one of glass, and one of gilded wood; and the bottom storey was supported by hundreds of marble columns with thousands of statues between.

We can hardly imagine the sort of life the Romans

lived. The Earth and all that is in it contributed to their pleasures or their battles. A man would have a hundred slaves to do his will; there was a citizen in the time of Augustus who kept four thousand. Slave labour reached incredible proportions in those great days of Rome; the splendour of this far-flung empire was largely founded on slaves. They sent them to their wars and made them build their houses—houses like little towns, palaces at which a modern king would stare with envy. Crassus had five hundred architects and masons, and of some of the country houses of the Romans we read that gold was lavished freely on the walls, marbles and ivories were everywhere, and there were rooms for every part of the day and every season of the year. A man would level a road, excavate a reservoir, and fling up an earthwork for his house by the sea. At the house of Scipio Africanus the walls were covered with marble brought from Alexandria, with the veins polished to look like a picture; the edges of the baths were set round with precious stones from Greece with streaks of gold worked in; the water ran from silver pipes and fell in beautiful cascades; the floors were inlaid with gems. Through colonnades and rows of statues walked Scipio to his bath.

If the chief qualities of a Roman building were vigour and usefulness, if they wrought their wonders so as to make tremendous impressions with ease and without any strain, it was not because they had no eye for beautiful enrichments. They did all things gloriously and well. Their public baths were perhaps the most magnificent things upon the Earth. People bathed in thousands in one place. Nothing has ever been seen quite like those

baths of Caracalla of which the walls still stand in Rome. They covered a square of a thousand feet each way, and there were sixteen hundred feet of marble or porphyry. It is supposed that there was enough warm water available for a hundred thousand people to bathe in every three hours, and the quantity of water in the baths at one time is said to have been about two million cubic feet.

No building problem troubled these conquerors of the world. They took the rocks and shaped them to their heart's desire. Somebody has reckoned that half a million tons of material were used in building one arena, which had a cubic mass of forty million feet. In the pedestal of Trajan's Column were blocks of marble weighing eighty tons, and there were marble columns in Rome six feet in diameter and fifty-five feet high.

And they were the most scientific builders the world has ever seen; they built for all posterity. Stone was exposed to the weather for two years before they used it. They grew their timbers with the greatest care, and chose them for their enduring qualities. They found a wood that would not burn, and used it for their roofs. They brought marble from Athens, from Mediterranean islands, from Egypt, and all over Italy. They brought red ochre from Egypt and Spain, green chalk from Smyrna, vermilion from Ephesus. They would build huge walls of nothing but rubble, or of porous lava as light as pumice-stone, depending entirely on the quality of the mortar for their strength.

There have been counted in Rome today nine thousand columns of marble still unbroken, and it is said that there must have been in those days four hundred and fifty

thousand of these columns. We have only to walk into the baths of Caracalla, or the baths of Diocletian, to see how utterly words fail to tell the vastness of all this. Diocletian loved big things, and it is said that when he built his baths in Rome he set forty thousand captives to work on them, laying out the baths, with their marvellous mosaic floors and wonderful marble walls, to cover four hundred thousand square yards and to accommodate three thousand bathers. Such was the splendour of Rome.

And while Rome lived in pomp and splendour in the sun, her conquerors were hiding underground. Down in the tombs were the persecuted Christians, driven to worship, and perhaps to live, among the dead. Forty groups of catacombs have been found outside the gates of Rome, cut out sometimes five deep in the ground, so that we may walk about in them now at a depth of forty feet below the surface, and walk so far in them that if we went from end to end we should travel five hundred miles. Down in these tombs were the persecuted followers of the Carpenter of Nazareth, whose apostles had been led out of the gates to be crucified. The Romans would have laughed if somebody had said that these men hiding underground were founding an empire greater than their own; yet there are two things that take the world to Rome today. One is the ruin of the emperors; the other is the monuments of the men they persecuted, whose gospel has transformed the world.

The great wonder that grows upon us in Rome is the wonder of the Two Empires. Think of the fact that at one time there were in Rome on the same day two such men as Nero and Paul. Nero lived in a golden house;

Paul was in chains. Yet Nero's empire has gone, while Paul's endures for ever.

Few things are more stirring to the traveller than to go from spot to spot in Rome and hear the still small voice. You could hardly hear it in the days of Caesar, for Christianity was stifled underground, all but suffocated at its birth. Go down into the catacombs and remember, in these dark passages where we move slowly with candles, that nineteen centuries ago there were but a handful of Christians in Europe, and they had to hide *down there.*

Under the Capitol, cut out in the solid rock, stretching under the floor of the Forum, is a dungeon which the traveller is shown as the prison of Peter and Paul. Outside, in the dazzling brightness of the sun, stood Caesar in his pride, lord of the world; there his generals came triumphant from their conquests, bringing captive hosts in chains. Inside, in the depths of a foul cell, were two preachers of a strange gospel, Peter the fisherman and Paul the maker of tents. Here, we are told, they were bound for nine months to a pillar of stone, and from here, we are asked to believe, they addressed their farewells to the world.

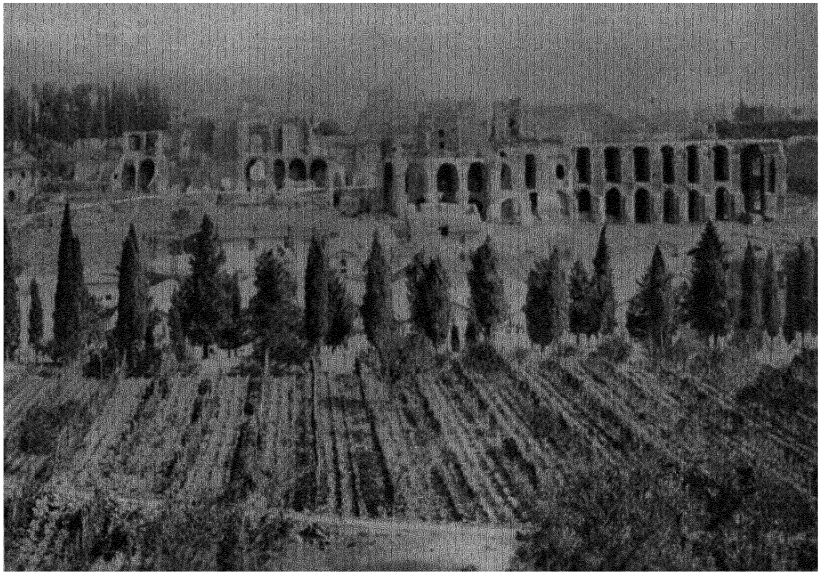
From the Farewell of Saint Peter

Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity, for if these things be in you ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful; ye shall never fall.

Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, I will endeavour that ye may be able after my decease to have these things always in remembrance. We look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth



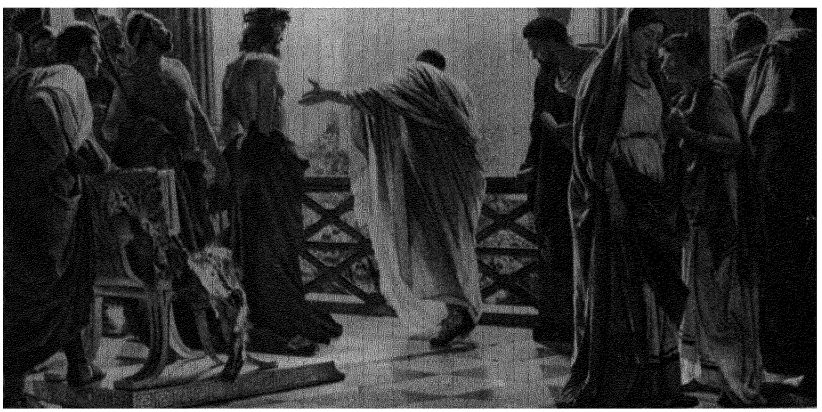
THE MOST AMAZING AMPHITHEATRE THE ROMANS EVER BUILT—THE RUINS OF THE COLOSSEUM AS THEY STAND TO-DAY IN ROME



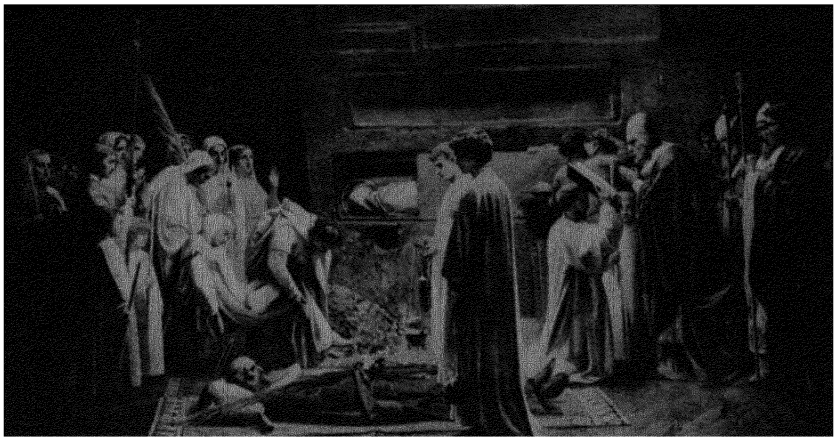
THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE PALACES OF CÆSAR AS WE SEE THEM STILL TOWERING ABOVE THE RUINS OF THE FORUM



FRA ANGELICO'S PICTURE OF THE FLIGHT OF MARY AND JESUS FROM THE TERROR OF ROME



A GREAT PICTURE IN ROME OF THE MOMENT WHEN PILATE MANDED JESUS TO THE MOB



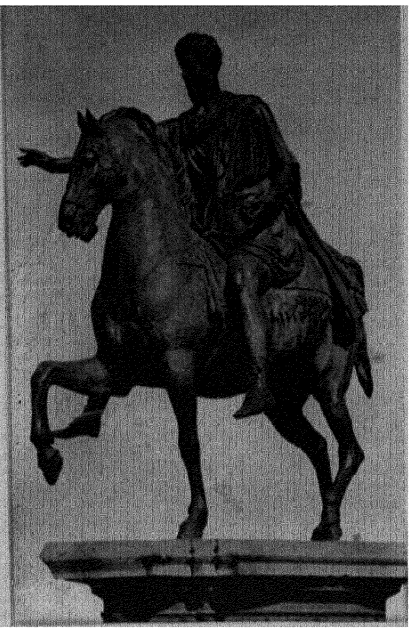
THE FIRST FOLLOWERS OF CHRISTIANITY HIDING THEMSELVES IN THE DARK CATACOMBS UNDER THE STREETS OF ROME



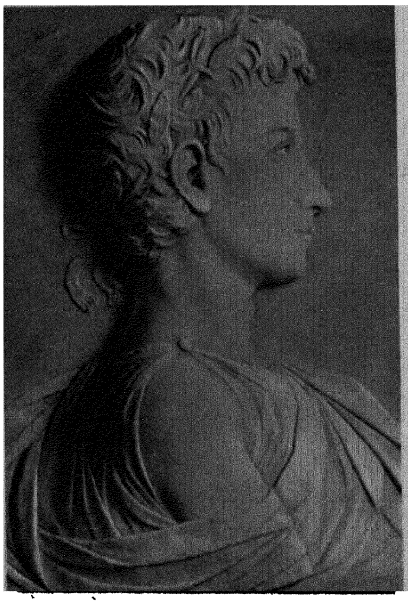
THE HOME OF THE CHURCH IN ROME TO-DAY—SAINT PETER'S, THE GREATEST CATHEDRAL IN THE WORLD



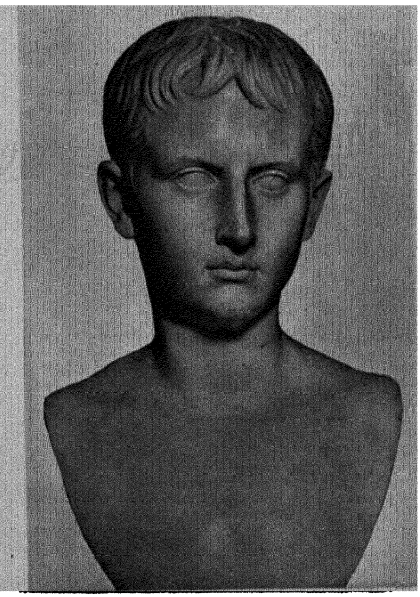
Augustus Cæsar in his Coat of Mail



Marcus Aurelius on his Horse in Rome



The Young Marcus Aurelius in Florence



The Young Augustus at the Vatican

TWO SPLENDID CÆSARS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless.

From the Farewell of Saint Paul

Thou hast fully known my doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long-suffering, charity, patience, afflictions; what persecutions I endured; but out of them all the Lord delivered me.

I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforward there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.

It may be, as they say, that these farewells came from this sad spot; it may not be: but the very stones of Rome cry out the message these men left behind in this city where Caesar has become but a shadow and a name.

Was ever a page in history so dramatic as this? Here was a civilisation dominating the whole known world, and one day news arrives in Rome that a preacher has arisen in Galilee. He is crucified before a crowd of Roman citizens, his followers are scattered and driven to hide beneath the ground, persecuted and broken to pieces, flung to the lions to make a Roman holiday; yet today the Roman Empire has ceased to be, the great civilisation has broken down, and the persecuted Christians, the followers of the Crucified, the descendants of the people of the catacombs, have inherited the greatness that was Caesar's, and their throne is established in the Earth so that while men store coal in Caesars' palaces and drink liquor in their tombs, the central sight of Rome today is the tomb of a fisherman whom Nero put to death.

For Saint Peter's is the jewel of Rome. We should

be careful in calling a thing sublime, but Saint Peter's is sublime. Out of a long mean street we emerge into the spacious square, where George Eliot felt that nothing small or mean could come. All the world knows the picture of it, with the half-circle of high columns leading to the ends of the façade, a hundred and fifty yards in front. There are hundreds of these columns in four lines, and through the middle avenue a carriage and a pair of horses can pass. Each front column has a statue on the top. The vestibule, approached by a flight of steps much wider than Saint Paul's, is perhaps fifty yards long, and looking down from the ceiling are probably twenty statues, almost lost in the vastness, though they must be of enormous size. Pulling back the leather curtain before the great door, we step inside.

Vast and beautiful beyond all expectation is this wondrous place, twice as big as Saint Paul's, and light everywhere. As we walk slowly towards the tomb of Saint Peter, under the central dome, the beauty of the place grows upon us and becomes a dream; we lose the world of sense, and live as in a vision. Nothing but the sight of it can convey a sense of its great beauty. We like it perhaps more than San Marco, though they cannot be compared. San Marco is solemn and tender, and makes us fancy we hear singing; Saint Peter's is beauty in its strength, as though the artist had said, "I will make a beautiful thing that shall endure for ever."

Perhaps there is no dome like Saint Peter's anywhere. Flooded with light, its simple decorations—probably eighty pictures on a soft gold ground, in slanting panels—are easily and clearly seen, though they are so high that

the lettering has to be longer than a man, and a pen in Saint Luke's hand is longer than Saint Luke was, in order that we may see it naturally.

Four huge pillars, each vast enough to occupy the space of a thousand standing men, hold up the dome, and around the church are a dozen other domes, covering a dozen chapels, all bigger than the average English church, and much more lovely. There is hardly a chair in Saint Peter's, only a seat or two here and there, and the great marble floor is free. There are only a few monuments, all but one or two of them masterpieces, and you walk about as in unlimited space, forgetting Time.

And as we wander in this vast space, seeming to grow more spacious and more lovely as we walk about it, we come to feel that it is one of the world's master-places. No figures can give an adequate conception of its size; no words can describe the effect of walking up and down the aisles, in and out of the chapels, across the transept and back to the great dome. I have walked round and round Saint Peter's with my eyes fixed on its vaulted roof, and as one dome passes out of sight and another comes into view, as the rich gold of the arches strikes the eye, as the great mosaics and frescoes come—one of them representing nine men's work for ten years, ninety years of human labour—as the white marble tombs loom before us, the solemn silence of the place growing upon us all the while, we are overwhelmed, in spite of Byron's saying that as we enter Saint Peter's the mind grows colossal with the place so that we cannot be overwhelmed.

And yet this marvellous place is only a part of a place; it is only one part of the Vatican, the greatest building in the

world. If the Vatican stood alone in a desert men would build a railway to it. It is, of course, the wonder-house of Europe, as full of priceless treasures as the sea is full of salt; yet it stands not alone in its glory, but here in Rome among a thousand wonders. It is the greatest palace and the greatest church in existence. It covers over thirteen acres. It is said to have a thousand halls and chapels and apartments, and over one ceiling alone Michael Angelo gave up four years of his life. Whether this roof, or a roof that Raphael painted, is the greatest thing in art is one of the endless controversies; but the Vatican will not be jealous whichever way the problem is decided, for both these roofs are within its walls. Here Raphael painted for twelve years; here Michael Angelo must have chiselled and painted for most of his life.

Here is a gallery of pictures which no money in the world could buy; here are miles of sculptures, startling and thrilling and lovely things, which almost speak aloud of the world that was for ages before the first Parliament sat at Westminster. Here is Augustus, the mail-clad ruler of the world, who found Rome brick and left it marble; he who ordered the census which took Mary to Bethlehem, and made a manger sacred and immortal as the birthplace of an empire compared with which the empire of Rome was like a nest of ants. Here he stands, this splendid Caesar, seeming, as somebody has said, as if he were speaking those words which Virgil wrote of him: "Din of arms shall cease, and days of hardship shall be softened."

We see him again as a young man; who has not seen the picture of the Young Augustus whose lovely face

enthralls all travellers in the Vatican? We cannot look at him, at this face as gentle as a woman's, without the thought that the burden of the empire must have been heavy on his mind. Might this gentle Roman not have saved mankind if he had met the Man of Galilee? If they could have sat here in the Capitol, looking over Rome as Christ looked over Jerusalem, and have talked for an hour, would not this young Augustus Caesar have believed, and would he not, accepting the simple faith of Nazareth, have altered the course of Rome, and therefore the course of the world? There would have been no crucifixion, Jesus would have conquered the world in His own day, the long and terrible history of Christianity would have been changed, and the mind of man cannot conceive the glory that might have been. But the crucifixion happened; we see here in Rome the first picture of it in existence—a caricature scratched on marble, probably by a page in Caesar's palace, a few generations after the veil in the temple was rent in twain.

So the mind goes far away as we walk in this spacious place, far back to other times and other places. Here is the bust of Pericles, of the Golden Age of Greece, who tried to stop the wars of Greece to save her civilisation, but tried in vain. Here is Demosthenes, chiselled by a man who knew him, his face caught at such a moment as when he is trying to catch the ear of a frivolous crowd by warning them of danger to Athens; and we seem to hear him crying, "O Athenians, my countrymen, when I talk to you of political dangers you will not listen, and yet you crowd about me to hear a silly tale about an ass." Here is the famous Laocoön, that terrible group of a father and his

sons in the coils of a snake, one of the very greatest sculptures in the world, which stood in the palace of Titus, who came back to Rome after conquering Jerusalem and set up a beautiful arch on which we see a picture of the temple swaying in its fall. Here are two tombs in porphyry, one with the daughter and one with the mother of Constantine; and on the mother's sarcophagus are sculptures of armed men on horseback galloping over living prisoners on their knees. For a hundred and fifty years this marvellous tomb lay in fragments in a cloister, until somebody cared enough to keep several men for several years in restoring it for us to see. Here, in these halls of the treasure of antiquity, is Titus with his daughter; Diana beholding the sleeping Endymion; Hadrian, Emperor of the Roman Colony of Britain; Mark Antony, who loved Caesar and made Rome love him when it was too late; Ulysses, Pallas Athena, with old statues of poets, athletes, barbarian chiefs, and other figures who seem to be stepping out of the ancient world as we stand and look at them. Trajan is here, he who sleeps beneath that marble column in the streets of Rome, with a spiral band winding round it to the top carved with twenty-five hundred human figures.

So marvellous is the Vatican, so inexhaustible. It is said to be over a thousand feet long. Its walls are covered with pictures without price, Raphaels and Titians, Murillos and Peruginos, the vigorous works of Michael Angelo and the matchless tenderness of Fra Angelico. Here Michael Angelo left his noblest work; here Raphael crowded spacious walls with his immortal figures, and here we see his great Transfiguration, which hung above his death-bed and followed his coffin in the slow procession to the Pantheon.

And when all beheld
Him where he lay, how changed from yesterday—
Him in that hour cut off, and at his head
His last great work; when, entering in, they looked,
Now on the dead, then on that masterpiece—
Now on his face, lifeless and colourless,
Then on those forms divine that lived and breathed,
And would live on for ages—all were moved,
And sighs burst forth and loudest lamentations.

Here, in this unparalleled palace of the Vatican, where popes have lived for four hundred years, is gathered together incalculable historic and artistic treasure of the past. The traveller leaves it with an overwhelming sense of glory. Nowhere else is brought together such a boundless wealth of astonishing things as in this building, which we think of afterwards as a marble city, so enormous are the distances under its roof. One of its galleries has seven hundred marble sculptures; another has five thousand inscriptions from pagan and early Christian times let into the walls; the wall of a corridor has the first known maps of the world built into it.

But it would need whole books to tell of what is here; and so packed with wondrous things is Rome that a book could only begin to tell it all. Through the heart of the town runs the famous Corso, the Strand of Rome. At one end is the convent where Luther stayed on that visit to Rome which opened his eyes and sent him out into the world to start the Reformation. Not far away sleeps Ignatius Loyola, who took a little band of men into a chapel here, swore them to be faithful, and founded the Order of Jesuits which has covered the Earth. A little distance off sleeps Fra Angelico, who clothed the walls of churches with a matchless loveliness; and beneath

the altar of that same church, with the lights that never go out shining in the dimness, is the figure of a lady in a tomb. She is Catherine of Siena. Beneath one of the most imposing monuments lies a pope who was born so low that he had no name; under the very dome of Saint Peter's lies a man who was once an English beggar-boy.

Everywhere it is so in Rome; we cannot escape from history or from wonder. We wonder at the narrow unpaved streets made of lava-stone; at the confusion of men and horses mixed up everywhere. We wonder at the sound of running water in the streets, especially at night, when the trickling of the fountains is weird and old. We are baffled by the hills of Rome, where at times the next street is up by a lift, or through a long white tunnel, or up a hundred steps—and did Michael Angelo make the steps? We wonder at the frescoes on the walls of houses, lit up sometimes at nights with electric lamps; and if we are passing a great house in the dark we may be startled by the appearance of white figures seeming to step out from niches in the wall. We start back at the sight of living wolves close to us on the Forum steps.

It is part of the weird mystery of the Eternal City, the spirit of the Colosseum, the memory of the Forum, the something that creeps out of Caligula's palace at night and fills the air with the terror of the past as we gaze on the shadow of the greatest pageant Time has ever seen.

POMPEII

Ruined shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream.

Tom Moore

THE CITY THAT PASSED IN THE NIGHT

WE may wonder if any sight that a traveller sees will live longer in his mind than Pompeii, a sight to look upon with doubting eyes even as we walk through its streets and sit down in its houses, the city of a vanished life which passed out of the world in a night.

Here is a city nearly two miles round, with streets or houses, market-places and shops, gardens and squares and monuments, all so well dug out of the Earth that if the tenant of one of the houses were to come back to life, and were set down at one of the three gates of Pompeii, he would walk to his house quite naturally, recognising his old home, in some cases, by paintings still fresh at the gate. He would find the mosaic floor still almost as new in many of his rooms. He would find beautiful statues still unbroken. He would find the pipes which brought water to his bath still in their places, and the bath still capable of holding water. He would find things at home in such a condition that no power would make him believe his home had been buried for nearly nineteen centuries. One wonders if anything that eyes have ever seen is so hard to believe as Pompeii, for here is a kitchen with a pan on the fire, resting on the ashes which were boiling water in it when Little Treasure Island was a Roman colony, with savages about. It is this which makes Pompeii almost too true to be true—the preservation through all that dread catastrophe, through all

these nineteen centuries, of *the very life of the moment when Pompeii heard its doom.*

The architecture of this vast ruin is wonderful. The freshness of some of the colour is as if it had been done but yesterday. The sense of luxury is everywhere, and there is even a sort of atmosphere that comes up from the Long Ago. But the miles of ruin, the well-planned houses fit for kings, the famous frescoes and mosaics, some of which are our only picture-record of important historical events, are, with all their value and tremendous interest, not the most impressive facts of Pompeii.

Pompeii is unmatched as something preserved through nearly the whole of our Christian Era, preserved in big and in little so that identity is easy; but Pompeii is unique in the world because it has stamped for ever upon the Earth itself the life of a single moment in the dim mists of Time. I mean a moment; not a period, not a day, not even an hour—but a *moment*, for I have seen the pan boiling on the fire, the loaf of bread half-eaten, the meat being cooked for dinner, the wine still in the bottle, the ink still in the pot, the key still in the door. I have been in the cellar where sixteen people hid themselves when the calamity came, where the master of the house was found with the key in his hand, a slave close behind him with money and valuables; and I have seen the key. I have walked in the courtyard from which they must have fled; I have seen the open windows through which the ashes of Vesuvius burst upon them in the cellar. I have seen, it may be, the very clothes some of these poor people wore.

But, more than all this, *I have seen the pain on a*

man's face as he died on that terrible day. There were no cameras to take photographs then, but Nature has no need of cameras. Without their help she has saved for us a sight of the terror of that day.

In the ashes where they lay, the features of these poor people were pictured as in a photograph; the ashes hardened so that the likeness was faithfully preserved through all the centuries; and when these bodies were discovered there came to a man of science a wonderful idea. Removing the bones carefully, he filled the space with plaster, making a perfect image of the figure which had lain there, hidden from sight, for more than a thousand years. And here today lies the image of a man in stone, his face wrought with the very pain of death, his eyes drawn, his lips stretched, his features stamped with all the agony of the most agonising event in human history. Not all the destructiveness of Vesuvius, not all the weight of the Earth for nineteen hundred years, has changed a muscle of this dead man's face, and he lies today like a man turned into stone, that all the world may see something of that awful moment when a city vanished from the Earth. Near by him lies the image of a dog, twisted out of shape with cruel pain; and here, near the homes in which they lived, lie images of other men and women—men and women no longer now, but only forms, statues that Michael Angelo never could have rivalled.

It is almost commonplace, after this, to think of all the wonderful things that lie about these streets of Ruin. It must have been a rich and lovely sight to look upon, adorned by sculptors and artists of Rome's golden age; and there is no wonder Rome flocked here to live its lighter

life, that emperors and statesmen and poets and nobles had houses here. And what houses they were, occupying a whole street sometimes, lavish in paintings and marbles beyond the dreams of modern times, with mosaics that no millionaire would dare to pay for now even if there were a man alive to make them.

The country houses of the Romans were so extravagant that, in describing the way they were built by the sea, one of their historians speaks sarcastically of the fishes being cramped for room by the diminution of the ocean! Roads were levelled and reservoirs excavated to suit a Roman's house, earthworks were flung up, trees were cut into queer shapes. There were often rooms for every day, and for every season of the year. Gold was lavished freely on the walls, and there were marbles and ivory everywhere. Every villa had a tower with a supper-room towards the top, where guests could rest and enjoy the scenery. Most of the houses would have three parts—the dining-rooms, parlours, bedrooms and baths, tennis courts, walks, and terraces; the accommodation for slaves, workmen, prisons, and the cellars for wine and oil; the corn-stores, barns, granaries, fruit-stores, and places for geese, ducks, fowls, birds, rabbits, bees, and snails.

In the time of Pliny, who perished at Pompeii, they bathed every day before they sat down to eat; the last thing they did before dining was to bathe. We read of a villa belonging to a well-known Roman where the baths were of marble from Alexandria, with veins polished to look like a picture; the edges of the basin were set round with precious stones from Greece, interspersed with streaks of gold; the water ran from silver pipes and fell

in beautiful cascades. The floors were inlaid with stones and precious gems, and everywhere were splendid colonnades and marble statues.

All this was possible in the great building days of Rome, for Rome had slaves in numbers beyond counting. The traffic in slave-labour had reached an amazing scale in the great days of Pompeii, and craftsmanship of any kind had come to be considered degrading. One household had fourteen hundred slaves, and a citizen under Augustus left four thousand at his death. One famous man had an army of artisan slaves, among whom were hundreds of architects and masons. It is said that in Sicily, in a four-years war, the number of slaves who perished was a million.

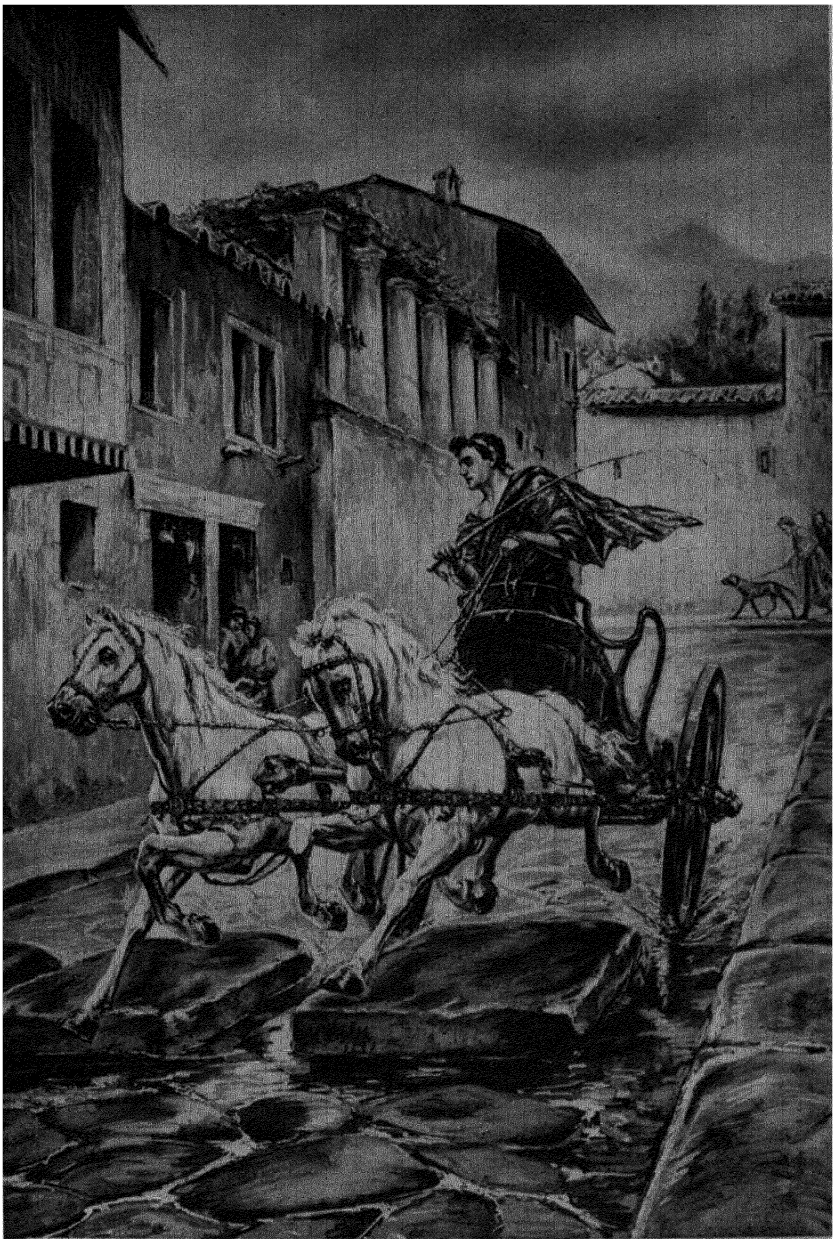
So splendid must have been this city, so terrible the foundations of its splendour, when Vesuvius flung out her fires one autumn night in the year 79. Two scholars, still famous men, were living near the stricken town, and one of them perished in the great eruption. They were Pliny the Elder and Pliny the Younger. The uncle was a soldier and scholar, and was the intimate friend of the Emperor Vespasian; his nephew is famous for the charming letters he wrote to his friends, and a letter to the Roman historian Tacitus describes that terrible night in which he witnessed the destruction of Pompeii. It was a happy chance that Pliny the Younger should be there, for his letter tells us faithfully what happened on that night; but it was a sad chance that Pliny the Elder should be there, for he was doomed to perish. He was one of the immortals, the man who gave the world its first encyclopedia, the warrior-scholar who preserved vast stores of ancient knowledge which would otherwise have been for

ever lost; the man who stands out as a towering world-figure in the interval between the fall of Alexandria as a seat of learning and the rise of our own Roger Bacon.

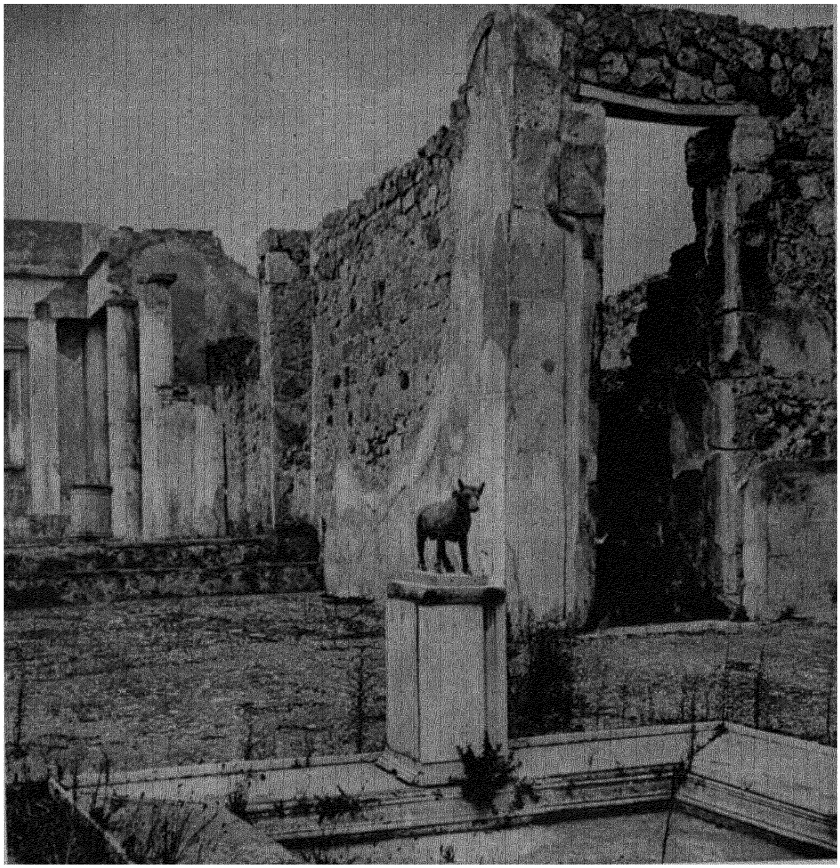
On the night of the destruction of Pompeii, Pliny the Elder, who used to work all day for his emperor, go to bed for a few hours, rise at midnight and work till dawn for the benefit of humanity, was on this night awakened before his usual time, and, ill and old though he was, he put off in a boat to get a near view of what was happening, so that he might describe it for all time in his writings, He was admiral of the Roman fleet at Misenum, and had plenty of boatmen at his command. He was rowed out into the Bay of Naples, and landed at Stabiae to rescue a friend. There, in order to calm the fears of the people, he took a bath, ordered dinner, and actually lay down to rest, though the house in which he lay was gradually being covered with ashes and stones, and the building rocked with the shocks of earthquake. At last Pliny was persuaded to leave. Wearing pillows on their heads to protect them from the falling stones, he and his party went down to the seashore, where Pliny, choking with the volcano fumes, sank to the ground. His attendants fled, only two slaves remaining. His nephew tells us what happened:

Leaning on two slaves, he rose to his feet, and immediately fell down again, owing, as I think, to his breathing being obstructed by the thickness of the fumes. When daylight returned—which was three days after his death—his body was found, untouched, uninjured, and covered, dressed just as he had been in life. The body suggested a person asleep rather than dead.

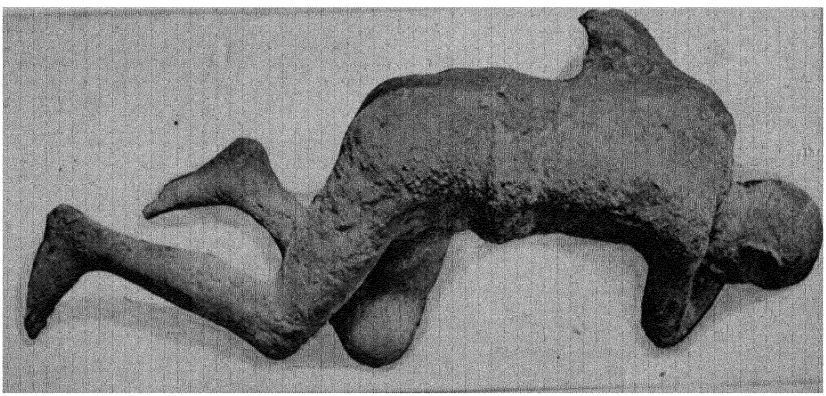
While Pompeii was preparing to flee, Pliny the Younger had been quietly at work at Misenum, writing for one of



THE LIFE OF A STREET IN POMPEII IN THE GREAT DAYS BEFORE [illegible] DISAPPEARED



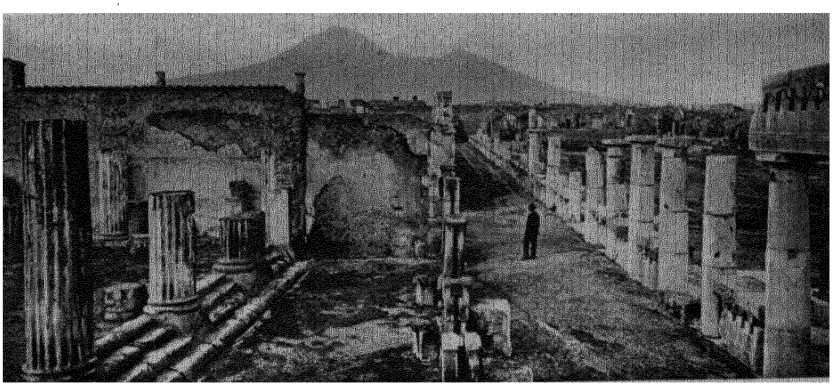
A COURTYARD IN POMPEII TO-DAY—THE HOUSE OF THE BULL



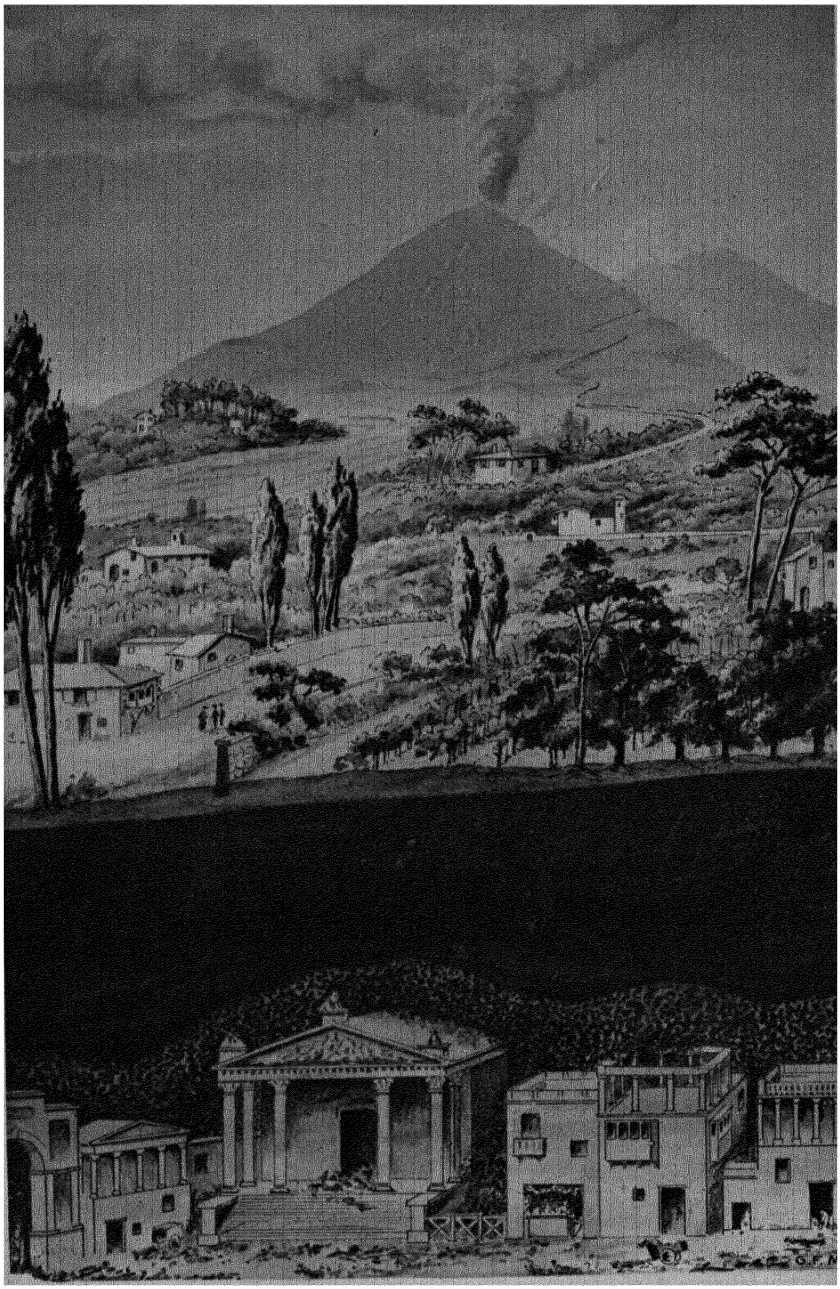
THE IMAGE IN STONE OF A MAN WHO PERISHED AT POMPEII



THE FORUM OF POMPEII, WITH VESUVIUS WHICH BURIED IT DEEP IN LAVA FOR NEARLY EIGHTEEN CENTURIES



A STREET IN POMPEII AS WE SEE IT TO-DAY



THE CITY SEALED UP BY A STORM OF FIRE—POMPEII AS IT LAY HIDDEN FROM SIGHT FOR EIGHTEEN CENTURIES

his uncle's books; but at last he, too, was compelled to leave, taking his mother with him. They made their way on foot towards the sea in midnight darkness, amid the crash of burning buildings, the hail of lava and hot stones, and the weeping and wailing of terrified people. They saw the sea draw back as if repelled by the quaking of the Earth; they saw fishes stranded on dry land; they saw the lava flowing after them. Fleeing from this terrible place, crouching in the shelter of buildings, stopping for a moment now and then to shake off the dust and ashes which were burying them alive, they saw the overwhelming of all the splendour that had one day been Pompeii, and Pliny wrote in his letter to Tacitus that "I believed I and the world were perishing together."

For more than a thousand years after that no man saw Pompeii; no man dreamed that it would one day come to light. For three days after the eruption the flight from the city had continued, until the abandonment of Pompeii was so complete that not a living soul remained.

The lava covered every square foot of the city, and for fifteen hundred years Pompeii lay there, a heap of ashes and hardened mud all overgrown with grass, with only the mark of the great theatre walls to show where once had been the pleasure city of the Roman emperors. Three hundred years ago an architect, in excavating for an aqueduct, came upon some ancient building, but not till a century and a half had passed were they found to be part of old Pompeii. Then, for a hundred years, a few things were dug up, and at last, with the coming of the unity of the Italian nation, came the discovery of Pompeii. The scientific unveiling of the ruins has gone on apace,

until today the sight of this lost city is the most amazing spectacular witness of the Past that men can gaze upon.

The city lay buried thirteen feet deep, under seven different layers of lava. Only seven hundred skeletons have been found, so that we may imagine that most of the people were able to escape, although it is known that Vesuvius can fling for miles stones that twenty oxen cannot move. One stone flung up from her depths is said to weigh not less than fifty thousand pounds. And yet this town remains in an incredible state of preservation. It is odd to stand at the gate of one of these houses and look at the mosaic in the floor, a picture of a dog, with the old *Cave Canem*, " Beware of the dog," under it ; and it is wonderful to stand in the garden of another house, with flowers growing now where flowers grew then, with lovely statues still unbroken where they were first set up, with the gateway still fresh with paintings, with colour everywhere, and with people moving to and fro ; and to imagine that the lord of the house is giving a party and we are among the guests. No great imagination is called for at Pompeii, for if imagination did not people these houses and streets the stones themselves would cry out.

Out of this vast ruin has come a collection of treasures of antiquity which Time could hardly have preserved without the help of Vesuvius. Even the date of the catastrophe can be fixed by the small things found intact, for we know from the fruits and the wine-jars, by the dried grapes and walnuts and chestnuts found in abundance, that it must have been autumn when the dread night came ; and we know from the number of jars found in the garden upside down that they had just been washed

and left to dry in time to receive the new wine from the harvest lately gathered.

And there are incalculable existing witnesses to the suddenness and terror of that night; the museum at Naples is crammed with a collection that must stir the dullest mind that ever wandered mechanically about a glorious treasure-house. Here are the marbles and the frescoes, statues, columns, tombs, pavements, ceilings, that enriched Pompeii. Here are sculptures hewn in marble that seem as near to life as those stone figures still lying in Pompeii. Hundreds of triumphs of art crowd the huge ground floor of this museum, most of them in marble or in bronze, and most of them from the villas and temples and streets and spaces of the stricken city.

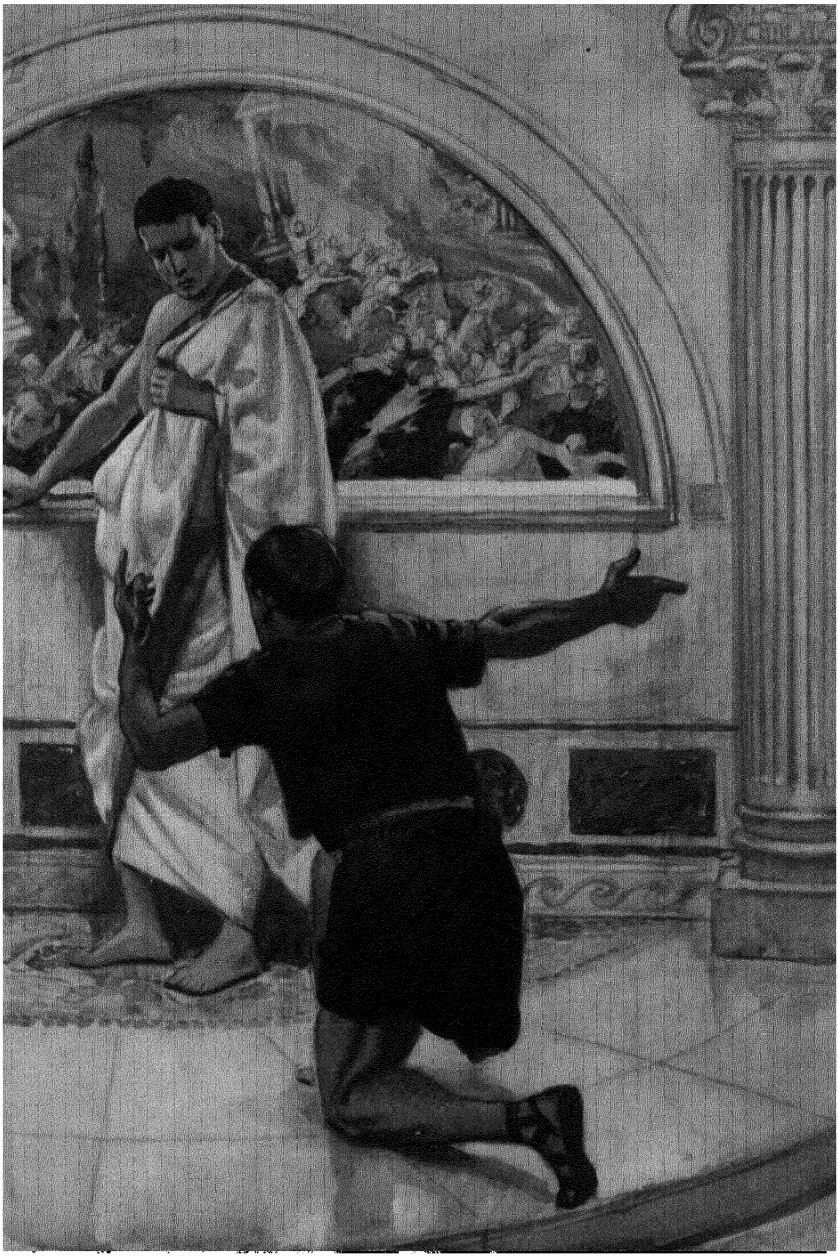
No corner of Pompeii was left unadorned. It is astonishing to see the splendid friezes in the arcades, where things were bought and sold; even the butcher and the fishmonger, with their benches next to an emperor's temple, carried on their work in an environment fit for poets. It is not easy to understand how rich Pompeii must have been until we have seen the museum, because it has been the habit in the past to carry off the art treasures of Pompeii to Naples; and the city itself is today the picture of very ruin, without roofs, like a city after a fire has done half its work. The treasures of the Naples museum are incalculable and beyond all price, and even they are but a little of the enormous accumulation of the treasure of antiquity this Roman city drew unto itself.

For, of course, the treasures of Pompeii can never be brought together again. How much of this wealth of art must have been destroyed in that year 79! How much

has been carried off by emperors and popes to decorate their palaces and churches! How much lies still buried in the earth, waiting for the spade to bring it into the light of day! Only half, perhaps, of this field of ruin has been recovered in these hundred and fifty years, and still the work must take about a hundred years to finish. For ever men are at work with their axes and spades, ever digging up houses and gardens and marbles, and nobody knows whether there may be a new Laocoön in the world tomorrow, or some new Venus of Milo, or some fragment of mosaic showing Alexander winning the mastery of the world. More than two thousand pictures have been recovered on the walls where they were painted fifty generations since.

For hundreds of years this vast treasure-house was unknown to the world, the ancients allowing it to be covered up when they had taken from the ruins all they thought it contained, or all they thought worth digging for; but Vesuvius threw out dust enough to bury Pompeii nearly twenty feet deep, and so it happened that the ancients robbed the surface only, leaving the depths to be trampled down or built over or neglected throughout the Middle Ages. Then a farmer would dig up a piece of marble, and perhaps it would be a man's hand. A peasant found a piece of cloth as he dug his garden one day, and used it to clean out his oven. It did not soil, it did not burn; *it was a piece of asbestos cloth in which some ancient Roman had wrapped the ashes of a dead friend.*

Coming to Pompeii by train, the traveller sees green orchards with stone columns rising among the trees, filling the mind with wonder as to what lies beneath.



CALM AND UNAFRAID, PLINY GOES TO HIS BATH WHILE POMPEII CRASHES TO ITS DOOM

Do these oranges grow over the roof of the palace of Caesar? Do the roots of these vines reach down into the wine-cellars of Tiberius? We come, too, upon whole fields black with lava, reminding us that, while men dig up one civilisation, even now Vesuvius is covering up another. So, in the ceaseless round of Nature's processes, does Vesuvius find work for the excavators of the centuries, keeping busy axe and spade for ever.

And those busy axes and spades, which have revealed to the eyes of men this vanished city, have brought up out of darkness much more than a collection of marbles. The ground floor of the Naples Museum is filled with monuments, but come upstairs and see *a hundred thousand things*. That is not a guess, or a mere general number; there are indeed a hundred thousand things, counting coins and brasses and everything that came out of the Earth on Pompeii's Resurrection Day.

Here are the things with which they beautified their homes—small bronzes for the mantelpiece, hundreds of pictures from their walls, lovely vases of every kind. Here are locks and keys, and every sort of thing still used in a kitchen; pots and pans, and salt-cellars, and scales, and bottles, and knives; things for boiling twenty eggs at once; stoves; actual beds that people slept on, chairs they sat in; stocks they put their prisoners in—in which four skeletons were found; safes in which they kept their valuables; pens they wrote with, nibbed like this of mine; ink still in the bottle, though now dried up; a doctor's instruments such as are used today, and so on, and so on, and so on, almost through the whole range of the needs of a modern home.

And in one room, most wonderful of all, are the cakes that were on the table when the catastrophe came, a loaf half-cut, meat in a saucepan ready for cooking, wine in a glass, peas, beans, prunes, raisins, fruits ready for dessert. Everything to eat there seems to be in this room, fragments from the last dinner-tables of Pompeii preserved through nineteen hundred years by Mother Earth. And there is one thing you may not believe. There is an egg—*unbroken!* Think of it! The fires of Vesuvius destroyed this city, drove off its population in a night. It buried this city under thousands and thousands of tons of dust, buried it in the ground through all the years while Europe has been made. Vesuvius could do this, yet Vesuvius did not break this egg! It is only one incredible bit of this great incredible thing.

It is a distressing and depressing place, this city of emptiness and death. No hope can live here; nothing but despair can endure in these miles of ruin—though eighty thousand people still live on the wide-spreading slopes of Vesuvius. The immortality of Pompeii is an immortality that no city need crave. It serves, in its death, to make prosperous the living city of Naples, for would anybody come to Naples, enduring its foul streets and evil smells, if it were not to see Pompeii and the Naples Museum? But Pompeii is worth even Naples; it is something to see in one of Life's Red Letter Days, and something never to forget, for no work of man's hands has ever been buried in the earth and come out after nineteen centuries so incredible and impressive as Pompeii.

SWITZERLAND

Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls. . . .

Byron

THE STAIRWAY TO THE SKIES

WHAT would you give to go up towards the sun, up the great stairway that leads to the skies—out of the cold, dark streets of London in December on to the tops of the world; out of the gloom of mist and fog into the dazzling heaven? What would you give to stand as high as you can see on one of these winter's days, up where the clouds are and above the clouds; to go up there and hear the stillness of the world, and see the glory of the Earth, and feel the touch of the Hand of God?

Do you remember your first snowstorm? Do you remember waking up in the morning to find the green grass gone, the trees and house-tops white, the road to the gate gone, too, and nothing anywhere but the white carpet spread out from your window as far as you could see? There is nothing more beautiful, even to a child's loving eyes, than the world which is one night old; there is nothing more impressive, even to eyes growing dim, than this vision of an ever-changing world.

And as the snow brings a new world in a night, so a new world comes to those who climb the stairway to the skies. We sing of the everlasting hills, but nowhere else as on the tops of the world does the truth come home to us that the hills are tumbling down. The heights of the Earth spread out before us, our eyes pass from peak to peak, we walk above the clouds in scenes that seem eternal;

but we are looking on at the tearing-down and building-up of worlds, and we know it.

This vastness that is so still is the workshop of Creation, and if we could stand here and watch for ages instead of for minutes the mountain peaks would dip into the sea and rise into the sky again, and the story of how the Earth was shaped would unfold itself as in a kinematograph. Such a world of wonder it is that lies at the top of our stairway; so still yet so mighty a place our ladder leads us to, if we climb a mile nearer the sun.

A mile towards the sun! We sit down and ride to the tops of the world. Even a child may go. A ride to the sea in a motor-car, an hour on a little ship, across France in the darkness, a twilight and a dawn, and we are in the capital of the biggest canton in Switzerland. Half a day and a night from Dover has brought us to Coire, the gateway to the Grisons corner of the Alps, where the Rhine rises in three streams. We have climbed a little of our mile since we left the sea at Calais, but from Coire in the plain we must climb into the skies, and we leave the splendid train that has carried us five hundred miles and step into the train that runs up mountains.

There were bishops at Coire before there was a king of England, and there were rivers of ice in this valley before the Rhine flowed swiftly through it. These dome-shaped hillocks, perhaps, may be the ruins of the great Rhine glaciers. On one of them stands the chapel of Saint George, put there because Saint George of Merrie England is said to have preached up there! At this village a brave girl led the people against the French invaders; at that village came a young man, with a stick and a bundle,

to give lessons in French to Swiss children before he made himself King of France, for he was Louis Philippe in disguise.

But things like these seem small in this vast home of Nature, and we fling away our books and wonder how these gigantic terraces came up there, who perched these chapels on the hills, what happy children played in these castles towering in ruin above our heads, how the people here get light and warmth and food, and how our train is going to get *up there* where a train is coming down on the precipice's very edge. For we are at Thusis, more than two thousand feet above the sea, and now begins for us one of the great rides of our lives. We are really, at last, on the ladder, climbing as fast as steam can climb.

Up into the Alps we go, our little engine panting with its trainful of happy people, up the steep way that lifts us nearer and nearer to the sun. Thrilling and beautiful it is to look through the broad windows, across the ravines to the fir-clad mountain slopes, up the heights ever white with snow, through the graceful arches of the long stone bridges rising from the valley-bed, down the deep gorges with their rushing torrents a hundred feet below.

We are riding up to the eternal snows, but all about us millions of fir-trees grow, and their green branches, heavy with snow, with the long white daggers at the tips, are a glorious sight to see.

It is almost too good to be true, this beautiful world. Yet this is no dream, for there, down below us, is a town; and there, up above us, is another. Over these bridges, and through these tunnels, and round these curves, and up these spiral ways we go, and we think that surely men

have never made a more daring way than this. The ships in the Panama Canal go upstairs and down again on their way between the oceans, but even this is a simpler thing than lifting a train up the mountains of the Albula Pass. We go round and round, through more than forty tunnels, over a-mile-and-a-half of bridges, and nothing could be more ingenious than the way in which the clever makers of this line carry it ever up, safe all the way. It is not surprising that it cost more money to make this railway than to build Saint Paul's, and the traveller on the Albula is grateful to the men who laid the line firmly and well in perilous places, who fought rushing springs and sinking sands, and bored through granite rocks to make ten miles of tunnels and enclose seven miles of them in strong stone walls.

These things are hard enough to do wherever the work may be, but it was not these problems that faced the engineers of the Albula Pass. The real problem was to lift up the train where there is not a long way round for it to go. In the valley, or on the slope, or across a gorge, it is easy to make a road, but what can be done when the train must enter a solid rock and come out high above on the other side? There is only one thing to be done then. The line must wind slowly round and round as a corkscrew does. So our train rides into this mountain fortress. The natural laws that keep it moving forward will not fail, and the fearless driver knows his engine will reach daylight at the top. It is as if a train were to rush into a church and come out at the top of the steeple, and this miracle is seen every day in the Alps, until the wonder of it all is lost.

Out at the top, at Bergun, we ride along the side of a precipice nearly five hundred feet above the valley-bed, and we cross a deep ravine, bridged by eleven great arches, with such a sense of safety that nobody fears the train will fall into the river 275 feet below. (Nobody, let us say, but perhaps one gentle lady, and she must close her eyes.) Beyond Preda we reach the Albula Tunnel itself, and in the tunnel we climb to our greatest height. Out from the heart of the rock we rush into the sun, a mile above the world of men. One mile of space we have conquered between us and the sun, and a wonderful vision it is that we get of the earth. The ships are sailing on the sea a mile below us; a level path back to London would bring us high above the clouds that hang over Charing Cross.

But here is no man-made London, no temple made with hands. The sun is striking a hundred snow-white peaks, the fir-trees are climbing up still; there is a sound of music in the waterfall, and an impressive awe in this vast white world.

It is not true that a railway kills the poetry of the Alps. There is poetry in this way of a thousand wonders, the way which, when all other roads are closed, is still open to bring the traveller to these wonderful tops of the world. For most of us it is as thrilling to think that men have made this railway, that men have searched deep down in Nature and found the natural laws that will lift a train to these great heights, as it is to climb up a mountain with a stick and a rope.

For three hours we have been riding, and now we reach Bevers; in front of us are the great white peaks we are to live among till we come home again. Bevers,

Samaden, and at last Pontresina. As we step into the snow we wave Good-bye to our brave little train, and we think of it as a poet thought of something like it:

It lifts me to the golden doors,
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors
And strews her light below.

Now our minds, filled with wonder of these few hours, are at ease again, for outside the station the sleigh-bells are merrily ringing, and we glide along the snow through scenes as noble as any in the Engadine—the sixty miles of valley stretching from the plain of Italy to the Tyrolese frontier. Here we may live among glaciers and chamois, ski-ing and skating, tobogganing and sleighing, at the entrance to the Roseg Valley, surrounded by glorious woods, with more drives from our doors than we have time to take, with an electric railway which will carry us from the bottom of the street half a mile nearer to the sun, and a funicular railway which sets us in half an hour where we can lunch in the sunshine with a hundred miles of mountain peaks before us.

It is good to live among the mountains. Something we shall not quickly lose comes into our life as we look upon a glacier, the great white river coming slowly down from the mountain-tops. We must see them in the summer-time to see them at their best, when the river of ice comes down through a forest ablaze with glory, through vine-yards and cornfields and orchards, so that those who would gather the fruit must sometimes stand on a block of ice to reach it. Winter and summer, a thousand miles apart to

most people in Europe, come here side by side. Life and death together we see then.

But perhaps we should not call this solid river Death, for travellers say that in the hot sun you can almost hear it singing. This white river of fantastic shapes, with deep crevasses and rising towers, with a surface twisted and tortured and broken, with a burden not of ships and boats but of rocks and pebbles and boulders, goes on its resistless way, not falling softly over a precipice like water, but splitting and shivering in cracks, and coming together again in some mysterious way as if it had never been broken. These crackings in the mass, the rolling down of great boulders, the melting of ice, the falling of pebbles into some deep crevasse, have sounds like thunder and soft music, and those who know these glaciers will tell you that they love the singing of the ice. As the trees sing in the forest, so the field of ice that runs past it is filled, says one traveller, with the harmony of joyous sounds.

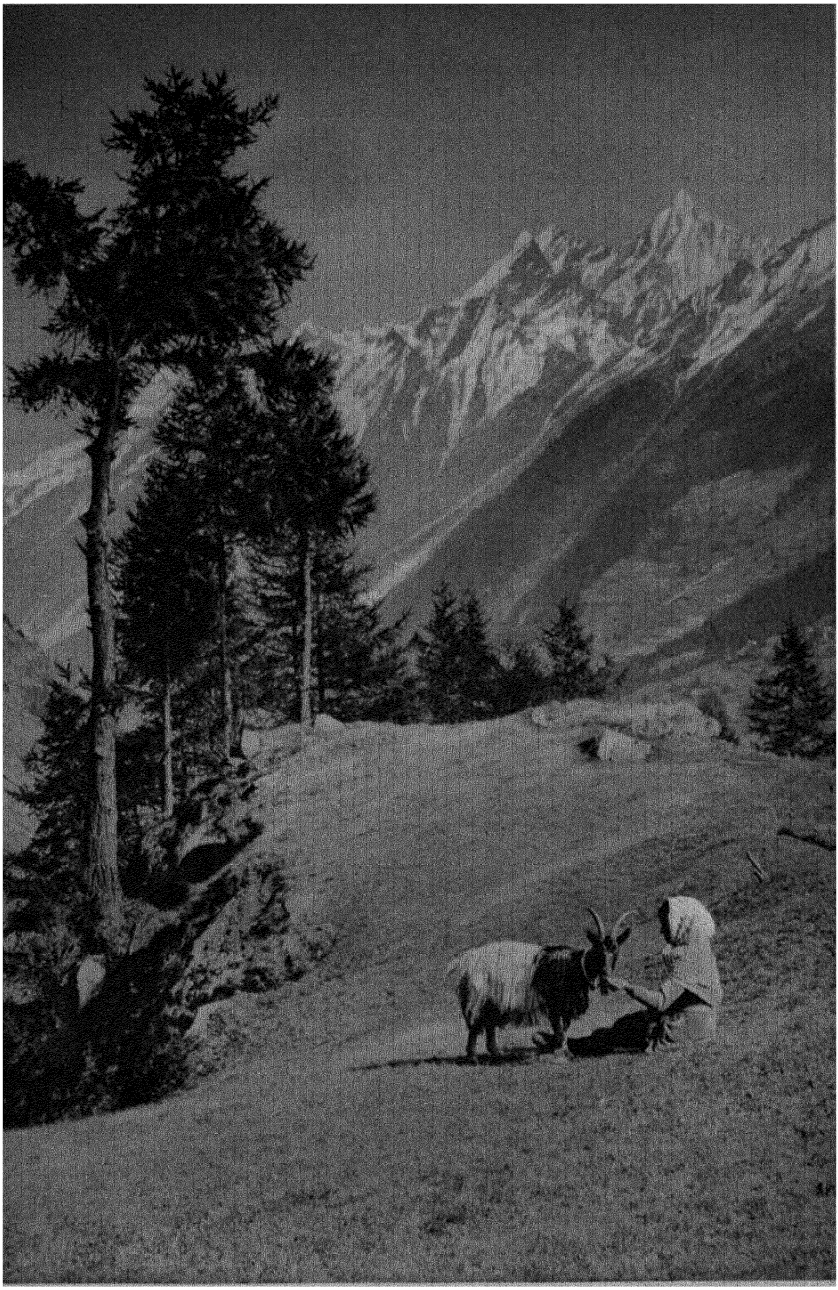
For ever it is working, this white singing river. It will go down into the valley and fill narrow beds with babbling brooks; it will dash over a cliff as a waterfall, or fill up a valley and form a lake, or join the Rhine and go out into the cities of Europe and on into the North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean—perhaps it will run some day to the Panama Canal. You and I will not be there to see, but it will go. The flake of snow will melt. The drop of water will find a crevice in the ice, and there it will freeze again, and explode with a power like the power in a bomb filled with powder; and this melting and freezing in the glacier, happening always, everywhere, will move it from the hill-top to the plain. It may take a hundred years to

reach the valley, travelling perhaps two feet a day, but time is nothing to a glacier, and in the Alps a hundred years are as an hour. For them the ages wait.

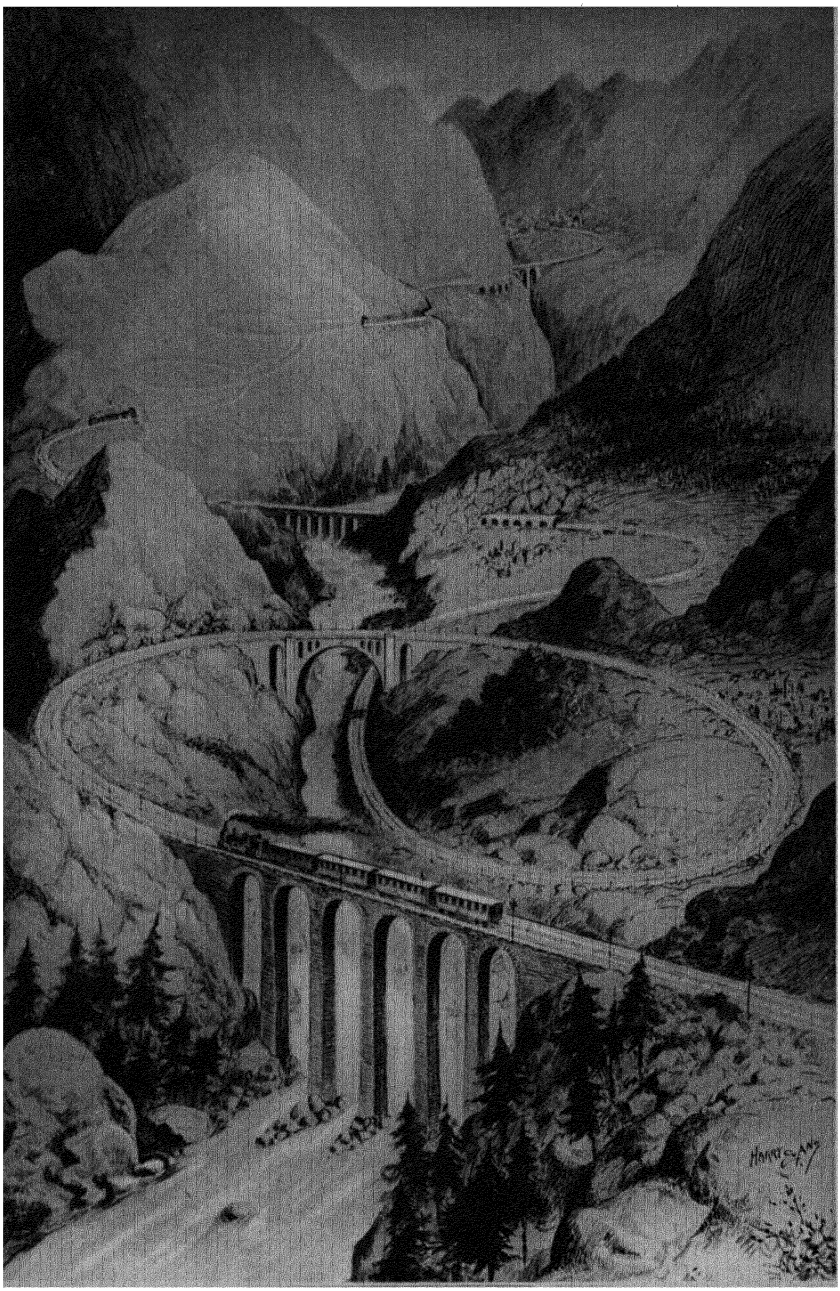
We stand on a glacier and are borne along as certainly as in a boat on a river of water. This river of ice, solid to the bottom a hundred yards deep, rolls to the sea as surely as the wind sweeps over a field of corn. The solid waves on its surface rise and fall, eddy and whirl, ripple and splash. There is no doubt of it whatever. We understand that there are things beyond our senses, movement that we cannot see. In sixty years one glacier toppled over dozens of chalets. A professor built a hut on a glacier to study the ice. In three years it moved over three hundred feet, and in nine years two thousand feet, and in fourteen years it was nearly a mile away. It once took a glacier twelve years to take a man's hat a mile. Another took a bottle half a mile in nine years, and seventy yards in three years. In 1820 three guides perished below the heights of Mont Blanc, and in forty-one years arrived at the foot of the glacier five miles away.

Now and then a shoe or a stick or a bone comes up in a glacier, the remains of some unhappy traveller long forgotten; and once a glacier threw up the body of a man in a costume centuries old—gave his body back to the world quite well preserved, like a mountaineer walking out of an old-fashioned costume-book.

So surely do they move, pushing before them or carrying with them rocks shattered from the mountain-sides or torn up from their own rocky beds. Like a saw or a plane the glacier makes its way along its bed, not gliding over the Earth, but gripping it fast, so that we see the marks



THE SWEET SIMPLICITY OF A PASTURE IN THE ALPS



HOW THE TRAIN CLIMBS UP INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN ON THE ALBULA RAILWAY IN SWITZERLAND

where it has passed, and a stone falling through a crevice to the bottom is dragged along, leaving a great scratch wherever it goes. Who knows what this giant brings with him as he comes?

The spoils of distant mountain slopes, the ruins of mountain peaks, pebbles worn as smooth as glass, boulders weighing a thousand tons—he bears them all on his back. No wonder we find a peasant sometimes afraid of him, for though he comes slowly the giant glacier comes fearfully at times, so big that three whole Londons could be made out of him. If he should come to the end of a valley and cross the bottom so as to close it up, his coming may spell doom to that valley. There is a valley in the Alps once crossed by a glacier which formed an ice barrier half a mile long, as high as the cross on Saint Paul's and wider than Trafalgar Square, and the valley was drowned in eight hundred million cubic feet of water. Then the people rallied round an engineer and dug a tunnel in the ice, through which the water burst, sweeping away a plantation, spreading devastation and ruin on every hand.

That is the work of a glacier in a violent mood, and is easy to believe. It is not so easy to understand how the slow-moving glacier sculptures out the rock and touches a landscape with beauty such as artists love to paint. Little Treasure Island lies seven hundred miles away as we look up the Roseg Valley to the glacier pouring into it, but only the other day I stood by Lake Windermere, which was made by just such a glacier as we see now in Pontresina. Once a river ran through the valley of Windermere to the sea. A glacier came down from the hills and blocked up the way so that a lake was formed in the valley-bed,

and the glacial drift remains, leaving only a narrow gorge through which the water can now drain from the lake. Whoever has stood on the top of Ben Nevis has looked down, from the highest point of the United Kingdom, on the Parallel Roads in the valley of Glen Roy. Along the whole sides of the glen run three terraces as wide as the Strand in London, one above the other. They curve in and out of crevices, go round corners, follow the sides of the glen wherever they go; and you will hardly find a geologist anywhere who has not heard of them. They were made by a glacier which came down from Ben Nevis and blocked up the glen and filled it with a lake. The top terrace was the beach of the lake. The ice that blocked the valley melted, the lake fell a hundred feet and another beach was made; and then, as the ice retreated, the lake fell again, and a third beach was formed two hundred feet below.

In many parts of England and Scotland the mark of the Ice Age remains to this day. "A scene of unspeakable desolation it must have been," says Professor Tyndall, "when Europe was thus encased in frozen armour, and when even the showers of her western isles fell solid from the skies—when glaciers teemed from the shoulders of Snowdon, when the Reeks of Magillicuddy sent down giant navigators to delve out space for the Killarney lakes, and to saw through the mountains the Gap of Dunloe." So that scenes like these must have been seen in Little Treasure Island in far-off days.

It is a wonderful thing for those of us who live in towns to take the yellow train at Pontresina and be lifted, form our great height, half a mile higher still, up to a

point from which Pontresina seems low down, into a world of snow-white peaks and icy precipices, seeming to stretch from our window away into ever and ever. No words can tell it, no brush can paint it, no camera can copy it; he who will see it must go. And if, when you go, you leave the train at Alp Grum, you will stand then a mile and a half nearer the sun than when you left England at the White Gate of Dover. You will wonder why you have such a big coat on as you walk through the snow, and will throw your coat down and sit in the blazing sun outside the house where they will give you a cup of steaming coffee, and almost anything else you want up there. But perhaps you will not want much. Perhaps you will just stand there, open your eyes and your soul, and drink in the wonderful vision that lies about you.

It is like the Great White Throne. It is called the Palu Glacier on the map, but how little a name really means! From the peaks high above us this incredible river of solid ice gathers the force that drives it down the gorge through which it cuts its way. Down, down, down, is the road that leads to Italy, and we look down to see what the road is like. But we see nothing, for below us are *the clouds*! Like a lake of water they hang in the air, and we wonder what it is like in the village where the people walk below them. From the clouds below us we look to the skies above. High up above the glacier is the blazing sun; lower down, above the falling clouds, hangs the pale white moon.

Wonderful it is to be standing in this place, to see in one place and one moment these pillars of the heavens and of the earth, four links in the long, long chain that

binds the universe, four chapters in the story of the world; and we think of the lesson Matthew Arnold learned in every wind:

> Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
> Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
> Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
> Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
> Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
> Labourers that shall not fail when man is gone.

We are looking on at the ever-new creation of the world. Above us are two huge moving things—the sun and the moon. Below us are two huge moving things—a sea of cloud and a mighty glacier. What unity can there be between the soft, quick-moving sea of cloud, like down, filling the valley below us, and the solid, slow-moving river of ice, like masonry, creeping down the mountain slopes? Well, in the wheels of God that run for ever they fit like four wheels of a watch. It was the sun that brought them here. That blazing ball in the sky sucks up the cloud from the sea and drops it as snow, which freezes to ice and forms the great white glacier cutting its way through the rock. From the sea came the clouds, the glacier, the very Alps themselves, and slowly the sun is sending back to the sea the clouds, the ice, the very Alps themselves. And the moon hanging there—what place is hers in this great scheme of things? She is waiting her time. She will shine on this white river tonight, catching a glow of the sun and giving it back to the Earth, and perhaps for a million nights to come she will shine on a glacier here, silently watching the great thing move, though seeming powerless to move it herself. Yet she waits her time, and when her time comes she will pick

up this great white glacier and dash it against the cliffs, splashing it about in the sea as a child splashes a wave with its foot.

So that this sun may draw this very cloud up to the skies, this very cloud may fall as snow and creep as a glacier down this very gorge; and this moon, when the glacier has become a river and reached the sea again, may roll it along in the tide to the beach on which you play. We stand in this place and watch it all. The wheels of the universe are going round before our eyes, yet how still it is! Slowly, silently, surely, the mills of God go round, and they grind exceeding small.

The silence of an Alpine height can never be destroyed. Here comes no thunder from the world below; the mountain peak is like a throne of meditation for the human race. And well it is that men should meditate in these great silences. How came they here—these giants that have raised their heads to the sky since the first man was born? The answer to that is a tale no story-book can rival. These mountains, holding their heads proudly to the sun, were once at the bottom of the sea. These dazzling peaks, keeping company up there with the eagles, once bowed down their heads among sharks and whales. And the day will come when these virgin towers of heaven, tired of the eagle and the sun, will go down into the sea again, and rest from age to age in the dark, cold waters.

Even now they are on their way. The Alps are tumbling down; the rivers trickling down their sides are carrying them away. As surely as the bricks are being removed from some old building that has fallen down, so

surely the bricks of the Alps, the heights and depths of this vast mountain range that shelters Italy from the outer world and gives a home to the brave Swiss people, are being removed by visible forces, carried on the backs of raindrops.

We look down on the great Walls of Silence that keep back the noise of Europe, where not an echo of war can come, nor the whirring of the wheels of peace. Yet what men call the Evolution of the world is at its height about us. These Alps that look so still move every hour—move not merely with the movement of the Earth in space, but move of themselves where they stand, crumbling into dust, marching to the sea.

Three great processions to the sea we witness from an Alpine height. The snow is melting, and the water is trickling down where it can find a bed : it is going to the sea. The solid river of ice is moving, as fast as it can go : it is moving to the sea. The granite peaks are wearing away, and their dust is carried down : it is carried to the sea. From the sea they came, to the sea they go, and for ever the procession moves on. Deep calleth unto peak, peak calleth unto deep. Perhaps in a hundred million years the answer to the call may come ; and as for us, we stand here for an hour, and think it wonderful.

We come down from our heights to the happy life of the valley again, with its endless round of healthy play, the ski-ing down the mountain-sides, the tobogganing down the runs, the sleighing over the snow, the skating and curling on the ice. Not only a marvellous world is it that we live in ; it is happy and gay. If we are interested enough to watch it, there is the simple life of

the Alpine hamlet. The women bring their washing to the fountain in the street, and sing and chatter as they wash. The cows, driven from their pastures by the snow, spending the winter in the dark sheds under the houses, take their peep of delight in the afternoons, on their way to the fountain. The sturdy village men with their brooms seem to be ever sweeping the roads and runs, or keeping clear the pathways through the woods. The sleigh-bells are always jingling in the street. The shops are full of quaint and pretty things, especially the shops of the peasants who will cut a piece of the fine, close-grained timber growing here, and carve it at their doorway into a wonderfully vivid eagle or a chamois.

Up the mountain slopes sometimes—or always at the chamois sanctuary near the Roseg Glacier—we may stand and watch the chamois come down slowly to a pool to drink, look up startled if the slightest sound should reach their ears, and then bound back again; and the sight of these graceful creatures of the snows, moving slowly towards the peaks until they are specks to the human eye, is something from which it is hard to turn away, so entrancing is this procession in the virgin snows, up to where the eye can see no sign of life, along a path that seems to lead to nothing but the sky.

And yet up there, though the chamois cannot know, may be a graveyard of creatures that once lived in the sea, and died in the sea, for even at two miles high sea fossils have been found, and we know that these heights were forced up from the ocean by enormous pressure of the rocks, much as the parts of a paper ball are forced up if we press it at the sides. So that where the fishes

one day swam in darkness the chamois leap and bound today in the eternal sun.

The warm sun is the glory of the winter Alps, but if we are wise we shall leave our hotel one night before the coffee comes, wrap ourselves up in coats and mufflers and rugs, and go out for a ride under the moon. We may sit in a sleigh, keeping ourselves as warm as toast, or ride on a toboggan tied to a rope behind—not minding the snowballs that come from toboggans farther back, or the rolling over in the snow when bumpy pieces of road upset our balance. Go as we will we are not likely soon to forget this ride to a cup of hot coffee a dozen miles away. Perhaps we arrive at eleven o'clock, finding ourselves expected in a room with a blazing fire—for the telephone runs everywhere here, finding its way, with the electric light, into depths of snow and ice where we cannot follow it, and we can prepare our welcome before we start out on our rides.

But it is not this social side of our night out that we remember most; it is the picture of an Alpine valley with the moon shining down, with the great shadows thrown by the peaks, and the silence that is profound. We understand the thoughts that stirred the soul of Coleridge when he asked these Alps:

> Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,
> Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
> Clothe you with rainbow? Who with living flowers
> Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet?

and we can think of no answer to these questions but the poet's own:

> God! Let the torrent like a shout of nations
> Answer, and let the ice-plains echo, God!

How still in the moonlight, and how lonely, is the vastness of the Alps, the mightiest constructive work of Nature in the ages past! How silent are the summits of her architecture, raised without hands thousands of centuries before man built his cathedrals and towers!

The splendour falls on rocky walls,
And snowy summits old in story.

"Creation sinks beyond the bottom of your eye," said Professor Tyndall in describing these white mountains, and we feel what he meant as we look up at them from our sleigh in the light of the midnight moon. It is not the eye, the window of the brain, that sees this wonder; something behind the retina it is that tries to understand the meaning of this majestic spectacle. We remember the wit of the poet who wrote of the vastnesses of America in this way:

The God that made New Hampshire
Taunted the lofty land with little men;

but the message we read in this gigantic world is not of the littleness of man, for man has scaled these peaks, has harnessed light and sound and flashed them through these mountain ranges, and up there, rising above the mists like a shadow in the clouds, is—what? *The house we lunched in yesterday!* Men, with the wonderful power that is in them, have put it there, and our thoughts are not of "little men," for we know that in the scheme of God a child is greater than the Alps, the seas, and all that is above them and beneath.

The day comes for us to look up for the last time at the great peaks, and our long ride home begins. We run down to the station in the sleigh, with the jingling bells on the

horses. We step into the little mountain train that takes us gently down to the everyday world, nearly a mile below. We leave it for the Engadine Express, which carries us across France while we are asleep in our beds. We wake up to meet the French peasant at his work, we cross the Channel in a ship which Nelson would never have thought possible, and in an hour we are on our English earth again. We have travelled through the history of transit from sleighs to motor-cars before we reach a gate in Kent. But yesterday we lunched a mile high in Pontresina; today we sit by our fire at the country gate of London and talk of the wonders we have seen.

But what such wonder means to us, only Time will tell. For Time knows all, and Time, which brought the mountains from the sea, which knew the glacier as a flake of snow, will bring us yet to some great peak where we shall stand and see the wonder of eternity and the Glory of the Lord.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Sweet the memory is to me
Of a land beyond the sea.

Longfellow

THE SEARCH FOR NOTHING TO DO

THE world is full of men who can do things, of inventors who can talk through space, of artists who can build enduring monuments, of doctors who can sweep away disease, of kaisers who can break up empires, and politicians who can fiddle while nations burn.

It is easy to do things; the little mass of grey matter in the skull of a man will do them while he sleeps. But to *do nothing!* Ah, could Shakespeare or Cromwell or Charlemagne do that? And yet a doctor who has never done it in his life prescribes it lightly. "You have been doing too much for years," he said; "you must do nothing for a hundred days." And so one more man began to loaf.

He must go away, for how could he loaf in Little Treasure Island? With a new year dawning, with winter's heralds sounding forth, with the fire burning bright on an English hearth, how could a man be idle here? So they sent him to where loafers do most congregate, and he found himself beneath the waving palms of the South of France. There, of course, there was nothing to do, and so he did it.

It began in the hotel among the palm trees, a little way up the hills that look down on the grey-blue sea sweeping into the bay of Cannes. One had nothing to do but look, but what more could one wish to do? Those old grey towers upon the hill—how they stirred the mind that must not think! That tiny lady on the balcony, fresh from

China, three years old—how she set the mind thinking of the League of Nations and the world in which she will grow up! That sad-faced Greek, limping through the palms for a short walk every day—how he loved the sun as he leaned on his stick, watching the happy world go by, until the day when he said Good-morning and in an hour was dead! And all the life and brightness of the tennis courts, with the everlasting fascination of the racquet and the ball, with all those breathless moments of quickness challenging cleverness, of judgment set against cunning, and of Youth conquering all!

And was there not each day the moving wonder of the changing colours? Each day the mimosa clothed the hills with purer gold. Each day the olives were a deeper green. Each day the red and white and blue anemones would open out in greater masses to greet the sun. The golden balls hung from the orange trees, though frozen hard in that amazing frost which in two nights nipped half the flowers, withered the eucalyptus trees, and blotted out so much lovely life for fifty miles round. The violets crept along the banks and filled the flower-shop windows. The roses came out every day. The marvellous aloes thrust their heads out from behind the cactuses and grew like red-hot pokers ten feet long. The rustic fences burst to life and spread wistaria everywhere. Carnations opened out to show how beautiful a thing a flower can be. The jasmine climbed about the balconies, the lilac came to say that spring was here, the iris flung its purple leaves to catch the sun.

The butterfly skipped from flower to flower, and at the foot of the hill, on the wide sea-front, the human butter-

flies passed by, while the workmen of Cannes set up gigantic structures and pulled them down again and again—not for the rebuilding of devastated France but for the devastating of lovely blooms, the trampling down of violets and anemones and roses, in the stupid game of what the Riviera likes to call the Battle of the Flowers.

We sit and see the changing colours day by day; we see the wonders Nature works for us; we see the flowers in all their springtime glory, and we are supposed to do nothing when a town goes mad, tears up its flowers, and throws them to the gutter. But surely we cannot do nothing then? Must we not think how pitiful and silly it all is, how sad a sight it is to see violets and roses and daffodils lying in heaps like rubbish in the street? And so a mind that should be resting goes on thinking still, of the majesty and beauty and the silent power of Nature, mother of us all, and the pettiness of many of her children. When he would spend a lonely day, said a wise man once, the sun and moon were in his way, and clearly Nature is no friend of loafers. Always she sets us thinking; her molecules are never still, whether down in the earth, in the laboratories of the flowers, or in the roaring waters of Niagara, in the silence of the stars, or in a human brain.

But there is always the dentist; we can sit resigned in the dentist's chair, and surely *there* is rest? Yet here is a miracle that Shakespeare would not have believed. We are in the very heart of wonder now, for we sit and look while a tooth which has been in its place for forty years is taken out with not a twinge of pain. A prick of a needle, a drop of fluid, and pain, the terror of the human race, is banished. For thousands of years men dreaded

pain; for age after age no man could save a little child from agonies before which strong men quailed; and then came that beneficent power by which the surgeon and the dentist kill our pain by sending us to sleep. It was the surprise of the world in an age-long Past, but what would the Scotsman who gave mankind this gift now say if he could come back and kill pain *while we are wide awake*? Yet men can now do that; they can put a human body to sleep while the mind looks on and sees what happens; and the mind that is tired with too much work is not too tired to wonder at it all.

So that the search for nothing to do failed at the dentist's, especially with so clever a dentist, for again and again his little room was a rendezvous for English folk who found him, until after so many meetings there we all felt like old friends. And new friends, too, we made, for friendship is like mustard seed, and fills the Earth if only we know how to find it. That gracious influence in this world which leads friends to each other brought us to a little cripple's room for an hour which was for one of us at least as good as a joke in Punch; though once again the mind that should be doing nothing was wondering, rather sadly, why a child of two years old should go to bed quite well, feel a sudden pain in the dark hours of the night, and wake up never to walk again. Strange ways God has for us, and hard it is to understand; yet the thought that comes as I think of this girl who has not walked for ten long years is that though her legs are in irons she can swim like a fish, and though her body is in bonds her heart is light, her mind is bright; and the hour we spent together was among the happiest in all those hundred days.

"Is it not wonderful, Peter Pan?" I can hear a French girl say as I sit and think of all these days in lovely France, and truly France and all the world is wonderful. Wonderful is that capacity for happiness so often found in those who suffer most; and wonderful, too, is that astonishing power which once or twice came into our hotel to stave off any little rest a tired mind might find. It came first with a bright Algerian, who promised that he would read our thoughts and do whatever we might will that he should do.

We have seen it all in public halls where clever entertainers have baffled us with tricks, and we sat down smiling at the astonishing claims the Algerian made. "Remember that it is all scientifically impossible," we said; "we are going to see some very clever tricks." All we had to do was to wish the man to do a thing, and he would do it. Marjorie Mee sat by my side, and I asked her to will the Algerian to come to my table and pour out the coffee that had just been brought. Nothing was said; only we two knew what we willed. Marjorie went up to him and took his hand, and for half a minute he led her aimlessly about the room. Then, tightly blindfolded all the time, he led her through the salon, in and out among the chairs and tables, until he stood by me. There he stopped, discovered the tray on the table, felt for the coffee and the milk, and poured them out half and half, as I had willed.

That is what happened exactly, and there was no trickery; there could not have been any. But a reasoning mind is not easily convinced that things like these can be, and there are times when we must not believe our

eyes. I asked the bright Algerian if we must will a thing in his own language, or if any other would do, and he replied that we could will it, so long as we thought of it hard, in any language we liked. That surely is a little strange? I willed that he should stand on a chair and say "I believe in the League of Nations," but this was ruled out because the Algerian could only *do* things that we willed, not *say* them. Surely, if we are to believe in the passing of thought from one mind to another, there would be no difference like that? A mind could say a thing as well as do it.

I asked a famous man from Harley Street about it all, and a clever specialist from Leeds, and both declared that it was due to an extraordinary muscular power which certain people develop. Marjorie, they said, unconsciously led him to the table. She declared that she did nothing but think, and gave him no lead at all. But, assuming that in some way unknown to her he received a sensation of direction, how can we explain the fact that on stopping by me he poured out my coffee, when he might have taken my watch, or my precious Waterman pen, or done any one of a hundred things? That, it may be said, was clever guess-work. In the salon of an hotel the request to pour out coffee is a common thing in such a case; he found the coffee there and risked it. I am willing to believe that, but a mind that has nothing to do can ponder on these things, and in time another of these queer men came, a Frenchman. "Now we will test the muscular theory," we said, and Marjorie went up again to the blindfolded man, who had not even seen us together. I asked her to will that he should take a

ring from the little finger of an old friend at my side, and put it on my little finger. Marjorie took his hand and he held it for a few moments; then he let it go and walked to where we sat. Here he stopped and seemed puzzled, and took Marjorie's hand again. Then he dropped it, and after some hesitation took the ring off my friend's little finger and put it on mine, exactly as I willed.

I do not think it is possible to believe that the muscular theory fits a case like that, and I have met no man who could tell me what it was that happened. Did the Algerian and the Frenchman know what we were thinking? Did our thoughts pass from mind to mind as our francs passed from our pockets to theirs? One of them found a hair that was hidden in the room, he found the girl from whose head it was taken, and he put it in the very place from which it had been pulled. It is incredible, but it is true, and no encyclopedia that I know can tell us how it is. We can simply wonder and wonder, and say, once again, with Shakespeare, that there are more things in heaven and in earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

Clearly it was hard to do nothing in such a place. You may take a body far away, but who can set a mind at rest? Minds are not made of stuff that can be still; brains cannot stop thinking in a world like this. But we can do our best to help them; we can sit like vacant people at a football match, or we can try to be like gaping people listening to a politician talking nothing.

And so our tired man, they said, must get away from all this interest and all this wonder, all this talking and

thinking; he must go higher up the hill; must be alone, and rest, rest, rest. So one day a lonely Englishman arrived on a hilltop at Les Vallergues, to rest. That bright little French doctor would keep him quiet; he should live alone among strangers, eating alone, sitting alone, walking alone; he should have neither pen nor ink nor papers; he should be far from the excitements of the town, far away from friends in Napiers and Rolls-Royces, far from the beautiful shop-windows of the Rue d'Antibes, far from little Alan with his engines and little Margaret with her pretty locks, beyond the reach of all the pomp and glitter of the world below.

Well, the loneliness of a hilltop would be perfect if it were not so crowded. The silence of a solitude would be profound if it did not speak so much. Are there not always Nature's sleepless ministers, for ever moving on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting?

Is there not for ever, ringing in our ears, the music of the spheres? In all the universe is nothing like the human mind, and to the mind is nothing so mysterious as the universe. And so we lie under the palms and—*think*, for nothing crowds the mind like loneliness.

And one must walk a little all alone—but who can take a lonely walk? If there are not the little green frogs to hop along with you, there are the lizards on the wall. You are glad to meet the frog, for was he not a cheery friend through half the night, calling to his mate who answered him, filling the stillness of the night with sounds like hammers clanging? And as for the lizard in his suit of green and gold, where can we find his match? He sits on the wall, staring hard, afraid, but with his eye fixed

on you all the time, until as quick as thought he turns, like a flash of sunlight, and is gone. That is all you know, and one wonders if anything in Nature can slip so quickly out of sight as these lizards that live in the holes of a sunny wall.

And even as we reach the gate for our lonely walk Nature meets us with one wonder more; she brings it on the balcony wall close by the very chair of a man who must not think. A little patch of mud stuck on a wall, a hole through which we can push a match, and we have for our lonely walk the company of as marvellous a creature as man can find upon the Earth. It is our mud-wasp friend, and here, in her mud-house, she will lay her eggs and leave food for the grubs when in due time they come. She will be gone, but she knows that from these eggs will come her children, and she stores up food for them. Deep in the very heart of Nature is this love of a mother on which life and the world and all mankind depend.

So the mud-house sets us thinking at the gate, and a little way up the road Life meets us once again. There, crossing the dusty road in the fierce sunlight of a Riviera spring, is the great procession of the caterpillars. Like living twigs they creep across, some an inch, some a foot, some a yard, some six yards long—dozens or scores or hundreds of caterpillars following their leader to some secret place. It is one of the curious sights a man does not forget once he has met it on a country road. They will come to the foot of a wall and then creep up it; they will move on and on at twenty yards an hour till they find their destined place. We are almost sure they move on blindly, not knowing where they go, but trusting to reach

their haven in due time. Leave them alone and they will move on steadily, all stopping when the leader stops, turning as he turns. Break up the line and they are all confused, pushing out and pushing in, moving but not travelling, breaking into many parties, but always, in the end, marching on in lines to a place where the earth is soft and they can dig themselves in for an inch or two, weave their cocoons down in the dust, and lie till, after a hundred days of doing nothing, they creep from the dust and fly into the sun. We should kill them, says the gardener, and perhaps we should, but killing is working, and the doctor bids us rest; and there may still be motorists who remember an Englishman on a road at Les Vallergues, waving the cars to the other side lest they break up his procession and bring untimely doom to the strange companions of his lonely walk.

In truth a lonely walk was difficult to find. There was a nightingale to listen for every day, like heavenly music in that country of few birds. There was the rare sight of a garden like a piece of England in that country of few gardens. There was the odd sight of the cups tied round the pines to catch the sap for turpentine. There was the fun of taking out your knife and making corks as you walked through groves of cork trees. There were the shops where you could buy a bunch of violets for quatre francs, and then your thoughts went rolling to another hill-top far away, to a little wood where violets grow, to friends who would be picking them, to a little blue room where one would soon be spending happy hours again. A hard place to seek rest in is a country lane, and so one wandered home again, back to the house among the palm trees—dear little

maison of France, with that balcony gay with jasmine and wistaria and red roses, and glowing with the brightness of the mind of France.

France, poor stricken France, bearing the scars and sorrows of the cruellest wrong in all the history of woe—how sad is the sight of her mothers in black as the gay throng of Europe's rich people goes by! And yet how splendid are the kindly folk of France, looking forward! How splendid and how serious, how simple and peaceful, if politicians will leave them alone or guide them aright! Dear balcony of Les Vallergues, breathing the spirit of the France that loves the Earth! Here a mind must rest and be still, here in this heaven of France, the great Republic which holds the pivot of happiness for us all; and yet how can a mind be quiet here, thinking of France and Europe and all the troubles of the world, for if France loves peace and will pursue it all is well, and if France chooses war and goes that way there can be nothing well.

Then what shall we say of the spirit of France in this troubled day of the world? As we read it in newspapers and in the speeches of the politicians it is at times disturbing, anxious, and afraid. As an Englishman found it on this balcony it was proud and pure and noble, with nothing small or mean. Where in these islands, one wonders, could have come together in a resting home types of womanhood so gracious and serene and uplifting as here—"and there are thousands of women like these in France," the doctor said. There was the mother of the loveliest group of boys a father could ever pray that he might give to France, painting pictures as she lay gaining strength for a grievous operation. There was the wise and serious

lady from Paris, industrious, reading English books, loving flowers as Saint Francis loved the birds, loving France as she loves the flowers, but loving God and mankind over all. There was the gracious translator of English books, living her life of patient sacrifice, spending her strength for others, caring for France with the tenderness of a child. There was the gay-hearted French girl from Salonika, with something of Turkey, something of Greece, and much of France in her heart, telling fortunes from tea-cups and cards, but with a heart of gold that surely could not tell an unkind fate. And then there was the fairest of them all, she who leapt with joy at the sight of the glory of France that an Englishman opened out for her, who loved the sunsets and the little churches and the Roman walls, and prayed that strength would come to her that she might see the wonder of her France and do some little service for mankind.

Such was the little world at Les Vallergues; in such a world was an Englishman to give his mind a rest! C'est impossible. Minds do not rest in such a company. If you walked to a sun-bath with our doctor he would be sure to say something like: "There are four people who can save the world—the journalist, the doctor, the teacher, and the priest; all others must obey these," and the mind had something to think over all that day. Even a doctor is not safe—*if he has a mind.*

And then there came the sad days, with their little freight of care and wondering. Never, perhaps, shall I forget one of them, when the little artist mother left us, to see her boys and to lay her body on the surgeon's table. I see her now, smiling and waving her hand as she rode away

to her sad ordeal. No word was spoken, but all looked on with hearts too full for words; from the terrace, on the balcony, at a window, under a palm tree, we watched the carriage go, and a hundred times it has seemed to me, as I think of that day and of one looking on, that a woman's face grows beautiful with sorrow.

Well, sorrow is for a night, but joy cometh in the morning, and joy came with our hundred days. How full of perfect bliss were those few days in which we said Good-bye to this great land of hills and plains and monuments! Now the mind was free once more, and a man could think of other things than frogs and caterpillars. A man could think of all the glory that is France, and, coming home through Old Provence, the mind that left Old England tired came back with feasts of pure delight. It will never forget Provence and all the wonder Time has crowned it with. It will never forget the mighty hills, the sweeping plains, the sky with its cloudless blue. It will never forget the natural charm of these Provençal folk, the courtesy that makes life pleasant everywhere among them, the welcome that awaits an Englishman in this rare region of our neighbour France. Moments pass but memories live, and again and again, in waking and in dreaming, he who has been in Provence must remember it.

I think of that old country house among the olive trees, the home of more than one great son of France—one of her splendid architects, one of her great ambassadors—and pray that war may never more disturb the land that has such lovely homes. Here lived a man who, with an Englishman, kept back for ten years the great world war; here he died in the spring of the year in which the war

broke out, declaring it would come before the leaves were falling. Here his son stands in his place, and he has given the use of his left arm for France; his daughter carries on the gentle spirit of his life, and she loves England like a second motherland. I think of her standing on a mighty bridge the Romans left, with a bit of England shut up in her watch, talking like John Ruskin, looking like a thought of Wordsworth come to life, showing "how divine a thing a woman may be made." France is not frivolous, says our little French doctor; "France is serious." France certainly is not the place for him who wants nothing to do, for the face of France is fair beyond compare, and in her homes are hearts of very gold.

But the traveller must leave the fairest land. All things, save Time and the love of God, come to their end, and the last days in our little home drew near. We watched the sunsets on the snow-capped Alps, we climbed up the great hill and sat by the Saracen tower, we lost our way in a world so beautiful that we hardly wanted to be found again. Ah, those last days when we laughed till we cried as we talked over the little things! and that last night of all when "the spirit of Les Vallergues was going out" they said, so kind were they to an Englishman. A few hours' sleep, and Rita from Salonika is tapping at the door: *Peter Pan. . . . Get up. . . . Six o'clock.* Out of the house alone, down the hill in the rain, and the long rest is over. Another hundred days have gone. We are on our way home to the little land which nowhere on the Earth can an Englishman forget.

THE RIVIERA HILLS

On and up where Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hills.

Richard Monckton Milnes

THE MEDITERRANEAN WALLS OF FRANCE

WHO that has looked out upon the world from the great hill-tops of France, with the waters of the Mediterranean sweeping far below, the ruined towers rising from the peaks, and Nature clothed in all her glory round about him, can forget it ?

We stand on the edge of ten thousand square miles of the massive tops of France, on the sea-front of that gigantic mass which rises up to the eternal snows and looks out, over land and sea, across the battlefields in which great civilisations rose, grew up to sway the world, and passed out like a summer's day.

And on these hills we stand among the very peaks of power. Here is the mark of the Roman. Here is the stamp of the Norman, as strong today as a thousand years ago. Through millions of years Nature has fashioned this wondrous place; through thousands of years men have come tramping and building here; and we see it all. Here is the pageant of Time, of humanity and of all the time before; we stand and look at the works of men in the marvellous presence of God.

This sun that pours down on the hills almost unceasingly has glistened on the mountain peaks since birds began to sing, but for age after age the hills were silent here. For a hundred times the space of human history no man

came here; there was no footfall in this mighty place. Now we fly through it on a magic carpet, stirred by the thought of it, astounded by the sight of it, and feeling, after all, how small a thing is man—and yet how great a thing, for, if God made the hills, did He not choose man as His partner in making highways through them, and motor-cars to run along their surfaces, and aeroplanes to ride among the birds? How small is man beside a mountain; how impotent a mountain is beside a man! Grains of sand and mountains, grains of faith and men, all have their place in God's great scheme of things.

But we must run along this hundred miles that rises like a mighty wall to guard our neighbour France, along the glorious Riviera hills, stretching from Saint Raphael to Mentone. No road can beat it anywhere for glory upon glory, and it breaks the human heart, as we ride along it in the blazing sun, to think of all the misery men have brought upon the world, of all who toil in mines and die in slums, of all the sorrow and suffering and sin on the face of this fair Earth. But we must put it from our minds as we ride through the world God made, too vast, too high, too beautiful for man to spoil.

We begin our ride where Napoleon began his ride to Elba—how sad he must have been to leave such a lovely place! The old fisherman's village of Saint Raphael has grown beyond the dreams of its old fishermen, and it is fit to be the gateway of a drive like ours. It leads us either through the thickly-wooded valley or by the road cut in the sea-front of the hills. Being wise, we will take this road, and live through one brief hour of natural loveliness.

Julius Caesar came here long ago, and found it all so beautiful that he built a dock, set up a mighty fortress, and founded the town of Fréjus. Outside Saint Raphael still stand the fragments of the Roman walls; they were eight yards high and three yards thick. There was a colosseum in which ten thousand people could sit and watch the spectacle. There was an aqueduct carried on eighty-seven arches, and this small place, so quiet now, was so important then that Augustus Caesar sent to it two hundred galleys taken from Mark Antony at the battle of Actium. Like a kinematograph is history as we think of it; a quiet little place for fishermen, a hiding-place for pirates, a formidable Roman fortress, the first military harbour in Gaul, a busy town with forty thousand people, a stronghold of the Arabs, and now a quiet little place where tired folk come to rest and antiquarians look for Roman stones: such was and is Saint Raphael. Some years since, in a quarry, they found unfinished columns cut out by the Romans from the rocks, and it is rather odd, perhaps, that our ride begins and ends with broken columns. We ride along the everlasting hills between the broken columns of a vanished empire.

The sun beats down on the huge walls of the Esterel as we speed along the road cut in its hard red rock of porphyry. Red as fire these rocks sometimes look, but not so red as once, four centuries ago, when a king invading France was so harassed by the hillmen swooping down on his convoys that he set all the forests on fire, so that they burned for a week and looked like red-hot mountains. Such are the stupid things kings do. But the forests have grown again, while the king lies in oblivion; and the

botanist still shares the love of the Esterel with the geologist, the artist, and the antiquarian, for there are few mountain masses more appealing to them all than these hundred and fifty square miles of porphyry rocks. Here and there a Roman road or a Roman stone remains; here and there a quarry comes to view, and we know that once it sent its stones to pave Rome's streets or decorate its temples. Below us, often at the foot of sheer stone cliffs, beat the waves of the sea, but they may beat a thousand years and leave no mark, so hard is the porphyry rock.

There are few easy rides so full of majesty as this twenty-mile ride by the rocky edge of the frowning Esterel —for though she smiles inland she frowns on the sea— and when we get to Cannes it seems to us that no range of hills that we have ever seen is more lovely to look at than these. Like some graceful living creature the Esterel leaps out to sea. She sits there guarding Cannes, sheltering the little hill-town built there long ago, with the tower of eight centuries still standing broken, and the elegant tower of later days to keep it company. A tiring climb it seems as we stand by the sea and look up at old Cannes rising towards the sky, but we creep up slowly; we sit beneath the ancient walls to watch the setting sun, and we rise to a height from where the old hill-town seems far below. We are at the Croix des Gardes, the summit of the pine-clad peak from which the monks of olden days would watch the pirates land, and would light their warning fires. A long-remembered sight it is to see the sun set on the Esterel.

Out in the blue waters the day is dying on the two little islands standing out from Cannes. We ought to love them,

for they had their place in history a thousand years before there died on one of them a man in a stupid iron mask of which the picture postcards tell. Far back in the history of our times these islands held the fort for Christianity. When Christ was born in Bethlehem Romans were coming here to spend their holidays, and when the Roman Empire killed itself by pampering its citizens with doles there was a monastery on the island of Saint Honorat which kept the faith and flew the flag and lit the torch of learning.

For nearly two hundred years of crisis in the life of Europe, when the wreck of Rome threatened Christianity and all civilisation with ruin, all that was noblest in the life of Europe between the Loire, the Alps, and the Pyrenees rested on these small islands, where three thousand monks lived at one time in solitary cells. They were threatened and pillaged by pirates; they were captured and massacred; and from century to century their peace was rudely broken by Saracens and Genoese, Spaniards and Germans.

Their treasures were carried off again and again, but the life of the island went on, and a thousand years after Saint Honorat had passed on in the universe men were still living quietly in his island monastery, still copying out the Bible in those matchless books that make us almost hold our breath as we handle them today. We read of a monk who used to travel from the islands every spring and autumn to watch the birds and note their plumage so that he might paint them in the margins of his missals. Shall we not raise our cap then, every boy and man of us, for good Saint Honorat, who began his life like a prodigal son, who repented and lived in

retreat on the Esterel, who founded the monastery on the island, who was Bishop of Arles when Roman bugles were still to be heard in the arena there? Paris has named the Rue Saint Honoré after him, and so his name lives on in the streets of Paris among people who little know the reason why.

But we have far to go, and heights to climb; our highway takes us up and up through Grasse, the little town that for a thousand years has slept among these hills. It was once a republic, now it is a factory for boiling down the flowers of spring and summer. It puts the scent of a thousand tons of flowers a year into bottles and sends them through the world. It has fifty thousand acres of flowers, and a miserable sight it is to see jasmine and violets and roses lying sodden and dead.

We pass away to fairer sights, for we are hastening to the gorge made by the River Loup. We reach the broad platform in which the river-bed lies almost dry, a trickle of water stealing placidly along, but we know that the day has been, and will come again, when raging torrents sweep this way; once a torrent ran so fast that a railway through the valley was overwhelmed and part of a train swept to the sea. For ages untold the waters have been rushing down from the melting Alpine snows, and this great gorge is the mark they have made, four hundred yards deep and three hundred wide. Today, on its way to the sea, men capture it and harness it; the stone walls we see in the face of the precipice hundreds of feet above us are not the walls of our road, but the walls of a canal which brings the water down from a higher fall and leads it to a turbine,

from which it lights up the streets of Nice and drives trams through them.

We look up at the sun from our dry river-bed, and its light is falling on a crag which we may think to be an eagle's nest—who else could get up there? But that is Gourdon, *where our motor-car is going.* Perhaps there is no road quite like it anywhere, round the edge of the rock, through tunnels when there is no other way, always climbing, always very near the cliff which drops steep down into the world that looks so small below.

So we reach our eagle's nest. The sea we left two hours ago is nearly half a mile below. The Riviera for a hundred miles lies out in front of us; on our right hand is the Esterel, and on our left the gate of Italy. The hills are rolling on and on, their slopes are clad with pine and olive trees, and the little roads go winding everywhere. But, noble as this natural platform is, we ask ourselves why fifty people live up here, why men and women have always lived up here as long as memory goes. They lived here when there was no other water than a fountain in a cave, and the cave was cut in the face of a precipice to which there was only one way. The way ran by a narrow path cut in the edge of the rock, nowhere more than eighteen inches wide, and in one place interrupted by a rift, across which a plank was put. Sometimes the plank would fall headlong into the depths below, and when it was not in its place the water-carriers jumped across the gap, filled their pitchers at the fountain, and came back the same way!

A wondrous world it is, and a wondrous thing it is that keeps us to the spot of Earth we call our home.

We leave the love of England for the children in the school on the very height of Gourdon; we say a little prayer in Gourdon church for all who live so high; and we follow the way down to the sea again, by the waterfalls and through the gorge, to join the wonder-road Napoleon made for invading Italy.

We can only run quickly through these scenes of delight and surprise. Down in the valleys we ask ourselves if any ride could be more beautiful; up on the hills it seems that never have we known such rides before. But ever it is up and down in these great spaces of the world. We come to the edge of some gigantic rock, the eye runs up its sides, and, lo! the stone walls rise, the roads wind round, and stealing to the top are roofs and towers. Up there is Cagnes, up there Vence, up there Saint Paul.

Wonderful it is to walk slowly up these old hill-towns, following the road round and round to the summit. In these walled towns the people would protect themselves against attacks, but in truth these rocky homes seem to have suffered their fair share of kings and pirates too. Vence rises up eleven hundred feet, yet it has been a town since the Romans came; its walls date from the Middle Ages, and it has heard the tramp of soldiers many times. The regiments of Charles the Fifth rested here in the square, and in these streets Masséna drilled those soldiers who were to go out and conquer the world for Napoleon—but did not. But what we like best in Vence is the church that has stood here thirteen hundred years, with fifty pews in which fifteen generations have sat, with a tomb that was here when the legions of the Roman

Empire came this way, and with some visible remains of that good man Saint Veran, who, if he were not remembered for his own good deeds, is three times on the map, for he gives his name to a town, to one of the highest passes in the Alps, and to the very highest inhabited place in France.

But we have little time for climbing up to these old towns; we are content to see their thousand-year-old walls from down below, for we must go on, past all these precipices rising high, past all these ruined castles, through wooded gorges and barren ravines, under the viaducts flung across the valleys, along the bridges crossing the wide river-beds. So we come to Nice, the greatest town of the French Riviera, with a history back to the early days of Christian times. There was a Bishop of Nice in the year 250, and since 350 Nice has been a town. Today its wide plain holds two hundred thousand people, and for those who love noise and glitter and show, and a sun that pours down its burning heat the whole day long, Nice has its attractiveness. Garibaldi came into the world in this old place, the marvellous fiddler Paganini died here, and here Gambetta sleeps. But the splendour of the Riviera is broken at Nice. It has none of the charm of Cannes; it is not spectacular like Monte Carlo; it is a crowded commonplace seaside town amid this natural glory.

Yet was ever such natural glory as we are to climb to now, up in these hills behind, past Cimiez with all its quiet restfulness, past that old monastery of Saint Pons where it is said that Charlemagne stayed. We come to a road unsurpassed, perhaps, in Europe, perhaps in

all the world, the Grande Corniche. It is said the Phoenicians began it, about the time they used to come to change silks for tin in Cornwall. It is said the Romans found their track and built on it a highway for the Roman legions. Certain it is that we can find the marks of ancient roads that have long ceased to be, with milestones pointing the way to Rome, six hundred miles beyond. But the road we ride along, up which we climb from Nice to the great height that looks down into Italy, is one of the things Napoleon made that live long after him. It was made for his troops to march along to Italy; this highway fit to be the road to Paradise is a child of that insanity of war which made Napoleon what he was and has made Europe what it is.

We ride up to it through oranges and olives and palms, through all these trees that make us feel as if we were at Algiers or Palermo, and in a sun that scorches us as if we were at Assuan; yet we look up at snow-clad Alps as if we were in Switzerland, and at the foot of the hills is the sea, as blue as the sky. A thousand feet and more below are quiet, sweeping bays, with rocky, inaccessible coast, with gorgeous crags baked in the sunlight of the centuries. Range after range of mountains stand in front of us; it is said that from one point the traveller counts eleven. We pause at a height of a thousand feet and stand still for a while. As we tread softly in cathedrals, should we not stand in silence on a platform such as this, so near to God, so far from man; so solemn looking up, so wondrous looking down; between the waters that have rolled from the beginning of the world and the summits that have thrust their heads into the sunlight

for a million years and more? There are rocks of stone like marble; there are wooded slopes like gardens; there are running streams and creeping things; there is life and wonder everywhere.

Behind us is the thrilling road to Sospel, winding like a piece of ribbon; and there, in front of us, looking like something the eyes will not believe, is a rocky crag with a town on it, old Eze.

She creeps up a pointed rock to the top of a cone, and there she sits, old Eze of a thousand years and more. She creeps up into space to as sharp a point as a street can stand, till she is a thousand feet above the sea that dashes wildly at her feet.

Her streets are as the Saracens left them, with narrow passages just wide enough to move between the houses. The huge stone houses stand as they have stood age after age, as they may still be standing when centuries have passed away. And here in this dying town a handful of people linger on, staring at a traveller as an Eskimo would stare if we walked up to his snow house in the morning. Yet there have been gracious people here, for the story is told how the painter David arrived late one night at Eze on his way to Rome. The priest befriended him, and gave the artist an introduction which opened many doors in Rome, and the grateful David sent the priest a painting of John the Baptist for his church. There the picture hung till forty years ago, when the canvas vanished suddenly. It was worth a hundred thousand francs and it had been sold for twenty pounds, and today it hangs in the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. We do not wonder, as we wind slowly down this old rock town, that the Saracens

kept it as one of their very last strongholds in these French Alps. Can there be anywhere a more amazing place to build a fortress on than this sharp point among the hills, which rises like a central cone in a ring of mountains, a very coronet of ruin, as rare a sight as the sun can gaze upon as he sees our globe spin round each day?

We are mounting to the summit of this magnificent highway; we reach La Turbie, the point Augustus Caesar loved, for here they put his monument before the Saviour of the World was born. It must have been a dazzling sight to see in the dazzling sunshine of this azure coast, for this proud and splendid Caesar stood on his height in a suit of gold, keeper of the gate that led to Gaul. It is one of the mightiest monuments set up to any Roman emperor. For ages men have been pulling it down, but here its huge foundations stand to witness what it was. Out of it has been built much of this quaint village of La Turbie, whose stony streets creep up and down like crazy things. There is a house which is said to have been what it is since a Roman citizen lived in it in the days when Caesar's legions passed this way; there are many streets that must have echoed to the tramp of Roman feet before the empire fell. Certain it is that we see here sights that Romans must have seen when Paul appealed to Caesar and Pilate set Barabbas free.

And down below—down 860 steps they used to go—is that glittering place where knaves find wits and fools lose money, Monte Carlo. We have not come so far, through scenes like these, to lose our dignity in such a place as this, and we hurry to the best thing to see among all these glittering palaces of Monaco.

We climb the rock that rises sheer out of the sea, we ride through its broad streets and walk through its fine gardens, and then we come to where, at the foot of many steps, almost down to the bottom of the rock, water from the sea comes pouring into the finest aquarium in Europe. We see the gorgeous living colours of the ocean-bed, we see amazing things that have not come into our dreams, and we see one thing that makes us ask ourselves if Nature has sometime gone mad, for here is an octopus. It surely is the frightfullest thing upon the Earth, a piece of terror made alive, yet it holds us fixed as we look, and it sends us down the hill again thinking of the mystery of life, Life so lovely, Life so ugly, Life so dear to all.

We are out in the sun again, in sight of Italy and at the end of this glorious piece of France, and as we pass we see a thing that sickens every manly heart that beats in Monte Carlo. Out on a little green lawn that runs above the sea is a box, and in the box is a living bird. A yard or two off with a gun stands a creature in the image of a man. He cannot hit a thing that has a chance of life, but here is a pigeon shut up in the dark and let out suddenly in the glaring sun ; and then this creature shoots, and the poor bird is dead. It has been imprisoned in the dark and set free in the light to frighten it and baffle it, so that some rich butcher who can buy his way to a place like this may know the delight of killing a thing. And this poor little bird, so glad in the sun an hour ago, lies dead or writhing in pain, while the man crawls on. Such things are possible in the sink of iniquity that is called Monte Carlo, as fair a place and as foul a place as is to be found in all the Earth. It lifts up the heart

to know that this foul thing is turning decent travellers away from this place, thanks to journalism, and especially to the noble protests of the Times.

Beyond us lies Mentone, the pirate's village which has grown into a fashionable place; the point where France and Italy lie side by side, the home of that old lady with two sea-shell bracelets on her arm. She wears them today as she wore them on some happy day five hundred centuries ago, in the red caves of this rocky coast; and the bracelet, like the octopus, sets us wondering. That is the way of Life. We come into the world and wonder where we came from; we leave it wondering where we go. We shall know in His good time; for us it is enough that He who set the mountains in their places has made us what we are, and all is well.

PROVENCE

Today, fair Arles, a harvester thou seemest,
Who sleepest on thy threshing-floor, and dreamest
Of glories past; but a queen wert thou then,
And mother of so brave seafaring men,
The noisy winds themselves aye lost their way
In the great harbour where thy shipping lay.

Frédéric Mistral

THE SURPRISE AND SPLENDOUR OF PROVENCE

In those days before the Man of Galilee rode on an ass into Jerusalem, a man rode over the hills from Rome into the land we call Provence. It was Julius Caesar on his horse, he upon whose like the world has never looked again, the noblest Roman of them all, the man incomparable.

We seem to see him coming as we ride about Provence. We seem to hear the tramp of Roman legions. We hear their hammers clanging and see their axes swinging; in their great arenas, still and silent, you can almost hear the trumpet sounding for an emperor, or the slashing of a whip that cuts a slave. Here in this sweet and peaceful little land such thrilling things were done so long ago.

But very different was Provence in those days when Caesar came, or long before, when travellers came from Greece. The sea came rolling up across these plains of desolation. Where now the great swamp stretches on and on there sailed the oldest vessels ever known, strange rafts floating on skins blown up with air, and on those waters, when age after age had passed, sailed the Greeks and Romans. Then ships came up to Nîmes; then fleets sailed into Arles; then Narbonne had its great sea-wall. Now the sea is far away, the lagoons that stretched from the Mediterranean into the heart of Provence have disappeared from sight.

In the fierce fight that goes on eternally between the rivers and the sea, the River Rhone has won, and captured from the ocean waters perhaps a hundred square miles of dry land. A mighty river is the Rhone, though you may walk in its bed in dry summers. After the old, old Nile, it is the chief of all the rivers that pour into the Mediterranean, and it has the fastest current of any river in Europe for about five hundred miles; it carries twenty million cubic yards of solid land into the sea every year.

"The hills are shadows," said Tennyson, and in Provence we see that it is so; they are the shadows of Eternity. Rain and wind, wind and rain, the Alps of France are wearing down. They are swept by rain and blown by wind into the River Rhone, which is busy through the ages carrying the hilltops to the sea, grain by grain and stone by stone, building it up in the plains below until the whole land rises and the sea falls back, and in its bed the earth brought by the river forms into bars and quicksands, which hold back fleets and trap the sailor to a watery grave.

Side by side throughout the ages Evolution and Civilisation have shaped Provence. Nature and Man join hand in hand to make her fair to see. How long ago it is since those first men of Provence lay down to rest among their flint implements at the foot of Mount Ventoux we can only try to guess; but for thousands of years the beauty has been growing in the faces we meet in this southern part of France.

There is a touch of Greece in the fair faces of the women of Provence, as surely as the touch of Rome is in

those massive walls that throw their shadows across the streets of Nîmes. There is a touch of Greece in the very landscape of this glad and gracious land, for the ancestors of these olive-trees that stretch across the plain mile after mile were brought here by Greek colonists in the days of Socrates. Greek words still linger in the language of Provence, and we feel, in truth, that all about us here is the legacy of those ancient civilisations that crowned the material world with the most beautiful and most enduring things ever made by the hands of man.

Is there any place on earth, one wonders, with such a great surprise as a traveller meets on a country road at Saint Rémy? He rides through lines of tall, dark cypresses, and past the groves of olives, and he is thinking, perhaps, how simple the loveliness of Nature is, when his car spins round, and suddenly his gaze is falling on a monumental group that stands out like a dream in this quiet countryside.

One is as rare a tower as can be found in Europe; the other is an arch with little pictures carved in stone that might have left the sculptor's hands but yesterday. Why are they here, in this place so far from a sound? Well may we look and wonder, for here they stood, this tower and this arch, *when Christ walked into Pilate's Judgment Hall.*

This is the oldest Roman arch in the world; it is the first arch the Romans built in a foreign land. Here these monuments were put by Julius Caesar, who came over the hills from Rome to conquer Gaul. Here, too, had been his kinsman Marius, fighting fearful battles. It is said that these cross-roads where the monuments stand were

the focal point of that campaign of Marius in which four hundred thousand soldiers and women and camp followers were slain, a stream near by running red with blood.

The green and smiling town of Saint Rémy sends seeds from its gardens which grow all over France, and in parts of England, too. The town has had its name nine hundred years, and for centuries little vases have been sent out all over the world made of pottery from this place; Arabs and Romans and Greeks have all sent out their handiwork from here. But it is for these two monuments that Saint Rémy is justly famous. The tower is one of the gems of architecture, sixty feet high, as light and beautiful a thing as the sun looks down upon in its day's march. It was put there by Julius Caesar in honour of that uncle who had come before him to Provence, and lives in the history of Rome as the conqueror of the invading Barbarians.

The arch is the smallest of its kind we know, about forty feet long and eighteen wide, and it stands four-square to north, south, east, and west. The face of it is vivid and strong, with the delicate touch of the sculptor's hand still there after all these years. Two thousand years ago this wide-spreading plain was red with war; today it is as still as Caesar's grave. The grass grows round these noble stones of Rome, and strange it is to find them in this lonely place, unguarded treasures of the world.

Few monuments there are that stir such great emotions in those who are thrilled by the pageantry of history and the rise of man, for as we turn this corner to Saint Rémy the mind runs down that unseen path of Time until we

are back beyond the beginning of England, beyond the beginning of France, beyond Christianity itself, back at the foot of these monuments to the great Pacificator of Provence and the Founder of the Roman Empire.

Through Saint Rémy Julius Caesar passed on his way to that little island in the mists of the North Sea where more than once the obstinate Britons drove him back; but we must stay with him in Gaul, or, rather, we must stay to see what Rome was yet to do in this new province he had won for her.

A lovely world this was to the Romans, thrilling with delights. The conquered populations can hardly be imagined as going into mourning, for the Romans brought their pleasures with them, and they made Provence a gorgeous sight to see.

All their architectural glory the Romans gave Provence. The battlefield became a mighty pleasure-ground. The cities rose in splendour. Temples and massive structures were set up everywhere. Bridges, roads, and aqueducts were built at enormous expense. The people groaned beneath heavy taxation, for Caesar's bills had to be paid; but at length the Gauls mixed with the Romans, their lives were blended in one, and senators from Gaul were welcomed in Rome because it was thought better that they should bring their gold to the Eternal City than that they should keep it to themselves. Things settled down, and we read in Pliny's Letters that there were bookshops in these towns of Gaul, where " he was glad to know they sold his books."

And so for centuries Provence was under Roman sway. We can hardly feel that they have been so long

away as we walk about the streets of such a town as Arles. We remember the poet who loved this place, and burst out in his rapture: "Rome dressed thee new, City of Arles, built thee true with white stones; a hundred and a score of gates she placed before thee." A little Rome is Arles, with so much of the Empire still left in her streets that she could once pull down a Roman arch to make a street wider. Here Caesar used to build his ships, and it was said that Arles could supply him with a dozen warships thirty days after the trees were felled. But now the sea is far away, and Arles is gathered about the ruin of the glory and the horror of a bygone day.

We think of one thing when we hear its name—a theatre that rises on the top of a little hill and astounds the traveller as he comes. It covers over twelve thousand square yards of ground, with its thirty thousand seats and its vast arena. There were only four buildings in the world that held more people than this. It stretches one way four hundred and fifty feet and the other way about three hundred and forty, and around it are sixty arcades built out of square stone. There were twenty-four great staircases and twenty passages leading to seats, and nearly forty rows of seats were piled one above the other. The walls were covered with marble and the pavements with mosaic; great fountains played, and the air was fragrant with the scent of herbs. The cord dividing the spectators was studded here and there with precious stones, and nets of gold and silver wire guarded the public from the beasts.

The beasts! Here within these walls were seen such sights as must have made the angels weep.

One summer's day, perhaps eighteen centuries since, this spacious place was filled with people making holiday. A lovely sight it was to see so many happy people—thirty thousand men and women—who seemed as if they had not a care in all the world. All Arles was here. There in the centre, facing the great entrance, sat Caesar and his generals with all their grand ladies about them. It was the great hour of delight that Romans dreamed of, longed for, yearned to see. Gorgeous was the sight the sun poured down upon.

But who shall picture those huge recesses below these tiers of seats, below this eager multitude of human beings sitting with their emperor to see a sight to make the heart beat high? Down in these dark places lay the lions, the prisoners, and the gladiators, actors in the most fearful spectacles the world has ever seen. They would bring to the arena whole captive tribes to face the angry lions; they would fling a family in on the plea that its religion was dangerous to Caesar.

There was no pretence, no restraint of humanity, in Rome's great circuses. Murder and slaughter were a pantomime, and the things the lions were given to play with were living women and children and men. The great door would open and the angry beasts rush in. The hearts of those behind the gold and silver wires were leaping high, for this was what they came to see. But in some corner of this vast arena the piercing shriek of a woman rang out, and then there followed a sudden quiet. Up in the seats, like a mountain-side alive, the excited multitude was swaying to and fro. Down in the arena a little sobbing group was crouching by the wall below the throne of Caesar, waiting for the beasts to spring.

So Rome enjoyed itself; so Arles held festival. Such scenes have been within these walls; such people sat on these stone seats; such things were done here where we tread. Incredibly strange it seems that those who built these wondrous palaces, whose great ideas were not too great for their powers of execution, who made their roads to last a thousand years and flung their aqueducts across wide valleys, who made a thousand lovely things that ages yet will see, should fling a woman to a lion to make a holiday. But true it is—and true it is that not eighteen hundred years ago, but only three or four lifetimes back, the whole population of an English town would crowd into an amphitheatre to see a woman strangled and burned. We have come from a terrible past, and it is only a year or two since the noblest and most courageous men upon the Earth were being torn to pieces by their fellows, with every Government in Europe looking on or taking part, and every paper in the world reporting what was happening day by day.

Arles has nobler things than its arena, though nothing so spectacular. It has the ruins of a theatre for which an architect was brought from Athens in the days before Christ was born. It has that church with the wondrous portal which keeps green the name of Saint Trophime. It was built long after the Roman Empire had crumbled into dust, but there was a church here in the very first centuries of Christianity, and here the early Christians held important councils. It was here that Augustine was consecrated. But the church that stands today is only seven hundred years old—quite young it sounds in Arles. It has a front with three arches unsurpassed in all

Provence, and its cloisters have drawn to this little place lovers of beauty from all over the world.

One thing more has Arles, the like of which is now only to be seen, perhaps, along the way by which Paul walked to Rome. Paris has its Champs Élysées—that gorgeous avenue of life unmatched in Europe on a summer's day; Arles has its Champs Élysées too, the Alyscamps—that solemn avenue of death along which lie the tombs of those who died throughout the centuries. So the Elysian Fields of bliss are reached in many ways; to some they come in death, to some in life.

We come away from Arles with deep emotions surging up within us, thinking, perhaps, of the little flowers blooming in the vast arena in its eighteen hundredth summer, and we ride away through a ten-mile avenue of trees which, after all, is not less of a miracle than these gigantic things the Romans left behind.

We go to Nîmes, and a pleasant thing it is to walk about its streets until we reach those spacious gardens that bring to mind the Tuileries in Paris or the Uffizi Palace gardens in Florence, though here at Nîmes is something that neither Florence nor Paris nor Rome itself can show—a colossal Roman bath, in which the water flows through marble columns as it has flowed since Roman nobles and Roman ladies came to bathe in Nîmes.

We feel in this most gorgeous and most spacious place, with all the colour of a summer's day about us, that here must surely be the best reconstruction remaining on the earth of those pleasure-grounds the Romans loved so much. We hardly stop to see the ancient temples round

about us, so glad are we to feel the beauty of this wondrous garden, with the water falling down and flowing through the Roman walls.

But one temple the traveller must miss any trains to see—the little Maison Carrée, after which they built the Madeleine in Paris. It is one of the chief architectural treasures in Europe. It was old in 1050, when it was cleared of the earth that was piled up round it and was turned into a sort of town hall for five hundred years. Then a citizen bought it to live in. It came into the hands of a duchess, who tried in vain to turn it into a mausoleum, but it passed to somebody who made it into a stable, with hay-lofts in the roof, and who cut away the pillars to give wider passage for his carts. It became a church and a burial-place for monks; it became a granary and a market; and it was not till a hundred years ago that this most lovely temple was saved from the hands of the vandals. Inside it now are fragments of the Roman Empire found in Nîmes—that Venus of Nîmes made up from a hundred pieces found under the streets thirty years ago; that lovely bust of Julia Domna, the mother of the Emperor Caracalla; and a precious collection of relics of this huge pleasure city of the Roman Empire.

But at Nîmes, as at Arles, the central magnet for the eye is the huge black outer wall of the arena. It is hard to believe it has stood through all these centuries, but it has come down from the days when there were men alive in Nîmes who might have heard a rumour of the crucifixion of a fanatical young Jew on a hilltop in Jerusalem.

From end to end of the outer walls, walking straight through the arena, is much more than a hundred yards, and the depth of this vast construction—the distance the seats go back from the arena to the outer wall—is everywhere a hundred feet. The whole building is set in three feet of concrete, and is formed of sixty arcades, each twelve feet wide. The outer walls themselves are nine feet thick, and some of the stones are thirty-five cubic feet, lying in beds of fifteen feet. When all Nîmes came to see the spectacle there were seven miles of stone seats for them to sit upon.

One thing is still to be seen in this arena. There are still the holes in which the masts were fixed to hold the awnings, and holes that still contain the leads securing the iron ties which held these posts in place. We may imagine that there has never been, in any other sort of place ever built, such a piece of work to do as the covering of these arenas from the sun. The great valerium, sometimes made of silk and worth its weight in gold, had probably a hundred pairs of cords, worked by pulleys. The management was left to sailors, who were used to awnings and riggings, and the valerium they had to fix at Nîmes, stretching out over a hundred thousand superficial feet, must have weighed, with its ropes and tackle, not less than fifty tons.

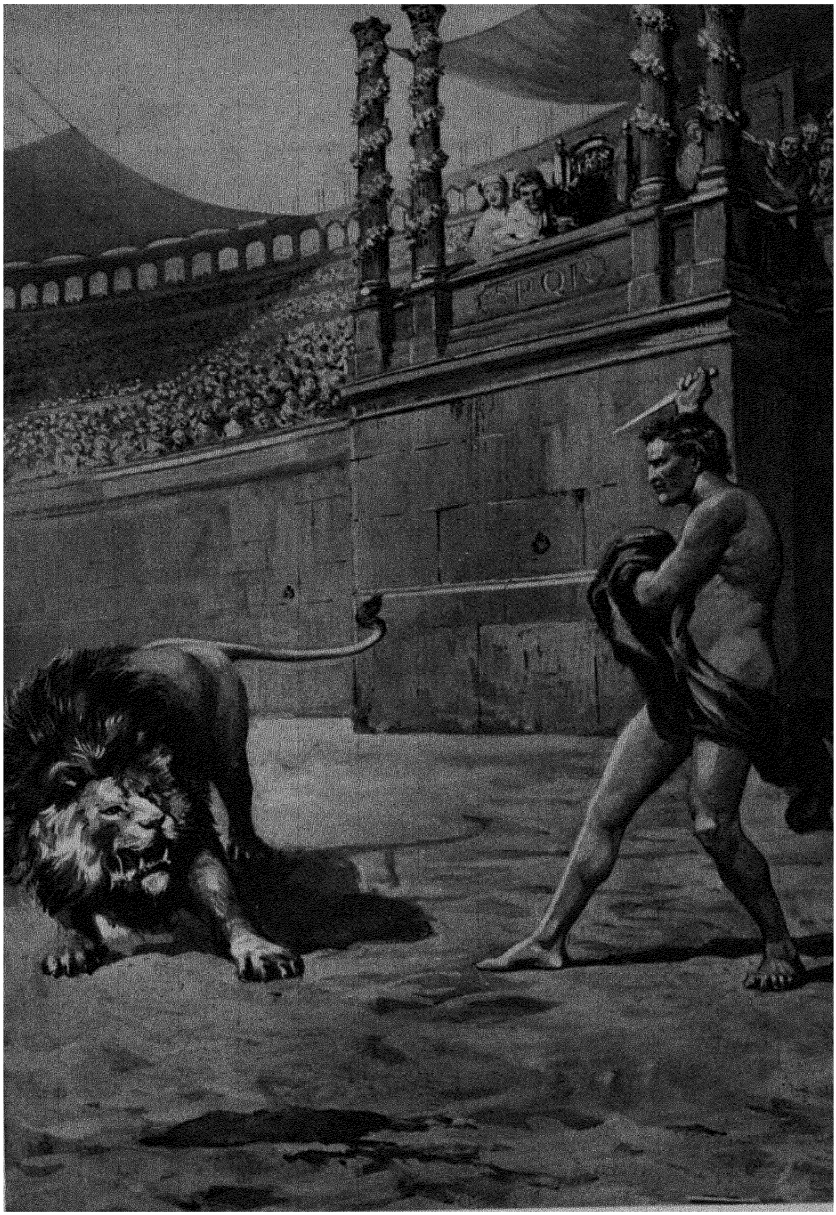
Colossal indeed were these Romans, and the things they did. They would tear up trees by the roots and plant them in the arena to make a forest for hunting in; they would let loose in it a thousand ostriches, or a thousand stags, or a thousand wild boars; they would bring over hyenas and tigers and giraffes, elephants and hippos,

rhinos and leopards and bears. Nothing was too big to make a Roman holiday.

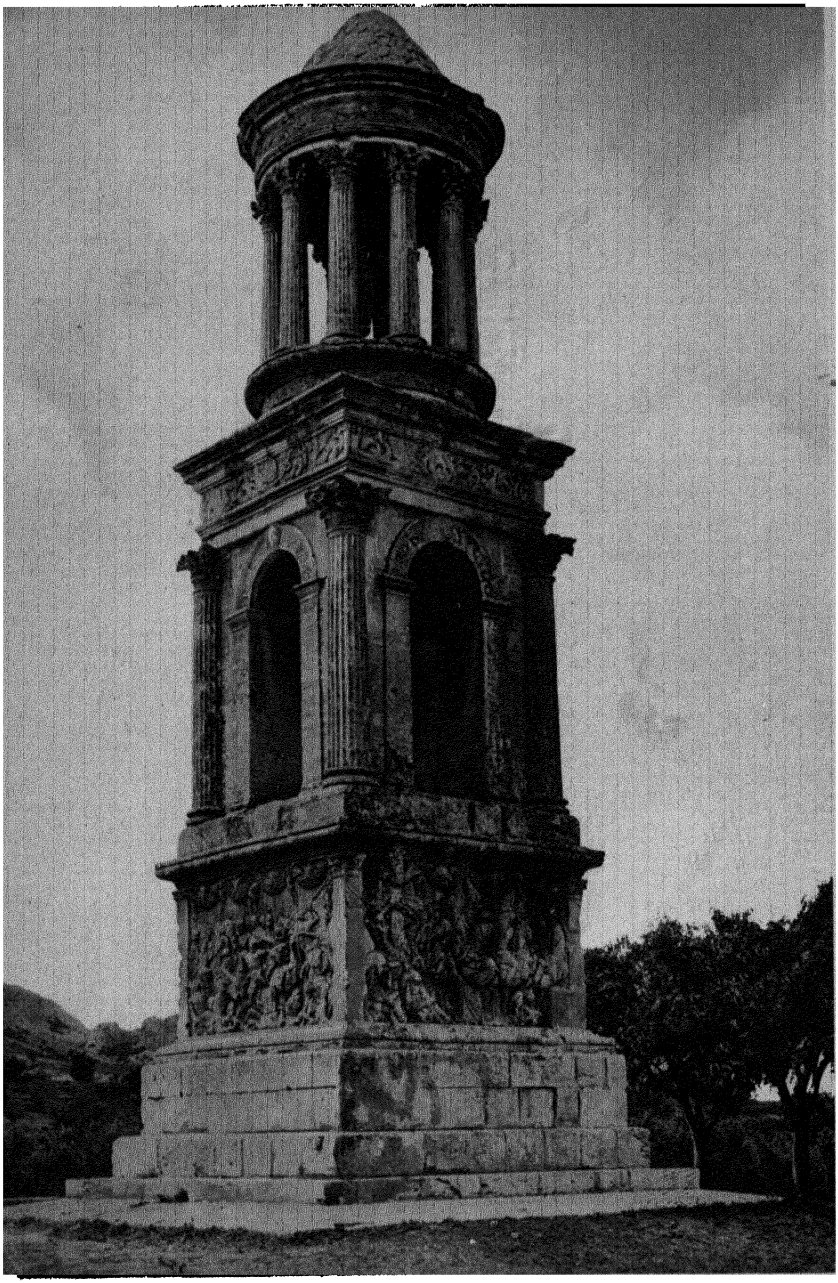
And then this great place lost its life and soul; its glory dwindled like the glory of Vienna when the Austrian Empire fell. The amphitheatre was built up as a fortress; it was piled up with earth and crammed with houses, as the arena at Arles was once; for years it had a church in one of its great galleries. The glory of one age is the scorn of the next, until Time gives a glory to the ruin that is left.

Outside Nîmes, away from the city about twenty miles, stands one of the wonders of the world. We may doubt if he who has seen the Pyramids and Taj Mahal and Giotto's Tower and the Colosseum has looked upon a thing more wonderful than the Pont du Gard.

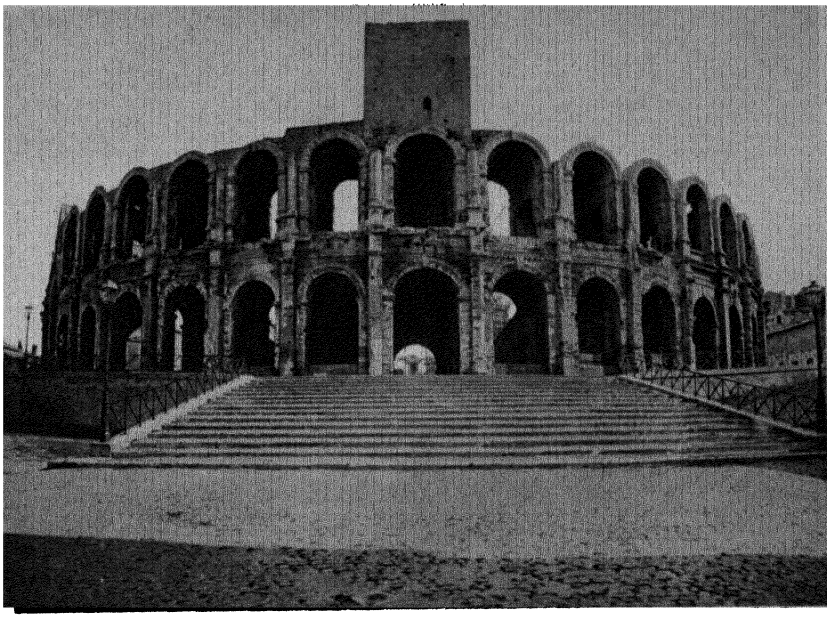
This majestic structure leaps from hill to hill across the valley of the River Gard, and the order for building it was signed by the hand which signed the order for Herod to take a census for Judaea. It is the most splendid and impressive thing Augustus Caesar left behind, except the memory of a just man's life, and it is supposed to have been built by Agrippa, who was Governor of Nîmes at the time. He made it strong and beautiful, fair to see after nineteen hundred years; he built it better than the Caesars built their Empire, for five Roman empires might have come and gone while the Pont du Gard has been standing here. Two thousand years ago, had we been passing this way, we might have seen a Roman engineer, full length with his face on the ground before sunrise, watching to see if vapours were rising from the ground. If he saw the vapour rising he would dig a hole and place



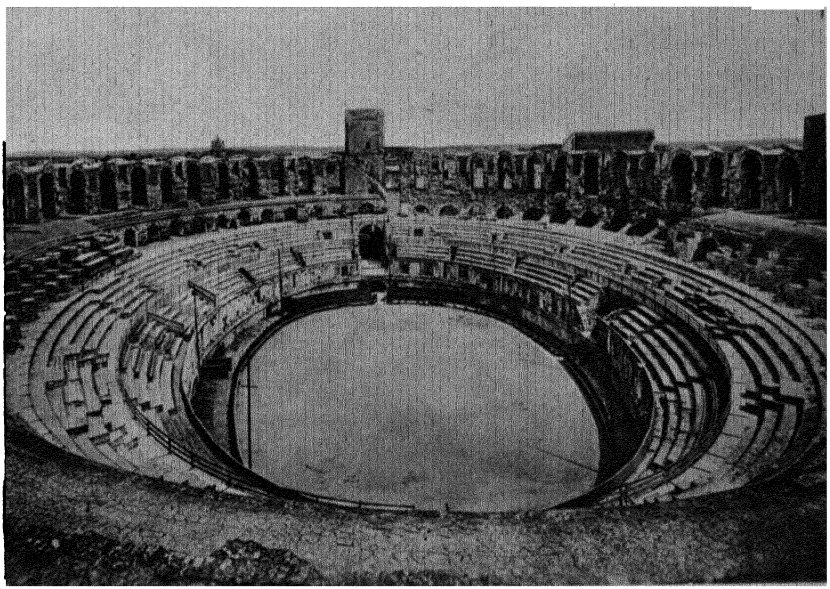
ONE SUMMER'S DAY IN SWEET PROVENCE—THE TERRIBLE MOMENT THE ROMANS YEARNED TO SEE, WITH CÆSAR LOOKING DOWN IN ARLES ARENA



THE BEAUTIFUL TOWER THAT JULIUS CÆSAR BUILT, STILL STANDING ON A LITTLE GREEN IN A COUNTRY LANE AT SAINT REMY



The Immense Arches of the Amphitheatre, which Covered Twelve Thousand Square Yards

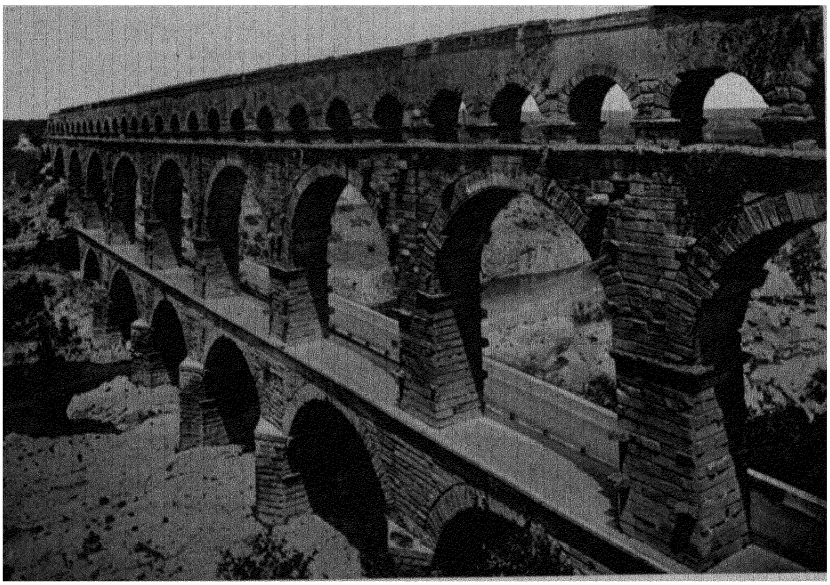


Only Four Arenas as in the World were Greater than Arles with its Thirty Thousand Seats

THE MARVELLOUS ARENA AT ARLES



THE MASSIVE ARCH THE ROMANS BUILT ON THE HIGH ROAD AT ORANGE



THE PONT DU GARD NEAR NIMES, PERHAPS THE MOST IMPRESSIVE MONUMENT AUGUSTUS CÆSAR LEFT BEHIND

in it a metal vessel rubbed inside with oil, and if between sunset and sunrise the vessel caught any drops of water it was supposed that there would be the source of a stream down below. So primitive in some ways were these amazing men whose constructive feats are still the wonder of mankind.

It was no such simple faith that lay behind the Pont du Gard; it was the business of this bridge to take water to Nîmes from the source of the River Eure and the River Airan. Far behind we still can see the ruins of the aqueducts which brought the two rivers on their way towards the Pont du Gard, and the way of the water can be traced for miles. It followed the hills, sometimes underground, sometimes through channels cut out of the rock itself, sometimes over bridges; and at length the water of the two rivers arrived at the River Gard near Remoulins. Here was a problem indeed, for this imprisoned river was to cross the valley fifty yards up in the air, and from hill to hill the space was the sixth of a mile.

In all its thousand years the greatest city in the world has done nothing so big as this. London has nothing that can be compared with this colossal aqueduct. They called upon an architect named Veranius, if we may guess that from the name found under one of the arches, and he designed a monument which has remained the admiration of the architects of the modern world. It is instinct with all that is greatest in art. It rises out of the rocks of the river-bed as if it were a part of them; such is the strength of it. It climbs in three huge tiers until it seems as slender as the trees around; such is the grace of it. It is so much

a part of the valley that Nature herself might have put it there, and you feel that to take it away would be like a break in a beautiful picture. In sunlight and in moonlight it is a thrilling thing to see, a link between the ancient and the modern world, a big thing nobly done, as if the Romans had made up their minds to say to all posterity: "Remember your strength and your glory, and be Master of the Earth."

The water flowed along this mighty bridge above three tiers of arches resting on foundations set on a rock six feet above the river. The base of the piers is formed of only three or four big stones, some of them five feet deep and more. They are laid without cement; the foundation-stones of this gigantic structure have stood in their place for nineteen hundred years with nothing to hold them there except their weight and the closeness with which they fit in their bed.

Marvellous were these builders. They cut these massive blocks out of the solid rock; they transported them for miles; and then they laid them down as they had lain in their natural bed in the quarry, so that for centuries these stones have slept as comfortably in their beds on the Pont du Gard as in the beds where Nature put them when she raised the hills.

Rising from these piers are the fifty-two arches that have startled every traveller who has come this way since Christ was born. The lowest tier has six, the second tier eleven, and the third tier thirty-five. At the bottom the bridge is five hundred and sixty feet long; at the top it is nearly nine hundred. The big central arch is eighty feet across, and the arches grow smaller as they mount until

at the top they are just over five yards wide. They are seven yards thick at the bottom, five half-way up, and four at the top.

At one end of the aqueduct we mount about two hundred steps inside the massive pier; and at the top we find ourselves where, ages since, the waters of two rivers flowed to Nîmes. The channel for this imprisoned river is four feet wide and nearly five feet high, banked on each side by masonry nearly a yard thick, covered with cement as hard as stone. There seems to have been no change in this cement since it was laid, and its face is as smooth as marble.

One change there is that would surprise the builders in this mighty thing. In some parts of the waterway the sediment left by the water has formed a layer so thick that we can only just walk through. Much of it has been removed, and the church in the village of Bezonce has been built entirely out of it. One may wonder if there are any other church walls in the world made from water imprisoned by man.

On and on beyond the Pont du Gard the water flows, and the aqueduct is lost in the mountain-sides, until it appears again in the gorges near Lefaux. It remains within its prison walls for eighty thousand feet beyond the Pont du Gard, so that its total length is about a hundred and thirty thousand feet, or twenty-five miles.

A wondrous piece of work it is, and through many a lovely scene this water flows; but in all its course is nothing made by Nature, or by man, to match this spectacle near Remoulins, the arches that spring from hill to hill to carry a river to Nîmes. We sit and pull forget-me-nots

where once the water flowed. The great flagstones laid across the top have disappeared from hundreds of feet of the narrow waterway; the wind has carried along the dust of the hills; wind and birds have brought the seeds of flowers; and here, in the sunshine on the summit of this ancient wonder of the world, we sit among those flowers that brought to Wordsworth "thoughts that often lie too deep for tears." Is it not a lovely thing to find these little blossoms, sown by no human hand, creeping along the summit of this gigantic fragment of the Roman Empire? Through a thousand summers they have bloomed, rooted in the crevices of these Roman stones, as if Nature could not resist the temptation to claim this mighty structure for her own. We sit as in a rock garden, forgetting Rome, forgetting we are fifty yards above the earth, thinking of English country lanes and daffodils and all the sweet simplicities that make life a joy for ever, until the sense of wonder stirred within us by the Pont du Gard is stirred once more by the thought of a little blue flower:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

It is the greatest hour Provence can give us, this hour at the Pont du Gard; and we leave our wild flowers blowing in the wind and sun, our minds stirred with the thought of the mighty things that men have done and the mightier things they yet may do.

Arles, Nîmes, and the Pont du Gard—they dominate Provence; all travellers find their way to them. And yet

a dozen other places come to mind, with perhaps a hundred sights that one would love to see again. Who forgets the little town of Saint Gilles? The waters of the Mediterranean once washed the walls of this quiet place, and in the year 1101 the English fleet called here. But the waters have gone back, and we drive through miles of fields to this hilltop village above the river. We wind our way through narrow streets full of shabby little houses, and suddenly we gaze on the marvellous portal of the church of Saint Gilles. He is said to have lived in Athens twelve hundred years ago, and to have had the blood of Greek kings in his veins; what we are sure of is that he has a monument fit for Athens in her golden days. The English seamen calling here on their way to Palestine may have seen this church a-building eight hundred years ago; but they can never have seen the three marvellous arches at the top of this broad flight of steps, enriched with all their splendid carvings. Astonishingly beautiful are all these pictures in stone, upon which the rain has fallen for nearly a thousand years. It is said that it took over a generation for the artists to carve them, and they are worthy of all the energy and patience and devotion that have been put into them. On the stones of Saint Gilles, too, there are seen little pictures of ships and warriors scratched there with the swords of the crusaders of Saint Louis.

And who that has stood on the old stone bridge at Vaison, with the sheer precipice frowning down, and the sunshine filling the open plain beyond, will not wish to be there again? A great place was Vaison before the English people had set out on their career, but its greatness in the history books is in its green hillside and in its

small museum. Among the ruins here they found that figure in the British Museum which we call Diadumenos. It lay in a hundred fragments in two or three different fields, and when the sculptor came to build it up it was all complete except the head. At last the head was found on the brink of a farmyard well, and when you look at Diadumenos of Vaison again, and notice the mark on its cheek, it will be interesting to remember that the mark was made by generations of Vaison folk resting their feet on this buried head as they pulled the water up the well. But more beautiful to see than all the ruins Rome has left at Vaison is the old church away in the plain, with its splendid front, its massive columns, and its old-world cloisters. There are few churches so appealing in Provence.

And not far on the traveller's way from Vaison is Orange, with two great things the Romans left—the astounding walls and corridors of the vast arena there, and that almost unparalleled triumphal arch. It is seventy feet long by seventy feet high, and nearly half as wide. It is crowned with gorgeous sculptures and crowded with fighting figures, and it stands at the head of the great highway by which the Roman legions marched to victory. It was put there by that Roman emperor whose anger is said to have resolved the wavering mind of Pilate when he handed Jesus to the mob, and still it stands unmatched among ancient arches, even by Constantine's in Rome.

But how full of memories is this old Provence! At Tarascon, with its ancient walls and gates, we pass the castle of that good king René, whose mother was one of the first great ladies to shelter Joan of Arc, who pawned her jewels to pay for a convoy to help Joan at Orleans;

and it was this king whom Joan once asked to guide her on her way, who stood at her side in the Siege of Paris and carried her to safety when an arrow wounded her.

At Avignon and round about we look out on the world that Petrarch looked on as a boy, after his father was exiled from Florence with Dante. We walk among the hills and by the falling waters of Vaucluse, where, all for the love of a lady, Petrarch began writing poetry which has kept his name alive five hundred years. Ruin upon ruin we find at Avignon, with the broken bridge half-way across the river, with its old churches and castles and its crooked narrow streets, with the little cottage where our John Stuart Mill loved to find quiet and peace, with that matchless Madonna carved in solid ivory from a mammoth's tusk, and with that splendid wilderness of stone which was once the palace of the Popes.

But is there, one wonders, anywhere among the ruins of the world such a scene of utter desolation as that rocky fastness of the Roman time which they call Les Baux? Quarried out of the mountain-side, Les Baux is now a scene of wretchedness beyond compare in this fair region of Provence. At the foot of the hills the rocks are quarried for the soft stone they yield, and we walk in and out of immense stone pillars which give us the feeling that we are in some vast cathedral of the Stone Age. All about, for acres and acres, we walk in dust as white as flour, from which a rough road leads us up the slope. We climb through ruined towers and broken walls and gigantic heaps of rubbish to the summit of this amazing place. There are ruined châteaux in which great people lived a thousand years ago. There are steps now inaccessible up which

we are told the Romans used to go. There is a church with tiny chapels hollowed out of solid rock in which there may have gathered groups of worshippers not far removed in time from the days of Paul.

But there is something more to see from the height of this desolate world of Les Baux—the wide-stretching plain from which the ocean has retreated; and glad are we to leave this scene of squalid ruin and be once more among the vines and olives, on our way to Carpentras, with its Roman arch, the rare old books in its library, and more than all its hospital, one of the oldest and rarest and kindliest in the world. We look round its chemist's shop, with the bottles on the shelves, the names on the boxes, and the herbs in the drawers exactly as they have been for a hundred years. We see nuns making medicines from roots just in from Russia. We follow these happy sisters up the stairs, and love to see their pride in one of the sweetest linen rooms a lady could wish to see.

The day came when the Romans left Provence, and never since has Provence known such stirring times. But she has not been sleeping; she has made the face of this historic region pleasant and fair to see, and she has set up on her hills and plains monuments less gigantic, but not less beautiful, than Rome's. Marvellous it is, as we ride on her old roads, across her old-time bridges, to look up at some crag that seems to us inaccessible and see it crowned with a lovely church, the temple of a fairer cause than Caesar and his builders ever enshrined within their walls. The life of the Provence of today, with its poetry and its pictures and its most hospitable people, its industrious peasantry tilling the fields, its women bearing themselves

with gracious dignity in their charming dress, is less stirring and spectacular, but not less real and not less pleasing, than the life of those days when slaves were building its arenas and the blare of trumpets rang out the approach of Caesar. Rome has passed, but Provence lives on.

Far away from Arles and Nîmes is the hill by which the Romans came. It rises up above Monaco, and is called La Turbie. La Turbie was a splendid place when Monaco was a barren rock; its history was a thousand years old when the first stone of Monaco was laid. For here the Roman road was made two hundred years before Christ was born, and by it Caesar's legions marched to Arles. At La Turbie they reached the summit of the Alps that stood between them and Provence, and here, 1600 feet above the waves that sweep below, they set up the great Tower of Augustus.

It was the Roman gate to that Provence which Caesar and Marius had conquered, and it stood there, a dazzling Colossus raised on marble colonnades, as if to proclaim the eternal power of Rome. The monument rose two hundred feet high, and on the top towered Augustus in marble, perhaps four times life-size. Past this tower there flowed for centuries that marvellous pageantry of Roman life which moved along the eight hundred miles from Rome to Nîmes. Roman emperors and their soldiers passed this way, slaves and gladiators and dancing-girls. A great time it must have been for the people of La Turbie; they stood at the door and saw the Roman Empire pass.

Today the mighty stones on which Augustus stood above his colonnades are standing still, but they stand a tragic ruin, a symbol of the broken power of Rome. The

tower that shone in the sunlight which fell on Christ as He walked in Galilee is a miserable mass of stone. Forts have been constructed from it, shrines and palaces in Genoa have been decorated with it, most of La Turbie is built from it, and the glory of Augustus has been changed into high altars for cathedrals, cottages for peasants, garages for motor-cars, and little sheds for goats. The proud gateway is a rubbish heap; for a thousand years and more the dust of this crumbling ruin has been blowing about on the hilltop.

But, though Caesar is a shadow, Provence remains. She remains a sweet and lovely land.

PARIS

There we will stop and see the fair world move
For our sole pleasure past us, you and I . . .

Wilfrid Blunt

THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL THINGS

SOMEWHERE in the heart of beautiful Paris is a picture that has in it the idea of a day starting out on its career, and we think, as we look at it, how good a home this picture has in Paris.

For the sun looks down on a wonderful sight as it sweeps over Paris, and a day in this place is a wonderful thing. Men have filled the Earth with cities, and some of them are fair to see; but the modern world has no place quite like Paris, the City of Beautiful Things.

He who finds himself there on one of Wordsworth's "heavenly days that cannot die" finds Paris fair indeed, the lovely home of happy people that a city should be. Everywhere, as we walk through her wide avenues, along her spacious streets, in and out of her gracious gardens, we see bright and cheerful things. Wherever we look are colour and movement and space to move. Here is no great cramped-up city, no narrow streets down which the sun can never reach. Here are streets worth living in, noble ways fit for the capital of a noble race—and it may almost be said of our neighbours that they do live in these streets; for are not the boulevards and avenues and rues the happiest dwelling-places in the capital of France?

We are strangers in our streets; we feel that we are on a visit as we walk through them; but Paris people feel at home in theirs. They love them. They eat in them, drink in them, talk in them, read in them, sit in

them and watch the world go by. They have laid them out to be worth living in. They have given them distances and vistas that gladden the heart and delight the eye. We do not wonder at the monarch who said he was glad he did not rule in Paris because he would be tempted to burn it down lest it absorbed all the rest of his empire.

There is always some glad thing to see in the central streets of Paris, some new beauty, something to discover. Paris is a lady in a garden; she changes her dress for every season and has a mood for every day. We look down for hours from a window in the Avenue de l'Opéra, watching the smooth and almost musical flow of traffic from the Opéra to the Louvre. We feel that it is like the steady flow of life in this pleasant land of France—steady and quiet and happy if only the pharaohs called politicians would let their people go. We walk about their gardens, watching these people taking holiday, and we feel that they have no ill-will for anyone in the world. We feel that for them, in their city of treasures, the greatest treasure of all is the joy of being alive.

And yet what sights these streets have seen! They have seen Jeanne d'Arc ride on her horse in glory, and they have seen her wounded in pain. They have seen the work of noble men and the pageantry of ignoble kings. They have heard the tramp of the feet of some of the wisest men and some of the basest scoundrels that were ever born. They have heard the rumbling of the wheels of a cart in which beautiful women were drawn to the guillotine through cheering crowds of people. They have seen thousands of people slain in mad fury. They have seen aristocrats walk to their doom in the face of a howling

mob as calmly as if they were walking to their beds. They have seen the bodies of poets and artists and scientists flung into common trenches. They have seen the bones of the beautiful Saint Genevieve burned on a rubbish-heap. They have seen Richard Wagner tramping the pavements a hungry man because nobody wanted his music. They have seen a poor clerk named Béranger walking from his garret to the University, listening to his songs sung on the way, not knowing that they would be immortal. They have seen Napoleon come riding home from Moscow to say that his Grande Armée was all gone.

Such sights have these streets seen, and yet they are the loveliest streets in Europe, transfigured in the sunshine with a glory like a dream; and in them and about them are halls of art unequalled in the world. Let us go where everybody will go first—to the Louvre.

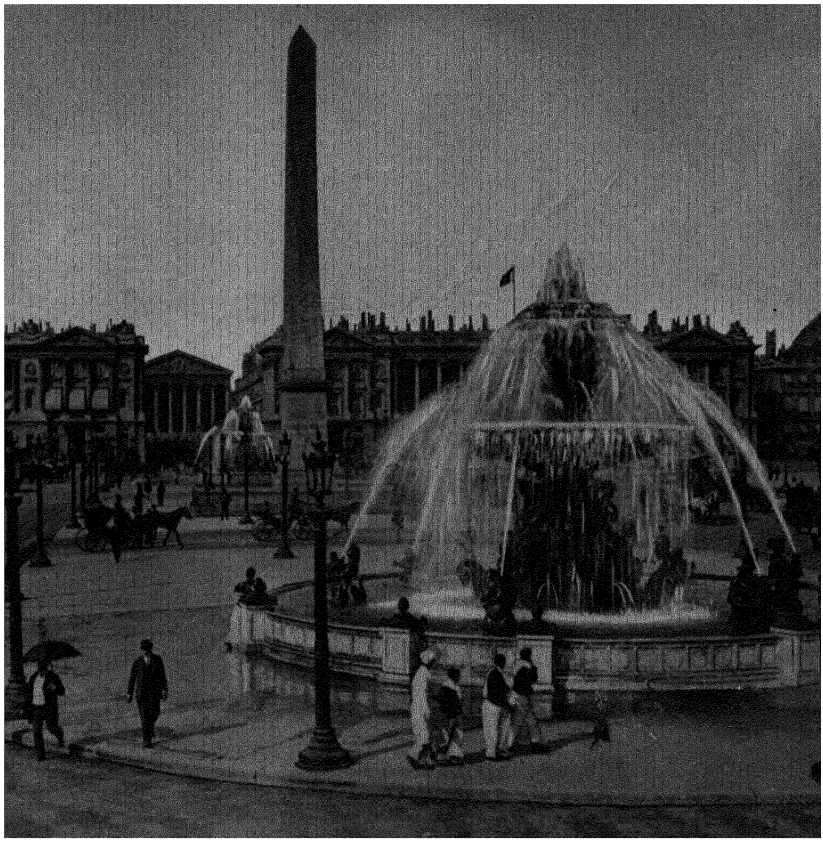
If there were nothing else in Paris but the Louvre, Paris would draw to itself lovers of beautiful things from every corner of the world. For two hundred and fifty years the Louvre has been piling up treasure upon earth, and there are no collections like these anywhere. As we stand before the glorious picture of Charles Stuart which Van Dyck painted, we remember that the Louvre began with Charles Stuart's pictures bought from a banker who had fallen on hard times, and we wonder what the Louvre would have been like today if it had been allowed to keep the stolen goods with which Napoleon almost choked it. He stole whatever he could find worth stealing; but there was a great day at the Louvre after Waterloo, when British soldiers stood on guard along these corridors while five thousand treasures were returned to their owners.

Shorn of all these old-time glories, the Louvre is still unrivalled in splendour. Its Titians are unequalled in any gallery in the world, and its Paul Veroneses are matchless. It has Raphael in every stage of his development. It has the best collection of Murillos outside Spain. Its Holbeins are superb, and it has a roomfull of Rubens. Leonardo da Vinci is here ten times, one of his canvases being the most famous portrait in the world; and Nicholas Poussin is seen here fifty times, and can be studied properly nowhere else. If we want Velasquez, or Van Dyck, or Rembrandt, or Claude Lorrain, we find their masterpieces here; and here is some of the best work of Frank Hals.

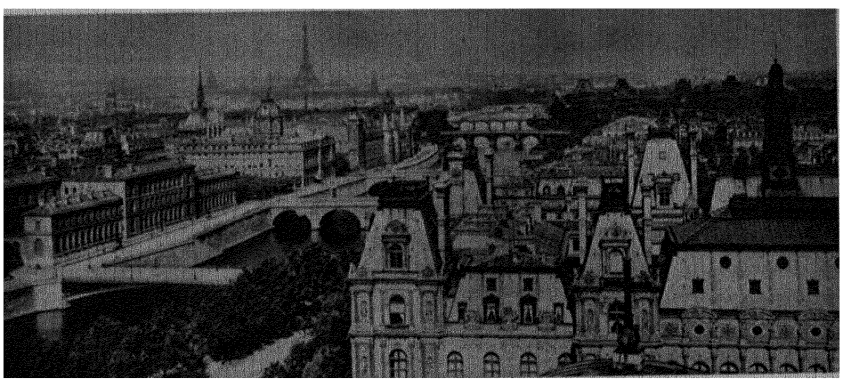
Where glory reigns in abundance the mind is overwhelmed; who shall say which star is brightest in the sky? We walk through these halls and gaze with wonder everywhere, moving slowly on and pausing every now and then on coming to some familiar thing which all the world has decided to call great. We pause, of course, before David's Madame Récamier, whose figure in white has been seen by millions of people in the last hundred years. We pause before the fine figure by Teniers of a peasant drinking in an inn, at the Frank Hals portrait of a gipsy girl breaking into a laugh that you can almost hear. We are held by the sight of Joan of Arc as she stood at the coronation of the king at Rheims. We love the milkmaid and her horse, perhaps the finest painting of Greuze. We are bound to stop for a moment with Madame le Brun and her daughter, one of the oldest friends of all of us. We see Queen Elizabeth refusing to go to bed though dying, and we know that it probably really happened as Paul Delaroche painted it. We meet



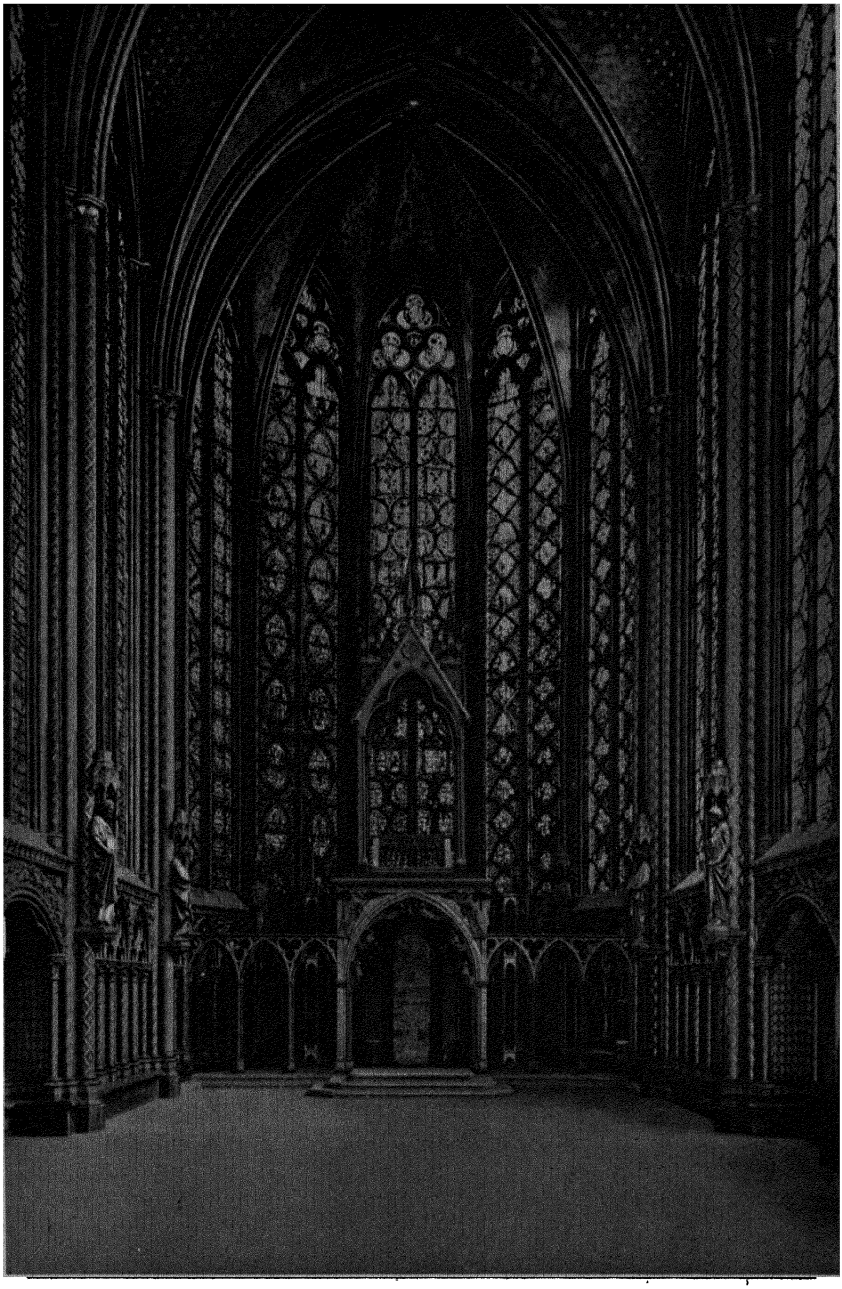
LOUIS PASTEUR TAKES A WALK—LITTLE DID THIS SMALL CHILD DREAM AS SHE WALKED IN THE TUILERIES GARDENS WITH HER DADDIE, HOW GREAT AND IMMORTAL HE WAS



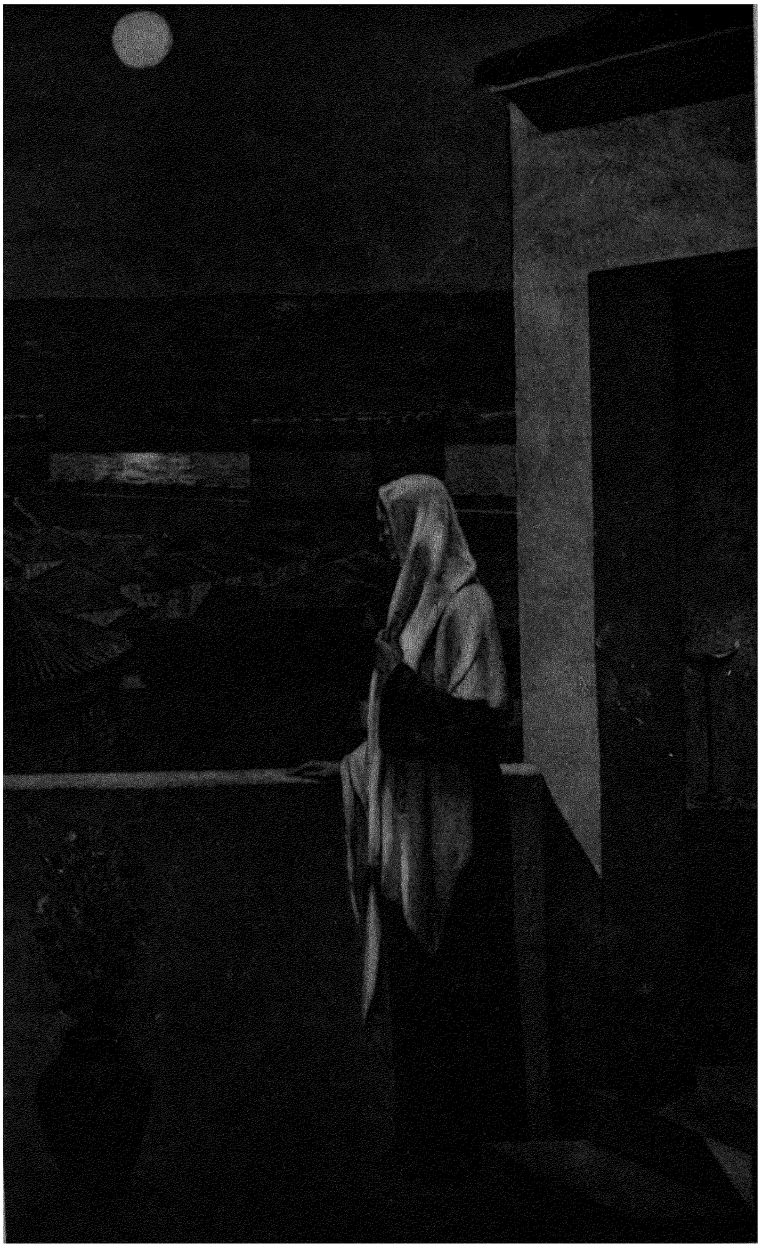
THE FINEST SQUARE IN THE HEART OF ANY CITY IN THE WORLD—THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE IN PARIS



SEVEN BRIDGES ACROSS THE SEINE



THE LOVELINESS OF SAINTE CHAPELLE, THE RARE LITTLE CHURCH BUILT IN PARIS BY SAINT LOUIS FOR HIS RELICS FROM THE CRUSADE



SAINTE GENEVIEVE LOOKS DOWN ON THE CITY SHE LOVED—FROM THE PAINTING IN THE PANTHEON IN PARIS BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

Anne of Cleves, fourth wife of our own King Bluebeard, on one of Holbein's canvases. We feel a touch of emotion, though it is all so long ago, as we look on David's picture of Brutus receiving the bodies of the sons he refused to save from death for treachery to Rome. We pause at the portrait of Louis Quatorze, who bequeathed to France a cancer at her heart, and we remember that, when this cynical creature asked the artist, "Do you find me changed?" the flattering artist answered: "Sire, I only perceive a few more victories on your brow." We like much more the portrait by the immortal Leonardo—Mona Lisa, whose face has smiled, perhaps, on a vaster multitude of people than any other woman's face since time began.

All the world knows Mona Lisa, but half the world will have forgotten the great sensation on that day when she vanished from the Louvre. The frame was suddenly found on a staircase with a finger-print on the glass, but the finger-print could not be recognised, and the most famous portrait in the world was lost. The Louvre was closed for a week; every picture-shop was searched and every seaport in Europe was closely watched, but not a word was heard of Mona Lisa. Then, after more than two years of great distress in the world of art, it was made known one day that Leonardo's smiling lady had been smiling all the time in a garret not far from the Louvre.

It was a story of Simple Simon baffling Europe. An Italian workman named Perugia had walked one morning to the Louvre in his workman's blouse and gone straight to the gallery in which Mona Lisa hung. He was alone. He took the portrait from the wall and carried it to a

staircase, where he took the picture from its frame. He put it in his blouse and took it to the garret where he lived. There it lay while all the world was seeking it, for Perugia could not hope to sell the picture. The story was that his heart burned to give to Italy some compensation for the wrong she suffered from Napoleon. We can believe that if we like; certainly he was a very Simple Simon, this Perugia.

One day he heard that an old dealer in Florence was exhibiting some famous pictures, and he wrote to him that he would let him have the Mona Lisa for twenty thousand pounds. The picture-dealer thought it all a joke, but invited Perugia to Florence, and there awaited him. The workman appeared with a rough wooden box full of old clothes and worn-out boots, and at the bottom of them all was the lovely Mona Lisa.

There are many stories of the Louvre, but none so strange as this; and stranger still it is when we know that Perugia's finger-print, which was on the glass, was in the possession of the Paris police. It happened, however, that it was the imprint of Perugia's left thumb, and, although the police had it, it was not in their index, for they indexed right thumbs only, and to have found the left thumb of Perugia would have meant a search through three-quarters of a million finger-prints.

There was great joy in the world of art when Mona Lisa smiled again upon the world in her old town of Florence, for she was the wife of a Florence citizen when Da Vinci painted her. She held a reception in the Uffizi Gallery, and thirty thousand people, princes and peasants, rich and poor, walked past her in one day. Now she is home again, close by the garret where she lay, and one

wonders whose smile is more unfathomable when they meet—Mona Lisa's or Simple Simon's?

The treasures of the Louvre are boundless. The Gallery of Apollo, one of the finest rooms in Europe, is crammed with priceless gems, with such things as Napoleon's crown, the ring of Saint Louis, and a reliquary containing an arm of Charlemagne. The treasures from the ancient world are marvellous. The sculptures alone would bring travellers from the ends of the Earth. The famous Victory of Samothrace, a draped figure that seems to be swaying with motion, found two thousand years ago in a hundred bits, stands majestic at the top of a flight of steps; and through avenues of famous marbles we walk down a long corridor to the white figure at the end, the Venus of Milo. This home of wonder that has the most famous portrait in the world has also the most famous statue.

Nothing more wonderful has been left to us of the glory that was Greece than this figure of a lovely woman, buried in the earth for centuries and brought to light by a peasant in the island of Melos a hundred years ago. Somebody has said that it blooms with eternal youth, and nobody can count the multitude of those who have sat for hours gazing on this face and form. The story is told of a famous man who came to the Louvre one May Day long ago to take leave of the things he loved most before he lay down on a bed to die. He was looking for the last time of all on the beautiful things of this world, and he burst into tears and broke down before the Venus of Milo.

Pleasant it is to pass from the overwhelming grandeur of the Louvre to the loveliness of the little Musée Luxem-

bourg, as rare a Palace of Art as there is in Europe, standing in those gardens that Paris children love so well. No one was ever known to tire of this sweet place, so small, so beautiful, so filled with lovely things. Its treasures change from year to year, for some of them are carried to the Louvre as time goes by; but the sculptures and pictures of the Luxembourg are for ever a glory of Paris. Here we meet Whistler's wonderful portrait of his mother; the famous picture of a pharaoh waiting for news, and slaying, one by one, the bearers of evil tidings; Cormon's Cain and Abel, the terrible picture of the spirit of Hate coming into the world; Cazin's moving picture of Ishmael, the mother and the boy in the desert, with a loneliness and pathos that can almost be felt. We carry away with us the memory of a girl in the sea with the wide waters stretching endlessly before her, like endless years of time; and we remember the picture of the happy boy on the sands, and wonder what it is his sister is whispering in his ear. Here is Lavoisier in bronze, pondering and handsome; here is Versailles in autumn almost as good as Versailles; here are a hundred things we shall not forget.

Worthy of this city of beautiful things, and one of its precious adornments, is the old House of Cluny, resting on foundations the Romans may have laid. Outside and inside it is marvellously beautiful, a comfortable and homely little palace of gems, filled with wonderful chests, with fascinating miniatures, with fine lace beyond compare, with ivories of almost all the centuries since the fourth, and with clocks that have ticked away the hours of this old house for many generations. Here, too, are astonishing Roman walls, a relic of the time when Caesar came.

One thing he learns who stays in Paris long: he is moved by the solemn tribute at the end of life. An impressive hour it is when the black pall is hung at the door. All traffic slows down at the house of death. The soldier passes at salute, and every man—walking, riding, driving a tram or a bus or a motor-car—raises his hat. I watched a funeral in the Avenue de l'Opéra—it was that of an ordinary man. For an hour all traffic turned aside, or slowed down as it passed the house, and when the coffin came no traffic passed it at the door; cars, buses, carriages stood still or turned away, and every workman and boy who came this way paid homage and bade farewell to one more traveller to another world.

It mattered nothing who he was; the busiest part of living Paris belonged for this hour to the dead, the newcomer to Père Lachaise. There are more graves on this hillside, they say, than there are houses in Paris. They brought here long ago all that was left of the great Molière and the curious Lafontaine; they were the first bodies to lie in Père Lachaise. Then came the ashes of those two friends whose names have come down through the centuries. While the twelfth century was dawning on its way through Time, the good teacher Abélard was falling in love with his pupil Héloïse, and here, when the nineteenth century was dawning, they brought their ashes to mingle in one grave. Since then a ceaseless throng has come to Père Lachaise. Here came Balzac after his life of toil, fifteen hard hours a day, eighty-five novels in twenty-five years, yet with never a generous share of this world's wealth. Here came the famous Gustave Doré, who earned six million francs in twenty years with his

astonishing paintings. Here lies Auguste Comte, who in a house not far away wrote his philosophy of the worship of Humanity at its highest. Here is Cherubini, who gave the Conservatoire of Paris a great reputation. Here lie the artists David, Delacroix, Corot, and Jean Ingres. Here is Marshal Ney, the cooper's son who became one of Napoleon's princes and was shot as a traitor after Waterloo; and here they laid one day a man who must have had as heavy a soul as any man who ever died, for he was chief surgeon of Napoleon's Grande Armée that perished in the snows.

To Père Lachaise they come, the mighty multitude of those who sleep in Paris to awake in immortality; those whose memories are immortal they carry to the Panthéon, the vast building, a hundred and twenty yards long, where Rousseau and Voltaire and Victor Hugo lie, a disappointing place, but with some fine statues symbolising great ideas, and with a unique series of pictures by Puvis de Chavannes, who did for the life of Saint Genevieve what Giotto did for the life of Saint Francis. Saint Genevieve lives in the memory of Paris as a peasant girl with marvellous powers long before Joan arose at Domremy. She urged the people not to flee from Paris when Attila was at the gate, saying the barbarians would go—and go they did, thinking that such a brave people must be well protected. She secretly brought food to Paris in a time of siege, and saved it once again. She converted Clovis, the founder of the monarchy of France, to Christianity, and in the first church built in Paris they laid her by the side of Clovis and his queen. Her bones have been scattered and burned, but the stone coffin in which they lay remains in the remarkable church of Saint Genevieve, and close beside it the Tower of Clovis is standing still.

They have not laid Napoleon in the Pantheon; this frightful man sleeps in a house magnificent, under a gilded dome. He left six hundred thousand men to perish in the snows, but he gilded the dome of the Invalides built for the invalids broken in the wars of Louis Quatorze. Thomas Hardy has put it so:

NAPOLEON: And I intend
Also to gild the dome of the Invalides
In best gold leaf, and on a novel pattern.
MARIE LOUISE: To gild the dome, dear? Why?
NAPOLEON: To give them something
To think about. They'll take to it like children,
And argue in the cafés, right and left,
On its artistic points. So they'll forget
The woes of Moscow.

Now he himself lies underneath the gilded dome, in a coffin made from an English dining-table, with twelve lovely marble figures round him, and sixty flags he captured, and somewhere behind him his old grey coat, his hats and maps and telescopes, and his little son's toys, the playthings of the little son whom France forgot. Paris gives him still her most magnificent tomb, but those who weigh things truly, those who winnow wheat from chaff, are not deceived by gilded domes; and as for most of us, would we rather not sleep unknown beneath the daisies than be the Captain of the Men of Death, the ruiner and destroyer of France, who lies under the dome of the Invalides?

The gilded dome is fading, and almost in its shadow a name is shining more and more. Next door to Napoleon is Rodin.

Once upon a time he was a ragged boy picking up a living on the kerbstones of Paris, looking up wonderingly

at fine ladies riding by in stately carriages, with noblemen at their side, and the emperor sweeping past. He would forget how hungry he was in his delight at the movement and colour and gaiety in the streets of Paris in those days. And then he settled down among the artists on the hill that is called Montmartre. He would run errands for them, and sit for them when they wanted a picture of a beggar-boy. One day a sculptor pitied him and allowed him to clean his studio, and when his master was away Auguste would pick up a piece of clay and model something out of it. By the time he was twenty-two a famous sculptor had happened to see a piece of clay the beggar-boy had modelled, and today the name of Auguste Rodin is renowned throughout the world.

He never forgot that when he was a beggar-boy in Paris Robert Browning befriended him and Robert Louis Stevenson was kind to him, and one of the last things he did was to show his love of England by giving to London the noblest single collection that exists of all his works. Nor did Rodin ever forget the home of his boyhood. He bought a church and a convent and filled them with his treasures for the people of the city that he loved. Here they stand, in a church and a house and a garden, the splendid Musée Rodin. We see what one man did for Paris, the glorious things he made and left behind for her, and we wonder at the immense achievement of his toil. Few sculptors have had the imagination of Rodin; few men have struck a rock with a chisel and brought out such great ideas. Here a boy is bursting out of a gigantic piece of stone, and the wonder of it all sets us thinking, for is not this what God Himself has done—

brought us all, the Earth and all that is in it, life and everything, out of elements imponderable?

We go to another house that sets us thinking, the house where Victor Hugo lived and died. We look upon the things he looked on every day. We walk through the rooms this great man loved, and in a little chamber stands the bed on which he died, with a desk close by on which lies a sheet of paper and the pen with which he wrote these words on it:

I represent a party which does not yet exist, the party of the Twentieth Century, out of which will come first of all the United States of Europe and after that the United States of the World.

They are noble words, and France may well be proud that they were written in her capital, for she has power—unique among the nations—to bring true the dream of her Citizen of the World.

Two other citizens of the world we come upon in seeking out the noblest things in Paris. One is Madame Curie, the splendid Polish lady who sits in the Curie Institute, in the street named after her, adding to our knowledge of the marvels of radium which she and her husband discovered; the other one is Louis Pasteur, who sleeps amid the scenes of his labours. Here, in this famous institute, has been done work that probably saves more lives in one year than Napoleon slew in all his monstrous life. Here it was that Science became a tee-totaller, for it was in this Pasteur Institute that Metchnikoff made his immortal discovery of what alcohol really does.

It is worth while to tell the story once again, lest we forget. Through our bodies a river of blood flows ceaselessly

through thousands of miles of living walls, and in this river swim more living cells than there are people on the Earth. There are red cells and white cells. Each time we breathe our lungs receive a fresh supply of oxygen, the source of life, and it is the business of the red cells to call at the lungs for oxygen to be distributed throughout our system. Every red cell in our body pays twenty thousand visits to our lungs, and makes twenty thousand journeys through our system, in the course of its short life; at the end of a fortnight it lays down its life and another red cell takes up its work.

The thing that was proved in the Pasteur Institute is that alcohol makes it hard for the red cell to carry out its work, so that the body is ill and the white cells come into play. They are the great defenders of the body, our army and navy, ever watchful for invaders, and never pausing till they have fought them back or perished. So it is that when illness comes the white guardians of our life are most needed to drive off evil microbes, but the alcohol that cripples the red cell cripples the white cell too, and paralyses these defenders of our bodies so that we are helpless against attack. Again and again the great ocean of knowledge has swept onward in these famous rooms of Pasteur—here it was that men first learned the part that microbes play in industry and disease; but no more precious discovery has ever been made in Paris than this. For we know now, once for all, that our bodies are battlefields in which are living cells for ever fighting microbes, and the indictment on which science has sentenced alcohol to death is that it hinders the red cell in distributing life and hinders the white cell in resisting death.

It is good to walk about the rooms in which this knowledge came into the world, the rooms where Pasteur did his work for all humanity. He taught us the place of microbes in disease and showed us how to fight them. He led the way for our own Lord Lister, whose new methods of surgery have saved millions of lives. Here, too, Pasteur's friend Dr. Roux did the work which ended the terror of diphtheria, and made it unnecessary for anyone to die of that disease if notice is given in time.

Within these walls where his spirit lives the body of Pasteur sleeps. He lies in as beautiful a chamber as we can find in Paris, and on his tomb are the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet, symbolising the earthly life which has a beginning and an end, and symbolising God, the beginning and end of all. Both God and man did Pasteur serve, and France has known no greater son. A king indeed was this plain man of France.

And a man indeed was that plain king of France who lives in our memory again and again as we walk in the streets he loved so well. He comes to mind a hundred times as our eyes fall on Sainte Chapelle. Paris has no purer gem to show the world than this, a little place of wondrous beauty, a precious stone that has raised itself in glory since good Saint Louis built it in the long, long ago. We see him in the Panthéon with the mother who sheltered him from harm in the terrible times in which he grew up, and we feel that there is something in the sweet peace of Sainte Chapelle fitting as a monument to this good king. Born into a frightful world, he bore himself unstained. He stood out in Europe in dark and troubled times, and he raised the hopes of men and lifted

France to heights sublime. He sweetened life and set burning a light that has never gone out, and though seven hundred years have passed away we still remember Louis, prophet, priest, and king, ruler of France, and a shining light to all mankind through ages yet to come. It is said that miracles were wrought by his bones when he died, but we need not believe it; the miracle of Louis is his life. Amid all the destruction that has come upon Paris the little chapel that Louis built, a casket for the gems he brought from the Crusades, has stood unharmed. It is the seven-hundred-year-old wonder of this wonderful city of Paris; and this small place, with its crypt of entrancing beauty, its chapel beyond compare, and the delicate loveliness of the spire that crowns it all, will draw men to it as long as its stones endure. A guide-book says of Sainte Chapelle that visitors need not remove their hats, but surely every inch of this sweet place is holy ground? We prefer that poet who speaks of it as having "in the midst One on a sapphire throne," and certainly it seems to us that He is there for all who have souls to see.

It takes its place, this most precious piece of Gothic in Northern Europe, as John Ruskin calls it, in that triple crown of which the other matchless gems are the Madeleine and Notre Dame. The Madeleine is modelled on the Maison Carrée the Romans built in Nîmes, and an exquisite exterior it has; Notre Dame is matchless in its splendour, and has seen the great sights of Paris from the funeral of Saint Louis to the crowning of Napoleon and Josephine. It is said that in the ball below the cross is a relic of the Crown of Thorns, but we do not need a legend such as that to impress us with the solemn wonder

of this old, old place. It stands where the fishermen and hunters lived when Julius Caesar came this way; it rises in the very heart of Paris; and the light of a summer's day that streams through its great rose windows, some of them more than six centuries old, is like a trailing cloud of glory streaming through the windows of Heaven.

Inexhaustible and indescribable are the freshness and richness of Paris. We walk away, however long we stay, longing to go again to see the things we miss. There is the Opera House, surely the most magnificent pleasure house on Earth, with the loftiest and widest stage that exists. There is the wonderful Châtelet Theatre, where trains run across the stage and great ships sink, and the most stupendous spectacles are changed in a minute with no waiting; where thousands of people cram tier on tier, very old women and babies, men with hats and boys with caps side by side with smartly-dressed children; where the excitement of the audience is as keen as the excitement of the play, with a craning forward of necks in some tense moment, and gasps of pleasure or of terror resounding from roof to roof. So naturally do these folk enjoy themselves, until a staid Englishman finds himself dividing his attention between the natural actors and their most natural audience. There is the Eiffel Tower, which has redeemed itself by becoming the G.H.Q. of the Wireless World, tapping out time heard every night in almost every part of sea and land. There is the Sorbonne, its walls made sacred by seven hundred years of learning, its shabby church made famous by the tomb of Richelieu, with his hat hanging above it. There is the Palais de Justice, with the chamber where Marie Antoinette and many great people spent their last hours. There is the church where

Colbert lies, he who could have saved France if his royal master had not pulled it down as fast as Colbert built it up. A hundred things there are that every traveller will want to see, for day and night, indoors and out, Paris is part of the bright life and the artistic glory of the world.

But we must come away, and we will leave it with as wonderful a walk as we can take in any city on the Earth, the marvellous walk from the Louvre to the Arc de Triomphe and into the Bois de Boulogne. There is nothing like it anywhere through the heart of a great city. It passes before our eyes like a dream of the cities of old. Where can we match the Tuileries Gardens, beginning with the little Arc de Triomphe crowned by four prancing steeds that remind us of the horses of San Marco? Here, where now the children play, once stood the guillotine. Here is Lafayette on his horse, presented to France by the school-children of America. Splendid and spacious are the avenues, fascinating is the procession of a hundred goldfish round and round the pond that sparkles in the dazzling sunlight. Beyond lies the Place de la Concorde, a century and a half ago a marshy waste, since stained with the noblest and most ignoble blood of the Revolution, and now perhaps the most beautiful city square in Europe. It leads us into that matchless way the Champs Elysées, with the Arc de Triomphe looming at the top, the sleeping place of the Unknown Warrior of France. Here let us stay. Another day we will pick daisies in the Bois de Boulogne. Now, in this most solemn spot on which the sun shines down in Paris, we will say a little prayer for France, that her future may be as bright as Paris is, with a peace as sweet as the Elysian Fields.

NORWAY

The lovers of the hills

No heart that loved the heather and the hill
But lives for us and for all later time.
We hear them hail us from the mist-cap still,
We feel them near us on the resolute climb;
A strange sure company of unknown friends,
They cheered our boyhood up the hard-won height,
And throng about us as our old age wends
More slowly down the vales of old delight.
They share with us the silver fire that burns
From moonlit summits on the lonely dreams,
They smile upon us from the brown-eyed ferns,
And join our challenge to the voiceful streams.

And when our last gold sun shall turn to wake
Late amber shadows in the sleeping grass,
And the grey lashes of the evening lake
Shall close for ever on our last dim pass,
The best of us, the soul we never lost,
Shall join that host upon the cloud-girt stair.
Selfless, a part of all we loved the most,
Friends of the Mountains, you will find us there.

Geoffrey Winthrop Young

THE SHIP AMONG THE HILLS

If we set out from Charing Cross some fine morning when the sun shines, and walk or ride or run along the Thames, we shall come to Tilbury on the one side and Gravesend on the other, and perhaps at Gravesend we shall hear the throbbing of the great machines which print the Children's Newspaper within a stone's throw of the rolling waters of the North Sea.

Then, if we take a little boat, throwing our bags into it and telling the good boatman to row us to the great ship in the middle of the river, we shall climb up the gangway of the ship and look back from its high decks at the road that leads to London, and the shores that stretch far up past London, creeping by Windsor Castle, skirting the Chiltern Hills, stealing gently at the back of Oxford, until they lose themselves in the slopes of the Cotswold Hills.

And then the great ship moves, the white handkerchief waving on the shore is lost in the fading scene, and England is passing away. Whatever lies beyond us, no thought of it can take away the pang with which we who love our Little Treasure Island will sail out to the sea. All that is most dear to us we leave behind as we turn our eyes across the unknown waters. No human habitation, no single flower or tree, only vast spaces of water and ice and snow stretch between us and the North Pole now.

An hour or two from a garden gate in Kent, and that is where we stand.

But our path across the waters does not lead us to the Pole. To the right of us, as we turn into the North Sea, lie the northern lands of Europe, the great mountain masses piercing the Arctic Circle, washed by the waves beaten back by our own northern shores. The Way to the North we call it—Norway. The sun goes down as England and Scotland seem to sink into the sea, and the booming on the ship, the ringing of bells, the rattling of the chain letting down the anchor a hundred fathoms deep, all tell us, as we lie beneath our port-hole windows, that a veil has fallen over the sea. The fog is so thick that no ship dare move in it, and we sleep in peace, trusting to the faithful watchmen of the waters upon whose vigil the lives of island folk depend. And our watchmen have not failed us when we wake; the good ship Mantua is steering through the fringe of a hundred and sixty thousand islands which have fallen from the mountain-tops, the sun shines on the glittering peaks beyond, and we are at the gates of Norway, opposite the gates of the Shetland Islands, almost on the edge of the wonderful white carpet which spreads itself over the top of the world.

We sail through the gates of one of the oldest kingdoms on the Earth into the walls of a mighty fortress which stands today much as it stood in the ages when the Earth was in the making. From the tops of the world the snows creep down to Norway, doing their work today as they have done since the first raindrop was frozen into ice; but theirs is the only mark upon this ancient fort.

Piled up in masses that must sometimes have been miles

high, the original rocks of the Earth still stand, and they bear on their shoulders the original forces with which Nature made her roads, fashioned her towers, and dug out her ocean-beds. From then till now these powers have never been at rest; through all the yesterdays, today as we look up, and through all the ages of tomorrow, these forces of Nature work, digging new ways for our ships to sail in, carving new roads for us to ride in, throwing down new waterfalls for us to wonder at, sowing new forests for us to build with, spreading new landscapes for us to gaze upon.

Building up and throwing down, they change the map of Norway from age to age, and we have come in a night from Little Treasure Island to the vast workshop where Nature's hammering and chiselling and grinding and planing never ceases, and Nature's workmen, who fashioned the Earth in ages past, are fashioning it still before our eyes.

We hear much of the builders of the Panama Canal, and a great noise their hammers and axes make in the world. But how still these builders of Norway are! How softly they touch the rocks they split in two! How silently they plough the granite fields! How noiselessly they carve the valleys and lay the smiling meadows! And how sweet is the whispering music of the waters that fall down mountain-sides and bear our ship with its burden of ten thousand tons! So quietly has this wondrous land been made.

It is not easy to imagine what Norway must have been far back in time, but we can try to form a picture of it. Picture a square mile of barren rock, as if Hyde Park were one huge piece of granite, and add to this rock about seventy-five thousand more, rising here and

there as high as Saint Paul's, as high as the Great Pyramid, as high as Beachy Head, as high as a lark can fly; and picture these rocks running down into the Atlantic Ocean, penetrating the ice and snow around the Pole, and you have in your mind something like the Norway of millions of years ago, before the Glacial Period came in which the Norway that we know was shaped and fashioned. The millions of tons of ice and snow on the tops of the mountains have cracked the rocks and split them open, the sea has rushed in where the land has broken, and we sail through the crevices and say we are cruising in the fjords of Norway.

A thrilling and delightful thing it is to ride through these old mountains in a stately ship and to see this wonder, with a thousand lives hidden in its little cabins, turning a corner as if it were a motor-car; coming to a narrow pass through which there seems to be no way and sailing through as if a gate had opened; swerving to one side until a child could fling a stone to the precipice that rises from the depths; riding surely and moving easily until within not many yards of it cattle are drinking in the shallows. A motor-car is a marvellous thing, a flying machine is almost incredible even yet, but more impressive than either is the ocean liner in the heart of great mountains. It is as if Switzerland were to sink until the sea flowed in through the valleys and drowned the lower Alps, so that we sailed by peaks that men scale now by perilous ascents. That, indeed, is perhaps what happened in the making of this mysterious land, for it is almost certain that the land of Norway, now rising higher and higher above the sea, sank in ages

past under the weight of ice that covered it, or by movement inside the earth, or by some other force; and we may imagine that in those days the people—if people there were then—abandoned the valleys as the waters poured into them, until the last remnant of life in these smiling places would be destroyed.

That was before the very first thing we know in history, and we can only guess that there may have been Norwegian people then; but we know that long ago these valleys throbbed with the life of men who made their power felt in the world. We know that in these mountain crevices lived men who struck terror to the heart of Europe. For these very creeks, or fjords, or *viks*, were the haunts of the Vikings, the old sea-rovers who for hundreds of years plundered the coasts of Europe, and for hundreds of years founded kingdoms. Three times they captured Paris, nine hundred years before Napoleon saw it; they settled in France and gave to the world the Norman duke who fought at Hastings and was crowned at Westminster. Men from these mountain creeks ruled as kings in Ireland before Alfred ruled in England; the Vikings settled the question of Home Rule in Dublin a thousand years before the question troubled an English Parliament.

The Earth has been many times round the sun since then, and the Vikings are silent in the fjords now; but there is something of their wildness, something of their strength, something of their desperate daring, in the spirit of their ancient haunts. Under a mound at Balholm a Viking warrior is said to be sleeping still, and it is good to think of him as lying there, to stand under

the weeping tree that marks his grave, and to remember that these silent places rang in ages past with the dauntless spirit of brave men. There are quieter inhabitants in the fjord valleys now, and we love to move among the people—the farmers who drive us in their quaint little carts, the boys who have learned to speak English at school, the girls in the gay costumes that rival the rainbow, the little children who throw flowers to us as we pass. Kind and simple and happy are these Norwegian people, and it should be said that they are handsome too; perhaps the handsomest mothers who ever clapped hands for a baby are the mothers in these narrow valleys, especially she who came to the shop at Bergen for coffee the day that we were there—a peasant fit to be a queen, with a little boy as happy as a king. The golden hair is not the only legacy the Vikings left these splendid people; something of the old independence and the old love of mountain freedom is in them still; and the traveller through the world meets no more courteous folk than he meets here, in this little land of great scenes, of impressive surprises, and of men and women who seem in very truth to feel that it is bliss to be alive.

Whether we find them in the towns, or at the heads of the fjords, or round the lakes, or in the valleys, or in the smiling pastures up the mountain slopes, we find a gracious people, happy and ever busy. In their quaint timber houses or in their great out-of-doors, they are contented. Father, mother, and children come out to make hay while the sun shines, and work without complaining till it sets. To the children it is play, to the grown-ups it is life, and we pass women eighty years

old working in the fields at nine o'clock at night—or even in daylight at ten—without the least surprise.

It is strange to go from an agricultural land to see these little hayfields, green patches here and there, so high up sometimes that it is astonishing that the hay can be worth the getting. And it is odd to see the racks on which they hang out the hay to dry, much as an English housewife hangs out the clothes. We pass them in hundreds in the long mountain valleys, looking in the distance like so many strange little walls; and at times, when the hay-racks run in parallel lines, with the green turf left between, the effect is as of a street in some beautiful garden city where children play in the sun from morning till night. While most of us are talking of the simple life, the Norwegian people are living it in their lovely valleys.

The bare-legged children are gathering flowers, and the boys are rowing boats. The bigger boys are leading ponies, and the girls are spinning at the wheel in the open air, or pulling cherries in the orchard, or keeping their houses spotlessly clean, or making coffee at the pleasant stopping-places where all travellers call. Even labourers have electric light among these hills down which water flows for ever, and no peasant would think of going to bed on a winter's night without a cheerful fire in his room.

Far between and pleasant to see are the houses of these valley people, sometimes of stone but mostly of wood, with the quaintest steeples and gables and towers, and with grasses and flowers growing all over the roof. Sometimes they are propped up on stones, with bricks piled loose for chimneys, and sometimes a house is turned

round to give it a new view of the mountains. We do not wonder; we want all the views we can have of this glorious part of the world.

The greatness of these mountains never wearies us, for if the masses overwhelm us the birches and pines that clothe the lower slopes are a beautiful relief; the waterfalls are always dashing down from some stupendous height; the roadside is alive with flowers like those of an English country lane; and there is always a lake round the curve of the hills, or a cataract rushing over the boulders, or a glacier glistening in the sun. There are ant-hills in hundreds, great patches of dog-roses, and peat-bogs which tell us that the bare sea-coast of Norway, where nothing now grows at all, was clothed with forests from north to south once upon a time. We love the small troughs into which a rough-and-ready pipe brings water for the horses; we smile at the odd little telegraph post perched up on some great boulder; but perhaps we are most curious about the long, long wire that reaches from the roadside up into the hills beyond our sight. Who put it there, and how, and why?

There is something of the spirit of Norway in that, for high up there some piece of natural wealth exists, some fruit of the earth or food for cattle, and at the other end of this wire is a human life. Perched in some level place is a little Norwegian *sater*, the dwelling like an eagle's nest, where a peasant woman, or perhaps two peasant women, are living as we pass. There is pasture up there for the cows, and if the cows can live there it will save the hay below for the horses. And so the women lead the cows up some roundabout way to the



SAILING THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS OF NORWAY

top; they will live at the top through the summer months, sending milk down the wire twice a day in cans tied to a string, or keeping it up there to make into butter and cheese. Perhaps they are the loneliest workers in the world, but millions of workers in our bustling cities are more unhappy than they.

We can only imagine the life at these heights; and we are left to imagine, too, the life of the hidden valleys, down the long, narrow ways that branch off our winding roads, where the people never see a train or a ship, and hardly ever meet a traveller. There are heights at which people live so perilously that children are tied by a rope lest they should fall down a precipice; there are depths so walled-in by mountains that all through the winter the sun never comes. A doctor will come to these places after a two-days' journey to reach a sick-bed, but it is said that at times little children sicken and die in these lonely places and that nobody but a mother and a father knows; there is no doctor, no certificate of death, no funeral service. It is the sad side of the life of these simple people, dwelling close to Nature in barest comfort and with no extravagant desires, paying their Cabinet Ministers thirteen pounds a week and their bishops ten.

In pleasing contrast to the lonely valley is the bustle of the little towns, and the ship brings us on a lovely sunny day to Bergen, the fish-market of Norway. For nearly a thousand years this busy town has nestled in a ring of four steep hills; for centuries it has had a commerce of its own; and today a fleet of steamers sails from Bergen and brings home fish for sale in its famous market-place. Whatever else we miss in Bergen,

we must not miss the crowded quay, which has known so many exciting scenes in centuries past, and has its regular excitement every Saturday now; for here come boats dragging nets laden with living fish, and the sale of the fish alive is carried on with ceaseless prattle on both sides. The good Norwegian housewife fancies this one, and out this one comes on to the slab, wriggling and gasping for the life that is so soon to ebb away. Or perhaps the housewife, like many another of her race, may change her mind, and back the fish goes to the tank, with a new lease of life for five minutes more. And then a plunge into the tank will bring out six more gasping creatures, salmon and mackerel, flounders and plaice—all living and dying in the sun as we look on, pass away, and breathe the sweet air of Bergen.

We step across the quay into an ancient doorway, and climb a rickety staircase which leads to the old merchant's house, which must have been a busy place in the days when Francis Drake and Walter Raleigh were boys in Devon. The old quay was lined with the houses of the German traders who ruled the port in those days, 400 years ago and more, but only the last house has been saved from the fires that consumed most of the older parts of Bergen. We are grateful to whoever saved it, for no building in Bergen can compare with it for human interest. It is one of at least three houses still left in Europe exactly as they were hundreds of years ago—the house of Sir John Soane in London, the famous printer's house in Antwerp, and this on Bergen Quay. Here are papers and books lying on the tables still, and we open the book of accounts and find the pages beginning "In the name of Jesus, Amen."

Here are the plates in the pantry as the housemaid may have left them centuries ago; here is the lamp made of skin drawn tight, and the flint-box used to light the cod-liver oil. Here are the leather fire-buckets; on the wall is the box in which the fines of unruly apprentices were kept, and the whip with which they were flogged. There were bad masters in those days as well as bad apprentices, for there is still kept here a false weight which must have cheated many people three hundred years ago. Of strange interest are the beds in which the merchant and his apprentices slept—long, narrow cupboards with doors shutting up so that the sleeper lay in a dark, closed box in which no man would willingly sleep now. On one side are the smaller doors through which the maid prepared the bed, no woman being allowed within these rooms on penalty of death; but these doors, too, were shut at night, and it is incredible that men could sleep in these boxes and live. One more example this old house gives us of the horrors of the bad old days.

But the truth is that Norway indoors does not tempt us greatly. There is still standing in Bergen the church which was old when our merchant went to it on Sundays after selling from his false weight on Saturdays, and it must have stood seven hundred years. There is the Holberg Room in the museum, where the books of the creator of Danish literature are gathered together; and the fiddle of Ole Bull, whose statue is in the streets. There must be those who remember this queer fiddler of Bergen coming to England, snatched from despair by a kindly lady who sent him round Europe to make a fortune

with his fiddle, but who could not save him, unfortunately, from losing his fortune in madman's schemes.

The museum has a collection of wonderful things worth many hours to see; but even these remind us of the fjords. One of them is the grave of a rich man buried in a burning ship, of which parts are still preserved. We remember the spirit of those Viking men, who, when dying, would sail down the creeks in a burning ship, and so pass from the scene of their desperate lives; and the mountains draw us on, so that neither churches nor pictures nor sculptures nor anything that Bergen has can hold us back. We pause to raise our hats to Dr. Hansen, the discoverer of the bacillus of leprosy, whose monument is here, and then we bid Good-bye to Bergen and set out on one of those overland rides which almost rival the rides through the fjords in this magnificent land. Our ship has gone on a hundred miles, and we must pick it up by road and railway, wondering all the way at the conquest of Nature which these roads and railways represent.

It is the making of these great roads that consumes so much of the energy of the men of Norway, and we marvel sometimes, as we travel pleasantly along them, at the thought that in such a place there can possibly be a road at all.

And then we remember what masters of natural circumstance these mountain people are—how they seize upon the natural conditions about them and shape them to their uses; how readily they adapt the world to their own needs. Only the genius of a race that is never weary can make a homeland in this world of rock, and

the industry of the Norwegian people faces us at every turn. Every few yards we notice a narrow, regular groove in some sheer piece of rock, and we know that it is the mark of the drill-hole bored when these rocks were split to make the road. On one side of us the sheer rocks rise up to an enormous height; on the other side they go down to an enormous depth. We are riding on a ledge cut out of a mountain-side, and nothing could save us if our ponies were to leap between the boulders that mark the edge of the precipice. But the ponies do not leap; hour after hour they go steadily on, and these rough boulders, set up every few feet for miles and miles, assure us of our safety. But what an immensity of labour it must have been that put them there!

And not only the boulders and the drill-holes speak to us of the labour of these people; even the falling water sings of their clever brains and their untiring hands. The water dashes down for ever, sometimes in torrents from the top, sometimes in trickles that meet and form a rushing stream, and more and more the falling water is being caught—picked up in a wooden trough to turn a wheel for cutting wood or grinding corn, or directed to iron pipes and carried to a distant place where it drives machinery for electric light and power. Norway is not baffled by the immensities of Nature round about her. She carves her ways through mountains, flings her bridges over valleys, turns the tiny recesses of mountain heights into smiling pastures; and now she harnesses her waterfalls, determined that this infinite power dashing for ever down her mountain-sides shall run to waste no more, but shall drive her mills and work her engines and light her towns.

It is sad to talk to the boys as we ride and find that nearly every boy has a brother in America. The great sea calls the sons of Norway, and this little land, with such fine work for her young men to do, is losing them.

They go from these glorious valleys, from the quiet life of this very home of Nature, to the rush of the roaring cities of the West—farmers in Canada, engineers in Philadelphia, or any one of twenty things which give them the chance a quiet valley cannot give. But if the great sea calls them, the little trickle may bring them back again. They sailed away on the back of the Atlantic, but the waters of the Atlantic rise up to greet the sun, fall as rain and snow on to these mountain heights, and come trickling or roaring down in deep valleys; and at last the brain of Norway is turning it into power. Who knows that these falling waters will not bring back the sons of Norway from America to build up factories and drive engines in their own land, directing the greatest sources of natural water-power that any small country in the world possesses?

It would surely not be strange if the power of falling water should bring a new age to Norway, for it was falling water that made Norway what she is. Her thousands of falls are beautiful to look at, so varied that we never tire of looking at them—now leaping over jagged cliffs with a mighty roar, now running softly down a gentle slope, now dropping from an overhanging mass for six hundred feet before it meets with any other thing, then splashing on a rock and dropping a thousand feet below in a spray so fine that we can hardly believe it is not smoke. And at times the water seems as still as the

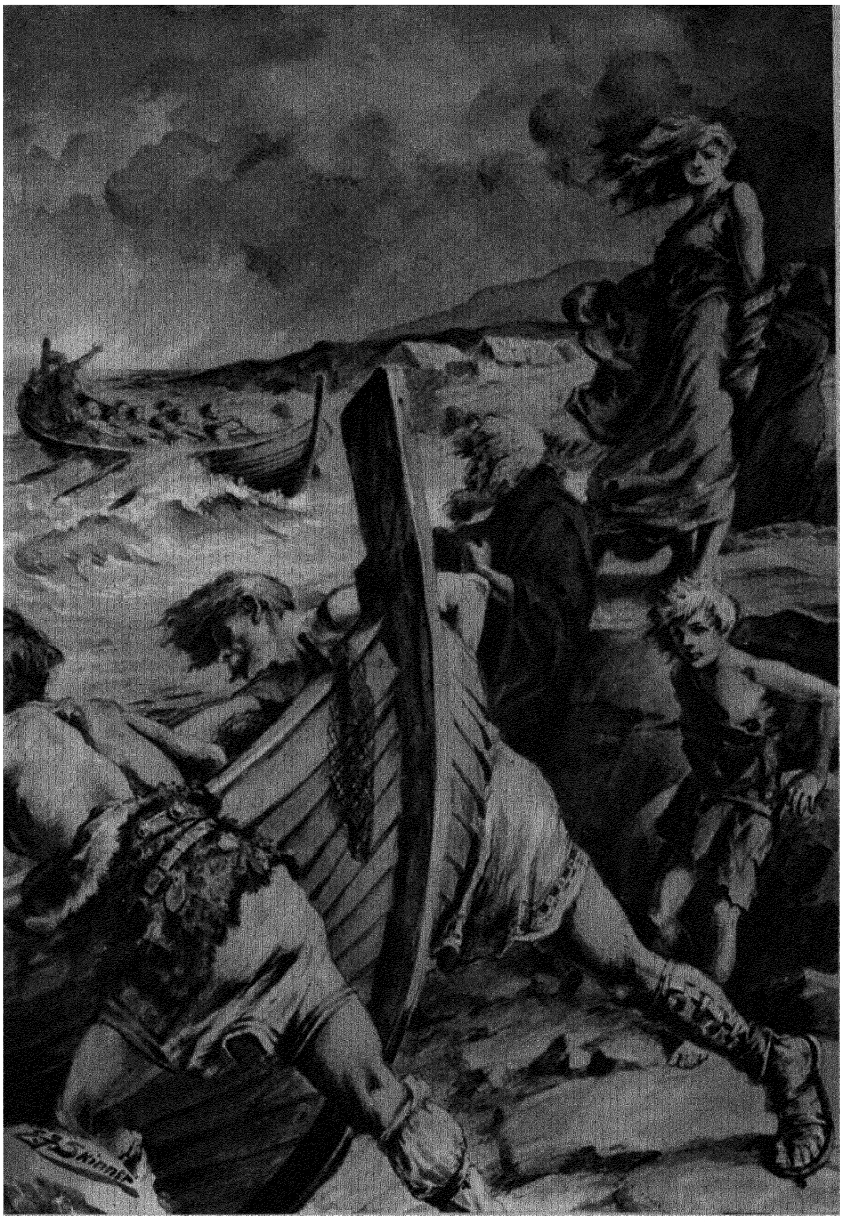
rocks themselves. Like a vein in marble the great white streak lies down the length of the mountain-side, and we ride towards it for half an hour and see no sign of moving. But we come up to it at last, and hear the sound of the wearing away of the face of the hills, and the white streak is moving like a crawling snake, then faster, and then faster still, until we reach it and perhaps go under it, and hear the sound that has never been still in human memory. For ages it has been going on, until it is part of the place itself, and the mountains themselves could be more easily removed from the scene than the sound of the fall. But, beautiful as is the sight of all this falling water, its effect is not merely as of something physical in the landscape: it is like the sound of ages past coming into our ears. It is the grinding of the mills of God.

The mind can hardly believe the truth in these great scenes. Will the waters never cease to fall? Will they still be falling in a thousand years to come, as they fell a thousand years ago when King Olaf stood here watching them? The answer is that they will still be falling in a hundred thousand years; that nothing on the Earth can stop them falling while the mountains stand. Up beyond the snow-white peaks that glisten in the sun, stretching for hundreds of miles at a dazzling height above us, is the most tremendous field of ice in Europe, with nothing in the Alps to equal it, with few things in civilisation to be compared with it. For ages its weight has been pressing on the mountain-tops, for ages the sun has been melting the ice, and we meet its branches pouring out into the valleys, here as a waterfall, here as a stream,

here as a cataract, here as a lake as smooth and still as glass. We climb over huge bare rocks, make our way through boulder masses, walk by pleasant running streams, until we reach a woodland, as warm and sweet and beautiful as any green corner of Kent; and here, by a little grass path under the hazel-trees, we come out on the edge of a glacier, with gigantic towers of ice and deep crevices of blue snow, and with mighty volumes of water emptying out of it into the valley below us. It is the Brixdal branch of the great Jostedal Glacier, and round the corner is another branch of it, falling nearly to the sea.

We do not wonder that this immensity of water, emptying itself for ever into the valleys a mile and more below it, splits in two the mountains, and flings huge peaks toppling over down the plain. We remember the great boulder lodged on the edge of the cliffs a mile above us as we rode along, and we shudder to think of that fall of rock which once formed a new bed for a lake that took four days to fill and drowned houses and trees and roads that are still to be seen below the still, clear water. Here new valleys are being formed; here old valleys are silting up. Long barren lines run through the wooded slopes where the trees have been swept away, and one uprooted tree is hanging still, unless the snapping of a shoot has lately hurled it down.

So still and so immovable these stupendous masses seem that we can hardly believe that in one of Nature's yesterdays they were not here at all, and that in one of Nature's long tomorrows they will have disappeared. Like a child's see-saw is Norway in the hands of the



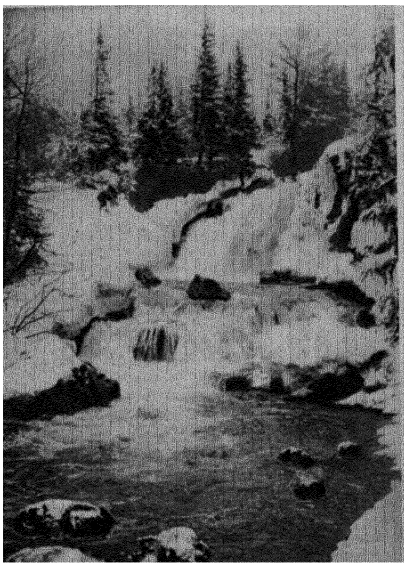
THE VIKINGS WHO SAILED OUT FROM THE FJORDS OF NORWAY AND FOUND AMERICA LONG BEFORE COLUMBUS



THE QUAINT BOATS WE SEE IN THE WATERS OF NORWAY



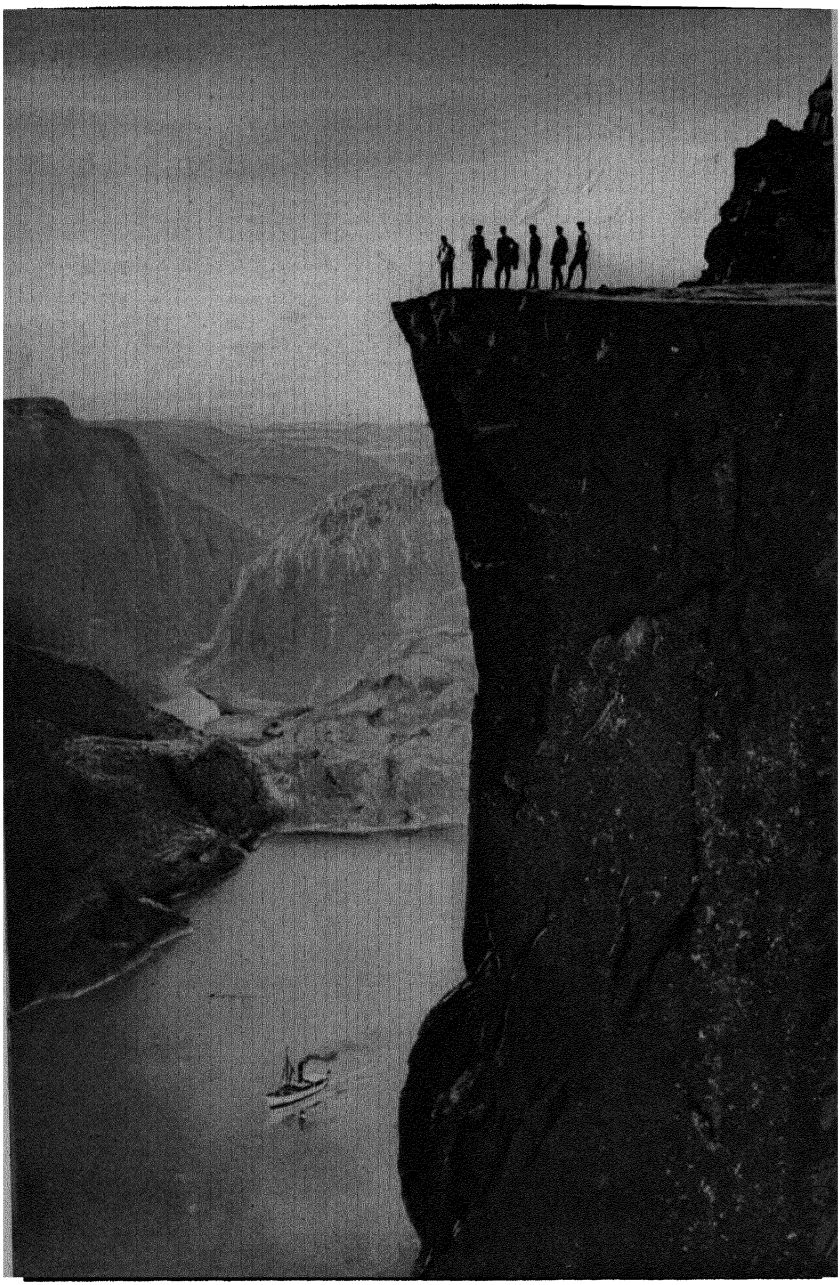
THE IMPRESSIVE MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS OF NORWAY



THE WATERS RUNNING DOWN THE HILLS



A HAPPY LADY OF NORWAY



THE MARVELLOUS NATURAL SCENES THAT UNFOLD THEMSELVES AS WE SAIL THROUGH THE FJORDS OF NORWAY

Shaper of the Earth, rising and falling, falling and rising, so that we find traces of the sea still on the mountain heights, and tracts of sand and gravel between the granite hills which could only have been carried there by the waves of the sea. On these patches, mixed with clay and sand and shingle, the scattered people of the mountains live, and we know that they owe their homesteads high up there to the fact that the tide once swept their little meadows.

Three thousand feet above the valley the waters of the icefield fall on broad terraces cut in the solid rock, and on these terraces a boy might pick up seashells, exactly like those we pick up on the beach. Not so very long ago in the history of the world, therefore, these falling waters, if they were there at all, must have met the sea at a point now *half a mile above our heads*, and the terraces on which the water falls must have been cut out by the coming and going of the tide. Up there, where birds are flying, lie the remains of whales.

Look at the map of Norway and see, on the eastern side of the fjords, the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland, which are pouring their waters into the sea. It is almost certain, if we are to judge the future from the past, that these gulfs will be turned into lakes, and the rise of the land will make a bridge to Russia. It is thrilling to find the shells of oysters here, for the waters have long ceased to be salt enough for oysters to live in them, and there is only one explanation of the presence of the shells. The waters in the gulfs must have been fed from an arm of the sea which has now disappeared. In those days the glaciers were carving out the fjords, and

the rising land has brought the heads of old fjords high up to where the sea can no longer reach them, so that now they lie high up among the rocks as lakes, side by side, sometimes at different levels, and at least one of them two thousand feet above the water. It is weird and wonderful to see, and it brings to mind the thought of Tennyson, who saw the hills as changing shadows, flowing from form to form. These mighty changes go on still, but the butterfly is not disturbed on the wing, the tiny lakes are calm, and the rose leaves do not tremble.

We can imagine it all, perhaps, when the clouds come down to meet the valleys. Then long banks of cloud rest on the terraces where the sea rolled ages since. Then these rocks are like a path from Earth to Heaven, and waterfalls seem to come from the sky. Perhaps there is no sight anywhere more like the ruins of a world than to see these floating banks among the mountain peaks, to watch the moving masses of the sky and catch glimpses of land at dazzling heights. We ride into a cloud and find a mountain there; the ship moves slowly towards a cloud that rises from the water as if it were the end of the world, with nothing beyond. We watch the clouds come slowly down the slopes as we sail through the fjords, and if an angel were drawing the blinds in the windows of heaven it could not be more strange or more unlike the ordinary things of this world. Or perhaps a rock stands out in front, with its huge head lost in mist; or great clouds rest in space above us like solid masses of snow, so that even with a telescope we can hardly tell whether they are something we could touch and handle, or something that will fade away as

in a dream. It is then, when we see the mountains sinking in a sea of cloud, with forms like huge creatures in peril, emerging and disappearing like drowning men, that we seem almost to feel the presence of these mysterious forces for ever working in the solid mass of Norway. For ages they have been at work, so that there are blocks of granite lying about in Russia which have been carried by trains of ice from the mountains of the fjords, and they are not less active now, for the pine-woods that cover these mountain-sides with summer glory are being slowly uplifted to the lower limits of the snow, where they wither in the cold and stand, as some have stood, for centuries, like a fringe of death forbidding Life to climb.

But Life goes on and death is conquered. The ancient face of the Earth is covered with pleasant woods and smiling pastures, and not even the weight of two thousand square miles of snow and ice and seventy-five thousand square miles of mountain barriers can keep back the advance of Life in this great little land. It is something that men should have built up a nation here in these fastnesses that seem to be impenetrable.

And yet the end of it is that our proud ship brings home a humble people. The majesty of the Earth is beyond all understanding. We sail through these arenas of impressive grandeur, we ride between the grey walls of the world, and we are hushed as in a sacred place. The traveller who has been from Hellesylt to Merok, down the ten miles of the Geiranger Fjord, has lived through a scene that can never fade from his eyes. It is one of the hours of a traveller's life that can never

come to an end, for he lives through it again and again. The granite walls rise about him nearly a mile high, and the mountains change their aspect as if rearranging themselves while we look. The shadows of the peaks fall on the slopes, and as the ship sails towards the bending mountains, where the waters seem to meet and the walls to close, the ship's loud boom is heard, a gun-shot claps and rattles through the hills as if the rocks were breaking up; and, lo, the mountain masses swing aside, the peaks move slowly forward and back, the narrows open wide, and the ship moves on its way. The seven waterfalls come down opposite the Pulpit Rock, and here, as if some manager were directing a spectacle in some great theatre, a mighty peak comes suddenly to view.

The ship is as quiet as an empty room. We climb on to the rails of the deck, we leap over the forward boom in spite of regulations; the stewards and the Lascars come to look, the officers who have seen it all a hundred times turn round as if it were something new; and even those who have come to Norway to play bridge put down their cards and peep through the windows. For one still hour we forget the world beyond and worship Nature, and a great love of this beautiful world sinks deep in our hearts. We understand the men who bowed down to the sun and the mountains and the sea. We feel the mystery of this solemn home of man. We turn our faces towards the great wide sea, and, with the stars above us and the dark waters beneath us, think of ages past and ages yet to be.

And, thinking, we fall to dreaming, for beyond it all is something greater than we know.

EGYPT

. . . Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous
Of which the very ruins are tremendous. . . .

Horace Smith

THE GREAT SIGHTS OF EGYPT

THE world has made haste since Pharaoh died, but nothing more wonderful has happened under the sun than the change which has made it possible for us to go back six thousand years in history in six days of time. In one week we may walk on the ashes of two dead empires; we may look on the ruins of Rome and walk among the ruins of Egypt. Between one Sunday and the next we may sit in the shadows that fall from all that is left of the palaces of Caesar and the temples of Pharaoh.

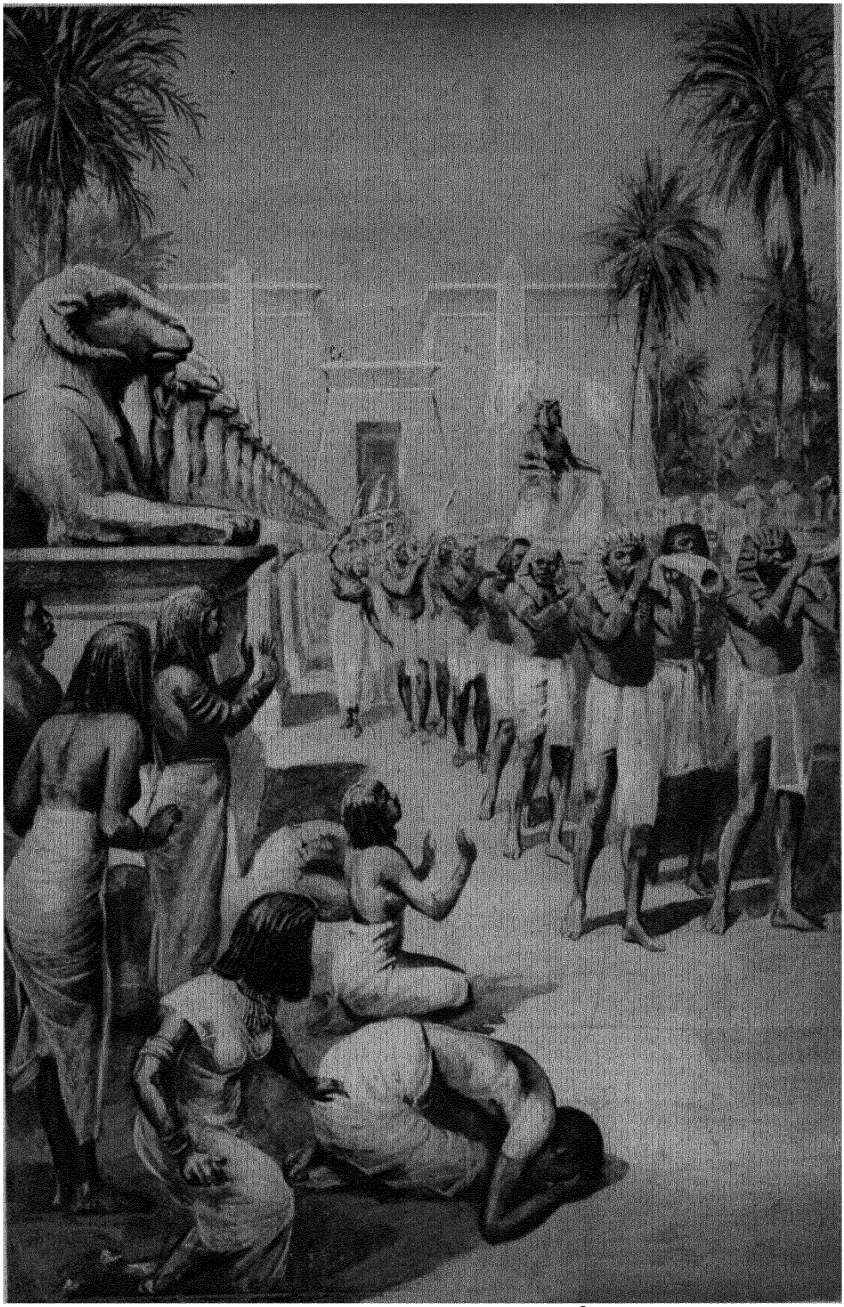
To the English traveller taking his first long journey out into the world no words could exaggerate the revelation of the ride which begins at Charing Cross at eleven o'clock in the morning, carries him through France and across the Mediterranean in six days, and delivers him in Cairo.

It is strange to arrive, after so swift a journey from London, in such an old corner of the world as Port Said, where the traveller for Cairo parts from the traveller for India. The ship sails on its way to India, up the Suez Canal, into the Red Sea; he who goes to Egypt takes the train for Cairo and rides for four hours, catching glimpses of the canal here and there, and swift sights of battlefields on which was established the power that cast out barbarism from this ancient land and laid the foundations

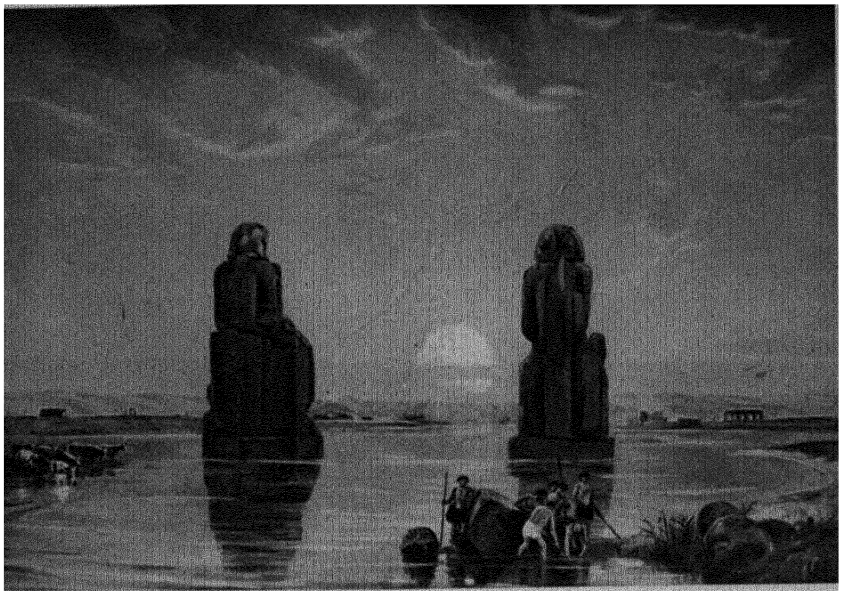
on the banks of the Nile of a country which may yet be, let us hope, greater and nobler than the Egypt that Moses and Rameses knew. And at last, a hundred hours or so from London, we step out of our train in Cairo.

The colour and movement of Cairo are not to be forgotten, with its panorama of human life which never ends; with the tens of thousands of lives which nothing seems ever to perturb; with the glow of the city in the sun as we look from the Citadel across its miles of domes and minarets; with the population moving like ants on a hillside, with the river of life for Egypt winding behind and far beyond, ten miles and more, the Pyramids and the desert.

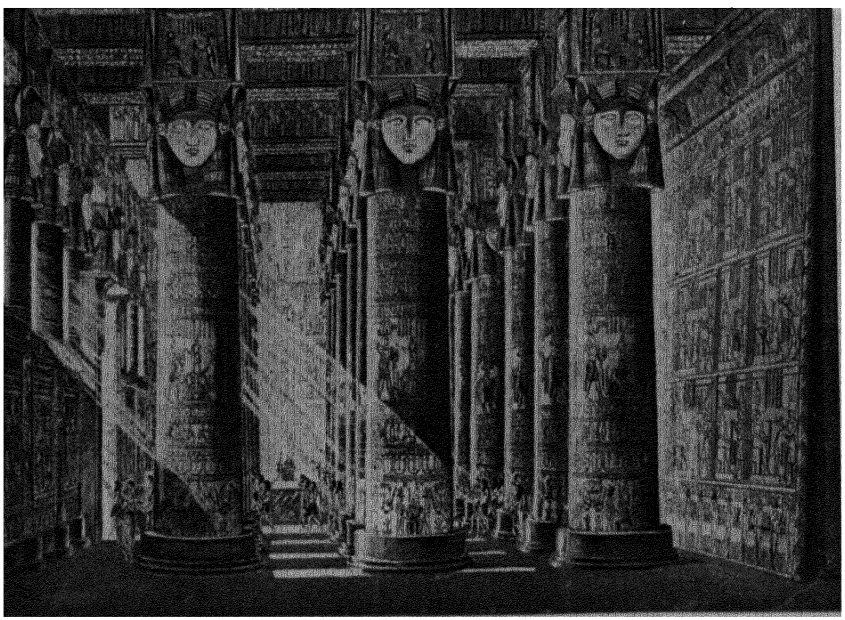
One wonders if there are six scenes in the world so vast, so solemn, so thrilling as this city on the edge of the desert in the glare of the noonday sun—this blending of colour, this mixing of peoples, this living picture of an ancient world. You are not surprised to be told that in those bulrushes Pharaoh's daughter found Moses floating in his cradle; your surprise is rather that Moses is not there. You wonder if that group of Bedouin Arabs in the desert can possibly be Joseph's brethren; for all the change that has come to this old place they well might be. Hawks fly past as you walk in the street, buffaloes draw carts and ploughs, white donkeys and black ones bear half the burdens of the town, boys and girls in flowing robes build houses when they should be learning alphabets. The faithful Mohammedan prays in the field; the unfaithful cries "Backsheesh!" as you pass. The women hide their faces behind thick and ghastly veils; the children alone seem even as you and I.



RAMESES GOES FOR A RIDE



THE SOLEMN AND COLOSSAL FIGURES THAT HAVE SAT ENTHRONED IN THE SPACIOUS SOLITUDE OF THE PLAIN OF THEBES FOR PROBABLY THIRTY CENTURIES



THE TEMPLES OF EGYPT AS THEY WERE—THE REMARKABLE TEMPLE OF DENDERA BURIED BENEATH THE EARTH FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS

And who that does not know the East can imagine these miles of bazaars, with their thousands of sellers and seemingly no buyers: packed with everything in the world that nobody wants; with the most appalling things to eat and the richest things to wear; with the gaudiest and most miserable jewels; with shoemakers, polishers, tailors, jewellers, coffee-grinders, and a host of busy folk working in the doorways, or in the open front of shops; with every kind of work going on before your eyes; with the filthiest hovels on the Earth packed with gorgeous colours. The houses of this motley multitude climb high up storey after storey; the pavements seem to be their factories. Somebody is for ever roasting chestnuts on the kerbstone, even at midnight, or making coffee on the flags, or displaying rings of bread and plates of strange confections on the ground.

See the white donkeys with their blue necklaces, the crowds of cows and buffaloes and camels in the road; hear the cackling hens in the shops, the stray sheep and goats in the busy streets. Hear the moaning of the carpet-man, the solemn dirge of the prayerful man. *Feel* the misery of these happy people. Smell their streets and shops. Escape, if you can, from the heap of fish in that window, from the basket of onions in this, from the carcase in that butcher's shop. Turn the corner and see their tobacco-shops, the daintiest imaginable. Step inside their mosques; put your feet into their yellow sandals and see them at their prayers. Climb their steep hill to the Citadel and see the glory of their famous Cairo, the wonderful, unmatched, and unforgetable panorama of a hundred square miles of domes and towers dazzling in the sun.

See Father Nile flowing by, as he has flowed ten thousand years, still bearing prehistoric craft between great palaces and waving palms; with the dim background of the distant desert rising against the sky, the Pyramids of Ghizeh plainly seen, and those of Sakhara, more distant still, looming far beyond. Stand here on the Citadel and watch the sun set over it all, and remember that the sun has set upon this scene for more centuries than you can count years unless you are getting old; that in the plain before you empires have been born, empires have been lost. People the arena with the great immortals: Julius Caesar, Mark Antony, Cleopatra, Moses, and the Pharaohs; and then walk slowly down the hill, see the human relics of this great greatness, and wonder what life and this world mean.

Take a carriage at the bottom, and drive ten miles. Three miles will bring you to an avenue lined with trees, "the avenue that never ends," and about you are oranges, bananas, and dates in the gardens, and buffaloes at work in the fields, led by men in long blue robes. But let them pass. Ahead, just in front of you, at the bottom of the road, stand the Pyramids. A mile goes past, and then another, and another. Still more miles pass, and more—and still in front of you these great things rise. Rub your eyes and be sure you do not dream. Then at last the desert, shining in the sun and stretching on like a plain of gold, and in front of you the greatest structures that were ever built in stone, and the strange and ugly Sphinx.

We are at the Pyramids, the most famous spot for travellers (shall we say?) in all the Earth; and as we look at these gigantic things, with neither beauty nor

usefulness to plead for them, it is hard to think why men should have set them up. The sun shines down on them today as when Abraham and Moses passed by; the moon looks down on them tonight as on that night when a mother brought her Child into Egypt to flee from the cruelty of Herod.

The Great Pyramid is the most stupendous monument ever set up on Earth, and the only monument which looks today, at any rate from a distance, almost exactly as it must have looked six thousand years ago. It is less useful in the world than a brick; it has no inspiration to give us; it is the most terrible heap of stones that has ever been piled up by human hands. And yet we sit in the sand and gaze at it with wonder, for it speaks of a time that can never come back in this world, when one man could chain a hundred thousand and drive them to labour like beasts of the field.

For twenty years a hundred thousand slaves worked to build this single pyramid, and they made this thing, which was merely to hold the body of a king, nearly three times as big as Saint Peter's in Rome, and fifty feet higher. Its foundations are set in thirteen acres of sand, and the stone it contains is nearly ninety million cubic feet, enough to make a pathway two-thirds round the Earth.

A few miles across the sand lies Cairo, and through Cairo runs the Nile. Six hundred miles up the Nile is the Assuan Dam, a mile and a quarter long, ninety feet thick at the bottom and ninety feet high, and twenty feet thick at the top; and this Nile dam, holding up enough water to make the desert blossom as the rose, has about a quarter of the quantity of stone that is piled up in this pyramid!

It is hard to understand the feeling which moves a traveller to climb this monstrous thing, a perilous and difficult climb, needing two or three men to help, and taking hours; it is easier to persuade oneself to go inside, though he who has once been in is glad to be out again, to mount his camel, to ride quickly by the ugly Sphinx, and across twelve miles of sand to Memphis, through the lovely groves of palms which rise from the playground of the little boy Moses, whose home was here when Memphis was a busy town. One of many wonderful rides it is that the traveller takes from Cairo, and always he comes back to Cairo as to another world, back from the desert to these strange streets with their ever-moving throng.

But it is not Cairo, even with the Pyramids, which moves the traveller who comes to Egypt for the first time. He is loth to leave it, glad to come back to it, and never for a moment lets the spell of it go; but Cairo, after all, in spite of itself, is of this world, and there are great cosmopolitan cities elsewhere. It is when he takes the train from Cairo at half-past six in the evening, and steps out of it at Luxor at half-past eight in the morning, that the traveller really feels he is back in ancient history, with Pharaoh on the throne.

Under his feet lies Thebes. Buried beneath mud huts and desert sands, the thud of a hundred axes, the tread of camels with their burden of earth, the incessant plodding of an army of excavators digging up spadefuls of history, come to him like an echo from the lost city that was once the capital of an empire. Before him rise the impressive columns of the temple of Luxor, from which, three thousand years ago, an avenue of sphinxes a mile long led to the

temple of Karnak, centre of an empire before Greece and Rome were born. It is nothing that this courtyard is four hundred feet long, that those columns weigh a hundred tons each; it is everything that here sat Rameses, that here came Alexander, that here was the heart of the world in an age of which we can hardly think, that these huge stones were piled up here, by the greatest builders the world has ever known, thousands of years before Saint Paul's was built at the top of Ludgate Hill.

And across the river, in the heart of the mountains rising from the sand, is Biban-el-Muluk, the lonely place where Pharaoh slept forgotten, the solemn theatre of death that has no parallel in all the Earth. The Pyramids are ordinary, Westminster Abbey is as a toy, compared with these amazing sleeping-rooms of Pharaoh.

Crossing the Nile from Luxor, an hour's ride in the desert reveals the valley of the tombs. For days we may ride over them and not take the same road twice. From their heights the great statues of Amenhetep, the Ramesseum with the statue weighing a thousand tons, the beautiful temple of Medinet Abou, Luxor, Karnak itself, are seen in miniature as through the wrong end of a telescope. Deep down in the heart of these mountains the kings of Egypt were laid by their people, and left to sleep while Greece and Rome passed by and Europe came to be.

For thousands of years Pharaoh was lost, and no man guessed his hiding-place until our time. Then one day it was known to all the world that men had looked on Pharaoh's face; one of the rarest discoveries of the treasures of antiquity had been made in the mountains of Thebes. It is one of the queer tales of the world, a tale of the days

before the British flag was raised in Egypt, how an Arab family found Pharaoh sleeping in his mountain fastness; how these Arabs, alone in the world, knew the age-old secret of the kings, and how nothing but barbaric torture could induce them to tell that they knew. They kept their secret well for years, until their dealings in antiquities aroused suspicion, and all the men of this family, young and old, were dragged to a prison-house at Kana, tied to posts, and whipped. Still they refused to tell where Pharaoh lay. They were thrown on the ground, and the soles of their feet were beaten with palm-rods; they were tied to seats and hot iron pots were put on their heads. One of them died from this torture, and it is said that before the brothers would reveal the whereabouts of the tombs the Mudir of Kana inflicted upon them tortures such as cannot be described.

No man can know what lies beneath the sands of Egypt; many a strange adventure here has enriched our knowledge of the past. We gaze on some wondrous thing in the British Museum and find that it came from some place on the Nile. Amazing it is to remember how men have found the raw materials for the history of the world. Somewhere we read that probably the first piece of paper was picked up in the ruins of the Great Wall of China; but here in Egypt was found a more surprising document still, in the grave of an unknown man. Fifteen centuries have probably passed since this man was laid in his long wooden coffin in Egypt, and there he lay until the day a group of natives opened up his grave three years before the Great War. They found him wrapped in linen with an iron chain round his waist, and between his feet was a bundle

containing *one of the very oldest copies in existence of any of the books of the Bible.*

Think of the wonder of it all. This man lived and moved in Egypt, carrying about his copy of the Acts, at a time when Christianity was struggling for existence in England, before Bede died in Jarrow dictating his translation of Saint John. He must have valued it highly, and it is said he must have lived not more than four or five hundred years after the Apostles whose Acts he loved to read. He was probably buried by disciples in an old coffin which they happened to find empty, or out of which they turned some occupant for the honour of their master; and this papyrus book, which is now in the British Museum, was found still in the linen wrapping with which his disciples covered it.

More remarkable still to most of us, no doubt, is that story of the old Egyptian whom we can look on face to face in modern London Town. He is surely the very oldest man now to be seen on Earth. We can look on the faces of Pharaohs and nobles lying in their tombs, but this old man was long before the Pharaohs, for he walked about in an Egypt that was still in the Stone Age. He must be, at the very least, ten thousand years old, and it is hard to believe that he is not really twice as old, or even more.

He lay in his coffin surrounded with pots and flints, his body naked and complete. They dug a pit in front of the grave and then dug inwards under it, dragging down the sandstone bit by bit so that the body dropped down by degrees; and it was removed uninjured. He was packed in a box and brought to London, and one Saturday in the spring of 1900 he was unpacked in the British Museum

as complete as when he was first seen, after being hidden for at least a hundred centuries. So he lay that Saturday night, but when Monday morning came this ancient man had lost the tip of a finger, and it is a mystery still what happened to him in those first few lonely hours when he lay unpacked on his museum table, waiting to be put back among his pots and flints.

There is a queer story of a rainfall for which those who love the knowledge of the past must always be grateful. In his travels for the British Museum, collecting those antiquities which throw the light of day on the dark night of the ancient world, Dr. Wallis Budge had been fortunate enough to come across a doorstep on which he found strange writing, and it proved to be the central slab of a monument announcing in Greek certain privileges that one of the Pharaohs had conferred upon the priesthood. To such base uses do things come. But Dr. Budge was still unsatisfied, for he had been long in Egypt on this mission, and had found few treasures.

Then his great day came. The sky became covered with dense clouds such as were rarely seen in that part of Egypt, for he was up in Assuan. For three days the bright sunshine entirely disappeared. One afternoon the great blessing of rain began to fall, filling the native people with delight; but the rain did not cease, and through the night it fell in torrents, so that the happiness of the natives changed into despair as the terrific rains beat through the mud roofs of the houses. Dr. Budge was living in one of the best houses of the town, with two stout roofs of palm-trunks covered with layers of mud; but the rain poured through and destroyed his dinner.

All night it rained, so that the town and camp were flooded; there was only one house in the town which had been able to save its roof.

At the back of the town, among the hills, the Bisharin people live in their tents, and there the scene was pitiful indeed. The tents, built on the hot, dry sand among bare rocks of alabaster, stood or floated in the flood, and the poor Bisharin people were in great distress; but the saddest thing of all was that the storm disturbed not only the living but the dead. The Bisharin people bury their dead not far below the surface of the sand, and the torrent had washed away the sand and pebbles that covered them. The people were gathering up the bodies of their lost ones, and burying them under huge stones to save them from the jackals prowling round.

But it is a very ill wind that blows nobody any good. All round the tents of the Bisharins were tombs of mud, many with graceful little domes, and at the head of every tomb of an important man was a large tablet of sandstone containing an inscription. The storm had broken down the domes of the tombs and washed away the mud-and-plaster decorations, so that many of these precious tablets lay in pools of liquid mud. The natives were loudly lamenting the wreckage of these tombs, which could not be restored, and were anxious that the precious tablets should be respected and preserved. At this very moment came up the representative of the British Museum—the very best place in the world for preserving treasures of the past—and, as many of these precious stones were fifteen centuries old, he was glad to have them, and the natives of the little Arab town were glad to give them.

Little do we imagine, as we look in the glass cases at Bloomsbury, what a romance may lie behind a piece of paper there. Dr. Budge had bought a precious piece of papyrus which it seemed almost hopeless to try to get out of Egypt in those days, and how he did so is an excellent and humorous story. Cutting it up into sections, he tied up his treasure in the gaudy-coloured paper which Cairo shopkeepers use, sent for his friend Ahmad, and bought a small crate of two hundred oranges. Ahmad took the oranges, Dr. Budge took his little packet with his ulster, and they caught the train to Port Said. At the half-way station of Ismailia, while the officials were busily examining the first-class coaches, Dr. Budge was sitting on the floor of a fourth-class coach, inviting his strange neighbours to share his meal of bread-cakes, hard-boiled eggs, and nuts. Nobody in that company dreamed of anything priceless being there, and at length the train left the station, and Dr. Budge was left free to admire the desert scenery on one side and the masts and rigging of the steamers coming up the canal on the other side.

Then the crisis came, at Suez, where it was almost dark. Ahmad joined him with the crate of oranges, the usefulness of which was now to appear. The vigilant officials were looking out for anything unusual, and Dr. Budge, taking possession of the crate, protested loudly against its being unpacked. But the Customs officers protested still more, and tugged and pulled at the crate while the mob on the platform surged into the office, some protesting against the interference of the officials and others urging them to open the crate and solve the mystery. While the excitement was at its height Ahmad slipped with the ulster and

the papyrus through the side-door into the street, leaving them at a friendly house in the town, and came back just in time to find our traveller gathering up the oranges, putting them back into the crate, and objecting to a payment of fifty piastres. All ended well at last, however, for the British Museum had secured its papyrus, a charity in the town received the oranges, and the Customs officers were told that they might spend the piastres on cigarettes.

Slowly we sail down the great river Nile, past the mud-houses of today and the ruined temples of the days of long ago. It is an endless transformation scene, this pageantry of life on the banks of the Nile; and we sit on donkeys or on camels, or on the sunny decks of steamers, or stand in mud-houses, or lie under palm-trees, or rest in great temples, or look out from trains, and see this world move past—a vast, eternal throng. Here at Edfou, among sugar-canes and palm-trees, is a temple standing as the Ptolemies built it before the world had ever heard of England. A dusty lane leads from the landing-stage to the mud-built town, with the minaret outstanding to remind us that the things of this world pass away. Women and girls are coming with their water-pots. At the riverside a group of women are washing. Some are washing themselves, scrubbing their black legs till they are almost white; but most of them are washing their robes, and spreading them out on the rocks to dry. Behind them stand a dozen donkeys, with donkey-boys and dragomans, half a dozen boys asking for English books, and one or two for backsheesh, and a motley crowd of white, brown, and black folk in turbans or fezes and long black robes.

In the shade of the hill sit four splendid Arabs, with

handkerchiefs spread out before them on the ground, covered with imitation antiquities which they surely will not sell if they sit till the crack of doom. Over the hill come two camels, laden with stuff from the quarry where a dozen natives are excavating an ancient temple. Along the bank the shadoufs are working—the quaint and clumsy water-carrying instruments which still, as for thousands of years back, carry the waters of the Nile into the fields around. Buffaloes are ploughing in the fields, sugar-cane is growing, palm-trees rise in the distance; and beyond it all lies the barrier of mountains beyond which the golden sands of the desert stretch out for hundreds of miles. As our boat leaves this stopping-place, a fine Egyptian gentleman, the Sheik of his district, lands amid the salaams of the people; the Arab crew chants the plaintive hymn which marks the setting-off of every boat and its arrival, and our steamer moves ahead, towards the sailing-boats that look like poetry far up the placid Nile.

On, and on, and on we go, through the wheatfields on one side and the desert on the other, with no sign of life except the naked Arabs at shadoufs, and now and then a mysterious figure in a flowing robe who seems to be lord of the world. It is as if noise and strife and toil were dead, and a new beginning of the world had come. On a boat, as we pass, an Arab boy looks to Mecca and says his prayers, and we know that he, too, is of the long line of human lives which will meet some day about the throne of God.

For him, too, the world was made; for him the sun shines and the oceans roll. For he is of the race of men before Egypt was and after Egypt is forgotten. He is your little brother, and mine.

GIZEH

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.

Rudyard Kipling

INSIDE THE GREAT PYRAMID

I SUPPOSE there is nothing in the world more solemn and still than a moonlight night, and in all the millions of years the moon has shone upon the earth it can hardly have made a more impressive picture for men's eyes to look upon than the shadow of the great Pyramid as it steals across the sand at Gizeh.

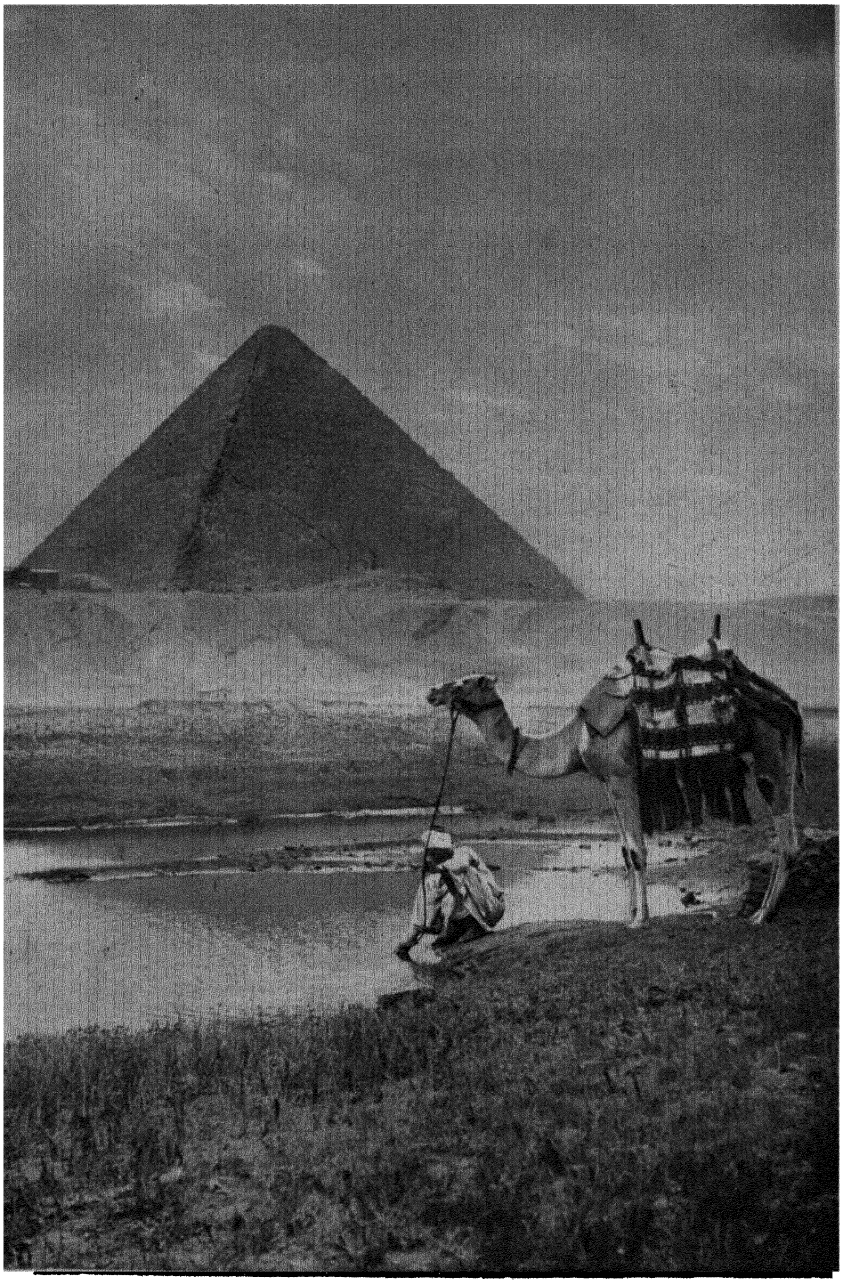
Twelve miles away the lovely turrets of the Citadel of Cairo rise from the height of the ancient capital, and like a poem in stone they stand. On the other side of the Mediterranean the noble dome of Saint Peter's lies still where Michael Angelo rested it, looking like a ball suspended in the sky. An hour's ride from the Bay of Naples the moon looks down on a city of ruin and death in the great plain of Vesuvius, and not a shadow moves in those silent streets. A thousand miles farther on in Europe the moon shines over Paris, and even Napoleon is still in his tomb. And across the Channel goes the moon, catching the gold of the sun and throwing it back in silver to the Earth, so that it floods our British Isles and lights up moors and lakes and hills and cities where hardly a thing is stirring and nothing moves but a leaf in the wind. So still is this great world when the moon looks down.

On such a night to see the desert of Egypt is to have for ever in our mind a vision no artist can give us. On such a night, when the clocks of Cairo were striking

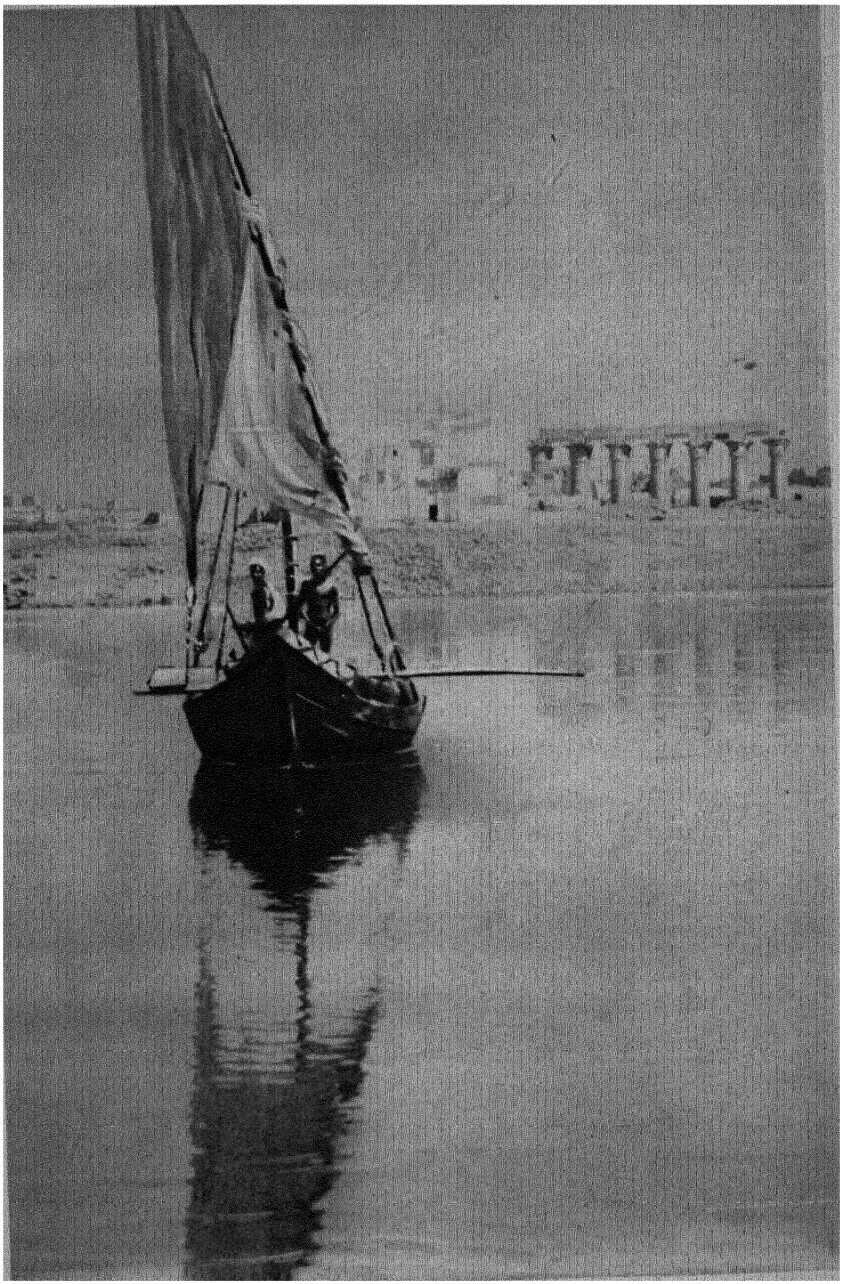
twelve, I stood looking at the Great Pyramid. We were three, and but for a white-robed Bedouin in the distance no other sign of life disturbed the solitude. This vast and silent scene, perhaps more pictured and more visited than any other scene in the world, was ours alone. No other sounds than ours, no other steps than ours, fell upon this place. And in the still watches of this night, through fifty centuries, the dim vision of a hundred thousand slaves came to the mind.

With the eye which sees through Time we saw this toiling army laying down the inclined plane that reached from the Nile a thousand yards behind us and rose high above where we sit. Up this platform crept men like ants, perhaps with oxen, dragging huge blocks that stagger us to look at even now, and from the sand there arose, stone piled on stone, this mighty thing that ever since has been a wonder of the world. Children came into the world, grew to manhood, and died, while this monstrous thing was building, and it must have seemed to them as if the pile would one day reach the sky. Perhaps they even longed for the day when they would be big enough, poor little children, to help to build this monument, which was to endure for ever and ever, like Pharaoh's throne.

But how far off their Pharaoh seems on such a night as this! How dead is the greatness of Egypt, how deep down in the earth are her temples, how lost beyond recall is all her power and glory! Yet the Pyramid endures. Egypt has gone, and the Greeks and the Persians who conquered her. Rome has gone, and the Roman armies which scattered ruin on the Nile lie mingled



THE MOST SENSELESS MONUMENT EVER SET UP ON EARTH—THE GREAT PYRAMID OF GIZEH



THE RIVER OF PHARAOH—THE NILE AS IT FLOWS PAST BIBAN-EL-MULUK, WHERE THE KINGS OF EGYPT LAY HIDDEN FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS

with the ruin of the Tiber. Yet tonight the shadow creeps across the sand as when Moses was a boy, as when Abraham tended his flocks, as when there passed, not far away, the mother and the Child whose names will be on human lips when the Pyramid is like the sand and the shadow is no more.

Wonderful and terrible it is to look at in the stillness, the mightiest mass of stone that has ever been moved from one place to another. It is a mountain made by hands—756 feet square and 451 feet high—but it is much more than a mountain: it is a building.

Beyond the stillness round us where we sit, deeper than the silence we can almost feel, is a stillness deeper yet; it is in the very heart of this Great Pyramid, where we can walk about, can lean on the great stone coffin in which a king once lay, and there can be in perhaps the stillest and loneliest and most appalling place that the hands of men have made.

Raised high above the sand, perhaps as high as a three-storey house, is a stone which swings today on a hinge that was put there thousands of years ago. Beside it sit a group of white-robed Bedouins. The passage is open, and, making our peace with the Arabs, we stoop down, each with three Arab guardians, and crawl, almost on all fours, for a hundred feet down a steep, stone hill. After a hundred feet of crawling comes the first parting of the ways. We may go up, or may continue to go down. If we go down, we come, after a descent of a few hundred feet more, to a pit nearly six hundred feet from the top. But we do not go down; we crawl uphill instead. We follow the way of the Arab treasure-

hunters of a thousand years ago. In front of us is a huge trap-door of granite, too hard for the treasure-hunters to get through. Having forced a passage of a hundred feet to seek for the treasure the Caliph believed to be hidden in the Pyramid, the Arabs broke into the original passage at this point, and, finding the huge granite wall in their way, forced an opening round it through the softer limestone. We follow them as best we can to a sort of roughly-hewn cavern, and our Arabs bid us look up—into a yawning space at the top, leading to more passages.

Somehow we get through the hole at the top of the cavern. "Your head, master!" our Bedouins are saying, in plain English, at every step we take, and we creep along through pitch-black darkness that the glimmer of a candle helps us almost to feel, with a growing terror that light and air and liberty and the world are farther behind us every inch we crawl.

Pulled, dragged, and carried up these narrow ways, with the monotonous moaning of "Your head, master!" uttered unceasingly by the men in white robes, we move on slowly in a sort of half-despair, ready for whatever fate may be in store for us. Making the second steep ascent on our hands and knees, at last we are in the Great Gallery, a passage high enough to set up a ladder in if need be, but with a perilous stony precipice below our narrow path. Now that we can walk erect our path is but a narrow ledge jutting out from the gallery wall; and almost blindly we are led along this steep stone precipice. We are rewarded at the end—if anything in this place can be called a reward—for beyond the Great

Gallery, which stretches like a street for fifty yards, we reach a little square space, seventeen feet one way and exactly twice seventeen the other way. We are in the King's Chamber, where at last we can release the hand of our guide and feel that, however far off light and air may be, and however far off water may be if we should faint, at any rate there is room. We are no more cramped up in a tunnel, or driven to crawl on our knees, or afraid to move our heads.

Our Arab friends put out their candles, and we are in the most terrible darkness that can be known. Should they leave us now, no hope could we have of seeing the world again. Then suddenly flares a magnesium wire, lighting up the heart of the Great Pyramid, the King's Chamber, and it is appalling to look upon the huge blocks of masonry above us, around us, and beneath us.

A place of intolerable gloom this is, such as is hardly to be found, perhaps, anywhere else on Earth. A hundred yards away from us, on all sides, stretches the desert. Narrow air-shafts, as small as this page, pierce the whole Pyramid from the King's Chamber to the sunshine, a distance of about four hundred feet. Outside the world is at its best: the everlasting sun pours down its dazzling light upon illimitable space, and the floor of golden sand stretches from horizon to horizon under a dome of cloudless blue. Did ever man stand so near, yet so far from, the glory of the world? *There* is light and wonder; *here* is gloom and death.

And a terrible gloom it is, the gloom that we feel in every sense, that would rob us, if ever it should get the mastery of us, of all that gives us hope, that brings us

joy. A colossal, overwhelming human folly rises all about us. Once upon a time this huge thing—most of this Great Pyramid—was alive. Millions of tons of limestone brought here from the Mokattam hills is nothing but the bodies of millions of millions of little nummulites, which floated in the sea and made an ocean-bed. All the wonder of this lies about us. Wrought into this Pyramid are all the marvellous workings of Nature that turn living things to stone. Embedded in this place of death are these miraculous specks of life.

But it is not of this that we think as we stand in this King's Chamber. It surely is a saddening thing that all this natural wonder should be built up into this vast human folly; but more terrible is it to think that in these awful walls are wrought the very lives of men. Men made in the image of God were driven in masses like ants to set up this stupendous weight of stone which is less useful in the world today, and has been less useful these six thousand years, than a button or a piece of string. For ten years they worked to make the road to drag this stone along; for twenty years they worked to pile it stone on stone. Enough strength they must have wasted here to build a city, perhaps enough to run the railways of England for years and years.

Let us hold our candle up, to throw its glimmering light on the roof of this King's Chamber. Across the top lie nine enormous slabs of stone, each over eighteen feet long, resting on the walls from side to side. It is impossible, we think, that these nine slabs should carry the terrible weight above them, and we are right. But the clever men whose brains were wasted on this folly

of the old, old world knew this quite well, and relieved the ceiling of its weight by making five hollow chambers over it. On a stone in one of these chambers we can read the name of Khufu, or Cheops, the King of Egypt whose tomb this Pyramid is supposed to be. Perhaps some poor quarryman wrote the name there, and it is the only immortality that has come to Cheops in this monstrous monument.

Once, it is said, the Pyramid was covered with a coat of smooth stone, with inscriptions enough to fill ten thousand pages of this book, and what this writing announced to the world no man now can say. Perhaps it may have challenged all the world to pull the Pyramid down, perhaps it may have declared to all the world that the great King Cheops built this place to be his throne for ever. We do not know. But we do know that Cheops is as dead as death can be, and, though the stones of his massive stone coffin still ring with a clear note when we strike them, there is neither name nor mark of Cheops, and his body has been lost for more than a thousand years. It is fitting that the destroyer and paralyser of the lives and energies of men should perish himself and be forgot.

For a few moments the fierce light flickers, throwing our shadow on the floor and walls: when the light goes out we are helpless in the middle of seven million tons of stone. Yet even as we grope our way in the glimmering candle-light we remember that the Pyramid is something more than a heap of stones, and we try to realise something of the astonishing plan of this incredible place. The greatest and oldest monument in the world, the

Pyramid is also the most mysterious. Outside, the Sphinx sits looking at the sun, which he has seen rising every morning for six thousand years; but the Sphinx is not the only puzzle of the desert. Men have spent years in trying to solve the mystery of the Great Pyramid. Is it a tomb, or were the energies of a nation used up to hide as well as to bury the body of a Pharaoh?

That is generally believed, though it has been said that the Pyramid was a temple to the sun and moon, an altar for sacred fire, a granary for Joseph, a place of refuge from a second Deluge, an observatory for studying the heavens, or a place of safety if the heavens should fall! There are those, too, who would have us believe that the facts of this stupendous structure—its marvellous mathematical precision, its lines and angles, its relation to the sun, its distances, and so on—have a significance in relation to the Bible. Whole books are written about it all, and every editor in London has letters from time to time calling his attention to some curious aspect of the Great Pyramid and its bearing on Bible prophecy. We are told that in some mysterious way the end of the world may be predicted from the facts of this amazing monument. It is beyond the power of understanding, but of one thing we may all be sure. The Creator of the World has in His wisdom hidden from us the things that are to come, but the mind of a man refuses to believe that He who made this universe with all its wonder, who fashioned the mountains and set the oceans in their places, who flung into space a thousand million suns and set them on their ordered way for endless time, could find no better way of making known His will to man than

by hiding a note in a heap of stones. There are other explanations of the ingenuities of the Great Pyramid, and we need not seek unnatural solutions of natural problems, however extraordinary and bewildering they may be. In spite of its mysterious associations, the Pyramid, in all probability, was just a tomb, and we may picture in our minds, as we crawl out of it on our knees, the funeral procession through those dark stony ways when Cheops was laid to rest.

The mystery of why the Pyramid was built is perhaps the least of all the mysteries concerning it. How were these huge stones put in their places? Many were cut in quarries five hundred miles away, brought down the Nile, and set up higher than the cross above the dome of St. Paul's in London. Many were polished like glass, and fitted so perfectly together that their joints can scarcely be detected even now, and an old writer of the thirteenth century found the blocks so finely set together that "not even a hair or a needle could be inserted between any two of them."

What mechanical means existed for such work in those days we do not know, but we know that the builders of the Great Pyramid must have been among the greatest and cleverest organisers of industry the world has ever known. We know, too, that they built as skilfully as men have ever built since. Often nowadays, when men build a house, a slipping of the foundations takes place in a few years; but, though the Pyramid weighs seven million tons and has stood six thousand years, not one inch of slipping away has yet been found.

Not even the way in which the great masses were

put together, however, is the most mysterious part of the building of the Great Pyramid. *They are put together with the same kind of exactness that we find in a watch.* Once the means of moving big weights can be found, it may seem a simple thing to put them together, and even to build so as to hide entrances and passages and to leave open channels for the air to reach the centre; but would it be simple if the builders of this great thing had to work to a set of rules as elaborate and difficult, as fine and exact, as in the making of a watch? Let us remember that to go round the Pyramid we must walk nearly a mile, that the stone it is made of—over two hundred courses of limestone laid one upon the other—would make a carriage-way from London to Newfoundland; and then let us remember that this great mass has been put together in such a way that the Pyramid seems almost to fit in with the movements of Nature. If we take the top stone to represent the Sun, and the unit by which they measured to represent a day, the length of the base round the "Sun" is 365 days, or just one year. The height and breadth of the Pyramid, calculated together in some way, represent the distance of the Sun from the Earth. The entrance tunnel points to the North Pole, and in various ways the Pyramid is found to express by its measurements the nature of the Earth's revolution round the Sun and the Earth's revolution round its own axis.

What do all these things mean? Nobody knows, but it surely is not an accident that so many lines in the Great Pyramid fit in with so many of the measurements of astronomers. Whatever it may mean, we can

never cease to wonder at the marvellous ingenuity and knowledge and skill which could not only hide a king's tomb in the heart of the Great Pyramid, but could register a knowledge of natural laws with absolute exactness in a building that took a hundred thousand men over twenty years to build.

As we grope our way back to the entrance, thinking of these things, we pay hardly any attention to the Queen's Chamber, but the fact that the chamber is exactly under the centre of the top of the Pyramid reminds us of the clever way in which these chambers and passages, and even the very entrance to the Pyramid, were hidden away. What the inside of the Great Pyramid is really like nobody can say with certainty, but men have spent years in exploring it. It is said that there is room for nearly three thousand other chambers like the King's and Queen's—which are called the King's and Queen's chambers, although, if their bodies were ever buried here, they must have been removed, long, long ago, perhaps during civil wars.

All unrelieved by any human touch is this stifling journey out of the Great Pyramid, but we picture to ourselves, as we move cautiously step by step, the rare and strange processions of men who now and again throughout the ages have burst into the darkness and silence of this place. We can almost hear the echoing tramp of the treasure-hunters of the Caliph Mamun, who loved science and learning, and about eleven hundred years ago sought to set up in Cairo the same kind of Court that his famous father set up at Bagdad, for Mamun was the son of Haroun-al-Raschid, who made his Court

at Bagdad the centre of the wit and wisdom and culture of the Moslem world, and whose memory is kept alive still by thousands of books all over the world in the famous tales of the Arabian Nights. The Caliph Mamun, as if to make a Pyramid story for the tales of the Arabian Nights, ordered his engineers to seek the entrance to the Great Pyramid, which was at that time utterly forgotten.

It was said in those days that a King of Egypt who had lived before the Flood had hidden in the Pyramid all kinds of treasures and gold coins piled up in high columns, and great must have been the expectation of these treasure-hunters of the Caliph Mamun. The ingenious builders of the Pyramid had hidden the entrance high up from the ground and away from the centre; but the engineers of the Caliph, forcing a way in with iron and vinegar and fire, reached at last the granite trap-door that still blocks the way at the point where the ascending and descending passages meet.

The huge block refused to give way; nothing that the engineers could do could carry the treasure-hunters farther that way. No means at their disposal could penetrate the hardness of the granite. It seemed as if the invaders had broken in vain into this terrible place, and, after having cut a passage of a hundred feet, they were on the verge of despair when a stone fell behind the granite block, ringing with a clear note on the floor of a passage behind. It was the signal to the Arabs for a new effort. They forced a way round, and penetrated farther and farther into the massive masonry, until at last, in the King's Chamber, they found all the treasure

the Pyramid contained. There it was—an empty stone chest without a lid! No wonder the treasure-hunters set up a great complaint, which so alarmed the Caliph that he secretly ordered a large sum of money to be hidden in the Pyramid and then "discovered," so gratifying the people and rewarding them for their labour.

We remember, too, as we grope our way, that the niches that help us to keep our footing were probably used for moving the great stone coffin along into its resting chamber. Perhaps we remember the story of the poor ox whose bones an English traveller found in the pyramid next to this, and we wonder if these bones, which are now in England, are the relics of a festive banquet in such strange surroundings, or if the poor creature long, long ago found its way into the second pyramid and, stricken with terror, lay down to die. A prettier story is told of the next pyramid but one, the third and the smallest of the three. It is like a story of an ancient Cinderella, whose name was Rhodopis. Rhodopis was bathing one day when an eagle carried off one of her shoes and dropped it into the lap of a king who was sitting on the judgment seat at Memphis, twelve miles across the sand. The king, pleased with the little shoe, and surprised by so strange a happening, sent out his messengers to seek the other shoe, and Rhodopis was found at Naukratis and brought to the king, who made her his wife, and set up the third pyramid in her memory. It is probably just a story, and we need not believe that fair Rhodopis lies, as Thomas Moore wrote,

'Mid sunless gold and jewels hid,
The Lady of the Pyramid;

but it is pleasant to have a tale to tell to relieve the gloom of such a place, and at least there is nothing in the Great Pyramid itself so beautiful as this little legend.

Something there is in the adventure of the dark journey to the King's Chamber that fills the mind with thoughts of bandits and pirates. Perhaps a captive is not more glad to be set free by bandits than the traveller is to be set free by these Pyramid men. We creep slowly back to the great stone door. Perhaps it was not worth going to see; perhaps it was: at least we have seen the darkness. Yet how much rather we would be walking in the sun at Thebes, or sitting in the Campo Santo at Pisa, or walking round a hilltop in Kent! The Great Pyramid is great indeed, and again and again we would lie in the sand and let our eyes run up the steps which climb so high into the sky. But its heart is as dead as a stone, and even in Egypt the inside of this amazing and appalling place is not worth half an hour of the wonderful light of the sun.

BIBAN-EL-MULUK

Then Pharaoh died, and no man knew where they had laid him.

THE SLEEPING KINGS

A NIGHT'S ride from Cairo with its everlasting throng of human lives, the maze of its bazaars, the glow of its minarets in the blazing sun, and we are six hundred miles away at Luxor, with the staggering ruins of Karnak on one side of the Nile, and on the other a wonder of the world beyond comparison. There is nothing that the stars look down upon by night that can compare with Biban-el-Muluk. As thought kills space, so Biban-el-Muluk kills time. The centuries roll away. The world we know is as if it had not been. We stand and look at Pharaoh face to face.

We ride across the sand to this great solemn place, and slowly, in this ancient solitude, there comes to us the feeling of another world. Things we have read of in books and dreamt of in dreams are all about us now, and they are as still as books, as strange as dreams. These two colossal statues, enthroned alone in space, had heard the music of the wind and felt the warm glow of the sun for thousands of years before the world had heard of London. That impressive ruin of the Ramesseum stood there, in its group of temples, before the world had heard of Greece. In one of those six temples was found the earliest mention of the Israelites. The old, old story of the world creeps round about us as we ride across the sands of time. We are drawing very near the heart of the world that

Moses and Abraham knew—we are reaching the Valley of the Kings.

Here Pharaoh came to sleep when Egypt was no more to him. Here he slept in peace while Archimedes invented the lever and Hero his engine, while the men of Athens listened to the moving words of Socrates and the earnest appeals of Paul. Here Pharaoh slept while Antony read out the will of Caesar in the Forum, while Rome became an Empire and decayed, while the Angles and the Saxons built up England, and while, through all these centuries, Freedom built her temple in our island home. All through these ages Pharaoh slept. Men talked of the lost kings of Egypt, and no man knew where Pharaoh was.

And then the world saw Pharaoh once again. He was sleeping in these hills, and I have seen him as he lies, seen him as his people left him thirty centuries ago. Hundreds of feet down in the hills he lies, in the securest fastness ever made on earth. Climb to the top of these hills and roam about for miles. Out there the White Nile runs. Beyond it are the gigantic ruins of Karnak, all that is left of Thebes in its glory. There Pharaoh lived in his great palaces; beneath your feet he slept while Karnak crumbled into dust. There rose his mighty palaces for all the world to see—unrivalled structures such as architects in these days hardly dare to think of; but in these hills, hundreds of feet below you, are miles of chiselled corridors, with painted chambers approached through golden doors, as stupendous an achievement as Karnak itself, but all unguessed for ages.

In spacious chambers fit for kings to live in, the kings of Egypt lay in their coffins here. Think of all the solemn places where leaders of men have been laid—of the heart

of Livingstone at the foot of a tree in Africa; of Cheops in the appalling loneliness of his Great Pyramid; of Cecil Rhodes on the mountain-top on which he dreamed of a steel road from Cape to Cairo; of Robert Louis Stevenson up the zig-zag road on the wild height above the wide Pacific; of Mohammed at Mecca; of Napoleon, the man of death, in his great hall, and Pasteur, the man of life, in his small and lovely chamber; of Nelson and Wellington side by side in streaming London; and for the stillness that can be felt, for the solemnity befitting life's last sleep, for an imagination that has in it poetry and music and terror and prayer and strength, none of these places can compare with the valley in which three ancient dynasties of Pharaohs slept.

We must think of life as these kings thought of it if we would understand why they came here. They did not come to die. They slept in their great palaces across the Nile, and came to these hills to wake. They knew man was not made to perish in the dust, and when a king's work here was done his people took him to a place fit for a king to wake in, fit for the dawn of immortality. We do not think much of these splendours now, but are we sure that our reverence is greater than theirs? Can we despise the faith that was so sure of waking up from death that it prepared a place to wake in, and food and hospitality for the bringers of new life?

The mysterious powers that sway the universe moved the Egyptians deeply, and their gods were very real to them. Their monuments, the pillars of their palaces, the walls of their temples, and the corridors of their tombs, are covered with their patient picture-writing in praise of the

sun, in the extolling of good deeds, and in the acknowledgment of all manner of duties to the gods. A king would begin his tomb on beginning his reign, and the longer he reigned the more elaborate his tomb would be. The Great Pyramid was one man's tomb, and we may measure by that the solemn dignity with which they prepared a home for man's immortal soul. We see it even better here, however, in these tombs in the Valley of the Kings, where, from the year 1580 B.C. to the year 1090 B.C. the rulers of Egypt were laid to rest.

Each king has his own tomb, cut deep in the limestone hills behind the plain of Thebes. Starting from an entrance almost hidden from the eye, the excavation would be carried on for a hundred feet, two hundred feet, or three hundred feet, this way, that way, up and down, with little chambers on this side and that, and hidden exits through the floor, until at last they reached the place where a king might lie. Let us imagine we have entered one of these great tombs.

We pass the figure of the king standing before a god, surrounded with writings in praise of the sun. We move down a stairway, with scores of figures of the sun-god on the walls and kneeling figures at the bottom. Through a corridor painted with the journey of the boat of the sun, drawn by seven gods and seven goddesses, we come to a chamber in which the king is pictured among his gods. Through this is a hall with a roof supported by four columns, and on the walls are pictured the journey of the sun through the Underworld, and figures representing the four great groups of mankind. Out of this hall opens another pillared room, but it leads to nowhere, and its

purpose was, perhaps, to deceive invaders. The right way out of the pillared hall is down a stairway hidden in the floor, and it leads us to another corridor, with statues of kings painted on its walls, and to another room in which the king is worshipping the gods. Beyond this at last is the burial hall.

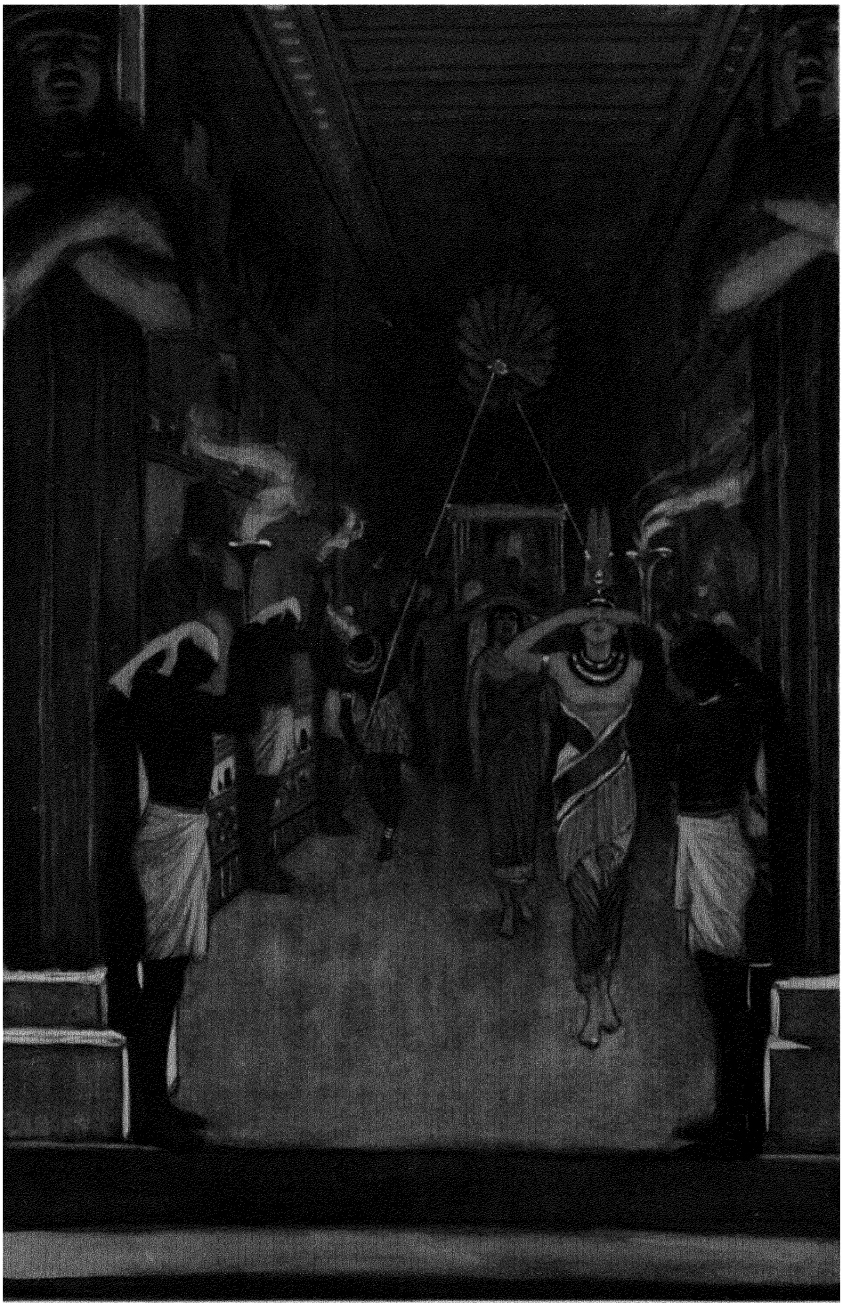
The roof is upheld by six painted pillars, with vaulted arches decorated with suns and stars. On the walls are pictures of the sun's journey, the twelve hours of darkness, and a sacred cow standing across the heavens, with the stars and planets spread under her. There are little recesses and passages, and an ante-room with a shelf running round it, on which things used at the funeral were placed. In the centre of the burial-hall is a huge sarcophagus, a sculptured work of great magnificence. There is one in London now, which hundreds of thousands pass every day and only hundreds see every year. It is the coffin of Seti the First, engraved in pure alabaster, with picture writing all over it, and in the bottom the angel of death spreading out her arms, waiting to receive the dead king. It was found in these hills a hundred years ago, and brought to the lovely old house of John Soane in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

It is hard to know, as we walk amazed through these incredible tombs, what it is that impresses us most. We think of the faith behind it all, centuries before the birth of Christ. We think of the work of these artists, centuries before the days of Greece; and we think of the stupendous physical labour that these immense tombs involved. There was no electric power for the men who did these mighty works; they were done mainly with the tools of

the Stone Age, and finished, no doubt, with copper chisels. The builders and diggers were slaves, and behind them was a whip lest the tomb should not be ready for the king. How they got light as they penetrated deeper and deeper into the heart of the mountain nobody knows. It is thought they may have reflected sunlight from point to point with mirrors, and perhaps they used oil-lamps.

Some great brain, we may be sure, presided at the Board of Works—we see his ingenuity everywhere. We see it in the obscure entrance to these hidden palaces; nobody would guess that there was anything worth looking for there. We see it in the deep well which carried off water at the entrance and misled robbers who might come that way. They would not be likely to guess that the far side of the well opened into a passage, or, if they did, they must descend the well and ascend on the other side to find the place.

And yet there have been robbers in these tombs. They must have been courageous men. They would have to make small holes, squeeze through, and penetrate the inner darkness with hardly any light, with perhaps no light at all, for these tombs, shut up for so long, were often highly inflammable. They would have to find their way through all these chambers of the dead, and they must have trembled, surely, as they reached the coffin of the king in all its solemn state, with all the lively expectation of the coming of the gods about him. And yet they burst into these tombs, these men. Long before the valley was abandoned as a burial-place, thieves broke into these chambers, stripping the Pharaohs of their jewels and burning their coffins, and but for these thieves the world might not



THE BURIAL OF PHARAOH

have known the marvel of this Underland. They sealed up their openings with care, but even in ancient days their robberies were found, and again and again the governors of the tombs removed the bodies from their places and put them in greater safety. Now that the tombs have been found, many kings are known to have been removed, their bodies rolled up and labelled.

How long the kings lay undisturbed we do not know, but it must have been thousands of years. Their sleeping-place would be forgotten. We are almost sure of that, because the doors of one tomb stood open for a thousand years, and nobody went in. But the robbers came again at last. It was in the middle of the nineteenth century that two Arabs found where Pharaoh lay. It is said they came upon the tombs by chance, and for years they would steal to the valley in the dead of night and carry off the treasure. They spread their loot all over the world, and the world became suspicious. The Government of Egypt watched these men and sent down a hundred soldiers, but the secret of the Pharaohs was in obstinate keeping. It was with Abderasol, the donkey-boy, and he loved his treasure well. They bastinadoed him, they threw him into gaol, but his secret was fast, and it was King Edward, in the days when he was Prince of Wales, who intervened and saved the situation. Abderasol had been his donkey-boy, and when the Government set him free to please the prince the Arab sold his secret for two hundred pounds. Then Abderasol took the soldiers to a tunnel which led to a room packed with mummies of lost kings, and the Government got over fifty Pharaohs for less than four pounds apiece.

It was not safe to leave the kings as they lay now that the tombs were known, for the kings were buried in treasure and the doors and walls were glittering with gold. For two days officials of the Government of Egypt stood at the doors of the tombs receiving the Pharaohs and their treasure from the mountain fastnesses. They were carried across the sands by the way they had come three thousand years before, they were loaded on the boats and carried down the Nile to Cairo, and it is said to have been a pathetic sight to watch the peasants gathered on the river-banks to see the kings go by, and to hear the mournful music of the people wailing in memory of their mighty dead.

We do not know that all the tombs are found; there are probably others still to be discovered. Day and night the tombs are watched, and day by day the search for the lost kings goes on. About sixty have been found—the resting-places of five hundred years of kings. Nothing, perhaps, can be compared with the thrill of expectation and excitement with which this work goes on. Nothing could be more laborious, nothing could need more patience. Most of the rubbish moved is moved three times, lest the dumping-ground should hide the entrance to a tomb. When a tomb is found the air may be poisonous, or the heat unbearable, or the wind and rain of centuries may have been beating in at the open door, and silted up the rubbish into solid rock. Or perhaps the roof has fallen in, or perhaps a way is discovered after painful labour and found to lead to nowhere.

It is good for the world that there should be rich men ready and glad to find money for work like this, and those who love the knowledge of the past are thankful that a

great American, Mr. Theodore M. Davis, chose to bury so much of his wealth in Pharaoh's tombs. Again and again, before Mr. Davis died, his workers enriched him with great discoveries, and their gifts to the intellectual treasure-house of Egypt have been beyond all price.

The thrill of the sights these diggers have seen must be worth the money many times over. They have walked into tombs and seen what no man saw for over thirty centuries—the pictures on the walls as fresh as when the artists left them, the dead king's bow and arrow on his coffin-lid, with his plumes, his staff, and his boomerang. They have seen Pharaoh lying with his treasures, sometimes wrapped in gold, sometimes wearing his golden crown, surrounded with gems and works of art, with his queen and her chariot, with a beautiful bed for a god to rest on when the day for waking comes, with chairs daintily carved, with vases beautifully painted, with rings and bracelets and jewelled staffs and inlaid cabinets. In veritable palaces of beauty they found the long-lost kings.

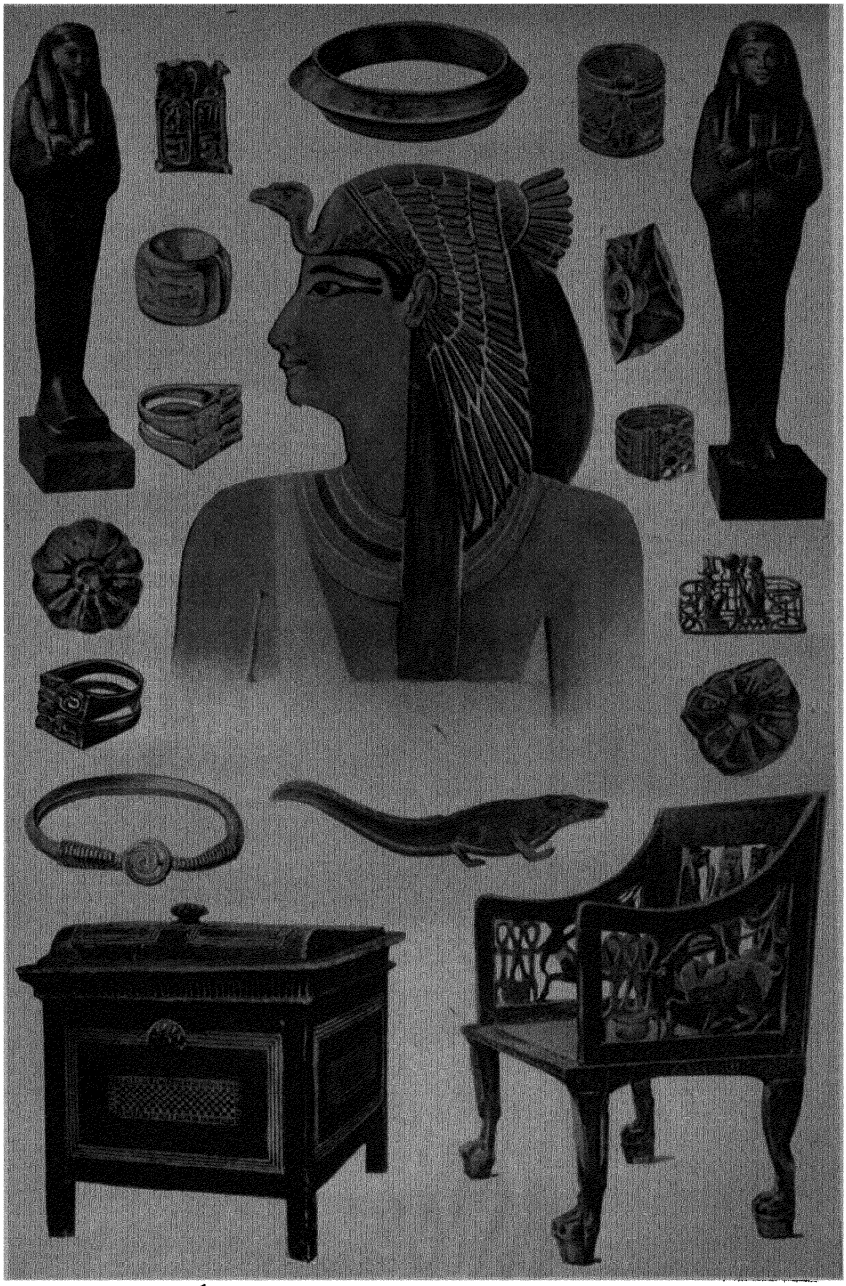
Let us follow the road of adventure that leads to Pharaoh fast asleep. Queen Hatshopsitu died fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ, and she was buried here in the hills behind the great temple which still stands to keep her memory green, but the queen has gone from her tomb. She lay there probably for five hundred and fifty years, and it is thought that about the year 900 B.C. the tomb was opened by the priests, the contents taken out, and the body hidden for safety. Nobody knows whether the tomb was closed through all the centuries after that, but the door was probably open all that time. It certainly was open in the year 24 B.C. It was open through all the

years of the Roman Empire and all the years of the Christian Era until our time.

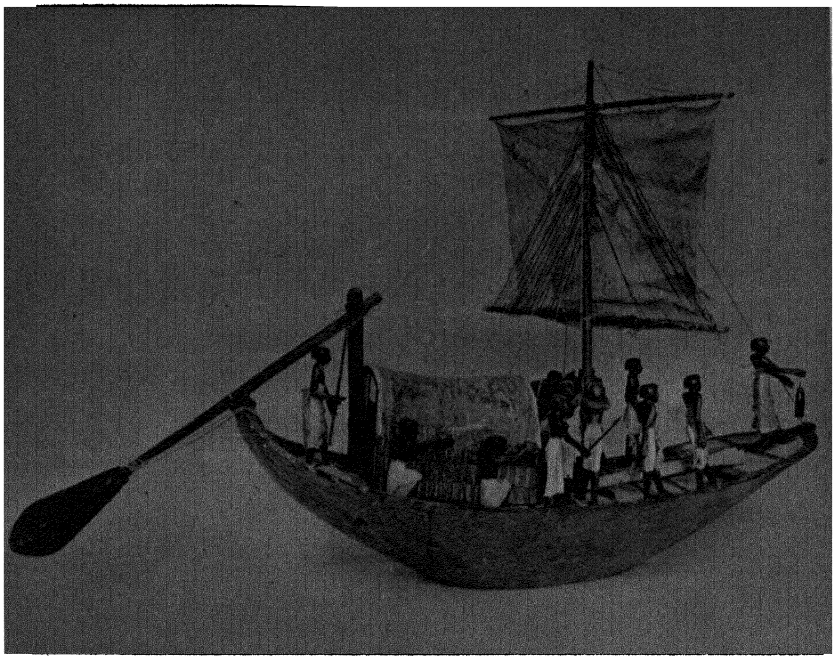
The winds and rains and dust of centuries beat into this open tomb. It still stood open in Napoleon's time, when Napoleon had the valley searched, but the entrance corridor was filled up nearly to the ceiling with small stones washed down by rain, and the diggers grew tired and abandoned the work after opening the corridor a very little way. In the year before Trafalgar another traveller came this way, and he scribbled his name on Queen Hatshopsitu's door. Who was he ? What was his business here ? All we know is that he scribbled " Ch. H. Gordon " on the door and went his way. Two years after Waterloo the great traveller Belzoni came this way, and marked the tomb on his map, and a generation later Lepsius explored it. He went where no man had been for over two thousand seven hundred years, for he cleared away the stones for fifty yards before he was tired.

Nothing more was done till Mr. Davis came, with Mr. Howard Carter, Inspector-General of Antiquities. It was in the spring of 1903 that they were led to the tomb by the finding of a scarab and a piece of alabaster, both bearing the name of the queen. They must have lain there for centuries waiting to be picked up. The excavators followed in the steps of Lepsius, and soon struck a rock which sounded hollow. It was a little storehouse, filled with models of objects used in the making of the tomb. There were bronze tools, alabaster vases, reed mats, and magic symbols, many bearing the portrait of the queen.

Encouraged by this discovery, they set to work to clear the corridor. It took them a year to move the stones and



THE PRECIOUS WORKS OF ART THAT LAY FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN THE TOMB WITH PHARAOH



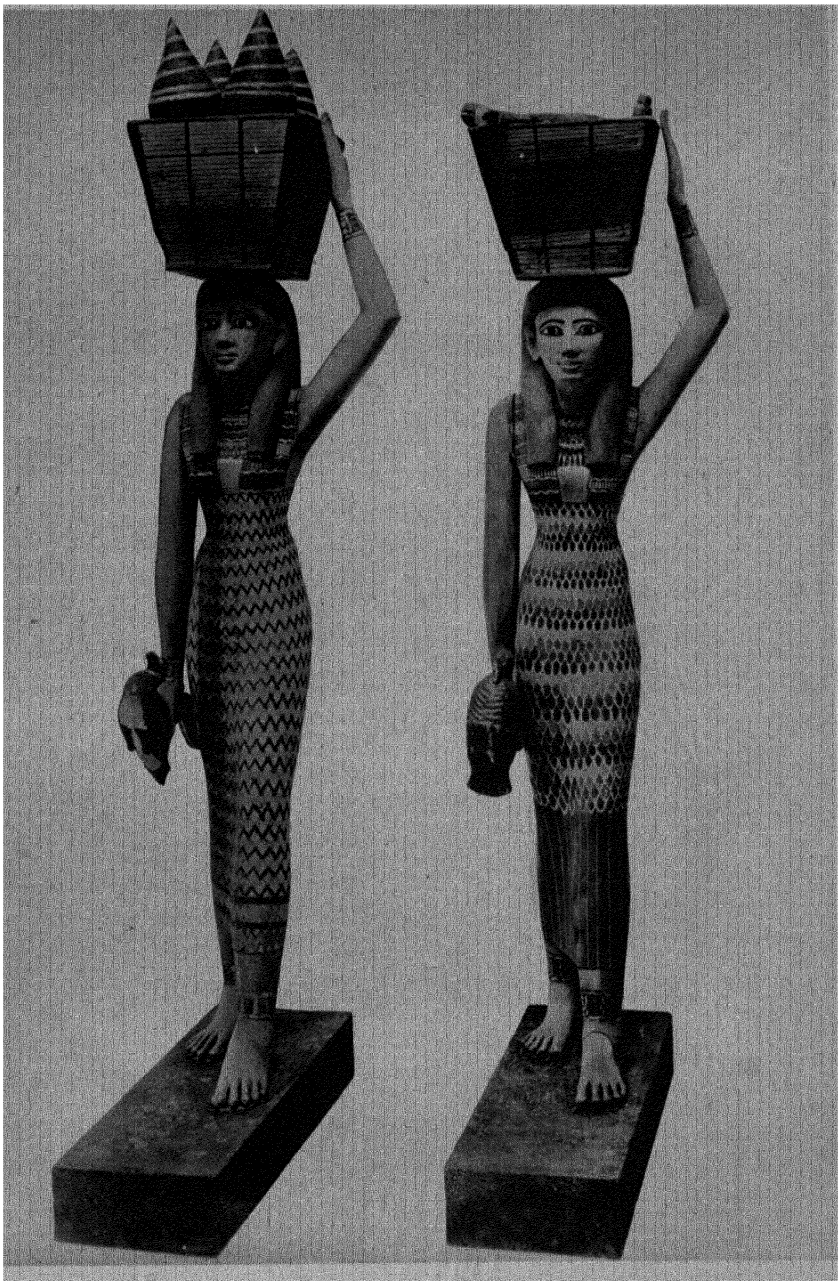
The Chancellor ready for a Sail up the Nile



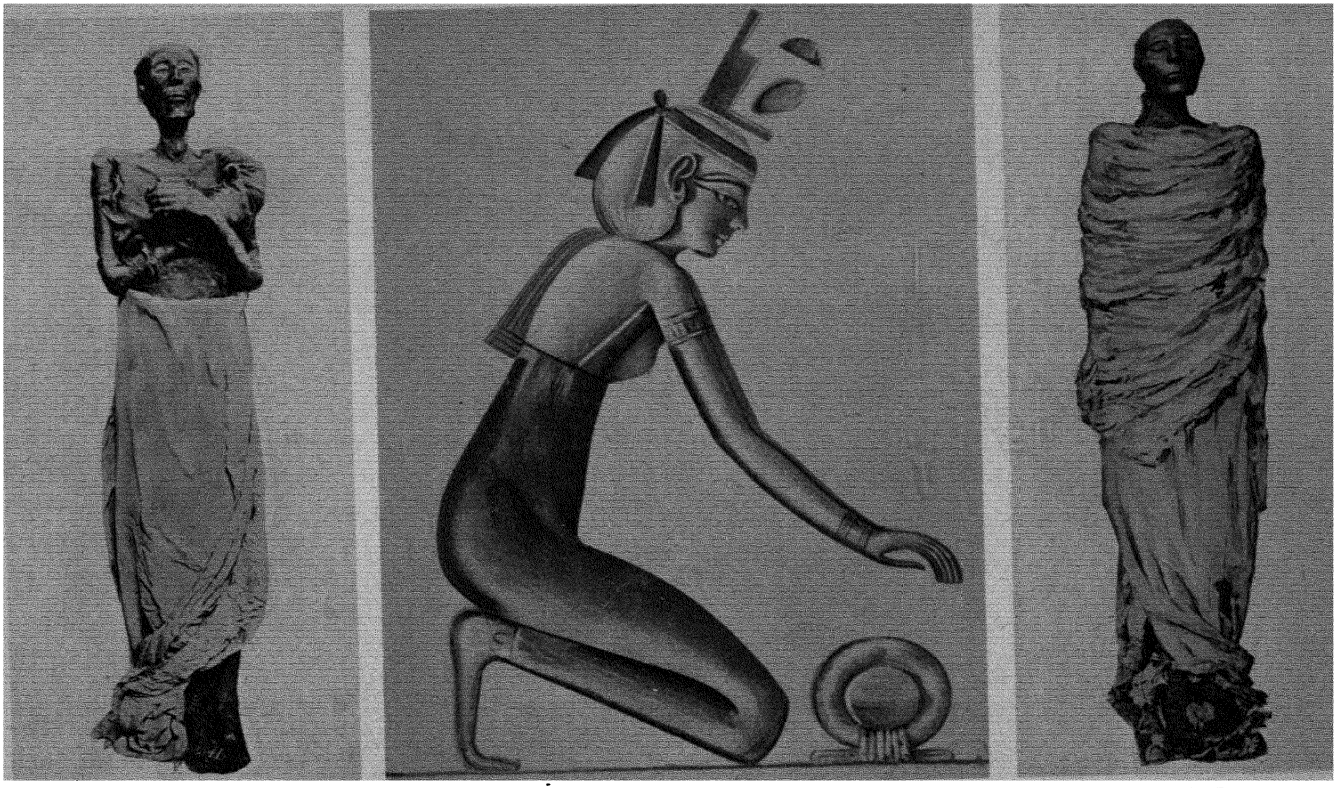
The Little Model Pleasure Boat with 16 Oarsmen Carved in Wood

BOATS FROM THE FLEET OF PHARAOH'S CHANCELLOR BURIED WITH HIM IN THE TOMB

See page 281



DRESSED IN FINE RAIMENT, THE DAUGHTERS CARRY FOOD FOR PHARAOH'S CHANCELLOR—
REMARKABLE FIGURES SEALED UP IN A TOMB FOR CENTURIES



Rameses the Great

The Figure of Isis from a Tomb

Seti the First

THE INCREDIBLE SIGHTS OF OLD EGYPT—PHAROAH AS HE LIES TO-DAY FOR ALL TO SEE

rubbish cemented together from floor to ceiling, and to carry away the huge ceiling stones that had fallen in. Science, that has done such wonders since this tomb was made, helped them very little now, except that it gave them electric light to work in, and a suction-pump to carry fresh air into the foul depths of the tomb. They were precious aids, truly, for the air was so bad and the heat so great that the candles melted; but in the actual work of clearing the tomb the men were dependent on the hand of a man and the head of a boy. The huge slabs of débris and the fallen stones were broken into small pieces that could be carried out on the heads of boys; the roofs were propped up as in a mine; and the twistings and turnings of the corridors caused constant anxieties and delays. Finding the rock decayed a little way along, the queen seems to have stopped half-way and descended in quest of the solid rock needed for carving and painting, and at times the work of tracing her avenues seemed so forbidding as to be almost without hope. They might excavate for weeks, finding nothing. Once, unable to make up their minds whether to go to the right hand or the left, the diggers tossed a coin. The right hand won, and it led them, happily, to the mouth of a descending corridor.

Down deeper than any church steeple they went into depths and recesses crammed with the nests of bats that must have flown in here for centuries, and at last they reached the burial-chamber, so choked with stones and fallen ceilings that it took a month to clear it. Every piece of rock and stone, every spade of earth, was carried to the door, two hundred and fifty yards away, with a

climb as high as the top of the dome of Saint Paul's. Through the whole length of the passages is a slide for the sarcophagus on one side and descending steps on the other, and the sarcophagus itself was in the burial-chamber. But it was open, the lid lay on the floor, and the body was gone. In the rubbish lay fifteen limestone slabs, with the chapters of the Egyptian Book of the Underworld written in red and black ink.

That is how the tombs are opened. It took a year of heavy labour, and ended in nothing except the endless satisfaction of something attempted, something done. But there are great and dramatic surprises at times. The greatest of them all was the finding of the fifty kings and the coming upon the head of Seti peering from the wrappings. He looked a brave and good and enlightened man. There was a coffin lying broken as it had lain for centuries, with a head still wearing its golden crown. There were bodies wrapped in pure gold sheets so thick that they would stand without bending, and once they found a queen with her shining teeth still perfect, till somebody touched one and it fell to dust.

It must have seemed, to those whose eyes first looked on these amazing scenes, like walking into Pharaoh's palace long ago, for they were looking on a little piece of that great world that has passed for ever from the eyes of men. This scene that Pharaoh's people looked on, his priests, his queen, his friends and children, was here as they saw it, and Pharaoh in the midst as if asleep. At times the ruin was beyond recovery—wet and exposure and the hands of robbers had done their work too well; but mostly in these tombs the secret of the embalmer and

the dryness of the air preserved things as the Egyptians left them, and the freshness and brightness of the tombs are as things of yesterday.

A solemn thing it is to tread these silent corridors and be the first disturbers of these tombs for centuries, and it is hard to think that any experience of men could be more impressive, with its touch of terror, than the scene in the tomb of Queen Tiyi, which Mr. Davis opened. There was a crack in the roof no wider than a needle's eye, but the rare rains of Egypt had found it deep down in the hills, and for centuries drops of water had been percolating through. The water fell so that a body lay in it, and when the diggers came, after thousands of years, they touched the body and the wrappings came away, leaving a jewelled skeleton lying there. The moisture had been fatal, and everything in Queen Tiyi's tomb was too fragile to be touched.

The tomb and its treasures had been revealed after three thousand three hundred years, but it was only for a day. It perished like the baseless fabric of a vision, destroyed by a trickle of moisture. But since Queen Tiyi died the world has marched well forward, and when her tomb was opened it was possible for electricity to carry a telegram to Cairo, for steam to bring a photographer to the tomb, and for chemistry to capture and print for ever on paper the vision that was fading from men's eyes. Science is weighed with Nature in the balances, and is not found wanting.

It is not surprising that we should find dumb creatures in these tombs. Cats and dogs, ducks and hawks, cows and apes, were sacred all through Egypt. If a man killed

these things he might be killed himself. A Roman who trod on a cat by accident was torn to pieces by Egyptians, who mourned the deaths of these animals as if they were human beings. A cat or a dog would have a splendid funeral, and there are hundreds of creatures preserved in these tombs. The diggers burst suddenly one day upon the figure of a dog, his tail curled over his back, and his eyes open, staring at a monkey that was shrinking from him in terror. They looked alive, but they had stood there twenty centuries and more, the mummies having been unwrapped by robbers, who had evidently put them together like this as a mark of their humour. It is surely the first joke that ever took thousands of years to see!

But the sight the traveller will remember when all others are forgotten in this Valley of the Kings is King Amenhotep II fast asleep. He lies there as his people left him a hundred generations since. For years there lay beside him the Pharaoh of the Exodus, the king who is supposed to have perished in crossing the Red Sea. It has not been found safe to leave the Pharaohs in their tombs, but Amenhotep is left, and through the glass lid of his coffin we look upon him as he was—his face thin and withered, but not repulsive; so calm and man-like that the mind refuses to believe we are looking into the face of a king whose eyes have been closed for over thirty centuries. We remember that he was a strong man, able to draw a bow which none of his men could use. We remember that he united many kings and races conquered by his father, but we hope he was not so brutal as they say—that he did not slay the rebel princes in cold blood with his own hand, and tie a prince head downwards on his ship

returning from the wars. We do not like to think of these things as we look him in the face, lying there with a bunch of mimosa blossom on his breast. The coffin was covered with wreaths when they found him, and the floor was strewn with perfect flowers.

But what I should like most of all to do again is to peep once more into the little chamber by Amenhotep's coffin, and to look once more at the bodies lying in the dust. Nobody knows for certain who they were. Perhaps one was Amenhotep's queen, another his daughter, and another his little boy. As we do not know, I like to think that the woman with the black hair flowing down her shoulders played in Pharaoh's palace with that boy beside her, and to fancy that in the morning they will wake again, and she will turn and kiss him.

It is a little world. For years I have thought of this tomb of Amenhotep, and wondered about his three companions, lying near him so long in the darkness of the tomb. There was one man might have told me, but now it is too late, for his long and useful life is over. He knew Abderasol, the donkey-boy who sold the fifty kings for eighty shillings apiece, and Abderasol once offered to lead him to an unknown tomb, and begged that he would undertake its opening. The permission could not be got, but it was afterwards found that the particular tomb was this tomb of Amenhotep, and the good old man who had the chance of opening it and telling me all about it was Mr. John Ward, a friend of Egypt and a traveller there, who loved the Nile and wrote a book about it, and who loved also the little river that flows beneath my hill as I am writing this, for he lived at the mill I look

down on! In strange little ways does Fortune's wheel turn round.

It was our friend Mr. Ward who spoke of this western bank of the Nile as the place where the sun was supposed to die each night, so that, with the glory of Karnak on the east and the vastness of this solitude on the west, the river of life flowed between the living and the dead. It is a beautiful conception, but more beautiful still is the faith of the sleeping kings—that there is no death and there are no dead. Here came kings and their children, Prime Ministers and humbler folk. There is a doctor, and an artist in bronze who made the doors for a temple which still stands, and there is a florist who was gardener at the temple of Karnak. He must have loved his work, and they must have believed that he would wake again and want to see his flowers, for his tomb is painted with the plan of his garden, with the flower-beds and the water-tanks, the labourers planting and pruning and watering, and the gardener sitting with his wife while their boy is weaving garlands.

He sleeps, but he will wake again. The flowers still bloom among the stones of Karnak, and three thousand years are as a day to those who have their immortality.

BANKS OF THE NILE

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away

THE LITTLE ROOM OF PHARAOH'S CHANCELLOR

THE flash of an electric lamp shone one day through a chink in a rock on the banks of the Nile, into a little chamber that had not been seen by human eyes for nearly forty centuries. A new chapter was opened in the astounding story of the Tombs of the Kings.

Deep down inside a mass of rock this chamber lay, unknown to men. Pharaoh was buried by his people, and no man knew where; in this rock was buried Pharaoh's Chancellor, amid a collection of wonders such as had rarely been found in all the excavations of our time.

Thousands of years passed by. Travellers came from everywhere to see the wondrous ruins by the Nile. They gazed enthralled upon these mighty hills that rise across the Nile from Karnak, the hills with the silence of ages upon them, but never did they dream of the wonder that these hills contained; never did they imagine these palaces of art cut deep into the mountains, with Pharaoh sleeping there. Then came the great discovery, and still the work goes on with axe and spade, and still there is revealed to human gaze fresh sights of ancient Egypt day by day. We may look at one of them, the wonder found by the staff of the Metropolitan Museum of Art a year or two after the war.

There fell away in the rock one day, some time in the spring of 1920, a loose stone, which revealed a narrow chink of space. It had clearly been cut out, but it was evening when the stone fell down, and the passage was dark. The excavators were finishing their day's work, but a match-light through the chink in the rock was enough to create a stir of great excitement, and soon an electric torch was brought, its flash shone through the hole in the rock, and there, in the beam of light, was as wonderful a scene as has ever surprised the eyes of men.

We must go back four thousand years to understand it all, to the days when Egyptian merchants were leading their caravans into Palestine and exchanging works of art with far-travelling Bedouins. The empire of the builders of the Pyramids had fallen into ruin, the old capital was wrecked, and many mighty monuments had been plundered and broken by robber chiefs from the desert. Along the banks of the Nile bands of adventurers had set up petty states, stopped river commerce by their piracy, and raided each other's domains. The peasants starved and died.

But hundreds of miles above the old capital of Egypt was Thebes, a wide, fertile cornland at the foot of the limestone cliffs. Here King Mentuhotep reigned secure over a prosperous people. He made a road to the Red Sea, built ocean-going fleets, and opened up trade with Central Africa. He sailed down the Nile, and in battle after battle broke the power of the robbers from the desert and brought back to Egypt peace and order and prosperity before he entered his House of Eternity, about two thousand years before Christ was born.

That is almost all we know about Pharaoh Mentuhotep, but we know he did not carry on the work of his great reign alone. He had at his Court a noble prince called Mehenkwetre, whose name seems to mean Prince Sun-Gift. A gift indeed he has given to us, for it was he who built up this scene on which the flash of an electric light shone the other day. Through the chink in the rock was the chamber in which Prince Sun-Gift's treasures lay, the little world in models that tell us of the life he lived, the friends he loved, and the faith he had.

He was one of the great Chancellors of Egypt two thousand years before Christianity came, and he spent many years of his life on Earth in preparing for the future life beyond. He did what the Pharaohs did—he cut out a chamber in the solid rock as his last house on Earth ; but he did what no man ever before or since is known to have done so well, for he set men working—slaves, we need not doubt—for years and years to carve small wooden images of the world in which he lived and loved and had his being, so that he could take them with him to his tomb, and sleep among them, and have them ready when the day for his waking came. Is it not strange and beautiful, this faith of long ago, as far back before the life of Christ as we are after it ?

They made a sloping causeway up to a point in the cliff where a platform was cut out, and there a beautiful pillared porch was built of fine stone, carved and painted by some unknown master, for the fragments display a delicate skill rare in the art of Egypt. Through the entrance they cut out corridors leading to Prince Sun-Gift's burial-chamber, and another room he made to contain his model

world. In the course of time, when the Chancellor died, his people brought him here and left him. His tomb was closed, and he slept in peace. Then, how many ages since we know not, thieves found his sleeping-place, rifled his tomb, and carried off his gilded coffin. But those old thieves missed what they would have loved to find—Sun-Gift's secret chamber through the chink in the wall which the loose stone hid. It was in clearing away the ruin the thieves had left so many ages ago that the workmen accidentally moved the stone, and this is what they saw when the electric light shone through the chink into that strange world of long ago. One of the excavators thus describes the wondrous scene:

The beam of light shot into a little world of four thousand years ago. I was gazing down into the midst of a myriad of brightly painted little men, going this way and that.

A tall, slender girl gazed across at me, perfectly composed. A gang of little men, with sticks in their upraised hands, drove spotted oxen, rowers tugged at their oars on a fleet of boats, while one ship seemed foundering right in front of me, with its bow balanced precariously in the air.

And all this busy going and coming was in uncanny silence.

By an achievement which we must call magnificent this wonder-scene was photographed, and all these figures and objects were removed outside the walls of the secret chamber just as the inrush of fresh air crumbled the mouldered ceiling. Down came a shower of powdered rock, but one of the finest and most spectacular of all pageants of life in Old Egypt was safe in the hands of the amazed discoverers. They had something that acres of hieroglyphics

could not equal, one of the rarest lifelike scenes ever rescued from the dark abyss of Time.

At first, it seems, this Prince Chancellor of Pharaoh, serious though his face is as we see it now, was fond of Noah's Ark toys; perhaps he played with them with his little grandchildren. On the painted wooden models are finger-prints and specks, flymarks and cobwebs and withered spiders, to tell us that these toys had long been stored in a lumber-room in the prince's palace. His eldest son does not look as if he played with them—his expression is almost as serious as that of his father; but the other little ones—did they never manage to steal into the cobwebby storeroom and play with these quaint, pretty things?

Certainly they were a merry race, the ancient men of the Nile. A Minister of State considered it right to make life joyful. Sun-Gift would dance in his garden with his boys and girls in the shade of his fig-trees and among the rare Abyssinian flowers and scented shrubs that he loved and prized; or he would sing in the shadow of the lotus-columned porch, delighting himself with his harp. His palace of cedar-wood and bricks of sun-dried mud, gay with colours and bright banners, was, like his mortal life, arranged for a brief period of happiness. His tomb of rock, cut out of the eternal hills and adorned with sculpture in fine stone that would not perish, was, like his death, designed for a solemn kind of everlasting bliss. He believed he had two souls. The finer spirit would pass, he thought, to the Judgment Seat, and, if it had done well on Earth, would join in the pleasures of Paradise; the second soul stayed in or about his body in the tomb,

and had to be fed and tended in the ways to which it was accustomed in its sojourn on the Earth.

Out of this belief of this great man has come this pageantry of ancient life, for to give company to his soul in the tomb he set his slaves to work on the group of models, representing his life and the scenes in the life of his household. These figures and objects were to be the companions and delight of his sleeping body in the tomb, and when he died they were buried with him. Carved most beautifully in wood, these models are precious beyond words. They seem to be alive with magic; it was their business, when walled into the rock chamber, to remain in their place till the day should come, and then to leap to life at the command of the spirit of the dead.

An astonishing group of lifelike figures it is. In the largest and most imposing piece the prince is sitting in the columned porch of his palace, with his son squatting beside him, and four scribes at work numbering the cattle as they are driven through the courtyard. The Chancellor clearly carried into practice the old saying that the eye of the master fattens his herds. The figures are eight or nine inches high, and this one scene measures nearly six feet long. The idea was that whenever it was hungry the spirit of the prince would enter his wooden model, set everything going, and choose the best oxen for a banquet. Next came the butcher's shop, with the head butcher and his assistants, and a scribe, with pen-case and papyrus roll, is keeping account of the beef. This is evidently to be checked against the items recorded on the papyrus rolls by the four clerks in the first scene. Another scene in the granary has two scribes with tablets and

rolls recording wheat, which two men scoop up, measure, and sack, other labourers carrying it upstairs and tipping it into three big bins. By the front door sits an overseer, with a cane in his hand, directing operations. Then come the bakery and brewery, where men and women grind the flour, shape the dough, stand it out to rise, fashion it into fancy bread, and bake it in the ovens. There are shops with girls spinning flax and women weaving, and there are carpenters sawing a log into planks and chiselling out mortices. The threads on the distaffs and spindles of the girls, frailer than cobwebs with the dry-rot of four thousand years, were still unbroken when found in this magic cave.

After feasting, this precise and thrifty prince required some exercise, and there are two model gardens in which to stroll, dance, and rest in the shade of scented trees. High walls shut out the common world. Copper ponds, which held real water when the mason walled them in, are empty now. Fig-trees have each leaf carved and pegged in place, with fruit on the branches. At the end of the pleasure gardens are deep and shady porticoes, with painted columns. The gardens and the house-front add a new chapter to the history of architecture, carrying the tale of the dwelling-houses of man back to a period at which the towers of Babylon were built. Built of light and fragile materials, the mansions of the Nile were flowers of art, as fleeting as they were beautiful; yet it is the light flowers that have floated down the stream of time. We know more about Prince Sun-Gift's palace than we do of the mighty fortress Hammurabi built in Babylon to last for ever.

Neither from the wreck of Babylon nor from the remains of any other ancient civilisation do we get such

bright reflections of the glow of daily life as from this Chancellor's tomb. As a minister of the empire he had travelled much by river. Travel was one of the delights of his existence, and he meant to continue his Nile voyages when the time came in his rock chamber. So he had his four great boats—the business yachts of the noblemen of Thebes centuries before Moses was hidden in the bulrushes on the river lower down.

The models are one-tenth the size of the boats the Chancellor left to his heir. The crews are very busy. We see them setting the great square sail, and then, coming against the wind—that cooling north wind which was as the breath of Paradise to the scorched Egyptians, and which they prayed should blow on them through all their after-life—these sailors lower the mast, stow the sail on deck, and get out their quaint paddles. The prince is sitting in front of his cabin, smelling a lotus flower, his son beside him, and his minstrels, a blind harper and a singer, playing. In the cabin squats the steward, guarding his master's travelling trunks.

Closely following the ship is a kitchen-boat. The Chancellor arranged that he should live well on the water, and at meal-times the kitchen-tender was moored beside his craft. In it are women grinding flour and men baking bread ; others are cooking the evening meal. In the cabins joints of meat are hanging, with wine and beer-jars stowed in racks. So much preparation did our Chancellor make for long trips on the Nile. For short excursions about the backwaters at Thebes there is a light-draught skiff ; in the bow are harpooners, one of whom is landing a fish. Lashed to the outside of the cabin are poles and stakes for

bird-nets. A boy and girl bring in live ducks they have caught, and workaday fishing for the prince's household is being done by men in two canoes. They have made a fine catch, for the net is full, and we can picture their delight as they bring their harvest to the gracious master whom they serve.

Rarely do we find the prince enjoying the varied scenes of life unless his son is at his side, and we know that Egyptian daughters were also the delight of their fathers, while wives went out with their husbands gathering flowers, and sailing in pleasure skiffs. In the Chancellor's chamber are two striking figures of girls, finely-dressed models, half life-size. They have the large, heavy wigs which the rich class wore as protection against the tropical heat of the sun, and they wear garments of striped linen, with lace overskirts and embroidered bodices. They carry baskets of food for the burial banquet.

Such are the chief scenes of life that come back to us across the centuries through the chink in the wall of this rock chamber. A wondrous glimpse it is into the world of long ago, stirring our sympathies for this fine friend of Pharaoh, with his mind set on the good of Egypt, his heart set on the happiness of his house, his faith fixed firm in immortality. Like a new light on old history is this marvellous tomb. Besides revealing the ways of an Egyptian noble in the early days of civilisation, and the life of his house, they speak of the passing of a terrible belief. Thousands of years before this prince thought out his tomb it had been the custom for retainers to be slain by the grave of their chieftain, so that they might serve him in the after-life. The Egyptians had risen above this

horror when our Chancellor came, and some wise, kindly priest had thought of gaily-painted figures instead of human beings as companions of the dead.

So the unquenchable belief in the immortality of the soul was set free from a terrible stain; the path was being cleared even then for Moses and the nobler conceptions that were to come into the minds of men.

A RIDE IN THE SKIES

They shall mount up with wings as eagles

Isaiah

THE SIGHT THAT NEVER WAS ON SEA OR LAND

I LIVED one autumn afternoon through an hour of incredible wonder. I did a thing beyond the dreams of every man who ever lived before this age of ours. I rode with four engines into the clouds.

It is all too great for words, this age in which we live. With war out of the way, no man can say to what heights man may reach.

Faster than imagination this world is moving on. I believe in the possibility of almost everything. The thought of all the wonders Time contains does not surprise me. I believe that the poor will be rich and that life will be beautiful for all. I believe disease will disappear. I believe that we shall see and speak to people anywhere. I believe we shall control the weather. I believe that the glory awaiting us all is greater than the poet says. And yet this ride into the clouds was a staggering and stupendous thing. It will live in the history books, for it was perhaps the most astonishing journey on which men and women had ever been since Time began. It was the first time that so many people had been together on a journey in a flying train.

Let us, therefore, be exact about a ride that rightly takes its place in travel history. It began at four o'clock on the afternoon of November fifteen in the year of what we used to call the Victory of the Allies, and it ended

after twenty-five minutes. In that time we had flown over London six thousand feet high, at a hundred miles an hour, and in that twenty-five minutes there had been accomplished the greatest feat then known in human flight.

For never had so many people been to the clouds in one machine before; never had half so many been before. I remember a morning in the years ago when we waited for hours in a wooden shed in France while a man in a leather coat tinkered at his aeroplane, touching it here and tapping it there before at last it trundled out, and a dozen men got hold of a rope to start it going above the Pyrenees. It was almost the first time a man had flown in Europe.

It was one of those events that Time does not efface from history, but the little man in his leather coat had flown alone, and I wondered, in talking to him afterwards, if an aeroplane would ever take up a large number of people —a dozen, perhaps. Wilbur Wright had proved his faith in flight, but he did not think that day would come. "Then what will be the good of it all?" I asked him. "Is it worth while to build a great thing like this to carry one man? What is the use of it? "Solitary bliss," said Mr. Balfour, who was there.

Strange it is, in thinking of this first flight of a great company of people, to think back farther still to those days when we stood in a field in France waiting for the first man to fly in Europe. Day after day, week after week, a little group of simple folk would gather about the mysterious wooden shed. From morning till night they would wait in the field, and as the days went by and nothing happened the peasants began to jeer. Then one day the great doors of the wooden house swung open,

and out came Wilbur Wright, out came Orville Wright, and out came a big, ungainly thing, which is very familiar now but was something to laugh at then—a huge thing of wood and canvas, full of wires, and bars, and levers, running along on wheels; and the peasants laughed more than ever. This was the thing they had waited weeks to see, and as, at last, the machine was run into the middle of the field, the peasants jeered more than ever.

But Wilbur Wright cared nothing. He sat down in his seat and got ready.

"One!" he shouted.

"One!" jeered back the crowd.

"Two!" he shouted.

"Two!" jeered back the crowd.

"Three!" he shouted, and the crowd jeered no more, for Wilbur Wright was flying among the birds.

He came down from the skies never, never to be jeered at again, for these people who had thought him a quack, these people belonging to the most emotional race in all the world, fell on his neck and kissed him.

That is only ten years ago, and I have been in an aeroplane higher than Wilbur Wright ever flew, with more people than Wilbur Wright ever dreamed of in one plane—with ten, twenty, thirty, forty other people. In Wilbur Wright the dream of centuries came true. In a few short years Mr. Handley Page had travelled beyond the dreams of Wilbur Wright.

Such boundless faith has the flying man today that his visions of flight would startle Wilbur Wright as Wilbur Wright's would have startled Roger Bacon; such daring has he that the day must come when he will startle the

world. The day, indeed, has come. No mere dreamer is our rider in the skies. He will carry us to Cairo on the back of the wind; he will take us to America in a day; he will take us round the world in a week or so; he will make it as safe to ride through the clouds as it is to ride through the fields. Poets sing of men who hitch their waggons to the stars, but Handley Page on this afternoon had hitched his chariots to the stars and sent them flying into space. He had not been baffled by the difficulties confronting the inventors of flying machines; he had not been afraid to ask himself amazing questions and to try to answer them. If a ton of steel can be made to fly about in the air for hours, why not ten tons? Mr. Page had not been frightened by weight, and the thought came, as one walked through his ten acres of workshops, that the sort of idea that flits through the brain of Handley Page as he lies awake at night is this: *If a motor-car will fly up there, why not a train?*

It is the sort of idea that lifts the world on to another plane of progress. It gives mankind a new highway. It must make flying a supreme achievement and a universal service for the human race, for, if a train can go up there with a hundred people in it, the changes that will come about will not only be beyond the dreams of Wilbur Wright but beyond the dreams of any man alive.

And the flying train must come. I have been a mile high in a vehicle as much like a train as the thing George Stephenson made, as much like a train as Nelson's ships were like the fleet that has grown from them. I sat in my compartment. I saw no more of the driver than I see of the driver of the train that takes me home. There

was another compartment behind me, and another after that, and there were people in them looking out unafraid on the world a mile below. In fifty years to come books will be telling this story of the first train that flew over London, and somebody I know will read it and say, "Ah, I remember! My father was there."

There is no doubt at all that the flying man could take us up in the clouds in a Pullman car and keep us there for hours, moving faster than any train that runs on the Earth below. It is child's play to him now, for he has mastered his problem.

But Mr. Handley Page, keen and ardent as a boy in this new flying train of his, had not been thinking, in the year of this historic ride, of Pullman cars. This thing he sent up to the skies was not meant to please a travelling public, but to mark a new stage in the human path. It was the biggest aeroplane then in the world. Three of its sisters were out in France, waiting for a desperate mission, when the war ended and stopped their plans. These four planes were the secret possession of the Allies, ready for their vital business in the war. It was not until Peace dawned again upon the world that Mr. Page was permitted to make them known, and we found Number Four about ninety minutes old, being pulled from under its roof by a traction engine that looked like a toy in front of it.

A majestic and stupendous thing it was, with four great engines and forty-eight cylinders, its huge tanks carrying three tons of petrol, nearly a thousand gallons, its wings from tip to tip over forty yards. It weighed six tons, and could carry seven tons more.

We crept through a trap-door into the spaces inside the fuselage, the long body that carried the whole weight of this great thing. Nine or ten of us crept into the first little space; when this was full they filled the next; when that was full they filled the next. There were forty of us and the pilot. We stood up, holding on to a wire; or we sat in a corner or lay on the floor. We could walk about as we pleased; the one thing we must not do was to touch the pilot's wires that ran from his seat to the rudder and the wings. We could lie and dream of the wonder of it all, or could peep through little round holes in the floor or through little slits and windows at the side. I stood at a window and watched the world grow less and less.

We rose so gently that we could not tell when we had left the Earth. Higher and higher we rose, till the long streets seemed as straight as rulers, the fields were tiny patches, and the houses looked like pictures in a book. Looking down through the openings in the floor, London was clearly visible; looking across through the window at the side, the white ocean of cloud stretched everywhere.

Not without a deep emotion could a man stand and look on a scene like that. We had left the Earth a mile below and we were moving at a hundred miles an hour. Never before since the first wheel went round had forty people been carried at a speed like that, and yet this great thing moved like a feather on the wind. It was like sitting in a boat on a summer's day. It was smoother than any railway train. It was as safe as any bus from London Bridge to Charing Cross. We could have written a letter, or gone to sleep, or drunk a cup of tea. There

was not even the shadow of a sense of fear. Though I had been afraid of fear, I do not think I ever felt more safe than standing at my window six thousand feet high, rushing through space at a mile in thirty-five seconds, looking down at the surface of the clouds rimmed by the red glow of the setting sun. There was nothing to make us afraid; there was everything to fill a man with hope and thankfulness and pride.

Out into space from my window ran two great planes, the wings on which our ship was floating in its sea of air. My vision ran along the lower plane, with the great struts rising on each side carrying the upper plane. It was like looking down a street, with the lamp-posts on each side, but the street ended twenty yards away, and the man who slipped off there would fall a mile. Yet we looked calmly out along this platform cutting its way through space, for above it all, a foot or two outside my window, were two Rolls-Royce engines, each generating three hundred and fifty horse-power, each one as perfect a piece of mechanism as any Englishman has made.

I think it was the sight of these great engines that made us feel secure; I think it was my brain that whispered to me, "They will keep you quite safe." Every part in them was true; their heart-beats never failed; the power of them seemed boundless; and we knew that out there, a yard or two in front of us, sat the master and controller of this stupendous power and of the power of two more engines on the other side. We knew that at a touch this splendid man could take us another mile high or glide us gently down to earth again. We knew that the faith that had brought these colossal engines

from the works and lifted them to the heavens without a qualm of doubt or fear was justified abundantly. We knew that Mr. Clifford Prodger, who was driving us, had piloted five hundred aeroplanes and brought them safely down, for there were still a few months to pass before he made his last flight. We knew that the power in those marvellous drops of petrol that had lain for ages in the Earth, pressed out from the plant life of the world before man came, could never fail.

The sun was setting like a fire round the edge of the great white clouds; the engines stopped, so that we could hear our voices when we spoke; the lights appeared in the streets below like stars upon the Earth; and we came down by the light of the moon to find Mr. Handley Page waiting, wondering where we were. We had been lost in the clouds, it seems, and he had been ringing up the aerodromes and putting out flares. There have been many great rides in the clouds since then, and will be many more; but it was the end of a daring adventure at the aerodrome at Cricklewood when the first great Handley Page load of passengers came down.

THE SPLENDOURS OF THE WORLD

A thing of Beauty is a joy for ever.
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams. . . .

Keats

TREASURE UPON EARTH

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon Earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

WELL, man, on his way to Heaven, has laid up treasure upon Earth. He has filled the Earth with wonder not unworthy to compare with Nature in her glory.

And now the age-old glory of the world is imperilled by an enemy more deadly than either moth or rust, more to be feared than thieves. We have seen, in our time, that there remains in the world, a thousand years after the dreamers of San Marco went to their last sleep, a spirit that would shatter into pieces all the glory that these dreamers left behind.

We have seen that there is left in Europe still a barbarism in the heart of civilisation to which all the beauty of the Earth, all the wonder of the ages, all the achievements of centuries of artists and craftsmen and saints, are less than the will of a king consumed with admiration for himself, less than a spark of hate. All these may go, that some dark plot of political devilry may have its way.

It is not only industry and commerce that are doomed by War; the very beauty of the world is to be laid in ruins

if the War Men have their way, and travel is at an end. The guardian of the glory of the world is the League of Nations, struggling for being against the evil genius of men whose interest is in hate and the destruction of their fellows.

We have been looking at the wonder of the treasure of the world. It is ours to preserve for the future what the past has handed down to us. It is for this generation to say that great cathedrals, built up by ages of devotion and toil, shall not be shattered by a maniac's bomb. It is for this generation to say that all that men have wrought in love for ages past shall not perish in the fires of eternal hate. It is for us to be fit guardians of the treasure Time has vested in our keeping, and to save it from the ghastly and all-destroying hand of War.

It brought a thrill to all who have travelled about the world to read in the Great War that the brave people of one of the loveliest cities in Europe had opened their gates to an enemy to save the city from destruction. Pride sacrificed for a day will rise again, but the barbarism that turns guns on great buildings, that shatters a town and destroys beautiful things in the pitiless spirit of a tiger destroying its victim, is a blot on the fame of humanity and a crime against the ages.

There is no wealth but Life *and the mind that springs from Life.* The little figure of his dog that Giotto carved in the niche of his tower in Florence is not alive, but it is wealth, because it has in it, stamped upon it as if it were a living breath, the very touch of a living man, and it is part of the Life of the Past, of the wealth the ages have built up.

And so we must reckon as wealth not only the Life that is and the Life that has been, but the whole of that enduring

legacy which the lives of thousands and millions of men have bequeathed to us throughout the centuries. It has come to us from the past, to which we owe our priceless heritage; it is ours for the present, while we hold it in trust; it is for us to hand it on to the future, to which it belongs. We are trustees of an incalculable heritage, which not all the money ever made in mints could buy at its full price; and yet there are men in Europe who would blow to pieces all the glorious things that men have ever made.

It is true that what we call the laws of war protect great works of art, but the laws of war are worth a little less than nothing to the War Men. Humanity, beauty, art, knowledge, are nothing to militarism. Not only the best life of Europe, the flower of its manhood, is at the mercy of Armed Barbarism, but a vast accumulation of the best things that a hundred generations of mankind have left behind are threatened too.

It was all Wellington could do, after Waterloo, to stop the Prussian general from shattering to bits the beautiful buildings of Paris, and even while Wellington's sentries were posted on the Jena Bridge to guard it the Prussian soldiers mined the pillars and exploded gunpowder—happily in vain. The precious sculptures chiselled by Grecians and Romans, Arab and Gaul, did not save this bridge from the hate of a Prussian invader; and a hundred years has brought little change in all these things. The brave Belgian troops, after keeping back a mighty host for many days, bravely abandoned their beautiful capital to save it from German guns, though the same high courage could not save from the barbarian army the old-world

town of Louvain. We have come to an age of the world when there are powerful men holding sacred neither Life nor Art, neither past nor present, but ready to shatter them all, and to sow the seeds of ruin for the future if their vanity cannot be otherwise appeased.

How many of us, when we see the map of Europe, think what Europe really is? We think of it, perhaps, as a group of countries with varying political interests, and we think of them in terms of military power. One would imagine, from most of our newspapers, that there was nothing else in Europe. Yet whoever has travelled in Europe knows that the interest of the Continent is not in these things. How dull a thing is the whole of the Italian Navy beside the contents of one single building in Rome! How many millions of times more appealing is a little statue in a certain room in Paris than any gun that ever was made! Actually, apart from the hate fostered by a few self-seeking people, apart from the interest of a few firms who grow rich by making guns, Europe is the home of a great brotherhood of people who wish to be left alone to enjoy the treasures with which the Continent is crowded from end to end.

We have only to look round for a moment to realise what the Brotherhood of Europe really is. The truth is that Europe is international, its countries sharing a life that is common to all. How many people in all lands owe their lives to Pasteur of France or Koch of Germany? Who can live for a week in any part of Europe, near or far, without the railways England gave the world? What would become of the industries of any nation without the discoveries made in the German laboratories? How would

the business of Europe be carried on for a single week without the wires which all protect in common, without the post-bag we all share in common, without the laws we all observe in common?

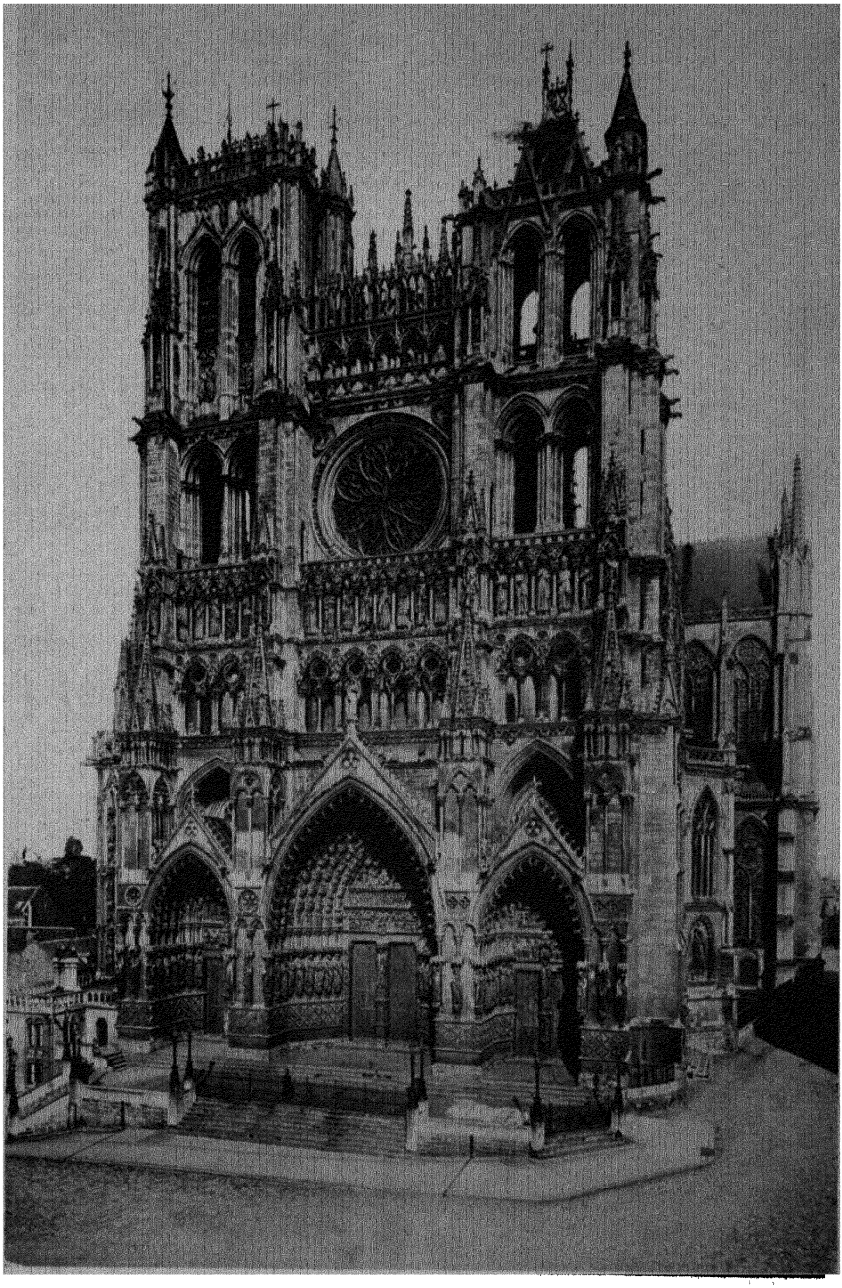
How many precious pages of the Book of Knowledge would be unwritten now but for this Brotherhood of the Wise that knows no boundaries! The great monuments of the people—their parliaments, schools, and universities; their municipal governments and national organisations; their waterways and roadways and railways; their inventions, discoveries, and scientific achievements; their marvels of electrical mechanism; their telephone and telegraph systems; their workshops with almost illimitable powers; their banks and systems of invisible finance,—all these foundations of prosperity in Europe are from no one country in particular, but the common products of many or all. The greatest treasure of Europe is, indeed, the common interest which binds its people together in bonds that are stronger than steel.

If that priceless asset did not move War Men to stay their hand, if it did not stay the hand of a militarism that cares for nothing but itself, the accumulated treasures of Europe, the things which travellers go to see, the visible tokens of a nation's heart and mind and soul, will appeal in vain. The coward who will drop a bomb on a town at peace, or scatter mines of death in the open sea, will not pause before the statue of Joan of Arc in front of Rheims Cathedral, and say, "That is too beautiful to break." He will break it if it stands in his way. And so we may think now, with fear and trembling, of the peril in which the treasures of Europe lie if War is not beaten.

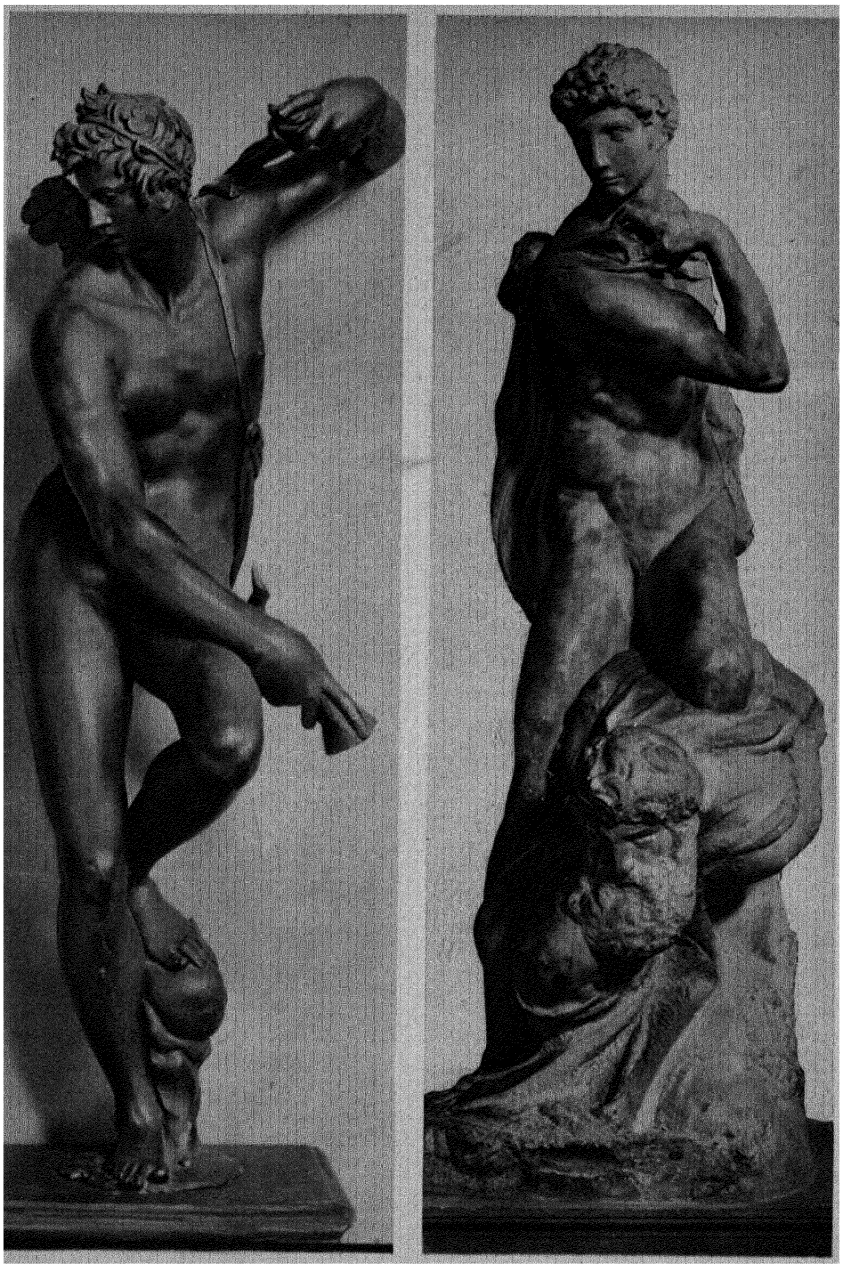
No power of words can bring into the mind the vision of the glory that men have put into Europe. There have always been some men striving to give Europe some beautiful thing. There have always been men and women who have spent their lives in dreaming of beautiful things and of impressing their vision in some way on the minds of all who shall come after them. Never for long has the chain been broken. Here and there in the darkest ages some man faithful to mankind was copying a precious manuscript in his monastic cell; some good mason was chiselling a rough piece of marble until there grew out of it the face of a child; some humble artist was painting a picture on a church wall; some builder was shaping a pinnacle for a cathedral spire; some worker in wood or iron was making a little casket that we look at with wonder even now.

We walk down a street in Florence and look up at a thing that Michael Angelo put there. We walk through a country lane in England and peep through a hedge into gardens planted by John Evelyn. We go through a door in Rome and see the work that Raphael did, as fresh as if he had left it yesterday. We steal quietly through the old-world streets of Pisa and climb the tower Galileo climbed when he wrote a new page in the Book of Knowledge. We meet Augustus addressing his soldiers, clad in his suit of mail as the artist must have seen him. We see Marcus Aurelius magnificent on his horse at the top of the Capitol Hill in Rome. We touch the beautiful sarcophagus of Alexander, in which the Conqueror of the World was laid when death had conquered him.

And all these things are within the menace of the Men of Hate, if they should be allowed to have their way



ONE OF THE CHIEF ARCHITECTURAL GLORIES OF THE WORLD—THE MARVELLOUS CATHEDRAL WHICH JOHN RUSKIN CALLED THE BIBLE OF AMIENS



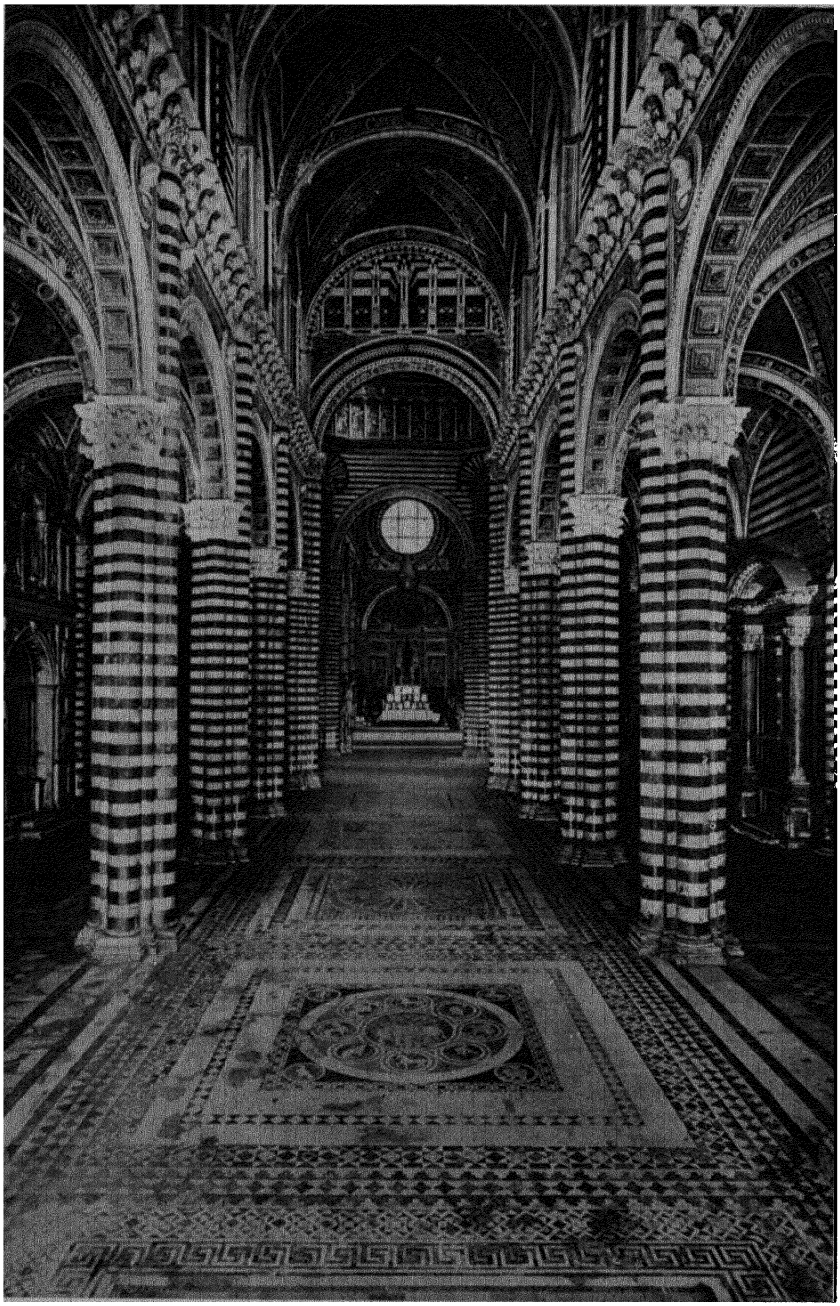
Zephyr—by Elia Candido

Victory—by Michael Angelo

TWO MASTERPIECES IN MARBLE FROM THE INCALCULABLE TREASURES OF FLORENCE



THE WONDERFUL PULPIT BY NICHOLAS PISANO THAT HAS STOOD IN THE BAPTISTERY AT PISA FOR OVER SIX HUNDRED YEARS



THE ASTONISHING INTERIOR OF THE BLACK AND WHITE CATHEDRAL OF SIENA

and keep alive the Beast of War. So low has militarism fallen, so near to barbarism has civilisation come, that in the Great War of Europe the Venus of Milo, one of the incomparable treasures of the world, a glorious figure of womanhood older even than Christianity itself, was enclosed in an armoured room lest a man should throw a bomb from the sky and break it. Twenty-one centuries have passed since one of the world's master artists chiselled this figure in ancient Greece, and the progress of the world has brought us to this—that a man can make a bomb and fly with it up to the sky, and not be too proud to drop it on the Venus of Milo.

It will not be merely the Venus of Milo that will go if a bomb should fall on the Louvre in Paris, for it would scatter ruin in a treasure-house that has no rival in the world. It would take us two hours to walk through this place without stopping, and no two hours in any lifetime could be more filled with wonder and beauty than two hours in the Louvre.

Even if it were empty, this palace of art would be famous for its own sake. Some of its foundations are as old as Magna Charta, part of it was built by a king who was taken prisoner four centuries ago, and the last gallery to be finished, much nearer our own time, is not unworthy of the rest of this stately home of art. This gallery alone has sixteen statues of great Frenchmen and sixty-three groups of allegorical statues. The gallery of Apollo, a magnificent apartment two hundred feet long, is one of the finest halls in the world, panelled with priceless tapestries; it has in it all that is left of the Crown Jewels of France. The treasure of the Louvre is beyond

all calculation. There is one glorious collection worth eight hundred thousand pounds, housed in a little room decorated at the cost of a fortune, and it was given to France by a great family that had its rise in Germany. Such is the goodwill of men to men if politicians and kings will leave them alone. There are three thousand ancient sculptures, twenty-five thousand pictures, and many thousands of drawings by great artists of all nations. There are some of the best Raphaels in Europe, and Titians in abundance. There are six rooms full of antiquities from Assyria and Phoenicia, five rooms full of sculpture of the Middle Ages rescued from ruined churches in the French Revolution, five rooms that speak to us of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, two halls with relics of the Egypt of the Pharaohs, and five apartments filled with the glorious statues that French sculptors are giving to the world in our own time.

And there are little things in tens of thousands that are worth stopping to see. It will be a pity if a shell should ever strike the figure of a boy and a goose which has come down to us through twenty centuries, or the precious silver plaque showing the holy women at the Sepulchre, made in repoussé work by some gentlewoman's hand at Saint Denis eight hundred years ago. It will be a pity, too, if the hand of War should fall on two little blue chapels in Europe. They are surely among the sweetest and rarest places on the Earth. One of them is Sainte-Chapelle, tucked away among the Paris Courts of Justice, where for at least six hundred years it has drawn within its doors those rare travellers to Paris who seek out its quiet places, for it was set up by the good Saint Louis. The other little

blue chapel is in Rome, and there lies Saint Cecilia, the wife of a Roman soldier in the days when Christianity was struggling to make its way in Europe. She converted her husband and her judges, but she was murdered herself, and she has lain here, in this lovely subterranean chamber, for a thousand years and more.

Stripped of all the legend and fable that has grown about it, how wonderful Rome is! Somebody has said that the singing of nuns sounds like angels in the Eternal City, and it is true that life seems half a dream as we walk among its treasures of the past. Here are wonderful things drawn slowly along the road to Rome from cities conquered before the world had heard of Bethlehem. It is recorded that in the year 167 B.C. between two and three hundred waggon-loads of statues and pictures were brought to Rome, the spoils of seventy cities of Greece. Here is a wonderful group in marble of a father and his sons writhing in the grip of a snake—perhaps the most human picture ever fashioned in cold marble—and it was raised before the Cross was raised on Calvary. Here is the Arch of Titus, with details as fresh and beautiful as in the days when they were carved, to celebrate his conquest of Jerusalem. Here is the column of Trajan, with thousands of figures running round it like a ribbon, and Trajan, they say, sleeping at the foot of it.

It is terrible to think that destruction may await such matchless things as these, that the wrath of man may destroy in a night what the love and labour of men have built up through many generations.

> A thousand years scarce serves to form a State,
> An hour may lay it in the dust.

How many lives of men, how much planning and

toiling and self-sacrifice, have gone to the setting up in the pleasant land of France of those sublime cathedral towers and fronts which never pass from the vision of the traveller who has seen them once? These mighty monuments, almost too wonderful for a busy age to understand, were built up piece by piece and carved out inch by inch; one touch and then another till a man's life was done and another man took his place; one stone upon another till the topmost height was crowned. So year by year, generation after generation, from century to century, men laid up treasure upon Earth. So rose Notre Dame, so rose the cathedral of Tours, so the fair face of France was adorned with cathedrals beyond compare, at Chartres and Amiens, Rouen and Beauvais.

We do right to worship Nature and to love the mountain peaks, but he is less than human who can look on these monuments of men and not be thrilled with pride; he is less than natural who, coming into the world for a few short years and finding these things here, can blot them out of the world as he passes through. They can never be replaced. The treasures left behind by sixty generations of men are stored in our museums or set up in our open streets—for men have set up priceless things for the wind and rain to beat upon, trusting that the world would care for them. They did not dream of flying men with bombs; they did not think that the future of which they dreamed would produce a race of men which would drop death and ruin from the clouds.

The streets of Paris, the streets of Rome, the streets of Brussels, the streets of London, the streets of every capital of Europe, have in them, planted often in ages past, a touch

of immortality; and in some tomorrow, should the League of Nations fail, it may lie broken in the dust, one with the ruins of Greece and Rome. It is to a soldier that the world owes the destruction of one of the noblest buildings ever set up in Europe—the Parthenon which crowned the Acropolis of Athens. Here came Socrates and Plato and Aristotle; here came Demosthenes; here, to this most perfect monument of ancient Art—begun four centuries before Christ, with a hundred columns, fifty life-size statues, and a frieze over five hundred feet long—came all the great Greeks whose names are written for ever in the history of human thought.

But neither the dignity of association with these great names, nor the love of the past, nor the quality of greatness in itself, is anything to the War Men, who must be fed with human lives and the finest products of the human mind. And so the Turkish Army stored its powder in the Parthenon and a German officer fired a bomb which broke in two the architectural pride of Athens and the crowning splendour of the most famous hill in the history of civilisation. It was in war that the library of Alexandria was burned to ashes, and by the madman's hand that lit the flame there perished from the world the greatest accumulation of knowledge that men had ever brought together at that time.

Not to us alone, not to our day, but to Time past and Time to come do the world's treasures belong. The hand and soul and brain of a man that have hewn a piece of marble from a rock, and by years of loving labour have made it into something like a spoken thought, a piece of the mind of a man, a vision of humanity enduring after its maker has gone—are the glory of our race.

A great man's portrait is a noble gift to posterity; it is something that we can stand and see Caesar as he was; it is something that we should see Savonarola as his friend saw him in his tiny cell; it is something that we should see Alexander, bareheaded, driving his chariot to battle, and know that he was just like that. Not far away from him, as we look down on the great mosaic rescued from Herculaneum, stands the finest marble horse of antiquity, its head carried off by a cannon-ball a hundred years ago. We have learned much since then—we have found power and learned to use it, and have changed the face of the Earth—but the newspaper has told us in our time of cannon-balls destroying life and treasure still, and who knows how long the hundred thousand wonders saved from Herculaneum and Pompeii, the thousand lovely cameos, the thousand ancient frescoes, the eighty thousand coins, the thirteen thousand small bronzes unique in the world, may be saved from the War Men of Civilised Europe and the bombs they drop in the dark?

Everywhere, in all the ages of the world, men have sought to leave behind for us something we could look at, something it would lift up our hearts to see. We think of Nicholas Poussin of Normandy, who could live nowhere but in Rome, who gave his life to bring before our eyes the great figures of history and Greek mythology. He would study broken statues and pore over ruins to get the secret of their beauty, and carry it on as a mother carries on the breath of life; and he would pick up a handful of earth, with fragments of lime and grains of porphyry and marble, and would hand it to a Roman friend, and bid him "Take this to your museum and say, This is ancient Rome."

So men have loved the past and saved it for us that we might love it too. They have built windows of transparent stone, like the stone of which Nero built a temple, which had no windows yet was light as day. They have made cathedral gates which compel all men to stop and gaze upon them as they pass, like the gates of Ghiberti of which Michael Angelo said that they were fit to be the gates of heaven. They have translated into marble the joy and praise of the Psalms of David, as in the marvellous singing gallery of Luca della Robbia. They have given us quiet cloisters in cities, where men can put off the stress and strain of the working day and walk as in another world. They have built up temples and filled them with solemn splendour; have laid out gardens fit for an angel's feet to walk in. We may sit for hours enthralled by the charm of some small thing; we may live for years in the cities men have made and never tire of their beauty. Only War cares nothing for these things; one old-world place, with its ancient charm, was defended during the War by roads covered with broken glass, and guarded by an entanglement of barbed wire, with a powerful electric current running through. The military men have brought us to that.

And yet it is true that if men be silent their own handiwork proclaims the glory of God. The very stones cry out in praise when man is dumb. Not even War, with its pitiless thunder, can silence the ceaseless voice that rises every hour from the spirits of those who have loved our Earth and left it a little more beautiful than they found it.

A century and more ago, when the French army was firing on Vienna, two men sat listening to the guns that thundered through the streets. In a cellar sat Beethoven, vainly

trying to shut out the sound of the guns from his ears, lest they should ruin his hearing and make him deaf to music; in another room Haydn struggled up in his bed, and with his dying fingers played the Austrian National Anthem to try to drown the noise of the enemy's fire. It is a terrible picture, the picture of these two men, whose music will live for ever, menaced by the cruel curse of war. That is the way of War, the destroyer of mankind, the cherisher of hate, the consumer of the breath of life.

For us it is to see that this Europe, with its treasure all untold, shall have another treasure yet. When the last sword has rusted in its sheath, and the last militarist and the last dropper of bombs have perished amid the loathing of mankind, the music of the world will sound again, and it will sound the coming of the Day of Days, when men shall throw down War for ever, and lay up for themselves the illimitable treasure of Peace.