

GOOD COMPANY :

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF SELECT READING

ON

VARIOUS TOPICS, ANCIENT AND MODERN

(HISTORICAL, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND PERSONAL),

AS CONTEMPLATED FROM

A Bible Point of View.

CONDUCTED BY

ROBERT ROBERTS, OF BIRMINGHAM.

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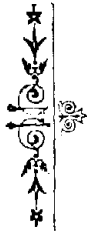
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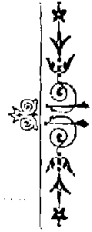
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No. 1.

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Vol. II.

REMARKABLE EPISODES IN HISTORY.—No. 12.

OUTRAGE BY AUTHORITY.

FRANCE has been the scene of many an extravagance of oppression and bloodshed. Perhaps none exceeds in cruelty and rapacity the shocking destruction of the Order of the Knights Templars by the united authority of Philip IV., King of France, and Pope Clement V., a Frenchman, who was entirely in the interest of Philip and lived in France (at Poitiers).

This Order of Knights was both religious and military. It originated in the time of the Crusaders, and extended to all countries. It was composed of what might be called the surplus members of aristocratic families who gave themselves up to the profession of arms in defence of the Church against the Saracenic Turks. That they might be maintained, lands were placed at their disposal by the dying gifts of pious people and otherwise. To give money or property for such a purpose was considered one of the highest acts of religious service; and the Order grew wealthy in all lands, and acquired great credit and authority with the people. They contributed leaders to the Crusading bands, and distinguished themselves generally in

acts of service and bravery. But as time went on they grew weary of fruitless expeditions into Asia, and as the Crusading fervour died down, they gave themselves up to ease and enjoyment, addicting themselves to hunting, gallantry, and the pleasures of the table.

The King of France, being straitened in his finances, turned his covetous eyes on the great wealth of the Knights Templars, and regarding them as a useless body, resolved on the destruction of their entire body. But, of course, he required a pretext, and was not long in finding one in the accusation brought against them by two of their own Order, whom they had imprisoned for their vices. These two excommunicated members accused the whole body of the Knights Templars of systematic murder and robbery, and of vices contrary to nature; and further alleged that everyone joining the Order had to renounce Christ, spit upon the cross, and worship a certain gilded head, and to go through infamous rites.

On the unsupported accusation of two bad men, Philip ordered all the Templars in France to be committed to prison in one day. Over a hundred of them were put to the rack to extort a confession of their guilt. Some, in the violence of their agonies, confessed anything; forged confessions were manufactured and imputed to the more influential of the body; the

majority would not allow the truth of the accusations, and died in the hands of their tormentors. When the tortures were over, those who confessed disavowed their confessions; the forged confessions of the others were repudiated and exposed; and the survivors appealed to the public in defence of their innocence of the things laid to their charge, and of their usefulness to the cause of innocence and religion.

These things made a deep impression on the minds of the people, and Philip, who had ordered the confiscation of all the treasures of the Templars, proceeded to new enormities to shake their constancy. He ordered fifty-four leading knights to be burnt in Paris, and great numbers perished in the same way throughout the kingdom. Finding them still obdurate, he ordered their Grand Master, a man of high rank, and another great officer who was brother to a king, to be conducted to a scaffold erected in the front of the church of Notre Dame, and to be offered a full pardon on the one hand, or the flames on the other, according as they should admit the guilt of the Order or otherwise. Both noblemen refused the pardon with scorn, and hurried into the flames.

In all this barbarous injustice, the Pope fully concurred, and went a step beyond it in convening a Council to condemn and abolish the Order without examining a single witness or making the least enquiry into the facts of the case. The Council agreed to the wishes of the Pope, and promulgated a decree, abolishing the Order of the Knights Templars not only in France but throughout the whole of Europe. This was in A.D. 1312, when the power of the Papacy was at its greatest height. All over Europe, the Knights were thrown into prison, and their affairs examined with the utmost scrutiny, but not the least trace of proof could be discovered of the odious charges made against them.

Some countries even sent testimony in their favour. Nothing, however, could annul the decree of the Pope, supported by a Council. So the Order remained abolished, and their lands in France, Italy, England, and Germany were handed over to others. Shortly after this act of cruelty and rapacity, Philip was overwhelmed in domestic misfortunes, and sank into a languishing consumption, which carried him off in the thirtieth year of his reign.

TRouble & DARKNESS IN FRANCE.

The most wonderful Phase of Modern History.
—No. 13.

THE SUBJECTS OF PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. France oppressed for centuries (p. 2, vol. i); 2. States-General demanded and summoned (p. 43); 3. The election amid public excitement (p. 82); 4. Meeting of the States-General (p. 123); 5. Food scarcity and public riot; the soldiers mutinous (p. 163); 6. Attack on the Bastille Prison (p. 202); 7. Flight of the aristocracy: assassination of officials (p. 242); 8. Pillage of the country and burning of castles (p. 283); 9. The women march to Versailles (p. 323); 10. They invade the assembly sitting there (p. 362); 11. The palace forced by the mob (p. 403); 12. The King compelled to remove to Paris (p. 442).

IN addition to the work of repressing hungry crowds by musket shot, the Assembly finds trouble on its hands in many other directions. It hears of the formation of a royalist camp at Jales, amid the rocks of a remote region of France, whence it fears a descent on behalf of the King that will imperil many respectable heads. It hears of various royalist plots under its very nose. Worse, it hears of jealousy, division and heat among its friends in the south—Marseilles against Toulon, Carpentras beleaguered by

Avignon. It hears of endless local revolts, brigand expeditions in the country, chateaus on fire, general dissolution threatening in some quarters—the shipping interest, the landed interest reduced to distress; industry everywhere manacled and bewildered; mutiny and rebellion the only thing thriving by land and sea.

The very intensity of the general affliction fills the supporters of the King with hope—hope never to be realised. They cannot but think the country will wake and see it is going in the wrong direction. They think it inevitable that people of all classes will begin to look back with longing upon the old stability and comparative plenty, and recall the banished aristocracy whose castles they are now burning. With this view, they wish the revolution well. “The hotter the war, the sooner peace.” Goad every man against his brother. Let violence and fire hold high revel. Let pandemonium rage. Let confusion, famine, desolation bring the country to its senses. Such are the wild hopes of the friends of order. “Evil be thou our good;” this virtually became their prayer. “The fiercer the effervescence, the sooner it will pass; for after all, it is but some mad effervescence. The world is solid and cannot be dissolved.” So they reasoned. Any industry they had took the shape of plots and backstairs conclaves. They concurred in the legislative enactments of the Assembly, but considered these as mere temporary whims, which must pass away.

Meanwhile, unrestful spirits of all sorts are flocking to the storm-centre at Paris; not from over France merely, but from all sides of Europe—like vultures to a feast of carnage. They come without purpose, yet with destiny, to help on the affliction. Whoever was hot of head, or ungoverned of mind; whoever wanted to be known or was already too well known; whoever had necessity or loquacity with the neces-

sary energy and unscrupulosity—saw their great opportunity in the fearful social chasm opened by the great French earthquake, and hurried to the scene of violence with hopes and thoughts unutterable. “Nay,” says Carlyle, “how many come as vacant strollers, aimless, of whom Europe is full, merely towards *something*; for benighted fowls rush towards any light when you beat their bushes. . . . So many new persons and new things have come to occupy this France. Her old speech and thought, and the activity which springs from these, are all changing and fermenting towards unknown issues. To the dullest peasant, as he sits sluggish overtoiled by his evening hearth, one idea has come: that of gentry houses burnt—gentry houses combustible. How altered all coffee houses, in city or country. . . . There do well-frizzed logicians hold hubbub, and chaos unique sits. The ever-enduring melody of Paris saloons has got a new ground tone. How many Voltairian Morrellets, Marmontels who had sat all their life hatching philosophe eggs, cackle now in a state bordering on distraction at the brood they have brought forth. It was so delightful to have their philosophe theorem demonstrated and crowned in the applauding saloons in peaceful days; but now an infatuated people will not continue speculative, but must have *practice*.”

“Thus over France, all stirs that has what the physiologists call irritability in it, and how much more all wherein irritability has perfected itself into vitality, into actual vision, and force that has got volition in it. All stirs: and if not in Paris, flocks to it. Greater and greater waxes President Danton among his shoemakers. His addresses grow hotter, his rhetoric full of more gigantic tropes. Energy flashes from his black brows, and threatens in his athletic figure as he harangues excited listeners on “the rights of man”—his voice reverberating from the domes.

Mirabeau has attained a dominating position in the Assembly. At first against the king, he begins to slacken in his anti-royalist zeal. He begins to see whither the universal revolt against authority is tending. He is suspected of having been bribed. He has been heard to remark in answer to the denunciation of a one-man tyranny, that "600 irresponsible senators would make of all tyrannies the most insupportable." He has expressed the opinion that the king's ministers should be members of the Assembly. He has declared himself in favour of the right to declare war belonging to the king, and not to the Assembly. For these and other things he is suspected, and villified, but holds on his way with iron will, and might have altered the course of events had he lived—but who can withstand the will of God? We are informed that during one speech to the assembly, every word was interrupted by abusive epithets,—“calumniator,” “liar,” “assassin,” “scoundrel.” Mirabeau paused for a moment and said in honeyed tone, “I wait, gentlemen, till these amenities are exhausted”—“a questionable, most blameable man, but not purchaseable. Enigmatic but not venal: supplied with liberal funds from somewhere—for he lives like a prince in the midst of the general want, yet not sold to anywhere—paid but not sold, unlike another man who said he was sold but not paid—a man, this Mirabeau, travelling comet-like, travelling his wild way in splendour and nebulosity, but whom telescopic patriotism will long watch without making out for want of higher mathematics. He is by far the most noticeable figure in the wide walks of the revolution. In the midst of a blinkard, bespectacled, logic-chopping generation, this man has an eye that sees into the heart of things through all the wrappages of pedantry. Welcome is his word, where he speaks and works—alike to the king

and to the king's enemies:—growing ever more welcome, for it alone goes to the heart of the business. Logical cobwebbery shrinks itself together before his piercing common sense.”

Unhappily the Assembly in which he works, with much to do, was short of many requisites—short of the chief of all requisites for such work—short of cash. The finances are chronically troublesome. There is no choking of the deficiency. The treasury gapes ever with the leeches cry, “give, give.” The Assembly tries the experiment of selling the lands of the clergy, and all their superfluous buildings. The difficulty was to find buyers—for ready money had fled the country. Money failing from this source, the Assembly resolve on the issue of paper money, on security of this same clerical national property. This is the first of a long series of financial operations of a kind the world had never before seen—operations of the wildest character—hopeless from all economic points of view, and yet which worked wonders—yea, which revolutionised Europe—which broke up the old Papal regime, and in the end, substituted a modified regime which has gradually sunk into senility and power lessened and is on the point of vanishing away. So now, there was no lack of money for a time; but there was a day of reckoning and a topsy-turvy in which many things perished.

The Assembly came to the conclusion that the one thing needful to French regeneration was to finish the new constitution and get it into working order. So they applied themselves with great diligence to the work. They not only appropriated the property of the church and turned the clergy into salaried servants of the State instead of endowed agents of the Pope, but they altered the geography of France. They changed the few provinces into 83 departments with new names, so

that no mortal knew his latitude for a good while to come. They abolished the twelve provincial Parlements, and appointed 83 departmental courts, with National appeal court. When they got so far, paralysis seemed to settle on the king's ministers, who felt everything slipping out of their hands. Necker himself ("the people's minister") who had been recalled by the king as we have seen, to propitiate public opinion, is dropping into nullity. The people had fastened a brass plate over his door latch, showing the words "the adored minister," but the populace is fickle, and he dwindled into neglect while the 600 representatives toiled away at the constitution.

Let 3

LITERARY STYLES AND AFFECTATIONS.

AN original and striking writer or speaker is sure to be copied. In this, there would be no drawback but the reverse if only the good points were imitated, but usually it is some trick of speech, some oddity, or some eccentricity, that catches the imitator's fancy—with a result the reverse of happy, as regards readers or hearers; for while an occasional eccentricity in an original writer may be pleasing and even impressive, the effect is very different when that same eccentricity is habitually affected by mediocrity. It then becomes burlesque and even hateful, as when a monkey imitates a man.

Though imitation is somewhat the effect of prominence in the development of the organ of imitation, it is more commonly the effect of intellectual barrenness and the tendency to self-contemplation, known as "sensitiveness." A mind so circum-

stanced admires this or that peculiarity in a writer or speaker, and having no peculiarity of its own worth mentioning, and desiring above all things to be itself appreciated, it slavishly imitates that which it admires, and imitating it to excess, the result is more or less hateful—producing the very reverse effect from what the imitator intends.

It is safe advice in this matter to say "Beware of imitation." Nothing is more of an unhappy failure than the affectation of peculiarities which depend for their grace upon inherent impulse; and nothing is more odious and contemptible in the eyes both of the imitated and the beholders than the parody of another. It is better to be natural with a small stock of feebly original ideas than to imitate styles and manners which require innate mental vigour to sustain them. The true cure for affectation lies in the cultivation of earnest thought, and the pursuit and contemplation of knowledge for its own sake. Lay *ego* down; do not aim to be anything; but open your eyes to all knowledge; and aim, in mercy and truth, to be a blessing to others. Modesty and knowledge will give grace and naturalness to all manners; and banish all affectation, which at root springs from the desire to be worshipped.

Disraeli tells that when Sallust was the fashionable writer at Rome, "short sentences, uncommon words, and an obscure brevity," became the rage, with ludicrous results. One, Arruntius, wrote a history of the Punic wars in laboured imitation of Sallust, with frequent use of expressions which are rare in Sallust, and which, used with rarity and appropriateness were graces in Sallust, but used with frequency and inappropriateness, were absurdities in Arruntius. There is no spicier species of comic writing than the imitation of a writer's peculiarities to excess. So with gesture. This is in fact the essence of caricature. Imitation

tators often, in honest English, make fools of themselves when they think they are making a great impression.

In our own country, a century or two back, Churchill wrote a rough and slovenly versification, full of coarse invective, and careless mediocrity: but it was original and had a charm of its own. It bred a swarm of imitators, whose productions were a disgrace to literature. Sterne had a countless multitude. Tom Jones was the father of a prolific family of bastards. To such literary echoes, the reply of Philip of Macedon to one who prided himself on imitating the nightingale, is applicable, "I prefer the nightingale herself!"

An amusing anecdote, illustrative of the expansive tendency of literary egotism, is told of one of Mahomet's amanuenses. When writing what "the prophet" dictated, he exclaimed, "Blessed be God, the best Creator." Mahomet approved the expression, and desired the amanuensis to write the words down as part of the inspired message. The amanuensis then began to think himself as great a prophet as his master, and took upon himself to imitate the Koran according to his fancy. When Mahomet discovered this, he made the culprit, under pain of death, forswear all ambitions in that direction. Unhappily, the egotistical imitators of the present era have no one to bring them to book in this way.

It is one of the evils of this tendency to imitation, that a bad style becomes perpetuated if it happen to get into vogue as the fashionable standard. For several centuries Cicero was painfully imitated, until Montaigne, a French writer, destroyed the illusion by his bold criticism of Cicero. "Boldly to confess the truth," says he, "his way of writing, and that of all long-winded authors, appears to me very tedious. His preface, definitions, divisions, and etymologies take up the greatest part

of his work. Whatever there is of life and marrow is smothered and lost in the preparation. When I have spent an hour in reading him (which is a great deal for me), and recollect what I have thence extracted of juice and substance, for the most part I find nothing but wind, for he has not yet come to the arguments to serve to his purpose. . . . For me who only desire to become more wise, not more learned or eloquent, these logical or Aristotelian disquisitions of facts are of no use. I look for good and solid reasons at the first dash. I am for discourses that give the first charge into the heart of doubt. His (discourses) languish about the subject and delay our expectation . . . proper for the pulpit, where we have leisure to nod, and may awake quarter of an hour after, time enough again to find the thread."

THE CONNUBIAL ELEMENT IN LOVE.

Is Phrenology True?—No. 13.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The brain the seat of the mind (p. 6, vol. i); 2. The mind a cluster of separate powers (p. 49); 3. The powers in harmonious groups (p. 86); 4. The relation of power to size (p. 127); 5. Development subject to control (p. 167); 6. Action of the body on the brain (p. 207); 7. Influence of constitutional fibre (p. 247); 8. Phrenological bearing of the vital functions (p. 287); 9. Temperamental development (p. 329); 10. The brain itself, and its subdivisions in man and beast (p. 367); 11. Surgical difficulties considered (p. 407); 12. The organs—amativeness (p. 446).

NEXT to amativeness comes conjugality—next to it in the place it occupies in the brain, and next to it in the shade of mental colour. It was a long time before its existence was discovered. Its discovery completed the in-

terpretation of love phenomena. Prior to its discovery, some of them were unaccounted for.

It was noticed that amativeness did not explain every manifestation. Some persons of small amativeness showed great steadiness of mate-attachment without much love strength, while some having a powerful sexual susceptibility would be fickle in their attachments, and show fondness for change of object, and aversion to be tied. Then it was observed that the creatures differed in the matter. Some birds and animals would choose a mate and remain faithful for life, as the lion and the eagle, while others, as the sheep and horse, would show no selectiveness, but associate promiscuously, like the dog. And it was further observed that those which, like the former, pair for life, are just as constant in affection all the year round as they are during the breeding season, showing that in these cases there was another bond of union besides amativeness.

The reasonable conclusion was that there was another organ whose function was to fix affection on one object. With this clue, investigation went to work, with the result of finding that the upper side of the brain-fulness recognised as amativeness differed in different persons very much—in some falling sheer away and in others continuing with unbroken fulness into the adjacent organs of philoprogenitiveness and combativeness. Prolonged observation in a sufficient number of cases left no doubt that the seat of connubial feeling, as distinct from mere sex feeling, had been found. It was named conjugality or connubiality. Time has only strengthened the conclusion arrived at in the first case. That such a faculty should be adjacent to amativeness was according to the analogy of the general grouping of the organs, in which they are locally arranged according to their affinities and

resemblances, like the colours of the spectrum gradually shading off into each other.

The discovery was a powerful aid to the argument for the marriage institution as against the doctrine of free love which has found many arguments in our age—especially on the other side of the Atlantic. The doctrine of free-love is thus shown to be against nature—even if this were not already manifest in the disastrous history of all experiments in that direction. It is a dangerous doctrine; without extravagance, a writer may go further and say it is detestable and deadly. It commends itself to human passion, but is calculated to undermine and destroy human well being more than anything under the sun. There is nothing but degradation and destruction in it. The discovery of connubiality is an argument against both libertinism and polygamy. The higher powers of the human system—powers of intellect, devotion, and hope—cannot be developed except with the strictest iron fence of divine law around the faculties of sex-relation. Wrong doctrines here are the very devil and Satan.

On its positive side, the discovery points to marriage as a divine institution, and like all divine institutions, it yields the most blessedness where it is most perfectly carried out. A well-mated, faithful, and mutually respectful and loving husband and wife is the most beautiful sight under the sun in the present sin-stricken order of things; and there is no deeper, or truer, or purer cause of human happiness. That the spectacle is rarely to be seen is due to the scarcity of the several conditions needful on both sides. Its rarity cannot be permitted to conceal it as the true ideal any more than the absence of true music in barbarous countries can be allowed discredit to the performances of our orchestral societies. The ideal will one day become the real. Its elements

exist in a scattered and chaotic way at present. By a master hand they will be gathered and fitly organised at the right season. Its highest manifestation will be seen in the perfect and everlasting mating of Christ and his multitudinous Bride.

When connubiality is large, if the other powers be but moderately developed, it will require some restraint, since it will otherwise tend to narrowness and selfishness of life, and in the event of the deprivation of its object by death, there would be a liability to grief amounting to despair. The way to counteract its action is to get away sometimes from the object of affection; apply the mind to other exercises; adopt a course of interesting reading; seek other society occasionally; and try to realise that other people have excellencies. Give the mind a wide and varied action without reducing the legitimate amount of attention to which your mate is entitled.

When connubiality is small, there will be more tendency to go abroad and more necessity for keeping at home. The man or woman of small connubiality should cultivate the faculty, and this is only to be done by staying a good deal with the object of choice, centering all domestic plans, interests, and hopes there; resisting new loves; and when absent, cherishing every memorial and reminiscence of the qualities that charmed in the first case. Under stimulus, small connubiality will grow and promote the happiness of both sides of the house. If the ardour of a large endowment cannot be realised, there will at least be some advance to conditions of home happiness, where, without cultivation, there would be no chance at all. Without connubiality, home is liable to be a mere lodging house, with none of the delicious cordiality of domestic felicity. Much is out of order at present, but we can improve matters a good deal by enlightened attention.

Persons in whom connubiality is very large should be very careful in the bestowal of their affections. Be sure your love will be fully and constantly reciprocated, for any failure in this respect will be a source of misery. A man or woman with very large connubiality will, of necessity, concentrate their whole love on one of the opposite sex, who will seem all that is good and loving in their eyes, and whose faults they will overlook or conceal with wonderful facility. But they will exact a similarly exclusive reciprocal attachment; and any failure in this respect will seriously mar the marriage relation. Connubiality should either be large on both sides or small on both sides. In the latter case, they can give and take without harm. In the former, there will be a continual feast *a la* Song of Solomon.

PERSECUTION IN THE THIRD CENTURY.

Christianity since the Ascension of Christ.—No. 13.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Fate of the apostles and their fellow labourers (p. 8, vol. i.); Persecution in Domitian's reign (Clement) (p. 51); 3. Heresy at the end of the first century (p. 87); BEGINNING OF THE SECOND CENTURY—Pliny's letter (p. 129); 5. Persecutions by Antoninus (Ignatius) (p. 169); 6. Adrian's reign (Jews forbidden the Holy Land) (p. 209); 7. Persecution in the reign of Marcus Aurelius (Justin Martyr and Polycarp) (p. 248); 8. The persecution continued—Letter of Irenæus (p. 289); 9. Spiritual declension through Alexandrian philosophy (p. 331); 10. CLOSE OF THE SECOND CENTURY (p. 370); 11. Tertullian at Carthage (p. 410); 12. Christianity at Alexandria (Beginning of the third century) (p. 448).

THE persecution that broke out against the Christians during the emperorship of Severus in the youthful days

of Origen, extended to all parts of the empire, and involved the most worthy of mankind. At Alexandria, where Origen lived, six of the leading Christians were one after the other arrested, accused, tormented and beheaded. The horrors of fire were employed in some cases. A beautiful young woman, remarkable for intelligence, purity of mind and firmness of character, was singled out for special brutality in this way. She was scourged in open court, and threatened with ravishers, to shake her constancy; but she could not be moved, and was at last ordered to execution by fire. Before being committed to the flames, scalding pitch was poured over her whole body. This would probably reduce her sufferings, though intended to have the contrary effect. Her mother joined her in her death. Her name was Potamiona. The soldier who had the execution in charge, was so touched with her sufferings and her demeanour that he also became a Christian, and was afterwards led to the stake himself.

At Carthage, there was a similar case. A young married lady of great beauty, named Vivia Perpetua, who had been well brought up as a Pagan but had embraced Christianity, was arrested along with a number of others. Her father entreated her in vain to abjure. She and her fellow prisoners were put for some days into a dark prison, which was very distressing to one brought up delicately. Some time afterwards, her father, with whom she was the favourite of his whole family, came to the prison overwhelmed with grief, and implored her to have pity on his grey hairs. He kissed her hands, threw himself at her feet, calling her no longer his daughter but his mistress—the mistress of his fate; for should she persist in her obstinacy, her fate would destroy him and his whole family. Perpetua was torn with filial affec-

tion, but declared it impossible she could change. Next day, the prisoners were brought into court, and examined by the procurator in the presence of large crowds. The disconsolate father was again present, and again implored his daughter to relent, but to no purpose. She was condemned to be exposed to the beasts, and the others with her. Taken back to prison, they were for some days treated very roughly and pinched of food; but an adroit appeal on the part of Perpetua procured a change. "Will it not be for your honour," she said to the tribune, "that we should appear well fed when we are brought out to meet the beasts before the people?" From that moment, they were well treated. On the day before death, they were supplied with their last meal, and turned it into a public love-feast, which they were enabled to do with the connivance of the prison-keeper, who had himself become a Christian. Their friends came to see them. The people crowded in to see them. Noticing the curiosity of the people, they smiled and asked them to take good notice of their faces, which they would have to see again on the Day of Judgment. They then earnestly exhorted them to become Christians that they might flee from the wrath to come. Next day, they were again taken before the procurator. The people were surprised to find them undejected, and rather wearing an expression of buoyant anticipation. They were again called upon to abjure Christ. They joyfully refused, and implored all in court to save themselves by embracing him. The procurator said he had no alternative but to order the execution of the law. They replied, "Thou judgest us, but God will judge thee." At this the mob became enraged and demanded that the prisoners should be scourged before being led out to the beasts. The procurator complied, and loud blows were heard on bare backs

before the scene was transferred to the arena. The prisoners were then stripped and led towards the arena. Perpetua and her companion, Felicitas, were put forward first. Brutal as was the crowd of spectators, they were shocked at the spectacle of two delicate women—one an accomplished beauty and the other with evident marks of recent illness. The expressions were such that the assisting executioner drew them back and covered them with loose garments. An opportunity was thus afforded for communicating with a brother of Perpetua and another fellow-believer. She implored them to be firm in the faith, and neither to be frightened nor offended at the suffering she was undergoing. After a while, there was a demand from the crowd that the whole batch of prisoners should be brought into the midst of the amphitheatre that they might see them die. The demand was complied with. The prisoners kissed each other and went forward. The violence of the beasts soon put an end to their sufferings.

In France, there were many scenes of the same kind. Lyons flowed with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus, among whom Irenæus was included. Vivarius and Androlus, who had been sent to France by Polycarp, were also among the victims; and Zoticus (in Pamphylia), who had distinguished himself in writing against heretics.

Some churches and individual Christians purchased peace by paying money, not only to the magistrates, but to the spies and informers sent to found an accusation against them. They considered it better to lose their goods than their lives. It is a question whether this procedure would be consistent with the rectitude required of the sons of God. When there is the option of a fine, a man may certainly choose the lesser evil; but to give money to men to be silent, whose official duty it

is to report your proceedings, is to be guilty of bribery, is it not?

In A.D. 211, Severus died, and the persecution ceased. The church found a long period of repose, commenced under Caracalla, who was a private monster of wickedness.

THE GREAT UNIVERSE AND SMALL MAN.

Is there a God?—No. 13

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The reproductive faculty indicative of purpose (p. 14, vol. i.); 2. Every faculty proves the existence of its object, therefore God (p. 56); 3. The origin of the universe (p. 91); 4. The appearance of man upon the scene (p. 133); 5. The inconsistencies of the evolutionist view (p. 174); 6. The existence of sex a proof of God (p. 214); 7. Mechanism of the human frame (p. 251); 8. The construction of the eye (p. 292); 9. The seed of plant and animal (p. 333); 10. Human intelligence itself a proof of God (p. 371); 11. The self-action of the universe (p. 411); 12. The fool's opinion (p. 451).

WHAT have you to say to the argument of last month, that the wisdom-marked and power-showing universe must have a cause in which power and wisdom are rooted?

I must seem dull, but I cannot jump with you so quickly. It is easy to talk of the universe. I find it difficult to grasp the greatness of the subject. The more I think of it, the more I am lost.

But the thing is there to be noticed and thought about.

Yes, the universe is there; but I find the thinking hard. It is so great—so inconceivably stupendous—I am staggered, paralysed, crushed.

The sensation is natural to small mentalities like ours, but our inability to grasp the greatness can make no difference

to the conclusion arising from a contemplation of it.

I do not quite follow you there.

My argument is not affected by the size of the thing. If the universe were small, the argument would be the same. Evidence of wisdom and power would show the existence of wisdom and power whether the thing showing it were large or small. If the thing is large, the argument is all the stronger.

I suppose it must be so : but I feel a sort of intellectual paralysis in the presence of the measureless immensity spread out before us in the heavens.

The paralysis will be respected by every one entering into the greatness of the subject. At the same time, it is a feeling to be resisted. It is due to the weakness and smallness of man, and also in some degree perhaps to an unconfessed latent egoism, which sets itself up as the standard by which things are to be measured and determined. We must get rid of it, otherwise we shall become petrified and reduced to a state of almost intellectual idiocy. The universe is there whether we peer into it or leave it alone in our frightened impotence. The power and wisdom which it displays are glorious facts whether we joyfully recognise them or lie down in in mental stupefaction like the blinking brute. The inference they yield is an inherent indication in the nature of things, whether we discern it or give way to our indisposition to follow it. It is evident we have to choose between following reason or lying down in intellectual sloth. I advise you to shake yourself together, rub your eyes, get rid of this fog, and follow the glorious Light.

Your advice is good. I hope I am not disposed to intellectual sloth. My difficulty is rather to reconcile the various indications of reason. Some seem to point one way and some another.

Vigorously seize and combine them.

They must be in harmony. There cannot be such a thing as actual contradiction in the constitution of the universe. If there appears to be so in any case, the appearance must be due to incorrect sight in us — not to things themselves.

Very likely very true, but we feel the difficulty all the same.

Come to the point : What difficulty in conceding the pre-existence of power and wisdom capable of producing the works of power and wisdom which we see in the universe ?

There must, of course, have existed the power of production before the production took place.

Very well ; put your foot down there ; there you have solid ground to stand on as a base for the next move.

What would you call the next move ?

The recognition of God.

Ah, that is easy to say.

What difficulty in the doing ?

Well, my understanding is at fault. I do not know what I am admitting in admitting the pre-existence of power of production. I do not understand what this is.

You need not try. You cannot understand it : but you must recognise the fact, even if you cannot understand it.

I have a difficulty in admitting a fact which I do not understand.

Nay, my friend ; not if its truth as a fact is undoubted. You admit many facts you do not understand.

I think not.

What have you to say to your own power of thought, and your power to will and to act out your will : do you understand it ? Do you know what thought is, and how it is formed in the brain ? Do you know what life is, whether in plant or animal ? Do you know what gravitation is, that draws globe to globe in boundless space ? Do you know what electricity is that flashes your signals

across the ocean in a moment or gives a dazzling light in the dark? My friend, there are a thousand things that you know as facts, that you cannot understand in the nature of them, and yet whose truth as facts, you never for a moment allow this lack of understanding to interfere with. Is it not so?

I must allow there is force in what you say.

Why should you allow your inability to understand to interfere with the frank and cordial recognition of the most glorious of all facts—that the universe which we behold, in which we live, of which we form a part, is the product of eternal power and wisdom in which it subsists from moment to moment.

I don't know that I can answer you. I suppose it is a little want of intellectual perspicacity on my part. The wheels of my intellectual machinery seem a little clogged. I would like to understand God.

My friend, you cannot; and you will never have peace or settled faith until you recognise that you cannot. It is enough that you believe that He is. This you are compelled to do. You cannot logically escape it. The scientific minds of the age do not escape it. They accept the conclusion in other terms. They admit "the Unknowable" and speak of "force" and recognise reason as the guide of its evolutions. They do not profess to understand the Unknowable. The very term is a confession of their inability to understand. Yet they do not reject because they cannot understand. They simply say there is truth beyond them. They acknowledge it is there though admitting incapacity to know what it is. Why should your inability to understand God be the least reason for not accepting Him, since your reason perceives He must be?

As I have said, it is probably the result

of dulness. Yet I can see a point when it is established. I admit the general cogency of your argument; but there are still some difficulties—not exactly obstacles—which I may submit next time we meet.

THE DISASTERS OF XERXES IN GREECE.

The Persian Empire under the Successors of Cyrus.—No. 6.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Babylon (p. 16, vol. 1); 2. Cyrus (p. 58); 3. Rise of Cyrus as a great general (p. 92); 4. Campaigns of Cyrus (p. 135); 5. The capture of Babylon (p. 175); 6. Cyrus as a conqueror (p. 216); 7. Cyrus and Daniel: reign and death of Cyrus (p. 253); 8. Cambysses, son of Cyrus (p. 294); 9. Darius, successor of Cyrus (p. 335); 10. Beginning of the war with Greece (p. 374); 11. The expedition of Xerxes (p. 413); 12. Failure of the expedition (p. 452).

THE disasters of Xerxes did not end with his escape into Asia. The Greek cities in Asia Minor and also in the Ionian Islands, which were subject to Persia, were emboldened by the Greek successes against the Persians, to attempt to rid themselves of the Persian yoke. They invited the Greek fleet to their aid. The Greek fleet was not slow to respond. When the fleet arrived at Delos, the commanders were informed that the remains of the Persian fleet were at Samos, and that it would be an easy thing to complete its destruction. They accordingly set sail for Samos, but on arriving there, they found that the Persian ships, having got word of their approach, had taken refuge in a promontory of the continent of Asia, called Mycale, where there was a Persian army. Sailing for Mycale the Greeks found the Persians had pulled all their ships ashore and surrounded them with a strong ram-

part which the Persian soldiers defended. The Greeks, undeterred by the difficulties of the enterprise, landed at Mycale, attacked and defeated the Persians army of 100,000 men, forced the rampart that surrounded the ships and set fire to them all.

Xerxes was halting at Sardis when he received the news of this second disaster. He resolved to quit Sardis at once, but before doing so, he issued orders to burn and demolish all the temples belonging to the Greek cities that were in Asia—orders which were thoroughly carried except in the case of the temple of Diana of the Ephesians. Xerxes then set out in haste for Persia. On the way thither he passed through Babylon, in which, also, he destroyed all the temples, thus helping forward the process of ruin that Darius had commenced.

His motives in doing so are a little obscure. It is said it was due to the influence over him of the Persian sect of the Magi, who are professed enemies of temples and images, and whose official head, one Ostanes, accompanied the King in his expedition. But Rollin's suggestion is much more likely to be correct. He points out that, in every case, before destroying a temple, Xerxes rifled it of its treasures, which in some cases were of great amount, through the accumulations of superstitious princes and people for ages. He thinks it probable that the leading idea of Xerxes was to recoup himself somewhat, after the prodigious losses which the Greek expedition had brought upon him. The objections of the Magi to the temple and images would give him a convenient pretext for a measure so favourable to his finances.

After destroying the Persian fleet and army on the Promontory of Mycale, the Greeks sailed for the Hellespont, hoping to possess themselves of the bridges which

Xerxes had caused to be built over the stream, connecting Europe and Asia: but, finding them broken down by tempestuous weather, they set sail for Greece, and met with a great reception from their countrymen. From that time, Persia desisted from her attempts against Greece: and Greece began to direct her efforts towards the liberation of all Greek colonies from the power of Persia, everywhere. A fleet was specially fitted out for this purpose, under the command of Pausanias, on behalf of Sparta; and of Aristides and Cimon, on behalf of Athens. Their first visit was to Cyprus, where they restored all the cities to their liberty. They next steered towards the Hellespont, and captured the city of Byzantium (on whose site Constantinople was afterwards built).

Byzantium at this time contained some of the most considerable families of Persia, who, falling into the hands of the Greeks as prisoners, caused one of the Greek leaders (Pausanias) to entertain the idea of gaining promotion among the Persians at the expense of his country. He liberated the Persian noblemen, and sent a letter by them to Xerxes offering to place himself at the disposal of Xerxes on condition of receiving Xerxes' daughter in marriage. He went so far as to engage to deliver Sparta and all Greece into the hands of Xerxes. To understand the making of such an extraordinary proposal, the historian reminds us that, by the laws of Sparta, this Pausanias, on his return to Greece, would have had to sink to the level of the commonest citizen, and conform to the poor, frugal, and modest way of living common to the citizens of that State: a prospect very distasteful to one who had enjoyed a position of distinction and command for some considerable time, and who would have it in his power, as the son-in-law of Xerxes, to rise to the highest pinnacle of greatness. Xerxes listened eagerly to his proposals:

and Pausanias began to carry himself with a haughtiness that excited the suspicions of his fellow-Greeks who sent home reports that caused the Spartans at home to recall him to give an account of himself. He was accused of carrying on a correspondence with Xerxes. He denied the charge, and nothing could be proved, so he was acquitted and returned to his post. He resumed his intrigue with the emissaries of Xerxes. He was again recalled and again put on his trial, and again, for want of clear evidence, acquitted, but, just after his acquittal, positive proof of his treason was discovered—on hearing which, he fled to one of the temples for refuge. As the law of Greece did not allow anyone to be dragged from a temple refuge, the magistrates took the only course open to them. They built up the gate so that Pausanias could not come out for food. And they took off the roof so that he should have no protection from the weather: and they set themselves to watch so that he should not escape. In a few days, starvation did the rest. Peeping over the wall, they saw he was nearly dead, and they drew him up while the breath was yet in his body. He died shortly afterwards, and he was buried near the place—two statues being afterwards erected in his honour!

THE GIANT OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Out of Doors at Night.—No. 13.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—I. Greatness of the starry universe (p. 19, vol. 1); 2. The earth a globe (p. 60); 3. Objections considered (p. 94); 4. The earth turning and travelling (p. 137); 5. The moon (p. 177); 6. Aspects of the moon (p. 218); 7. In the moon (p. 256); 8. The starry host: the planets: Mercury (p. 297); 9. Nearest the

sun (p. 338); 10. Venus, the morning and evening star (p. 376); 11. Mars, the ruddy planet (p. 416); 12. The asteroids, the little planets of the solar system (p. 454).

NEXT after the asteroids, outward from the sun, is the planet Jupiter. This is, in many respects, the most extraordinary member of the solar system. In the first place, it is by far the largest. It is about 1,300 times the size of the earth: if the earth and all the other planets were rolled into one, they would not make a globe the size of Jupiter. He is the giant of the solar system, and comes next to the sun himself in magnitude.

His year is very long, and his day is very short. He takes about 12 of our years to go round the sun, while he only takes 10 hours to turn on his axis against our 24. The succession of day and night is a very hurried affair with Jupiter—five hours light, and five hours darkness. His distance from the sun is about five times that of the earth, namely 476 millions of miles. Notwithstanding this great distance, the sun lights him up splendidly, so that he comes to Venus in his brightness in the midnight sky. Indeed, it is difficult to distinguish these planets one from the other so far as brightness is concerned. It is the position that decides. Venus is always near the sun, while Jupiter is seen at tremendous distances.

Though well lit up by the sun, Jupiter cannot be so well warmed as we are. It is calculated that the heat of the sun at that great distance will only be one twenty-fifth of what it is here. But the calculation may be wrong; because the felt heat of the sun depends upon various conditions besides distance. On the earth, it is colder on the top of a mountain than in the plain, though you are nearer the sun on the top of the mountain than on the plain.

Jupiter's long year of 12 years is due not only to the prodigious journey of two billions, 856 millions of miles which he

has to perform round the sun, but also to his slow rate of travel in that journey. He moves only eight miles in a second, while the earth moves eighteen miles in the same time. If the earth were to travel at the same rate, our year would be two years and three months. That there should be such a slow rate of motion in so gigantic a body as Jupiter is perhaps not so wonderful as that this slow rate of motion in his journey round the sun should be combined with such a rapid revolution on his own axis. Think of such a huge body (measuring 255,000 miles in circumference) turning *once in ten hours*, while the earth, with a measurement round of only 24,000 miles, takes 24 hours to turn. This is altogether a striking fact that a body moving so slowly round the sun should be spinning on itself at such a frightful rate. It means that every part of its equatorial surface is moving at a rate of 25,000 miles an hour or 416 miles a minute.

There is no doubt about the facts. The reader is apt to enquire, How can such facts be known? The answer is really simple. The observed movements of the planet, compared one with another, in relation to other objects in the way pointed out early in these chapters, give us his distance. His aspect when studied through the telescope in connection with his distance, give us his size. His rate of progress is an affair of observation from day to day. His speed of revolution upon himself is a thing to be seen with the eye. On his face are certain marks. You watch these marks from hour to hour, and they slowly move to the right. In five hours they are all gone, and certain other marks are there. In five hours more the new marks are all gone, and the old marks have all come back, slowly travelling from the opposite direction to that in which they disappeared. They have slowly come round from the other side of the planet.

This rapid motion upon his own axis may have something to do with his peculiar appearance. Astronomical pictures have made us all familiar with this. He shows a series of horizontal belts across his face. These belts are nearly parallel to one another, and are in the direction of his axial motion. When they are studied closely, it is found that they vary in shape from time to time. New belts or markings are seen, and old ones disappear. In fact, there are no permanent marks on the face of Jupiter. Although they are sufficiently steady to show the axial motion from day to day, if observed for any length of time, they are found to slowly vary like the shapes of the clouds in our own sky. In this respect, Jupiter shows a great contrast to Mars. The markings in Mars are nearly all permanent, so much so that it has been possible to construct maps of considerable accuracy of detail. But in the case of Jupiter, it is impossible to make a map. The map of to-night would be a totally different thing from the map of a few weeks hence.

The conclusion is irresistible — that Jupiter is wrapped in a mantle of cloud and vapour, which make it impossible to see the body of the planet. This would account for the changeable shapes on its face, and the rapid revolution of the planet upon itself would account for the belt-form of those shapes, and for the fact that they are parallel with the direction of the motion—from west to east. The bright belts would be the upper layers of cloud, reflecting the sun most brightly, and the dull belts, those underneath from which the light could not be so well reflected. This would be something like the state of the earth at the time described in Genesis and Job: "Darkness on the face of the deep." "When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it" (Job xxxviii. 9). In the purpose of God, Jupiter may emerge

from this state of obscurity, as the earth did; and discover the fair universe to its inhabitants as if it had been just created.

It is a different place from the earth in many ways, as we have already seen. It hangs in the sky differently with regard to its own motion. While the earth is like a spinning top bearing to one side, Jupiter is like the same spinning top when it is bolt upright. This makes a greater difference than might at first sight be expected. The peculiar posture of the earth gives us the succession of seasons. In Jupiter, the season must be the same all the year round, because the sun will always be in the same relative position to all parts of the surface. Whether this will be an advantage or otherwise in comparison with the earth, we would require to know a good deal more than we shall ever know in this state before we could tell. It is conceivable that one good stable state of weather would be a better condition than the perpetual change that goes on upon earth. The apparent monotony might be corrected in other ways: or the inhabitants of Jupiter (if there are yet any) might be so constituted that the so-called monotony would be what they would require and enjoy: bliss, in fact.

Some other interesting facts about Jupiter we must reserve till next month.

IS THE BIBLE TRUE?—No. 12.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. A moot question with "yes" waiting (p. 18, vol. 1); 2. The Bible's own testimony: why should it be questioned? (p. 97); 3. Its historic backbone (p. 139); 4. Taking its history to pieces: Abraham (p. 179); 5. Truth necessitated by the nature of its narrative: Joseph (p. 219); 6. Ditto in the case of Moses: the exodus (p.

258); 7. The journey in the wilderness (p. 299); 8. Israel's chronic mutinies (p. 340); 9. What the record of the murmurings proves (p. 378); 10. The want of food in the wilderness: the manna supply (p. 418); 11. Failure of the water supply: the sin of Moses (p. 456).

NADIES and Gentlemen,—I hope my wordiness may not have the effect of hiding the thread of my argument; and I hope you will not tire of a process that may seem to have a good deal of repetition in it. My argument is very simple, but may be obscured by its details. Yet without the details, it could not be carried home. My argument is that the mere existence of the record of some features in the Mosaic narrative, is of itself proof of the divinity of the whole, because the record of these could not conceivably be written by any class of scribe whatsoever except for the reason of their truth, and the truth of these could not arise except for the truth of the whole of which they are a part. That is the argument in the general—amplified in the details I am submitting. There are some matters of record you might conceive to have been possibly invented, such as the killing of Goliath, or the opening of the Red Sea. They are gratifying to national pride. But the matters I am calling your attention to are of another character altogether. They are such as to defy the supposition of invention, and if they are not invention, but truth, then they involve the truth of co-related matters which establish the whole Bible. That is the argument.

I have spoken of the murmurings. Look now at the incident of the golden calf. All the world has heard of it. You remember the particulars no doubt. In the absence of Moses on Mount Sinai for several weeks, the congregation became weary, and came to Aaron, the brother of Moses, and demanded of him to make them the idol (to which they had been

accustomed in Egypt) "for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him." Aaron gives way to their wanton mood and makes them the golden calf, in the worship of which, they appoint and hold a riotous feast of the idolatrous order. In the midst of their revellings, Moses arrives. Moses, meek man though he was, is roused to such a pitch of anger that he throws down the tables of stone on which the ten commandments were inscribed, which he had brought with him from the Mount; and the tables of stone are broken. He advances to the midst of the camp. The people are abashed: Aaron cowers with shame, but tries to excuse himself. "Oh, let not the anger of my lord wax hot. Thou knowest the people that they are set on mischief." Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side? let him come to me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him. And Moses said to them, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother." The result is the slaughter of about 3,000 of the people. Furthermore, "the Lord plagued the people, because they made the calf" (Ex. xxxii.). Then Moses, after upbraiding the people with their great crime, says he will go up to God, and "peradventure make an atonement for them."

Now, ladies and gentlemen, consider the argument: is this a true story? If you doubt it, can you imagine a reason for its being told? Here it is. You are bound to account for its existence. Stories don't write themselves. Can you imagine a motive for writing and preserving in the national archives a narrative which exhibits the Hebrews that came out of Egypt, as a generation of fools; Aaron, as a weak

time-serving man; and Moses, as capable of such a towering anger as to fling the very tables of the Law from him to the ground. Are they not all of them incidents of such a nature as a tampering or concocting scribe would suppress? Are they at all of such a character as he would imagine or invent? Is it according to our experience of human nature that such a portrayal of incidents could find its way into a solid serious national record in any way, except on the principle that they happened? Nothing will impress you more deeply with this feeling than the attempt to account for the writing-down of such things if they did not happen. (This is leaving inspiration out of account for the sake of argument.) Try the experiment, ladies and gentlemen. Try to suggest any reason for the story being written other than its simple truth.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, if it is a true story, what follows? Why was Moses so bold as to kill 3,000 men after coming down from the Mount, with a command, "Thou shalt not kill?" Where did he get the tables of stone from, that he broke in his anger? Why did he go into the Mount and stay away so long? You see, the story has ramifications. You cannot cut it away from its surroundings. You cannot refuse its inferences and implications.

It proves that Israel was in the Wilderness of Sinai. What took a nation into such a barren solitude? If God led them thither for His divine purpose, all is plain. If he did not, there is an absolute lack of explanation of a fact of history, for no human objects could be served by such an expedition, nor could such an enterprise have been effectuated by any human arrangements, as the transport and maintenance of an immense multitude of human beings in a mountainous desert.

It proves that Moses went up to Mount Sinai; for it shows him in the act of

coming down. It, therefore, provokes the question: Why did he go up there? Can any human theory of his case suggest an answer that shall be in harmony with all the facts? Did he go up for the sake of effect? Was Moses, then, a charlatan—a deceiver—in a word, an impostor—pretending to receive communication that he did not receive, for the sake of creating an authority for his law, which it would not have had if advanced on his own responsibility? Such things have happened among other nations we know, but they have been since the time of Moses. In the history of the Greek republics or in the case of Mahomet, we have instances of such a character. But, ladies and gentlemen, it is shallow reasoning surely to conclude that because there are weak imitations, there was no sturdy original. I will not imagine you capable of such shallowness. Reason requires the reverse conclusion altogether—that there is a genuine effective somewhere when you see puerile imitations in the street.

Mahomet, mystifying Greek law givers, and oracles are self-evident impostures when you look at them all round. But an all-round look of Moses brings the opposite conviction. You cannot reconcile his case throughout with a view that would attribute to any part of his proceedings a deceptive character. The man who would retire to a mountain top to create an impression is not the man who would say "The Lord was angry with me for your sakes;" "Not for thy righteousness or the uprightness of thy heart dost thou go to possess the land. . . . From the day that thou didst depart out of the land of Egypt until ye came into this place, ye have been rebellious against the Lord;" "I am not able to bear the burden of all this people;" "Who am I, that ye murmur against me;" "I have not done these things of mine own mind." And so in many other cases

Moses stands the test of genuineness on every head. If the story of the golden calf could not be written except for its truth (which I strongly submit, ladies and gentlemen), then that story brings with it Mount Sinai, and all that is involved in that mountain's name of world-wide notoriety. Some of the considerations involved in this suggestion, I will hope to bring before you the next time we meet.

OUR "AT HOME."

By a Roaming Correspondent and Occasional Visitor.

Evenings in June, 1891.

"ANOTHER sign of the times," I said to myself, as I turned over in my mind the festive character of the "upper ten" of Babylon, when that city was surprised and taken by the Medes and Persians.

My rumination was caused by reading an account of a Parisian *Bal Masque*, which the writer described as more brilliant than any thing ever seen under the Third Republic, and probably the most splendid balls ever held at The Tuileries in the most glorious days would bear no comparison to it. About two thousand guests were entertained, and it is estimated that at least three million francs were spent over the ball.

Shall I give you just a tiny sketch of this masquerade, as being typical of the tastes and aspirations of the *creme de la creme* of modern society in the gayest capital of the world? You will be able to judge for yourselves as to whether there are any human delights untasted, or any further heights of mental intoxication unclimbed.

I must say, when I read of dazzling,

lovely scenes, I cannot help feeling the desire for honour and glory considerably stirred within me; but then I remember that every thing in this way that human ingenuity invents, is lacking in inherent beauty, intrinsic worth and immortality. And why should we waste our heaven-given perceptions of the beautiful on transient flashes that are mere spectres compared to the glory that awaits those who will be made equal to the angels? and then again, how limited is the world's programme of amusements. When they have appropriated all that nature has so far conceded to them, in the way of wealth, national variety, historic association, commercial intercourse, and a knowledge of world-wide people and things, human capacity of enjoyment is a mere mole hill, a mole hill that in the present day is thoroughly engineered—bored and honeycombed in all directions—measured and tunnelled with mathematical skill.

Mind, I, for one, do not despise earthly splendour—far from it. I keenly appreciate gorgeous ceremonial and display. It is the absence of love and obedience to God that is so appalling, and the folly that accompanies everything now is so marked. These are the spots in all the feasts, and to what extent, a typical masquerade of the closing in times of the nations will show.

The brilliant spectacle of Parisian wealth, rank and beauty in every conceivable and inconceivable costume was the occasion of a Ball in the Palace of the Prince and Princess de Léon on the *Boulevard des Invalides*. The guests were received in the principal salon, which, like the rest of the mansion, was luxuriously decorated with plants and flowers, and lit up with electric lights, Chinese lanterns, and garlands of gas jets. The invited began to arrive about eleven. The famous Duchess d'Uzès was among the first. She was

partly hidden by an ample domino. She was powdered and wore diamonds in her hair worth thousands. The Royal star of the fête was ex-Queen Isabella, who arrived at twelve accompanied by her Chamberlain and ladies of honour. She was at once conducted to the throne that had been raised for her, whence she could see all the maskers pass by. She wore a sky-blue dress, with necklace of large pearls. Another guest came as Bellona, in bronze velvet with armour of diamonds and rubies, valued at a million francs. Another blazed as a rajah with diamonds worth over two million francs. Minerva, Diana, Galatia, and the dress of nearly every country and period of the world was represented. Nature was not forgotten: a starry night was represented by blue velvet and diamond stars. Count Orłowski wore the armour of Charles Quint and the sword of Cosmo de Medicis. He carried two nosegays on a cushion presented by the City to the Duke of Anjou at the time when Louis XIV. accepted for him the crown of Spain, one of the bouquets he handed to the hostess and the other to Queen Isabella. The climax of the ball, however, was more in the fancy groups that were organised for the occasion than in individual persons. One of the first was a band of gipsies, attired in their semi-civilised costumes, singing, shouting, and dancing in the most fantastic style. They were headed by the Countess d'Haramburc, who led a performing bear by the hand. Then came Madame de Sayve as a serpent charmer. The Marchioness de Broc personified a fortune-teller. Following these came, in various guises, a party of Bohemians. A village wedding of 1791 was the next group, in the picturesque costume of the period, the nuptial procession being accompanied by the big drum, flute, tambourine, &c., of the time. Another group which met with great applause was

one personifying harlequins of all ages. One harlequin was dressed in mauve and black, another in blue and white, another in yellow, black, and red, and so on, each lady being accompanied by a male harlequin of the same period. Perhaps the most elaborate group was that embodying the "four points of the compass." The North was robed in white fur with pearls and diamonds; she was drawn in a sledge by Count Chateaurenard attired as a Muscovite duke. A Princess attired in Japanese costume represented the East; she was seated in a *pousse-pousse*, and by her side walked her husband as a Chinese Mandarin, carrying a huge red parasol. The West was personated by a lady in Watteau costume, and borne in a sedan chair, escorted by lords and ladies in Louis XV. disguises. Finally, the South took the character of a Byzantine Empress, preceded and followed by knights and courtiers. Other groups represented Italian comedy. Supper was served in four salons, and then the guests began to withdraw.

This description is so curtailed that I fear it is spoiled by its brevity. (Not at all.—ED.)

A great deal has been said lately about nerves being a concomitant of genius and of the high mortality of families where genius has been prominent.

What is genius? Is it instinct? Is it innate talent taking some particular direction?

Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais, when asked if they believed in genius, were both agreed that nothing considerable was ever attained apart from infinite pains, although natural aptitude may have a place. A lady, writing of the genius of Robert Browning, says that the placid intellectual powers of his father, required for their transmutation into poetic genius, just the infusion of his

mother's physical and moral qualities which were closely allied to pain. Now, what I understand by genius is, a blend of acute sensitiveness to certain impressions, with large reflective power, but that these qualities will not act with advantage either alone or together, unless "infinite pains" be bestowed in giving body and life to idealism. Without "infinite pains," a genius, who ever he may be, is a dreamer.

How marvellous is the sea! I do not remember when I first saw it, but I have been wondering what my impression would be were I brought face to face with it now for the first time. I feel sure I should be disappointed.

When we think of all it is and what it is,—when we dwell in contemplative wonder on its magnitude and fathomless depths, on its enchanted isles and coral beds, on the continents it washes, and the rivers it receives, on its storm-lashed fury as it shivers in a moment the bounding ship, its gentle rippling surface, its phosphorescent flashes in the moonlight, and its sun-lit sparkling foam when we sum up in our mind all these its varied aspects, would not our first glimpse be a blow to our enthusiasm? We should see only a "silver streak," and our involuntary exclamation would be, "Is this the mighty ocean, is this all?" But why the disappointment? Is the fault in us or in the ocean? Has the ocean become suddenly divested of its wonders, or have we lost our power of vision? If we analyse our thoughts, we shall find that a shadowy wonder of the whole thing had become so linked with our expectation that we felt the entire ocean would *spring into view at once*.

Absurd as it seems, I think it must be the case; so we have to rally ourselves to the recollection of the fact that our minds are incapable of considering its every aspect at *the same moment*, and our eyes

are incapable of including the full scope of it at one glance. Only by sailing away on the ocean's broad waters, day by day pursuing an onward course, will the barriers that limit our range of vision go forward. The same with our thoughts: one thing at a time passes through our mind; the mental horizon advances as we move on. Whatever be the subject of our puny thoughts or the object of our sight, whether the "vasty deep" or the immeasurable height, one thing is certain, we are detached from the Infinite, and in few things is the contrast between Creator and mortal creature more marked than in the impotence of the latter to grasp universality.

"In memoriam." The very existence of the phrase shows the transient nature of grief. The biting anguish that attends the death bed scene is a companion so intrusive that, while we are in his grip, nothing is needed to keep our trouble green nor to quicken our memory of the loved and lost. Whenever the time comes to set up "In memoriam," the bitterness is past. When the familiar portrait, the lock of hair, the well-used books, can be brought from the treasure house and arrayed

before us, the sting of grief has ceased to be.

"Nice people," "dear creatures." We often hear these expressions, and I suppose everybody is "nice" and "dear" to somebody. Be it so; everybody to his taste, of course. But if it comes to social pleasure, I find that real enjoyment of society needs elasticity of mind, intensity of feeling, breadth of thought, and positive tastes. In regard to this last item, it is quite indispensable, notwithstanding the plethora of nonentities that the human factory of the world turns out. Almost any craze is better than that stagnation of soul that nothing will stir. But then our Good Company know all about that "more excellent way" by which even an ungifted mind can rise to the occasion, and show an irrepressible enthusiasm. The spiritual and moral flaccidity that makes life a sort of melancholy twilight, and prevents people from seeing their own wretchedness, is miserable pasture for any body to graze upon. I have just been scanning the "contents" table of Volume 1 of *Good Company*. I think the readers must be really "nice people."

IN OPEN CONFERENCE WITH READERS.

*** In this Department, the questions and criticisms of correspondents will be attended to on all kinds of topics. Correspondents will oblige by writing "Open Conference" at the head of their communications.*

133. **Among the Tailors.** There has been great activity among the London tailors within the last month; all the world has heard of "the devil among the tailors" which the trade-union effervescence brings to mind. It originated in the assembly of about 7,000 tailors in and around the

Haymarket Theatre, London, to prevent the performance of a burlesque which they considered insulting to their trade. It was entitled "The tailors: a tragedy for warm weather." It was afterwards published under the plainer title which the world knows; with which the warm

weather was more evidently associated.

134. **Cræsus.** "*I often hear the expression 'as wealthy as Cræsus:' who was he? and what was the extent of his wealth?*" (L. W. W.)—Cræsus was the king of Lydia, one of the countries in subjection to Babylon. He was conquered by Cyrus, and became a friend of Persia, to whom he transferred the service of his riches. His wealth was great, by common report, but there are no means of exact computation. It was probably not so great by modern standards. Still, in the days of irresponsible power, it was possible for a shrewd man to amass incalculable treasure.

135. **Time at Night before the Invention of Clocks.** "*In looking at a sun dial, in an antiquated garden, some time ago, I wondered how people calculated time in the night, or on cloudy days, before clocks were invented. I suppose they had inventions of some sort to aid them. Can you give any information on the point?*" (J. E.)—There were various methods of marking time at night in the days of the sundial, such as the running of sand in glasses of various sizes; noting the position of the leading stars; burning candles of certain sizes; and noting the movements of the feathered tribes. There was also a greater power of *feeling* the time of night in days when men were not so surrounded with artificial appliances. It is questionable on many points whether we do not lose as much as we gain by these.

136. **Zanzibar.** "*This is a place that has come very prominently before the public lately. Is it a town or a country? It is sometimes spoken of in the papers as if it were both. I should like to know where exactly it is situated. Could you tell me the most direct route to get there?*" (W. L. T. K.)—Zanzibar is both a country and a town, just as New York is both a sea-port and a State of immense area. It

is situate on the eastern coast of the African continent, well down towards the British Colonies at the Cape. The country of Zanzibar reaches from the southern entrance of the Red Sea along the African coast southward for many hundreds of miles. The city and seaport of Zanzibar lie inside an island, called the island of Zanzibar, nearly opposite Madagascar. The most direct way to get to it would be by steamboat from London to Port Said, and down the Red Sea. The quickest route would be by rail *via* Dover, across France and Italy to Brindisi, where you would take steamer for Port Said. It has lately been brought under British protection.

137. **"Watershed."** "*I have been reading a book of travel lately and have often met the term "Watershed." I do not quite understand it. Will you kindly explain. I know what a cataract is, and a waterfall; but I am not clear as to a watershed. Travellers both in Africa and Palestine speak of it.*" (M. D. W.)—The watershed of a country is not a simple thing like a cataract or waterfall. It is the vague term applied to the inclination of the land determining the fall or shed of the water that may be upon it, whether from rain or fountain. "Which way is the watershed?" That is, where and in what direction does the land begin to descend from the high levels: for, in the descent of the land, the water will follow of course. It is a term usually applied to the high-lying land between two river valleys into each of which the water is "shed" by the draining action of the rain down the slopes.

138. **"Rip Van Winkle."** "*What is the origin of the story of Rip Van Winkle? Was there ever such a person, or is it simply a legend?*" (S. D.)—The story is founded on the facts narrated by Washington Irving, the Anglo-American author. He narrates that a Dutch colonist, of New York, before the War of Independence,

wandered among the mountains of New York State (before it had become a State), and, falling in with a settler, in his fatigue, drank stuff out of a keg, which sent him into a stupor that lasted 20 years. When he came out of it, his wife was dead, his daughter married, his native village completely changed, and America become independent. Something of the sort may have happened; but it is not possible to be certain, and it does not matter: nothing hangs on it.

139. **Euclid.** *Who was Euclid? I suppose I ought to be ashamed of my ignorance, but I only know him as a man whom many have wished at the bottom of the sea for inventing such brain-racking problems.* (W.R.)—Euclid was a Greek teacher of mathematics at Alexandria in the third century before Christ. Ptolemy, the Greek king of Egypt, was one of his pupils, and his school became so famous that Alexandria continued for many centuries the great seat of learning and authority for mathematics. What, however, established the principal fame of Euclid was the books he published on geometry. In these, he digested all the propositions of the geometers who preceded him, such as Thales, Pythagoras, and others. His "Elements" are to this day a standard work wherever mathematics are taught. His problems are "brain-racking" perhaps, but they are founded on the principles of nature, and are, therefore, both interesting and useful in the hands of those who love wisdom as applied to physics.

140. **Bananas.** *"Bananas, I see, are coming into use in Britain. They are very nice. What sort of a tree do they grow on? They seem to grow in large bunches. Do they grow on trees with long stems with all the leaves and fruit at the top, or on a low tree which is easily reached."* (M. W. A.)—On the former. The banana tree might be called a huge herbaceous plant. The stem rises 15 or 20 feet from the ground,

and then breaks into a score or so gigantic leaves measuring as much as ten feet in length, and two feet across. It is a little in the shape of a palm tree, only it is not so tall or so strong. Its stem is a false stem. That is, it is not a solid wooden growth of the sort that a mast could be made of, but more resembles a continuous twisted tube formed by the sheathing bases of the leaves. Each tree bears several clusters of the fruit at the top, among the leaves. When these clusters are ripe, the tree dies down. No wonder: the whole strength of the tree goes into the fruit. A single cluster will sometimes weigh as much as 80 lbs. It is a very prolific fruit. It yields more than a hundred times as much increase as wheat. There are many varieties, and it is increasing in demand for fruit purposes. Originally it was confined to the Eastern tropics, but is now spread all over the world where the climate is warm enough for its cultivation. In many of the Pacific Islands, it is the main stay of the native diet.

141. **The Sea Serpent.** *"I should like some information about the sea serpent. Is there such a thing? I have heard some very positive assertions on the subject on both sides. Some say there is and some say there isn't. Some say the sea serpent has been seen, and others say it is not the sea serpent that has been seen, but the leg of an octopus. By the way, what is an octopus? I have heard it is a nautilus, but I am not clear what a nautilus is."* (Y.O.D.)—The whole subject of the sea serpent is in a state of uncertainty. For a long time it was pooh-poohed by scientific men as a superstition: but the latest expressions on the subject (*Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. xxi., page 610) admits the possibility that some such creature, may, after all, exist: not the creature of some undoubted fabulous stories, but a creature of enormous dimensions, of long serpent-like form, inhabiting the

depths of the ocean. The fossil remains of the *plesiosaurus*—a huge marine reptile with the body of an alligator, a long neck, and four paddles—show the possible existence of such a creature. It is usually supposed to be extinct, but may not be absolutely so. There are known creatures of gigantic dimensions, which might account for the many circumstantially attested narratives of the appearance of the sea serpent—stories so consistent and vouched for by so many eye-witnesses, that they cannot be rejected as myths. The octopus is such a creature. While mostly of small size, it sometimes grows to very large dimensions, with arms of 20, 30, 40, and sometimes 60 feet in length. It is called the octopus from the number of these arms or feet—eight, though sometimes they are ten. These arms or feet come out of the creature's head, from which it receives the scientific name of cephalopod, or head-footed. This is the *nautilus* or ship-fish, so called from its sometimes sailing along in a shell with its arms erect like masts, and sometimes spreading a web-like structure like a sail. It might also be called the fish steamer, for one of its modes of swimming consists of the expulsion of air into the water, causing a steam-like vapour-rush as it pushes itself along. It is a most curiously organised and extraordinary looking creature. The hinder end of its body is packed away into its shell. Its head, broad and stout, and furnished on each side with a glaring eye like a saucer, looks straight out at the top of the shell. From the top of its head proceed its 8 (or 10) long arms, some of which are supplied with suckers and hooks, by which it swims, gets its food, and sometimes walks at the bottom of the ocean, head down. If it is very large and rears itself on the surface of the water, it is a very terrifying object. It is not a very intelligent animal, and is easily frightened.

Sometimes it has only one leg above the surface, which moves along rapidly without apparent cause, the motion being due to the expulsion of air below the water. No doubt many of the so-called appearances of the sea serpent are due to the movements of the gigantic octopus. But other appearances cannot be so explained. We shall know the truth of the matter some day, perhaps. There are many wonders in the earth.

142. "Disgusted with the Bible."
"I met a man the other day who had a considerable acquaintance with the Bible, and had been a believer in it in his time. He told me he was disgusted with the Bible. Can you imagine such a case, or throw any light on the possibility of such a state of mind? I must say it is beyond my reach. I have always understood the Bible was admired even when it was not believed." (F.H.S.)—The first clue to the puzzle lies in the fact that it is possible for the mind to become disgusted with anything. This condition may be the result of disease, or of unwise use: just as in physical food, the stomach may become so conditioned as to loathe and reject some things, or all things, so in mental food, the brain may get so out of the right relation to objects as to detest things that in themselves are calculated to produce enjoyment. Away from brain disease, this state may be engendered by continuous application to what is not understood, especially if under any kind of compulsion. A dull boy, for example, forced to study Greek detests it all his life, and cannot understand Mr. Gladstone's enthusiastic encomiums of the subject. In the case of the Bible, there is a peculiar liability to this species of nausea. Its main topic (God and His will in matters) is distasteful to the average run of human minds, which find pleasure in things human only, and those mostly of a self-pleasing order. Its appeal to reverence, understanding, sense of

duty, kindness, faith, futurity, and the service of God as the highest ends of human existence, strike no chord of sympathy in a mind interested merely in eating, drinking, working, travelling, laughing, tailoring, compliments, beautiful sights and sounds, &c. There is a lack of fundamental affinity between the Bible and such a mind. Yet such a mind may be so placed with regard to friends or circumstances, as to be brought into contact with the Bible. He hears it praised, and gets to consider it the right and the wise thing to join in its admiration, and even in its study. Having no real relish for the things represented by Bible language, it can never be to him anything more than a form of language. Still, he sticks to it for a time, under various social constraints, until the artificial links get worn through one by one, or are rudely sundered by one of those shocks that are sure to arise in all human experience, sooner or later. Thrown entirely on his own bias, and having no motive to conceal his feelings, he becomes aware that he does not love the Bible. By and bye, he gets so far as to feel he is disgusted with it. The sentiment is a perfectly honest one, but it is only the honesty of an animal that would find itself out of its element among the elegancies of a drawing room when, perhaps, it would be at home in the trough. The comparison is meant in no spirit of contempt, but simply in literal illustration of a phenomenon not unintelligible. The way to love the Bible is to love the things it deals with, rather than the words it employs: not that the two can be disjointed in the presentment. But it is possible for a man to see only the words and sentences and fail to see the things, persons, places, incidents, sentiments, and the ideas they express. We ought to use the words and sentences as windows and not as walls. A man may not have this power, which requires discernment and a realising

imagination. In that case, he will feel hemmed in by prison walls instead of set upon a mountain of delightful vision. In that case he is liable to be disgusted, and in that case, he is an object of pity—perhaps, naturally of aversion, also to the spiritual mind which “abhors that which is evil and cleaves to that which is good.”

143. The Vastness of Space in relation to the Ascension of Christ.

“Last week, I saw a pamphlet which ridiculed the idea of the coming of Christ. It was an Infidel publication, though I did not know this at first owing to the way in which the title was worded. When I discovered its character, of course, I dismissed it at once as unworthy of consideration. But there was one thing in it that I should like to see some explanation of. It spoke of the great dimensions of the universe, which you also have called attention to in ‘OUT OF DOORS AT NIGHT.’ It said that some of the stars were at such a distance that it would take 10,000 years for light to travel from them to us, and that therefore the idea of Christ going and returning through space to the throne of Eternal Light in 1,800 years was absurd. In fact, it contended that Christ could not yet have reached the Father even if he had ascended. What do you think of this?” (M.D.E.)—

The apparent cogency of the objection is due to the superficial way in which the facts are construed. It is assumed in the first place, that there is no more rapid motion in the universe than light; and next, that in order to be in the Father’s presence, Christ must necessarily have drawn near to a point of space in mechanical proximity to the Father. Both ideas may be contrary to fact. As to the first point, light *seems* the most rapid motion conceivable, but the action of gravitation shows there must be an infinitely more rapid motion constantly going on. There is a *simultaneous action*—a simultaneous presence—throughout

the entire universe, as we see it with our eyes. The inscrutable magnetic attraction that bodies exert upon each other through space is a constant irradiation. It is not like a quiescent ocean of water. It is a constant streaming over the boundless fields of space. What is the rate of this streaming, and what is it that streams? Who can tell? Scientists are utterly out of their depths here. They cannot even form what they call a "mental concept." They talk of "ether." In this, they help us not. God is spirit, and everywhere present, and since in Him all things exist, this streaming must be the action of His Spirit. When Christ was glorified, he became spirit, though in a corporealised form. Being Spirit, He was in harmony with the One Spirit of the universe: and therefore it is impossible to limit the rate of any motion that might be necessary in his ascension to the Right Hand of power? "Ran and returned like a flash of lightning" may be applicable to any distance in the universe for bodies that are in spirit.—But supposing this suggestion were difficult of reception, there is another view of the matter that may harmonise all elements of truth in the case natural and revealed. Is it quite certain that a mechanical transfer of the person of Christ to the local presence of Father-Deity was essential? The Father declares to us that He fills heaven and earth (Jer. xxiii. 24), and that we cannot flee from His presence (Psa. cxxxix. 7). May it not then be that Christ is at the Father's right hand in his glorified state wherever in space he may be bodily located? It may not have been necessary that he should traverse the terrible intervening abysses of space opened out to the imagination in the facts of astronomy. It may not have been necessary for him to leave the neighbourhood of the globe in a mechanical sense.

His withdrawal from the earth for a time was a necessity. His disciples were permitted to see the initial act of departure; and it was not a rate suggestive of the enormous velocity referred to in the objection; for they "saw him as he went up" which they could not have done unless his rate of ascent had been comparatively slow. The farewell and his visible departure were evidently an accommodation to the human necessities of the case. It is manifest that the whole subject belongs to a realm of thought which is beyond the power of human intellect. It must be further manifest that it is simply the vulgar presumption of ignorance that limits divine possibilities on the strength of the very superficial knowledge possessed by man. It is nothing but stupendous folly to allow our impressions of the infinities to displace the facts that cannot be set aside concerning Christ in the past, which yield the foundation of confidence for the future.

144. **A so-called "Run-away Star."**
"In your last issue of GOOD COMPANY (page 467), under the title "Astronomy run Mad," you state that such a thing is unknown as a body sailing through space uncontrolled and that every thing moves in its own orbit. This hardly agrees with what I have read concerning what is called 'the runaway star,' which is believed to be rushing through space at the enormous rate of 200 miles per second in a perfectly straight line. I enclose the clipping in which the statement is made. If you can clear up the discrepancy, I shall be glad." (F.C.)
 —The statement referred to by our correspondent is as follows:—

"The greatest velocity that has been recognised among the stars is found in the motion of a star known as 1830 Groombridge, or the "runaway star," as it is sometimes called, which is believed to be rushing through space at the rate of 200 miles per second. This star *appears to be*

moving in a perfectly straight line through the sky, and it may be visiting our star system for the first time, but *whence it came and whither it is going, no one can tell, and it is a great enigma to astronomers.* Its wonderful velocity cannot be explained, as it is far greater than could be produced by the influence of all known orbs in the universe, and, on the other hand, the combined attraction of all the stars cannot stop this wanderer in its solitary flight through space, until it has rushed on to the extreme limits, beyond which the largest telescopes have never penetrated. It has been mathematically demonstrated that a body approaching the centre of our system, from an infinite distance, cannot move with a greater velocity than twenty-five miles a second if influenced by the attraction of the masses in our universe alone; but here we have been considering a star moving with eight times that velocity, and still, notwithstanding the fact that it has the greatest motion known among the stars, it would require 185,000 years for this remarkable star to complete an entire circuit around the heavens."

On this, the first thing to be remarked is that the facts are very uncertain. "Appears to be moving in a perfectly straight line" is not the language of ascertained fact. If, as confessed, "no one can tell whence it came or whither it is going," it is evident no one can tell whether it is moving in a straight line or not, for it is necessary to know both the origin and direction of the motion before you can judge of its direction. If it is "a great enigma to astronomers," it is not a thing to be taken for granted by common faith. It is probably a large comet advancing towards us head first and so not showing its tail. Comets go in straight lines for a long distance, and then turn sharply round the attracting body and go back the way they came. That it is a body acting without control is incon-

ceivable. Astronomers know much less about these things than people imagine. Extraordinary things occur in the heavens which they cannot explain. "In 1866, a star of the 10th magnitude in the constellation Corona suddenly flashed up into a star of nearly the first magnitude. . . .

In about a month, it again became a tenth magnitude star, and appeared as if nothing had happened to it. . . . Ten years afterwards, a new star appeared in Cygnus: it had never been seen before, but appeared suddenly as a third or fourth magnitude star. In about a year, it gradually dwindled down to the tenth magnitude." It was at what is called stellar distance, that is, at fixed star distance, which is inconceivably remote. On the theory of most astronomers, its dying down would be due to cooling, but another theory of theirs stops the way,—viz., that the rate of cooling is so slow that it would take millions of years for a star to cool down from the third to the tenth magnitude, and in this, it happened in twelve months. The fact is, men are out of their depth in this universe business, and should talk with becoming modesty. One or two things are absolutely certain, one of them is, that no body is uncontrolled, and that such a thing as a runaway star is an impossibility. What seems so will turn out to be not so when all the facts are known.

NATIONAL GREETINGS.—When the Chinaman meets you, he asks, "How is your stomach? Have you eaten ice?" The Turk greets you with, "Be under the guard of God." The Frenchman asks, "How do you carry yourself?" The Persian says, "May thy shadow never grow less." The Arabian, "Thank God, how are you?" The German asks, "How do you find yourself?" And the Pole, "How do you have yourself?" The Egyptian asks, "How do you perspire?" The Russian, "How do you live on?" The Spaniard, "Go with God, senor!" The Italian asks, "How do you stand?" The Dutchman, "How do you fare?" And the Swede, "How can you?"

MY DAYS AND MY WAYS.

An Autobiography.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE had to wait for a month before we could get away from Huddersfield. Meanwhile, Fowler and Wells had gone forward to Leeds, a large manufacturing town about 16 miles off, where in due time we joined them. Before doing so, we had to dispose of our furniture, which we could only do at a sacrifice. Looking back, I can see what an indiscreet proceeding this breaking up of our first settlement was, and how much wiser, as this world goes, it would have been to have declined the specious attractions of the American firm, and remained rooted in a neighbourhood where, with all its limitations and drawbacks, a steady quiet development would have been more humanising on some points, and more contributive to the peace and well-being that all men naturally place before them as the aim of all their efforts. We should have been moored in a quiet creek, as it were, and where the tranquilities and sweetnesses of a composed life could have been enjoyed, instead of having to buffet with the winds and waves that were waiting us down the river in the open sea. However, as the Scriptures testify, "it is not in man that liveth to direct his steps," for when he thinks he is grasping the helm in the most assiduous and clear-headed fashion, who knows but the brain-promptings that guide his arm are the secret volitions of Him "in whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways." Had we remained in Huddersfield our subsequent course must have been entirely different; for though we returned in no great length of time, influences were

started into action by our first departure, that led to a second, and all that may have come of that.

Two things helped us to decide on the departure. We had lost a little daughter, who came to us at the cot in Hebble Row some 12 months after our assumption of matrimonial bonds. (By-the-way, we have found the said bonds such as we would not throw off. We have met a few, in our time, whose experience has resembled our own in this respect; but where we have met one case of this sort, we have met a hundred of the other sort—whose marriage wreaths were all faded and withered within a few months, and whose golden links have turned to iron fetters. There must be some reason for the difference. There is. All depends upon the character of the wedded people. If the fear of God and regard for duty and the hope of futurity in Christ prevail on both sides, there will be lasting sweetness, because neither side leans too much on the other, and neither looks to the present for the realisation of life's meaning: yet both do their duty as partners in the pact, even if natural motive fail. But if there is nothing but natural ignorance of God on each side, and natural seeking for pleasure and ministration, there will come, with the inevitable failings of nature, little breaks under stress—acts of inconsiderateness, expressions of haste that will act as escapes of steam, which scald and destroy. Scald wounds will heal with time, but not with repetitions going on; and this is the danger, that when once this sort of thing sets in, it is liable to become chronic, and marriage degenerates to a mere lodging-house convenience, and sour at that, instead of being what it was designed to be, a partnership of sweet and helpful adjustment: a noble communion of life—a fountain of love and light in the arid desolation that belongs to the things of evil that

must prevail during the hiding of God's face from the children of men.)

The loss of our blue-eyed life-blossom, whom we called Agnes, after an interesting and spiritually-minded sister of her mother's, who died two years before, was naturally a deep sorrow to young people, who generally feel they can never get over what may deeply grieve them. It would have been a grief to us, even if we could have believed our darling had gone to be an angel in heaven. It was doubly so in the view which truth compelled us to entertain. We had learnt that life was life and that death was death. We had not learnt the inherited and universal view, that there is no death, and that what we call death is the state of having passed to another life. In this enlightenment, there was great emancipation from the difficulties that beset the whole question of religion from the immortal-soul and present-state-of-the-human-race point of view. But there was also great aggravation to personal bereavement when death came before the hope of life had opportunity to begin with the belief and obedience of the gospel. There was an advantage, perhaps, in such a test of personal conviction. I had been told that when I had children in the grave, I would change my mind about the state of the dead. I felt that it would not be so : that the accident of personal experience could make no difference to truth perceived on evidence. Still, sometimes we deceive ourselves in our theoretical constructions. It was as well to have the matter put to the proof. I keenly felt it would have been a most welcome salve to lacerated feeling if I could have believed the beautiful fable ; but I cast it from me with a "Get thee behind me, Satan." I recognised that in the wisdom of God, "sin had reigned unto death ;" that God had given and God had taken away, and that it was the part of created intelligence

to bow in absolute submission. Still, it was hard work for weak human nature. A sense of desolation was left which, perhaps, predisposed us to fall in with a proposal which opened the prospect of travel.

The other thing that helped in the same direction was the prevalence of atheism in Huddersfield and neighbourhood. Bradlaugh was a frequent visitor, and drew crowded and enthusiastic audiences. A "Rev." Joseph Barker, who had gone over to infidelity, was also very popular, and received a wide and gleeful hearing. He was an able lecturer, with a fine sonorous, though somewhat nasal voice—original in matter, free and voluble in style. He was also a good singer, and used to finish his lectures with a platform solo on "The good time coming" or some such topic. Nobody seemed able to answer these men, and the gullible public of unbelief was in high feather all through the district. I contrived to meet the latter gentleman at the house of a mutual friend—"Joe" somebody or other, beginning with an "S." This friend was somewhat interested in the things I had brought to his notice ; but they could take no hold of him because of his lack of faith in the Bible. He said if the Bible was right, the things I said were true ; but how could he believe in the Bible in the face of all that these able men advanced against it. I asked him to bring me face to face with them ; and the result was a tea-table meeting with Barker. I was introduced as a friend who who believed in the Bible. During tea, conversation soon came to be limited to me and Mr. Barker. My object was to show, by questions addressed to him, how shallow the grounds of unbelief were, for the benefit of the friend who was entertaining us. I kept to the case of Paul, the writer of most of the New Testament epistle. Mr. Barker did not enjoy my

tactics at all. After a while, he tried to evade the force of Paul's case by saying that Paul changed his mind when he was old. Asked for a proof of this, he quoted the remark in 1 Cor. xiii., that "When I became a man, I threw away childish things." I asked if it was not after Paul became a man that he embraced the faith and service of Christ, and whether he did not die in them and whether it was not the things of literal childhood which every man threw away, that Paul was referring to in the verse quoted.—At this point, Mr. Barker looked at his watch, and though tea was not finished, he rose and said he had an appointment to keep—and thereupon he vanished from the room without the usual courtesies. Unprincipled jugglers with facts, I have always found them to be. Whether friend "Joe" saw that in this case, I now remember not. He was amused, but I rather think it went no further. In a manuscript magazine which I had tried to carry on during the first year of my Huddersfield residence (a single copy sent from friend to friend through the post, but which did not get beyond, perhaps, the fourth or fifth number), I had set myself out particularly for the answering of infidel objections, so that I had acquired a certain readiness in this direction, which enabled me to beard such a considerable lion as Mr. Barker had, at that time, grown to. In course of time, Mr. Barker apostatized from his apostacy and became a professed Christian again, and was received as a prodigal son into the Wesleyan ranks, which he had quitted. He died some years ago, and before his death, he called witnesses to his bedside and professed his faith in the things he had so influentially undermined during the prime of his manhood—Mr. Bradlaugh's voice is also hushed under the turf. Their influence at the time was great in Yorkshire, and tended to create such a state of spiritual desolation—(of

the arid type of the Great Sahara)—that I felt the prospect of a change rather acceptable from a spiritual point of view.

FRAGMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE.

WE breathe about 18 times in a minute under ordinary circumstances.

Every time the lungs heave, the heart beats about four times.

A tenth part excess of carbonic acid gas in the air, or a tenth part deficiency of oxygen, is equally fatal to animal life.

There are about 13 or 14 pounds of blood in the body, and about one-fifth of the whole is supplied to the brain in the course of one circulation.

The great plague of London, in 1665, carried off 68,596 persons. It was also conveyed in a box of clothes to a small village in the heart of Derbyshire (Eyain), and quickly caused the death of three-fourths of the inhabitants.

In the aggregate, the engines of the London and North-Western Railway Company run a mile and three-quarters every second, or 104 miles every minute, and in effect they put a girdle round the earth once in every four hours throughout the year.

Yet such is the perfection of mechanism attained in the present day that the engines were able to run a distance equal to twice round the world for every single case which occurred of a hot axle, the loss of a split pin or cotter, or anything tending to throw an engine out of gear.

The heart is about the size of the fist, and only weighs from 10 to 12 ounces. It is usually considered the blood-pump

of the system ; but the latest studies on the subject suggest that it is not physical, but electrical impulsion that keeps the blood going.

HOW MUCH PAINT WILL IT REQUIRE ?

— It depends upon the extent of surface. Suppose it is a wall or floor : measure the length by the height, or width in feet : multiply the one by the other. Now divide by 200, and the result will be the number of gallons of liquid paint required to give two coats. Divide again by 18, and the result will be the number of pounds of pure ground white lead required to give three coats.

THE TRADE OF OTHER COUNTRIES.—

Chili, that is causing so much commotion at the present time with her intestine wars, exports gold, silver, copper, wheat, hides, sugar, cotton, and fruits. *Denmark* exports grain, horses, cattle, beef, pork, butter, and cheese. *Africa* will some day be a great exporter : for her resources are inexhaustible, and the kingdom of God will as much promote the development of commerce, as barbarism checks it. At present, her exports are limited mainly to gold, ivory, and ostrich feathers.

HIGH MOUNTAINS.—There are forty mountains upon earth over a mile high. The four leading ones (4 and 5 miles high) were mentioned some months ago. The next ten are as follows : Hindoo Koosh (Afghanistan), $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles high ; Demavend, (Persia), $3\frac{7}{8}$; Cotopaxi (Ecuador), $3\frac{3}{4}$; Antisana (Ecuador), $3\frac{1}{2}$; St. Elias (Alaska), $3\frac{1}{2}$; Popocatepeti (Mexico), $3\frac{1}{2}$; Mount Roa (Hawaii), 3 ; Mount Brown (highest peak of Rocky Mountains, British America), 3 ; Mont Blanc (highest peak of the Alps), 3 ; Mount Rosa (next highest peak of the Alps), $2\frac{7}{8}$.

THE ORIGIN OF LANTERNS.—It is said that lanterns were first invented by Alfred the Great, under the pressure of something like necessity, which leads to most inventions. Not having watches or chrono-

mers of any kind, and the sun dial being not always available, he used to have candles placed in rings, and belts of different breadths and colours, so that he might know by the burning of these candles when he had been employed long enough about any one thing. He found, however, that when the wind blew upon the candles, they burnt more quickly. The idea of shielding them from the wind by a frame suggested itself, and this slowly led him to contrive lanterns.

CHINA OPENED.—Until the year 1858 it was almost impossible for Europeans to visit the interior of China. The inhabitants refused to have any intercourse with foreigners except at a few sea-ports, where tea and other commodities were exported, and travellers into the interior incurred great peril. Lord Elgin succeeded in putting an end to this system of exclusion at the end of the Chinese War in 1858, and by treaty we are now authorised to travel in all parts of the Empire. The number of those who avail themselves of this liberty is not very great ; but it is increasing, and in the end China will open fully to the influence of western ideas, including those that are eastern with us and western with the Chinese.

HARMS AND AILMENTS.

SORE THROAT.—Two or three drops of the oil of lavender in a little water make a good gargle for sore throat.

CUT OR BRUISE.—An old lady recommends covering the part with the inside shell of an egg, which, she says, “sticks till the hurt is better and then falls off.”

CRAMP.—Is it in the arm ? Take a

stick of brimstone in the hand. Is it in the leg? Put a stick of brimstone in the stocking and stand on it. Some have found instant relief in this way.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS, SORE MOUTH OR NOSE.—1 ounce glycerine, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce carbolic acid, 1 ounce Cologne or rose water. This preparation is very healing, and far ahead of camphor, ice or vaseline.

EARACHE.—Some have found relief from milking into the ear some milk from the breast. Others recommend dropping into the ear four times a day six drops of a mixture thus composed:—half ounce each of glycerine, oil of bitter almonds, and oil of sassafras. Insert a bit of wadding to keep in the drops.

DEAFNESS.—Sometimes the cause of deafness is the hardening of the wax in the ear. A good way of dissolving it is to drop into the ear twice a day six drops of a mixture composed of equal parts of alcohol, ether, and glycerine. Each second day, wash out the ear by injecting warm water in which Castile soap has been dissolved.

THE MEDICAL VIRTUES OF BAKING SODA.—An old lady friend—(we judge she is not a young lady: if she is, we beg pardon)—says: “For a burn, there is nothing like a poultice well mixed with baking soda. It takes out the fire quicker than anything I ever knew. It also cures venomous bites. I have known it cure the bite of a rattlesnake.” An independent authority makes a similar recommendation in the case of burns, thus: “Dissolve three tablespoonfuls of baking soda in one pint of water, and saturate three thicknesses of soft linen or muslin, and keep it constantly saturated on the part affected.”

WATER AS A REMEDY.—For many ailments, water applied externally to the part affected is the most effectual and simple remedy; but to be efficacious, common sense must be mixed with the prescription, otherwise it will often do more harm than

good. Only the very strong in constitution have sufficient power of reaction to withstand being chilled by the application of a *cold* bandage. It is better to use tepid water. Linen is better than cotton because it holds the water. A towel or piece of linen should be folded in four, then wet with water just comfortable to the patient; a little salt added to the water will facilitate the cure. Another most important point to be observed is that unless the wet linen is covered with rubber cloth, it can do very little good, as the moisture will be all absorbed into the outer coverings. A piece of rubber cloth should be laid over the wet linen, and over the rubber cloth sufficient flannel to raise a good heat and keep warm all night. This remedy is good not only for sore throat, but for bronchial colds, and for some kinds of rheumatism and inflammation. It has cured ulceration of the stomach and bowels when everything else has failed. It cannot be too highly recommended.—S.M.

RUSKIN AMONG THE DOCTORS.—“Really, your simplicity about naughty *me* is the most comic thing I know, among all my old friends. *Me* docile to Doctors! I watched them—(I had three)—to see what they knew of the matter; did what they advised me, for two days; found they were utterly ignorant of the illness and were killing me. I had inflammation of the bowels, and they gave me ice! and tried to nourish me with milk! Another twelve hours and I should have been past hope. I stopped in the *middle* of a draught of iced water, burning with insatiable thirst—thought over the illness myself steadily—and ordered the doctors out of the house. Everybody was in agony, but I *swore* and raged till they had to give in—ordered hot toast and water in quantities, and mustard poultices to the bowels. One doctor had ordered fomentations, *that* I persevered in, adding mustard to give out-

side pain. I used brandy and water as hot as I could drink it, for stimulant, kept myself up with it, washed myself out with floods of toast and water, and ate nothing and refused *all* medicines. In twenty-four hours I had brought the pain under, in twenty-four more I had a healthy appetite for meat, and was safe—but the agony of poor Joanna! forced to give me meat, for I ordered roast chicken instantly, when the doctors, unable to get at me—were imploring *her* to prevail on me not to kill myself as they said I should. The poor thing stood it nobly—of course—none of them could move *me*, on which I forced them to give me cold roast beef and mustard at two o'clock in the morning! And here I am, thank God, to all intents and purposes quite well again; but I was within an ace of the grave."

HOW TO AVOID HARMS AND AILMENTS.

—A correspondent thinks it is better to avoid than to cure harms and ailments. She supplies the following rules:—1. Always look in the direction in which you are moving. 2. Never leave a car or other public vehicle when it is in motion. 3. Never put your head or arms out of a vehicle when it is in motion. 4. If a horse runs away with you remain in the vehicle rather than risk the danger of jumping from it. 5. In thunder storms keep away from trees, metallic substances, doors and windows (the lower part of the house is the safer). 6. Never play with fire-arms; always keep them beyond the reach of children. 7. Avoid charcoal fumes; they are deadly when confined in a close room. 8. Illuminating gas, be sure to turn it off; never, never blow it out. 9. When gas can be smelt in an apartment, always air the room well before striking a match or bringing a light. 10. When very cold, move quickly. If any part of the body is frozen, rub it with snow, and keep from the fire. 11. Never sit down in wet clothing; change as soon as

possible. (People think if they are dry inside their clothes it is all right. It is a mistake. Wet is more dangerous outside than in: fact.) 12. Carefully avoid exposure to night air in malarial districts. 13. If necessary to go into an old vault or well, first introduce a burning candle. If the light burns low, and finally goes out, carbonic acid gas is present, and the place is unsafe to enter. Unslaked lime will absorb the gas and purify the air. 14. Avoid going on the railroad track, and icy sidewalks. 15. When awake, very young children should never be left alone. 16. Do not go with loose, or flowing garments, near dangerous machinery. 17. Never touch gunpowder after dark. 18. Never fondle a strange dog.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

WHITEWASH THE CELLAR.—Whitewash made of nothing but good white lime and water is the best known agency for keeping the air of the cellar sweet and wholesome.

CLEAN BRUSHES.—A teaspoonful of ammonia mixed with a quart of water is a good preparation for cleaning hair brushes. After applying the mixture, dry the brush in the air, never dry in the sun.

SCRUB THE MATTING.—Straw matting is easily cleaned by scrubbing with hot milk well salted. Wipe dry, open the windows, and allow the air to circulate through. It is said that when dry, burning common sulphur in the room will help to bleach it.

TO MAKE OLD BLACK SILK LOOK LIKE NEW.—Boil down black kid gloves to a jelly, and sponge the silk thoroughly with it. Roll up the silk for an hour or so, and when it is ready, iron on the wrong

side. This treatment will give it a beautiful finish like new.

EXTERMINATE THE RATS AND MICE.—A remedy highly recommended for the extermination of rats and mice is corn-meal mixed with powdered glass. Spread the mixture in their favourite haunts, and it is claimed they will flee from the premises in an incredibly short time.

ROASTING.—Some are of opinion that roasting can be done quite as well in the roaster of a closed range as before an open fire. But I believe in constantly basting roast meat, which cannot be done conveniently in an oven, and *what is not easily done is easily neglected.*

THE RIGHT MOMENT FOR PUTTING THE SUGAR IN.—Chemists say that it takes more than twice as much sugar to sweeten preserves, sauce, &c., if you put it in when the fruit begins to cook, than it does when the sugar is put in when the fruit is fully cooked and nearly ready to take off.

GAS STOVES—Gas stoves are very cleanly, and are always ready for use. Ladies can cook at them without inconvenience; and when no open fire is required they are a great comfort. But if a constant fire is required, gas becomes costly, especially where it is used for heating a regular supply of water.

CAPITAL SCONES FOR THE TEA TABLE.—To make two dozen, mix thoroughly in a pint of milk 2 lbs. 2 ozs. of flour, 6 ozs. of sugar, 6 ozs. butter, 1 oz. of cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. carbonate of soda. Add a few sultanas, currants, or almonds. Knead out into the required number and bake. See if everybody won't be delighted with them.

KITCHEN UTENSILS.—There is really no saving, but rather waste, in buying cheap kitchen utensils. Cheap knives made of soft iron; a saw made of tinplate; imperfectly tinned or enamelled saucepans; skewers made of soft wire; clocks that won't keep time; scales which

give you no idea of weight; common tin instead of block tin; avoid all such: they have a bad moral influence on the cook.

TO RESTORE BUTTER THAT HAS BECOME RANK OR MUSTY.—Put the butter in a large crock, and with a pot stick puncture holes through the butter. Then take pieces of wood charcoal, wash off the dust and tie them (separately) in muslin and press them well into the holes in the butter. Cover with a good strong pickle, to which add a little saltpetre and white sugar. In a few days the butter will be so greatly improved "you would hardly know it was the same."

A DELICIOUS COOLING DRINK.—Take six pounds of strawberries or raspberries, pour on them a quart of water in which two and a half ounces of citric acid has been dissolved. Stir frequently, and after twenty-four hours, strain, but do not squeeze the fruit. To every pint of juice, add one pound and a half of white sugar, stir occasionally, and when the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, the syrup may be bottled, but must not be corked for a few weeks. Tie muslin over the necks of the bottles. The syrup may work a little, but will not spoil, and should on no account be boiled—as boiling destroys the fine flavour of the fruit. This syrup makes a delicious cooling drink—with water—or it can be used in pudding sauce, or made into jelly with the addition of gelatine or sea moss.

NOURISHING SOUP.—Soup is generally the first thing served at dinner, and when other dishes are to follow, the soup should not be of a heavy, satisfying character; a thin soup, as clear as sherry to cleanse the palate and promote the flow of gastric juice, is the proper kind of soup to precede other dishes. As a rule, our soups are too rich. But if a soup is to be the only thing, as is frequently the case with the working classes in other countries, it should be of a nourishing character, and

when no meat or meat-stock has been used, it may be improved with milk or thickened with macaroni, pea meal, Indian meal, pearl barley or oatmeal, and in this way, all the conditions of a cheap, wholesome food may be prepared. "The great heroes of antiquity," says Sir John Sinclair, "lived on broth. The liquor in which mutton or venison was boiled, thickened with oatmeal and flavoured with wild herbs, formed the morning and evening meal in the hall of a Highland chief." A soup made without meat or a meat-stock is called vegetable soup, or soup maigre; and, in old books, it is known as "fast-day soup." It is, however, generally thickened and improved by the addition of yolk of egg, cream, tapioca, sago, oatmeal, milk or butter, or some of these either separately or mixed. A meat soup may be regarded as a decoction in water of gelatine, osmazome, and the flavouring of the materials used in its preparation.

LIGHTING A FIRE.—Fuel has now become a very expensive article in every household, and the proper management of a fire should be the constant consideration of the cook. To light a fire, begin by placing a few cinders at the bottom of the grate, then take some crumpled-up paper, carpenter's shavings, or light dry brushwood, then a few dry sticks loosely across each other, then some of the largest cinders, then a few pieces of nobbly coal about the size of a tennis ball, and finish with a few pieces nicely placed between the bars. Light the fire in two or three places at the bottom with a lucifer or lighted paper. A servant who uses a candle is wasteful and untidy. When the fire is well lighted, place some larger pieces of coal and cinders at the back and always put on the coal either with your hands, for which you may keep an old glove, or a shovel; never throw them on from the scuttle. All the small coal,

and refuse place on the top, and in a few minutes you will have a good fire. A fire is often allowed to blaze and waste away when there is nothing to cook, and then suffered to go nearly out, when wood is used to make it draw up. Always make the best use of your fire when it is burning; your labour will be lightened by timely forethought. No fire can burn without a supply of air. The heat of the fire causes a current of air, which mostly passes through the lower part of the fire, and it is for this reason that a fire should always *be stirred from the bottom*. If you want a clear fire for the gridiron place a few cinders at the top, and sprinkle the fire with a little salt.

PLEASING VARIETIES.

TRUE politeness has its seat in the heart.

AN imaginary grievance is one which the mourner does not want to cure.

IT is a mistake to worry over what cannot be remedied. Cheerfully do the next thing.

How feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, when nothing within corresponds with them.

To correct the spirit of discontent, let us consider how little we deserve, and how much we enjoy.

AFTER the first departure from sincerity, it is seldom in our power to stop; one artifice generally leads on to another.

Do not measure the enjoyments of others by your own. We are all constituted differently in details, though resembling each other in the general.

To believe only that which our finite

minds can grasp, and to consider impossible that which we cannot perform, is the mark of self-conceited folly.

MARK TWAIN MAXIMS.—Praying and charity ought to be done on the sly.—Every time you forgive a man you weaken him and strengthen yourself.—Give the devil his due, but be very careful that there ain't much due to him.—The fools in this world make about as much trouble as the wicked.

INCOMES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.—Her Majesty the Queen, £560,203; Prince and Princess of Wales, £116,761; Prince Alfred, £27,755; Prince Arthur, £29,000; Princess Royal, £8,040; Princess Helena, £6,000; Princess Louise, £6,000; Princess Beatrice (Henry of Battenburg), £6,000; Duchess of Albany, £6,000.

HOW LONG DOES A FISH LIVE?—Prof. Baird says that as fish has no maturity, there is nothing to prevent it from living indefinitely and growing continually. He cites in proof a pike living in Russia whose age dated back to the fifteenth century. In the royal aquarium at St. Petersburg there are fish that have been there 140 years.

LONDON.—London has about 700 tramway cars, 13,000 cabmen, and the London General Omnibus Company alone own 580 omnibuses. The two Underground Railways carry annually 136 millions of people. Nearly 800,000 persons, and over 70,000 vehicles, daily enter and leave the comparatively small area (435 acres) of the City of London proper.

BEFORE FORKS WERE USED.—In 1611 an English gentleman travelling in Italy made this entry in his journal: "I observe a custom not used in any other country. They use a little fork when they cut their meat." He purchased one and carried it to England, but when he used it he was so ridiculed by his friends that he wrote in his diary: "Master Lawrence Whitaker, my familiar friend, called me Lucifer for

using a fork at feeding." That little two-tine article of table furniture brought about a fierce discussion. It was regarded as an innovation, unwarranted by the customs of society. Ministers preached against its use. One minister maintained that, as the Creator had given thumbs and fingers, it was an insult to Almighty God to use a fork.

BEAUTY AND ILLNATURE.

A Wasp met a Bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?
My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah, friend," said the Bee, "it is all very true,
But if I were half as much mischief to do,
Then people would love me no better than you,
You can boast a fine shape, and a delicate wing,
You are perfectly handsome, but yet there's one
thing

That cannot be put up with—and that is your
sting.

My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I'm a useful and innocent Bee."

* * * *

From this little story let people beware,
Because, like the Wasp, if ill natured they are,
They will never be loved, though they're ever so
fair.
—Jane Taylor.

ABOUT BIBLE VERSES.—The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet, except the letter J. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John.

ELECTRICITY APPLIED TO VEGETABLE GROWTH.—A Russian agriculturist is reported to have found that electrifying

various seeds, such as peas, beans, rye, etc., for two minutes, by means of a current, nearly doubles the rapidity of their growth. He next tried to electrify the earth, and with remarkable results. Radishes grew to the length of 17'3 in. and a diameter of 5½ in., and a carrot to a diameter of 10'6 in., and a weight of 6'6 lb. In all cases it was found that the quality had not deteriorated, and, generally speaking, the harvest was in all four times superior to the ordinary for roots, and two or three times for plants. The plan adopted was to sink deep in the ground large plates of zinc and copper 28 in. high and 18 in. wide at the extremity of flat iron bars, and to join them above the ground by an iron wire.

A WEEK'S WORK IN BIRMINGHAM.—

A statistician has calculated that a week's work in Birmingham comprises, among its various results, the fabrication of 14,000,000 pens, 6,000 bedsteads, 7,000 guns, 300,000,000 cut nails, 1,000,000 buttons, 1,000 saddles, 5,000,000 copper or bronze coins, 20,000 spectacles, 6 tons of papier mache wares, over £30,000 worth of jewellery, 4,000 miles of iron and steel wire, 10 tons of pins, 5 tons of half pins and hooks and eyes, 130,000 gross of screws for woodwork, 500 tons of nuts and screw bolts and spikes, 50 tons of wrought iron hinges, 350 miles of wax for vestas, 40 tons of refined metal, 40 tons of German silver, 1,000 dozen of fenders, 3,500 bellows, 800 tons of brass and copper wares, to say nothing of the myriad other articles, such as pianofortes, cylinder castings, perambulators, wheels, axles, safes, locks, etc.

THE French Government have decided to cultivate the *isonnadr gutta* or gutta perch tree in Algeria. The tree has been all but exterminated in Singapore, and unless a good substitute is found our supply of gutta percha for telegraphic and other electrical purposes will soon come to an end.

THE VERY BEST WAY.

When Molly came home from the party to-night,—

The party was over at nine,—

There were traces of tears in her bright blue eyes

That looked mournfully up to mine.

For someone had said, she whispered to me,

With her face on my shoulder hid,

Someone had said (there were sobs in her voice)

That they didn't like something she did.

So I took my little girl upon my knee,—

I am old and exceedingly wise,—

And I said, "My dear, now listen to me,

Just listen and dry your eyes.

"This world is a difficult world, indeed,

And people are hard to suit,

And the man who plays on the violin

Is a bore to the man with the flute.

"And I myself have often thought

How very much better 'twould be

If every one of the folks that I know

Would only agree with me.

"But since they will not, the very best way

To make this world look bright

Is, never to mind what people say,

But to do what you think is right."

TO FIND THE DAY OF THE WEEK FOR ANY DATE.—Take the last two figures of the year. Place under them a quarter of the number expressed by these, not noticing any fraction. Then add the date of the month, and also the figure in the following list which corresponds to the position of the month in the year (*e.g.*, the twelve figures = the twelve months), 3—6—6—2—4—0—2—5—1—3—6—1. Add all together. Divide the product by seven, and the remainder will give *the number of the day of the week*. If there is no remainder, the day will be a Saturday. For instance, to find out the day of the week of

April 18, 1890, you take 90, add a quarter : then 22 ; add 18, the date of the month ; then add them. We get 132 ; this divided by 7 leaves a remainder of 6, which is consequently the number of the day of the week, *i. e.*, Friday.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH THAT WILL GROW INTO THE GUMS.—According to the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, a Moscow dentist appears to have solved the problem of supplying the human mouth with false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones. Dr. Zhamensky has performed several successful operations on dogs, as well as human beings. The teeth are made of gutta-percha porcelain, or metal, as the case may be. At the foot of the false tooth, holes are made. Holes are also made upwards into the jaw. The tooth is then placed in the cavity. In a short time a soft granulated growth finds its way from the patient's jaw into the holes in the tooth ; this growth gradually hardens, and holds the tooth in its position. It is stated that it does not matter whether the cavity in which the tooth is to be placed is one from which a natural tooth has been recently drawn, or whether it has been healed for some years.

A WEEK WITHOUT SLEEP.—In the month of March last, six men entered into a competition as to their ability to do without sleep for a full week. The experiment began on a Monday at 12 o'clock. Four of the contestants had dropped out before Thursday. The fifth succumbed late on Sunday evening after a terrible struggle. At about ten o'clock he walked like a man asleep and reeled about the floor. An hour later, he complained that the floor had all at once grown very steep and he could not keep on climbing. He stuck to his task, however, until midnight, when he leaned against the wall for a moment's rest. He was so tired that he fell to the floor. The shock roused him, and he begged the

watchman to keep him awake, but it could not be done. Again he reeled about the floor for a few minutes, and then, with tears in his eyes, he said it was all up with him. He could not stand it any longer—he must lie down a minute. Down to the floor he threw himself, and before the watchman could get to him, a full-fledged snore was heard, and he was out of the race. The last was left alone with twelve hours before him to complete. He walked, he sang, he danced and shouted, and tried every means he could devise to ward off sleep. Hundreds of people clustered about him to see the last hour pass. "Why did you stop the clock?" he almost screamed as the minutes dragged by. At length it was over and he was conducted to the theatre stage and introduced ; but before the introduction was over he was sound asleep. The men are said to have suffered no permanent ill from their novel contest, which took place in Detroit, Mich.

EXTRAORDINARY ECHOES.—In the sepulchre of Metella, the wife of Sulla, in the Roman Campagna, there is an echo which repeats five times, in five different keys, and will also give back with distinctness a hexameter line which requires two-and-a-half seconds to utter it. On the banks of the Naha, between Bingen and Coblenz, an echo repeats seventeen times. The speaker may scarcely be heard, and yet the responses are loud and distinct, sometimes appearing to approach, at other times to come from a great distance.—Echoes equally beautiful and romantic are to be heard in our own islands. In the cemetery of the Abercorn family, at Paisley, when the door of the chapel is shut, the reverberations are equal to the sound of thunder. If a single note of music is breathed, the tone ascends gradually with a multitude of echoes, till it dies in soft and bewitching murmurs.—The echo at the "Eagle's Nest," on the banks

of Killarney, is renowned for its effective repetition of a bugle call, which seems to be repeated by a hundred instruments, until it gradually dies away in the air. At the report of a cannon, the loudest thunders reverberate from the rock, and die in seemingly endless peals along the distant mountains.—At the Castle of Simonetta, a nobleman's seat about two miles from Milan, a surprising echo is produced between the two wings of the building. The report of a pistol is repeated by this echo sixty times, and Addison, who visited the place on a somewhat foggy day, when the air was unfavourable to the experiment, counted fifty-six repetitions. At first they were very quick, but the intervals were greater in proportion as the sound decayed. It is asserted that the sound of one musical instrument in this place resembles a great number of instruments playing in concert. This echo is occasioned by the existence of two parallel walls of considerable length.

TO SEE AND HEAR ANYTHING ALL OVER AGAIN.—Mr. Edison's latest invention is called the kinetograph. It is a machine for photographing action at the rate of 46 impressions per second, so that every part of an action is secured in photograph. When the whole of these impressions are successively exhibited on a screen through a "magic lantern," at the same rate at which they were taken, the result is to reproduce the action, as if the actor was acting before the eye. With this is combined the phonograph for reproducing the sounds uttered in connection with the action. The practical result is, that any scene taken by this instrument may be reproduced afterwards, anywhere, any number of times, on a public platform, or in a private parlour. The beholder will see and hear all over again the scene enacted, as if he had been bodily present. Upon this point Mr. Edison says:—"The trouble in all attempts heretofore made to

reproduce action and motion by photography was, that the figures were not taken in a series with sufficient rapidity to get accurately the motion it was desired to reproduce. Mr. Hemment, the man who photograph running horses in the thousandth part of a second, had the idea: but he failed because he could only take half-a-dozen photographs at a time, and these photographs, if reproduced in a series, would have shown a jerky and imperfect motion. My idea was to take a series of instantaneous photographs of motions so rapidly that in the reproduction photographic representations would become dissolved in pure motion instead of a series of jerks. The kinetograph can take a series of 46 photographs in one second, which, so far as the eye can observe, is perfectly pure continuous motion. This can be kept up as long as desired. The machine starts, moves, stops, opens the shutters, takes the photograph, closes the shutters, and starts again, repeating the process, as I have stated, 46 times in a second." To illustrate what he meant, Mr. Edison took one of the rolls of gelatine film, which had been through a kinetograph, and showed it to the correspondent. Upon it was photographed one of the boys employed in Mr. Edison's laboratory. The photographs were about half-an-inch square, taken on the film at intervals of about one inch. They represent the boy in the act of taking off his hat and bowing. Between the first view and the last of the series the complete motion of removing the hat and making the bow was clearly discernible, and there was no apparent change of position between any two consecutive views. Mr. Edison intends to reproduce an entire opera by means of this invention.

THERE is nothing too troublesome for men under the pressure of necessity.

EDUCATIONAL OVER-PRESSURE.

Ram it in, cram it in,
 Children's heads are hollow ;
 Slam it in, jam it in,
 Still there's more to follow.

Hygiene and history, astronomic mystery,
 Algebra, histology, Latin, etymology,
 Botany, geometry, Greek, and trigonometry,
 Ram it in, cram it in,
 Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in,
 What are teachers paid for ?
 Bang it in, siam it in—
 What are children made for ?

Ancient archæology, Aryan philology,
 Prosody, zoology, physics, climatology,
 Calculus and mathematics, rhetoric and hydro-
 statics.

Hoax it in, coax it in,
 Children's heads are hollow.

Rub it in, club it in,
 All there is of learning.
 Punch it in, crunch it in,
 Quench their childish yearning.
 For the field and Grassy nook,
 Meadows green and rippling brook ;
 Drive such wicked thoughts afar,
 Teach the children that they are
 But machines to cram it in,
 Bang it in, slam it in
 That their heads are hollow.

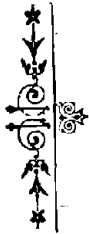
RUNAWAY horses can be stopped now by electric power, thanks to the latest American invention. Should the animal bolt the driver touches a button and the runaway receives an electric shock which brings him to a standstill at once.

SINCE the 1881 census the additions to British India have been as large as the area of the German Empire. Our Burmah Province has increased in area from 87,220 square miles to 280,000 by the conquest of Ava and the Shan States, and the population by five millions. At the north-west end of the Empire, Baloochistan has been added, with an area of 160,500 miles and half a million of people.

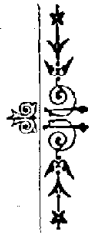
A NEW DETECTIVE—NOT A MAN, BUT A MACHINE.—It is called the insumgraph. It consists of a level surface, such as the top of a desk, in which there is a small opening. Beneath the aperture, run by an electric movement, with a clock attachment, is a metal ribbon, with a piece of paper on its upper surface at regular distances. Once an hour the paper is brought below the aperture and remains there for three minutes, and then passes on, and no paper appears there for an hour. It is intended that the clerk or watchman whose duty it is to be in punctual attendance, shall write his name on the paper when it is presented at the aperture. When the ribbon is unrolled next day, if one of the slips bears no signature, it is at once evident that the employé was absent when that slip was presented.

DIFFICULTIES OF FLYING.—Dr. Müllenhoff, at a lecture recently delivered in Berlin, gave some interesting particulars which have been gleaned by a close study of flying. Many birds, particularly swallows, are unable to fly when the air is quite still. When a bird is on the ground it is a matter of no small difficulty for it to raise itself, and it is always at the mercy of the wind. Whichever direction the wind blows the bird flies against it, by springing in the air and opening the wings. By this means it is lifted up. If the wind is very light the bird has to fly for some time against it in order to get up its speed. It is for this reason that most birds choose the tops of high trees in which to build their nests. Few birds fly with the wind, for if they did they could have no check upon their speed, and would often be carried far beyond their destination by its force.

IN THE CLOUDS.—Professor Möller, of Carlsruhe, has made some interesting observations on clouds. The highest clouds, cirrus and cirrostratus, rise on an average to a height of nearly 30,000 feet. The middle clouds keep at from about 10,000 feet to 23,000 feet in height, while the lower clouds reach to between 3,000 feet and 7,000 feet. The cumulus clouds float with their lower surface at a height of from 4,000 feet to 5,000 feet, while their summits rise to 16,000 feet. The tops of the Alps are often hidden by clouds of the third class, but the bottom of the clouds of the second class, and especially of the thunder clouds, often enfold them. The vertical dimensions of a cloud observed by Professor Möller on the Nettleberg was over 1,200 feet; he stepped out of it at a height of about 3,700 feet, and high above the mountain floated clouds of the middle class, while veils of mist lay in the ravines and clefts. The upper clouds were growing thicker, while the lower ones were dissolving, and soon it began to rain and snow.



GOOD COMPANY.



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REMARKABLE EPISODES OF HISTORY.—No. 13.

AN EXTRAORDINARY QUARREL.

THE Philip (IV.) of France who figured so shamefully in the affair of the Knights Templars, as narrated last month, previously had a somewhat extraordinary quarrel with Pope Boniface VIII. It originated in the claim of Boniface to have a voice in the raising of the revenues of France, so far, that is, as the priesthood were concerned. He forbade the clergy in general to grant any aid or subsidies to the King of France, or any prince anywhere without the Pope's consent. Philip, on the other hand, whose pretensions were quite as high as the Pope's, issued a decree, forbidding any of the French clergy to send money out of France without the King's permission; and as for their contributions to the French Royal Treasury, he considered they were bound to contribute more largely than other subjects of the Crown, because of their much greater wealth, and the position of special privilege they occupied in the State. The Royal view and the Papal thus respectively enforced by official edicts were thus in diametric opposition, and loud cawing in the ecclesiastical rookery was the natural consequence, leading to consequences more serious.

The Pope appointed a French bishop (Panners) as his legate to the court of France. This ecclesiastic, thus raised to an equality with sovereignty itself, came boldly to Paris, and demanded the King's submission to the Pope, under threat of putting the whole Kingdom under an interdict. The king was unspeakably incensed at such a demand, and would have handed the man making it over to the common hangman but that by the law of Europe at the time, the person of an ecclesiastic was sacred, and could not be dealt with by civil law. The king, therefore, was satisfied with arresting him and delivering him over to the archbishop of Narbonne, to whose jurisdiction he had been subject before his appointment as legate.

The Pope, on hearing of the confinement of his legate, was enraged, and issued a bull declaring "that the vicar of Christ is vested with full authority over the kings and kingdoms of the earth"; and ordering the bishops of France to leave France in a body and repair to Rome. A French ecclesiastic called on the king, and presented this bull, commanding him, under pain of excommunication, to acknowledge the Pope as his temporal sovereign. The king threw the Pope's decree into the fire, and issued orders to the bishops, prohibiting them from departing the kingdom. Forty of the bishops, with many of the heads of

religious orders, disregarded the interdict, and went to Rome. For this disobedience of the king's orders, the king seized all their property, which was very acceptable to him, as he was very needy.

The Pope called a council to consider what was to be done. In furtherance of their plans, they cited before them Philip's "confessor," through whom they brought Philip's most secret thoughts under review. While they were deliberating, the French king took his measures also. He convoked representatives of the various states and orders of his kingdom, including the cities, which had not before this emergency been summoned to the consideration of national affairs. The king laid the case before them, and asked them whether he had his crown from them or from the Pope. The representatives answered decisively against the Pope's claim, and passed a resolution acknowledging the King's independent right to the sovereignty, and disavowing the Pope's pretensions.

The French King now proceeded to treat the Pope as an open enemy. He made a league with the Italian enemies of the Pope (the family of Colonna) and sent an agent into Italy with a large sum of money to raise troops against him. A band of desperadoes was by this means suddenly and secretly collected. They marched to Anagni where the Pope happened to be paying a visit—being in fact the place of his birth. The Pope was completely taken by surprise. The soldiers shouted in the streets, "Let the Pope die! Long live the King of France!" Recovering from his panic, the Pope attired himself in his official robes, and holding the keys in one hand, and the cross in the other, presented himself before the soldiery, who were abashed by his majestic deportment. The leader of the soldiers, not sharing their superstitious sentiments, struck the Pope, exclaiming, "Tyrant, renounce the Pontificate which

thou hast dishonoured." The Pope replied, "I am Pope, and I will die Pope!" His calm behaviour had such an effect upon the soldiery and the populace that they rose in his favour, and rescued him from the hands of the men who would have taken him. The Pope, however, was so much affected by the insults offered to him that he died in a few days, and was succeeded by a man (Benedict XI.) who was as mild as Boniface was haughty, and as friendly to the King of France as Boniface was hostile—yet whose meekness cost him his life much sooner than Boniface's austerity cost him his ; for in a short time, his friends took him off by poison, as not suiting their purpose.

A HUBBUB PARLIAMENT OUT OF DOORS.

The most wonderful Phase of Modern History.
—No. 14.

THE SUBJECTS OF PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. France oppressed for centuries (p. 2, vol. i.); 2. States General demanded and summoned (p. 43); 3. The election amid public excitement (p. 82); 4. Meeting of the States-General (p. 123); 5. Food scarcity and public riot; the soldiers mutinous (p. 163); 6. Attack on the Bastille Prison (p. 202); 7. Flight of the aristocracy: assassination of officials (p. 242); 8. Pillage of the country and burning of castles (p. 283); 9. The women march to Versailles (p. 323); 10. They invade the assembly sitting there (p. 362); 11. The palace forced by the mob (p. 403); 12. The King compelled to remove to Paris (p. 442); 13. Trouble and darkness in France (p. 2, vol. ii.).

WHILE the new constitution is being hammered into shape by the assembly indoors, agitation is fermenting far and wide out of doors. The people are holding a universal hubbub Parliament which cannot pass binding laws, and yet which is preparing a state of mind that will greatly affect public law by and by.

There is not only a universal outbreak of stump oratory, portable trestles or tub turned on end providing the needful elevation, from which fervid eloquence could harangue fellow-mortals. But there is such a development of press energy as has never been witnessed before or since. Newspapers folded and hawked on the streets are matters of course—of every shape and colour. For “the voices of the people being accepted as the voice of God, notwithstanding the endless jargon of contradiction,” shall it not be heard? Yes, “to the ends of France, and in as many dialects as when the first great Babel was a-building; some loud as the lion; some small as the sucking dove.” Even the King’s friends have their papers with declining sale, and of course the King’s enemies—hot democratic wasps, with sting and poison bag—much more numerous and loud than the diminishing royalist papers. But the most surprising feature was the eruption on the walls—placard journals for which people paid nothing, but which they read with as much or more eagerness than the usual prints. These are printed in bright prismatic colours and catch the eye quickly. They are issued by all patriot or other associations that can provide the fund, for such a poorly-paying kind of publication. They hang themselves out on the wall, to get at the public ear, without the intermediate barrier of a hawker’s charge. The very government find it expedient to adopt this method of getting heard in the general bawl. It was a rare day for the bill-stickers. There were about a hundred of them, with their crosspoles, haversacks, and pastepots. They were a licensed and limited body, Nobody as yet dare wield the brush without the leaden badge of the Municipality. Their hands were very full indeed. They made the walls of Paris elegant every day with ever-fresh periodical literature—placard-journals, placard-lampoons, muni-

cial ordinances, royal proclamations. For five years, this roaring torrent raged—all quiet enough now. Things don’t last for ever.

Chief among the papers used on the street, in point of influence destined to be exerted with terrible effect, was Marat’s *Ami du Peuple*. He and others became tired of endless talk. There was a cry for action: but there was a lack of plan or means of carrying plan into execution. This man began to throw out hints. He contended that, so long as aristocrats walked the earth, all reform talk must end in smoke. What was wanted was 260,000 aristocrat heads. “Give me,” said he, “two hundred Naples bravoës, each armed with a good dirk, and a muff on his left arm by way of shield, and with them I will traverse France and accomplish the Revolution.” “This,” says Carlyle, “was the most original plan of action ever submitted to a people.” Not at once did it spring into maturity, but it took root: “it is growing, rooting itself into Tartarus, branching towards heaven; the second season afterwards, we shall see it risen out of the bottomless darkness, full-grown into disastrous twilight—a hemlock tree great as the world, on, or under, whose boughs all the people’s friends of the world may lodge. . . . Shudder at it, O people.” Do not turn it into jest. “There is no jesting in those rheumy eyes, in that soot-beared figure, most earnest of created things; neither, indeed, is there madness—of the strait-waistcoat sort.” On the contrary, “he actually does not want sense; but with croaking, gclid throat, croaks out masses of truths sometimes.”

The authorities at the Town Hall are at a loss how to deal exactly with this dark croaking people’s friend. Sometimes they take one attitude, sometimes another. To-day, they issue a warrant for his arrest; but to-morrow, diving out of sight and escaping “service,” he is left un-

molested, and even encouraged as a sort of ban dog whose baying may be useful. Danton, for example, President of the Shoemakers, who is emerging on public view as a leader, thinks Marat a useful encourager of the public liberties, and openly says at a meeting of the section, that if the Town Hall authorities attempt to take him, it is a case in which force may be met by force. The Town Hall authorities hear of this expression of Danton's and more than once launch a writ against him also; but what is the use of a writ that no one will, or at least that can, serve? An attempt is made, but Danton easily evades, and as the days advance, the revolutionary tide grows stronger and rises higher, until at last it sweeps away the official people on the Town Hall Rock.

It does not come to this all at once, but the current is onward. Social unrest is fermenting to new movement. In every French head, there hangs some prophetic picture of a new France—some full of the most painful foreboding of cataclysm and universal ruin: others, and these the most, full of a radiant expectation as of a new heaven and new earth wherein dwell, if not righteousness, at least plenty and liberty and happiness for all. All eyes are on the assembly, who are believed to be regenerating France as they hammer away at the new constitution. It is a curious situation. The king is in his Paris palace; a king only in name—a watched prisoner in reality. Like a cut branch, watered however assiduously, constitutional royalty does not thrive. What does thrive is neither the king nor the new constitution matters, but the young revolution out of doors. It thrives bravely, putting forth new buds, expanding the old buds into leaves and boughs. It has the property of growing by what other things die of: by agitation, contention, disarrangement, nay, in a word, by what is

the symbol and fruit of all these—hunger. For hunger is playing a most important part—goading men into theories and into expectations and resistance that would have been impossible with the prevalence of plenty. Want is felt where it produces most effect—down among the uncultivated elements of the community, who know no law but their own feelings or the presence of force. Superior force, as represented by organised authority being now greatly dissolved, the action of hunger on the untutored masses is as a gale of wind on the unchained waters. They rise in threatening billows. There is thus a universal shaking and sifting of French existence with the inevitable of bringing many things to the top that were originally at the bottom and only fit for there, and *vice versa*. Dog-leech Marat, he and others are shaken to the top who were only at home deep down in native mud. It is a good day for that species of half-original men who, with muddy bluster of sincerity which is only half sincere, get themselves rated at the highest figure by a starving indignant populace, thankful to anybody who will give their proper voice. The revolution element works itself rarer and rarer, so that only lighter and lighter bodies float, till at last the mere blown bladder is the only swimmer. Limitation of mind, allied with vehemence, promptitude, audacity, cunning, and good lungs, is sure to come to the front at such a time. Accordingly, of all classes, the rising one is the attorney class, glib of speech, and supple of conscience.

LOSS BY FIRE.—It is estimated that from thirty to forty million pounds worth of property is every year destroyed by fire all over the world, though not one-fifth of this damage is done by what may be called great fires—fires involving a loss of fifty thousand pounds or upwards.

THE FIRST PRINTED BOOKS.

IT is difficult to believe what is undoubtedly the fact, that the art of printing books is only about 400 years old. It seems strange that the art should not have been discovered much earlier. There is some evidence that it was practised in China long before it was known in Europe. But what is more surprising as regards its non-use in the early ages is the fact that, in principle, the art was in actual use among the Romans in a certain department of industry. They stamped designs on their pottery by means of cut metallic surfaces, which they used over and over again for the same purpose. This is the essence of the printing press, and yet no one thought of applying it to books till the beginning of the 15th century.

Well, there is probably a reason which will be appreciated by those who consider human life "from a Bible point of view." It is not only printing, but numberless other things—the invention of the steam engine, the employment of rails for travelling, the discovery of electricity, the invention of the electric telegraph, the telephone, and the endless arts and conveniences of modern life—all these have been reserved for the end of the present dispensation. If it seem a marvel that they should not have been discovered before, we have an end of the marvel in the fact that man has been prevented from discovering them till the arrival of the time when some preparation of the kind was necessary for the glorious dispensation that is coming on with the coming of Christ. The phenomena with which hypnotism has familiarised the modern public, enable us to understand how easily God can withhold perception when man with his fellow-man can do so much.

Before printing was discovered, the art of multiplying books by hand-copying had risen to great perfection. The parchment manuscripts which may be seen in the British Museum are evidence of this. They are neat, durable, legible, and highly ornamental. It is needless to say they were also very costly. There is a curious story in connection with the appearance of the first printed Bibles. Some of them were printed so as to resemble the written ones for this reason: First, the printer of these Bibles, had discovered the art, without divulging the fact; and it was his interest to conceal the discovery as long as possible: because so long as he got the price for his printed Bibles that were usually paid for the written copies, his business was very lucrative. To quicken sale, he dropped his price to 60 crowns when the ordinary price was 500 crowns. This created universal astonishment, and there was, of course, a run upon his Bibles. What people could not understand was that he was able to supply them as fast as they were wanted. It was a further matter of marvel that his books exactly resembled one another—whereas all ordinary copies, being made by hand, varied a little. Curious surmises began to be indulged in. At last, it began openly to be said that he was a magician in league with the devil. Information was lodged against him with the common magistrate, and on the officers searching his lodgings in Paris (where he had established himself for a while to sell his Bibles) a great number of copies were found. He was tried and condemned, and would have been burnt. To save his life, he divulged the art to the Paris authorities, who suspended prosecution and discharged him, in consideration of the usefulness of the invention.

When books were first printed from types, only one side of the leaf was made

use of. Afterwards the idea of pasting the blank sides together so as to make one leaf suggested itself. Finally, the expedient was found out, of printing both sides of the paper.

The printing at first was not from moveable types, but from a block of wood on which the words and sentences were engraved. This greatly impeded the development of the art, as each book or piece of printing of any kind required its own cut block, instead of being composed as now, from separable letters that can afterwards be taken down and used again. The trouble connected with frequent breakages and repairs suggested separable single-letter types, and these in lead, which quickly wrought a revolution. Since then, the stereotyping art of taking a mould from the moveable types when set, and casting in molten lead from these moulds, a facsimile of the original type in one block, has still further simplified the art of printing and enlarged its mechanical capacities. Printing from stereotype plates is not so neat as that made from the first composition, but, with care, it can be made to almost equal it.

There is a striking contrast between modern printed books and those produced when the art had just been invented. Some of the first books are hunted up and treasured as curiosities, great prices being sometime paid for an old and rare specimen. Among the very earliest books printed was the "Poor Man's Bible," with wood cuts in a coarse style, inelegantly daubed over with colour. This was also called the illuminated Bible, and was sold at a cheap rate to those who could not afford to purchase the costly editions, elegantly written and painted on vellum; for the written books were not superseded all at once. In some of these earlier copies, the initial letters of chapters and paragraphs are often wanting. The reason is that in such cases, they were left blank

for the publisher to have the initial letter filled in according to his fancy. Sometimes this was done in a very ornate and expensive manner.

Printing gradually extended itself throughout Europe till A.D. 1500, when it was finally established. The first to introduce the art into England was Caxton, a wealthy merchant, who in 1464 was sent to Burgundy on diplomatic business, and returned with the art in his possession, which he proceeded to put into practice. The first book he printed was a historical miscellany, which he translated from the French.

When printing first came into vogue, proof reading was a high and honourable occupation in which the most learned vied with each other in taking a part. Physicians, lawyers, and bishops occupied themselves in this department. To be a corrector to a printer was a distinction; and it frequently happened that in printing a book, the printer not only printed his own name as printer, but added that of the corrector.

The printer made a speciality of correct printing. He not only employed the best men as readers, but hung up his proof sheets for public inspection, and paid any man who found a mistake.

At first, abbreviations were so much employed by printers in the books printed for the public that the reading of a printed book was difficult. So great was this difficulty that a book was actually published as an aid to the art of reading and understanding a printed book. The objection to printing the words in full was the great addition it would make to the bulk and expense of a volume. To get over this, an Italian invented the Italic letter, which, by its economy of space, admitted of a book being fully and plainly spelt without adding to its size.

At first "black letter," or the old German text, used to be much employed,

but this gave place at last to the Roman letter, which has held its own to this day, and is not likely to be superseded.

THE LOVE OF OFFSPRING.

Is Phrenology True?—No. 14.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The brain the seat of the mind (p. 6, vol. 1); 2. The mind a cluster of separate powers (p. 49); 3. The powers in harmonious groups (p. 86); 4. The relation of power to size (p. 127); 5. Development subject to control (p. 167); 6. Action of the body on the brain (p. 207); 7. Influence of constitutional fibre (p. 247); 8. Phrenological bearing of the vital functions (p. 287); 9. Temperamental Development (p. 329); 10. The brain itself, and its subdivisions in man and beast (p. 367); 11. Surgical difficulties considered (p. 407); 12. The organs—amativeness (p. 446); 13. The Connubial element in love (p. 6, vol. ii.)

IT might at first be supposed that the love of offspring was an instinctive feeling in man and animals, fundamentally inseparable from their being, and not requiring any special organ for its development or activity. That it is an instinctive feeling is true; but it is a feeling existing with a great variety of strength in different persons, for which there must be a reason. If we consider the nature of instinct, we are guided to the phrenological conclusion on this matter.

Instinct is a specific affinity ingrained by constitution in a particular portion of the organism. The particular part is organised to produce the particular feeling or tendency that we call instinct; and while the particular feeling so produced is subject to the control of higher powers with which it is associated in man, still it exists, and acts independently of those higher powers, because mechanically produced by a certain part. This may be considered a

very degrading doctrine, but it is found to be true: and what we want in such matters is simply to know what is true.

As a matter of fact, the love of offspring does not exist in the same strength in all men or in all animals, and this variation of feeling is invariably accompanied by a variation in the size of that part of the brain with which phrenology associates this feeling, and to which it has given the name of philoprogenitiveness or parental love. This portion of the brain is next to amativeness and conjugality, as its function would require in the system of harmonious grouping. It is the most posterior (the behindest) organ of the brain. It is right at the back end of the brain, looking away in the direction opposite to the sight of the eyes. It is, perhaps, the most easily found of all the organs, but may be confounded with inhabitiveness and continuity, which are both just above in the same part of the brain. It is lowish down, on what might be called the back peak or end of the head. A horizontal line drawn from the hole of the ear backward will pass over it.

It is a great beautifier to the general composition of the human character, and will probably be a permanent ingredient in the immortal state, though apparently provisional in its function. It gives gentleness and kindness, and acts with a fine modification on the elements that give dignity and executiveness. Without it the character would be liable to be dry and stern. Its action is not confined to one's own family by any means, nor even to the human race: it goes out in sympathy to all creatures that are in any way dependent. It is a large ingredient in what is understood by the milk of human kindness. There is a marked difference between the man in whom it is large, and the man in whom it is deficient. In the former, there is an attractive cordiality: in the latter, there is liable to be an indifference and

even insipidity, that repels, or at least, fails to draw those with whom the person may come in contact. Children instinctively know those who love them, and will welcome them with a shout of delight where they shrink from others who are quite disposed to be kindly it may be, but who lack the peculiar charm of a large philoprogenitiveness that shows itself in every word or look where children are concerned. And this is quite unconnected with the usual efforts to get into the good graces of the children, such as giving of sweetmeats, or presents, &c. There is something in love that goes home to the heart without external tokens of that sort, though, of course, such tokens will not be wanting. The free use of the tokens will not make up for the absence of the genuine sentiment.

Large philoprogenitiveness requires to be under the control of powerful and enlightened reasoning faculties, or it is liable to degenerate to a weakness that excites pity and reflects harm on children. Without this combination, it is liable to let the children rule, and to let them act in ways and indulge in practices that will be to their hurt. There is no more lamentable sight than to see the hand of parental firmness arrested by undue sympathy. Sympathy wants to bless, yet it will curse, if not guided by reason; for it will withhold the treatment that is necessary to lead the children into ways of blessedness. This is sometimes done under the power of a wrong theory. It is assumed sometimes that the children have only to be let alone to grow into the due intellectual and moral symmetry of manhood or womanhood. The Bible and experience are both dead against this pleasing assumption. The first says "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." And as for the second, what is the universal upshot of neglected education and indulgent freedom on the

streets? Loutishness and barbarism. It is essential to the proper upbringing of children that they be diligently taught the way of right, and that they never be allowed to do wrong or disobey their parents without punishment such as a child will feel to be such—through his skin. Appeals to conscience and self-respect are totally ineffective in the early stage of human development. Mix them in if you like, but let the rod have its proper application if you wish your children to grow up such as will bring happiness and honour to themselves and you.

Another mistaken idea is that the employment of punishment will alienate the affections of the children. In truth the reverse is the fact. The affections are far more certain to languish under a weak than under a firm government. Love is never so strong as when mixed with fear and respect. Fear and respect are out of the question if a parent is too weak to chastise his child. The child may show "like" for an indulgent parent in the days of childhood, but when maturity comes, this like will give place to a very different feeling. The edge will wear off love, and there will be contempt where respect has not been earned by a clear discernment and faithful enforcement of the principles of wisdom. Let the philoprogenitive love have its powerful sway, but with all your kindness, insist on obedience, even if it may break your heart almost sometimes. Never let disobedience go unpunished. Be reasonable and considerate in giving commands, but when they are given, stand by them, and enforce them—not in anger, yet in unswerving firmness. And when the storm is past, let the sun shine: let no sulks remain, either on your part or the children's. Nothing but sweetness will come of this policy, and nothing but failure and bitterness, and even ruin from the other.

Don't be afraid of spoiling your children

by reasonable whipping. You are certain to spoil them the other way. Children that have never been whipped are liable to grow up selfish, even if not otherwise very bad. They may even grow up good, through superiority of organization, and yet be wanting in active sympathy and marred by a dull and obstinate self-complacency that will prevent them from being much of a joy to anybody else but themselves.

Philoprogenitiveness is almost always larger in women than in men. A woman without it is a dry tree. Who has not heard of a mother's love? But her very strength in this respect, that it may not degenerate to weakness, requires the help that may be afforded by a wise and firm-handed husband. There is nothing more beautiful under the sun than an enlightened well-governed family. On the other hand, there is nothing more odious than to see a family all run to wilfulness and rank stupidity from the lack of the training that, for its proper effectiveness, requires the co-operation of a father's kindly firmness with a mother's enlightened love.

Nurses and teachers should be chosen with reference to this faculty. A large endowment will greatly add to their effectiveness: in fact, it is essential to entire success. Their function will always be more or less of a failure when the organ is small.

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IMPROVED RAILWAY TRAVELLING.—

In 1872, the Parliamentary train from Euston to Liverpool, a distance of $201\frac{3}{4}$ miles, started at 7.40 a.m., stopped at every station on the route, and reached its destination at 6.35 p.m., thus occupying nearly 11 hours on a journey which the more fortunate third-class passenger of to-day is enabled to perform in $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

ORIGEN'S BANEFUL INFLUENCE ON CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity since the Ascension of Christ.—No. 14.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Fate of the apostles and their fellow-labourers (p. 8, vol. i.); Persecution in Domitian's reign (Clement) (p. 51); 3. Heresy at the end of the first century (p. 87); BEGINNING OF THE SECOND CENTURY—Pliny's letter (p. 129); 5. Persecutions by Antoninus (Ignatius) (p. 169); 6. Adrian's reign (Jews forbidden the Holy Land) (p. 209); 7. Persecution in the reign of Marcus Aurelius (Justin Martyr and Polycarp) (p. 248); 8. The Persecution continued—Letter of Irenæus (p. 289); 9. Spiritual declension through Alexandrian philosophy (p. 331); 10. CLOSE OF THE SECOND CENTURY (p. 370); 11. Tertullian at Carthage (p. 410); 12. Christianity at Alexandria (Beginning of the third century) (p. 448); 13. Persecution in the third century (p. 8, vol. ii.)

THE cessation of the persecution described last month, was not favourable to the spiritual health of the Christian community. The mixing of Pagan philosophy with Christian doctrines gradually and surely undermined the latter. This result seems more due to Origen than to any other human cause. He was able, enterprising, "learned," and influential. When the persecution ceased, he paid a brief visit to Rome, and, returning to Alexandria, became very active there. He lectured regularly on themes not confined to the gospel. He taught the more advanced class of students in various branches of profane and secular learning; and as regards the various sects that had sprung into activity, he confuted them by bringing them to bear against one another, and exposed their various fallacies with acuteness and sagacity, but his influence in other ways was not good. He encouraged many persons to study the liberal arts, assuring them that the knowledge of them

would qualify them for the study of the Holy Scriptures—an opinion that shows him to have been not much of a spiritually-minded man ; for the ideas of the Spirit of God do not get much help from human thoughts in any direction, and as for the technical learning that may be supposed to furnish a key to the language in which the Spirit of God has spoken, there is always a danger that its attainment may so absorb the intellectual energy or the moral affinities of the learner, that by the time he has acquired the technical learning, he has lost taste for those things which the technical learning is supposed to qualify him to understand.

It is evident that Origen was more of a mere scholar than anything else, and what does this mean when analysed to its ultimate ingredients but acquaintance with the written productions of men, and the tricks and ingenuities of human speech, which minister much more to pride than to divine enlightenment ; in fact, as a rule, not at all to the latter. The man is so cumbered with the apparatus of human learning that he has no aptitude for the essential simplicities of divine truth. Human learning gets him praise ; the knowledge of the divine will gets him none, but the reverse. The knowledge of God gets him the reputation of being narrow, if he be in any earnestness in the matter ; whereas the knowledge of human oddities and quiddities gets him reverence as being “learned ;” so that loving the praise of men more than the praise of God, he is insensibly drawn to the study of human learning, which comes to be magnified as a great thing (which it is not), to the eclipse of the living simple realities of divine truth, which are all in all.

There was evidently a deal of this with Origen. He obtained the reputation among the Gentiles of being a great philosopher. Such a reputation would have been impossible had he been a zealous

champion of the will of God rather than an industrious connotator of the ways of man. “They are of the world : therefore speak they of the world, and the world heareth them.” This was John’s verdict on certain popular professors of his own day who were held in high esteem : while earnest servants of God of his own stamp were disliked and avoided. The verdict evidently applies to Origen, through whose influence (and men of his mould), the simple ways of the gospel became sophisticated and corrupted, and the truth of God diluted into the tasteless and powerless compound ever afterwards known as “theology.”

He was looked up to all through the East as a great luminary—not only by the Christians, but by heathen writers. Porphyry, than whom Christianity never had a more acrimonious enemy, speaks of him with respect and hope. The praise of such a man is suspicious. As a fact, Origen mixed up what little of the scriptures he knew with pagan philosophy, with the effect of nullifying the former, and producing a mongrel Christianity which won over many who would have spurned Christianity pure and simple. Origen was, it seems, a student of the standard writers of Greece. Porphyry asserts that he (Origen) “continually perused Plato, Numenius, and the rest of the Pythagoreans : that he was well versed in Chæremon, the Stoic, and in Cornutus : and that from all these masters he borrowed the Grecian manner of allegorical interpretation, and applied it to the Jewish Scriptures.” This testimony must be true from the effects visible in his teaching. Under the influence of his motley lectures, many even of the heathen philosophers made a profession of the name of Jesus, and mention Origen often in their books ; some dedicate their works to him : others respectfully deliver them to him as to their master. All this is related with

satisfaction by Eusebius, the historian of Constantine's age a century later. He records it as a triumph of the gospel over paganism.

Milner, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, seems at a loss how to estimate the matter. He evidently has a much more scriptural bias than either Eusebius or Origen, yet his sympathy with their fundamental dogmas ties his tongue and prevents him characterising the third century situation in an accurate manner. He makes, however, some good remarks to the following effect:—"What can this extraordinary teacher mean by asserting the utility and even the necessity of philosophy for himself as a Christian? Are not the scriptures '*able to make men wise unto salvation through faith that is in Christ Jesus (Have they not been given) that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished to all good works?*' Is it not conceivable that a man of commonsense, perfectly unacquainted with all the learned lore of the Greek writers, studying only the sacred books, might acquire a competent—nay even an eminent knowledge of the scriptures? An acquaintance with classical and philosophical learning may furnish him with strong arguments to prove the necessity and excellency of divine revelation, and may impart improvement in taste, language, eloquence, and history, but they cannot add to the stock of theological knowledge contained in the scriptures." (They are much more likely to interfere with than to add to that knowledge; this has been the effect in actual experience, which has justified Paul's caution: "Beware of philosophy and vain deceit.") Among the literary converts of Origen, we hear nothing of scriptural topics. They are pleased with their master Origen. Superior human parts and learning always command the esteem of mankind; but what are all Origen's labours but vain attempts to mix things

which the Holy Spirit has declared will not incorporate? The mischief which actually followed was to be expected. Henceforth among the learned, the distinction between Christian godliness and human philosophy is but faintly marked. If Origen had simply and plainly expounded to his learned auditors the peculiar and vital truths of the gospel, I cannot but suspect (says Dr. Milner) that many of them would have ceased to attend his instructions."

LIMITED KNOWLEDGE.

Is there a God?—No. 14.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The reproductive faculty indicative of purpose (p. 14, vol. i.); 2. Every faculty proves the existence of its object, therefore God (p. 56); 3. The origin of the universe (p. 91); 4. The appearance of man upon the scene (p. 133); 5. The inconsistencies of the evolutionist view (p. 174); 6. The existence of sex a proof of God (p. 214); 7. Mechanism of the human frame (p. 251); 8. The construction of the eye (p. 292); 9. The seed of plant and animal (p. 333); 10. Human intelligence itself a proof of God (p. 371); 11. The self action of the universe (p. 411); 12. The fool's opinion (p. 451); 13. The great universe and small man (p. 10, vol. ii.).

MY dear and burdened friend, I hope your difficulties are finding their level.

I am partly ashamed of my difficulties, I confess.

There is no particular cause for shame. The sense of difficulty indicates a certain amount of discernment. There are some people that it would be quite refreshing to see distressed with a difficulty. At the same time, the presence of difficulty means more or less the obstruction of light.

That is what makes me ashamed.

Doubtless, the free course of light would banish all darknesses. Yet the shadows show that light is near.

Also that it is obstructed. That is what I lament.

The sorrow is a noble one, but you may let it go too far. Our difficulties are due to our impotencies, and our impotencies are realities for the time being, to be taken into account. We are not capable of knowing everything at present. It is well to know and note the fact. It mitigates our distress in dealing with such subjects to recognise distinctly that we can only go so far. If a man thought he ought to be able to go up to the moon, his actual inability to do so would be a distress unknown to the man who recognises that it is impossible.

You would almost seem to argue in favour of ignorance and uncertainty.

Yes, beyond a certain point.

What!

Certainly. There are things we cannot know: things we cannot be certain about. My great contention is that we ought not to allow our ignorance of what we cannot know to interfere with our certainty as to the things we can and do know. Suppose a farmer ignorant of the causes of the seasons were to shut his eyes to the fact that there are seasons, and so refrain from sowing his fields, he would illustrate the folly of the men, who because they cannot understand God, refuse the Bread of Everlasting Life that has come to their very doors in the Bible.

The cases are not exactly parallel. The farmer would of course not be guilty of such folly, because he knows the harvest will come independently of his understanding of the matter; but is it so in this other matter?

I submit it is even so. We know enough to justify faith and hope and practical compliance, notwithstanding our inability to know everything. We cannot

measure the universe, but we know enough of it to see that it must have had its origin in Power and Wisdom Eternal. Science recognises this in other terms; for what else does "force" mean?

That is where I do not follow you. Science does not recognise a personal God.

Science does not exclude a personal God. It employs a term that merely covers ignorance—I mean ignorance in the literal and confessed sense. It says, "We do not know. We know this much, that there is force or energy behind all the phenomena of nature: what this force is we cannot tell." So far as the knowledge possessed by science is concerned, this eternal force may be eternal God—the personal God of revelation.

"May be" is very unsatisfactory.

Nay, not in this special connection. Consider how different the case would be if we were obliged to say "cannot be." The "may be" leaves the door open. It amounts to this, that science must be left out of the question. We must look to the general drift of facts in coming to a decision.

I think that is where I am most liable to drift. I do not see any evidence of superintendence in the universe. Everything works by such relentless law that superintendence seems excluded.

Excuse me, "relentless law" would necessarily be the basis of a rational universe on any principle. Things must work upon a stable basis of cause and effect for reason to reign, and superintendence to work. Suppose fire sometimes burnt and sometimes supplied cooling moisture: suppose the ground was sometimes liquid and sometimes solid: suppose the air sometimes destroyed life and at other times sustained it: suppose the sun sometimes rose and at other times for weeks stayed away: suppose the earth sometimes extended itself vapourously into universal space, and sometimes condensed itself;

how impossible for created beings to adapt themselves to such a universe of uncertainties. It is one of the necessities of the case that relentless law should be at the bottom of things. There could not otherwise arise the idea of superintendence. It is well said that "order is heaven's first law." We may rejoice that the universe is established on the immovable foundation of "relentless law."

I can join in that thought. The relentless law I see; but where is the superintendence?

That is a question of history purely; we have record of the superintendence.

I do not think it is a question of history. It is more an affair of experience. Do we experience the superintendence? Do we see it take place?

I should say "Yes," if you make the "we" large enough.

What do you mean?

Well, don't confine the "we" to you and me or our generation.

Why not? If it is a matter of experience, we should see it take place as well as others.

Yes, when it does take place. Superintendence is a casual thing. It happens when it happens. It is not always happening, for if it were, it would cease to be what we understand by superintendence and would be part of the system of things—the system you have called relentless law.

You mean it is only occasionally performed?

Yes; and that those who are there to see, see. Divine superintendence is necessarily an affair of such importance as to be rare in its occurrence, and impossible in its discernment unless God permit. Those who are not contemporaneous with such a stupendous event, and to whom God does not vouchsafe privy in the matter, necessarily cannot know it.

You are too vague; come to particulars.

Well, take the opening of the Red Sea or the dividing of the Jordan: these were cases of superintendence. The "relentless law" which makes water find its level was superintended. It was not set aside. It was regulated. Another application of "force" was brought to bear, diverting the water from a particular spot. Now, only those who were living at the time could witness the occurrence, and those only of the living who stood related to it. Their knowledge of the matter could only come to us as a matter of history.

There you are touching the question of miracle and revelation.

So men talk in their artificial discriminations; miracle and revelation are as much a department of experience as the daily phenomena of nature.

Not for us.

Yes, for us, as an affair of testimony.

Belief on testimony is not experience.

We cannot experience everything. Some things—many things—we have to take on the experience of others; and their experience can only come to us in the form of testimony, and when lodged in the mind, it is as much an item of knowledge as experience. Take the existence of the Lake Victoria Nyanza in Central Africa: you have never seen it: probably never will. But you have no doubt of its existence, have you?

No, I cannot say that I have.

Yet you never experienced it?

I have experienced the credible testimony of it.

So have we experienced the credible testimony of the superintendence of the universe in many palpable particulars. Relentless law does not exclude it, but provides the platform for it, and creates the necessity for it. The universe as a mere machine that could not be superintended would be vastly less interesting than a system under omnipotent control.

**THE END OF XERXES AND THE
EXTRAORDINARY SEQUEL.**

*The Persian Empire under the Successors of
Cyrus.— No. 14.*

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Babylon (p. 16, vol. 1); 2. Cyrus (p. 58); 3. Rise of Cyrus as a great general (p. 92); 4. Campaigns of Cyrus (p. 135); 5. The capture of Babylon (p. 175); 6. Cyrus as a conqueror (p. 216); 7. Cyrus and Daniel: reign and death of Cyrus (p. 253); 8. Cambysses, son of Cyrus (p. 294); 9. Darius, successor of Cyrus (p. 335); 10. Beginning of the war with Greece (p. 374); 11. The expedition of Xerxes (p. 413); 12. Failure of the expedition (p. 452); 13. The disasters of Xerxes in Greece (p. 12, vol. ii.).

AFTER the punishment of the treachery of Pausanias by death, documents were found among his papers tending to cast great suspicion on Themistocles, another of the Greek captains in the successful resistance of Persia. Loud demands were made for his execution, and he fled, while denying his guilt. Aristides, who had a high reputation for justice, was then entrusted with regulating the affairs of the various Greek republics and states, with a view to common action in self-defence in case of Xerxes renewing the war against them. Aristides served Greece well in this respect, but as regards Xerxes, there proved to be no need for his action; for Xerxes was so thoroughly discouraged by the failure of his monster expedition against Greece that he gave up all further thoughts of war, and abandoned himself to ease and luxury. In course of time, his dissolute and effeminate conduct drew upon him the contempt of all his subjects. This general sentiment led to a domestic incident being turned to his destruction.

A favourite officer, named Artabanus, had long been a chief favourite of Xerxes. He was captain of his body guards, and an intimate of the King's. At a banquet, in

a moment of wine-heated caprice, Xerxes ordered this favourite captain to kill his (Xerxes') eldest son, with whom, for the time, he was out of humour. Artabanus, supposing the order would be regretted by the King when his wine was gone out of him, and would in fact be forgotten by him, delayed to obey orders. The King, however, did not forget or repent the order, and took Artabanus to task for his disobedience. Artabanus concluded from the King's manner that his life was in danger. He therefore resolved to save himself by bringing about the death of the king. Having formed his plans, with the assistance of one of the eunuchs, he entered the king's chamber while he was asleep, and put him to death as he lay in his bed. To screen himself from the charge of murder was his next concern. His measures were bold as they were unscrupulous. He went to the third son of the king (Artaxerxes, a mere youth) and told him the king had been murdered by his own son Darius, whom the king had commanded him (Artabanus) to slay; and further that Darius meant to kill Artaxerxes also, so that he might have no rival on the throne. Artaxerxes was naturally fired at this intelligence, and at once went with Artabanus and his guards to the chamber of Darius, and overpowered and murdered him. Artabanus then seated Artaxerxes on the throne, with the intention, however, as afterward transpired, of making away with Artaxerxes, as soon as his measures were complete, and ascending the throne himself, with the assistance of his friends and his seven sons, who were tall, handsome, strong, courageous, and popular. His design was discovered before it was ripe for execution, and Artaxerxes caused Artabanus to be put to death, and was then established in his kingdom.

A curious incident occurred shortly after he began to reign. Themistocles,

who fled from Greece, under the circumstances referred to in the beginning of this article, took refuge in Persia. This was the most hazardous proceeding that could be imagined, for during the war Themistocles had proved one of the most formidable of the Greek generals, and the Persian monarch had issued a proclamation offering a reward of 200 talents to anyone who should deliver him up to the King. The whole coast was covered with people on the outlook for him, yet he managed to elude them all, and to have himself conveyed in a covered chariot without being known, direct to Susa, the seat of the Persian Court. Here he introduced himself to the captain of the guards and said he was a Greek who had matters of great importance to communicate to the King, with whom he requested an audience. After promising compliance with the customary ceremonies, he was admitted to the King's presence, to whom he said: "Great King, I am Themistocles, the Athenian, who, having been banished by the Greeks, am come to your court in hopes of finding an asylum. It is true I have brought many calamities on the Persians; but I am now able to do them important services. My life is in your hands. If you display your vengeance, you will destroy the greatest enemy of Greece." The King was struck with admiration at the boldness of the manœuvre: and after a day's reflection, decided to spare his life, and further told him he considered he was entitled to the 200 talents he had offered for the head of Themistocles. Themistocles had himself brought his head and he should have the money—which was accordingly handed over to him.

Artaxerxes asked him of the affairs of Greece, but Themistocles asked 12 months' delay that he might learn the Persian tongue, and so be able properly and directly to communicate with the King

without the aid of an interpreter. The King granted his request, and in twelve months, he made such good progress that he was able to converse easily and fluently in Persian. He told the King all he wished to know concerning the Greeks and their ways and their affairs. The King afterwards treated him with uncommon marks of friendship and esteem. He gave him in marriage a lady descended from one of the noblest families of Persia, and bestowed on him a palace and an equipage suitable to the rank to which he thus elevated him, and settled an opulent income on him. He made him his constant companion, taking him out on every hunting expedition, and inviting him to every banquet and entertainment, and sometimes conversing privately with him, and even presented him to the princesses, who honoured him with their esteem and received their visits. The distinctions showered upon him were so marked and conspicuous that the Persian lords of the court grew jealous. It is not in the nature of things that such prosperity should continue, and so it came to an end in the way reserved for narration next month.

OUR GIANT BROTHER—JUPITER.

Out of Doors at Night.—No. 14.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Greatness of the starry universe (p. 19, vol. 1); 2. The earth a globe (p. 60); 3. Objections considered (p. 94); 4. The earth turning and travelling (p. 137); 5. The moon (p. 177); 6. Aspects of the moon (p. 218); 7. In the moon (p. 256); 8. The starry host: the planets: Mercury (p. 297); 9. Nearest the sun (p. 338); 10. Venus, the morning and evening star (p. 376); 11. Mars, the ruddy planet (p. 416); 12. The asteroids, the little planets of the solar system (p. 454); 13. The giant of the solar system (p. 14, vol. 2.)

THERE are some further facts connected with Jupiter that are of an interesting character. Besides the cloud belts that cover his face, there are occasional spots of a more permanent character. One particularly has excited much attention since 1878. It is called the great Red Spot. What these spots are can only be conjectured. They are probably connected with volcanic action in the body of the planet underneath the cloud belts. The great Red Spot seems especially to favour this idea. Some mighty Vesuvius has evidently been flaring away for 15 years past; its heat and light have evidently been sufficient to break through the cloud-mantle of the planet, and show visibility at this far distance. If so volcanic action may be doing for Jupiter what it has done for the earth in ages past: varying the configuration of the planet so as to impart the beauty and interest that come from hill and dale as contrasted with a flat, level surface.

It is a curious fact that Jupiter does not always show a perfectly round form. Indeed, it is more often off the perfect circle than in it. It is sometimes inclined to be oval. This seems to confirm the idea that its outer covering is a covering of vapour—otherwise it could not change its shape; and that, in fact, the body of the planet is not so large as it appears, but is like a solid ball surrounded with fluff—the fluff consisting of clouds and vaporous masses. Yet there is a lack of certainty as to the solidity of even the internal body; for it is found that Jupiter is altogether a very light planet as compared with the earth. While it is 1,200 times larger, it is only a little over 300 times heavier than the earth. The lightness of its weight is found out by the effect it produces on bodies near or approaching to it. Sometimes a comet comes near to it; sometimes a minor planet; in both cases it causes these

bodies to swerve from their path—that is, Jupiter pulls them a little towards itself as they pass. The exact amount of deflection from their proper orbit is found by watching, and this is a clue to the amount of attraction exerted by Jupiter. As attractive influence is found to depend on weight or density, the amount of this attraction is the measure of the weight. Now, it is found that the pull of Jupiter on these bodies as they pass is only one-fourth what it ought to be for its size if it were as solid as the earth. The same thing is found by the study of the moons of Jupiter; they are pulled with only a fourth of the power that would be exerted by Jupiter were she 1,200 times as heavy as well as 1,200 times as large as the earth. There consequently seems little doubt as to the conclusion that the substance of Jupiter is very light. If the bulk of the planet is vaporous, this would be accounted for. That it is so seems proved by another curious fact, namely, that different parts of the surface of Jupiter travel at different rates of speed. The Red Spot, for example, already referred to, does not go so fast as certain white spots near Jupiter's equator. Certain small black spots also go a little faster than the white spots. In a perfectly solid globe, this would not be possible. Take a wooden or leather ball, for instance, if you turn it, all parts of the ball turn together. It would seem very strange and unaccountable if certain parts went round faster than other parts. Yet this is what happens in Jupiter, which would be accounted for if we suppose the bulk of the planet to be vaporous. The vapours lying in strata, according to their density, might travel at different rates of speed, just as we sometimes see the clouds nearest the earth sometimes going faster than those further up.

When we take into account the enormous size of Jupiter and the rapidity of

his motion round his own axis, and the frequency of the changes that take place in the shape of the cloud belts, we seem justified in supposing that storms of appalling strength are more or less always raging on the surface of the planet. We have some acquaintance with storms on the earth, but they must be nothing in comparison with the fierce tempests that agitate the gaseous envelope of Jupiter. The rapid change from heat to cold due to the whole body of so gigantic a planet, turning once in 10 hours—(five hours' sunshine and five hours' darkness)—may have something to do with the constant prevalence of these roaring hurricanes. The action of sun-heat in expanding the atmosphere would account for this. If we could imagine ourselves up in Jupiter, at the point where the moisture-laden atmosphere begins, we should have a scene of terrific desolation far exceeding anything to be witnessed on earth—nothing visible anywhere but rolling masses and fathomless depths of mist and vapour, rent and driven with awful violence and rapidly by roaring hurricanes that never come to an end.

What should we find if we sank through the awful clouds depths, of perhaps 4 or 5,000 miles, and touched solid ground on the body of Jupiter proper? Who can tell? It seems reasonable to conclude we should find ourselves in pitch darkness. We have seen the daylight upon earth almost extinguished by unusual cloud masses in the sky only four or five miles deep. In Jupiter we should be dealing with masses 5,000 miles thick. Yet reason demands one of two conclusions concerning so stupendous a work of God—either that there are means unknown to us, by which light and life can be secured underneath the present thick cloud mantle of Jupiter; or that the planet is in the process of being developed to a state fit for habitation such as now prevails on the

earth. Who knows but the first of these conclusions may be the right one. The development of the electric light from a dark substance and an invisible fluid shows us there are illuminant possibilities to which no limit can be set, while the endless varieties in the shapes and conditions of the heavenly bodies, and the endless forms of life-manifestation upon the earth, would forbid us to shut the door against the possibility of forms and modes of life in Jupiter that would not be possible upon the earth.

Observations so far would seem to exclude the idea that Jupiter has any internal light (unless the "Great Red Spot," an indication in the opposite direction). The brilliancy of Jupiter, which makes it an object of such splendour in the midnight sky, is all derived from our own sun. Of that, there is no manner of doubt. This is conclusively proved by the fact that when any of Jupiter's satellites come between the sun and Jupiter, they cast a shadow on Jupiter; and still more by this, that when any of said satellites enter the shadow of Jupiter behind, it becomes instantly invisible. If Jupiter had any light of his own, he would cast it upon the satellite, and the satellite would be visible though cut off from the light of the sun. Heat it probably has, as shown by its vaporous state and the Great Red Spot. If it is only on its way to development as a habitable world, the time will come when this heat will subside, and the vapour cool and condense, perhaps into water, forming seas, on the surface of a planet apparently much reduced in bulk. This will be a secret for the ages to come, to which those will have access, who may be permitted the stupendous honour of admission to the angelic ranks of life everlasting at the re-appearance of Christ on the earth.

There is evidently a preparation for a glorious future for Jupiter in the provision of no fewer than four moons. They are

at nearly regular increasing distances from Jupiter—the most distant being about a million miles away, and the nearest about a quarter of a million miles, and all being more or less about the size of our moon. They travel much faster round Jupiter than our moon travels round the earth. The most distant takes only seventeen days; the next seven days; the next four days; and the nearest only two days. Their existence was not known till the invention of the telescope, though Jupiter has been known for ages. They form a most pleasing subject of observation for the student of the heavens. They resemble little stars, but can easily be distinguished from the fixed stars shining in the depths behind them by their ceaseless movements round Jupiter, whom they never fail to accompany during his entire journey round the sun.

STRUCK DEAD ON THE SPOT.

Is the Bible True?—No. 13.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. A moot question with "yes" waiting (p. 18, vol. i.); 2. The Bible's own testimony: why should it be questioned? (p. 97); 3. Its historic backbone (p. 139); 4. Taking its history to pieces: Abraham (p. 179); 5. Truth necessitated by the nature of its narrative: Joseph (p. 219); 6. Ditto in the case of Moses: the exodus (p. 258); 7. The journey in the wilderness (p. 299); 8. Israel's chronic mutinies (p. 340); 9. What the record of the murmuring proves (p. 378); 10. The want of food in the wilderness; the manna supply (p. 418); 11. Failure of the water supply: the sin of Moses (p. 456); 12. The worship of the golden calf (p. 16, vol. ii.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I implore your consideration of the commonsense reflections I am submitting to you. They are powerful and they are

much needed. A great deal is taken for granted against the Bible that has no true foundation. A few bold clever men of cultured diction have ventured hostile arguments under the more or less honest idea that modern discoveries having discredited theology, have discredited the Bible, which they supposed to be the source of the theology. Their arguments have been telling, in a certain way, with men of general intelligence who have not themselves mastered the elements of the subject; and from these, in various forms of literature, the arguments have passed into currency almost with the power of indisputable traditions; so that the atmosphere of public opinion is everywhere infected with a virus of scepticism that is difficult to dispel, and yet which is inconsistent with the most elementary facts of the case. Those facts pressed home upon the average unbeliever find him incapable of dealing with them, but he finds refuge in the plea of his own ignorance of the subject, and the confidence he feels in the so-called "authorities" in the various walks of literature. Ladies and gentlemen, with all respect I would urge you to be not content in so stupendous a matter with second-hand conclusions; but to look at the facts for yourselves and see whether they do not warrant the comfort of faith where the blight of unbelief prevails.

I have dwelt on some features of the Mosaic record that can only be accounted for on the hypothesis of their truth. Such features are numerous throughout the whole Bible, as we may have occasion to see should the opportunity for these meetings continue. At present, it is the case of Moses that is still before us.

Last month, it was the relapse of the congregation into idolatry at the very foot of Sinai, and the severe measures that resulted. By and bye, the congregation became submissive under the hand of Moses, and provided the materials for the

construction of the tabernacle and its furniture and its court. When this was finished, there came the ceremony of dedication which lasted seven days. The particulars will be found in the eighth chapter of Leviticus. At the close of that ceremony, an incident occurred which is of the character of those already passed in review; that is, the recording of it is unintelligible if it did not happen (and if it did happen the divinity of the whole matter is proved).

The incident was this, that two of Aaron's sons deviated from the instructions given for the ceremonial, and were struck dead on the spot. The instructions directed that they should kindle their censers at the altar, on which fire was already burning. Instead of this, Nadab and Abihu "took either of them his censer and put fire thereon and offered strange fire before the Lord which he commanded them not. And there went out fire from the Lord and devoured them, and they died before the Lord" (Lev. x. 1-2). This is not the reckless flourish of a romance, as the added details show. These affect Aaron and his two remaining sons who were engaged about the tabernacle at the time. Moses, having directed the removal of the dead bodies of Nadab and Abihu, implores their father and two surviving brothers not to show grief at the calamity. "Uncover not your heads, neither rend your clothes, lest ye die and lest wrath come upon all the people." They were inclined, under the circumstances, to leave the tabernacle. Moses forbid: "Ye shall not go out from the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die; for the anointing oil of the Lord is upon you; and they did according to the word of Moses" (verse 7). So the dedication ceremony went on. Then comes in a confirmatory "touch of nature." It was the duty of Aaron and his sons, in the course of the service, to

have eaten in the holy place the flesh of the goat that had been offered for a sin-offering; but with lumps in their throats at the death of the two brothers, they could not do it; so instead of eating the flesh, they burnt it. When Moses discovered this, he was angry. He "diligently sought the goat of the sin-offering, and behold it was burnt, and he was angry with Eleazar and Ithamar, the sons of Aaron who were left alive, saying, Wherefore have ye not eaten the sin-offering in the holy place? . . . Ye should indeed have eaten it in the holy place, as I commanded. And Aaron said unto Moses, Behold this day . . . such things have befallen me, if I had eaten the sin-offering to-day, should it have been accepted in the sight of the Lord? And when Moses heard that, he was content" (x. 16-20).

Now, ladies and gentlemen, here is a problem for you that will yield considerable results if properly worked out. Here is a story that has been on record for nigh 4,000 years—written not in a private document, but in a nation's official documents—written by Moses on the testimony of Christ (Jno. v. 47), and by the consent of a hundred generations of Jews, public and private. Is it a true story, or an untrue one? If you say it is an untrue one, would you kindly suggest why it was written? Did Moses write it for his own honour? It exhibits him in a state of anger at a circumstance that natural feeling might have excused. Did he write it for the honour of Aaron, as the first of the high priests? How could a story honour Aaron which shows him remiss in his duty through the power of feeling? Did he write it for the honour of Aaron's sons in exhibiting two of them as destroyed rebels, and the other two as uncertain servants? Could such a man as Moses be conceived as writing for any time-serving purpose whatever? Would a

time-serving man have told the whole congregation, "From the day that thou did'st depart out of Egypt until ye came unto this place (the frontiers of Moab), ye have been rebellious against the Lord. . . . Ye have been rebellious against the Lord since the day that I knew you" (Deut. ix. 7, 24). Would such a man have said to them: "I know thy rebellion and thy stiff neck: behold while I am yet alive with you this day, ye have been rebellious against the Lord; and how much more after my death?" (xxxii. 27).

Romancing? Ladies and gentlemen, the romancing is all on one side. The man who can attribute a lying record, or even a coloured, or an accommodated record to a man such as everything shows Moses to have been, is either an ignorant man, or a reckless and unprincipled man. That such a preposterous suggestion should, without any proof, be launched and sent round and accepted in the face of a thousand facts in the Bible that contradict it, is one of many symptoms of the unhappy age of unreason which now prevails upon the earth.

Ladies and gentlemen, will you lend yourselves to such an outrage? or will you lend yourselves to the scarcely less reprehensible manœuvre of calling in question the Mosaic authorship of the story? Oh, perpetrate not so extreme a folly; for then you array yourselves against Christ who declared both in explicit terms and by the whole attitude of his life that these were the writings of Moses; and you array yourselves against the spirit of God in the apostles, who declared their faith in the Scriptures of Moses (Acts xxvi. 22; xv. 21; xxviii. 23). And all for what? with what warrant, or on what ground, or by what authority, or by what sound reason does unbelief offer such an opposition? When men with eyes open try to formulate an answer to this question, they

discover the hollowness of the antagonism to the Bible that has become so fashionable.

No, ladies and gentlemen, if you choose to indulge in a little intellectual romancing, there is no one to interfere with your liberty till the day of Christ; but the facts remain. The story is there, confronting us on the Mosaic page; and defying the utmost ingenuity of hostility to account for its existence on any principle short of its truth. And now, suppose the story is true—the story of Nadab and Abihu's destruction in the tabernacle for offering strange fire, what is there that does not follow from it? It not only follows that the divine presence was in the tabernacle, but it follows that the whole work of Moses was divine; therefore, that the promises to the fathers, out of which it grew, are from God; therefore, that the prophets that afterwards appeared in Israel were his messengers; therefore, that Christ, who appeared in fulfilment of their foreshadowings, was truly the son of God; therefore, that the apostolic work was "the ministration of the Holy Spirit" in "signs and wonders and mighty deeds;" therefore, that the whole scriptures are the work of inspiration; therefore, that the revealed purpose of God will be accomplished; resurrection will take place; the kingdom of God will come; immortality chase evil from the face of the earth, and establish endless ages of blessing.

WHENCE THE FORCE?—Take a horse-shoe of steel, magnetise it in a few seconds by a weak electric current from a battery (a trifling amount of energy), and then let it suspend a piece of iron as large as it can, say a pound. The magnet will hold that pound up for ages, every instant expending energy. The total of power is immeasurable. Whence the constant supply of force?

OUR "AT HOME."

By a Roaming Correspondent and Occasional Visitor.

Evenings in July, 1891.

I HAVE been thinking that art may insensibly play a serious part in the inculcation of principles subversive of the truth. It is an accepted and obviously true maxim that the value of art depends on the truth of the artist's conception of his subject. The charm is lost unless he peer into the deeper meaning, and his insight reveals to him the truth of that upon which his art is exercised. Be the hand never so cunning and the imagination never so rich, the artist fails in the most important particular apart from truths. He must not only observe and analyse, but understand the essence of his subject.

Now look at the religious sentiment of mediæval ages as portrayed in the old German and French school of painting. The artists of those times seemed to think that they had a mission in the spiritual education of the world, and being shut up to church legends, they sent forth under the pseudonym of Christianity the most frightful contortions of truth, which were received as heaven-born inspirations.

A widely-circulated Bible has modified some of their notions; but the only change offered by the artist of to-day is an inspiration that receives its incentive from the gods of the Greeks. Do we not see in this one reason of the prohibition contained in the second commandment? Where is the artist, who, even if he knew "the truth" could transfer to his canvas an answer to Pilate's question?

Everybody is more or less interested in Africa. The deeds and discoveries of Stanley, like a series of dissolving views,

are giving place to government and commercial schemes of a magnitude that remind one of the fabled frog's alimentary designs on the ox. Africa is growing into the political life of the world by leaps and bounds. Great things are going on in the land of Ham, and Japheth thinks he may ameliorate the degradation of his brother's descendants. He may improve his customs and alter his habits, but it remains for Shem to change his character.

In Lord Salisbury's recent speech in Glasgow on African affairs, he remarked that the British South African Company might be seen in *the concrete form of Mr. Rhodes* (its chief promoter and organiser). I thought it a capital way of simplifying the thing. It was on the same principle that Louis XIV. used to assert in epigrammatic form "L'état c'est moi." Where is the difficulty in understanding Christ when he said to the Pharisees, "The Kingdom of God is among you"—or "The Kingdom of God is at hand."

I know it is quite out of date to discuss Stanley as leader of the Emin Pacha Relief Expedition, but the personality of the man is not exhausted in his character of explorer and leader. I heard him the other night as a lecturer on "23 Years in Africa." I must confess I was quite ignorant of him as a writer, for when his book was published, I only committed myself to the sketches with which it abounds, for, you see, we are engaged in assimilating ideas that will endure for ever, and have to be very eclectic in our reading, that we may not get smothered in human sentiment, but select just those things that will enlarge our views of God in all his works. Stanley is certainly a gifted man; he attributes the moral bent of his life to the Bible and Thomas Carlyle. He looks every inch of him a

man with a purpose. Even his manner, which has a decided brogue, indicates an inflexible temperament. He says it is as easy to persevere, when you get used to it, as to fall asleep. You could see him to be a man of tact from his management of his lecture—the lights and shades of anecdote to relieve a background of intellectual strain, the way he grouped his events and then, with a touch as of magic, flashed a light, held us spell-bound, but then it is not given to everybody to have such material to work upon. His language is easy and fluent, but I should not say that he has the elegance and finish that one finds in a poet, say. He is most practical, as was quite clear from the way he spoke of his meeting with Emin Pacha, who “came forward in immaculate white, as if he had been turned out of a London band-box.”

Most graphically did Stanley lead us on through an African forest, and his intercourse with its black denizens, in the first of his expeditions, until we almost imagined ourselves a part of the scenery or some of the actors; when a sudden “Good morning, sir,” from two sons of Ham, nearly took our breath away. They were Dr. Livingstone’s two servants. The populations of the two opposite sides of one of the lakes differ as much as the people of Belgravia and Whitechapel, and when Stanley was received in state ceremony by the Belgravia set, he showed a good deal of humour in the way he narrated to us how he was called upon to represent the whole white race as a “shootist,” and how to his amazement he succeeded in saving the entire civilized world from disgrace. It was on the same occasion that he was called upon to describe an angel, and here he thought he must break down, but a little reflection brought to his mind representations of cloudland, and then in language most sublime, he told us how he sketched the

smiling cherubs of Michel Angelo, and again imbued his black audience with the greatness and attainments of the white man race.

I must tell you just the story that I heard Stanley repeat which I thought showed the resources of the man, and gave a glimpse of some of the difficulties he met with among the natives. On one occasion when Stanley required to pass through the territory of some of the chiefs, with whom it was very important that he should be on friendly terms, he made them a present of a bale of Manchester goods, at the same time showing the greatest admiration of the habits and customs of the people. Indeed, I believe he went so far as to swear eternal friendship, after the manner of the gushing youth of sweet seventeen of our own country.

Levees were held by the illustrious hosts—the chiefs—and banquets were given by the distinguished visitors of the expedition. Palavers of the most brotherly character were continued day after day, and Stanley and his officers showed as much gusto in adapting themselves to the good cheer of the natives as if they had been to the manner born. At last the time came for the performance of certain promises of supplies that would allow of Stanley’s easy march through some difficult country. It was being whispered among his company that the chief was going to make a better bargain for himself; the bale of fabric should be doubled, that the wardrobes of the noble lords and ladies of the African forest might be further replenished. It was even hinted that war paint and feathers were in preparation for a surprise on the white men. This made an exceedingly awkward situation for Stanley to meet. To conciliate the enemy would be a sign of weakness. To repel

his attack in his own country by the few men who were reliable was too uncertain of success to be entertained. He called a council of war and the experiment of a ruse was unanimously resolved.

The whole expedition was furnished with military equipment, more or less, and ordered to lie in ambush near Stanley's tent till a given sign of alarm. Stanley himself, in state attire, sat in his tent and awaited results, with a small writing table and a gong at his side. Shortly after, down swooped a cavalcade of the chief's armed men, headed by the chief, who sprang unceremoniously into Stanley's presence. With a smiling welcome of surprise, Stanley rose to meet him. "My brother," said he, "Why am I favoured with the honour of your presence? My joy is great at such an unexpected act of grace." "I want more stuff," was the reply. "My brother, you are joking. Have you forgotten the long, long piece the white man made and sent you." "It is nothing. I want more, my men have come to take it." Stanley smiled, and, with an air of nonchalance, repudiated the thought that his visitors could be in earnest.

"Have we not sworn fidelity?" said he, "and we cannot break our oath. No, no, we are brothers."

The sunlight on the gong arrested the attention of the chief.

"What is that?" he asked.

"That is a fetich."

"What will your fetich do?"

"If I touch him, the air will resound with the war-whoop of a thousand men, from the regions of his power; they would come from above, from beneath, from around, till the country rang with the clash of arms."

"Strike him, and let me see."

"No, my brother; my bond to you is one of peace. I will not have you hurt, your country would, by those legions, be

infested, your life in danger, and your power gone."

"I do not believe you."

"Will you make me do the thing I would not?"

"I want to know if you speak the truth?"

Stanley struck the gong.

A rustling of the undergrowth, a volley, and again a volley, down rushed the ambushade to Stanley's tent, more firing, clashing of swords, and a general *melée* gave the scene the appearance of Bedlam let loose. The chief trembled, grasped Stanley for protection, and the rest of the enemy fled. Their cry of terror told a tale. The ruse had succeeded.

It seems to me that God has implanted in human nature as an instinct, a desire for the infinite—an indescribable longing for things outside human comprehension, so that what we see and hear, and understand, never satisfies. We find ourselves always reaching forward to the remote, the obscure, the mystic. Is not this the faculty of veneration? I am struck by its vulnerability at all points. Judging from experience of myself, I think this mental organ is more easily assailed than any other. I seldom enter the presence of greatness in any form, but I am aware of an instinctive disposition to associate with it ideas of mysterious import. Almost any form of mysticism will gratify its aspiration, provided one can for the nonce *obliterate reason*. Have you ever walked up the stately aisles of a cathedral, and contemplated the chapels, shrines, and memorials of a nation's greatness, and not felt the intoxicating power of these temples of a nation's gods? And can you not see that if veneration (or devotion, or love of mysticism) be kept alive by such means, every bit of reason and intellect must be kept dormant? Knowledge must starve; love, hatred, force, kinship, in fact,

all the motive power of life, must be in abeyance that we may enwrap ourselves in a mantle of ecstatic somnolence. In this way, veneration is misdirected, for it cannot be that God has implanted as the apex of all faculties one whose full use will obliterate all the rest. Surely it is reasonable that veneration should work, not only in harmony with every other phase of mentality, but from its position and use, be the very pole star in directing, ennobling, enlarging, and keeping in constant activity all the varied powers of the mind. This is fully attained by a correct understanding of the Word of the Lord.

We bow to the dawn of a new era of witchcraft, and hail with the utmost satisfaction the fact that the business is under new management, or at least two or three departments of the trade have passed to other hands. What was once deemed the unearthly peculiarity of a few is now prosaically accessible to £ s. d. The pretensions of the wizened face, the uncouth form, the weird song of Macbeth; witches must from henceforth be epitaphed *requiescat in pace*. Those who now would listen to the voice of distant friends, or recall the accents of the dead, may without let or hindrance consult the duly accredited necromancers of the district—the Telephone and Phonograph, and there is a promise of still further superseding the services of the ancient sorceress by producing “to order” the mirrored faces of far distant friends. I have often wished to make the acquaintance of the Phonograph, as being the most recent development of the power of the air. A few days since my desire was gratified, and I had the satisfaction of listening to an address on the merits of the instrument delivered in first-rate style by Mr. Phonograph himself. I alone comprised the audience for the time being, although two others might have joined me, there being three sets of

tubes for simultaneous use. I afterwards applied myself to another instrument to enjoy the strains of a concertina solo, and then to a third, to listen to a full band, drums and all. This more impressed me than either of the others by the volume of sound. It was even more weird than speech, enough to give one quite a creepy sensation. Fancy getting rational conversation and full band music from *things* on the table about the size of a lady's large writing desk! I asked to be allowed to test one of the phonographs and have my remarks repeated. The gentleman in charge set revolving a fresh wax cylinder, and I applied my mouth to a tube about six inches long. The result was some tiny little scratches on the wax, which were explained to be caused by the voice vibrating a very fine needle an inch long, and this hair-like needle transferring the air waves to a coarser one that impressed them on the wax. I next put the gutta-percha tubes to my ears, and heard word for word what I had said a few minutes before. The enunciation was my own, but the sound less in volume although in the same key.

TEA DRINKING.—The custom of tea-drinking is as old as the Chinese empire. As early as 780 A.D., a duty was levied on the tea that grew wild on the Chinese mountains. It is only within two centuries that its use was adopted by the English. When first imported, it was sold at £5 a pound. Its use was confined to the royal household. In the reign of Henry VII., a refreshment consisting of tea and cakes was called a *voide*. Since then, what Washington Irving calls the “motherly teapot” has become a power in the world. People have learned how to make tea as well as to drink it. In its first stage, one Englishman had it served up as greens, the water in which it was boiled being thrown away.

 IN OPEN CONFERENCE WITH READERS.

* * *In this Department, the questions and criticisms of correspondents will be attended to on all kinds of topics. Correspondents will oblige by writing "Open Conference" at the head of their communications.*

145. **Burying the Hatchet.** *"What is the origin of the phrase 'burying the hatchet?' I have an impression that it comes from the Indians."* (A. P.)—Yes, it comes from the American Red Indians, among whom it was a tradition that in times of peace, it was the command of "The Great Spirit" that they should bury hatchets, scalping knives, and war-clubs in the ground, so that all reminders of hostility might be out of sight. It has come to be a pleasant figure of speech among Europeans: "drop the quarrel; let bygones be bygones."

146. **Mad Stones.** *"Please tell us something about mad stones. Is there any real virtue in them, and where are they found?"* (A. C. B.)—We have to confess we never heard of mad stones before, and we can find no mention of them in any of the books of reference to which we have access. Perhaps some of our readers may have heard of them. Perhaps they are of local repute in Kansas State, from which the query comes. Anyone knowing anything about the subject, will oblige by communicating.

147. **The Middle Ages.** *"What period is it that is spoken of as the 'Middle Ages' or 'Medieval Times?' Does the term mean the middle time since Christ?"* (L. E.)—The term has no fixed limits in a chronological sense. It has a slightly different measurement in different nations. Its largest reckoning is from the downfall of the Roman empire in the 5th century to the revival of learning in the 15th century—about a thousand years. In France, it was reckoned from Clovis

(A.D. 481) to Louis XI. (A.D. 1461). In England, from the Heptarchy (A.D. 409) to Henry VII. (A.D. 1485).

148. **Arrival in Australia.** G. A. G. asks: *"To what part of Australia was the truth first brought, and by whom, and when, or how did we come to receive it?"*—The introduction of the truth, both to New Zealand and Australia, occurred over 25 years ago, and was due to emigration from Britain. Brethren emigrating took books with them, and these produced enlightenment which led to further instrumentality and further spread. In some cases, its importation was due to brethren in Britain sending books out to relatives. Sydney and Burrawang were the first places to be favoured in this way in Australia. Perhaps Ipswich, Queensland, would not be long after. Greenisland and Dunedin in New Zealand received the truth about the same time in the same way. It is perfectly wonderful to consider the large extension that has taken place without any agency beyond the silent voice of books, and the faithful private activity of such as have received the word.

149. **Almanac de Gotha.** *"I was recently reading a life of the Prince Consort, and came across a statement to the effect that the Emperor Louis Napoleon was at last received amongst the crowned heads with as much consideration as if he had had an established place in the Almanac de Gotha. I am anxious to know what this is?"*—It is an Almanac published yearly in Germany, with full particulars of all the royal and princely families of Europe, and ample details of what may be called the

governmental machinery and personal officialism of every state and country. It has been published for about 120 years past, and is a sort of standard of respectability in official circles. The name is of local origin, but has come to be expressive of character by the conventional rules of association. To be written in the Almanac de Gotha has the force in worldly things that "written in the Lamb's book of life" has in spiritual things.

150. **The Moon and the Weather.**—*"I have heard people say 'There will be a change in the weather when there has been a new moon?' Is the weather affected by the moon?"* (L.W.)—It is proverbial that there is nothing so uncertain as the weather—at least in Britain. It changes continually. The changes must have a cause: but with all the progress of science there is very little knowledge as to this cause. That the moon contributes a share is an impression founded upon observation. It does not always happen that a change of weather comes with the new moon, but it happens so often as to give ground for the popular view. There is no reason why it should not be so. Weather is an affair of atmospheric condition. The moon is a large body not far from the earth; and it seems probable that our atmosphere would be affected by the renewal of the moon's light streaming down upon it after a period of suspension. When it is not so affected, it is probably due to the checking effect of other causes. It seems as if the state of the sun were one of those causes. There are spots on the sun. Sometimes they are few and sometimes they are many. When they are many, there is liable to be long seasons of broken weather. The universe is an affair of "wheels within wheels."

151. **"Lunar Time."**—*I am puzzled sometimes when I read of lunar time. What does it mean? Of course, I know lunar time has to do with the moon: but*

it cannot mean time in the moon: and yet how can it mean moon time upon earth. Then it is mixed in my mind with the Jewish year, and bringing it straight once in four years. Relieve the perplexities of an interested reader. (C. O.)—The subject is somewhat mixed in the question. The rectification once in four years has to do, not with lunar time, but with the quarter of a day's overplus in the duration of the earth's journey round the sun. This journey is 365 days plus a fraction. To prevent this fraction gathering up year by year and so putting the seasons out of course, a day is added every four years. Lunar time has to do with the length of the year as reckoned by the movements of the moon:—12 moons or 12 moonths (conventionally months) are the rough basis of the year; but this is over five days shorter than the actual year as determined by the earth's journey round the sun. Lunar years are literally short years as reckoned by the ancients: They are five days shorter than solar years or true years. The one was brought level with the other by adding an extra month to the year, when the oddment had run sufficiently long to require it.

152. **Nettles.** *"I was surprised to notice in GOOD COMPANY that stinging nettles have a use. Can you tell me which kind is the proper one to use. In taking a country walk, not long ago, I noticed two kinds, one with a white flower, and the other with a smaller reddish purple blossom. Perhaps they are both good. How is nettle beer made? and, lastly, what is the best remedy for the nettle sting?"* (S. L.)—We have not learnt that there is any difference between the white and purple flowering nettle. We understand that both are alike good. No doubt it is, at first sight, surprising that nettles should be in the category of blessings, but it is so, in a limited way. The plant should be used in March and April. It

should be cut before showing any flowers, while it is yet young and tender. It makes a good vegetable soup; we know this by experience. At the time of year mentioned, the plant has a good influence on the blood. It is made into a beer in the following way: Put two quarts of nettle sprouts into a saucepan containing a gallon of water. Bring to the boil and cool for 20 minutes; then strain off the liquor, and add half a pound of sugar and one tea-spoonful of ginger. When nearly cold, ferment with yeast, and bottle while in a state of effervescence. It will be ready for use in a few days.—As for the pain and smarting of nettle sting, rub the part with the leaves of mint, or sage, or rosemary, and the unpleasant sensation will soon disappear.

153. **The Lyons Martyrs.** *"In your last issue of GOOD COMPANY, on page 10, treating of the persecution in the third century, you speak of the City of Lyons flowing with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. Why do you, as a Christadelphian, style them martyrs of Jesus, knowing that they held the several points of doctrine which Christadelphians regard as now placing the moderns outside the pale of salvation? If they were 'martyrs of Jesus,' so are modern missionaries, some of whom lose their lives whilst proselyting according to the commands — as they imagine— of their Master. The third century martyr's hope was for a perpetual dwelling in one of the magnificent ethereal palaces in the domain of 'Skyana,' which is also the hope of modern missionaries."* (G. H. H.)—There was a difference between the victims of the third century persecutions and modern religionists. What the difference was precisely, it is impossible to tell, for want of exact information; but there are several facts that place the Lyonnese sufferers in a different category from modern sectarians. First, they lived at a time when as yet the

organised apostacy of Rome had not infected the religious thought of all nations with the religious malaria so forcibly condemned by the Spirit of God in the apocalypse. The Lamb-community was yet in conflict with the enthroned darkness of paganism, and they were more likely in such circumstances to approximate to apostolic simplicity and purity. Secondly, such writings of theirs as we have access to in later times in the South of France show an antagonism to Papalism and indications of a scripturalness of doctrine and practice that is not discoverable in modern faiths. Thirdly, they are indirectly recognised by Christ as his witnesses in the imagery of the fifth seal. We did not mean to say that all were such as came up to gospel requirements; but, as in Sardis, so these circumstances establish a presumption that "some" were undefiled in their spiritual garments, and esteemed "worthy" by the Spirit, and destined to "walk with Christ in white" (live and reign in the immortal state). In speaking of them as "the martyrs of Jesus," we adopted a common description in deference to the broad fact that they suffered for the profession of the name of Jesus as against the established darkness of the Roman world, without intending the expression of an opinion as to their theological status. What of false doctrine they may have held, must not be used as an argument in favour of the false doctrine, nor as an argument in defence of the favourite popular contention that it is immaterial what doctrines we may hold. The only safe method in the subject is to judge ourselves by the teaching of the Scriptures and not by the reported opinions of men whose position may be misrepresented, or if not misrepresented, may be doubtful in relation to the supreme decisions that rest in the hands of Christ, who says: "The words that I have spoken, the same

will judge men in the last day" (John xii. 48). The "pale of salvation" is defined by the truth of the Gospel. Find this and you find the pale, outside of which all is darkness and death. It would be a mistake to remain outside the pale on the assumption that certain dead men were there, whose cases we do not know thoroughly.

154. **Linen and Cotton.** "*I was wondering the other day, while busy with my needle, by what process such snowy whiteness is imparted to linen and cotton. I understand that when it is grown, flax is of a dark colour. The whole process of growing and manipulation afterwards must be very interesting. If you can inform me on the subject, I shall be very glad to add to my knowledge in that department. I suppose cotton, which is now so much used instead of linen, is a comparatively modern discovery, and not known in the earlier ages of the world's history. Is that so?*" (J.E.)

—The results of bleaching flax are interesting, but it cannot be said that the process is particularly so, except to the extent that interest in the result imparts interest to the process. It is an affair of soaking, wringing and steeping in all kinds of disagreeable liquors, and exposing to the air for long periods. It is an operation of considerable antiquity, but has been considerably shortened and improved by modern discovery and inventions. It is only about 200 years since the art was introduced into Britain. The manufacture of linen was long practiced in this country before the art of bleaching was known. It used to be customary to send all the brown linen made in Scotland to Holland to be bleached. The process at that time was very tedious. It was sent away in the month of March and did not come back till the end of October. The mode of bleaching then practised was to let the fabric steep for a time in waste "lye," and then to pour over it potash lye boiling hot

and let it be in this a week. Then it was washed and put into wooden vessels containing butter milk, in which it lay for five or six days. After this it was spread upon the grass, and exposed in a wet state for several months to the summer sun. The first improvement was introduced in the eighteenth century by Dr. Horne, of Edinburgh, who proposed the substitution of acidulated water for butter milk. This was found to work well and at once reduced the time required by the bleaching process by six weeks. In 1787 a further improvement was made by the use of chlorine, which still further reduced time required. Mr James Watts was the first to use this improvement; but it was not till Mr. Tennant, of Glasgow, took the matter in hand, that its full results were developed. He invented a method of making a saturated liquid of chloride of lime, to which the great development of the bleaching trade in Britain may be attributed. Such was the acceleration effected by the new method that a bleacher in Lancashire received 1,400 pieces of gray muslin on a Tuesday, and returned them bleached and packed to the manufacturer on the following Thursday. A further improvement in the composition of the bleaching liquid was invented by this same gentleman in 1759. But with all the improvements, the process is still a tedious and complicated affair, as may be gathered from the following bare enumeration of the shortest process in vogue in Scotland at the present day:—1, limed; 2, boiled 6 hours; 3, washed; 4, soaked same hours in sour; 5, washed; 6, boiled in soda ash for 8 or 10 hours; 7, again boiled; 8, liquored in chlorine solution; 9, washed; 10, boiled in alkalifor 6 or 7 hours; 11, again liquored in chlorine solution; 12, washed; 13, soured with sulphuric acid; 14, washed.

As for cotton, it has long been in use for purposes of clothing, though its present

widespread employment is a matter of modern development. It has been in use in India for 2,000 years; and in China for many hundreds of years. It is only within the last 400 years, however, and especially within the present century, that it has been cultivated with such skill and success as to supply the world with its lighter clothing, and the population of England with one of its staple industries. It is truly wonderful to think of a plant yielding material of such extraordinary value. It is only a little less wonderful to think of the extraordinary ingenuity and skill of man that have utilised it with such stupendous results.

155. **Communication with the Stars.**—“*Referring to your remarks in ‘Out of Doors at Night,’ on the desirability felt by some of communicating with the inhabitants of the Moon or other of the heavenly bodies, I came across a curious paragraph the other day, stating that a certain French lady, who died recently at the age of 91, had ‘bequeathed four thousand pounds to the Academy of Science for a prize to be given to any person of whatever nationality who may within ten years have found the means of communicating with another world-planet or star and of receiving a reply from it. She recommends the planet Mars as the most convenient for being communicated with. If the Academy of Science does not accept this bequest it will go to the Institute of Milan, and, in case of a second refusal, to that of New York.’*”—S.—*Do you think there is really any possibility of such a thing ever being accomplished?*—S. R.—We should say not. Even supposing there were inhabitants, whose attention the earth succeeded in attracting by some huge device or movement, how could a code of signals be arranged? It is easy upon the earth to establish arbitrary signs of communication, as in the electric telegraph or flash signals, because an under-

standing can be established at both ends of the line of communication; but how would it be possible to agree with the inhabitants of the Moon (say) that a certain mark or motion should have a certain meaning? The French astronomer Flammarion has been asked about it. His answer is referred to in the *Daily News*. He is disposed to leave it as an open question, which is natural, perhaps, as the speculation is mooted in his books from which he thinks the French lady has got it. He adheres to the idea that the inhabitants of Mars have made actual attempts from time to time to arrest the attention of the inhabitants of the earth. This idea he founds on the fact—(mentioned at the time in the newspapers)—that marks have been observed in Mars which have lasted a certain length of time and then disappeared. They took the form of gradually lengthening straight lines on the land across narrow parts, as if canals were being cut from sea to sea, two such lines running in one case at last side by side. The appearance was remarkable certainly, but must have been due to some other cause than the one suggested. The canal lines would not have disappeared if they had been real cuttings on the surface of Mars. Flammarion admits that whatever was the significance of the markings, we have no means at present of communicating with the surrounding worlds. This stupendous and most interesting feat we may be quite sure is reserved for the day spoken of by Christ when, as he told Nathaniel, his friends would see heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man. That the family of God throughout the universe will one day be in communication seems certain by every analogy. Any communication is possible to the Universal Spirit. The earth is the dwelling place of the children of men; but it will be a great

addition to the happiness of a permanent tenancy therein to know that there are other happy worlds with whose denizens we can sometimes hold communication.

156. The Configuration of the Earth.—*"I send you a tract which contends that the earth is a hollow sphere. We live on the inside of this hollow sphere. The sun, moon, and stars are on the inside of the hollow sphere. The sun is really invisible and in the centre of the earth. What we see as the sun is its projection on the atmosphere." One or two points in it, seem in favour of the theory. If a ship can be seen 60 miles from shore, with a field glass, the water cannot be curved eight inches to the mile as the globular theory requires. Eight inches to the mile would be 40 ft. of water you would have to look through to see the ship. If there were eight inches curvature to the mile, you would have to elevate yourself 80 ft. to see the ship from shore."*

(A. F.) ANSWER.—There have been many theories of the physical constitution of heaven and earth: and all of them have some points more or less in their favour, otherwise they could never be entertained. The test lies in the question of fitting all round, as in the case of a dispute at law, or controversy as to the teaching of the Bible, or even the fitting of puzzle pieces together. There may be fitting on six points, with 14 points that cannot be made to fit. The true theory of the matter will fit on all points large and small. This is where the Newtonian theory seems to be established. There are hundreds of details connected with the observed movements of the heavenly bodies that seem as if they can have no other possible meaning than that the earth is a globe turning on its own axis, and avelling round the sun. Some of these have been under review in "Out of Doors at Night." They are unconnected with phenomena on the earth's surface, and their united force is very great. The pheno-

mena on the earth's surface are not inconsistent with them in any way. Much loose assertion is indulged in. One's own actual observation will dispel many of them. It will not be found true that a ship at a distance at sea is wholly brought into view when looked at through a good field glass from the shore. The upper rigging will be seen but not the hull. The hull is hidden by the water which appears to rise as a bank near the vessel. Any divergence from the usual experience on this point will be found upon investigation to be due to the refraction of light in water, or in a moisture-laden atmosphere, which causes objects to appear in a different position from what they really occupy; as in the case of a knife dipped in a vessel—the submerged half appearing to be at a different angle from the other half. Appearances are often deceptive where great distances are concerned, and have to be closely studied. A man in a balloon sees the surrounding horizon as if it were on a straight line with the balloon, on all sides, which the balloonists know to be not the case. Looking over a level board, or using a theodolite would not correct the illusion. Many tests have to be brought to bear in such a matter. The Newtonian system beats all others on one point—that not only is it in harmony with all the observed facts, but it connects the earth with a self-manifest system of infinity. Both the flat earth and hollow sphere theories would reduce creation to a small affair. There must be infinity: it is a self-evident proposition, and that mode of viewing heaven and earth, which makes them part and parcel of such a system before our very eyes, has the greatest claims on our consideration so far as this point is concerned.

HOPE the best and prepare for the worst.

MY DAYS AND MY WAYS.

An Autobiography.

CHAPTER XIV.

I AIMED to get away from Huddersfield before my month's notice was expired, because my new employers (Fowler and Wells) were under a great pressure of work, and desired my services as soon as possible. The editor of the *Huddersfield Examiner* therefore communicated with his Edinburgh acquaintance, on whose nomination I had come in the first instance; and, on his recommendation, a man came from Edinburgh to take my place. I could not go, however, until it was certain the new man was competent. Poor fellow! I never look back to him without feeling sorrow stirred. He was a sort of half-finished, harmless Scotchman, with a boundless admiration for literary capacity, but just one peg short of the level of ability to sustain himself in the sphere he admired. His enthusiastic appreciation of others, and his inability to see when others were making fun of him, made it difficult for people to be impatient with him. When introduced to the editor of the paper on which he was to serve, he struck an attitude of admiration which would have been embarrassing to a less good-natured man than that gentleman. "Is this Mr. W——? Is this Mr. W——?" he twice exclaimed in dramatic style, but sincerely enough, eyeing the object of his enquiry as if he were an object in a museum, displayed under a glass. Then turning to me, he continued, "Man, have you been sunnin' yourself in the eyes of this man all this time?" We had to get over the awkward situation with as pleasant a smile as possible. The eccentricity of

our new friend would have suggested the proverbial loose slate, only that there was along with it a grit of Scotch sense in matters that made us at least hope all would turn out well. He was very free and original in his personal comments on everyone with whom he came closely in contact. The proprietor of the hotel in which he temporarily lodged was not a fool, but he was not to be mistaken for a genius except by such as our friend, who discovered in his shaggy eye-brows and somnoric countenance the tokens of strength in repose! Our friend estimated the probable capacity of every one by one rule—whether or not he could "write a leader." "Man, he could write a leader," was the highest encomium he could bestow on some historic acquaintance, or the highest opinion he could express of some one to whom he might be introduced. The expression was so frequently and so ardently on his lips as to become a proverb in Israel: "Man, he could write a leader." Poor fellow, when it came to the humdrum work of writing an ordinary report, his attainments were found of a very superficial order. Men smitten with the idea of reporting but of no ability as reporters, or smitten with the idea of writing leaders but unable to write passable paragraphs, are not unknown in the literary corners of the wide desert of human life as it now unhappily is. Our friend was of this class, but withal so good-natured, so earnest and so enthusiastic that it was really a painful matter to deal with his case as it required. Before it had been quite decided that he must go, the editor and a few of his political friends came to take a farewell private cup of tea with me and my companion in the hotel to which we had transferred ourselves after parting with our furniture. In this hotel was my intended successor, and he made one of the company during the evening. Our friend's presence saved the evening

from what I fear would have been a dreadful flatness; for my visiting friends were interested in the present world thoroughly, and I not at all, except as a traveller may be interested in a road through which he must go to get to a country desired. In this respect, the Bible had spoiled me, as was alleged, and as I freely admitted. The incongruity of the situation lay in this that my friends professed to believe the same Bible, and yet made submission to its teachings a matter of regret. However, our friend saved us from all flatness on this head. The company had found out he was a character, and drew him on. They gravely plied him with the most absurd propositions in literature and politics, and roared like to split their sides at his answers, which were given in all simplicity. A more hilarious evening I never spent. It was boisterous mirth without buffonery except of a certain high sort; and it was all on nothing stronger than tea. It was a sort of intellectual treat in its way. I think our friend began at last to find out he was being fooled, and sadly retired into his shell. In the end, he had to leave the town and make way for another man. When I last heard of him, he was in London, doing some very poorly-paid literary hack work, or canvassing for some philanthropic society. His earnest simplicity haunts me to this day. I wish I could have the opportunity of doing him a good turn. Perhaps he is no longer in the land of the living. The painful tangled web of human life will one day be straightened out.

In a day or two after this peculiar farewell *seance*, we left Huddersfield and went to Leeds. The truth had a friend or two in that town, and apartments had been engaged for us in a part of the town called North Town End. The town impressed us as being a gloomy, dirty town after a neat clean place like Huddersfield. It seems much improved in this respect

now-a-days—perhaps owing to the enforcement of the law compelling the consumption of smoke. At that time, there were smoke-flecks in the air, and everything looked begrimed. Just then, too, the weather was intensely cold, for it was mid-winter (January, 1861) which would help the unfavourable impression made upon us. We were located in the neighbourhood of a remarkable friend who has long since found the rest that waits us all in the ordinary course, inside the quiet gates of the flower-ornamented City of the Dead. He was a character in quite a different way from our “write-a-leader” friend. To begin with, he was a professor of the truth and a great admirer of Dr. Thomas’s works, but taken up rather with the political than the spiritual side of the gospel. He was a butcher by trade, but as unlike his trade as possible. He was neat and clean, and trim as a lady’s lap dog. Away from his business, you would have imagined him some town magnate, with his erect and dignified walk, and his scrupulously well-dressed appearance. He was not a fop, but he was nearer than far away from that line of things, with well-brushed and ringleted hair, and gold watch chain in due visibility. He was a friendly, loud-spoken man, with a certain amount of dry humour that attracted friends and customers to him. But with this, there was a towering self-satisfaction and even self-importance that made him nearly harsh and domineering, and even quite so in the presence of the least opposition. His intellectual capacity was not very great, but he was a keen observer, and had a thorough capacity for enjoyment. He was a thoroughly interesting and enjoyable man, so long as you were in harmony with him. His very self-complacency was amusing without being offensive. I did not know at first it was so easy to get on his wrong side. I put my foot in the first hole by taking exception

to an opinion he had expressed as to the meaning of a certain prophecy. I was quite unprepared for the ebullition of resentment which my remarks evoked. It seemed to me merely a matter of argument : but he treated it as an affair of personal insult which he could in no wise look over. It was my first disillusionment with regard to men professing the truth. I acted on the assumption that all who embraced the truth, understood it clearly and loved it disinterestedly without any mixture of self-love : which the nature of the case seemed to exclude (seeing that one of the effects of the truth rightly seen is to make us hate ourselves, and one of its first demands, that we humble ourselves). It was not my last, I am sorry to say, but it was more painful than the last because acting on a sensibility undeadened as yet by the rude frictions of a rough world which at first seems fit and beautiful, but at last appears as it is.

My next offence was unpardonable. He had gathered round him some four or half-dozen simple-minded men who were thankful for his leadership up to a certain point, but at last they became weary of his domineering treatment, and rebelled in the case of a certain grievance. In this matter, they came over to me, and asked whether they had done rightly in complaining. It seemed to me reason was on their side (I utterly forget now what the affair was about) : but the fact of my thinking they were in the right, was a capital offence in the eyes of our interesting friend, whom no friendly advance could afterwards appease. The last time I called upon him, at the close of one such unsuccessful effort, he bade me a final adieu in dramatic style. He was standing at one end of the room, and I with my hand on the door-knob at the other. I said I wished him to fare well, intending the primary meaning of those terms : but he took me up wrongly, and

waving his hand, said " Farewell ! farewell (*with great emphasis*) any time you are passing through Leeds, be sure and not call on me." I never saw him afterwards. This finish distressed me exceedingly : for having gleaned my social etiquette from the Bible alone, I could not help feeling there was something wrong in such a state of feeling, and until I had done my utmost to end it I could feel no rest. I have since come to realise that the world is one wide waste of spiritual desolation, and that we get through it acceptably in the sight of God if we faithfully do our own part, whatever may be the part performed by others.

On the first working night after our arrival in Leeds, I found myself as a door-keeper in a large hall—(I forget the name now)—into which crowds of people were streaming by ticket to hear a lecture on some phase of phrenology by the world-famed American phrenologist, Mr. L. N. Fowler. It was a novel and not particularly congenial position, but it was a stepping stone to better things. One never knows the meaning of what he may be doing for the time. It may be a lane into a larger road that may lead you to a harbour that may take you out into the ocean ; or it may be a lane ending in a waste heap, though lanes don't generally end there, if a man have eyes. Whether waste heap or the ocean, you must take the step before you. If God be your guide, you may go ahead without fear : but he will not guide if you don't go. Do not lie down, for that is death. Do not go ahead with recklessness, for that is tempting God. In modesty commit your way to Him, exercising your best judgment in the steps you pick in the labyrinth ; and if you don't get to the ocean, you will at all events get to some wholesome highway where life will be tolerable during the present evil. This phrenological association was useful afterwards. It was

not the beginning of my knowledge of such things, but it was an improvement and a consolidation of knowledge previously possessed. I made my first acquaintance with phrenology in *Elpis Israel*, and through the popular allusions that were flying about when I was between ten and twelve. After this I got a closer view when I was thirteen, through the reading of Dr. Thomas's *Herald of the Kingdom*, and through these, I was led at the age of fifteen to the perusal of *Combe's Constitution of Man*. When I removed to Edinburgh at eighteen, there was a good deal of talk about phrenology then, which helped to establish the knowledge I had acquired. My connection with Fowler and Wells was a finishing touch. I have often been thankful that I was so early put in possession of the key to human nature, which phrenology undoubtedly presents, jointly with the key to human history and futurity which the Bible contains, as distinguished from orthodox religion. The two blend together, and give much guidance in a world that is a distracted world from a merely intellectual point of view.

FRAGMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE.

ONE-TENTH of the world is yet unexplored.

The cost of the Suez Canal was £8,000,000.

Ireland spends £5,000,000 a year on whiskey.

The average whale yields 2,000 gallons of oil.

The Queen makes her own tea when travelling.

The first pins were manufactured in England in 1563.

One thousand pigs are consumed in London daily.

Seventy changes can be rung on twelve bells in one hour.

In 1883 there were 1,944 suicides committed in England.

Dent and Co., the glove makers, employ 15,000 hands.

Japan has a daily paper with a circulation of 23,000.

There are always 6,000 patients in the London hospitals.

The greatest height yet reached in a balloon is $7\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

London consumes nearly 200,000,000 gallons of water a day.

There is now a process of making iron that makes it proof against rust in the wet.

Aluminium is a metal easily worked, has a low specific gravity, and is practically non-corrosive, which makes it an ideal metal for compasses, transits, field and opera glasses, hand levels and so forth.

Experiments in oiling the waves have been so successful that all life-boats in England are likely to be required to carry a gallon of vegetable or animal oil and a distributor of approved pattern for throwing the oil on the sea in rough weather.

DIGESTION.—Finally come the following articles with the time required for digestion:—Stewed pork, recently salted, 3 hours; bean soup, 3 hours; chicken soup, 3 hours; mutton soup, $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours; boiled salmon trout, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours; roast turkey $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

HIGH MOUNTAINS.—Here are a few more of the high mountains of the world:—Pichinca, Ecuador, 3 miles high. There are four mountains each $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles high, Mount Whitney, California; Mount Fair Weather, Alaska; Mount Shasta, Alaska, and Mount Ramer, Washington territory. There are three mountains each $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles high:—Long's Peak, Rocky Mountains,

Colorado; Mount Ararat, Armenia; and Pike's Peak, Colorado. Two are over 2½ miles high, Mount Opher, Sumatra; and Fremont's Peak, Rocky Mountains, Wyoming.

POPULAR CITIES.—We have spoken of those containing over half-a-million of inhabitants. The following were omitted:—Four cities in China with unpronounceable names, Tschingtufu, 800,000; Tschungkingfu, 600,000; Tientsin, 950,000; and Sutschau, 500,000; also Vienna, 726,000; and Yedo (Japan), 594,000. Several were mentioned at 400,000. Next after these are the following:—Amsterdam, 326,000; Brussels, 399,000; Buda-Pesth, 359,000; Cairo, 327,000; Jangtschan (China) 360,000; Lyons, 342,000; Leeds, 309,000; Marseilles, 318,000; Manchester, 340,000; Madrid, 397,000; Rome, 300,000; Warsaw, 336,000.

THE TRADE OF OTHER COUNTRIES.—France is curiously situated. Her population is at a standstill, while other countries are increasing. Yet she is a rich country, and has been one of the most productive countries of the world since the division of her lordly estates among small holders at the time of the Great Revolution. Besides supporting her own populations, she largely exports silks, woollens, linens, cotton, wine, brandy, porcelain and toys. *Germany* is a poorer country in the gross, but more economical and vastly more prolific in population. She exports linen, grain, various manufactures of silver, copper, toys, &c. *Italy* is poor because ground down with taxes. Notwithstanding this, she does a large trade in silks, wine, oil, grain and fruits.

ALL ABOUT SILK.—The *Morea* was so named from "*Morea*" (the Greek for a Mulberry tree), because of the great numbers of these trees growing there for the support of silk-worms. The eggs of the silk-worm were first imported into Europe

in the reign of the Emperor Justinian, about A.D. 530, when they were brought from China to Constantinople in the hollow of a cane, and soon multiplied abundantly. The curious invention of the manufacture of silk from the produce of the silk-worm is attributed to the inhabitants of the Isle of Cos, in the Mediterranean Archipelago. It was long before the Romans would believe silk to be the work of a worm, and silk was very scarce for many ages; indeed it was at one time sold for its weight in gold. The Emperor Aurelian, so it is said, refused his empress a robe of purple silk on account of its enormous expense. The first mulberry-trees ever planted in England are still standing at Sion House, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland; the fruit has succeeded, but silk-worms, who feed on the leaves of this tree, do not thrive in our cold and changeable climate.

LARGE WATERWORKS.—The Woodhead Works, which supply Manchester with water, are of enormous extent. The cost of making them was £2,600,863. The total annual revenue is £213,000; supply of water (1886), 19,464,597 gallons per day; area of draining ground or watershed, about 19,300 statute acres, or 30 square miles; distance of Manchester from Woodhead Reservoir, 18 miles; population supplied, about 1,000,000; consumption equal to 20 gallons per head per day for all purposes; area of district supplied, 84 square miles, comprising 34 townships. The needs of the district are so increasing that new works are in course of construction at Lake Thirlmere, Cumberland. The elevation of these is 533 feet above ordnance datum; area of drainage ground, 11,000 statute acres; present area of lake, 328½ acres; area when raised, 793 acres; contents when raised, 1,300,000,000 cubic feet; estimated to supply 50,000,000 gallons per day; tunnels and aqueduct for conveying water

to Manchester, 7 ft. diameter; gradient, 20 in. per mile; total length, 95 miles; estimated cost of works, £3,424,530.

HARMS AND AILMENTS.

SOME SIMPLE REMEDIES.

For a sore throat, cut slices of fat, boneless bacon, pepper thickly and tie around the throat with a flannel cloth.

When stung by a bee or a wasp, make a paste of common earth and water, put on the place at once and cover with a cloth.

For a cold on the chest, a flannel rag wrung out in boiling water and sprinkled with turpentine, laid on the chest, gives the greatest relief.

When a felon (a whitlow) first begins to make its appearance, take a lemon, cut off one end, put the finger in, and the onger it is kept there the better.

For a cough, boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy, and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

Often after cooking a meal, a person will feel tired and have no appetite; for this, beat a raw egg until light, stir in a little milk and sugar, and season with nutmeg. Drink half an hour before eating.

For a burn or scald, make a paste of common baking soda and water, apply at once and cover with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken, apply the white of an egg with a feather; this gives instant relief, as it keeps the air from the flesh.

At the first signs of a ring round, take a cupful of wood ashes, put in a pan with a quart of cold water, put the pan on the

stove, put your finger in the pan, keep it there until the water begins to boil, or as long as it can be borne. Repeat once or twice if necessary.—“L. L.” in *Good Housekeeper*.

A CURE FOR RINGWORMS.

Ringworms sometimes come on an apparently healthy skin without any cause that can be discovered, and prove very stubborn to treat. Borax is said to be a sure cure. Wash with a strong solution three times per day and dust over with the fine dry powder.

COOKING SODA FOR BURNS.

Common cooking soda affords speedy relief to all burns and scalds, and is one of the best as it is one of the most conveniently obtained and applied, of domestic remedies. The dry soda should be laid thickly over the burn (the object being to exclude air) and should be bound on with a cloth. When the skin is badly broken, cloths wet with a very strong solution of soda in water and then spread with dry soda are sometimes applied to the burns.

Mr. John S. Wiles, a surgeon of Thorncombe, Dorset (Eng.), says: “That after two cases of malignant diphtheria out of some nine or ten he had been called to attend had proved fatal, the mother of a sick child showed him an extract from an American paper concerning a practitioner who used sulphur to cure the disease. Accordingly he used milk of sulphur for infants, and flowers of sulphur for older children and adults, brought to a creamy consistence with glycerine; dose—a teaspoonful or more, according to age, three or four times a day, swallowed slowly, and application of the same to the nostrils with a sponge. Result: he did not lose a case there or elsewhere, and he succeeded in saving life when the affection had almost blocked the throat.”

WHEN YOU GET A SPEC IN THE EYE, RUB THE OTHER EYE. — Strange as it may appear, this is recommended as a remedy by a professional correspondent of the *Medical Summary*, who says: "A few years since, I was riding on an engine. The engineer threw open the front window, and I caught a cinder in my eye that gave me the most excruciating pain. I began to rub the eye with both hands. 'Let that eye alone, and rub the other eye' (said the engineer); 'I know you doctors think you know it all; but if you will let that eye alone, and rub the other one, the cinder will be out in two minutes;' I began to rub the other eye, and soon I felt the cinder down near the inner canthus, and made ready to take it out. 'Let it alone, and keep at the well eye,' shouted the engineer. I did so for a minute longer, and, looking in a glass he gave me, I found the offender on my cheek. Since then, I have tried it many times, and have advised many others, and I have never known it to fail in one instance (unless it was as sharp as a piece of steel, or something that cut into the ball, and required an operation to remove it.) Why it is so I do not know, but that it is so I do know, and that one may be saved much suffering if they will let the injured eye alone, and rub the well eye."

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

ALWAYS wash glassware by itself.

CLEAN piano keys with a little alcohol.

A SUNNY kitchen window is the best for plants.

IN roasting meat, turn with a spoon instead of a fork, as the latter pierces the meat and lets the juice out.

EGGS.—Boiled eggs, to slice nicely, should be put over the fire in cold water, and should remain 15 minutes after the water begins to boil, and allowed to cool in the same water. If cooled by dropping them into cold water they will not cut smoothly.

GLASSWARE.—To keep glassware bright wipe directly from the hot suds. Tumblers used for milk should be thoroughly rinsed in cold water before being immersed in hot water, as hot water seems to drive the milk into the glass and give them a dingy appearance.

PLASTER CASTS.—Plaster casts may be made to resemble terra-cotta by painting them with whiting mixed with very thin French polish tinged with Venetian red. If the surface is too shining, dilute with methylated spirit. Let the first coat dry before applying the second, which is usually sufficient to give very satisfactory results.

HOW TO WASH A CHAMOIS-SKIN.—Use a weak solution of soap and warm water, rub plenty of soft-soap into the leather, and allow it to remain in soak for two hours, then rub it sufficiently, and rinse in a weak solution of warm water, soda, and yellow soap. If rinsed in water only, it becomes hard when dry, and unfit for use. After rinsing, wring out in a rough towel and dry quickly, then pull it about and brush it well.

SOAP-BALLS AND WHITE HANDS.—Cut up some good yellow soap and put it into a jar, which should stand in a saucepan of boiling water. When the soap is melted, stir in well-washed silver-sand until it is pretty stiff. Take off the fire, and add two or three tablespoonfuls of glycerine. When getting cool and stiff, make into balls about the size of an orange. When cold, they can be stored away. If the hands are stained or unusually rough, these balls will restore them to their usual whiteness and smoothness.

THE CARPETS.—The carpets can easily be cleaned and sweetened if there is such a thing as a grass-plot about the house—first beaten, and then dragged face downward over the grass; but if this cannot be managed, the carpet may perhaps be hung over a line and beaten, and when it has been put down again, on a well-cleaned floor, it can be freshened by being wiped over with a large sponge or cloth wrung out of a basin of clean salt and water.

HOUSE CLEANING.—The most common-sense theory of house cleaning is to begin at the top and work gradually downwards till the last grain of dust is swept out at the door. When all ornaments and pictures have been removed, the cornice and walls must be brushed with a soft, long-haired brush, or with a duster tied over an ordinary broom; and when the carpet is up and the floor has been scrubbed, the walls must be brushed a second time to get rid of the dust that will rise during the process.

MATTINGS, BOARDS AND CARPETS.—If there is any straw or willow matting to be cleaned, or if the seats of chairs made of these materials require cleaning, it must be done with a nail-brush and salt and water. The most obstinate grease spots will come out of boards and carpets if salt is melted in spirits of wine or ammonia, and applied to them; and all the brasswork in the house will be improved by a good rub with salt and vinegar; and this last mixture is the very best thing with which to cleanse the sheet of mica so often placed in the front of an oil-stove.

STEWED CHICKEN.—Truss the chicken and stuff it with fine breadcrumbs, a little butter, a slice of white onion, flavoured with a little pepper and sweet herbs. Press down the breast bone. Put a skewer through the wings, in which put the liver and gizzard, and tie the whole

together. Place the chicken in a flat, enamelled stewpan with a pint and a half of water, a teaspoonful of butter, a little clarified dripping, an onion (cutting two incisions on the top), and a little bag of spice. Turn the fowl breast downwards, and let it simmer for an hour. Now remove the spice, and add two table-spoonfuls of vermicelli and one of tomato sauce. Stew for half an hour, and just before serving add the yolk of an egg well whipped, stirred into the pot and then poured over the chicken, which must be served hot. Turkey done in this way is delicious.—*Truth.*

THE RADISH.—What is a cheaper and a more delicious relish than a pink radish, crisp, cold, and tender? These tiny roots are a great deal better when they are perfectly fresh. If they are not so, however, soak them in cold water till they are perfectly firm. Remove the rootlets at the bottom and sides of the radish, but do not peel it. Remove only the large, coarse, and withered, worm eaten leaves of the vegetables, leaving the tender green heart leaves on. Chefs cut the little round French radishes into the shape of roses by slicing them down with a sharp knife and leaving them in ice-cold water for half-an-hour. They are then arranged on a little low platter with the green leaves on the outer edge. The long pink radish is a little more delicate when good, but it is more liable to be pithy, and, therefore, not as trustworthy a variety. It is said to be much more wholesome to eat the heart leaves of the radish with it, and for this reason it should never be served without them.

ABOUT SHOES.—Never try to wear a shoe too small or that does not fit when first put on. Never let your shoe get hard or dry. Do not let it run down at the heel or the side. Never wear into the the welt or insole. A shoe repaired in time will retain its shape and afford con-

fort, and will be found true economy. Never put wet shoes by the fire to dry, but dry them gradually and slowly. Never dry a wet shoe without first applying some oil and grease—castor oil or tallow is the best. The steam generated in a wet boot or shoe will scald it and cause it to crack. Do not use too much force in polishing—a gentle brushing with a soft brush is better than the vigorous work of the bootblack. Do not allow a thick crust of blacking on your shoes. Wash it off occasionally and apply a little castor oil—you can polish it over in an hour or two. Never try on or handle a patent leather shoe when cold; always thoroughly warm it before bending the leather. A patent leather shoe put on in a warm room can be worn out in the cold weather without injury. Never put a good pair of shoes in goloshes; use an old pair for this, and withdraw the goloshes as soon as you enter a house.

THE CARE OF FURNITURE.—House furniture that is properly made should last as long as the house, and grow more beautiful with time. Unhappily, there is very little such furniture now. The cheap, veneered, showy furniture, tricked out in gewgaws to catch the eye of the crowd, is not made to wear. There is, however, good furniture to be had, and though it will cost more, and will not be as showy as the veneered stuff, it represents genuine value. Select your furniture deliberately, remembering that there are only a few people in any community wealthy enough to change their furniture as often as they change the cut of their gowns. The houses that are furnished in the most satisfactory manner are those occupied by people wise enough not to buy any more furniture than was absolutely necessary at first, waiting to buy old pieces as opportunity offered. Happy, indeed, those families who possess old pieces of furniture handed down from generations past, which has been kept in

such good order that it is improved rather than injured by time. Large pieces of furniture that have much carving on them should be carefully covered when a room is swept, and smaller pieces should be taken out. It is essential that furniture should be kept thoroughly dusted. Rubbing furniture vigorously with a soft chamois or a flannel once a week will keep it in nice condition. It is a good plan to use a rattan beater to beat the dust out of upholstered furniture at the weekly sweeping. A soft whisk broom is also necessary to brush off the furniture. Do this before the sweeping, and remove the dusted chairs and other pieces that are easily movable to a place free from dust. Cover up the large pieces and proceed to sweep. Let the dust settle and sweep the room a second time, using this time a broom merely damped with salt and water. Let the dust settle again and replace the furniture. Remember the dusting down of the walls with a long-handled feather or hair duster reaching to the ceiling should be a part of the weekly dusting. When the room is dusted the last time, and not till then, uncover the furniture, being careful not to shake the dust off the covers, but to do them up and take them to a window to shake them out. Care should be taken, however, that this dust does not fly back in the room, as it may. If the sweeping has been properly done no dust will drift into the furniture, as it will in a careless sweeping, and cause in a few hours more wear than could come from a month of steady use. A fine piece of wood certainly mellows with time. It is said to be a good plan to rub furniture once in two or three months with a preparation of a gill of good linseed oil and a teaspoonful of cider vinegar. Mix the oil and vinegar thoroughly and apply it with a soft flannel cloth, and polish the furniture dry with an old chamois skin or flannel. Do not leave any oil on the surface of the furniture when it is

done. It is not wise to apply any polish to furniture oftener than once in two or three months. If it is applied oftener the furniture may become gummy and be more injured than improved. Dusting thoroughly, vigorous polishing occasionally, and systematic care will do more good, however, than any elaborate applications can to keep furniture in good condition.

PLEASING VARIETIES.

TEA.—A hundred years ago, the price of tea per lb. was as follows:—Fine Hyson, 16s.; fine Souchong, 10s.; Congou, 6s. 8d.

Tapers were kept burning day and night for nearly one hundred years at Henry the Fifth's tomb, but all such customs were abolished at the Reformation.

LIFE.—Its uncertainty checks presumption; the multiplicity of its dangers demands perpetual caution. Moderation, vigilance and self-government are the imperative demand of common sense.

A WINGED ARMY.—A curious phenomenon was witnessed at Romershof, in the Riga district, lately. A flight of small beetles, about three versts long, two broad, and seven yards thick, appeared, obscuring the setting sun by their numbers. They maintained a northerly direction, occasionally settling on the fields.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Sir Edward Watkin has built a private chalet at the summit of Snowdon, and he is making arrangements for the occasional display there of a powerful electric light which will be visible not only over a great part of Wales and England, but as far as Ireland also.

BIG BODY, SMALL MOUTH.—Although whales grow to enormous size, sometimes 80 feet and even 90 feet long, the throat is so small that it cannot swallow a bite as large as a tea biscuit. This applies to the common whale; the spermaceti has a mouth large enough to swallow a man.

"MAKE THE BEST OF IT."

This life is not all sunshine,
Nor is it yet all showers;
But storms and calms alternate,
As thorns among the flowers;
And while we seek the roses,
The thorns full oft we scan,
Still let us, though they wound us,
Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses,
As well as joys to share,
And griefs and disappointments,
Which you and I must bear;
And if we may not follow
The path our hearts would plan,
Let us make all around us
As happy as we can.

TO BE A GOOD NEIGHBOUR.—To be really a good neighbour demands the possession of many excellent qualities—tact, temper, discernment, and consideration for other people's feelings; and, if we possess all, or some of these qualities, innumerable and never-ending are the benefits we may confer on each other, and a great deal of pleasure will be the result. But, because we are neighbours, we need not necessarily be close friends. We may be friendly enough to enjoy the pleasures of doing them little kindnesses and receiving the same in return. Being kindly disposed to all by no means implies that our house is to be open from morning till night to visitors. The typically good-natured person, who is at every one's beck and call, is likely to be greatly imposed upon and to please no one really; one must be able to say "No," and to decline being made use of by every one.

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Vol. II.

REMARKABLE EPISODES IN HISTORY.—No. 14.

WHAT THE SUSPENSION OF GOVERNMENT
MEANS—TERRIBLE SCENES.

ONCE, a newspaper correspondent, complaining of the cost of the police, pointed to the smallness of the number of crimes committed, and argued that it was useless at so great a cost to maintain a force to avert so small an evil. The shallow reasoner omitted to take into account the crimes prevented by the existence of authority. It has occasionally happened that government, through accidental circumstances, has been temporarily suspended, and men have then had an opportunity of seeing what the existence of government prevents and the blessings it secures. Even the short interval between the flight of James II. and the arrival of William of Orange in our own country, towards the close of the 17th century, was marked by an appalling outbreak of pillage and riot in London.

But the most signal instance in history, perhaps, was the experience of France after the victorious invasion of the country by the English under the Black Prince, and the capture of the French king (John) at the battle of Poitiers. The king being a captive, there ensued in France almost a total dissolution of civil authority. There

was a sort of rehearsal of the horrors of the French revolution 400 years in advance (1358). The mob, under the leadership of the chief merchant of Paris, named Marcel, broke into the palace, arrested the king's son (a youth of 19), murdered two marshalls of France in his presence, and threatened all the ministers of the crown with a like fate. The king's son making his escape, they erected the standard of rebellion. The other cities of France followed the example of Paris, and a contagion of lawlessness spread on every hand. Every man set his fellow-citizens at defiance. The wild state of nature took the place of civilized life. The aristocracy lost all their influence. The army, receiving no pay, broke loose from discipline, broke up and scattered in tumultuous bands, and sought by pillage and robbery the means of subsistence which they could not obtain in a regular way. They took whatever they could lay hands on. They attacked and plundered the villages, robbed and burnt down the houses of the gentry in the open country; and even laid siege to fortified towns that refused them admittance. The whole country was soon in a state of desolation and panic. At last the peasants, who looked to their masters for protection, finding themselves without succour, became desperate, and armed themselves against the prevalent disorders. This

added to the fierceness of the social flame for a time. The gentry had no refuge from the popular tumult. Tyrannical in times of peace, they were now hated alike by the peasants and seditious soldiers and citizens, and became the objects of universal insult and violence. They were hunted like wild beasts and put to the sword without mercy. Their castles were consumed by fire and levelled with the ground, while their wives and daughters were exposed to every cruelty and insult and then killed.

A body of 9,000 of these savage boors broke into Meaux, where the wife of the king's son, the Duchess of Orleans, and 300 ladies had taken shelter. The most terrible apprehensions prevailed in this fair and helpless company, till the Count de Foix, with a company of 60 mounted knights flew to the rescue of the ladies, and beat off the brutal and rapacious peasants with great slaughter. The confusion prevailing in the country was increased by the advent of the king of Navarre as a claimant of the crown. He drew over to him the riotous element, and behaved more like a captain of banditti than one who aspired to be the head of a regular government. But at last a turn in the tide came. All who desired peace rallied round the king's son, and slowly became an army fit to take the field. At Paris, they prevailed over the party of the rebels, and slew Marcel the leader of the faction there, on which Paris returned to its duty, and was followed one by one by the other cities of France. The most considerable bodies of the mutinous peasants throughout the country were attacked and dispersed. Prowling bands of military robbers shared the same fate, and in process of time, France resumed the state and aspect of civil government, in which peace prevails from the knowledge that coercive force sleeps behind the mild countenance of law.

THE JACOBINS' CLUB AND THE THREE WEEKS' SWEARING.

The most wonderful Phase of Modern History.
—No. 15.

THE SUBJECTS OF PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. France oppressed for centuries (p. 2, vol. i.); 2. States-General demanded and summoned (p. 43); 3. The election amid public excitement (p. 82); 4. Meeting of the States-General (p. 123); 5. Food scarcity and public riot; the soldiers mutinous (p. 163); 6. Attack on the Bastille Prison (p. 202); 7. Flight of the aristocracy; assassination of officials (p. 242); 8. Pillage of the country and burning of castles (p. 283); 9. The women march to Versailles (p. 323); 10. They invade the assembly sitting there (p. 362); 11. The palace forced by the mob (p. 403); 12. The King compelled to remove to Paris (p. 442); 13. Trouble and darkness in France (p. 2, vol. ii.); 14. A hubbub Parliament out of doors (p. 42).

A NEW feature begins to show itself—destined to grow and become influential and powerful. Who has not heard of the Jacobin club, that played so important a part in the French Revolution? It was a perfectly unofficial body, but swayed public opinion and influenced the decisions of the National Assembly to such an extent as almost for a time to constitute the real government of France. It began in the earliest stage of the national troubles, as a committee—the Breton committee—to guard the public liberties against royal encroachments. It worked long in secret, but with the progress of events, has lost fear and comes boldly out into daylight with an increasing and influential membership, who, in the beginning of 1790, amount to thirteen hundred of the most considerable men of France, including even the king's nephew, Louis Philippe, who will 30 years afterwards mount the throne as Citizen King. It now calls itself a club—*Club and Friends of the Constitution*. A certain convent, called the Jacobins' Convent, has become

empty in consequence of recent changes. The club leases the hall of this convent as a meeting place. Its long name is soon dropped as clumsy, and it gets spoken of as the Jacobins' club, under which brief title it is known ever after. The hall affords seating accommodation—modest but strong—for the whole 1,300 members, who include many members of the National Assembly. There are also galleries for strangers, and ladies are frequent attenders. There is a platform for the President, a tribune for the speakers (one of the sensible features of French public arrangements), and a President's bell.

The nominal business of the club is to watch the elections when there are vacancies, and to see that the right men get in; but in the excited state of the times, they cannot resist the temptation to deliberate on the various questions of the hour as they arise. Their debates are reported and eagerly read. The club is regarded hopefully by all France, and similar clubs are formed in every city, and get into correspondence and affiliation with the Paris club, which is known as the mother society. As many as 300 clubs are in daily direct correspondence with the Paris club, which thus becomes the centre of French feeling, and the blow-pipe of a huge political bellows which blows the legislative fire into a destructive heat.

Though composed of 1,300 of what might be called the liberty-loving men of France, it was impossible that the first agreement that brought them together could continue. Divergence of sentiment was sure to arise, and in course of time manifested itself. A section of the club what might be called the Radical section—under Danton, thought the club too cool in its zeal against royalty. Another section, under Desmoulins, thought it quite too hot. The conse-

quence was a scaling off of these two sections, and the formation of two separate clubs. The Desmoulins' section take the name of club and *Friends of the monarchic constitution*, and engage another empty convent as their place of meeting—the Feuillans' convent, whence they get known as the Feuillans club. The Danton section get known as the club of the Cordeliers. To the Feuillans club gravitate Lafayette and respectable patriotism everywhere: the extremists go to the Cordeliers; the body of the people, who have nothing to lose and everything to hope from change, rally round the Jacobins' club, of which Robespierre becomes the leading figure. Another club of out and out Royalists is formed, with plenty of funds, but it has only a short life, and dies of public contempt. These clubs are voluntary associations: their decisions are binding only on the members, but they are destined to exercise a great influence on the course of public events—especially the mother club, the Jacobins' club, which you may say, indeed, alone outstands the violence of the times, devouring or absorbing the others before they have time to be very old.

The formation and the debates of these clubs impart a new stimulus to public feeling. Great hopes are rising all over France on the one hand, and great fears on the other, of what the re-actionary clubs may accomplish. In the hope of getting on the right side of agitated public feeling, the King resolves on a visit to the Assembly. He sends a brief note over to the President, intimating that he will step over in an unceremonious sort of way about noon on the 4th of February, 1790. Accordingly, on that day, in the midst of an ordinary debate, the usher announces "His Majesty." The "honourable member" who is speaking, stops. His Majesty with small suite enters; the whole Assembly rises to its feet and welcomes the

King with cheers. His Majesty delivers a brief speech, which does not amount to much. It is the fact of his visit and of his speaking at all, that is of moment. He expresses his satisfaction at the process of re-constitution in which the Assembly is engaged; and while rejoicing the most of all Frenchmen that France is getting regenerated, he entertains the confidence that the Assembly will deal gently and justly with great public interests, and so secure to France the place in the world that rightly belongs to her, &c., &c., &c. The speech had a most enthusiastic reception; and when the King had retired, a member having proposed a deputation of thanks to the King for his address, the motion was enthusiastically adopted, and the deputation despatched at once. The deputation had a most gracious reception from both King and Queen, and returned overflowing with geniality, and making fit report.

Hereupon the strangest thing began to happen and did not stop till it ran all over France like a progressive universal discharge of fireworks. An "honourable member," in the ecstasy caused by the royal visit, begged to propose that the Assembly then and there renew the National Oath of fealty to the King and Constitution. The proposal is endorsed with thunders of applause, upon the subsidence of which, the President rises, and swears the oath explicitly on his own behalf. He then directs that every member shall do the same. Every member gladly complies. When the process is over, a slip is passed down from the gallery, on which it is found that the occupants had written and subscribed the oath on their own behalf. The members look up to the gallery assentingly, and the whole gallery stands up and swears again orally. The news flies to the Town Hall, whereupon Mayor Bailly and all the town members and officials join in the oath. A member among them suggests that the

public would like to take part. The Mayor, with escort of twelve members, steps out upon the outer staircase, and arresting the attention of the large crowd outside, explains what has taken place, upon which they also take the oath with shouts and the sound of rolling drums. Afterwards, as Carlyle phrases it, "on all streets, the glad people, with moisture and fire in their eyes, spontaneously formed groups and swore one another, and the whole city was that night illuminated, and not for that night only, but partially, or totally, it lasts a series of nights. . . . Always as each district swears, it illuminates itself. Behold then, district after district, in some open square, where the non-electing people can all see and join, with their uplifted right hands, with rolling drums, with embracings, and that infinite hurrah of the enfranchised—(which any tyrant that there may be can consider) to be faithful to the King, to the law, to the Constitution, which the National Assembly shall make. . . . The like was repeated in every town and district in France. . . . Such three weeks of swearing! Saw the sun ever such a swearing people?"

ERRORS IN PRINTING.

MOST people have a quick eye for faults and a slow eye for merits. They grumble at one failure where a thousand successes never stir their praise. If a post is late or a train delayed, or a mistake made, they complain about it as a crime, and never think of the wonderful feat accomplished by fallible human nature in doing so many other things so well. Unhappy grumblers! They are the chief sufferers.

This class go into a fret over one or two errors in a book. They should think of the thousand mistakes *not made*. When it is considered that it takes many

hundreds of separate pieces of metal to set up one page of a book, and that compositors are not, as a rule, highly educated men, the wonder is that the mistakes are so few.

It is doubted whether a book absolutely without typographical error exists. Many come near immaculateness in this respect. A publisher in 1817 made the attempt to get up a book absolutely perfect in this respect—one of the classical authors. He took extreme pains, flattered himself he had (and seemed) succeeded, but at the last moment a single letter, unknown to him, dropped out of one of the forms, after the revises had been all passed. The pressman, in restoring it, put it in the wrong part of the word out of which it had dropped; but the mistake was not found out till the splendid volumes were printed.

The Bible stands at the head of the list as regards typographical accuracy. Special pains are taken by Bible printers to exclude mistakes, and it must be said, they are wonderfully successful. A reward of 20s. was recently offered to any one who should discover an error. A Jewish girl was reported to have discovered an "i" or some other letter wanting, but this is more an accident than an error, as the missing letter would be in its place in the original type setting. Extreme care in this respect is natural to the extreme importance of a document in which the jots and tittles are divine. It was shown in the days before printing, when copyists were specially trained for their work, and guarded in the performance of it. God in His Providence has taken care of His work by inspiration. But there have been mistakes, though not allowed to freely circulate.

There is an edition of the Bible known as the Vinegar Bible, from its substitution of "Vinegar" for "Vineyard" in the heading of Luke xx. It was printed in

1717. There is another in which the "not" is omitted from the commandment "Thou shalt not commit adultery." This must have been a prank. The Company of Stationers under whose auspices this Bible was published, suffered severely for the mistake. The Archbishop of Canterbury had jurisdiction in civil law in those times, and imposed the largest fine known in the history of literature. A similar prank was played by the wife of a German printer, at whose house a new edition of the Bible was being printed. One night, she stole into the office, and took out the two first letters of *Hero* (lord) in Gen. iii. 16, and replaced them by *Na*, converting the word into German for "fool": "He (thy husband) shall be thy fool." Some secreted copies of this edition have been bought for high prices. It is said that the wife paid for the prank with her life.

Paul's epistles were translated into Ethiopic, and the edition proved to be full of errors, in apology for which the editors said, "They who printed the work could not read, and we could not print. They helped us and we helped them, as the blind helps the blind."

Strange to relate, the most faulty edition of the Bible ever published was the Latin edition printed under the superintendence of Pope Sixtus V. He saw every sheet as it passed through the press: and to the amazement of the world, when the book came out, it was found to swarm with errata which had been corrected by pasting scraps on the erroneous passages and writing the true passages on the scraps. The books were soon called in, and violent attempts made to suppress them, but some remained in circulation, and are much prized by book collectors. Not a great while ago, a copy sold for £63. Protestants exult in this demonstration of the Papal fallibility, especially in view of the Papal bull prefixed to the first volume, anathematizing all printers who

in reprinting the work should make any alteration in the text!

In general literature, in the days of ecclesiastical censorships, errata were sometimes designedly introduced that the author might introduce the offensive word as a correction. This led to amusing instances sometimes.

Scarron used errata in another way. Having composed some verses "To my sister's dog," and afterwards quarrelling with his sister, he inserted in the errata at the end of the book, "For *my sister's dog*, read *my dog of a sister*."

Edward Leigh, in his treatise on "Religion and learning," appends two pages on the blunders of printers. Singularly enough, in these two pages there are more errata than in any other part of the book. Was it in revenge that the printer blundered here? The author says: "It is no easy task to specify the chiefest errata (into which printers fall). False interpunctuations, there are too many; here a letter wanting; there a letter too much; a syllable too much; one letter for another; words parted when they should be joined; words joined where they should be severed; words misplaced; chronological mistakes, &c., &c." Probably the fault lay with the authors of those days not taking the trouble to read proof (1656). If a man hands "copy" to the printer, and expects him to bring it out without mistake, he must either write like copperplate or select a genius for a printer. People expect too much of other people, and take too little trouble themselves. This is the source of most mistakes.

STIFF NECK.—Place flannel around the neck and shoulder, and have it ironed with a tolerably hot flat-iron for five minutes. The heat penetrates so deeply that instant relief is afforded.

LOVE OF FRIENDS.

Is Phrenology True?—No. 15.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The brain the seat of the mind (p. 6, vol. i.); 2. The mind a cluster of separate powers (p. 49); 3. The powers in harmonious groups (p. 86); 4. The relation of power to size (p. 127); 5. Development subject to control (p. 167); 6. Action of the body on the brain (p. 207); 7. Influence of constitutional fibre (p. 247); 8. Phrenological bearing of the vital functions (p. 287); 9. Temperamental Development (p. 329); 10. The brain itself, and its subdivisions in man and beast (p. 367); 11. Surgical difficulties considered (p. 407); 12. The organs—amativeness (p. 446); 13. The Conubial element in love (p. 6, vol. ii.); 14. Love of offspring (p. 47).

AT first sight, it seems opposed to probability that there should be a separate organ for the mental faculty that leads to delight in friends. But analysis of feeling will present a different view, and justify the phrenological contention. Men may be friendly for many reasons: from self-interest, from identity of views and tastes, from kindness, or even from the motions of pride, where friendship in certain directions might minister to these. But separate from all these varied feelings, there is a love of friends that loves them for their own sake: that finds delight in friendship, as such: that is sociable from no motive but the liking of it. Men having this love are sociable, friendly men, apart from all circumstances or secondary considerations. They love company; where the faculty is strong, they cling to the object of their affection. You can often see the feeling in children or schoolboys. They put their arms round each other's necks and lay their heads together and fondle each other. This is long before any of the sentiments that make grown people interesting to each other have had time

to come into operation. Some children show no such feelings of attachment, but are cold, distant, retiring. A similar difference is observable in animals. Dogs are quite affectionate: so are some cows and horses: cats not so much so: some animals not at all so. There must be a cause for the difference. The difference is in the brain, undoubtedly, and in a particular part of it. Observation and comparison have fixed this on each side of philo-progenitiveness, but a little higher up, giving a roundness at the corner of the back of the head.

It is a very beautiful faculty in its mental operation. Its existence is a proof that man was made to be sociable. It makes him genial and cordial and accommodating in his deportment. He both gives and finds pleasure in its exercise—the pleasure of comfort rather than of intense enjoyment, though when largely developed, and other circumstances are favourable, it is capable of yielding very great enjoyment. If the organ is large and the other powers are only moderate, friendship is excessive to weakness, like the overfondness of a slavering dog. In such a case, disappointment is apt to have a crushing effect on the spirits. A story is told of a young lady in Paris so deeply attached to a lady friend of the same age, that when the latter unexpectedly died, in two days she committed suicide, leaving behind her a note stating that she could not survive the loss of her friend. Her head was very large and full on each side of philo-progenitiveness, and her mental powers not above average.

Those in whom the organ is large, crave society. It depends upon the development of the other organs whether this society be large or small—one or more. In itself, the organ is satisfied with one friend. What its action is in itself cannot be conceived to the mind; but this is not peculiar to adhesiveness: it is true of every

power we possess. The only thing we can study is its tendency and manifestation. Its tendency is to get away from solitude: to get into company. Its manifestation is seen in the embracings and clings of mutual friends when strongly developed, or in the warm shake of the hand. It gives ardour, attachment, affection. Those who have the faculty prominent are warm-hearted and devoted friends. They would sacrifice self for the object of affection. They are disposed to be blind to the faults of their friends, and sometimes too much wrapped up in them for their own welfare. Excess is more beautiful than deficiency, but moderation is best.

The faculty is essential to the completeness of human character. It is blind in itself, but contributes a warming and ennobling element. Like all other blind faculties, it depends for its true effectiveness upon enlightened guidance. This guidance is only to be found in divine law. There are directions in which friendship is forbidden. In these directions mere adhesiveness would find as much gratification as in the friendship of legitimate objects; but it would be to its own hurt at last and of every faculty associated with it. A merely social man is liable to be at home anywhere. The friend of God is not allowed to be the friend of the world which ignores and disobeys God. By comparison with the other, he will seem an unfriendly man; but it is a mere appearance. At bottom, the man controlled by the dictates of the divine law is more of a friendly man than the man inspired only by the organ of adhesiveness. And if the man of God is subjected to deprivation in the narrowness of the limits allowed him for the exercise of friendship, he is on the other hand favoured as no mere man of nature can be, in having friendship of the highest, and purest, and sweetest, and most lasting character in those who are friends of God with himself, with this

special prospect always hovering that he will shortly be introduced to a circle of friendship such as has not entered into the heart of mere man to conceive—a circle large, pure, intelligent, hearty, healthy, wealthy, gifted and immortal—in whose ranks no inroads will ever be made by death, and no havoc of blight through weakness or error.

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REPOSE AND DECLENSION.

*Christianity since the Ascension of
Christ.—No. 15.*

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Fate of the apostles and their fellow-labourers (p. 8, vol. i.); Persecution in Domitian's reign (Clement) (p. 51); 3. Heresy at the end of the first century (p. 87); **BEGINNING OF THE SECOND CENTURY**—Pliny's letter (p. 129); 5. Persecutions by Antoninus (Ignatius) (p. 169); 6. Adrian's reign (Jews forbidden the Holy Land) (p. 209); 7. Persecution in the reign of Marcus Aurelius (Justin Martyr and Polycarp) (p. 248); 8. The Persecution continued—Letter of Irenæus (p. 289); 9. Spiritual declension through Alexandrian philosophy (p. 331); 10. **CLOSE OF THE SECOND CENTURY** (p. 370); 11. Tertullian at Carthage (p. 410); 12. Christianity at Alexandria (Beginning of the third century) (p. 448); 13. Persecution in the third century (p. 8, vol. ii.); 14. Origen's Baneful Influence on Christianity (p. 49).

FROM A.D. 211 (when the persecution under the Emperor Severus ceased with his death) to A.D. 235, Christianity enjoyed a period of profound repose. Origen complains in one of his publications that this long peace had weakened the vigour of the Church, and brought it into a state of lukewarmness and even indecorum. He says: "Several come to church only on solemn festivals: and then not so much for instruction as for diversion. Some go out again as soon as they have heard the lecture, without

conferring or asking the pastors any questions. Others stay not till the lecture is ended, and others hear not so much as a single word, but entertain themselves in a corner of the church." He also complained that pastors had become ambitious and haughty, and that their great aim was to get good berths in the church.

It is no great marvel that such a state of things should prevail in view of the doctrines that Origen himself had helped to bring into vogue—namely, that there was good in all religions, and that the best way was to combine all their excellencies and give predominance to no one system in particular. This plausible but most unscriptural and mischievous view obtained favour in high quarters during the reign of the Emperor Alexander, the successor of Heliogabalus. This emperor came to the throne A.D. 222 when he was only 16 years of age; and having imbibed the principles of the eclectic philosophy from his mother Maumæe, he discountenanced the persecution of the Christians in whose principles he saw much to be admired. He did not become a Christian, but stood between the Christians and their enemies. He even went further: he had a chapel in which he every morning worshipped those deceased princes whose characters he most esteemed, and among the statues of these and the gods generally, he admitted the statues of Christ and Abraham. Doubtless he imagined he was conferring a high distinction, where he was inflicting an open insult, for no greater insult could be offered to Christ than to rank him with the gods of Greece and Rome.

This Alexander and his mother were really amiable heathens—for which there was something to be thankful in their position. It is better to see the name of Christ honoured on any plea than to have it cast out as execrable, as under previous reigns. But that they were considered by Eusebius "most godly and religious" is

indicative of the corrupt state to which the truth had fallen in the beginning of the third century. Religious they might be in the conventional, which is the unenlightened sense; that is, they were interested in questions of superstition; but godly no man can be, who does not know God and do His will. That any man knowing God could worship Jupiter will be heartily denied by all who know the Scriptures. The knowledge of God involves the discernment that there is "none other God but one." The day of His will involves the preaching of Christ as the way of approach to Him, and the only way. No man who sees and heralds this truth would regard Christ as a superior sort of moral philosopher with whom any human teacher whatever is to be placed on a level. That Alexander and his mother worshipped the gods of Rome and gave to Christ a subordinate place is proof they were not "godly," however "religious" they might be. But their tolerance and quasi-patronage of Christianity was a great improvement upon the ferocious enmity shown by previous emperors. He was very fond of Christ's maxim that men should do to others as they would that men should do to them. He often said "Do as you would be done by." He obliged a crier often to repeat it in his presence, and caused it to be prominently inscribed on his palace and on the public buildings. The right to a certain piece of ground being in dispute between a tavern-keeper and a Christian congregation, Alexander decided it in favour of the latter, remarking "It is fitter that God should be served there in any manner whatever rather than that it should be used for a tavern." He favoured everything that had the appearance of religion. He countenanced astrologers and was himself skilled in the vain arts of the augurs. Many Christians, so-called, were doubtless of the same stamp during Alex-

ander's reign, mixing a deference to Christ with paganism, and holding the unity of the Deity in conjunction with the worship of the gods. Every enlightened person will agree with Milner's remark that "The Scriptural method of teaching things that accompany salvation will not incorporate with this system of doctrine."

In A.D. 235, Alexander and his mother were murdered by Maximin, and the peace of the church for a time came to an end. Maximin's hatred of the house of Alexander disposed him to persecute the Christians because Alexander had favoured them. The persecution was not confined to them, but extended to the harmless of mankind generally. Still, they bore the chief brunt of a ferocity that seemed to have no limits. This is known as *the sixth persecution*. The tyrant's reign only lasted three years; and though it was succeeded by sanguinary public events in which a succession of Roman emperors were slain, the revived persecution virtually ceased with Maximin's death. One of the succeeding emperors, Philip the Arabian, was a Christian by profession; but he allowed and conducted the secular games which were deeply tinged with the idolatry—a proof that his Christianity was a very skin deep affair. His reign afforded no evidence that he was a cordial friend to the gospel, except that he refrained from persecution. His profession of Christianity was more an affair of expediency than anything else. It ensured him an amount of support which was useful to him—a proof, as Dr. Milner remarks, that the faith of Christ, though in a corrupt form, had attained a most commanding position in the world in the third century, for what otherwise could have induced a mere politician like Philip to countenance it without reserve or ambiguity. Philip reigned only five years, and was then murdered like his numerous predecessors and this era of history, in harmony with

the "great sword" symbol of the second seal of the Apocalypse. In the reign of Decius, his successor, the famous Bishop of Carthage, named Cyprian, emerged on public view. His career will furnish materials for our next chapter.

OMNIPOTENT CONTROL.

Is there a God?—No. 15.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The reproductive faculty indicative of purpose (p. 14, vol. i.); 2. Every faculty proves the existence of its object, therefore God (p. 56); 3. The origin of the universe (p. 91); 4. The appearance of man upon the scene (p. 133); 5. The inconsistencies of the evolutionist view (p. 174); 6. The existence of sex a proof of God (p. 214); 7. Mechanism of the human frame (p. 251); 8. The construction of the eye (p. 292); 9. The seed of plant and animal (p. 333); 10. Human intelligence itself a proof of God (p. 371); 11. The self-action of the universe (p. 411); 12. The fool's opinion (p. 451); 13. The great universe and small man (p. 10, vol. ii.); 14. Limited Knowledge (p. 51, vol. ii.).

WELL, where are we now?
I wish I exactly knew.

We ought to be nearing the haven of conviction.

We are drawing near somewhere, I think, from the lights I begin to see glimmering in the dark.

The universe subject to omnipotent control was our last thought; the proposition was that it is more interesting in that respect than as the domain of blind mechanical law, acting without mind, without discernment, without plan or intelligence of any kind.

I admit that the universe subject to omnipotent control is, as you said last time, a vastly more interesting theme of contemplation than when it is looked at as

a mere machine of relentless law; but to admit this is one thing, and to concede the existence of the omnipotent control is another.

No doubt they are two things, but the one is a step to the other. A reasonable assumption points in the direction of a probable truth. The existence of the omnipotent control is a reasonable assumption.

How would you establish that proposition?

Well, the unity of the system of the universe would indicate it. It is bound together as one system. No one part of it is disconnected from another—still less at war with another. The nature of the connection is inscrutable to our limited intellects; but the fact of the connection is self-evident.

I don't know that I quite follow you there.

Well, we do not know much of the measureless vastitudes of being opened out to the eye in the spectacle of the milky way, which turns out, under improved telescopes, to be countless multitudes of worlds at distances baffling the imagination; but what we do know enables us to be positive that they are as much in the grasp of a universal system of law as the more limited bodies of our own solar system. Now what is this "grasp"?

That is the question. It cannot be gravitation, which is the mere attraction of one body for another: for such a law acting by itself would lead at last to the huddling of all worlds into one—the greatest attractions gradually overpowering the lesser. The mere actions of such a law would not have admitted of the poisoning of lighter bodies in independent orbits in space, like our own moon, or the smaller moons of Mars, still less the 240 asteroids which revolve in an unbroken band around the sun, between the earth and Jupiter. They must have been drawn into the larger bodies long ago.

They are in the grasp of gravitation.

There gravitation would not be grasp at all, but the separate and disconnected tendency of bodies to run into each other according to size. Instead of gravitation being master, behold the universe extended and sub-divided into the infinite realms of space, in the utmost order and beauty. You have the solar system made up of a number of independent members, revolving round the sun, and smaller than the sun, but they do not run into the sun. Why not? There must be a counter force. What is it? It cannot be the influence of other systems, for the other systems are too immensely remote to exercise any influence whatever, in the ratio of dynamic action shown by the influence of one body on another in the solar system. Besides, if the neighbouring systems were strong enough to hold the planets back by mere attraction from running into the sun, they would be strong enough to prevent them from revolving round the sun. And if they were so strong as that, they would be strong enough to draw the planets away from the sun altogether in process of time: and then it would be a tug of war between the systems and the sun itself, and in the end we should see a universal straining and huddling together everywhere, like what we see among the minute bubbles on the surface of a wash-tub when left to settle. Instead of that, the universe is calmly spread out everywhere with immovable stability, in bodies large and small, according to a system of order and beauty, such as evokes the highest admiration of intelligence, and the most staggering fact of all is that this order is maintained among bodies that are loose, that float without resistance in the free realms of space.

The facts are beautiful, I must allow.

My argument is that as the whole universe is bound together in one system before our eyes, the existence of Omnipotent

control is forced upon our recognition as an assumption necessitated by the spectacle. There is no other method of accounting for the movements of heaven and earth. It would not be going too far to say that it is a self-evident conclusion: a conclusion we cannot resist: a fact staring at us from the heavens, as we might say. There it is: control is exercised: the stupendous fabric of creation holds together from age to age, and works with greater exactness and smoothness than the most well-oiled machinery that man ever constructed. Here is a work of supreme wisdom: is it possible it could be done without intelligence?

It is done intelligently.

Could it be done intelligently without the action of intelligence? If there were no such thing as intelligence in the universe, we might understand the indisposition to recognise intelligence in works that bear the stamp of it; but here is man, himself a feeble creature on the surface of the earth, showing such marvellous intelligence. Is it possible that his intelligence is the highest there is?

I must admit the improbability of the supposition when put in that way.

Put it in another way: Human intelligence is the attribute of the stuff of which man is made. Is he the only stuff that can evolve intelligence? Is it not in the highest degree reasonable to suppose that the attenuated stuff in which the universe subsists—called "ether" by scientists and "spirit" by the Bible—should have the capacity (say) of a higher development of intelligence than anything possible to the organisation of dust.

That is a new thought to me.

I am not advancing it as a formal thesis, but as an appeal on the lowest ground against the insensate opposition of modern thought to the idea of God, and a plea for this supreme conclusion of common-sense, that the cause of the

existence and form of the universe is the pre-existence of a Supreme Eternal Power or Being, whose attributes are necessarily those of wisdom and power and personality in the highest degree. The Bible reveals such a being, and nothing in true reason can be urged against the revelation.

As I have said before, I truly and sincerely desire to surrender to the conclusion for which you are contending; but a full surrender cannot take place in the face of anything that seems to forbid it. Some things which I have felt to be obstacles, you have disposed of. There are one or two others of a more practical and sublunary character than those we have been talking of. I may submit them should we have further opportunity.

PERSIAN DECLENSION AND A GREEK SUICIDE.

*The Persian Empire under the Successors
of Cyrus.—No. 15.*

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Babylon (p. 16, vol. 1); 2. Cyrus (p. 58); 3. Rise of Cyrus as a great general (p. 92); 4. Campaigns of Cyrus (p. 135); 5. The capture of Babylon (p. 175); 6. Cyrus as a conqueror (p. 216); 7. Cyrus and Daniel: reign and death of Cyrus (p. 253); 8. Cambysses, son of Cyrus (p. 294); 9. Darius, successor of Cyrus (p. 335); 10. Beginning of the war with Greece (p. 374); 11. The expedition of Xerxes (p. 413); 12. Failure of the expedition (p. 452); 13. The disasters of Xerxes in Greece (p. 12, vol. ii.). 14. The end of Xerxes and the extraordinary sequel (p. 54).

THEMISTOCLES, honoured at the Court of Artaxerxes under the circumstances narrated last month, rose to a position of esteem and influence in all the world. He was second only to Artaxerxes himself. Referring to the cause of this influential exile in Persia, he used

to say to his children, "We should have been ruined if we had not been ruined."

At last the turn in the tide came—gently at first, as is the manner with tides. It was judged necessary for the interests of Persia that Themistocles should leave the capital and take up his abode in Asia Minor. He settled at Magnesia, and had ample revenues assigned to him by the Persian Court for his maintenance. Here he lived for some years, in the utmost splendour, when the little cloud showed on the horizon that brought the fatal storm. Misunderstandings with Greece revived, and with the result of the last war in their memory, the Greeks were in no mood to be submissive. They fitted out a large fleet with soldiers, whom they put under the command of Cimon, the successor of the exile Themistocles. Cimon sailed for the Thracian coast, and landing his army, successively captured a number of important places in Persian occupation. One of these, named Eion, was obstinately defended. Cimon offered favourable terms of capitulation to the Persian commander, including his own departure in safety to Persia, with his family and effects. The commander, whose name was Boges, refused the proposal, and the siege went on. At last, perceiving that resistance was useless, Boges, after emptying the treasures of the city into the river on which the city stood, killed his wife and family; placed their dead bodies on a pile, into the flames of which he then threw himself, and perished. It is so written in Greek history: it is possibly true.

Having driven the Persians into Asia, Cimon did not give them time to take breath, but sailed immediately after them with a fleet of 200 vessels, took their strongest cities, and brought over their allies to his side. He then attacked the Persian fleet, though it was much stronger than his own. It consisted of 350 vessels,

and lay at the mouth of the river Eury-medon, and was supported by a strong army on the shore. Cimon's attack was a complete success. The Persian ships were all taken or sunk. He then landed his troops in the presence of the Persian army. The Persian army awaited attack, instead of resisting the landing. The Greeks came on. The Persians sustained the attack with much valour, but at last giving way before the pertinacity and prowess of the Greeks, they broke and fled, and suffered a terrible slaughter. Great numbers were taken prisoners, and an immense booty fell to the Greeks.

This double defeat was followed by reverses in other parts of the field of operation. The effect naturally was, when the news reached Artaxerxes, to fill that monarch's mind with alarm at the increasing power and conquests of the Greeks, and to lead him to resolve on heroic measures. He sent orders to Themistocles to prepare to place himself at the head of a large Persian army, for the invasion of Greece. Had Themistocles been as much a man of principle as he was of courage and military strategy, he would have promptly fallen in with the king's commands, but he was far from being so. He was a mere politician, governed only by considerations of human expediency. He now felt himself in a terrible dilemma. He saw with secret pride the rising power of Greece. He feared to enter into contest with Greek generals, who might defeat him. He loved his country, notwithstanding its persecution of him, the memory of which had now lost its edge. He shrank from sullyng the glory he had achieved in her annals as a successful champion against her foes. Even if he ventured on the experiment of throwing himself on the mercy of his countrymen by deserting to Greece, he could not be certain that he would be received by them. If they were

to suspect his fidelity, he would find the glory of his present position exchanged for the dungeon. Yet, he remembered the favours the Persian monarch had heaped upon him, and the promises of service against Greece in case of necessity which he had made to him, and of which the king now urgently claimed the performance. How could he refuse the king's command: and how could he obey it?

In this great perplexity, history records that he saw the only escape in suicide. As a matter of fact he died at this time, in full strength, at the age of 65. His enemies say he died a natural death: perhaps he did and perhaps not: for enemies do not always speak the truth. Historians say he convened his friends and gave them to understand that he would not be wanting either in duty to his country or in the promises he had made to his prince, and would therefore end his life; on which he swallowed poison, of which he died. When Artaxerxes heard of his death, he was appalled. When he was told the cause and manner of his death, he expressed his great admiration, and showed his sentiments by the favour he bestowed on the friends and domestics of Themistocles.

The death of Themistocles at this crisis was a great blow to the Persian cause. It effectually hindered the projected invasion of Greece, and helped the development of various other calamities—in "establishment of the vision" shown to Daniel which required the undermining of Persian power at this time, in preparation for the onrush of the Greek Government under Alexander.

FAMILY LINIMENT.—Sweet oil, spirits of ammonia, tincture of aconite root, chloroform and laudanum, of each one ounce. Apply well four or five times a day.

JUPITER AND THE SHAPE OF THE EARTH.

Out of Doors at Night.—No. 15.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—I.

Greatness of the starry universe (p. 19, vol. i.); 2. The earth a globe (p. 60); 3. Objections considered (p. 94); 4. The earth turning and travelling (p. 137); 5. The moon (p. 177); 6. Aspects of the moon (p. 218); 7. In the moon (p. 256); 8. The starry host: the planets: Mercury (p. 297); 9. Nearest the sun (p. 338); 10. Venus, the morning and evening star (p. 376); 11. Mars, the ruddy planet (p. 416); 12. The asteroids, the little planets of the solar system (p. 454); 13. The giant of the solar system (p. 14, vol. 2). 14. Our giant brother Jupiter (p. 55).

WE have not yet exhausted the subject of Jupiter. We have glanced at most of the things that concern his actual constitution as a planet, so far as these can be known to us at present on the earth; but there are facts with a wider bearing connected with him. The discovery of his four moons, revolving round him at four different distances, was an event with much more important consequences than could have been anticipated from a matter of such apparently unimportant detail. They afforded an actual illustration of constitution of the solar system as contended for by Newton and Galileo, which, till this point, had been a matter of theory. The earth, with her one moon going round her, had illustrated that system to a certain extent, but here were four bodies going round Jupiter at different distances exactly as the planets were argued to go round the sun at different distances. Jupiter at their centre occupied the position of the sun in the solar system. The only difference was that Jupiter did not impart light, which was not a difference of mechanical relationship. This greatly strengthened Newton's contention as to the solar system.

Here it was actually exemplified before men's eyes.

Jupiter and his family of revolving satellites, travelling round the sun in companionship with the other planets in different orbit, also helped the conception of the sun and his attendant planets travelling with other systems round the great unknown centre which astronomical observation has inferred—an inference carrying with it the sublimest conception of the unity and grandeur of the universe it is possible to conceive.

But the most important result arising out of the discovery of Jupiter's moons was the unexpected discovery of the velocity of light, and the unmistakeable confirmation yielded by the discovery to the conclusions that had been otherwise arrived at as to the shape of the earth and the scale of the universe. Nothing, indeed, disposes so conclusively of the flat earth theory than this same discovery of the velocity of light, though at first sight it seems as if there could be no connection between the one and the other.

The discovery itself came from the unlikely source and was made in the unlikely way. It resulted from the study of the eclipses of Jupiter's moons, and was due to mistakes in fixing the dates of those eclipses. That Jupiter's moons should be the subject of eclipse will seem a matter of course to those who realise that the sun lights both Jupiter and his moons, and that the moons go round Jupiter. When the moons pass behind Jupiter, Jupiter is between the sun and them, of course, and therefore the light is intercepted, and the moons having no light of their own come under eclipse, one by one, each in its turn. Some astronomers made these eclipses the subject of special study, and amused themselves by making predictions as to the time of future eclipses. These predictions proved correct in the main; but for a long time they

were always from five to ten minutes out of the reckoning. The eclipse occurred from five to ten minutes either too soon or too late. The cause of this was not suspected till it came to be noticed that when the eclipse occurred before the predicted time, the earth was at its nearest to Jupiter; and when it occurred after the predicted time, it was at its furthest separation. (To understand this, the reader will remember that the earth goes round the sun 12 times for every one journey made by Jupiter. Consequently, 12 times in the year, the earth is on the same side of the sun as Jupiter, and 12 times it is on the opposite side. When it is at its nearest on the same side, the distance between the earth and Jupiter is 380 millions of miles; when they are at their furthest separation, that is when the earth is on the other side, the distance between them is 570 millions of miles. The difference between the two positions, therefore, is close upon 200 millions of miles.) When it was noticed that the discrepancy in the predicted time of the eclipses was too much or too little according as the earth was on the same side of the sun as Jupiter or on the other, attention was arrested, as it had never been before, to the question of the rate of the motion of light. It used to be thought that light travelled instantaneously, which for all mortal purposes and measurements it certainly does; but this raised the question as to the rate of its progress in the vast distances of space. That it took some time to travel, however slight, was certain to any one watching the eclipse of our own moon, or indeed the motion of sun light upon the earth, as regulated by the interception of the clouds. The question was, at what rate is its quick motion performed; because supposing it had a measureable rate, it was evident this would have to be taken into account in calculating the apparent motion of a body

at one time two hundred millions of miles further away from us than at another. We can only see an object by the rays of light that comes from it, and if these take time to travel, this must be allowed for, which had not been done in fixing the time for the commencement of the Jupiter-moon eclipses in two positions 200 millions of miles apart. A machine was constructed to measure the velocity of light. It would be out of place to attempt a description of the machine. Suffice it to say that the result was to show that light travels at the rate of 185,000 miles in a second of time. This rate applied to 200 millions of miles would require about 20 minutes. When this result was added to the calculation of the Jupiter eclipses, it was found to account perfectly for the discrepancies. Astronomers had before-time expected the eclipses to be visible at the same exact moment when Jupiter was 200 millions of miles further away as when it was 200 millions of miles nearer. They now allowed for the time taken by the light to travel that distance, and since then the predictions have always been accurately fulfilled.

How this bears destructively on the flat earth theory will be seen in a moment. If light takes one second to travel 185,000 miles (which is demonstrated by mechanical contrivance): and if the light of Jupiter take 20 minutes to come to us in a given position, it is a matter of simple multiplication to shew that Jupiter is hundreds of millions of miles away from us. The movements of Jupiter as watched from the earth at various points of observation (allowing for the globular curvature of the earth) had demonstrated this distance before the velocity of light was known. But if the earth is a plane, the allowance for the curvature would have to be thrown out: and the angles of observation would then show that Jupiter was only about 16,000 miles distant.

A DOOMED GENERATION.

Is the Bible True?—No. 14.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—I. A moot question with "yes" waiting (p. 18, vol. i.); 2. The Bible's own testimony: why should it be questioned? (p. 97); 3. Its historic backbone (p. 139); 4. Taking its history to pieces: Abraham (p. 179); 5. Truth necessitated by the nature of its narrative: Joseph (p. 219); 6. Ditto in the case of Moses: the exodus (p. 258); 7. The journey in the wilderness (p. 299); 8. Israel's chronic mutinies (p. 340); 9. What the record of the murmurings proves (p. 378); 10. The want of food in the wilderness; the manna supply (p. 418); 11. Failure of the water supply: the sin of Moses (p. 456); 12. The worship of the golden calf (p. 16, vol. ii.); 13. Struck dead on the spot (p. 58).

WADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—
Have you considered the story of the spies in the special light in which I have been asking you to look at these things (namely, as to how such things could have come to be written unless they were true). I would press it earnestly on your attention. It is an extraordinary episode. I defy criticism to place it in any category of human literature except that of historic narrative. It certainly is not a poem. It is not a fable with a moral, such as Æsop was given to composing; it is not a patriotic panegyric; it is not a pleasing national reminiscence. It is a plain, ungarnished, and grim record of the most painful character, concerning which you have to consider first, how it could come to be written except it were a true story (whether at first hand or by tradition), and, second, whether, being a true story, it does not involve the truth of the entire scheme of divine revelation, as unfolded in the Scriptures.

Having received the law at Sinai, constructed the tabernacle, and established the service connected with it, the assembly, just a little over twelve months after their departure from Egypt, receive orders to march for the land of promise. Arrived on the frontiers, it is proposed that before entering the land they should send spies to inspect the land, and report. The proposal is favoured by Moses, and receives the endorsement of God, who commands that the spies should be sent. The principal man of each tribe is chosen, and they set off on their journey. It takes them over a month to complete their tour of inspection. At the end of 40 days, they present themselves before Moses and the assembly with their report. It is not a unanimous report. All are agreed that it is a most desirable land, but ten out of the twelve are of opinion that it is too strongly fortified for Israel to think of invading it. "The people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled and very great. . . . We are not able to go up against the people, for they are stronger than we." The other two admitted the strength of the Canaanites, but contended that as God was on Israel's side, their success was certain and in this they were supported by Moses. The assembly having heard the arguments, decided in favour of the view taken by the ten, and gave way to a panic of despair. Tears and crying prevailed among the tents all night, and in the morning a revolt was planned. Monster meeting: unanimous resolution, "Let us make a captain, and let us return into Egypt." Agreed: but we must away with Moses first: "Stone him." Also agreed and would have been done, but "the glory of the Lord appeared in the Tabernacle of the congregation before all the children of Israel." The congregation quailed at the sight. Moses is summoned: the people in fear look on and listen while

this brief but terrible speech is delivered in their hearing : " How long will this people provoke me ? How long will it be ere they believe me for all the signs which I have showed among them ? I will smite them with the pestilence and disinherit them and will make of thee a greater nation and mightier than they." Moses entreated the Lord to turn from his anger and to forgive the people on the ground that if he destroyed them it will be reported through the earth that God was not able to place His people in the land of promise, though he had liberated them from Egypt. " They (the Canaanites)," said Moses, " have heard that thou, Lord, art amongst this people : that thou, Lord, art seen face to face, and that thy clouds standeth over them : and that thou goest before them by day-time in a pillar of cloud, and in a pillar of fire by night." The prayer of Moses (urged in further words) is heard, " I have pardoned according to thy word : " but the crime of the people, though not visited as it deserved, would be punished : " Because all those men which have seen my glory and my miracles which I did in Egypt and in the wilderness have tempted me now these ten times, and have not hearkened to my voice, surely they shall not see the land which I swore unto their fathers. . . . Say unto them, as truly as I live, saith the Lord, As ye have spoken in mine ears, so will I do unto you. Your carcasses shall fall in this wilderness. . . . Your children shall wander in this wilderness 40 years . . . until your carcasses be wasted in the wilderness after the number of the days in which ye searched the land, even forty days, each day for a year. . . . In this wilderness shall they be consumed, and there shall they die . . . and your little ones which ye said should be a prey, them will I bring in, and they shall know the land which ye have despised " (Num. xiv.). To

emphasize this terrible message, the ten spies were struck dead.

Never were people the subject of a greater revulsion of feeling than that which the congregation now underwent. They were in a consternation, but they were not exercised in an enlightened way. They went from one extreme of rebellion to another. " They rose up early in the morning,—(Yes, there would not be much sleep in the camp that night)—and gat them unto the top of the mountain, saying, lo we be here, and will go up unto the place which the Lord hath promised, for we have sinned." It was too late. Moses forbid them " Go not up ; the Lord is not among you." But the people persisted " Wherefore now do ye transgress the commandment of the Lord ? But it shall not prosper." Moses and the Ark remained in the camp while the people marched out by their thousands and attacked the nearest force of the enemy. The engagement was a rout for Israel. " The Amalekites came down, and the Canaanites which dwelt in that hill, and smote them and discomfited them, even to Hormah.' After this the people submitted themselves peaceably to the hand of Moses, and marched back into the wilderness, where they remained for 38 years.

Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the story. What can you make of it ? How came it to be written ? Is it creditable to Israel ? Is it in any way agreeable to human feeling ? You may think me tedious in these questions. It may strike you that there is a deal of sameness and repetition in the argument ; but the conclusion to which I am inviting you is so stupendous that nothing can be too tedious that may be a help. Without meaning to be pugnacious, I defy you to suggest a reasonable theory of this story having been written and preserved, apart from the simple fact that it is true. Try it, ladies and gentlemen, try it. Here it is :

It is a fact in our hands—I mean a literary fact. It has been in the hands of Christendom for centuries and centuries. We are not dealing with a rumour or a shadow. We are dealing with an actual written piece of literature of greater antiquity than any current human book. The simple question is, How comes it to be in existence? With what motive could it have been written except one—that with all its painfulness—with all its disgrace for Israel—with all its improbability as an episode in a divine transaction—it is simply a true story; a plain account of what actually happened, and written that men might afterwards know the work of God in the earth.

In that case, you know what follows: that God was in the Israelitish exodus, and that all the connections of that stupendous event, before and after, are matters of historic fact, and not myth or legend at all: that therefore the Bible is true: divine revelation a glorious fact: hope of immortality a sober verity; responsibility to divine law a stern truth: and a prospect of a perfect state of things upon the earth when Christ has returned and become supreme, no dream of fanaticism of illusion of poetic fervour but the sober eventuality of coming history.

OUR "AT HOME."

BY A ROVING CORRESPONDENT AND
OCCASIONAL VISITOR.

Evenings in August, 1891.

I WAS walking with a lady friend a few days since—one who has had plenty of opportunity of judging of things in general, and the conversation turned on music as elevating to taste and morality. She pointed out to me the fact that none of the artistes of the musical world of any pronounced attainment are ever religiously inclined, but quite the reverse—that as a

rule the devotées who assiduously follow their bent are most worldly, and that love of the muse does not help them to praise God nor love their neighbour in any practical sense.

I think the remark arose from our mutually expressing a desire for the expansion and enjoyment of those ideal faculties that find expression in the fine arts. I can see the danger of any great satisfaction in this line of things at present. What holds such sway over the feelings as music? Music—martial, dramatic, comic, tragic, devotional, terpsicorean—each and all steal upon the senses as a passional impress merely, and excite anger, fear, love, joy, sorrow, revenge, according to the character of the harmonies.

It is not a thing unheard of that lovers of the fine arts permit their idealisms to preside at their mental banquet, and give the seat of honour above the salt to their next-of-kin—ambition, rivalry and self-glorification—while the guests—love, honour, gentleness, peace—like poor relations, humbly venture their presence as fugitive intruders, and “Glory to God in the highest” has to be content with the crumbs that fall from the rich man’s table. Only let us be *sure* that we subordinate every proficiency to the commandments of Christ, and every art is sanctified.

Once upon a time, an Eastern king fell ill, and after the doctors had done all that the medical lore of their day could suggest, they decided that the only thing that would cure their patient was for him to put on the shirt of a perfectly contented man. The story runs that messengers were dispatched to all parts of the kingdom in quest of this paragon, but wherever they went, everybody was found to want some little addition to what he already possessed. Again and again, the question of contentment was asked of fortune’s favourites, where health, wealth, and nature’s boun-

ties had nestled with uninterrupted regularity. The philosophy of their heart was pre-eminently discontent. There were no tears in life but of their shedding; no sighs, but of their own breath; no ill-luck stirred but it fell on their shoulders. The query was then put to the man who had through toil and storm succeeded in the attainment of honour and affluence. "Sirs," said he, "What is the result of wealth? It kills desire. I never see a thing but I could get it by the lifting of my finger, and then I cease to want it, and to cease to want is to extract from life its essence—hope. And what is the result of honour? Those who pay this tribute to your higher self are happier in their recognition of what lies above them, than he who stands companionless upon a pedestal of honour, unless there be for him a higher point to reach."

The man of toil was the next assailed, who, day by day, went through the task of earning daily bread for daily needs. Life to him was doom to work for luxuries that others would enjoy.

The man of leisure then was tested, whose dollars drove him from the friendship of the poor, and placed him at the threshold of the rich, whose portals close to all who cannot lavish wealth upon the wealthy. Within those portals, out of reach, all seemed bright and fair, but, said he, "If they be not fair to me, what care I how fair they be?"

The green-eyed monster, jealousy, saw in the loveliest landscape a sterile wilderness. The overhanging firmament, with star-bespangled roof, was a pestilent congregation of vapours, and the world a horde of howling wolves.

At last the messengers were about to return in great chagrin at the failure to secure for the king the shirt of contentment, when they heard of a poor herdsman, whose beneficence, wisdom, and sympathy lightened the sorrows of the

poor within his circle, and encouraged the worthy through their path of rectitude. When importuned to name what change he most desired, and the station he most aspired to fill, he replied, "I do not envy any, and no one envies me." "What," said the envoys, "You are content? Then strip"—but he had no shirt.

About two hundred years ago, a gentleman was passing up the street of a seaport town, and noticed on the window-sill of a humble cottage a plant of such strange appearance that his attention was arrested, and he stopped to make a close inspection of the blossom, and to ask the owner its name and origin. "I must buy this plant of you," said the gentleman to the old woman to whom the plant belonged, and whose appearance seemed to indicate that money would be appreciated as much as flowers. "No, sir, I could not sell it. My poor hoy brought it from America, and carefully tended it all the way home. I keep it for his sake." The gentleman could not persuade her, and went on his way. Soon after, business took him to London, where he soon discovered the leading florists of the day, but could find nothing corresponding to the flower of the old woman's window-sill. His anxiety and his disappointment raised the curiosity of his friends to such a pitch that some of them started to see and report on the nondescript plant. Arriving at the spot, and after due examination of the peculiar flower, the deputation decided that England did not possess its duplicate. The poor old mother was obdurate in her refusal to sell; but at last, a hand full of golden guineas and a promise to propagate another for her, procured the coveted prize. Such is said to be the origin of the fuschia in England.

It may be new to some, that among the many marvels that science and money

present, is that of a ship's railway, by which ships with their freight are taken bodily by rail overland, in order to save the trouble of discharging a cargo and reloading, or that a short route may be taken across country from one sea coast to another. I read of this novelty some time ago, but thinking it to be on a par with the flying man, I inwardly predicted failure; but you must never prophesy unless you know. It just happens that I recently saw the sweetest, most graceful model of the whole affair, which so much took my fancy that the person in charge showed the working of the apparatus and gave me a book descriptive of its origin and progress. It seems that there are two of these railways at work in California, but the one whose model I saw runs across an isthmus seventeen miles long, in Chignecto, in Nova Scotia. It seems a very difficult piece of coasting, and so valuable does the undertaking appear to the Canadian Government that it subsidises the company with £35,000 per annum for twenty years. The alternative of cutting a canal was impracticable owing to the immense alluvial deposits that would constantly be liable to block a waterway.

How invariably it happens that in talking or writing we become aware of a kind of dovetailing of ideas in the brain that seem to have little connection when considered exclusively. In mentioning Ship's Railways, for instance, a certain law of association brings to my mind the Franklin Expedition for the discovery of a north-west passage by which our commerce might reach India westward—a result now achieved by the Canadian Pacific Railway;—a "north-west passage" not dreamed of by those brave men who, in 1845, with Sir John Franklin at their head, set out in the *Erebus* and *Terror* on this voyage of Arctic discovery. Very pathetic are the relics of this

expedition, now among the most interesting exhibits at the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea. Visitors can hardly help a feeling of pity when looking at a representation of the men dragging their sledges over the glassy ridges of the Arctic sea, when they remember that probably at a temperature of 45 deg. below zero, with the enemy, despair, chilling their very heart, and paralysing their limbs, Franklin's party fell down and died as they walked along. Nor can one wonder at the agony with which Lady Franklin besieged the Admiralty with requests for further search, after having spent her once large fortune in an attempt for information regarding the whereabouts of the expedition from the time of their last report in lat. 76 deg., one month after their departure. The silver model of the yacht *Fox*, which no doubt everybody notices, is proof of Lady Franklin's indefatigable ardour, for after the failure of three Government Search Expeditions, she, with the assistance of a few friends, fitted up the *Fox* in 1857 for a last attempt, and entrusted her to the command of Capt. McClintock, who, in 1859 came across two cairns, now exhibited in the main building of the Exhibition—each cairn containing the information that Franklin's party, having been for two winters beset in the ice, had been compelled to abandon their ships, and were retreating to Back's River. They had already lost by death Sir John Franklin, eight officers, and fifteen men.

Who can depict the horrors of a death march across a frozen ocean?

(Here Dr. Philbrain was seen at the door, uncertain whether he would come in. "Mine host" ran to him with cordial greeting, and pressed him to enter. He was not sure he could stay, but at last he consented to come in and speak to the company for just 20 minutes on a subject proposed to him, and which it was

known he had been recently studying ; namely).

OUR NATIONAL HOUSE WARMER.

IT was certainly a happy thought on the part of the man or woman who first conceived the idea of using coal for the production of fire. Nobody knows to whom we owe the discovery of its inflammable properties, nor as to whether the knowledge of its use was the result of intelligence or accident. I think the probabilities are strongly in favour of the latter, if history is correct in saying that the use of coal originated in the cold, inhospitable climate of the West, and not in the Eastern cradle of civilisation ; for, in that case, the ancients, who knew all about its practical side, could not have been acquainted with its scientific aspect sufficiently to have suggested its character as fuel.

Coal is mentioned many times in the Bible, but, probably, charcoal and wood were the material in use. The Britons were acquainted with it, and the Anglo-Saxons used it to some extent for domestic purposes ; and, later on, it was employed in arts and manufactures ; and so coal slowly made its way until the beginning of this century, when, in Great Britain, about ten millions of tons of coals were raised per annum. Since then, the consumption has increased so tremendously that it almost makes one quake for the very existence of our country to read that, at the present time, we are getting rid of more than one hundred million cubic yards of the actual stony framework of Great Britain every year, which means an annual output of one hundred millions of tons of coal. This is real business, and no mistake ; and so the collier finds who goes down hundreds of feet through the earth to his dreary work to hack and send to the sur-

face what is to the utilitarian a necessity for the unnumbered wants of civilisation, and to the chemist, the bottled heat and light of far distant epochs.

It is to our chemical friends we must go to know what coal is, its origin, and why it burns, and I think such knowledge will considerably increase our enjoyment of a cosy fireside if we are able to carry our thoughts away from the dreadful sepulchral work of the collier to that time long, long ago when the scene of his labours was a smiling landscape, with forest glade and gurgling streams, whose ripples danced in sunbeams that one should consider too scorching. The leaves of the trees trembled in the gentle zephyr, just as we love to see them now. Fish gamboled in merry sport, and a vegetation of rank luxuriance far exceeded in size any of our giants of the tropics. There were plants allied to our mosses of to-day that attained the size of our forest trees. In fact, the whole pit with its rocky avenues was the surface of the earth.

But now, how changed ! Whatever sunshine was there, is now tucked up in a black stone called coal. Whatever of forest glade is left, either the yew tree or the pine, or the mere plant of 20 feet high, all are petrified and hardened by enormous pressure and exhibit to the collier—just a seam of coal.

As I have just said, it is the chemist, with his microscope and laboratory, who tells us all this, so we must humbly take a seat at his feet while he unfolds to us his mode of tracing coal to a vegetable origin, and also while he elucidates the puzzle as to why it burns. So as to escape the thorny technicalities of science which would occupy more time than good breeding would sanction, we must take a route that will settle the question of origin by inference.

First, then, we will look at peat, which

is known to be a tolerable kind of fuel and which when chemically analysed shows very much the same kind of composition as coal, namely, carbon, which is the principal elementary substance of each. The reason why peat is not so good a fuel as coal, is because it is looser in texture and contains less carbon in the same bulk and enormously more water. If it were subjected to artificial pressure and the water squeezed out, it would be quite a useful coal, minus inflammable gas. It is clear that if peat and coal are so much alike, the mode of formation of the one would explain the origin of the other, and in regard to peat, there is no difficulty at all in discovering that it is the remains of leaves, mosses, plants, and rushes, indeed all sorts of small rotten vegetable growth of moist situations.

But then, is it possible that wood should become hardened into stone as coal? It is seen to be feasible from what is known of two kinds of rock. One is known as "shales" a specimen of which is found in Lake Huron at a part rejoicing in the euphonious name of Kettle Point. This, when under microscopic examination, is found to consist of seeds or spores embedded in an old deposit of mud which has become hardened into rock, and burns with a bright flame, due to the resin-covered seeds. Another kind of rock comes from the Canadian forests, where the pollen of their fir trees is blown into the waters of lakes, whose waves wash it upon the shores. This pollen powder, if hardened and consolidated, would form a rock similar to the combustible shales of Kettle Point.

Next, we will glance at a kind of coal very much used in Germany and Austria, called lignites, which is most conspicuously composed of petrified wood, showing branches and leaves of trees distinctly, which must have been changed into stone

by being buried and subjected to great pressure for immense periods of time. Our own coal often betrays a fibre structure, and black and opaque as it is, is capable of being ground down so as to be transparent, and when put under a microscope, is invariably found to be composed of vegetable matter of one sort or another.

These facts, indisputable as they are, do not, however, tell us how trees should have found their way down into the interior of the earth.

In regard to this point, Sir William Logan long ago demonstrated the fact that every bed of coal rests on a bed of clay now hardened into "shale" which is penetrated by numerous perpendicular roots, *clearly* showing the *old soil in which the plants grew*. There generally rests upon the seam of coal a bed of shale or sand called the "roof," and trunks of trees are often found standing upright through the roof growing from their own roots. These facts prove that each bed represents an old land surface, which scientists say probably was a level marshy plain, near the mouth of a great river just above high water mark. Countless generations of plants must have lived and died before a dark rich vegetable mould could be formed of the thickness that by pressure could produce even one foot of coal. We have to suppose that a submergence took place and the once verdant plain sank beneath the sea and became covered with sand. We have again to suppose that by one of those great upheaving movements to which the crust of the earth has often been subjected the coal bed was somewhat raised and acquired a fresh surface for another accumulation of vegetation. In this way a second coal bed would be formed and so on, by alternating movements of depression and elevation. We can understand the formation of any number of coal seams on the same area. We cannot

estimate the time required for these great stores of carbon, if these premises be correct, and I see no objection to them as God has eternity for His work, and the might and majesty of all nature seem to indicate a dignified allowance of time for the maturity of every plan.

Without going deeply into the theory of combustion, we can explain why coal burns, from the fact that it consists of from eighty to ninety-five per cent. of carbon, which when raised to a certain temperature, has a great desire to unite itself with the oxygen of the atmosphere. This union produces light and heat, and manufactures the carbonic acid gas which escapes up the chimney, and goes to swell the supply necessary to the growth of the trees and plants of the neighbourhood which would (if the Creator foresaw the necessity) become the coal of coming epochs.

It is a good medical rule to eat what you want and as much as you desire, provided you avoid over eating.

HONEY is said to be a cure for sprains when laid thickly on a linen cloth, and bound closely on the part—with splints if necessary.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE HEAVENS.—An international committee has been formed at Paris for the purpose of photographing the heavens. Eighteen observatories are represented, namely those of Paris, Greenwich, Oxford, Potsdam, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Sydney, La Plata, Melbourne, Rome, Helsingfors, Cape of Good Hope, Algiers, San Fernando, Rio de Janeiro, Tacubaya, Santiago, and Catania. In addition to the directors of these observatories, a large number of astronomers and other *savants* will take part in the proceedings. It is one of the most gigantic scientific enterprises ever undertaken, namely, to produce a photographic

map of the heavens, made up of something like 2,000 separate sheets photographed at different points of both hemispheres. The magnitude of the task may be inferred from the fact that it is necessary to explore an expanse in which no fewer than forty million stars can be reckoned. The work will extend over three or four years, and if it be successfully achieved, the astronomers engaged in it will be able to hand down to future generations an exact record of the firmament as seen from this planet at the close of the nineteenth century. All the instruments and material necessary for the execution of the scheme have already been prepared. Many admirable photographs of the moon already exist. In the case of the stars the difficulties are immeasurably greater. The first duty of the committee will be to consult as to how these difficulties can be surmounted.

PAPER BED CLOTHES. — The *Paper Maker* says that a paper-making firm in New Jersey has been turning out counterpanes of paper. No. 1 manilla paper is used, two large sheets being held together by slender twines at intervals of three or four inches; the twine is gummed so as to hold the sheets firmly together where it lies. A hem is placed on the counterpane to keep it from tearing; the safety edge is composed of twine. Ornamental designs are stamped on the outer surfaces of the covers and cases, giving them a neat, attractive appearance. When these counterpanes and pillows become wrinkled from use, they can easily be smoothed out with a hot flat-iron. The counterpanes can be left on the bed when it is occupied, and in cold weather will be found a warm covering, the paper preventing the escape of heat. The new paper bed clothing is 3s. per set, and will probably become very popular.

IN OPEN CONFERENCE WITH READERS.

* * *In this Department, the questions and criticisms of correspondents will be attended to on all kinds of topics. Correspondents will oblige by writing "Open Conference" at the head of their communications.*

157. **"Pleasing Varieties."** A reader thought it strange that under this heading, a paragraph should appear announcing "A man roasted to death by electricity." He could not help a smile. To whom could man-roasting be a "pleasing variation?" Well, when we think of it, it *was* queer. The electric feature had evidently blinded the eye to the moral bearings of the thing.

158. **The Lightest Wood.** G. A. G. writes:—"I notice in a back number of *Good Company* that you mention cork as the lightest wood. It is usually regarded so, but there is a stinging tree of the "Big Scrub" out here, Australia, in the Richmond River district, which is only about half the weight of cork when dry. It grows along side of the Lignum Vitæ, or life wood (which is the heaviest of all woods), but grows much larger, often measuring fifteen feet in diameter. The leaves of this tree sting so severely that it has been known to kill horses and cattle. The "Big Scrub," in which it grows, can only be described as Stanley described the African jungle, by comparing it to a bed of fish hooks with a sprinkling of open penknives."

159. **Commercial Technicalities.** *I suppose these technicalities are very useful, but they are very bewildering to the uninstructed. "F.O.B." always makes me think of hydrophobia. What is the meaning of it? Then there is "C.I.F.": this is worse, for it suggests nothing, as if one were looking at a Phœnician trade mark.* (BEHIND THE DESK).—No doubt technicalities are useful, saving breath and time,

but they might be fewer without loss. It is just as easy to say "Free on board," as "F.O.B.," only it is not so easy to write. It means that the consigner of goods pays all costs up to actual shipping of the goods, but not including freight, after which the responsibility lies with the person to whom they are addressed. As for "C.I.F.," it means that the price to which these initials are attached covers the *Cost of the goods, Insurance of them in transit, and the ocean Freight.*

160. **Anagrams.** *"What are anagrams? I have heard of monograms and diagrams and telegrams and cablegrams; but I cannot remember the precise meaning of anagrams?"* (C.G.C.)—Literally, anagrams means *words written again*, by placing their letters in another order. It is a pleasing entertainment to see what new meanings you can make out of words thus treated. Of course, there is nothing serious in it, though sometimes the results are a little striking. Thus *astronomers* yields "no more stars"; *impatient*, "Tim in a pet"; *matrimony*, "into my arm"; *midshipman*, "mind his map"; *parishioners*, "I hire parsons"; *Parliament*, "partial men"; *penitentiary*, "nay I repent"; *revolution*, "to love ruin"; *telegraphs*, "great helps," and so on. One of the most remarkable is *Horatio Nelson*, which yields the French motto "*Honor est a Nilo*" (Honour at the Nile).

161. **Cod Liver Oil.** *"I am curious about cod liver oil. It seems strange that a fish's liver should contain a medicinal substance. Do you know what it is good for, how it was discovered, and when it first*

came into use? (K.E.)—The oil has long been known for its medicinal qualities, but exactly when they were discovered probably no one knows. It is only recently that its great value has been generally recognised. It is specially useful in rheumatic complaints, as well as in troubles affecting the lungs. It is useful also in chronic skin diseases and general debility. It is a nourishing as well as a curing medicine. It adds rapidly to the fat of the system and enriches the blood in red corpuscles. It is more digestible than other animal oils. It is disagreeable to take at first, but if the patient perseveres, it becomes pleasant. Wherein lies its virtue is not certainly known. It used to be believed that it was owing to the presence of slight traces of iodine, bromine, and free phosphorus. It may be partly attributable to this, but the question is surrounded with doubt. It matters not. The main thing is the wholesomeness of the article, which is unquestionable. Those who find it too repulsive to the palate should take it in new milk with orange peel shred in.

162. Photographs of the Moon.

"I understand that a photograph is a sun-picture, or a picture taken by sunlight. Lately, I saw a photograph of the moon. How can such be taken? If it is taken at night, it cannot be a photograph, and if it is taken in the day—why that could not be, because, although the moon sometimes appears in the sky in the day-time it is so faint that it could not give a picture?" (J.R.)—Photographs of the moon are taken at night. They are taken by the moon's own light. They are none the less photographs for this; because though conventionally a photograph is said to be a sun-picture, etymologically, it is a light picture. The Greek word *phos*, GEN. *photos*., from which photograph comes, means light. But even if it meant sun-light, the name would not

be inapplicable, since moonlight is only reflected sunlight.

163. **The Phonograph.**—I notice your "Roving Correspondent" has had the opportunity of seeing and hearing that most wonderful of all recent inventions, viz., the phonograph. I, too, had a similar opportunity a short time since, and it seems to me there is a slight error in the description of the air waves being transferred from the hair-like needle to a coarser one that impresses them on the wax. The instruments I saw were furnished with two glass discs, so arranged that at the choice of the operator, either of them could be placed in contact with the revolving wax cylinder. To the centre of one was fixed a very fine knife (or as your "Occasional Visitor" describes it, a hair-like needle) and is used for *recording* on the wax the air-vibrations set up by the voice speaking into the tube. Attached to the other disc was a round knob, which when placed in contact with the cylinder rose and fell in the groove cut in the wax by the knife, not with the result of making the impression deeper, as stated by your correspondent, but as it passes up and down the indentations already made by the knife, the same vibrations are repeated and *sent back* along the tube to the listener.

—PHEBE FREEMAN.

164. **Nautical Instruments.**—*"I have often read of the quadrant and the sextant being used on board ship. What are these instruments, and why are they so named?"* (J. W.)—With a drawing compass, mark a circle on a piece of paper. With a pair of scissors, cut it out, and throw the loose paper away. You have a paper disc in your hand. Now clip it into four equal parts, and one of these is a quadrant, or the quarter or fourth part of the area enclosed by a circle. A quadrant is in this shape, and is so called because it is this shape. It is an instrument with a moveable arm working on a pivot at the

joining of the two straight lines, the loose end passing along the arched side, on which is marked a scale of 90 degrees. It is used for taking the altitude of the heavenly bodies at sea—particularly to find when the sun is at its meridian. The sextant is a similar instrument, only the sixth part instead of the fourth part of a circle. It is used for determining the latitude and longitude of vessels at sea, by ascertaining the exact distance of certain heavenly bodies from the horizon.

165. **The Three Napoleons.** "*That there were three Napoleons I gather from the last having been called Napoleon III. The first is well known—Napoleon I., otherwise Buonaparte: but who was Napoleon II.?*" (W.)—The second Napoleon never came to the throne or figured in political history. Hence the question naturally arises. He was the son of Napoleon I., by Maria Louisa, daughter of the Austrian Emperor. At the time of his birth, no mortal on earth had such brilliant prospects: but the clouds were gathering, and soon all was the blackness of night. When he was three or four years old his father had to abdicate the throne, and the allies entered Paris. An attempt was made by Napoleon's friends to get the little boy proclaimed as his successor, but the movement was a failure, and his mother had to flee with him to her father's palace at Vienna. Here he was brought up with the title of the Duke of Reichstadt, and attained his 21st year, when he died. It is said that his mother's father was so disgusted at having to own a grandson of such an upstart origin that he contrived to lead him into ways that undermined his constitution: but who can put faith in rumour? On the face of it, however, it is probable that the lad would not be liked when the glory of Napoleon had vanished into the grave.

166. **Aniline Dyes.** "*I have been wondering what aniline dyes are. They*

are often referred to in a way that seems to suggest a contrast to ordinary dyes. By the way, what are ordinary dyes?" (S. Q.)

—Curiously enough, the aniline dyes have now become the ordinary dyes. Ordinary dyes used to be obtained from the indigo plant, the cochineal insect, and such other natural substances: but now they are obtained by chemical process from coal-tar. You may have noticed that coal-tar shows tints and hues of a rainbow appearance when it moves in the light. This seems to have attracted the attention of chemists, who experimented upon the unpromising substance, with the extraordinary result that almost all our dyes are now obtained from this source, and are far more beautiful, as well as cheaper, than those of the old days. Of course, this result was not reached all at once. There were many experiments and many failures by many different men in different parts. The process began in 1835, but did not reach useful commercial results till 1858. They are called aniline dyes from the fact that the basic or foundation substance from which they are all prepared by various chemical treatments (and called *aniline*) was first discovered in experiments with one of the indigo plants, named *anil*—from which the substance was named. The same substance was afterwards found in coal-tar. It is a colourless oily substance, which quickly evaporates. It has a pleasant smell, and a burning taste. It is an acrid poison. In itself, it bears no promise of colour, but when blended with various other chemical substances, it yields the most beautiful and various colours of any tint, according to treatment. Its most popular forms are mauve and magenta.

167. **Hobson's Choice.** "*It's a case of Hobson's choice," said somebody. I wondered what "Hobson's choice" meant. I don't remember anything about it in our school books, and as we must know about*

things for the first time some time, I will be glad if you will tell me wherein lies the point of the remark, that "it is a case of Hobson's choice." (O. M.)—The phrase is said to have come from Cambridge. The story runs that in the olden time, before the days of railways, one, Hobson, an innkeeper, the carrier there, kept a good stable of horses always ready and fit for the road, by the hiring out of which he made a liberal livelihood. But he would not let his customers choose. He probably thought that if he did, the best horses would get overworked and the poorer ones spoiled for want of exercise, and his whole stock (40 animals) soon spoiled. He adopted the plan of moving the horses towards the door as those standing near the door got hired, like railway travellers at a ticket window. A horse hired out was put down at the bottom end when it came back. A customer applying for a horse was led into the stable, where, sure enough, there was a great display of animals to choose from. But Hobson would only allow the horse nearest the door to be chosen; so that "Hobson's choice" came to stand for "This or none."

168. **The Chemical Nature of the Heavenly Bodies.** "*Have you seen the address of Dr. Huggins at the opening of the Cardiff meeting of the British Association? You should read it. It is grand. But it is not quite clear on one point which excites my curiosity. It refers to the discovery of the chemical constitution of the stars by means of the spectroscope. What is this? On the face of it, it seems amazing how such a thing is possible in any way.*" (M.O.W.)—We have not been able to see the address in question. We have seen a descriptive summary which is very interesting, but not very satisfactory for purposes of exact knowledge. The following editorial remarks in the *Daily News* are worth reproducing :—"Dr. Huggins' ad-

dress was devoted to an account of the new astronomy, to its growth during the past thirty years, and to its more notable achievements during the past twelve months. The new astronomy is of course the astronomy of the spectroscope—the wonderful instrument that shows us the actual composition of the heavenly bodies. The newest is that which is based on observations made by the help of photography. The whole solar and stellar systems, to the remotest nebulae in any way within our ken, now regularly sit to the photographer. . . . We are now, if possible, more certain than ever of the fundamental fact that the matter of which this globe is composed is common, not to the solar system alone, but to all the visible stars. The material universe, in so far as we are aware of it, is, in fact, one in its elements. The metals, the gases, the whole physical constitution here and there are substantially the same. The great triumph of photography as an aid to astronomy is to come in a few years, when we shall witness the complete results of a sort of Ordnance Survey of the Heavens begun this year. We are to have a photographic chart and catalogue of the whole sky, and all nations will take part in the work, though France has the honour of the initiative. The exposures are to correspond to forty minutes' exposure at Paris. Each star, to avoid possible errors, is to appear on two plates, and each plate is to represent a section of the Heavens of four square degrees. Eighteen observatories, scattered throughout the globe, are to carry out this colossal operation, and they will have taken 22,000 photographs among them, when all is done. Thus the spectrum analysis and photography together are making the new astronomy. But for the former we should be quite unable to measure the motion of the stars that lie directly in the line of sight. The telescope is useless here. A

body coming directly towards us, or going directly from us, appears to stand still. The stars show no true discs in our instruments, and the nearest of them is so far off that, if it were approaching us at the rate of a hundred miles in a second of time, a whole century of such rapid approach would not do more than increase its brightness by one-fortieth part. The spectroscope enables us to measure to within a mile per second the speed of a heavenly body as it wheels towards us, or from us, in its mighty orbit in space. The first use of it for this purpose was made by Dr. Huggins in 1868. The light waves, by means of which Arcturus was measured on a method which has been brought to great perfection at the Lick Observatory, had been nearly two hundred years in their journey to this earth. Mizar—a star whose acquaintance most persons, we believe, will now make for the first time—is moving at about fifty miles a second. His colleague and, probably, as stellar spaces go, his companion, is separated from him by only some 143 millions of miles. This is not much more than elbow-room up there. The two together are about forty times as large as the sun. It is useless to attempt to compliment Mizar on these performances; he would not hear. It is really idle to attempt to say anything to the purpose. For sole peroration, let us in all humility copy a passage from this most fascinating address: The heavens are richly but very irregularly inwrought with stars. The brighter stars cluster into well-known groups upon a background formed of an enlacement of streams and convoluted windings and intertwined spirals of fainter stars, which becomes richer and more intricate in the irregularly rifted zone of the Milky Way. We see a system of systems, for the broad features of clusters and streams and spiral windings which mark the general design are re-

produced in every part. The whole is in motion, each point shifting its position by miles every second, though from the august magnitude of their distances from us and from each other, it is only by the accumulated movements of years or of generations that some small changes of relative position reveal themselves."

As to the discovery of the chemical composition of the stars, it is worth noting as a discovery in harmony with the teaching of the Bible that all things in heaven and earth have been formed out of one Spirit, and are one system in God. As to how the discovery has been made, it would be difficult in few and untechnical words to describe. It is connected with "the colours of the rainbow." Everyone notices the coloured coruscation caused in a crystal glass when the rays of the sun fall on it. This splitting up of light into coloured rays is brought to perfection in the spectroscope, which is expressly constructed to do this. But how is this applied to the identification of chemical substance? Well, it is found that different substances in vapour form, when looked at through the spectroscope, make different markings in the several colours. These markings are in the form of dark lines right across the colour band. The lines differ in number and in the distances between them, according to the nature of the vapour looked at. Thus, oxygen shows marks very different from hydrogen, and calcium very different from iron. The markings are not only different from each other, but always the same for the several substances. It is by this means astronomers have been able to tell the composition of the stars. They turn the telescope towards them with a spectroscopic adjustment, and read in the lines shown in the colour bands the composition of the substance of the star looked at. It is very interesting, but very simple. There is none of the extreme intellectual profundity in

the affair that make newspaper editors turn up the whites of their eyes in adoration of human genius. Carlyle and Thackery were not a bit too severe on the intellectual quackery of the times. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord." They will yet.

MY DAYS AND MY WAYS.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

CHAPTER XV.

AFTER a stay of fourteen days or so, the next move of the travelling company, of which I had now become a member, was to Birmingham. The company was not a large one, consisting of only six members—Mr. Fowler, Mr. Wells, and their four shorthand-writers. It was as pleasant a company of natural men as one is ever likely to be associated with in this evil state of things. They were thoroughly American, exhibiting the two leading traits of the American people to perfection—humour and independence, tempered with kindness. There was none of the austere standoffness that is liable to be shewn by British officialism: they were frank and ready to serve. At the same time, there were no deferences or reverences. They took every man at what he was in himself, without respect to the social caste-distinctions that weigh so much with English people.

They differed in their individual peculiarities, of course. The soul of the concern was Mr. Fowler,—a thick-set, silver-haired man of middle stature, who did nearly all the lecturing at night, and most of the private examining of heads during the day. He was a man of no great calibre, intellectually considered, but he had a thorough command of phrenology and physiology, and could read men off like a book. He was a good example of an average man

developed to the best advantage, climbing to prominence by excelling in one thing. He was a humble, kindly, sensible, fatherly man, with just enough dry humour to make him agreeable; without this, he would have been tame. As a lecturer, he had a good voice, with a strong American nasalism which had a certain fascination with a British audience. His lecturing was interesting, but delivered without gesture and with some monotony of voice. It would probably not have been so interesting without the extensive display of life-size portraits and busts behind him on the platform, and the free admixture of telling stories. His forte lay in delineating character. His examinations of heads chosen promiscuously from the audience at the close of the lecture were always successful. Though not a man of the highest finish, there was no charlatanism with him. He had a sound grasp of his subject on scientific principles, and did phrenology a great service in pointing out and always keeping to the front the connection between the body and brain in their mutual action. Privately, he was a thoroughly pleasant man—humane and true and blithesome, though never profound.

Mr. Wells was a different sort of man, but equally excellent in his way. He was tall, and dark, and spectacled, and would have been mistaken for an Englishman on a superficial acquaintance. He looked of the schoolmaster type. He was a man of business talent, and had the commercial department of the enterprise in charge. He had also a thorough knowledge of the science, and could both lecture and examine in case of need, but never with the acceptability of his partner. There was a little emulation between them on this score, which was sometimes amusingly manifested. He was a man of gentleness and worth, and partook of the sunny humour common to all superior Ameri-

cans. He had a respect for the Scriptures, but no thorough acquaintance with them. One day, he and Mr. Fowler were having a private tussle on the question of whether it was the duty of parents to provide for the children or children for the parents. Mr. Fowler was contending for the latter view. Mr. Wells was sure the Bible was on his side, but could not quote. I referred him to 2 Cor. xii. 14. On reading it, he perfectly crowed over his partner, and confessed they did not know the Scriptures as they ought to do. On a subsequent occasion, one evening, while the lecture was going on, and there was nothing to do, he and I had a long conversation in the ante-room, in which he expressed his unfeigned sorrow that they were so far away from spiritual things, and his unqualified admiration of my application in that direction. He admitted that nothing else would matter at last. Poor fellow! He is now among the unnumbered dead.

Then there was the sub-manager, Mr. Wilson, the sharp, sandy-haired, blue-eyed, and eagle-nosed pioneer of the concern—a lithe, intelligent, bright, friendly young man, whose business it was to go before to the next town and make arrangements in advance, engaging halls, getting out bills, &c. He was the only one that I succeeded in interesting in the truth, though I tried with them all; but the interest was not of the fervid or abiding order. What became of him at last I do not know. I think he filled some military post in the Civil War that was fermenting in America at the time I joined them.

Burnham was the most unpromising, yet the most naturally capable of the company. He was sallow, taciturn, and heedless. He could not be stirred up to take an interest in anything. Yet he had a splendid forehead, and showed great capacity whenever he did or said anything. His shorthand writing, and his calligraphy were like

copperplate. He used to ask jocosely when the kingdom was coming, and said he could wait. I never heard how he turned out till on board the *Gallia* (I think), in one of my recent journeys to America. And then I did not "hear" but stumbled on the knowledge in quite a striking manner. I was looking over some books that were spread out on the saloon table of the vessel, and picked out a high-class, thick, American monthly magazine, profusely illustrated. Turning over its pages, my eye caught a woodcut portrait of a man apparently between 40 or 50, whose features seemed familiar. Underneath the woodcut was the name "Burnham" &c. And the subject of the article "Burnham, the astronomer." "Burnham!" said I to myself, several times, "Burnham! Burnham! why surely this is never Burnham of the Fowler and Wells Company." I read the article; so it was. It appeared that while following the occupation of shorthand-writer to one of the American Law Courts, he had turned his attention to astronomy, and risen to fame as a great astronomical discoverer. It gave an account of his discoveries, and of his correspondence with the various learned societies of the European capitals, with whom at last he ranked as an authority in a special department. His leading discoveries relate to hundreds of previously unknown binary stars, or stars composed of two that revolve round each other. It was quite a pleasant surprise to find that our taciturn friend had so distinguished himself, even if on the march to the universal grave.

The other young man (Andem)—light complexion, regular, decidedly British intellectual face, rose to high place in the American naval service during the war. He was a pleasant, educated friendly young man, with all the wit, and harem-scarem dash that belong to the Americans. He used to

amuse us by playing on an instrument and asking us what we would have next and always playing the same tune (Yankee Doodle, I think). He also displayed a mock enthusiasm over ruins and relics. There are no ruins in America, and intelligent Americans are always interested in this feature of British scenery, but this breezy young man would gravely call Mr. Fowler's attention (as we went along in the train) to railway gates and farm houses, and go into raptures at their supposed age and historical associations. It was the effervescence of a moment. It is all gone now.

This was our first visit to Birmingham. We were struck with its great, wide-spreading, glass case railway station—which has since been doubled and improved in many ways. The town itself seemed a dreary waste of brick streets with uncomfortable pebble footways. It also has wonderfully altered within the last 30 years. We were complete strangers in the town, and could therefore look at it without bias. We (that is my companion and I) had to walk through a good many streets before we selected apartments. (The arrangements made by the pioneer aforesaid did not include provision for us, which was entirely to our mind, as we should not have found ourselves at home in close association.)

FRAGMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE cost of constructing Westminster Bridge was £426,650.

The new London and North-Western engines are 40 feet long.

Poisoning was punished by *boiling* to death in England in 1531.

One woman can do as much work with a sewing-machine as a dozen can without.

There are more than twice as many

Germans in London as there are Frenchmen.

The rent of land in England three hundred years ago was about a shilling an acre.

Waterloo Bridge is considered the handsomest across the Thames; Lambeth Bridge the ugliest.

A cab lasts about fourteen or fifteen years, and requires about £30 spent upon it during that time.

THE NAME OF GOD IN VARIOUS LANGUAGES.—Some months ago, we gave the name of God in the languages of Latin and Saxon derivation. In Hebrew it is *Elohim* or *Eloah*; in Chaldaic, *Eilah*; Assyrian, *Eleah*; Syriac and Turkish, *Alah*; Malay, *Alla*; Arabic, *Allah*; Old Egyptian, *Teut*; Armorian, *Teuti*; Modern Egyptian, *Teun*; Greek, *Theos*; Æolian and Doric, *Ilos*.

THE TRADE OF OTHER COUNTRIES.—*Hindustan*, with which England is so directly associated, makes a large contribution to the converging streams of commerce that enrich the Queen of the Sea. She exports cotton, silks, rice, sugar, coffee, opium, and indigo. *Holland*, once in England's proud position, exports fine linen, woollens, butter, cheese, and various other kinds of produce. Even *Ireland*, that troubles England so much, helps her with a large contingent of linen, beef, butter, tallow, hides, potatoes, and barley. *Japan* sends her silk, cotton goods, Japan ware, and porcelain.

HIGH MOUNTAINS.—We have already mentioned fourteen of the highest mountains on earth. There are seven others 2 miles high and over, namely:—Mount St. Helen's (Washington Territory), 2½ miles; Peak of Teneriffe (Canaries), 2½, Miltzin (Morocco), 2; Mount Hood (Oregon), 2; Mount Lebanon (Syria), 2; Mount Perda (France), 2; Mount Etna (Sicily), 2. Six others are over a mile, viz.:—Mount Corno (Naples), 1½;

Sneehattan (Norway), $1\frac{1}{2}$; Pindus (Greece) $1\frac{1}{2}$; Mount Sinai (Arabia), $1\frac{1}{4}$; Black Mountain (N. Carolina), $1\frac{1}{4}$; Mount Washington (New Hampshire), $1\frac{1}{4}$.

HARMS AND AILMENTS.

In labour lies health of body and mind.

It is never wise to work to the extreme limit of one's ability, or to put forth our whole strength.

SORE THROAT.—A physician prescribes the following gargle for a sore throat: A tablespoonful of glycerine and half a teaspoonful salt in a half glass of water.

THE USE OF QUININE.—Sometimes it happens that quinine is the tonic wanted, and yet the stomach is too irritated to retain it. In that case, take thirty grains of quinine and four tablespoonful of goose grease; rub together thoroughly and apply freely over the chest and bowels; a most powerful tonic in summer complaint of children.

INGROWING TOE, NAILS.—We mentioned a simple effectual remedy a month or two back. Here is another: Scrape horn very fine and press the dust in carefully between the nail and the flesh. To do this, the edge of the nail must be raised either with a strong thread or the point of a dull pocket-knife. Moisten the horn dust just a little to assist in getting it into place. This remedy has proved curative where the nail was in-grown to such an extent as to cause gathering and inflammation.

ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH.—This is a very common complaint, so common that there are few who do not know by experience what it is. Starving it out is a good cure in some cases, but not in all, since we must eat to live. Many deny themselves everything of an acid nature, and are perhaps promoting the very trouble they seek to arrest, for the acidity

contained in natural foods is of a very different nature from the acidity of a sour stomach, which generally arises from fermentation due to imperfect digestion. The introduction of such acids as are contained in fruits and vegetables would, in many cases, prevent this fermentation of other foods. Why? Because "vegetable salts and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates which counteract acidity." Perhaps in all the vegetable kingdom good ripe apples, uncooked and unsugared, are the easiest of substances for the stomach to deal with. We are informed that the malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralise any excess of chalky matter generated by eating too much meat.—S.J.M.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS should know that—

Buttermilk will take out mildew stains.

Bottles are easily cleaned with hot water and fine coals.

Old napkins and old tablecloths make the very best of glass cloths.

It is well to keep large pieces of charcoal in damp corners and in dark places.

Three teaspoonsful of kerosene put in the wash boiler will greatly assist in the last rubbing.

If the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions, the smell will be entirely removed.

Tubs will not warp or crack open if the precaution is taken to put a pail of water into each, directly after use.

Chloride of lime should be scattered, at least once a week, under sinks and in all places where sewer gas is liable to lurk.

One pound of fine tobacco put into a pail of boiling water and allowed to partially cool, when put upon a carpet with a

soft brush, will brighten the colours and remove surface dirt.

Turpentine and black varnish put into any good stove polish, is the blacking used by hardware dealers for polishing heating stoves. If properly put on it will last throughout a season.

Table linens should always be hemmed by hand. Not only do they look more dainty, but there is never a streak of dirt under the edge after being laundered as with machine sewing.—*Mrs. W. H. Maher in Good Housekeeping.*

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

Add a little petroleum to the water when washing waxed or polished floors.

A small piece of salt pork cooked with string beans adds a flavour and richness liked by many.

Some breadmakers claim that salt or meal is better than soap for washing hands before and after mixing bread.

Two or three small boards in convenient places on which to set pots and kettles will save much cleaning.

One housewife cleans her tea-kettle with strong soda and soap and then keeps an oyster shell in it to collect the sediment from the water.

PARSLEY INDOORS.—A pretty method of growing parsley in the kitchen through the winter is to set some plants in a wire hanging basket lined with moss and suspend it in a sunny window. A few leaves at a time can be nipped off for garnishing and flavouring meats and various dishes, and it will be found quite nice to have the fresh parsley for this purpose. At the same time one has an extremely fresh, bright ornament for the kitchen. In the moist and heated air of a kitchen plants thrive wonderfully, and often surpass in beautiful foliage and blooms those kept in the drier atmosphere of sitting rooms and parlours.

TO KEEP FRUIT FRESH FOR YEARS.—Fill clean, dry, wide-mouthed bottles with fresh, sound fruit; add nothing, not even water. Be sure that the fruit is well and closely packed in, and ram the corks—of best quality—tightly down into the neck of the bottles until level with the glass. Now tie the corks down tight with strong twine, and after putting the bottles into bags, stand them in a pan or a boiler of cold water. Let the water reach not quite to the shoulder of the bottles. Let the fire be moderate and bring the water to boiling. Boil gently for ten minutes, remove from the fire, and allow all to cool. Next remove the bottles, wipe them dry, and dip the corks in melted resin or bottle wax, taking care to cover every part of the cork. This process is said to keep fruit sound and fresh for years.

AN INDIAN RECIPE.—One pound of cold roast leg of mutton, one onion, three ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of pepper, one-fourth grain of cayenne, some mushrooms, one-half teacupful of mutton gravy. Cut the mutton into neat slices a quarter of an inch thick, trim off the fat and gristle; rub a pie dish four times across the bottom with garlic, chop the onion quite fine, put it into the dish with one ounce of the butter. Season the meat with the salt, pepper, and cayenne; put half of it into the dish. Peel the mushrooms, cut them into slices, lay them on the meat, add one ounce of the butter in four pieces; put of the rest of the meat, add another ounce in butter, pour over the mutton gravy; cover closely with another dish, and bake in a slow oven for three-fourths of an hour. Serve very hot.

USING UP COLD MUTTON.—Cut the remains of the meat from a cold leg of mutton, either roasted or boiled, and mince it extremely small. Season it with pepper, salt, powdered mace, and nutmeg. Add to it six ounces of beef suet the

picked leaves of a bunch of sweet herbs, three shallots or a blade of garlic, two anchovies boned and scalded, one dozen oysters bearded, all chopped very small; a quarter of a pound of fine breadcrumbs, one teaspoonful of good gravy, and the yolks and whites of two eggs well beaten. Mix all well together and put into little pots for use. The mixture can be rolled into balls or sausage shapes, and fried for breakfast, or put into sausage skins and boiled. The skins must be pricked in several places to prevent them breaking. When sufficiently done, they should be laid on straws or on a drainer to drain. These "savory sausages" can be made out of the remains of any cold meat or game.

POTATO YEAST.—In a granite or new tin kettle steep one cupful of hops tied in a bag. Boil five or six large, peeled, sliced potatoes in two quarts of water; when they are thoroughly done, mash until very smooth. Have ready one pint of flour rubbed smooth with water, pour into this the hot potato water, stirring it constantly, and let boil a few minutes, then stir in the hop water, potatoes, one small cupful of sugar, and two table-spoonsful of salt; stir all these ingredients well in, and set away until it becomes lukewarm, then stir into it one cupful of yeast. Put in a warm place for twelve hours to rise. Put in an air-tight vessel, and keep in the cellar. It will keep five or six weeks. Always make new yeast before the old is gone, so you will have some to start with. With every new batch of yeast it is very essential to have the jar in which it is kept thoroughly washed, then scalded with hot salaratus water. A great deal depends on keeping the jar perfectly clean and sweet.

LIVE at least one degree below your means if you would have peace of mind.

PLEASING VARIETIES.

MR. GLADSTONE OWNS a patch of land on the Canadian side, and commanding a splendid view of the Niagara Falls.

MR. PRITCHARD MORGAN says, "It is my theory that a gold reef extends right across the St. George's Channel, from Wales to Wicklow."

THE electric light to grow flowers has recently been employed on board a West Indian steamer to keep alive and flourishing some exotic vines and other plants which were being transported to the West Indies for acclimatisation.

THERE are over 1,000,000 miles of telegraph wire in the United States, or enough to encircle the globe forty times. It is estimated that 250,000 persons are engaged in business depending solely on electricity. About 400 miles of electric railway are in operation, and much more is under construction.

VALUE OF AN EGG.—An egg is said to contain as much nourishment as a pound and one ounce of cherries, a pound and a quarter of grapes, a pound and a half of russet apples, two pounds of gooseberries and four pounds of pears, and that 114 pounds of grapes, 127 pounds of russet apples, 192 pounds of pears and 327 pounds of plums are equal in nourishment to 100 pounds of potatoes.

THE New Vancouver Coal Company at Nanaimo, British Columbia, have recognised the advantages of electricity in mining by asking the Edison Electrical Company to build an electric tramway for them, capable of running 150 loaded cars continuously, and to light their colliery with 600 incandescent lamps, as well as to work their drills and cutters by electric motors.

TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN 26 HOURS.—Gospatin Apostoloff, a young Cossack engineer, has designed a plunгы or submarine boat which will dive into the

Atlantic off the English coast and come up in New York harbour twenty-six hours later. It is the old story of being shaped like a fish, with a spiral ridge on the outside running around twice, which in some way or other will be made to revolve. Such, at least, is the scheme.

£47,000 WASTE OF TIME.—Statistics are funny. A clever hand at figures says:—Twelve thousand vehicles, a quarter of them omnibuses, pass through the Strand in the day, and the narrowness of the street causes each of their 63,000 occupants to waste on an average three minutes. The total waste of time equals 3,150 hours, the money value of which, at the very moderate rate of one shilling an hour, is £157 per day, or over £47,000 per annum.—*Court Journal*.

RUNAWAY MATCHES.—Aberdeen, O., claims to be the most popular Gretna Green in the United States. The cause of its wonderful attractiveness to anxious lovers is that the usual restrictions imposed by law are ignored and no license is required nor questions asked. Squire Beasley, in the fifteen years that he has held the most lucrative office in Aberdeen, has married 3,750 couples. During the opening of the Mayville fair a few years ago he married sixteen people one morning before the races began.

SMALL IN STATURE, GREAT IN COURAGE.—The recent disaster in Manipur has made us familiar with the Ghoorkas. These native soldiers, though small in stature, are great in courage. An Indian officer says he once saw a Ghoorka climb down from an elephant and go into the jungle after a wounded tiger, drag the tiger's jaws open by the force of his muscular arm, spit down the throat of the beast, and, quietly retreating, mount the elephant again as if nothing had happened. It would be interesting to know what the tiger thought of that Ghoorka.

THE CONSUMPTION OF HERRINGS.—It

is in Central and Eastern Europe where most herrings are eaten. Of last year's cured Scotch herrings, only 450,000 barrels were consumed in Great Britain. There were exported to Ireland 32,000 barrels, and to places out of Europe, 5,600. But to the Continent there were exported 930,000 barrels, the single port of Stettin taking a third of the whole. In Germany, in Russia, and in the Balkans, the herring eater, as often as not, draws the herring from the brine in the barrel, and, having given the fish a dip in cold water, eats it raw.

A REMARKABLE CITY.—Ecbatana, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Media, built by Seleucus, and regarded as one of the finest cities in the East, being supposed to possess the best features of all other capitals. Its immense extent was encompassed by a series of seven lofty walls, gradually declining in altitude from the innermost or palace bulwark. Each circumvallation was strongly defended with towers and gates, and each line of walls being built of different coloured stone or marble, gave the city, which stood in a vast plain at the base of the Orontes mountains, and near the source of the Choaspes, a most gaudy if not a magnificent appearance.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PECULIARITIES.—“Good Queen Bess” was not without her flaws. She was inordinately fond of dress. Three thousand different habits were found in her wardrobe after her death. Some of her robes were emblematical, the lining of one of them being worked with eyes and ears, and on the arm a serpent was embroidered with pearls and rubies, holding a great ruby in its mouth. These symbols were to denote vigilance and wisdom. One of the Queen's prelates displeased her greatly by preaching on the vanity of decking the body too finely. Resenting the hint, she told her ladies that “if the bishop held more discourse

on such matters she would fit him for heaven."

A WRITER'S WORK.—A rapid penman can write thirty-two words in a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, sixteen and one-half feet. In forty-eight minutes his pen travels a furlong. We make, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make 480 turns in each minute; in an hour, 28,000; in a day of only five hours, 144,000; in a year of 300 such days, 43,200,000. The man, therefore, who made 1,000,000 strokes with his pen was not at all remarkable. Many men—newspaper writers, for instance—make 4,000,000. Here we have in the aggregate a mark 300 miles long to be traced on paper by such a writer in a year.

A CURIOUS APPLICATION OF THE PHONOGRAPH.—Among the latest products of Mr. Edison's ingenuity are dolls fitted with the phonograph, and so turned into real talking dolls. Each doll contains a phonograph, which is capable of reproducing about thirty words. One of the dolls recites distinctly the first verse of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star"; another, "Will you walk into my parlour? said the spider to the fly"; a third, "Sing a song a sixpence;" a fourth, "Mary had a little lamb;" and so on. The phonograph is concealed in the body of the doll, and is set in motion by clockwork, which has to be wound up from time to time. When it is desired to change dolly's speech or recitation, a fresh phonograph may be procured for a small sum. The dolls will shortly be on sale in London.

SLEEP.—Insomnia (or sleeplessness) is rightly regarded as one of the marks of an overwrought or worried nervous system, and conversely we may take it that sound sleep lasting for a reasonable period, say, from six to nine hours in the case of

adults, is a fair test of nervous competence. Various accidental causes may temporarily interfere with sleep in the healthy; but still the rule holds good, and a normal brain reveals its condition by obedience to this daily rhythmic variation. Custom can do much to contract one's natural term of sleep, a fact of which we are constantly reminded in these days of high pressure; but the process is too artificial to be freely employed. We must have a certain amount of sleep. Nature demands it. If we refuse the demand, we shall pay for it some time or other; at the same time, there is a danger of taking too much and confusing the faculties.

A TIME TO LAUGH.—In the "Problem of Health," Dr. Greene says that there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good hearty laughter. The life principle of the central man is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good hearty laugh tends to lengthen his life, conveying, as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

DANGEROUS, IF TRUE.—At the trial of a man, in California, for setting fire to a ship, the mate, when in the witness box, swore that one of the detectives had told him that he did not care what the nature of his testimony might be provided it exonerated the captain of the ship from all complicity in the crime. The next day he declared that his evidence was false, and that he had been compelled to swear

as he did by the mesmeric influence exercised over him by the steward of the ship. He said that the steward wielded a terrible power over him, and that when he was in his presence he was unable to resist it. The steward had forced him to tell the story about the detective, although he knew at the time there was not a word of truth in it. Since being locked up by himself he had control of his own mind again.

THE FATHER OF PHOTOGRAPHY SUSPECTED OF MADNESS.—The original form of the photograph, with which we are all now so familiar, was the daguerreotype, specimens of which, once in awhile, some of us draw forth from some unexplored drawer, carrying us back to the forgotten days of childhood. It was no further off than 1838 that Madame Daguerre, the wife of the inventor of the process, had an earnest consultation with one of the medical celebrities of the day concerning her husband's mental condition. The proof of his insanity was his absolute conviction that he would succeed in nailing his own shadow to the wall or in fixing it on magical metallic plates. The physician advised Madame Daguerre that her husband should be sent quietly and without delay to the well-known lunatic asylum, Bicetre. Two months later, the work of art and science was stirred to its centre by the exhibition of a number of pictures actually taken by the new process. Arago, in January, 1839, laid an account of the process before the Academie des Sciences, and soon the "lunatic" was heralded as the father of photography.

A CORPS OF WOMEN SOLDIERS.—The amazons still constitute the best part of the Dahomian army. This corps of about 2,500 women is mainly recruited from young girls of the best families in Dahomy, designated by the caprice of the king for military service. They live in barracks like regular soldiers and are sworn to perpetual

virginity. Nevertheless one-third of the amazon corps is composed of immoral women, whose lives have been spared on condition of their enlistment; and of quarrelsome wives, complained of by their husbands to the king, who is only too glad to make use of their fighting humour by incorporating these female demons into his army. One company of the amazon regiment bears the name of "Razor Virgins," because they are armed with razors five feet long, which are terrible weapons in African fights, and are used in time of peace to decapitate men sentenced to death by the Dahomian King, who only uses his amazons as public executioners. Another company is named "The Big Muskets," each woman soldier being accompanied by a slave, who carries a heavy flint-lock. The "Sure to Kill" company is formed of the best sharpshooters. There are also "carbiners" and "bayonet" companies. The "arrow-bearers" is composed of girls too young yet for actual fighting, but who are employed as reconnoitring parties and in the ambulance corps. The "elephant" company is not destined for the battlefield, but for hunting elephants and procuring ivory for the royal treasury. The most daring, agile, and athletic girls are admitted into this company, which might be called the civil or private service of King Kondo.

THE SUNBEAM.—The greatest physical paradox is the sunbeam. It is the most potent and versatile force we have, and yet it behaves itself like the gentlest and most accommodating. Nothing can fall more softly or more silently upon the earth than the rays of our great luminary—not even the feathery flakes of snow which thread their way through the atmosphere, as if they were too filmy to yield to the demands of gravity, like grosser things. The most delicate slip of gold leaf, exposed as a target to the sun's

shaft, is not stirred to the extent of a hair, though an infant's faintest breath could set it into tremulous motion. The tenor of human organs—the eye—though pierced and buffeted each day by thousands of sunbeams, suffers no pain during the process, but, rejoicing in their sweetness, blesses the useful light. Yet a few of these rays insinuating themselves into a mass of iron, like the Britannia tubular bridge, will compel the closely-knitted particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would stir a straw. The play of these beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer after layer into the atmosphere, and hoists whole rivers from their beds, only to drop them again in snow upon the hills, or in fattening showers on the plains. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine at one place than another, and out of it springs the tempest or the hurricane, which desolates a whole region in its lunatic wrath. The marvel is that a power which is capable of assuming such a diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results, should come to us in so gentle, so peaceful, and so unpretentious a manner.

COUNTING BY MACHINERY.—In the Census Bureau at Washington are to be seen wonderful counting machines, which come near human intelligence in computing the returns sent from all sections of America for the census of 1890. At first glance the machines remind one of upright pianos. They have handsome oak cases, and each one occupies about the same space a piano does. They are, however, eminently practical machines, and with their aid some fifteen young ladies can count accurately 500,000 names a day. It is expected that when the work of counting the census returns really begins, there will be seventy or eighty of these machines at work. In making this count, which is known as the "rough

count," the returns for each district are counted twice. After being counted on one machine, they are passed over to another, and, when the latter count is completed, the two are compared, and if there are discrepancies, necessary corrections are made. Following this method, if the total population of the country is 60,000,000 there will be counted in the census office an equivalent of 120,000,000 names. The machines, which are the invention of Mr. Hollerith, and supplement his tabulating machines, are very simple. A keyboard, resembling that of a typewriter, is at the right of the operator. Each key has a number from one to twenty. The operator has a pile of census schedules at her left side, and as she turns the schedules over, she notes the figures which indicate the number of members in each family enumerated in that schedule. If there are five in a family she strikes the key marked five. When a key is struck, an electric connection is established with the hands on a dial in the frame work in front of the operator. That dial is marked No. 5, which means it records the number of families consisting of five persons. Each time the No. 5 key is struck No. 5 dial records one. When the count is completed, the recorded number on each dial is multiplied by the number of the dial, the results added up, and the total number of individuals in that district is ascertained. If the same result is obtained by a different operator, then it is concluded that the account is correct. It is expected that by the use of these machines, the results of the census will be known much sooner than by any other known method.

"IT MIGHT BE WORSE."

When weariness with life my spirit fills,
 When deep disgust consumes me with my lot,
 I draw some store of comfort from the ills
 I haven't got.

To find that fortune at your coming flies,
 To bankrupt be in health, in fame, in purse,
 Is bad enough; but I philosophize—
 It might be worse.

Incessantly we make a great ado,
 The mouth of misery is wide agape;
 But happier we, I fancy, if we knew
 What we escape.

O trust me—better not to make ado
 At the few miseries of our common lot;
 There's millions of 'em, if we only knew,
 We haven't got.

THE CHILDREN'S COLDS.—Are colds inevitable, owing to the infinite variety of our climate? The children's dresses have much more to do with it than most people imagine. Clothing does much to avert the evil consequences of a chill, which might end so disastrously for the small frame. The woollen under-wear which of late years has entirely superseded linen and cambric, is found to be a boon indeed. Every mother knows the difficulty of procuring really sensible clothing for the little ones. Most of the small garments offered in the shops are so made as to afford warmth round the centre of the body, where it is least needed, and suddenly leave off at the shoulders, where cold is a dangerous enemy, Only the vainest, shallowest, or most thoughtless still adopt a mode that has been condemned by all who understand anything of physiology. No one can deny that a little child looks delicious in a short bodice and sleeves to match tied up with fresh and dainty ribbons; but what mother, worthy of the name, would hesitate to refuse herself the gratification of the maternal vanity when her little one's health is in the other scale! Undergarments of woollen up to the throat should be the rule in all nurseries, thick

and warm in winter, light and of gauze-like texture in summer. Low bodices are impossible with these.

EYES AND NO EYES.—*The man of eyes*, "is, first of all, a lover of Nature for her own sake. He may not have any very deep acquaintance with scientific text-books. He might betray, and very likely would, an ignorance of geographical distribution, of types, of scientific nomenclature in which a South Kensington student could put him to the blush in five minutes. But his mastery of woodcraft, his knowledge of the haunts of nature, has been gained by days and nights of waiting in the fields and lanes, by solitary vigil in the twilight of the woods, by good fellowship with all the creatures of the wild .

. . . *The man of no eyes* reads a sketch of a ramble in the woods. His soul is stirred by the description of what are spoken of as familiar sights and sounds. He recognises the spot—the background of the picture. Why, these things are at his very door, and he has not seen them. He gets his hat and stick, he whistles to his dog, and, with the paper in his hand, he hurries up the well-known path among the trees. A hundred times already has he passed that way, but now he will see things with quite different eyes. How strange that he never saw a squirrel or a weasel, a gold-crest, or a woodpecker. Full of hope and expectation, he clatters up the stony track, startling a voluble blackbird from the bush hard by, and sending him headlong through the wood repeating his loud signal of alarm. And now he is at the top of the path, having stopped once or twice to call up the dog, who, in the full enjoyment of the chase, is scattering in confusion all the inhabitants of the underwood. "Yes, this is the spot; there is the old tree with the bark torn away by the woodpecker"; and elated with his success in having really

got upon the track, he cuts away with his stick a spray or two of briar with a crack that might be heard a hundred yards. A squirrel sitting quiet at his dinner on the level fir-bough overhead, drops his half-gnawed cone and crouches behind the shelter of the branch. A woodpecker, who was digging for larvæ in an old stump farther on, retreats behind his tree and watches motionless. A troop of tits and goldcrests scatter from the neighbouring tree-tops, and a complacent smack on the newspaper is answered by a watchful wren, whose shrill rattle sets every feathered neighbour on the alert.—Yes, this is the place ; but where are the birds ? He can see no squirrel racing over the branches. Woodpeckers ? Why, there's not a bird in the whole place. Snakes ? That writer was a humbug. Impatiently, he kicks away a loose stone lying in the path, crumples up the offending newspaper, and clatters homeward down the path again. And he said—Oh, well, never mind what he said ; but he came back wrathful, with the fixed conviction that the whole thing was a fraud, evolved from the depths of some writer's consciousness by the aid of a too fertile imagination. And yet had he but known it, it is possible that the sketch was written on that very path by a man who, through those very woods, stole softly and alone ; whose feet were hushed upon the leafy ways ; who left at home the bright-eyed terrier who begged so hard to be allowed to follow—knowing well the happy hunting grounds her master loved to haunt. No sound of footsteps then upon the rocky path disturbed the squirrel at his feast. He paused, indeed, a moment, to peer with bright black eyes down through the leafy arches, but he made no sign of flight. The goldcrests frolicked in the swaying boughs unconscious of the passing steps

beneath. A rabbit cantering lightly down the slight path among the bushes came face to face with a strange figure ; stopped, and look up with big dark eyes ; was doubtful, and jogged back a yard or two ; then came on again, and seeing no movement, passed contentedly, without a thought of danger."—*Daily News*.

THE STARS.

No cloud obscures a summer sky ;
The moon in brightness walks on high,
And set in azure, every star
Shines, a pure gem of heaven afar.

Child of the earth ! O lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse.
The glories of those realms explore.
And gaze, and wonder, and adore !

Doth it not speak to every sense,
The marvels of Omnipotence ?
Seest thou not there the Almighty's name
Inscribed in characters of flame ?

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light
That sparkle through the shades of night ;
Behold them ! Can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host ?

Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze ;
Each is a world by God sustained,
Who from eternity hath reigned.

Each, shining not for earth alone,
Hath suns and planets of its own,
And beings, whose existence springs
From Him, the all-powerful King of Kings.

What then art thou ! O, child of clay !
Amid creation's grandeur, say ?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop lost in seas !

Yet, fear thou not ; the Sovereign hand
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath for his sons a Father's care.

Be thou at peace ! the all-seeing eye,
Pervading earth, and air and sky,
The searching glance which none may flee,
Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.

Mrs. Hemans.

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REMARKABLE EPISODES IN HISTORY.—No. 15.

ATROCIOUS UPS AND DOWNS.

HENRY VI., Emperor of Germany, (A.D. 1190), though feared and obeyed at home and abroad almost more than any other of the successors of Charlemagne, was a base and cruel man, but possessed of talent, courage and eloquence. His reign was marked by many atrocious events. He was crowned at Rome by Pope Celestine III., who had no sooner placed the crown on Henry's head than he kicked it off again, in assertion of the power claimed by the Popes to make and unmake emperors.

Notwithstanding this, the first thing that Henry did was to go against the Pope's wishes, in the attempt to overthrow Naples and Sicily, which were governed by a natural brother of Henry's wife. The Pope admitted that this natural brother (Tancred) was disqualified for the throne. At the same time, he preferred the reign of a bastard to the formidable aggrandizement of an unscrupulous emperor who might prove too strong for him. He therefore remonstrated and protested against the invasion of Tancred's realms by Henry, but Henry was deaf to all entreaty, and overran the Neapolitan territories with a large army, and laid siege to Naples. While waiting here for the

Geonese fleet, which had promised to assist him by blockading the port, a sort of pestilence broke out among his troops, from the face of which he was obliged to flee. While Tancred lived, the attempt on Naples and Sicily was not renewed; but when Tancred died, Henry returned to his attempted conquest, and had made such progress with his efforts that Tancred's Queen saw fit to surrender on condition that her son should possess the principality of Tarentum. Henry consented to this, but no sooner got the youth into his power than he put his eyes out, and otherwise inhumanly mutilated him and threw him into a dungeon. The queen and her daughters he caused to be shut up in a convent.

He then took a step which sowed the seeds of fearful trouble for his empire. The emperors had heretofore been elective, something like the Presidentship of the United States, only that the appointment was for life instead of four years. He now convened a diet of the German princes, and pointed out to them that it would save the empire from much harm and disturbance if the crown were made hereditary instead of elective. The diet entered into his views and passed a decree giving them effect, in virtue of which his son Frederic was proclaimed King of the Romans and his successor. At his death, this caused civil war, because a

section of the princes insisted on the crown continuing elective. Meanwhile, Naples and Sicily having risen in revolt on behalf of the imprisoned Queen and her daughters, Henry returned to these countries, and having put down the rebellion, he had the leaders of the revolution put to death by the most excruciating torture. One Jorrandi, a Norman Prince, he caused to be tied naked to an iron chair, first made red hot, and to have a red hot crown nailed on to his head. His own wife, the empress, was so shocked at such cruelty (especially when directed against the supporters of her own dead brother's wife), that she became his enemy, and encouraged the insurgents to recover their liberty. Thus supported from the palace, they betook themselves to arms everywhere, and the empress placed herself at their head. Henry was obliged to submit for the time, and consented to the terms which she exacted on behalf of the Sicilians. He, however, purposed revenging the indignity when circumstances should favour him. This never happened. Shortly after signing the treaty, he died at Messina—not without suspicion of having been poisoned by his domestics at the instigation of the empress.

His son being yet a child, the empire was now confided to the hands of a Regent, till the son should be of age. This was done by an assembly of the German princes, in accordance with Henry's will; but another assembly, repudiating the newly-established hereditary principle, met elsewhere, and elected Otho, Duke of Brunswick, as Henry's successor, which involved all Germany in ruin and desolation. The Pope (Innocent III.) sided with Otho, because the Regent belonged to a family that had been terrible to the Popes; and the division extended throughout the civilised world. "Faction clashed with faction; friendship with interest; apriçe, ambition, or resentment gave the

sway; and nothing was beheld on all hands but the horrors and miseries of civil war." In the end, the Regent prevailed, Otho retiring into England. But just as the Regent was about to enter into an accommodation with the Pope, who had opposed him, he was privately assassinated. On this, Otho returned into Germany, married the Regent's daughter, and was crowned by the Pope, to whom he first conceded long-disputed rights. As soon as he found himself securely seated on the throne, he revoked his concessions and resumed the territories that the Pope had claimed, ravaging the dominions of the young Frederic, who was under the protection of the Holy See. The Pope excommunicated Otho; and Frederic, the son of the deceased Henry, though only fifteen years of age, was elected emperor by the princes. The war continuing between Otho and Frederic, the young emperor having now the support of the Pope, was everywhere received with favour, and prevailed against his adversary, who, being abandoned and left without resource, retired into private life, "dedicating," we are told, the rest of his time "to the duties of religion." It is said that in the excess of his humility, he ordered himself to be thrown down and trod upon by his kitchen boys.

THE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.—This is how they reckon: at end of *first year* comes the Cotton Wedding; *Second year*, Paper Wedding; *Third year*, Leather Wedding; *Fifth year*, Wooden Wedding; *Seventh year*, Woollen Wedding; *Tenth year*, Tin Wedding; *Twelfth year*, Silk and Fine Linen Wedding; *Fifteenth year*, Crystal Wedding; *Twentieth year*, China Wedding; *Twenty-fifth year*, Silver Wedding; *Thirtieth year*, Pearl Wedding; *Fortieth year*, Ruby Wedding; *Fiftieth year*, Golden Wedding; *Seventy-fifth year*, Diamond Wedding.

OUTBURST OF SERIOUS THEATRICALS.

The most wonderful Phase of Modern History.
—No. 16.

THE SUBJECTS OF PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. France oppressed for centuries (p. 2, vol. i.); 2. States-General demanded and summoned (p. 43); 3. The election amid public excitement (p. 82); 4. Meeting of the States-General (p. 123); 5. Food scarcity and public riot; the soldiers mutinous (p. 163); 6. Attack on the Bastille Prison (p. 202); 7. Flight of the aristocracy: assassination of officials (p. 242); 8. Pillage of the country and burning of castles (p. 283); 9. The women march to Versailles (p. 323); 10. They invade the assembly sitting there (p. 362); 11. The palace forced by the mob (p. 403); 12. The King compelled to remove to Paris (p. 442); 13. Trouble and darkness in France (p. 2, vol. ii.); 14. A hubbub Parliament out of doors (p. 42); 15. The Jacobin's Club and the three weeks' swearing (p. 82).

WHEN the swearing fit is over, another fit comes on which ends in the most extraordinary piece of theatricality the world has ever seen. It begins in the provinces and culminates in loud explosion in Paris, whence it literally booms all over France.

The little town of Etoile, on the Rhone, gives the signal without knowing it. At the time of the swearing, to make it effective, the authorities of that town bring out the military. National guards by the thousand file in from far and near with military music, and municipal officers in tricolour sashes. There "with ceremonial evolution and manœuvre, with fanfaronading, musketry salvoes and what else patriot genius could devise, they make oath and obtestation to stand faithfully by one another, under law and king." The news of this demonstration gets abroad. Montelemart, emulous, will do as good or better. In a fortnight, there is a repetition of Etoile on a larger scale, with two new features, namely, unanimous

resolution to federate with the men of Etoile in the attitude of pledged mutual faith till death; and second, that notice of the same be officially sent to Lafayette and the king, and be reported to the Assembly. By this, the movement is brought under the notice of all France, with natural suggestion that all provinces should go and do likewise. Thus it comes to pass that "from Brittany to Burgundy, on most plains of France, under most city walls, there breaks out a blaring of trumpets, a waving of banners, a constitutional manœuvring of battalions, under the vernal skies, while nature, too, is putting forth her green hopes under the bright sunshine defaced by the stormful east; like patriotism victorious, though with difficulty, over aristocracy and defect of grain. There march and constitutionally wheel, to the *ça-iraing* mood of fife and drum, under their tricolour municipals, our clear-gleaming phalanxes: or halt with uplifted right hand: and artillery salvoes that imitate Jove's thunder: and all the country, and metaphorically all the universe, is looking on. Wholly in their best apparel, brave men and beautifully dized women, most of whom have lovers there, swearing by the eternal heavens and this green-growing all-nutritive earth that France is free."

"At Lyons, in the end of the May month (1790), we behold as many as fifty or sixty thousand (national guards) met to federate, and a multitude looking on which it would be difficult to number. From dawn to dusk! For our Lyons guardsmen took rank at 5 in the bright dewy morning; came pouring in, bright-gleaming to the Quai de Rhone, to march hence to the Federation field, amid waving of hats and lady's handkerchiefs: glad shoutings of some two hundred thousand patriot voices and hearts. . . From dawn to dusk, and truly a sight for few. Flourishes of drums and trumpets are

something : but think of an artificial rock 50 ft. high, all cut into crag steps, not without the similitude of shrubs . . . on the summit a statue of liberty, colossal, seen for miles, with her pike and Phrygian cap . . . Fancy, then, the banners all placed on the steps of the rock : high mass chanted, and the civic oath of fifty or sixty thousand, with volcanic outburst of sound from iron and other throats—the brightest fireworks, balls and repasts closing the night.”

The movement having come so far, there rises a call for the Federation of all France. Where? brings the unanimous answer : Paris. “How and when” engages deliberation, and at last brings forth an extraordinary performance, concocted by the Paris municipality, and sanctioned by National Assembly and King. All bend their strength to the task of making the scene worthy of a look from the universe. Fifteen thousand men are set to work with spades and barrows, to hollow out the Champ-de-Mars into an open-air national amphitheatre fit for such grand federation solemnity. The idea intoxicates Paris. It is the daily talk and nightly dream of Parisian heads. Deputations from all sorts of bodies come to harangue the National Assembly on the prospect of such an auspicious day, hoping the National Amphitheatre will be permanent, and that the national ceremony will be annual. “To such things does the august National Assembly ever and anon cheerfully listen, suspending its regenerative labours : and with some touch of impromptu eloquence, make friendly reply :—as indeed the wont has long been : for it is a gesticulating, sympathetic people, and has a heart which it wears on its sleeve.” The most original and striking of all the deputations is one from *the Human Race*. It occurs to one, Anacharsis Clootz, that the whole human species should be represented in a ceremony

importing the dawn of human freedom. He collects as he can from here and there individual representatives of the various nationalities, and on the 19th of June, 1790, presents himself to the august National Assembly, with the human race by deputy at his heels—Swedes, Spaniards, Poles, Turks, Chaldeans, Greeks, dwellers in Mesopotamia. Clootz harangues the Assembly, making request that the “Foreigners Committee” may have place at the Federation. “These whiskered Poles, long-flowing turbaned Ishmaelites, astrological Chaldeans . . . are the mute representatives of their tonguetied, befettered, heavy-laden nations ; who, from out of that dark bewilderment, gaze wistful, amazed, with half-incredulous hope towards you, and this your bright light of a French Federation ; bright particular day-star, the herald of universal day.”—The appeal is received with applause. The Foreigners shall have a place at the Federation. Meantime they are “invited to the honours of the sitting.” A long-flowing Turk, for rejoinder, bows with Eastern solemnity and utters articulate sounds, which, owing to his imperfect knowledge of French, are lost.

During the said sitting, it is resolved that “all titles of nobility, from Duke to Esquire, or lawyer, are henceforth *abolished*, also that servants shall not henceforth wear livery : that the empty trappings and escutcheons of feudalism shall cease : that the very coats of arms on coach panels must now be obliterated.” “It now seems to be taken for granted that one Adam is father of us all.” At a subsequent sitting, the oldest of the human race, so far as could be found, was found and presented to the Assembly. This was one Jean Claude Jacob, a born serf from the Jura mountains, who thanked the National Assembly for championing down-trodden humanity. “On his bleached, worn face are

ploughed the furrowings of 120 years. He was 46 when the "Grand Monarch" died, of whose victories he had dim memories. Four generations had bloomed and loved and hated, and rustled off since he appeared upon the scene. The Assembly, as one man, rose and did reverence to the eldest of men. Old Jean gazes feebly there, with his old eyes on that new wonder-scene which is to him dream-like and uncertain, wavering amid fragments of old memories and dreams. Patriot subscription and royal pension are procured for him, and he returns home glad, and in two months leaves all.

Meanwhile, the day for the grand national federation solemnity is approaching (the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille had been chosen): and it becomes painfully apparent that the spade-work on the field of Mars will not be done in time, though 15,000 men are at work. There are but 15 days, and there are yet to be scooped out a mass of earth measuring some thousand yards of length, and some thousand feet in breadth. All this has not only to be dug out but wheeled up in slope high enough, and rammed down and shaped stairwise into as many as 30 ranges of convenical seats, firm, trimmed with turf, and covered with timber, and then there is the huge pyramidal altar of Fatherland to be raised in the centre and stair-stepped. There is work for 15 weeks at the rate the workmen are working. The workmen seem to work lazily. They are offered more wages and invited to work over-time, but they angrily object.

Then comes public surmise. What is the matter with the workmen? Are aristocrats secretly bribing, so as to make the Federation ceremony a failure? This idea sets fire to public resolution. "For want of spade-work, the Federation shall not fail. He that has four limbs and a French heart can do spade-work, and will. On Monday, July 1st, scarcely has the

signal cannon boomed: scarcely have the languent mercenary 15,000 laid down their tools, and the eyes of onlookers turned sorrowfully to the still high sun, when this and the other patriot, with fire in his eye, snatches barrow and mattock, and himself begins indignantly wheeling: whom scores and then hundreds follow: and soon a volunteer 15,000 are shovelling and trundling with the heart of giants, whereby, before twilight thickens, such a lift has been given as is worth three mercenary ones." The idea is contagious to an enthusiastic Paris. Next day, the whole population provides itself with spades and precipitates itself on the scene. "Streams of men, some three deep, with shovels and picks, shouldered soldier-wise, march to the sound of string music, preceded by young girls, with green boughs and tricolour streamers. All corporate guilds, and public and private bodies of citizens, from the highest to the lowest, march. The neighbouring villages turn out—their able men marching to village fiddle or tambourine and triangle under their mayor, or mayor and curate, who also walk bespaded, and in tricolour sash. Soon 150,000 spades are busy on the glebe, and busy with a hearty goodwill. The very members of the National Assembly get to work. The very king himself comes to see—on whose arrival there are air-rending shouts, and a sudden guard of honour with shouldered spades. And so by the 13th of the month, the day before the fixed date, the Champs de Mars is ready trimmed, rammed, buttressed with firm masonry, with the people all strolling over, admiring.

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EDUCATION is as important to a child as culture to land. You are too wise to expect crops without planting. It is just as rational to expect improvement without education.

HUMAN WEAKNESS IN LITERATURE.

HERE is a great difference between the Bible and ordinary literature, on many points. Perhaps in nothing is the difference more apparent than in the dependence of human authors on patronage, and their sycophancy towards those who have supported them. This weakness is often painfully mixed with disappointment and loud complaints. "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man" seems to be written in the history of literary patronage. Even the works of Theocritus and Tasso are marred with lamentations at the neglect they experienced. Theodosius Gaza inscribed a work to Pope Sextus IV. : his only recompense from one who had it in his power to be munificent was the price of the binding! The French historian, Dupleix, was awarded a small office in the household of Queen Margaret of France. While in that position he always spoke well of her; but after her death, his place becoming extinct, he changed his key, and illustrated the fact that some men only dare to speak the truth when they may do so without hurt to themselves. — The English author, Mickle, dedicated the labour of five years to the Duke of Buccleugh, and had the mortification to learn that that nobleman left the book unopened for three weeks. Afterwards, the duke recompensed his author with neither pence nor praise, which caused the author to languish in despondency.

ORIGIN OF MANY LEGENDS.

In the middle ages, before colleges were established, the teachers of rhetoric in the monastic schools used to exercise their pupils in the art of amplification by giving them the life of some saint to write. These literary fledglings being at a loss to fill out their pages, often explored the works

of Pagan poets and historians for materials to work into their narrations. They naturally gave the preference to wonderful adventures, miracles and portents, and thus accommodated many Pagan fables to the lives of church "saints." These documents were preserved in the archives of the schools: and in later ages, when serious Catholic doctors addressed themselves to the work of writing the lives of saints, they exhumed these papers from their dusty repose, and imagined they were making a valuable contribution to church history in the publishing of these voluminous absurdities. The people received the pious fictions with all simplicity and enthusiasm the more easily as they were illustrated by woodcuts. More critical writers came after and exposed much of the rubbish. It was pointed out that some of the so-called saints whose lives were given had never existed. In one case an old author had mistaken the name of a number in an old record for the name of a saint, and had contrived to spin the circumstantial biography of a man who was only a word.

Most of the legends are utterly childish. Here is a specimen — "St. Francis" preached in the desert, and collected an immense audience of creatures. The birds warbled to every sentence, stretching out their necks, and opening their beaks. When he had finished, the birds, in a holy rapture, divided themselves into four companies, and dispersed to report the sermon to all the birds of the universe. A wolf attacked him, but at the sign of the cross the creature became quiet, and talked with the saint, and ended by becoming as meek as a lap dog, and following the saint through all towns that he visited. He had such a detestation of good things of this world, that he would never suffer any of his followers to touch money, and once, a friar having brought him some money taken at a collection, he ordered

him to take it in his mouth, and spit it out on the dung of an ass!—But why continue the dreary narrative ?

THE MONASTIC DETESTATION OF TRUE LEARNING.

In the 17th century, a small number of men of means and scholastic tastes retired into seclusion for the exercise of literature, under the auspices of religion. They took a house near the Port-royal of Paris, whence they acquired the name of the Port Royal Society. Many distinguished persons joined them, giving up parks and houses to be applied to the support of the society. They had no rules or vows or cells. Prayer, study and manual employment were their occupations. None of the members, however high in birth, considered himself exempt from the duties performed in common. They gave themselves in turn to the education of youth, the visitation of the sick, and the tilling of the farms and gardens belonging to the establishment. It was an attempt to realise an ideal community, and in some respects was a great success. They gave to France some of its best writers, and established a taste for just reasoning, simplicity of style, and philosophical method as distinguished from the arid productions of ecclesiastics. Some of the best families, who did not wish entirely to give up their avocations in the world, built country houses near them, for the sake of enjoying the society of the inmates. Prominent among these were the Duchess of Longueville and Anne de Bourbon, a princess of the blood-royal.

But the Jesuits could not long endure such an institution. Their anger was particularly influenced by the controversial efforts of Arnauld, one of the principal writers of the Port-royal Society, who, taking the part of the Jansenists, exposed the designs of the Jesuits with masterly power. Their enmity soon brought about

the ruin of the society, notwithstanding its influential support. By their intrigues with Government, they obtained a decree ordering it to be broken up; and they took an active part in the execution of the decree. They pulled down the buildings, ploughed up the foundations, and exhausted their hatred on the very stones, tearing the very corpses out of their graves, and allowing the dogs to contend for the rags of their shrouds. "Annihilate it, annihilate it to its very foundation!" was their cry, and they were too successful. Europe beheld the melancholy spectacle of the human hell-hounds of Romish superstition obtaining a complete triumph over a picturesque and beneficent asylum of innocence and learning. The members were dispersed and pursued like felons. Many persons of the highest rank sorrowed over their misfortunes. One of these tried to keep the memory of the establishment alive by collecting all the engravings representing the place; but even these the police, under Jesuitic influence, hunted and seized in the cabinet of the fair artist.

LOVE OF FIXED HABITATION.

Is Phrenology True?—No. 16.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The brain the seat of the mind (p. 6, vol. i.); 2. The mind a cluster of separate powers (p. 49); 3. The powers in harmonious groups (p. 86); 4. The relation of power to size (p. 127); 5. Development subject to control (p. 167); 6. Action of the body on the brain (p. 207); 7. Influence of constitutional fibre (p. 247); 8. Phrenological bearing of the vital functions (p. 287); 9. Temperamental Development (p. 329); 10. The brain itself, and its subdivisions in man and beast (p. 367); 11. Surgical difficulties considered (p. 407); 12. The organs—amativeness (p. 446); 13. The Conubial element in love (p. 6, vol. ii.); 14. Love of offspring (p. 47); 15. Love of friends (p. 86).

NO people unacquainted with the facts of phrenology, it seems the height of absurdity to recognise an organ or faculty having to do with the love of fixed habitation. The mention of *Inhabitiveness* stirs in them a sense of the ludicrous and grotesque. Any inclination man may have in this direction they think is due to his general consciousness of necessity and his discernment of what is fit and suitable, and not to be referred to any special faculty. That his general wit has to do with his exercise of the faculty is true, as it is true of every faculty he possesses. The whole mental mechanism acts as a unit in whatever direction it is applied: but this does not interfere with the fact that that mechanism is made up of parts.

It is a fact that all highly-organised living creatures show more or less of proneness to attach themselves to a particular spot; and this apart from all reason. Some animals show it in much greater strength than others. The cat is notorious for attachment to places above persons; the dog, for attachment to persons above places. Different men show it in different degrees. Some are strongly wedded to particular houses, particular towns, particular countries. Some are natural rovers and at home anywhere. The difference is always associated with a difference of shape to the head just above the seat of philoprogenitiveness. There is fulness here where the love of place is strong. That love of home should be next door to love of offspring is according to the harmonious grouping of the faculties.

It is a beautiful element in the mental symmetry of man. It helps the comfortable cordiality that springs from the activity of the other social faculties. But, like everything else, if excessively developed, it causes an ugly want of balance, and is liable to subject the subject to much misery. It will be liable to narrow the sympathies, and unfit the person for

general usefulness, from the strong feeling of home-sickness he will experience away from his own particular hutch. Excessive local attachment should be broken into by going from home occasionally, and reading books of travel and becoming interested in foreign countries.

In its normal development, it will give a man a turn for home life without interfering with his general adaptability. In its place, it is part of the general plan of things. It is an instinct designed to connect created beings with their place of abode. It unites them in a bond of love, which is beautiful when other things are equal. A man with no local attachments is defective. A man of excessive local attachments inevitably impresses others with the sense of his being a weak-man, a mere creature man—which man was never designed to be; for, by his organisation, it is evident that man was made with a view to being led and governed by the most expansive intellectual discernments and sentimental aspirations. The right medium is the right thing; a coal-stocked cellar as well as ornamental front to the street: a substantial hull in the water as well as spreading sails. Alas! in the present derangement, we rarely see the right combinations; but well-grounded hope tells us to wait. We shall see the whole house in good order yet. It is a matter both expressly promised by the Eternal Father of all, and indicated in the constitution of things as a necessary finality.

It is interesting to note how this faculty of inhabitiveness coincides with the plan of the universe as exhibited in revealed truth. Every man to his own place. "The earth hath God given to the children of men." This is the habitation of the race of Adam, and it would not be at home elsewhere. Coming to particulars, to Abraham and his seed was the land of promise covenanted. The Kingdom of God in the age to come has a fixed terri-

torial habitation of which God's earth children are heirs and citizens, yet though domiciled in the earth as "their own habitation" for ever, when death shall be no more, their attainment to the angelic nature (which is the divine nature) fits them for flights and functions of which mortal man can only dream, from which it would seem to follow that the ages beyond will show this wondrous development—the possibility of visits to other parts of the universe by permission. A gentleman with a fine country residence which, with large inhabitiveness he loves and enjoys, nevertheless finds pleasure in travel from which he returns with renewed pleasure to his own home. The true gentleman of the comingage will probably have this joy on the highest scale: first setting up their own house here fixedly and for ever on earth, and then having drunk long and deeply of this honeymoon gladness, departing on distant journeys to other parts of the Father's great dominion. The angels exemplify this not altogether speculative thought. They are visitors on earth when they come (as they have often done, and will again in vast numbers). If we are permitted to attain the immortal state, we shall be "equal to the angels," as Jesus says. Consequently, we may hope for their privileges in this respect, after a while—that is, when the work on earth is entirely done of bringing the whole world to God in a reconciliation that ends in the removal of every curse, after a thousand years' reign as kings and priests. But all this will be subject to imperative law. The angels that sinned did so in "leaving their own habitation," probably without permission. Of this we have but a hint, but it seems to touch on a principle that centres in the organ of inhabitiveness.

Not
MODERATION in diet is the pre-requisite of endurance.

PERSECUTION AND RELAPSE.

Christianity since the Ascension of Christ.—No. 16.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Fate of the apostles and their fellow-labourers (p. 8, vol. i.); Persecution in Domitian's reign (Clement) (p. 51); 3. Heresy at the end of the first century (p. 87); BEGINNING OF THE SECOND CENTURY—Pliny's letter (p. 129); 5. Persecutions by Antoninus (Ignatius) (p. 169); 6. Adrian's reign (Jews forbidden the Holy Land) (p. 209); 7. Persecution in the reign of Marcus Aurelius (Justin Martyr and Polycarp) (p. 248); 8. The Persecution continued—Letter of Irenaeus (p. 289); 9. Spiritual declension through Alexandrian philosophy (p. 337); 10. CLOSE OF THE SECOND CENTURY (p. 379); 11. Tertullian at Carthage (p. 410); 12. Christianity at Alexandria (Beginning of the third century) (p. 448); 13. Persecution in the third century (p. 8, vol. ii.); 14. Origen's Baneful Influence on Christianity (p. 49); 15. Repose and Declension (p. 88).

THE emasculating peace enjoyed by the Christian community under the circumstances described last month was not of long duration. In A.D. 250, the accession of Decius to imperial power was marked by an outbreak of what is known as the seventh persecution, which was the most dreadful the Church had yet experienced. Decius aimed at nothing less than the extirpation of the Christian faith and name. It was ordered by imperial decree that all Christians should renounce the name and faith of Christ, on pain of torture and death. They were ordered to repair at once to the officials of their several towns and provinces, and record the oath of abjuration and make adoration to the gods. The publication of the decree caused consternation, for the Christian name was now as extensively professed as Paganism, and vast numbers of the most respectable citizens of the empire professed Christianity. It now

became evident, however, that with multitudes, it was but a mere profession of convenience, for they hastened to proclaim their lapse in the most unblushing manner. Even before impeachment, many ran to the forum and sacrificed to the gods. We are told that the crowd of apostates was so great that the magistrates were unable to deal with them, and proposed that there should be an adjournment, but the multitudes were importunate for the opportunity to prove themselves heathens on the spot.

There were many honourable exceptions. Great numbers, in fact, were faithful under the test and suffered greatly. At Rome, the persecution raged with great violence, and crowds were given up to prison, torture, and death. Prominent at this time became Cyprian, of Carthage, a man of wealth, who originally made a profession of oratory at Carthage, but gave up that profession on embracing Christianity at the hands of a fellow-citizen who introduced him to the Christian writings. He had been an active man of business and pleasure, knowing little of the reigning philosophy, yet having a large share of natural sense and culture. He threw his whole soul into the precepts of Christianity so far as he understood them, and divested himself of several estates that he might relieve the poor. This was before the outbreak of persecution. When the decree of Decius was published, and vast numbers fell away, he was greatly moved at the spectacle, and wrote in terms of special encouragement to those in Rome who were showing an example of fidelity. He explained the outbreak as a measure of discipline from the Lord to the Church on account of the lax state it had fallen into. This lax state he describes, and so admits us to a view of the state of things prevailing in the Christian community in the third century—not greatly different from what prevails in the 19th. (It is, in fact, no wonder that persecution created

such a number of apostates). His description is this: "Believers," he says, "had forgotten what believers had done under the apostles, and what they ought always to do. They were brooding over the arts of amassing wealth. The pastors and the deacons each forgot their duty. Works of mercy were neglected, and discipline was at the lowest ebb. Luxury and effeminacy prevailed. Meretricious arts in dress were cultivated. Fraud and deceit were practised among brethren. Christians could unite themselves in matrimony with unbelievers, and could swear not only without reverence, but without veracity. . . . They railed against one another with outrageous acrimony and conducted quarrels with determined malice. Even bishops, who ought to be guides and patterns to the rest, neglected the peculiar duties of their stations, and gave themselves up to secular pursuits. They deserted their places of residence and their flocks. They travelled through distant provinces in quest of pleasure and gain: gave no assistance to the needy brethren, but were insatiable in their thirst of money. They possessed estates by fraud and multiplied usury. What have we not deserved to suffer for such conduct?"

When the persecution extended to Carthage, Cyprian fled to a place of concealment, where he remained two years. For this, some have accused him of pusillanimity; but it is evident that he acted from a sense of duty under the command which told the apostles that if persecuted in one city, they were to flee to another. From his seclusion, he sent many letters directing the ordering of affairs in the confusion that had arisen: for while multitudes fell away under persecution, many who remained faithful were puffed up and disgraced their faithfulness by proud and indecent boastfulness. Another grievance that exercised

him painfully was that many of those who abjured Christ on the outbreak of the persecution afterwards wished to be, and, indeed, insisted, as a matter of course, on being re-admitted to the Church, and in his absence were admitted in great numbers. One Felicissimus, with five others, particularly distinguished themselves in this matter, setting up a faction in opposition to Cyprian, and opening wide the door to every one. Writing to the faithful in Carthage concerning these, Cyprian says: "I beseech you, do not give rash credit to the pernicious representations of those who put darkness for light. They speak, but not from the word of the Lord. They who are themselves separated from the Church promise to restore the lapsed. Depart, I pray you, from these men, and avoid their discourse as a plague and a pestilence. They hinder your prayers and tears by affording you false consolations (and inviting to an unsound and dangerous re-admission)."

It is a curious fact that one of Cyprian's opponents in this matter, went to Rome, and through the influence of one Novatian whom he met there, went clean over to the other extreme, and promoted a faction at Rome, whose distinguishing feature was their refusal to receive back into the Church any who had lapsed, however sincere their subsequent repentance might be. Cyprian was willing they should be received, but only after unmistakable evidence of repentance; but this new party objected to their being received on any condition. The new party were very zealous, and their views began to be heartily taken up by many in Rome, who succeeded in getting Novatian, the originator of the objection, elected to the bishopric of Rome, in opposition to one, Cornelius, who was ordained by the open door party, as they might be called. "Thus," says Milner, "was formed the first body of Christians, who in modern

language may be called Dissenters; that is, men who separate from the general Church, not on grounds of doctrine, but of discipline." The Novatians (who objected to the return of the Apostates) held no opinion contrary to the fathers of the Gospel, but they soon declined in influence at Rome, and Novatian removed to Africa, where he found many adherents, and founded the community that were destined for centuries to antagonise a corrupt Church in after ages.

THE EXISTENCE OF EVIL.

Is there a God?—No. 16.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The reproductive faculty indicative of purpose (p. 14, vol. i.); 2. Every faculty proves the existence of its object, therefore God (p. 56); 3. The origin of the universe (p. 91); 4. The appearance of man upon the scene (p. 133); 5. The inconsistencies of the evolutionist view (p. 174); 6. The existence of sex a proof of God (p. 214); 7. Mechanism of the human frame (p. 251); 8. The construction of the eye (p. 292); 9. The seed of plant and animal (p. 333); 10. Human intelligence itself a proof of God (p. 371); 11. The self-action of the universe (p. 411); 12. The fool's opinion (p. 451); 13. The great universe and small man (p. 10, vol. ii.); 14. Limited Knowledge (p. 51, vol. ii.). 15. Omnipotent control (p. 90).

YOU were to state some further difficulties of a practical character. I presume they are the old objections that have been answered a thousand times.

I am not sure about that. I do not suppose they are new. Very likely they have occurred to many others before me. But I have never seen them stated or answered anywhere.

What might they be like?

Well, to come to the point at once, the spectacle of human misery of such vast extent, in every country, lasting continuously from age to age, afflicts me exceedingly; and I find a difficulty in reconciling it with the idea that there is a superintending Infinite Power. I read that a sparrow cannot fall without the Father, and that the very hairs of the head are numbered: yet I see millions of sparrows perish and multitudes of heads with the brains battered out of them in African forays and on the field of battle, without anyone taking any heed. In the great towns of civilized life, I am appalled at the chronic mass of simmering human misery with no one to interfere and without the least token of that superintendence which you are advocating and which I should like to believe. Human life seems everywhere what Carlyle calls a weltering chaos. There does not appear to be any superintendence or any plan. I confess I am frequently overwhelmed. A "horror of great darkness" often settles on me. If you can relieve me, you will confer a boon unutterable.

I sympathise with your distress: the burden thereof is heavy. I have often felt it myself. But there is release.

That is what I desire.

I have observed that the burden has been heaviest when I have been weakest: when the light of knowledge has been least available. There is a clue here. It points to the root of the disease. It is said that the discovery of a disease is the first step towards a remedy.

How do you diagnose the disease in this case?

I find the trouble lies in looking at the subject as a man—in contemplating it from the point of view of human feeling.

How else can we look at it or contemplate it?

If there is a God, there is another point of view.

But of what use can that point of view be to a man?

Of great use in judging of a divine problem; because that is the aspect in which you are introducing it. You say you cannot reconcile the situation with the idea of a divine superintendence.

Yes, or in other words, I cannot understand how such a state of things could be permitted if there is a God.

Very well, in considering that problem, you must not judge exclusively from the way the situation strikes you as a human being: you must also take into account how the thing may be from a divine point of view, seeing there are so many reasons for admitting (putting it mildly) the possible existence of that point of view.

How can I judge the matter from a divine point of view?

By considering how the thing must be from that point of view if it exist; and, in this connection, by considering what the Bible alleges concerning that point of view.

Is it possible to do so?

In a measure.

How would you show it?

Well, take the Bible representation: "We are the clay: thou our potter." Supposing pottery could feel, would it be capable of judging of man's procedure towards it? Would it be justified in estimating that procedure in the light of its own feelings? Would not man's point of view be the decisive point of view in the settlement of any question arising about pottery?

But you see pottery cannot feel.

No, but the relation of things between God and man is the same. Man is a mere form of substance belonging to God. He is but of yesterday. Time back, his race did not exist upon the earth. It cannot be that His point of view is the determining point of view in the decision of problems connected with the state of

His race. It must be that God's point of view is the determining point of view.

How do you bring that to bear?

Well, I say first, we must take him in His ways as they actually are, and not as we may feel they ought to be. One of His actual ways is the presence and prevalence of the very evil you lament. Our part is to accept the fact and His explanation of the fact, and not to set up our own impressions against it.

Unfortunately, the fact we are obliged to accept. We cannot alter it. But as for the explanation, it is beyond me.

It need not be: it is simple enough.

You mean the entrance of sin?

Yes, and all that is involved in that.

As an explanation, that, to me, is utterly inadequate. I cannot see that the greatness, power and goodness of God are consistent with the infliction of evil, age after age, on the helpless race of man, for any amount of disobedience of which he might be guilty. Nor do I think justice could find an easy place in such a conception. What have we to do with Adam's sin?

My friend, you now abandon reason and put forward feeling. You tell me you cannot see this: you cannot feel that. What argument is there in that? It may argue want of eyes or want of sensibility. It cannot prove the things are not there to be seen and felt.

You are severe.

Nay, only logical. What argument of reason can you urge against death and evil being made the concomitants of sin? Is not God great?

God is great, but I should incline to think that would be a reason against your conclusion—not in favour of it. His greatness is so great that it must matter nothing to Him whether man obeys Him or not.

In a sense, no doubt that is true: but is it a reason why He should leave the

door of eternal fellowship open to disobedience?

Surely it must please Him better that man should be happy even if disobedient.

But supposing it does not, what then? He has declared He is displeased with disobedience. Could you urge any reason against His being displeased with disobedience? Is not obedience beautiful and good? If so, is it not better that He should be displeased with disobedience than that He should be pleased or indifferent to it?

You press me closely.

With reason. Now, if sin is hurtful to man and displeasing to God, is it not according to reason that a state of evil should accompany the ascendancy of sin?

Yes, but as I understand it is sin we did not commit—sin of Adam before we were born—helpless sin—unintentional sin, why should we suffer for that?

Not for that only. It is not Adam's sin only. It is our own sin as well. Is there a man who has not sinned? Is not the whole world sunk in sin?

If I say, yes, I concede your point.

Can you say No?

I admit the world is in a bad way.

Is it not in a disobedient way? and is not this sin? Paul says Jews and Gentile are all under sin. Now if sin reigns in the world from generation to generation, what objection of reason can there be to the reign of evil?

But why should goodness permit the necessity for evil arising? And why should omnipotence suffer it to continue? I should have thought a great and powerful and all-wise being would have prevented the mischief at the root; and at the least, having suffered it to come, I should have expected Him to apply a remedy that would take it entirely away.

Here again, you unwittingly place your judgment against His. I admit there would be great force in your questions and

suggestions if evil had come to stay. I could not answer you on the popular supposition of an eternal hell.

Oh, you don't believe in the eternity of evil then?

Not in the popular sense.

In any sense?

I believe the judgment of God will always prevail, to the extinction of evil and evil men; but not that sin means eternal torment for any.

Well, that eases the problem of some of its difficulty.

My friend, there is no difficulty when you survey the matter from the divine point of view, which is the only point of view it truly has, for man is nothing. Especially does all difficulty vanish when the end of the matter is taken into view.

PERSIA STRUGGLES TO RETAIN ASCENDANCY.

The Persian Empire under the Successors of Cyrus.—No. 16.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Babylon (p. 16, vol. 1); 2. Cyrus (p. 58); 3. Rise of Cyrus as a great general (p. 92); 4. Campaigns of Cyrus (p. 135); 5. The capture of Babylon (p. 175); 6. Cyrus as a conqueror (p. 216); 7. Cyrus and Daniel: reign and death of Cyrus (p. 253); 8. Cambysses, son of Cyrus (p. 294); 9. Darius, successor of Cyrus (p. 335); 10. Beginning of the war with Greece (p. 374); 11. The expedition of Xerxes (p. 413); 12. Failure of the expedition (p. 452); 13. The disasters of Xerxes in Greece (p. 12, vol. ii.). 14. The end of Xerxes and the extraordinary sequel (p. 54). 15. Persian declension and a Greek suicide (p. 92).

THE death of Themistocles at such a crisis greatly weakened the hands of the King of Persia. To aggravate his difficulties, Egypt threw off the Persian yoke, and appointed Inarus, Prince of the Libyans, their king, which was a great

blow. The newly-revolted Egyptians asked the Greeks to help them, which the Greeks were not slow to do. The Greeks had a fleet of 200 ships at Cyprus, which they ordered to set sail at once for the Nile. Before entering the river, they encountered the Persian fleet, to which they gave battle and dispersed, destroying 50 of the vessels. Having entered the Nile, they landed their forces, and united with the army of the new Egyptian king. Presently, an immense Persian army arrived in the country under one of the king's brothers called Achæmenes: and in a battle that ensued, the Greeks and Egyptians were entirely victorious—the Persian general and many thousands of the Persian soldiers being slain. Those who escaped fled to Memphis whither they were followed by the Greeks and Egyptians who besieged them there. The siege was a stubborn and prolonged one, and had lasted three years when another Persian army arrived in Egypt under the first general of the empire, Megabyzus, which caused the Egyptians and Greeks to abandon the siege and fight the new army. The battle was a victory for the Persians, who chased the Greeks and remains of the Egyptian army to the island of Proso-pitis, which is formed by two arms of the Nile. Here the Greeks and Egyptians entrenched themselves at Byblos, and were in their turn besieged by the Persians for 18 months. The Persians made poor headway in the siege, and would probably have failed but for a measure resembling that by which Cyrus captured Babylon. By the digging of canals, they diverted the river from its bed on one side of the island, and so were enabled to march their whole army across. The Egyptian prince, seeing all was lost, surrendered to the Persian general under a promise that his life would be spared, and that of the Egyptians and 50 Greeks with him. As for the rest, comprising a body of 6,000.

Greeks, they resolved not to surrender, though there was no hope. They drew up in order of battle, and resolved, in imitation of the Lacedæmonians, to die sword in hand. This desperate resolution intimidated the Persians, who thought well not to attack them, but to let them leave the country in ships, which they did.

The Persian authority was thus again established in Egypt: but it had cost Persia dearly, both in men and money. The King's brother, who was killed in the first attempt to reconquer Egypt, was deeply lamented—especially by his mother: and now that the country was again in their hands, the King's mother requested the King to surrender into her hands Inarus, the Egyptian prince, who had been the cause of the revolt, and the 50 Greeks who had been taken prisoner along with him, in order that she might be avenged for her son. The King denied her petition, pointing out that he was bound by the law of treaty to protect them, seeing they had given themselves up on condition if having their lives spared. But the vengeful lady importuned him daily on the subject. The King was at length wearied out and gave way. The Queen-mother then ordered Inarus to be crucified and the 50 Greeks to be beheaded, which was done. The perfidy cost the kingdom dear. Megabyzus, the Persian general, in whose faith Inarus and the Greeks had surrendered, felt so scandalised at the breach of public honour, that he withdrew from court, and retired to Syria, where he raised the standard of revolt. The King sent an army of 200,000 men against him there; but Megabyzus, at the head of a large army, overthrew the King's army and took its general prisoner. The King sent a second army with no better result. Megabyzus was victorious. The King, seeing he could do nothing against Megabyzus by force, sent his own wife (the King's sister),

and also his brother, with various other persons of the first quality to win him back to his allegiance. The negotiation was successful, and Megabyzus returned and received the king's pardon. By-and-bye, he was sentenced to be beheaded, but on the entreaty of the king's mother and sister, his sentence was changed to banishment. He was sent to Cyota, a city on the Red Sea, and condemned to end his days there. In five years' time he made his escape and returned to Persia, where, by the good offices of his wife and mother-in-law, he was restored to the king's favour, which he retained to the day of his death at 76.

The king in question was the Artaxerxes in whose reign first Ezra and then Nehemiah received commission to re-establish the Jewish worship in the Holy Land, as detailed in the portions of scripture bearing the names of these two men. Ezra exercised his trust faithfully till Nehemiah (13 years afterwards) brought a new commission from the Persian court. Under their joint services Jerusalem was finally recovered from the desolation into which it was brought by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babyon, as God's instrument. Ezra particularly distinguished himself, not only in purifying the Jews from the defilements they had contracted during their captivity, but in collecting the books of scripture and placing them in their proper order, and establishing them in the complete form in which they existed in the days of Jesus and since. The two books of Chronicles are said to have been compiled by him from ancient historic writings of the prophets of Israel, which had not, up to that time, been put together in complete form. In this work Ezra would have "the good hand of God upon him," as in the other parts of his work (Ezra viii. 23, 31). With the books of Ezra and Nehemiah ends the long and important history commenced by Moses.

It illustrates the extreme ancientness of Bible writing, as compared with all other books, when we think that Herodotus, the earliest of Gentile historians, only began to write when Ezra and Nehemiah were finishing the Old Testament "canon."

THE SPLENDID PLANET.

Out of Doors at Night.—No. 16.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Greatness of the starry universe (p. 19, vol. i.); 2. The earth a globe (p. 60); 3. Objections considered (p. 94); 4. The earth turning and travelling (p. 137); 5. The moon (p. 177); 6. Aspects of the moon (p. 218); 7. In the moon (p. 256); 8. The starry host: the planets: Mercury (p. 297); 9. Nearest the sun (p. 338); 10. Venus, the morning and evening star (p. 376); 11. Mars, the ruddy planet (p. 416); 12. The asteroids, the little planets of the solar system (p. 454); 13. The giant of the solar system (p. 14, vol. 2). 14. Our giant brother Jupiter (p. 55). 15. Jupiter and the shape of the earth (p. 94).

THOUGH Jupiter is the giant planet of the solar system, its next neighbour outmost from the sun carries the palm for glory and for beauty—speaking not of its appearance in the heavens to the naked eye, but of what it is in itself when seen through the telescope. This is Saturn, the crowned planet—the splendid planet which is not only without rival in the solar system: it is without parallel in the whole stellar universe, so far as that has been revealed to the telescope. Such a thing as a globe engirdled with glorious rings is unknown in the vast realms of space, so far as man has been able to survey them. What is the precise meaning or use of this splendidly-harnessed heavenly body is the subject of much deeply interesting but as yet abortive speculation.

Some things are positively known about Saturn. It is nearly twice the distance of Jupiter from the sun, and more than nine times the distance of the earth. While the earth is over 90 millions of miles from the sun, and Jupiter 476 millions, the distance of Saturn is 872 millions of miles. At this distance it describes the stupendous journey of 5,240,000,000 round the central luminary. To accomplish this awful journey, it takes nearly thirty of our years, so that the earth passes it thirty times in the course of one of its orbital revolutions. This is no speculation, though the statement may have a dreamy sound. Being at this great distance from the sun, it does not so brilliantly reflect the light of the sun as Jupiter, as seen in our sky, nor can it, in itself, receive so much light as that planet. This may be one reason why it is furnished with rings which act as reflectors, and may increase the sunlight on the surface of Saturn in that way.

The body of Saturn is considerably less than that of Jupiter. Still, it is of prodigious size, being 800 times larger than the earth. It is not, however, so solid as Jupiter, nor is it nearly so solid as the earth. Bulk for bulk, the earth is eight times heavier than Saturn, as shown by the slighter drawing effect exerted by Saturn on all bodies approaching it. But as it is 800 times larger in size, the weight of objects on its surface may probably be the same as on the earth. Saturn, however, does not yet appear to have advanced to the habitable state. It is covered with a vast mantle of cloud and vapour, like Jupiter, driven into belts and currents by revolution, as in the case of Jupiter, though not so distinctly marked. It measures much less through from pole to pole than from side to side. The poles are depressed, giving the planet somewhat the appearance of a fat apple. This may be the result of its great velocity of axial revolution. It turns once in 10½

hours, giving it a five hours day and five hours night, as in the case of Jupiter. When the enormous size of the planet is considered, this must strike the mind as a terrible speed of diurnal revolution, and may account for the depression of the poles, as would be seen by anyone taking a flexible hoop, and striking a rod through it top and bottom, and then making it revolve rapidly: the top would move down a little and the sides would bulge out.

The shortness of the day and night will strike earth-borns as an inconvenience; but it is probable there is not the difference between day and night in Saturn that there is upon the earth, because of the greater weakness of the light of the sun at that distance, and the greater light of the night from eight moons, and the reflecting rings; for Saturn, it has been discovered, is attended by eight satellites at different distances and going round the planet at varying rates of speed; so that Saturn will always have its sky gloriously illuminated, when the cloud-bands permit the light to be seen. As to these cloud-bands, nothing can certainly be known. As in the case of Jupiter, they may belong to an early stage of planet development. Saturn may be in the state the earth was in before its mantle of darkness was broken up, and the glory of the universe allowed to shine on its surface for the first time, as if just created. On the other hand, it may be adapted to an order of life for which these cloud-zones furnish a congenial element. We simply do not know, and must remain ignorant till that wondrous day that is coming when many secrets, great and small, will be disclosed to those admitted to the immortal state.

The rings are an extraordinary feature. They are apparently three in number and outside one another. Seen from Saturn itself, they must present the appearance of

vast arches of light spanning the vault of heaven from horizon to horizon. Their shape is peculiar. They are flat and thin, like a ruff round the neck. When the planet is poised horizontally in space; with the thin edges of the rings towards the earth, the rings are invisible: but when it tilts up in the least, then the rings are visible and bright. The breadth of the ring margin, from the body of the planet outwards, is about 60,000 miles, while the thickness of the rings is only 138 miles. The rings do not touch the body of the planet. There is a space between, measuring about 10,000 miles. The planet in the rings is like a ball set loosely in a cup with a wide rim, only the cup has no bottom or sides.

It has puzzled astronomers exceedingly to make out what the rings are made of. They cannot be solid, for in that case, the gravitation of the planet would draw them to its own body. Yet they cannot be vaporous, for in that case they could not retain their remarkably distinct and tenacious and beautiful shape. They are inclined to conclude from all the observed facts that they are made up of a multitude of minute bodies revolving in a circle round Saturn, as the asteroids revolve round the sun; but there are difficulties in the way of this view; for there is no known law by which a multitude of disconnected bodies could keep in such symmetrical procession. There is probably an ingredient in the case quite unknown to the astronomers and unlikely ever to be known—a variation in the performances of that eternal power and wisdom which delights in endless diversity. Whatever the rings are made of, it is discovered they are whirling round Saturn at a great rate, as fast, indeed, as the planet itself, so that altogether Saturn is a wonderful piece of celestial machinery, encircled by stupendous turning wheels, and attended

by a smooth and noiseless retinue of revolving moons that dance round her in her majestic progress round the sun. Saturn may be the head quarters for some phalanx of the angelic host. Who knows? How great are the works of God!

ENVY AT HEAD QUARTERS.

Is the Bible True?—No. 15.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. A moot question with "yes" waiting (p. 18, vol. i.); 2. The Bible's own testimony: why should it be questioned? (p. 97); 3. Its historic backbone (p. 139); 4. Taking its history to pieces: Abraham (p. 179); 5. Truth necessitated by the nature of its narrative: Joseph (p. 219); 6. Ditto in the case of Moses: the exodus (p. 258); 7. The journey in the wilderness (p. 299); 8. Israel's chronic mutinies (p. 340); 9. What the record of the murmurings proves (p. 378); 10. The want of food in the wilderness; the manna supply (p. 418); 11. Failure of the water supply: the sin of Moses (p. 456); 12. The worship of the golden calf (p. 16, vol. iii.); 13. Struck dead on the spot (p. 58). 14. A doomed generation (p. 96).

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I next direct your attention to the record of Aaron's mutiny against Moses, in conjunction with Miriam, the sister of both of them. The ostensible cause was the fact of Moses having married the daughter of Jethro, "an Ethiopian woman," a circumstance arising from Jethro's hospitality to Moses during his 40 years exile from Egypt, and not from any disregard of his own people. While the ostensible cause was so apparently respectable a scruple on the part of Aaron and Miriam, the real cause was the hurt of personal feeling caused to them by the towering importance of Moses in the congregation, which completely eclipsed their respectable but little personalities. "Hath the Lord indeed

spoken only by Moses? Hath he not spoken also by us?" These were the words in which the real nature of their animus was displayed.

What important fruit might have sprung from this root of bitterness it is impossible to tell. The congregation might have been influenced by the disaffection, and led into ways of destruction; but the mischief was nipped in the bud by prompt action. And that not on the part of Moses. "The Lord spoke suddenly unto Moses and unto Aaron and unto Miriam: Come out ye three unto the tabernacle of the congregation." The three stepped out as commanded. When they arrived at the tabernacle, the cloud-symbol of the divine presence, descended and from the midst of the cloud, the Yahweh-voice commanded Aaron and Miriam to stand forth. Aaron and Miriam stood forth. Yahweh then spoke to them. . . . "Wherefore were ye not afraid to speak against my servant Moses?" "He is faithful in all mine house. With him I will speak mouth to mouth, not in dark speeches." The words were spoken in anger, and ceased. Then the cloud moving from the tabernacle revealed Miriam a leper "as white as snow." In this way was the divine reproof emphasized. Aaron, in completest humility, begs pardon, and appeals to Moses on behalf of Miriam. Moses, in response, cries to God to heal Miriam. His prayer is granted, but God commands Miriam to be shut out of the camp seven days, in token of her disgrace. We are told "the people journeyed not till Miriam was brought in again;" and afterwards the people removed from Hazroth and pitched in the wilderness of Paran.

Ladies and gentlemen, I strongly submit that this story bears the stamp of truth. The man who sat down to write it for the first time could have had no object in writing it but to record a matter of fact. Naturally speaking, he would have much

reason for withholding the record altogether; for it was not a record that could reflect much credit on the national authorities one way or other. The high priest was the most sacred functionary in the Jewish nation, and one around whom Jewish tradition has always laboured to throw a halo of holy mystery. But here is Aaron, the first high priest, and the father of all high priests, exhibited in the light of an envious murmurer, and held up to all subsequent posterity as one whom God rebuked in anger,—as one who was ready to lift his hand against God's most faithful servant. It is true that Moses is vindicated, but even he appears in the transaction as an apparent offender against the law in having married a strange woman, instead of one of his own nation. And if he is vindicated, it is only as one whom the Lord honours for his faithfulness to Him and not because of any excellence in himself. There is no human glorification in the story. There is human disgrace; nothing to lead a national historian to desire to publish; something to lead him to suppress. Who does not in such a connection wish to hush down all report of domestic sedition? Who does not wish to hide scandal when affecting one's own circle? Here is scandal and sedition officially trumpeted to the ends of the earth. Why, ladies and gentlemen, why? That is the question. Examine the matter for yourselves, in the light of common sense. You yourselves know something of the workings of human nature. Judge how such a story could come to have been written, if not true. You must come to the conclusion that the truth of the story is the only explanation of its existence.

And if the story be true, how much results from it. The fact of divine revelation is the familiar element in it. Aaron and Miriam begrudge the elevation of Moses on the ground of the common-

ness of this fact: "Hath the Lord indeed spoken *only by Moses?* Hath he not *spoken also by us?*" Moses made no mystery of the matter. He did not pretend, like an impostor, to be the exclusive repository of divine communication. It was true that Aaron and Miriam had been employed in the transmission of divine direction to Israel. Moses had no jealous feelings on this subject. When Joshua on one occasion suggested it, the answer of Moses shows his modest and rational temper: "Enviest thou for my sake? would God all the Lord's people were prophets" (Numbers xi. 29). But if Moses had no jealous feelings, Aaron and Miriam had, and this very envy proves the main factor of the whole case—namely, that God spoke to Moses, and that the whole work by Him in the exodus of Israel was a divine work and not a human work at all.

These reflections grow out of what might be called the inferior elements of the story—the manifestly human element—the envious feelings of Aaron and Miriam. The existence of these feelings proves the existence of their cause—the special honour conferred on Moses by God as the chief channel of communication. Take away this, and the cause for the envy is taken away. The envy cannot be taken away. There it is—on imperishable record. You must explain it, ladies and gentlemen; for envy never works without a cause. How are you to explain it if God did not speak by Moses, as Aaron and Miriam both alleged? You are bound to admit this cause, or—or, what? or dismiss the story as a fiction. But you cannot do this, ladies and gentlemen; for then you would have to explain the writing of such a fiction, which is far more difficult than the acceptance of the narrative in its simple majesty as it stands.

If the inferior elements of the story yield such results, what are we to say to

the divine summons of the three from the camp, "suddenly?" What are we to say to the cloud descending to the door of the tabernacle on their arrival? What are we to say to the indignant condemnation of an intrigue which as yet was confined to the knowledge of Aaron and Miriam? and what are we to say to the instant infliction of the plague of leprosy as a punishment; and its instant removal at the intercession of Moses? What but that we are in the presence of a transaction in which God, by his angel, is an open participator? If so, everything for the Bible is proved; for if God be proved in any part of the work which the Bible records, his connection is established with the whole; for it is one work throughout. If God spake by Moses, then spake he also by Christ, whom Moses foretold from the knowledge God had given him; and who, when he appeared, recognised and affirmed the divinity of the work and writings of Moses in the most direct, express and unambiguous manner.

Ladies and gentlemen, I beg of you to look into this matter. Do not leave the question till you settle it. It is too important to be left undecided. Take it in hand directly for yourselves in the exercise of commonsense. Do not trust to specialists. Their knowledge is not so deep nor their judgment so sound as you give them credit for. If you take their verdict instead of looking into the evidence for yourselves, you expose yourselves to the consequences of a mistake from which you will not be able to shield yourselves by any transfer of responsibility; while it is not acting the part of rational beings to leave a matter of such stupendous consequence to second hands.

THE golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or not.

OUR "AT HOME."

NOTES BY A ROVING CORRESPONDENT AND
OCCASIONAL VISITOR.

Evenings in September, 1891.

WOULD you not agree with me that as mundane affairs go, there is nothing more interesting than historic associations? I like things that have a story. I dearly love antiquities that recall the memories of the past, and I delight to trace life's tangled maze as it winds its way along the ages to the summit of Zion's glory.

Those relics of the tragedy of human life so highly prized by antiquarian and archæologist are dear to me, because they tell the story of the generations of stepping stones on whose platform in many cases the children of the God of Israel have spent their lives.

There is hushed old Egypt, with its sculpture and architecture, its painting and hieroglyphs; its loathsome gods and cruel kings, testifying to the grandeur, pride, and knowledge of the world of Moses' time, which Jehovah in a moment brought to nought. There are Assyria and Babylonia, with their monuments of military prowess and artistic skill, their records of social and religious life, showing that the world of that day, too, must have been a veritable furnace to the children of Israel. Who could contemplate the relics of Babylon's glory without a sigh for the nation who "hanged their harps on the willows, and wept when they remembered Zion?"

And then come down to Greece, and look upon the remnants of her splendour—her architecture and her sculpture—it is so surpassingly beautiful. If anyone fails to rise up to a realization of Paul's lonely visit to Athens and the magnitude of the world he testified against, let him go to the British Museum and spend a few

hours among the Elgin marbles. I am amazed at the length to which the fine arts have been carried in all ages. Man has ever loved to make graven images, and his skill four thousand years ago was not one whit inferior to that of the present day, and, in some respects, more remarkable. It is said that the Egyptians would have been the world's greatest artists but for the limitations imposed on them by their priesthood.

I have hunted in every probable place for some Hebrew relics. I believe that recent discoveries of pottery in Palestine by the Palestine Exploration Society give interesting clues to some of the periods of Jewish history. My efforts were almost without result, when one day, I happened to come in contact with a gentleman in the British Museum, who was giving object lessons to a class of ladies in the Elgin Room, and as the place was free to the public, I took myself along with the ladies. I am strongly of opinion from the appearance and manner of the gentleman that he was a Jew. After expatiating on the history and meaning of the relics of the Parthenon or Temple of Minerva, he remarked that all great nations had left evidences of their history on monumental remains or by inscriptions, *except one*, and that exception was the nation of Israel. "Strange," he said, "that there are no memorials, no inscriptions, even in what has been discovered of Solomon's temple. It is quite different in this respect from *any nation on the face of the earth.*" Ah! I thought, how striking! What an evidence that the kingdom of Israel was not built up by man! And as to the nation itself, are not the land, the people, and the Book as superior to relics as the verdure-clad oak is superior to the withered twigs that fall from its branches? (*One of the company*: "That is very good: very good.")

It seems very fitting that "centres" should be a fixed law everywhere. In the old days of Rome, she was the centre of the fine arts, and whatever discoveries were made in her empire, gravitated thither, and in course of time, from thence slowly percolated her vast dominions. In our day there is a wider and more speedy distribution of knowledge, which is partly the result of innumerable independent centres. Every civilised country has its metropolis, to which the national life gravitates with almost as much precision as human thought and action centre in the brain, and really I am inclined to go a step further and suggest that possibly there may be a central figure in some countries round whom national history circulates—one who has been the chief instrument, humanly speaking, in consolidating fragments, welding them together, and giving the mass political and constitutional life and cohesion. London is the centre of the British Empire, and the Houses of Parliament are the centre of London, but whose brain framed that mighty engine, England's Parliament? Where would you look for the figure that ought to occupy the centre of our constitution by which we breathe the air of liberty? Speaking for myself, I strongly gravitate to Oliver Cromwell. There are others, of course, who think differently. Evidently the designers of St. Stephen's did, for the magnificent frescoes in the corridors that illustrate England's greatness put Oliver Cromwell quite in the background, and give the place of honour to Lord Nelson and the Battle of Trafalgar—the Duke of Wellington and Waterloo.

I think the Houses of Parliament the loveliest piece of architecture in all London, although Carlyle did grumble at the cost and call them a wilderness of pepper-boxes. Of course, as a home of legislation, it is nothing more than one might

expect in a nation whose Queen rules a quarter of the population of the globe. Stately, dignified and modern, they command respect, but do not call up the past, nor lead to the future. At least they did not in me, until my mind reverted to the deeds of daring by Cromwell, and then I remembered the story of his death, which I had recently read. There are several accounts. I will give you one taken from the despatch sent by Bernardi, the Genoese Envoy to the Council of Genoa. He says: "His body was opened and embalmed and little trace of disease found therein, which was not the cause of his death, but rather the continual fever which came upon him from sorrow and melancholy at Madam Claypole's death." The body of the Protector lay in state at Somerset House, and was then followed to Westminster Abbey by an immense train of mourners. Little more than two years afterwards the body was torn up and treated with every indignity that revenge could suggest. Alas, for human greatness and human honour. Alas, also, for human happiness! (But there is a sequel that will "pay for all." If there were not, how could we bear it?)

I have just seen a good paragraph in a newspaper on the value of quality over quantity. Here it is:—"Bigness is not the highest type of greatness. A whale weighs heavier than a man, but blubber after all is not worth so much as human thought and feeling. Bulk indeed is nothing; quality is all in all. China covers an area that would swallow up thousands of Londons, but the heart of the world beats here, not there, and the civilisation of humanity derives its impulses from our seething Metropolis, and not from the stagnation of Peking. Athens was a small State, but two or three of its men have denominated the thought of twenty centuries of thinkers.

Jerusalem is only a small speck, lying in the centre of the great empires of antiquity—of Egypt and Ethiopia, Assyria and Babylonia, Greece and Rome—yet from Zion proceeded the law, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem; and no voice is so potent to-day, or has been for these centuries, as that which spake in its streets of the coming of a kingdom that should endure from generation to generation."

When once a ball sets rolling, there's no knowing where it will stop. I have come across several evidences lately of the progress women are making in their aim at equality with men. In the German Exhibition, in London, there is a full-size model of a lady equestrian on horse-back, in true manly style (*Listener—Astride?*), with the divided skirt adroitly cut as a riding habit. It does not look so much amiss as one might imagine, having somewhat the appearance of a long Newmarket, slit to the waist, behind and before; but I rather think I should object to the cut of the garment when going at full speed, to say nothing of the masculine seat of the rider. I daresay you remember the feat of the English lady who bestrode her horse across the Carpathians, and last year gave the British Association the benefit of her experience. I think to her must belong the distinction of leader of this odious fashion. It remains to be seen how far her "down-trodden sisters" will show their appreciation of this new departure. It is to be hoped that it will remain for some time at "The Carpathians" and model stage. (Hear, hear.)

A more recent development of women's rights comes from America, where an officer of the Salvation Army—Mrs. Ballington Booth—comes in the arena, armed with authority to legally perform marriage ceremonies. Perhaps a case of this sort is the

most practical exposition of their principles, for when two are to become one, the equality cannot be better enunciated than by dropping the old custom where the authority to tie the nuptial knot belonged exclusively to the masculine element of society. This phase of the question rather gives the fib to the lady who so amused Lord Beaconsfield by saying that those who advocated women's rights were generally men's "lifts."

This telephonic hearing at a distance is a very wonderful thing, and a great convenience—especially as applied to public utterances heard in private houses. The thing is as yet in embryo, but it seems as if the communication of the whole world in this way is a probability of the not distant future. The London-Paris Telephone has proved so successful that a scheme is being ventilated in *The British Architect* for telephoning great cities. A Mr. Preece and a Mr. Bennett read papers at the meeting of the British Association at Cardiff the other day, in which methods were proposed that seemed to admit of no failure, and by which the whole world might be brought within hearing. Mr. Bennett advises the division of cities into sections about one mile square, in the centre of which should be a switch room—everyone of these secondary switch rooms to be connected with one or two central switch rooms erected according to the configuration of the town, where speakers could be connected, disconnected and re-connected. Such a number of switch rooms would be quite impracticable by ordinary means, but by a method known as the "Mann" system, the difficulty is entirely overcome, and the maximum time for putting subscribers in communication with each other need not exceed ten seconds. Communication with most distant cities could be effected if this system were universally adopted.

The wires should be underground, and so laid as to be capable of almost infinite extension without reconstruction.

I only wish Dr. Welch would supplement his most finished exposé of the errors of Dr. Hall's "Problem of Human Life and Darwinism" by a few remarks on "Theosophy." Perhaps, though, he would think "the game not worth the candle." There seems to be no end to the vagaries of the much applauded human mind. The world must be distracted in its effort to settle its creed, for no sooner is Darwin deified and his tenet accepted (that matter has evolved mind) than Madame Blavatsky appears with a startling proposition to the reverse effect—that mind is the primary force from which all matter has been evolved. Mrs. Besant severs herself from Secularism, stands robed in the mantle of Madame Blavatsky, and proceeds to enunciate the doctrine of "Theosophy" thus:—"Man is spiritual, intellectual, and uncreate, treading a vast cycle of human experience, born and re-born on earth millenium after millenium, evolving slowly into the ideal. He is not the product of matter, but encased in matter, and the forms of matter with which he encases himself are of his own making; for the intelligence and will of man are creative forces. Thus he is ever creating round him thought-forms, moulding subtlest matter into shape by these energies. Now, when the time for re-birth into this earth life approaches, these thought-forms pass from the mental to the astral plane, and become denser through the building into them of astral matter, and into these astral forms are built the molecules of physical matter, which matter is thus moulded for the new body on the lines laid down by the intelligent and volitional life of the previous or of many previous incarnations. So does each man create for himself the form wherein he functions

and what he is in his present is the inevitable outcome of his own creative energies of the past." Could there be found any more delightful definition of *nothing* than "Theosophy?" No beginning, no end, only abstract floating mind, ever weaving "subtlest matter" that ever vanishes into invisibility. It is not a thing to be laid hold of in any sense, that I can see; perhaps I am not sufficiently "evolved." (*Dr. Philbrain is here; what does he think of*

THE LATEST NOVELTY IN RELIGION?

DR. PHILBRAIN.—I cannot say that I have felt much interest in Theosophy as Theosophy. The human mind is so constantly taking fresh vantage ground to view its own incrustations, that the spectacle at last ceases to be interesting to one who is more intent on the divine than in the human mode of reasoning. It is not surprising that the jungle of religious beliefs should grow denser as time moves on, when we consider the fructifying nature of the morass in which it vegetates. Theosophy is not new, but a rootlet sprung from an old stock of human thought, which retains the features of a parent four thousand years old, and through this very antiquity, presents the novelty of a fresh importation. When it came to the front as the resuscitation of a philosophy so old (one that had its origin in India), it revived in me the recollection of many puzzling queries submitted to me at different times on the subject of the advanced civilisation of the original Hindu, 15,000 or 2,000 B.C., and their elaborate Sanskrit language, at a period when the race, according to the Bible students, was in its infancy. It is well known that the Vedas, a Hindu religious sect of four thousand years ago, were strongly exercised in religious thought of a highly speculative nature, and the Bible scoffer of to-day points to this fact, and will suggest the

Bible to be an infringement of Vedic copyright.

The slander can only be satisfactorily answered by a sound knowledge of Bible truths, which shows the utter want of harmony between the Bible and all human speculation. Perhaps it may be interesting first to glance at the founder of Theosophy, and then look at the fountain whence she took her copious draught.

Madame Blavatsky was born in Southern Russia in 1831. She seems to have been a girl of strong will, sensitive organism, and large brain power, and as she merged into womanhood was surprised by the startling hypnotic or mesmeric phenomena (as we may call them) which she was able to manifest. There is no reason to suppose she understood the real nature of these. She supposed them to be spiritualistic gifts, and resolved to devote herself to the study of such manifestations. Being of a restless nature, and having many opportunities for travel, she was able to place herself in communication with men and things that aided her in a self-imposed task of psychological research, and in 1875, in New York, she drew round her many sympathetic spirits. But it was in India a few years later that her thoughts assumed definite shape, and Theosophy could be called a creed. Oriental literature was not new to her, for her ideas at this time were considerably tinged by it, and it was quite according to her taste that she spent her time among admiring groups of the literati of India, who talked Vedic philosophy and smoked cigarettes. From this time she had no toleration for any who were ignorant of the Vedas, and she pronounced a knowledge of Indian sacred literature indispensable to spiritual, or to use a Theosophical phrase, "astral" advancement. Madame Blavatsky proclaimed herself as the divinely commissioned messenger of a celestial hierarchy to make known the path by which

communication might be held with sublime Intelligences. She seems to have taught nothing of the ultimate destiny of man, but merely the opportunities lying before the human race for those who could appreciate them—a sort of endless incarnation and re-incarnation. And this, my friends, is the creed that is fermenting a section of modern society, some of whom are earnest, perhaps, and others, like the Athenians, who spent their time either to tell or to hear something new.

It is a characteristic of man that he is bent on satisfying his reason independently of divine enlightenment, and one natural train of thought in regard to his race is that man has advanced in knowledge and civilization from a state of imbecility. With this weapon of defence, he struts forth and points to certain evidences of early knowledge and science as proof that the Bible is wrong in ascribing the birthday of the first man so recently as 6,000 years ago.

But why should not man, when fresh from the hands of his Maker, have been as capable of thought as the philosophers of to-day? The answer would be, Because there would not be the material on which to exercise the brain. Very true, as regards recent discoveries and literature, but have there not been men of less favoured ages who have lived in seclusion and evolved great schemes—men who have had little intercourse and less literature at their command?

Can we conceive it possible that the immediate descendants of Adam or Noah, men in possession of strength that lasted hundreds of years, men who enjoyed the occasional society of angels—can we conceive that such would have less intellectual power and physical activity than the specimens of the well-worn stock in A.D. 1891?

Surely we are bound to concede that primitive man was likely to far exceed his remote descendants in philosophical exer-

cises, scientific deductions, and personal activity, and that his skill would find expression in vast buildings and modes by which he would surround himself with the conveniences of life. When men lived hundreds of years with unimpaired physique, the intellect must have been of a higher order than any with which we are acquainted.

Ah! if men only knew the Bible, they would see that a remote civilization is one of the greatest Bible supports, and when we find India and other nations in the van of philosophy and art, we see in it proof that the fountain head of the race is God.

When Noah's family dispersed themselves, they undoubtedly carried with them a good deal of the knowledge gained in the antediluvian world, and the superior offshoots of the house seem quickly to have shown their innate intellectual strength in the arts of war, architecture, and in philosophy. There were, however, many inferior branches who have left few marks of their existence, and may be termed pre-historic. Among these was a population in India about 2000 B.C. Their status became largely affected by Davidian inroads from the north-west. From one of these invasions, which was Aryan (a name given by history to a superior branch of the Noahic stock), sprung the early Hindu, or Veda, who brought with them the earliest civilizing influence, with a good deal of religious fervour, sadly marred, however, by the thinking of the flesh. Their Vedic religion was a highly philosophical creed, still preserved in some form by the educated classes of India, whose sentiments Madame Blavatsky embodied in the system now known as Theosophy. The Vedas were called Hindus from Hind, the quarter they first over-ran, and their Sanskrit language was one of the most elaborate forms of human speech, long

ceased to be spoken, and retained by India as a classic only.

I will briefly glance at the leading features of this Vedic philosophy, evolved by the human brain so long ago, and which in our day finds a response in a mentality bequeathed by the same parent-age.

The Vedic religion, or Vedanta philosophy, is based on the belief of one supreme being, invested with all perfection, but of a nature beyond the reach of thought, as not possessing any of the qualities by which the human mind is capable of comprehending intellectual or material entity. It taught that God was before all things, which is expressed in a highly elaborate and speculative way thus: "Then there was no entity or non-entity, no world or sky, nor water deep or dangerous. Death was not, nor immortality, nor distinction of day or night; but THAT breathed without afflation, single

with her who is within Him." It taught that the ultimate destination of the human soul is that of becoming reunited with the supreme soul, and the means of attaining that end is not the performance of sacrificial rites, but the comprehension of its own self.

Perhaps this is the earliest speculative philosophy on record, interesting to us as showing a glimmering of the primitive faith, such as would be handed down by Noah, distorted by a race glorying in intellectual exercises and vainly puffed up by their own attainments, bent on making a name for themselves, to the exclusion of their Creator, and busy in the effort of national aggrandisement and personal prominence.

Need we go far to see the picture reflected? Look at our literature: visit your neighbour: glance at public life. Truly there is no new thing under the sun.

IN OPEN CONFERENCE WITH READERS.

*** In this Department, the questions and criticisms of correspondents will be attended to on all kinds of topics. Correspondents will oblige by writing "Open Conference" at the head of their communications.*

169. **Cold and the Freezing Point.** "Can you explain why ice, which forms at 32 degrees Fahrenheit, should in itself be many degrees colder than 32?" (B.F.A.)—This may be taken as the inverse action of the law of steam. (See paragraph No. 176, this number.) The particles of water parting with heat become cohesive, and form ice at 32; but their power to surrender heat is not exhausted at that point. They can go on getting colder and more solid.

170. **Pons Asinorum.** "I should be glad to know the exact meaning of 'pons asinorum,' I frequently meet with as a

quoted phrase? I presume it is Latin." (O.O.W.)—Yes. It literally means the "bridge of asses." It is a phrase derived from the 5th proposition of the 5th book of Euclid, the diagram for which resembles the framework of a bridge, and the reasoning concerning which is such that "asses," of a figurative sort, easily stumble over it. The phrase is usually applied to anything that may be considered as a trap for stupidity.

171. "What is it?" "What is a Zoetrope? I heard the word mentioned the other day in connection with

some invention of Edison's?" (B.W.)—We never heard of a Zoetrope. The nearest approach to it is the word Zosterop, which is a kind of bird. It may be a newly-coined word if it has to do with Edison. There is no end to the new words science has given. Should any reader happen to know what a Zoetrope is, let him communicate.

172. **Madstones.**—A subscriber says he has heard of the madstones enquired after by a reader some time ago. They are a local notoriety in Virginia. They are porous in structure, and are said to have the property, when applied to a bite or wound, of extracting the poison or virus injected from the fangs or teeth of animals, which left unextracted would cause madness or death. But he is very sceptical as to the truth of the repute they enjoy.

173. **Watch Tower.**—*What phase of religious belief is represented by the periodical called "Zion's Watch Tower?"* (G.M.)—*The Watch Tower* is the organ of the Adventists, a somewhat large community in America that looks for the personal return of Christ without identifying that event with the hope of Israel. They may be considered a side growth from the Bible stock that has given us the truth in these latter days. The Adventists hold several features of the truth, with a nullifying admixture of error of various kinds, such as that the earth will be burnt up: that the Jews will not be restored: that there is no judgment for the saints: and a "second chance" for all men by resurrection for another life in the day of Christ.

174. **The Star Mizar.**—*"In what constellation is the 'Star Mizar' to be found? Is he visible to the naked eye and of what magnitude is he?"* (G.M.)—We have no knowledge of the star Mizar, nor can we obtain information from any of the accessible authorities. Such a star was mentioned by Professor Huggins in his presidential address at the meeting of the

British Association, according to the published reports, but it may have been a misprint for Mira. If so, it is remarkable for the variations that take place in the intensity of its light. From being a star of the second magnitude, it fades away till it becomes so dim as scarcely to be visible through powerful telescopes. It takes about 334 days for its change from greatest brightness to greatest dimness. If any of our readers should be able to supply information concerning Mizar, we shall be thankful.

175. **Columbus and 1891.**—*"I see the coming Exhibition at Chicago is called the Columbian Exhibition, in honour of Columbus. Why should he be singled out for this honour in a country that glorifies the memory of Washington above all? and what connection is there between the event and the date selected for the Exhibition?"* (O. T. W.)—Washington is glorified for securing the political independence of the States which were originally British Colonies under government from London. But Columbus was before Washington in the part he played in the New World. He was its discoverer. His full name is Christopher Columbus. He was of very humble origin. Born in Genoa, he settled while a lad with his brother at Lisbon, and became a maker of charts. On attaining manhood, he married the daughter of an Italian naval commander who had been employed in voyages of discovery. Through this connection, he himself took to a seafaring life. While employed in voyages to the west coast of Africa, he formed the conviction that there was another continent on the other side of the Atlantic. He pressed his conviction in various quarters, with a view to fitting out an expedition of discovery. His idea was scouted on all hands. At last he got the ear of the King and Queen of Spain, and through their influence he obtained the command of an expedition consisting of

three vessels. With this limited squadron, he sailed westward, and after unheard of dangers and difficulties, discovered the American mainland in 1493. The Chicago Exhibition will be held on the fourth centenary of the great event.

176. Steam and Heat.—“*Can you explain why steam should, as alleged, contain 960 degrees of heat, while water reaches the steam-forming or boiling point at 212 degrees; and why ice, which forms at 32 degrees Fahrenheit, should in itself be many degrees colder than 32?*” (B.F.A.)—There is no doubt about steam in its highest form containing 960 degrees of heat: but there is a great difference between the steam formed at 212 degrees, and saturated steam, or steam in its intensest form. What the difference is molecularly, it would be difficult to express, and it would not be intelligible when expressed; but the difference in a common-sense point of view is obvious. Water is an elastic body, and can hold any degree of heat between the lowest and the highest. When the heat communicated to it is over 212, it loses its cohesion, and becomes dissipated into lighter particles. If no more heat is added, and the heat communicated is maintained, it will have a little over 212 degrees and no more—supposing, too, the steam is in a closed vessel. But add heat? What takes place? The particles of the dissipated water absorbs the added heat, become more rarified, and want to occupy more space, as will be shewn if any part of the vessel is too weak to resist the increased pressure. This will go on increasing with the increase of heat. Up to a certain point of increase (all the water having been converted into steam), the steam is in the state understood by “saturated”; that is, it has no power to convert into steam any water that might be added. But let the heating go on, then comes a point at which it will convert added water into steam. This continues

till the highest point is reached, and is called the super-heated state. The difficulty apparent in the question is due to attaching the same sense to “steam” at 212 and “steam” at 960.

177. The Spectroscope.—“*What is the difference between a spectrum and a spectroscope; and how does the spectroscope enable us to measure the speed of the heavenly bodies?*” (G.M.)—The difference between the spectrum and the spectroscope may be compared to the difference between the images formed in the eye and the eye itself. The spectrum is the appearance (or spectacle) presented by the light coming through any dissolved or vapourised substance when analysed or broken up by the spectroscope. Thus the spectrum of iron vapour shows so many dark lines of certain lengths and distances from each other, and the spectrum of oxygen so many other lengths and distributions of dark lines. But these lines are made visible by the spectroscope, which is an optical instrument with a slit and a prism so adjusted as to admit and break up the light and show these appearances upon an object glass. It is usually connected with a telescope, so that the lines may be magnified and more conveniently studied. As to the employment of this instrument in measuring the speed of approaching heavenly bodies (for it is only to those coming towards us in a straight line that it can be applied), it would be difficult to describe the process so as to be understood. Suffice it to say, that as the whistle of an approaching train is stronger than the whistle of a train that is stationary at the same distance, so the action of light is stronger in an approaching body than in one that is stationary. The spectroscope registers this difference in a degree sufficient to enable studious and patient astronomers to form an idea of the rate of approach. But it is only a rough idea which may be entirely incorrect.

178. A Phenomenal Wave.—“*Some time ago, I saw an account of a large wave being encountered in the Atlantic during comparatively calm weather. The following is an extract from the narrative:—* ‘The sea was comparatively calm, and not a wave boarded the steamer, when suddenly the First Officer yelled, ‘My God I look at that wave.’ A great wall of water, many feet high, was hanging over the bow of the vessel, and as he spoke it broke. The vessel gave a heavy lurch as the wave tumbled over her bows, and it was a second before she regained her poise. The wave did no material damage, not even to the extent of breaking a rope; but it hurt a number of the seamen, who had gone forward to cross the jibsheet. One of them was dashed against the iron ventilator and had his jaw broken and his skull fractured, and died shortly. Others sustained severe injuries.’—What can be the explanation of such a strange occurrence as a large wave in calm weather?”—(E. G. C.)—Sailors say that such a phenomenon is not uncommon. They call such a wave a “ranger,” but they do not explain why such a wave should be ranging. The officers speak of it as “a winter wave,” without saying why there should be a winter wave in summer. Some think it is a tidal wave, but there are reasons against this. It is probably connected with volcanic disturbances ashore in connection with earthquakes. From this cause, the sea has been known to recede from the shore as much as half-a-mile. Such an occurrence as this must send a big sea ripple out into the ocean which would travel a long way before expending itself. If you let a great stone plunge into a lake, you will see a single ripple go off in all directions, and travel over the entire surface of the lake till it break upon the shore. This may illustrate what would be likely to happen through a sudden retiring of the sea upon itself from an

earthquake shock. The day will come when the last of these shocks will be heard of, after which, the earth will settle into everlasting and glorious repose. Geology does not teach this, except as showing us that these upheavals become more rare with the advance of time. It is to the Bible we are indebted for a knowledge of the future.

179. Measuring the speed of light.—“Please tell us about the machine for measuring the speed of light—what sort of a machine was it, and how did it demonstrate the velocity of light?” (G.M.)—There are various methods of measuring the velocity of light, but the simplest and most popular is by the photometer or light-measurer. This is simply a revolving two-foot-diameter wheel with 30 long teeth projecting from its circumference—the space between each tooth being double the thickness of a tooth. This, mounted on a 5-foot trestle or other convenient stand, will place you in a position to measure light. You have to stand behind it with your eye close to the circumference of the wheel, but just outside of it, at the bottom of the teeth. (It will be still better if you have a telescope mounted against the circumference of the wheel and your eye placed at the other end of the telescope). Behind you, and looking in the same direction as you are looking, must be a lantern (also on a stand), that is to send a ray of light to a distant mirror. The distance has to be considerable. The light is inside the lantern, but the nozzle of the lantern is closed. It must be an open air experiment. You must be on the top of one hill, and the mirror fixed at the top of another hill, say two miles away, and fixed in such a position that light emitted by the lantern will be reflected back in a direct line. When you are all ready, you or some one else must uncover the opening of the lantern. Now you look and you see the light of the

lantern reflected in the mirror, apparently almost in an instant. But you are none the wiser as to the time it has taken to go and come the two mile distance. Now you must turn the wheel. As you do so, the teeth pass over your eye or in front of the telescope one after the other. You turn it first slowly and then you increase the speed. At first the light in the mirror is dim. It grows dimmer as you turn the wheel faster. At last it seems to go out; you cannot see it. But go faster; strange to say, it begins to show again. Go faster still, it grows brighter and brighter until you see it as distinctly as when the wheel is at rest. Now you will have to study what this means, and you will discover it presently. The ray has to go and return before you see it. But if a screen were interposed (and each tooth of the wheel is a screen) before the ray had time to come back, you would not see it; but suppose the screen was past just before the ray returned, you would see it. This is what happens when the wheel turns at a certain rate. The light becomes invisible because the tooth-screen is before your eye before the ray of light has had time to return. When you quicken the speed, the tooth-screen is away before the ray returns; consequently you see it. Now the question is, how long does the ray take to go and come the two miles! You find this by considering the number of teeth that pass before your eye in a given time, which is easily ascertainable by watching the number of revolutions you give the wheel per minute at the speed necessary to bring the vanished light into view again. The result of the calculation will show you that the speed of light is at the rate of 186,000 miles in a second of time. This is the rate given by all the different methods of measurement.

180. **Theosophy.**—*Tell us something about this theosophy which Mrs. Besant has embraced after abandoning atheism. Is it*

a scientific system or a religious system or a philosophical system, or what? (B.S.)— It would be difficult in a sentence to give a clear account of theosophy. Indeed it is questionable if it could be done in many sentences: for it is a little answerable to that amusing and somewhat truthful definition of metaphysics which says "When two men are talking and one does not understand the other, and the other does not understand himself, that is metaphysics." In a certain rough and popular way, theosophy may be said to be an attempt to have religion without God. Of course, theosophists would resent such a definition, but this is what it comes to. They do not accept the Bible except as an allegorical expression of the universal religious principle, and what this is, they would be at a loss to tell. Mrs. Besant's definition is simple enough in a certain way—that whereas, as an atheist, she believed mind to be the result of matter, as a theosophist she believes matter to be the result of mind: in which there is a certain approximation to revealed truth, which gives us God, the eternal Spirit, as the antecedent of every created form and thing. Where it denies revealed truth would be in denying the personal Father, and, of course, in denying all His promises and the statement of His will by prophet and apostle, inspired in Israel. It is, indeed, a complete negation of revealed truth, and the substitution of a human conception arrived at as the result of watching human thought and feeling under discipline. It is the old story of the high thoughts of men exalting themselves against the knowledge of God. In the light of the revelation to Israel, it is pure heathenism. Practically, it puts man in the place of God, in making man in a state of so-called illumination his own law-giver, and himself the expression and form of the eternal. It blots out all distinct ideas of a future life, teach-

ing that at death, we are all absorbed into the universal ocean of spirits, but may return in a "re-incarnation" under other forms. Where it appeals at all to the sympathy of enlightenment is where it seems to be an honest endeavour to get away from a false theology which separates God from the material universe, and to give place and form to the rational and scriptural idea that all things exist in God, and are the expression of His wisdom and power in subjection to law. The truth revealed in the Bible solves all the problems when it is understood. It is the only beautiful and consistent and glorious system of religious ideas. Every other system is as the flare of the naphtha lamp to the shining of the sun. These other systems (and theosophy not least among the number) bring this feeling that if intellectual minds can believe such things to be true, how easy it ought to be for intellectual minds to receive the whole system of Bible truth which stands upon the basis of historic fact and not of human speculation, and which has a beauty as self-evidently superhuman as the sky is superhuman compared with a barn roof.

MY DAYS AND MY WAYS.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XVI.

WE stayed in Birmingham five weeks. Large audiences attended the phrenological lectures in the Music Hall, Broad Street (since converted into a theatre and yecept the Prince of Wales), and during the day, a great number of well-to-do persons came to the consultation rooms for phrenological examinations. My duty consisted of attending the consultation rooms, and taking my turn at

taking down these examinations and afterwards writing them out. This was day work: in the evening, I took part as a door keeper. This was the routine of our first five weeks of Birmingham life, ending with a tea meeting, at which Fowler and Wells were lionised and phrenology glorified as the grand reformer of the ills of mankind. There was a vote of thanks also to the shorthand writers and door keepers, to which I was put up to respond. I elicited some applause by suggesting that when the old heads had finished their day, the young ones might step into their shoes and continue their work. Man proposes, but God disposes. This programme would have led to different results in many ways. My plans of life were exceedingly vague at that time, and, indeed, they have never had any definiteness as regards the present state. The view before me and my companion at that time was mainly this, that there were but a few years to run before the Lord's coming, and that our business was to get through faithfully on all points till then. There has never been any alteration on this point, though things took definite shape by and bye. The service of phrenology would have been a beggarly calling, which was prevented by and bye.

The principal feature of interest to us during our Birmingham stay was our Sunday intercourse with a handful of people who had been interested in Dr. Thomas's visit and lectures in 1849, and of whose existence we learnt from occasional hints in the *Herald of the Kingdom*, and otherwise. They were not organised as a "church," or even as an ecclesia, but met together in a very informal way on Sunday evenings in the upper room (bath room) of a barber's shop in Summer Lane, to read Dr. Thomas's writings. There might be getting on for a dozen of them when they were all there. The room just held them. The soul of the

cotery was Mr. Thomas Davis, a water-works official, who had not himself obeyed the truth, but felt a keen interest in everything socially pertaining to it. He was treasurer and general manager of affairs. There was another man who stood much in the background, and rarely attended, and yet who was much more pronouncedly of the fraternal type than any of them. This was Mr. Bailey, a working jeweller, whose wife kept a grocer's shop in New John Street West. He was a fatherly and devout man, short and full-bodied, with round, anxious face and fully developed head. He was the quiet, tender-hearted father of a large family. He was full of devotional feeling, which almost invariably found vent in tears when he prayed. He was for this reason known among some of us as "the weeping brother." He and his Emily have long since gone to rest.

On the report of our presence, he came to the little meeting. The state of things was immediately the subject of conversation. I pointed out the unscripturalness of the chaos that prevailed, and recommended the proper incorporation of all immersed friends of the truth, and them only, as an ecclesia for the regular breaking of bread, and the proclamation of the truth. With these ideas Mr. Bailey most readily agreed, and something like immediate steps were taken for carrying them into effect. Friend Davis took a back seat, as the Americans say, and an ecclesia was regularly organised, and lectures commenced. At their request, I lectured every Sunday evening to a suffocatingly crowded audience in the barber's bath-room that would not comfortably seat perhaps over 16. It was a small affair, to the verge of contemptibility, but it was a beginning, and long experience has taught the wisdom of not despising the day of small things. Small things may be precious things. Everything

depends upon the germ at work. My companion and I met with them seven successive Sundays. We were only five of these Sundays in Birmingham, but as our next town of call was Wolverhampton, only some 15 miles off, we came to Birmingham on the two Sundays we were located there. These seven Sundays afterwards led to a movement which brought us back to Birmingham. In Birmingham, we have ever since remained—never, however, with a settled feeling, but always with a sense of the *pro. tem.* sort, like a steamship at a port of call, or a bird of passage that has lighted on a promontory for a brief rest, and that presently will resume flight.

A fortnight at gloomy Wolverhampton was succeeded by a visit of similar duration to Leicester. We were struck with the brightness and beauty of Leicester, after Wolverhampton; and with the animation and apparent intelligence of the people. The remark mutually exchanged was that Leicester would be a good field for the truth if by any means it could once be introduced. There were no brethren in the place in those days. There is now a considerable and interesting ecclesia, the result of rootlets struck out from Birmingham. A brother in the latter town had a cousin in the former. The brother introduced the truth to the cousin, and the cousin, an energetic young man who ran well for a time, did not rest till he got lectures delivered in the place. One thing led to another. There have been ups and downs, as there have been everywhere. Affliction, outside and in, has been severe enough to kill it, but the truth has proved a hardy plant that nothing can destroy. The young man who introduced it afterwards attempted to uproot it, but he found he had started a force that cannot be controlled.

From Leicester we went to Nottingham, another clean and interesting and thriving

town. Here there was an ecclesia, which made our visit much more interesting to ourselves. We were made welcome guests at the hospitable house of brother John Turney, who had a large and promising family of sons and daughters. Since then there have been storms and gales and wrecks: but some safely ride at their anchors still. The phrenological lectures were a feature of interest in the town; but the brethren were the great attraction to us. They did not prove the thoroughly spiritual community that we imagined them to be. This was not to be wondered at in view of their quite recent emergence from Campbellism. There were some fine men among them, but their hold on the Scriptures proved to be but feeble. One highly promising young man, indeed, fell away quite soon to open infidelity—a son of a very fervent father and grandfather, who both fell asleep in the faith. His apostacy was preceded by a course of theatre-going and pleasure, following in which, greatly to my distress, he was encouraged by a brother in another part of the county, who also made shipwreck at the last. Others were but partly enlightened and only partly in love with spiritual things: lively, nice, interesting people, but much more interested in each other and in their houses than in the great things of God, which claim the supreme affection. This is not peculiar to Nottingham, nor to any spot on the earth's surface. It is part of the disease common at a time when God has temporarily suspended visible participation in the affairs of men, leaving His written word alone to represent Him (a visible monument for which we are not thankful enough). The effect of the mixed state of things was soon seen in frictions and fermentations, which at last ended in disruption. Disruption has continued more or less the order of the day ever since; and, indeed, must necessarily be the history of the truth everywhere in the

absence of its great centre and head: for this simple reason: some love the truth and some do not, mistaking the love of the social circumstances generated by the truth for the love of the truth itself. (No discerning person will deny the truthfulness of this proposition.) Now when two classes of persons in this condition associate together, sooner or later the divergence of their affections becomes manifest to each other. When this arises, antagonism, passive at first, becomes more and more distinct as circumstances afford scope for it, till at last it assumes the complexion of animosity, especially on the part of those who are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. Men of God have no animus, however much they may have to dissent from those whose eyes and heart are shut towards him. Of course, it is possible there may be much division where there is little or no godliness, and all the more because of the absence of godliness on either side. Still, the presence of godliness does operate as an irritant. Godliness has no pleasure in irritations of any kind, but loves peace and seeks it; and is therefore liable to flee from the presence of strife and seek in solitude that communion with God which is obstructed by the disunions of men. There is a possibility of erring in this direction; for it is one of the appointments of God in the present evil state that godliness should fight the evil and earn the crown that waits a faithful course at the end.

Our stay in Nottingham ended with a phrenological tea-meeting, in which we had no heart. The tea-meeting took place in the open air at the Arboretum, and would have been a very pleasant affair had it been on the basis of enlightenment towards God and submission to His appointment: but as a mere festival of the flesh, it was not far from being nauseous—glorifying man who is not worthy

of it, and deifying a science that merely shows us man's dark interior (for the high sounding names of his organs, conscientiousness, veneration, benevolence, &c., are, when rightly understood, but names of capacity, not of endowment: the mere description of potentialities depending upon divine education for development, apart from which, man is a barbarian).—Our next move was to Derby, but whether we stayed there or not I cannot at this distance of time be certain. If I had not been there many times since in another capacity, I would have remembered. My companion thinks we stayed: and it seems very likely on the face of it: but the memory of it has clean gone—except a dim impression to the effect that the visit was a failure on account of the religious opposition felt by the Derby people towards phrenology. Such an opposition would be logical if immortal soul religion were the truth: for, certainly, phrenology takes the bottom out of immortal soulism by showing that human mentality is an affair of corruptible organisation, and not of incorruptible and detachable essence. Some were sharp enough to see this, but the majority comforted themselves with a kind of intellectual juggle to the effect that the brain was but the musical instrument on which the soul performed, and that, of course, when the strings were short or loose, the performer was not responsible for the abortive sound. The fallacy pleased shallow minds that preferred to be both phrenological and orthodoxical, especially such as were not much in earnest on the latter point, who constitute the overwhelming majority. But higher minds resented the absurdity, and scouted phrenology as the invention of the devil. That this was the highly respectable and unenlightened state of mind among the Derby people, I should greatly doubt from subsequent experience.

FRAGMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE.

SHIRTS were first worn in the 8th century.

A full grown whale weighs about 100 tons.

A pint of water will make 260 gallons of steam.

Fifty pounds of wheat contains forty pounds of flour.

A London omnibus carries over 2,500 passengers a week.

A bronze halfpenny is exactly one inch in diameter. If it is laid on an Ordnance map drawn to an inch scale, it covers just 500 acres.

About 3,500 persons are annually wounded and killed in the London streets by the cabs, and there are some 14,000 of these vehicles running.

"Albert" chains are so called after the Prince Consort, who was presented with a chain of this kind on his visit to the Birmingham Exhibition in 1846.

There have been over 450 systems of shorthand. The original system is said to have been invented by Willis, in 1602. Pitman's was originated in 1837.

A man with a turn for statistics has computed that more than 4,000,000 miles of blood pass through the veins of an ordinary human being during a lifetime of seventy years.

POPULOUS CITIES.—The following cities contain a population of over 250,000 souls:—Breslau, Germany; Copenhagen, Denmark; Hamburg, Germany; Lucknow, India; Milan, Italy; Osaka, Japan; Rio de Janeiro, South America; Shanghai, China; Sheffield, England; Welhein, China; Taijnen-fu, China.

DECISIVE BATTLES.—The naval battle of Trafalgar, 21st October, 1805, in which the destruction of the French fleet that was to have diverted the attention of the English fleet while Napoleon was bringing

an army across the English Channel for the invasion of England, deranged Napoleon's plans, and rendered that project impossible. Nelson, the English Admiral, was killed, but the importance of his victory made the nation feel he had sold his life dearly.

TRADE WITH OTHER COUNTRIES.—

Russia does a large trade with England, notwithstanding the political incompatibilities between the two countries. She exports grain, iron, hemp, timber, linen, furs, tallow and platina. *Spain* and *Portugal* supply the English market with silk, wine, wool, oil, fruit and salt. *Sweden* and *Norway*, with fish, timber, copper, iron and steel; *Switzerland* with watches, jewelery, paper, laces, linen, cotton, and various kinds of manufactured silk goods.

HIGH MOUNTAINS.—Two other mountains, besides those mentioned in previous numbers, are just a mile high, viz.:—Mount Marcy, in New York State, U.S.A., and Mount Hecla, a volcanic mountain in Iceland. Ben Nevis in Scotland, is nearly a mile high. It is the highest mountain in Great Britain. The following are just three-quarters a mile high:—Mount Mansfield, Vermont, U.S.A.; Peaks of Otter, Virginia, U.S.A.; Mount Vesuvius, Naples; Round Top, Catskill Mountains, State of New York, U.S.A. All under three-quarters of a mile, of which there are thousands on the earth, may be considered hills.

THE BAROMETER AND THE WEATHER.

The barometer is "a familiar instrument," that few understand. The general opinion is that when the mercury rises in the tube, there will be less wind or rain; when it falls, there will be more wind or rain, and that when it remains steadily high, a period of fine dry weather is probable; and that while it remains low, the weather will continue wet and unsettled. "These interpretations are usually correct, but

sometimes wrong." The words "fair," "change," "rain," &c., which are often printed on the scales of barometers, are of little value. The changes of level of the mercury are greater in winter than in summer, and the height of the column is likewise dependent on elevation above the sea level and other circumstances, so that the same scale of words could not suit all seasons or all places, even if the level of the mercury alone indicated the condition of the weather, which is very far from being the case. It is not to the mere height of the mercury in a barometer on a particular day that we are to look in order to judge of the weather; but to the fact of its having risen or fallen, or remained steady since the day before, or the last time it was set, and even this alone will not supply conclusive evidence. The popular saying that nothing is so uncertain as the weather, remains true in spite of all science. The "weather warnings" are only approximations a day or so ahead, and as often wrong as right.

HARMS AND AILMENTS.

A DRY sweet atmosphere will do more than medicine to prevent many ailments.

THE conquering nations of all ages have been those of strong bodies and trained minds.

CELLARS should be properly ventilated. Unless there is full ingress for fresh air, dampness and unhealthiness will be perpetually rampant.

SICK HEADACHE.—It is stated that two teaspoonsful of finely powdered charcoal, drunk in half a tumbler of water, will give immediate relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by too much acid on the stomach.

COLD IN THE HEAD.—Pollion, of France, recommends the inhaling of harts-horn for curing colds in the head. The

inhalation by the nose he recommends seven or eight times in five minutes. Spirits of camphor may be used in the same manner with beneficial results.

ACHES AND PAINS.—Mrs F. — 1. *What would be good for the ague, dumb or shaking?* **ANS.**—1. Five grains quinine every six hours, also take three compound cathartic pills once a week. 2. *What would be good for continual pain in right side of chest and under shoulder blade of same side; very weak and get tired out easily; poor appetite; bad colour.* **ANS.**—2. Muriate of ammonia, 4 drachms; iodine of potash, 1 drachm; fluid extract of liquorice, 6 ounces. Dose.—A teaspoonful in water after meals.

FRUIT AS A CORRECTIVE.—Vegetable acids are necessary to a healthy condition of the blood. This is proved by the state into which those persons get who on a long sea voyage are cut off from the use of fruit. The apple is one of the best fruits for general use. It contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. It is admirably adapted as food, as well a corrective for those of sedentary habits (weakly and the aged or robust), serving to renew the essential nervous matter of brain and spinal cord and to eliminate noxious matters from the body.—S.J.M.

THE STOMACH.—In the financial economy, it is generally found that if we “take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves,” so in the physical economy, take care of the stomach and the rest of the body will take care of itself. This depends upon apparently small matters, such as what we eat. Some say “Oh, but too much thinking about what we eat makes morbid dyspeptics.” So it does, if our thoughts be suffered to dwell upon ourselves, but we need not run from one extreme to another. It is better to be guided by reason in diet and forget what we have eaten, than to eat indiscriminately

and then be compelled to reflect upon the process of digestion. The old saying “What is one man’s meat is another man’s poison” is only true in a very superficial sense, and carried too far is nonsense, since “Law governs the universe.” Each distinct class of the animal kingdom has its own laws of food suited to the organism of each, and these laws cannot be transgressed without eventual injury. In the lower creation, instinct governs, but man has been given a superior guide: his intellect, and if he used it more than he does, there would be less disease. “The life is in the blood,” and the blood is made from the food, and therefore it lies greatly under our control to make our blood pure or impure; either blood that will convey to the various organs and tissues the necessary elements of nutrition; or blood so loaded with extraneous matter that the whole system is upset in its effort to throw off what it cannot utilize.—S.J.M.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

KEROSENE will make tin kettles as bright as new.

RIPE tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.

A TABLESPOONFUL of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid in the whitening process.

If you are making milk porridge, or milk gravy of any kind, do not put the salt in till the dish is ready. Salt curdles new milk.

RUSTY FLAT IRONS.—You can make them as clean and smooth as glass by the use of beeswax and salt. Keep a lump of wax tied in a rag for the purpose. When the irons are hot, rub with the wax rag, then scour with a cloth sprinkled with salt.

BREAD SAUCE FOR A ROAST FOWL.—Chop a small onion fine, and boil it in a

pint of milk for five minutes ; then add about 10 ounces of bread-crumbs, a bit of butter, pepper and salt to season ; stir the whole on the fire for 10 minutes. Do not let it boil.

OATMEAL PREPARATION.—Oatmeal is very nice prepared the following way : Put a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut and a teaspoonful of salt in three pints of boiling water, then add one half-pint of oatmeal ; for 10 minutes let it boil fast, stirring frequently ; then place it over a saucepan of boiling water, to continue cooking slowly for about half an hour. When over the water it will only need stirring occasionally.

DON'T HURRY.—Go about your business coolly, moderately, faithfully, heartily. Hurrying, fretting, fumbling, spluttering, will do no good—not in the least. Are great works of great men done in a hurry ? Not at all. They are the produce of time and patience—the result of slow solid development. Nothing ought to be done in a hurry. It is contrary to nature, reason, right, justice, and common sense. Your man of hurry is no sort of character at all—always in confusion, loose at every point, unhinged and unjointed, blowing and puffing here and there, with all his efforts ending in smoke.

BUTTERMILK BREAD.—Two pounds of flour, brown or white, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, one-eighth of an ounce of bicarbonate of soda, a pinch of salt, a dessertspoonful of white sugar, if liked. Put the flour into a basin, and mix all the other ingredients on a board, taking care to leave no lumps ; add to the flour, and mix in a firm dough with sour buttermilk, knead it a little, make it into loaves, and bake it at once. Sour does not mean rancid buttermilk. If it is sweet, double the baking-powder and leave out the soda ; but it will not be so good.

BARLEY PUDDING.—Few people are aware how digestible and nutritious a

pudding may be made with pearl barley. It requires several hours' soaking in cold water after first being washed in warm ; then the water drained off, and a quart of good milk added to each teacupful of barley, and about four ounces of sugar—white is nicest. The pie-dish must be well greased, and the oven as slow as possible—the slower the better. If two or three hours are given to the cooking the pudding will be rich and creamy, but a hot oven would spoil it completely, as it would be nothing more than a lumpy, curdled mess. Any flavouring may be added, but grated nutmeg is better than any other.

QUIET WAYS ARE BEST.

What's the use in worrying,
Of hurrying,
And scurrying,
Everybody flurrying
And breaking up their rest,
When everyone is teaching us,
Preaching and beseeching us,
To settle down and end the fuss,
For quiet ways are best.

The rain that trickles down in showers
A blessing brings to thirsty flowers,
And gentle zephyrs gather up
Sweet fragrance from each brimming cup.
There's ruin in the tempest's path ;
There's ruin in a voice of wrath.

They alone are blest
Who early learn to dominate
Themselves, their violence abate,
And prove by their serene estate
That quiet ways are best.

Nothing's gained by worrying,
By hurrying,
And scurrying ;
With fretting and with flurrying,
The temper's often lost ;
And in pursuit of some small prize
We rush ahead and are not wise,
And find the unwonted exercise
A fearful price has cost.

'Tis better far to join the throng
That do their duty right along ;
Reluctant they to raise a fuss,
Or make themselves ridiculous.

Calm and serene in heart and nerve,
 Their strength is always in reserve,
 And nobly stand each test ;
 And every day and all about,
 By scenes within and scenes without,
 We can discern with ne'er a doubt,
 That quiet ways are best.

“STOCK” IN THE LARDER.—No house should be without a little stock ; it is to a cook what oil is to an oil painter ; it is the life and soul of all domestic cooking, and has its origin in the French *pot au feu*. In preparing a stock, the object is to extract from the materials the best broth, and for this purpose, we should have a saucepan or stock-pot of tinned iron.—*How to prepare stock.* To make three quarts of good beef stock. 1. Put into a saucepan or stock-pot 2 lbs. fresh shin of beef, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bones broken into pieces, with 7 pints of clean rain-water, if you have it. 2. Let the contents come slowly to the boil. 3. Remove all scum by frequent skimming. The addition of a little cold water at intervals will facilitate the rising of the scum by altering the specific gravity of the water. If the scum be not removed, it will partially redissolve and spoil the clearness and flavour of the stock, and you will have the trouble of clarifying. Scum is often the dirt of saucepan. After well skimming add the following :—1 oz. of salt, 1 onion, weighing 5 oz., with 2, or at most 3, cloves stuck in it ; 2 leeks, say 5 oz. ; half head of celery, weighing $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ; turnips, cut into quarters, weighing 5 oz. ; carrot, sliced, weighing 5 oz. ; parsnip, sliced, weighing 1 oz. ; 1 teaspoonful of whole pepper. The contents must now simmer at 180 or 200 degrees for four or five hours. Remove the fat by skimming, which can be used when cold for frying or other purposes. Take out the meat, vegetables, and bones, and strain the stock into an earthenware vessel or large basin, and

keep it in a cool place free from dust. A piece of muslin gauze may be placed over it. Any remaining fat can be removed in a solid state when the liquor is cold. Stock, soup, broth, or stew should always be kept in earthenware vessels. The vegetables should not remain longer in the stock than is necessary to properly cook them, as they afterwards absorb the flavour. In spring and summer, when vegetables are young, they cook in less time, but a stock may be, and often is, prepared without vegetables, when the flavour is more delicate. Be careful not to disturb the sediment in pouring from one vessel to another. Always prepare your stock a day or two before it is required.

HISTORY OF COOKING.—The history of cooking is the history of our manners and our civilisation. The ancient Britons lived chiefly on coarsely-bruised barley mixed with milk. Sheep were unknown. Hares, geese, and fowls were prohibited as food by the Druids. At this early period there was nothing which deserved the name of cooking. A Roman banquet was a marvel of gastronomic genius. Lampreys fattened on human flesh, a pig half boiled and half roasted, stuffed with small birds, and so skilfully managed that it was impossible to detect the line which separated the parts, peacocks' brains simmered in wine, nightingales' tongues, snail broth, and parrots with onion sauce were favourite dishes. The Roman soldier worked harder than the Greek, and his rations were about one pound and a half of bruised barley, and three ounces of linseed or olive oil, and a pint of wine. Cooking in its best sense is not a device to make men eat *more* than is good for them. This is the abuse of an art which has its origin in the necessities of man. The chief meat of the Anglo-Saxon was pork or bacon, and the swineherd was a necessary servant in every homestead. Mud huts, with dirt floors and a fire in the centre, were often the residence

of Saxon kings. In the halls of the nobility an oak board was placed on tressels and removed after meals. On great occasions it was covered with a cloth richly embroidered. The wealthy lived chiefly on wheaten bread, game, eels, fowls, pork, venison; and the servants were called *loaf-eaters*. Knives were in general use, but forks were unknown. The old English families of the Cokes or Cooks sprang from professional cooks, and the names Butler, Brewer, and Baker have their origin in trade. William the Conqueror bestowed portions of land on his Master Kitchener. It is stated that "Robert Argyllon holdeth a piece of land in Addington, in Surrey, by the service of making one mess in an earthen pot in the Kitchen of our lord the King, on the day of his coronation, which mess is a kind of plum porridge or water gruel, with plums stoned and put into it." This dish was served up at the royal table by the lord of the manor of Addington at the coronation of George IV., and probably at the coronation of subsequent sovereigns. In the 13th and 14th centuries the art of cooking had greatly advanced. The monks of St. Swithin made a formal complaint to the king that the abbot had ordered the withdrawal of *three out of the fourteen courses* usually served at dinner. The clergy kept excellent tables, and were given to hospitality—no one was turned from the door without a meal. The monks of Canterbury, except on special days and seasons set apart by the church, had *seventeen courses* daily, besides dessert, dressed with all sorts of flavours and sauces. Before the Reformation the people of England were celebrated for good living, hospitality, and abundance of food. In the reign of James II. the art of cooking had fallen to its lowest depths. How much misery and indigestion, and bad temper, arise from bad cooking! Cooking in its perfection is an experimental science.

PLEASING VARIETIES.

HE who reads well and reflects wisely is laying bye a perpetual feast for his old age.

DELIBERATE with caution, but act with decision; yield with graciousness or oppose with firmness.

HE is a more noble warrior who subdues himself than he who, in battle, conquers thousands.

USUALLY speaking, the worst bred person in company is a young traveller just returned from abroad.

EXCESS of ceremony is always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in strong soil.

To live is not merely to breathe, it is to act; to make use of our organs,—our senses, our faculties,—of all those parts of ourselves which gives us the feeling of existence.

ENTHUSIASM is one of the most powerful engines of success. When you do a thing, do it with a will, do it with your might, put your whole soul into it, stamp it with your own personality. Be active, be energetic, be enthusiastic and faithful, and you will accomplish your object. Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

MATERIAL FOR AN ACROSTIC.

If you stick a stick across a stick
 Or stick a cross across a stick
 Or cross a stick across a stick
 Or stick a cross across a cross
 Or cross a cross across a stick
 Or cross a cross across a cross
 Or stick a cross stick across a stick
 Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick
 Or cross a crossed stick across a cross
 Or cross a crossed stick across a stick
 Or cross a crossed stick across a crossed stick

What would be the effect on the cross or on the stick?

A NATURAL INK.—In New Granada grows a plant which is locally known as

the "ink plant" and scientifically as *coriaria thymifolia*. Its juice serves, without the slightest preparation, as ink. At first the writing appears red, but in a few hours it assumes a deep black hue. Steel pens are entirely unharmed by this fluid, which is free from the corrosive properties of ordinary ink. Several sheets of manuscript, written with this natural ink, became soaked with sea water on their journey to Europe, but, when dried, the writing was found to be still perfectly clear.

SHARKS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.—The piercing of the Isthmus of Suez has opened a way from sea to sea for others than the world's navies. It has opened a way for the sharks. The multiplication of these dread fishes in the Mediterranean is a consequence of the Suez Canal that was not foreseen. Formerly an occasional shark would double the Cape and pass through the Straits of Gibraltar in the wake of a ship. But now there is an increasing number of the ravenous creatures, especially in the Adriatic. The recent capture of several is reported from the Gulf of Fiume; and now there is the warning heretofore unknown to bathers there, "Beware of the sharks."

THE SOUND OF LIGHT.—Light, we now learn, has sound, and can be heard. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce the solar spectrum. This is turned upon a disc containing coloured silk or wool, and as the coloured lights of the spectrum fall upon it sounds are given by different parts of the spectrum, and there is silence in other parts. For instance, if the green light flashes upon red worsted, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds are heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the worsteds, and other colours evoke no sound at all. Green silks give sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less

sound in different colours, and no sound in others.

DOESN'T KNOW WHO HE IS.—Eight years ago George Wiggins went from Robbinsville to the west. For two years he wrote regularly to his folks. In his last letter he wrote that he was going to Montana. This was the last they heard of him. Recently his father went to search for him and found him, but he might as well have been a stranger. It seems that when he arrived in Montana, he went to work in a saw mill, and soon after he commenced work he was struck on the side of the head by a flying timber, which knocked him senseless. For a long time his life was despaired of, but he finally recovered, and when he was better he had no knowledge of who he was. Memory of all previous life was gone. This was why his letters stopped.

THE QUEEN AND CARLYLE.—Mr. Browning used (says the *World*) sometimes to refer to the only occasion on which he ever spoke to the Queen. Some years ago the late Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley invited him, among others, to tea at the Deanery to meet the Queen, and a small and select party were present, Mr. Carlyle being one. The company, as was befitting in the presence of their Sovereign, were respectfully silent, only joining in the conversation when addressed. The Queen began to talk to Mr. Carlyle, and expressed her opinions on some matter from which he differed, and he, as usual, contradicted her and silenced her, retaining hold of the conversation till the Queen rose to go. As the Queen left the room, she stopped at the door to speak to Mr. Browning and say good-bye, remarking, "What a very extraordinary man Mr. Carlyle is! Does he always talk like that? I never met him before." And Mr. Browning was only able to assure her that it was his invariable custom.

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REMARKABLE EPISODES IN HISTORY.—No. 16.

A MONSTER MONARCH.

IN all the dark annals of France, there is nothing that descends to the baseness and atrociousness that characterised the reign of Louis XI. in the middle of the 15th century. As a young man, he embittered the latter days of his wise and generous father, Charles VII., with sorrow, and brought him to an untimely end. He revolted against his father, and formed a plot to take him off by poison, hearing which, the father abstained from all food till it was too late to restore him. He literally died that his son might not kill him.

Louis XI. immediately dismissed the respectable ministers who had served his father, and appointed men of his own character from the lowest of the people—subtle, deceitful, unfeeling, and cruel. His aim was to ruin the power of the nobles, that the throne might be aggrandized. The nobles took alarm and raised an army to oppose him. The King also raised an army, and there was a battle which was a victory for neither side. Peace was concluded on terms advantageous to the rebels, which the tyrant never meant to fulfil. He submitted the treaty containing those terms to an assembly of the States, which he induced to declare

the treaty void in all those clauses that were unfavourable to himself. After this, one of the nobles, the Duke of Burgundy, raised another army to oppose the King. The King, who lacked true courage, was afraid to accept battle, and proposed an accommodation, offering to pay the Duke of Burgundy's military expenses on condition he would disband his troops. The Duke asked a personal interview at Perrone—a place in his (the Duke's) possession. He wished to arrange terms. The King consented, but at the same time sent emissaries to Liege, one of the Duke's towns, commanding them to revolt against the Duke. He then went to the conference at Perrone. While the conference was proceeding, amid every possible mark of friendship, intelligence arrived that the people of Liege had broken out into open rebellion at the instigation of royal emissaries. The Duke instantly arrested the King and shut him up in the Castle of Peronne. At the end of three days, after vainly trying to corrupt the officers of the Duke, the King expressed his willingness to such terms of release as the Duke might impose. The Duke demanded that the King should march with him against Liege and assist in the reduction of a place that had revolted at his own request. The King consented: Liege was taken, on which the King was allowed to depart. The King returned

to Paris. The affair of his compulsory march to Peronne was treated with a degree of ridicule that was very painful to him. All the magpies and jays were taught to cry "Peronne! Peronne!"—the name of the place at which the humiliating treaty was submitted to. He was so vexed that he ordered all the talkative birds to be destroyed. He then entered upon a course of the most exasperating tyranny. When an estate or province rebelled under the ruinous exactions to which he subjected it, he would march a force to the place, seize and behead every man who opposed him, and take possession of everything he could lay his hands on and divide the spoil with his infamous ministers. His brother, Charles, he caused to be poisoned: his brother-in-law, Count of Armagnac, he beheaded, along with several other noblemen. One of these was the Duke de Nemours. The King caused the Duke's family to attend his execution, and to stand quite near. He ordered the blood of the beheaded nobleman to be sprinkled upon his children, and then had them hurried off, wet with blood, to prison. In the course of his mad career, he put to death, otherwise than by war, about 4,000 persons. Many of these he tortured before despatching them. He was usually present at all executions, in which he took a fiendish delight. Many of the nobility he confined in iron cages, and had them carried about like wild beasts. Others were loaded with galling fetters.

After many other rapacious deeds (which had the one compensating advantage of uniting many of the outlying provinces of France to a central authority), he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, which threw him into a lingering illness. During this illness, his cowardly mind suffered great torment from the anticipation of death. He could trust no one around him. He often changed his residence and his

domestics, under the pretence that nature delights in change. At length, he took up his abode in the castle of Plessiz-les-Tours, which he ordered to be encompassed with large bars of iron, in the form of a grate, with four watch towers of iron at the four corners. The grates were outside the wall on the further side of the ditch, and went to the bottom. Spikes of iron planted as thick as possible were fastened in the wall, and cross-bowmen were placed in the ditches and in the watch towers, with orders to shoot any one who dared to approach the castle before the opening of the gate at 8 o'clock in the morning, when the courtiers were permitted to enter. Even during the day, the captains were ordered to watch with double guard, as in a town closely besieged.

The exertions to prolong the tyrant's miserable existence were of the same extreme character. The Pope sent him the most precious relics: a hermit from Calabria in special repute was brought to pray for him: the most beautiful girls that could be procured were kept around him to minister to him; the finest music soothed him: the first physician attended him at the enormous cost of ten thousand crowns a month: all in vain. He died after suffering more severe tortures than any he had inflicted during his reign. He died without being lamented. 20

"If you are a diamond, be sure that you will be found. Cheek, brass, or gall never gets ahead of merit."

"It is the coward who fawns upon those above him; it is the coward that is insolent whenever he dares to be so."

"Don't be afraid of pounding persistently at one thing. Don't be afraid of being called a one-idea man or a crank. If you have one idea, you have one more than most men have. It takes a smart man to be a crank."

FINISH OF THE FEAST.

The most wonderful Phase of Modern History.
—No. 17.

THE SUBJECTS OF PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. France oppressed for centuries (p. 2, vol. i.); 2. States-General demanded and summoned (p. 43); 3. The election amid public excitement (p. 82); 4. Meeting of the States-General (p. 123); 5. Food scarcity and public riot; the soldiers mutinous (p. 163); 6. Attack on the Bastille Prison (p. 202); 7. Flight of the aristocracy: assassination of officials (p. 242); 8. Pillage of the country and burning of castles (p. 283); 9. The women march to Versailles (p. 323); 10. They invade the assembly sitting there (p. 362); 11. The palace forced by the mob (p. 403); 12. The King compelled to remove to Paris (p. 442); 13. Trouble and darkness in France (p. 2, vol. ii.); 14. A hubbub Parliament out of doors (p. 42); 15. The Jacobin's Club and the three weeks' swearing (p. 82); 16. Outburst of serious theatricals (p. 123).

MEANWHILE, from all points of the compass, Federates are pouring in to take part in the National Performance of Federation. Parisians march forth to receive them—with military solemnities, with fraternal embracings, with heroic hospitalities. Each new troop puts its hand to the spade and lifts a hod of earth to the altar of Fatherland. There is a delirium of good fellowship. One captain kneels wet-eyed before the king, whose tears also flow; he gives up his sword as to the Restorer of the nation's liberty. Alas! the liberty will, by-and-bye, take off the king's head, and many others as well.

Wednesday, July 14 (the day fixed for the National Performance), arrives. It is cold for July, but the enthusiasm is warm, the National Amphitheatre (three miles round, with openings at intervals—strange that it should be the Ezekiel circle

measurement) is ready, open and inviting. Through every inlet floods the living throng, and, without disorder, slowly fills the vast interior like water filling the beds of a lake. There are picturesque galleries here and there for special orders, and triumphal arches with inscriptions. The altar of Fatherland towers aloft in the centre, and over it pans of incense suspended on tall crane standards of iron, and dispensing sweet perfumes. Three hundred thousand patriotic men and women, all decked and beaming, sit waiting expectant within that circle of bright-dyed life. And beyond the circle on all sides are onlookers who could not be accommodated—on the distant windmills of Montmartre—on remotest steeple, and village belfry stand men with spy-glasses. On the heights of Challot are many coloured undulating groups, and cannon also, as on all neighbouring eminences, ready loaded, to announce at the right moment to all France that the function has begun. France that cannot see is listening for the muffled thunder that is to tell them that they too may begin swearing and firing.

The 300,000 being assembled, and waiting in circular spectatorship, there is a large open central space to be filled. Music announces the approaching stream that is to enter and fill this space. First come separately-bannered bodies representing the whole 83 departments of France. They march in and take their places—a work of some time. They are received with a deep murmur of welcome. Then comes the National Assembly, and takes seat under its canopy. Then comes Royalty, which is well received, but not quite so enthusiastically as was the wont in former years. Then file in all the civic functionaries, with Lafayette on a white charger at their head.

All being assembled, there are opening evolutions, manœuvres, dances on the par

of the Representative Federates—wheeling and sweeping—from slow and quick and double-quick time. At the close of this, there is pause and silence. General Lafayette, as representing the king, the army, and the country, then advances and solemnly ascends the steps of the Fatherland altar, and pressing his sword's point thereon, he swears allegiance "to king, to law, and to nation," in his own name and that of armed France. Instantly there is an outburst of shouting and cheers, and waving of banners, hats and handkerchiefs. This lasts a few minutes. Then the National Assembly rises in its place and swears, on which there is another outburst. This over, it is the king's turn. He rises! with distinct and audible voice he repeats the oath. There immediately follows an air-splitting storm of acclamation, "Vivats, vivats" are shouted loud and long. When the ecstasy has spent itself, at a given signal each citizen embraces his neighbour: the armed Federates clang their arms; the guns boom on the surrounding eminences and floating river batteries. Then two hundred crown-shaven individuals, "in snow-white albs and tri-colour girdles," take their place on the steps of the huge altar with Bishop Talleyrand at their head, to invoke heaven's blessing. The response is peculiar. No sooner does Talleyrand show himself as a ceremonial suppliant than the heavens grow black; a cold north-wind begins to moan over the heads of the assembled thousands; rain begins to descend: up go 300,000 umbrellas, changing the bright circle of many colours into a belt of sombre hue: the rain increases till it is a very deluge: the huge censers become mere water pots, "their incense smoke gone hissing in a whiff of muddy vapour." No cheers now: nothing but a furious peppering of big rain torrents: the assemblage cower and begin to feel they have skins: the General's sash runs water: all

banners droop: the snowy muslins and proud ostrich feathers of the fair all splashed and draggled and shrunk: the beautiful female form visible through the ruined millinery. The rain storm lasts long enough to thoroughly soak and damage all the decorations. The sun breaks out again at 3 o'clock.

Meanwhile, the chain of artillery discharge that was to connect all France with the celebration has gone off without a hitch. The booming guns that roared on the river and surrounding heights when the king rose and pronounced the oath, are heard on distant hills in all directions, where also are guns mounted and ready, on hearing which they fire, and their thunder is again re-echoed by a succession of cannon on all hills all over France, and to its utmost frontier. What a stone cast into what a lake, sending such advancing circles of sound all over the country from Arras to Avignon, from Metz to Bayonne, from Marseilles, on the blue Mediterranean, to Calais, peeping over at the Cliffs of Dover. Wherever the cannon roars the people shout and swear and fall into each other's arms! Was ever such a spectacle seen on the face of the earth? France proclaims itself "free." It thought so; in a sense it thought correctly, but little recked what seas of blood and storms of fire it had to go through, taking Europe with it in thus opening the way to the preparatory liberties of the Nineteenth Century.

The festivities last out the week and over into the next—festivities never equalled in Adamic history: there is feasting on the river, "with its water somersets, splashings and ha-haings: all superior tables groan with viands: roofs ring with patriotic toasts. On the fifth day, which is Sunday, there is a universal ball. "Paris out of doors and in, man, woman, and child, is jigging it to the sound of harps and four-stringed fiddle." The ruins

of the Bastille are decorated: trees, real or of paste-board, with lamp festoons suspended between them, turn the grim site into a grove—with inscription visible “Dancing here.” One of the iron cages and some huge prison stones are allowed to be visible in the centre by the light of a single lugubrious lamp to remind on-lookers of what they have escaped from. During these days, the National Amphitheatre is crowded at nights by a gay multitude. The place is radiant as day with festooned lamps: the very trees are illuminated. Little oil cups, like variegated fire flies, daintily illumine the highest leaves: trees all sheeted with variegated fire. There under the free sky, all through the ambrosial night, do crowds of people dance, strangers to each other, yet made bosom friends by the prevailing patriotic intoxication. Seldom has such a scene been witnessed on the face of this grim old planet. How could it last, and how could it miss a morrow of the blues? The feast danced itself off at last; and the tired crowds from all parts of France began to disperse to all points of the compass, with fevered nerves and heated heads—some “quite burnt out with liquors, and flickering towards extinction.” Nothing now remains but the memory of it. The very high-raised slope of the Champ-de-Mars has crumbled to half its height. “Undoubtedly,” says Carlyle, “one of the memorablest national high-tides. Never, or hardly ever, was oath sworn with such heart-effusion, emphasis, and expenditure of joyance: and then it was broken irremediably within year and day. Ah, why? When the swearing of it was so heavenly joyful, bosom clasped to bosom, and five and twenty million hearts all burning together. O, ye inexorable destinies, why? Partly because it was sworn with such overjoyance, but chiefly, indeed, for an older reason: that sin had come into the world and misery by sin.”

INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS IN ELDERLY LIFE.

SOLOMON praises the acquisition of knowledge in a way that seems extravagant to those who may not have experienced the truth of his words. In many ways is the cultivation of the intellect incomparably superior to the mere indulgence of that which is agreeable, either mentally or physically. One of the chief differences lies in the resources that are being provided for the needs of elderly life. Mere pleasure of all kinds palls upon the taste as old age draws on, but the gratifications connected with intellectual pursuits are perennial. The mind is sustained and fortified by this exercise in a way to which the follower of pleasures is a stranger. Even the power of the mind to engage in study remains when other powers have failed us. Time does not abate the ardour which the pursuit of art or science or literature generates. Old men, who have given themselves to these things, cherish an affection and feel a youthful enthusiasm in those pursuits when other things have ceased to interest.

Mr. Gladstone is a notorious example of this. Dr. Reid, eminent in his day, retained a most active curiosity as to all scientific matters to the last hour of his life. Even abandoned studies are frequently resumed with new pleasure in old age. Adam Smith observed to Dugald Stewart that “of all the amusements of old age, the most grateful and soothing was the renewal of acquaintance with the favourite studies and favourite authors of youth.”

Even among the Greek and Latin writers are several examples of new studies in old age. Socrates learnt to play on musical instruments when he was an old man. Cato at eighty learnt Greek; and Plutarch learnt Latin at nearly as advanced

an age. Theophrastus began his work on the characters of men when he was ninety.

In more modern instances, Ronsard, one of the fathers of French poetry, applied himself quite late to study. Arnauld was a great writer at 82. Sir Henry Spelman neglected science in his youth, but turned his attention to it with good account at 50. Colbert, the famous French minister, returned to his studies at 60. Tellier, the Chancellor of France, applied himself to logic late in life, merely as an amusement, that he might be able to dispute with his grand-children. Dr. Johnson turned his attention to Dutch a few years before his death. The Marquis de St. Aulaire began to court the muses at 70. Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* were the composition of his later years. Ludovico Monaldesco wrote the memoirs of his times at the extraordinary age of 115. Benvenuto Cellini's great work was not begun till he was 58. Koornhert, at 40, began to learn Latin and Greek, of which he became a master. Ogeiby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, knew little of Latin and Greek till he was past 50; and Franklin's philosophical studies had not commenced till he was about the same age. Dryden's most pleasing productions were written in his old age. Michael Angelo was busy in his extreme old age, and had adopted as his motto, "Yet I am learning." Menage apologises for writing verses in his old age by showing how many poets amused themselves by writing sonnets in their grey hairs.

CONVERSATIONAL DEFICIENCY IN AUTHORS.

It often happens that men who can write well are deficient in the art of conversation, and, indeed, show no external indication of the ability they possess. This may be due partly to their very occupation, which accustoms the mind to a steadiness and concentratedness of

action not favoured by conversation. It may also be due to the lack of those faculties which give readiness and social adaptability. A man may have a deep mind and appear but an indifferent companion. Indeed, a companionable man is more likely to be superficial than a man who is retiring and taciturn. The fact is useful in judging of men and in men judging of themselves. A man is apt to be needlessly discouraged by his lack of social talent. Corneille, the literary genius of France, had no external attraction in company. His conversation is said to have been so insipid that it never failed of wearying. He did not even speak correctly the language of which he was such a master in writing. Descartes, another man of talent, was silent in mixed company. A friend describes him as a man who had received his wealth from nature in solid bars and not in current coin. Addison, who preserved a rigid silence in company, compared himself to a banker who had plenty store at home but none in his pocket. Often men shine in company who are nothing in quiet converse. Nicolle, one of the Post-royal writers, remarked with regard to such a man: "He conquers me in the drawing-room, but surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase."

Mediocrity can *talk*; it requires ability to observe and consider.

FOOLS do not know how much they owe to the forbearance of wise men.

THE ONLY EASY PLACE.—A public man once received a letter from a young man, who recommended himself very highly as being honest, and closed with the request, "Get me an easy situation." The public man replied, "Oh, my honest friend, you are in a very hard world! I know of but one real 'easy' place in it. That is the grave."

THE POWER OF APPLICATION.

Is Phrenology True?—No. 17.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The brain the seat of the mind (p. 6, vol. i.); 2. The mind a cluster of separate powers (p. 49); 3. The powers in harmonious groups (p. 86); 4. The relation of power to size (p. 127); 5. Development subject to control (p. 167); 6. Action of the body on the brain (p. 207); 7. Influence of constitutional fibre (p. 247); 8. Phrenological bearing of the vital functions (p. 287); 9. Temperamental Development (p. 329); 10. The brain itself, and its subdivisions in man and beast (p. 367); 11. Surgical difficulties considered (p. 407); 12. The organs—amativeness (p. 446); 13. The Connubial element in love (p. 6, vol. ii.); 14. Love of offspring (p. 47); 15. Love of friends (p. 86); 16. Love of fixed habitation (p. 127).

IT is a well-known fact that men of equal powers in other respects differ greatly in the power of continuous application. Some men can concentrate their power: they can bring their faculties to a focus as it were, while others seem to have them all afloat, and lack the power to persevere long in one line of either thought or action. There must be a reason for this. Phrenologists find it in the organ of continuity or concentrativeness—an organ whose function is to impart steadiness and persistency to the action of all the other faculties. That there should be such an organ seems reasonable when we consider the mind as a mechanism made up of a variety of parts and powers in connected relation one with another. Any one of these powers separately has its own characteristic impulse only, and would automatically put forth the effort of that impulse, if it were not regulated. The differing action of other impulses supplies this regulation to a great extent, since all of them are enwrapped in the same permeating system

of nerves that pervade and connect the entire brain substance as a network. Still that one should have the function of acting as a kind of brake on all of them, at the call of the will, seems fitting. The need for its action is shown by the fitful flashing operation of the faculties when continuity is small. Continuity is situate above inhabitiveness and below self-esteem. There is always a depression here when the organ is small if the adjacent organs are fully developed. Its absence causes a distinctly felt mental infirmity. There is a tendency to tire easily of one subject or one line of action. The mind hops from one subject to another too quickly. There may be clear thought, but it is ineffectual from lack of consecutiveness. Many things will be commenced that are never finished. Where it is quite low the mind will be rambling and incoherent. There will be a disposition to talk about several things at once, and inability to present any one matter in a distinct and connected way. The character will lack the dignity of coherency, and the listener will seldom be the wiser for listening. The only thing to be done in such a case is to cultivate the faculty. It will be a somewhat irksome process, but results will repay the effort. The person should adopt such an arrangement of work or occupation as will compel attention to one thing, or a steady adherence to one line of conduct. "One thing at a time," should be made a motto of conduct—one subject, one business, one friend. Perseverance in this policy will slowly foster the growth of the faculty, and the mind will gradually acquire greater steadiness and power of action. As in so many things, so in this: the Bible is the great educator. It both presents topics requiring and repaying continuous attention, and supplies a motive to that continuity which is wanting in ordinary studies. The mind

cannot truly dispense with God and duty and hope. They are daily necessities, and they are presented in the Bible and nowhere else, and supply the materials for mental action in a form that will slowly brace and strengthen the whole mental man.

The man is favoured who possesses a large development of the organ of continuity, provided his other powers are equally developed. If there is deficiency in the other powers, he is liable to be a bore through excessive prolixity. He will stick with merciless pertinacity to his subject till both the subject and the patience of hearers are exhausted. There will be monotony in all he says and does. Such a man will lack the versatility and initiative necessary for enterprise. He will be steadfast and immovable in too intense a degree. He will stick in one rut all the time. If the other faculties are well developed, then he will show great capacity for applying his mind to one subject and carrying things through to a thorough result; after which, he will be able to disengage himself and go on to something else. There will be a little liability to tell long stories and thresh out the subject too exhaustingly. Still, he will be able to stand guard over himself and pull up before he has gone too far. He will be steady and reliable in business, and be apt to show impatience with anyone that is fickle.

It is better when the development of continuity is fair rather than weak or strong. A full endowment will give a man ability to speak connectedly without being long-winded, or to stick to the business in hand without experiencing too much annoyance from the inevitable interruptions of this imperfect state. Where the faculty is too large, the sufferer should compel himself to engage in a variety of occupations, and aim to transfer his mind from one thing to another as

much and as often as a proper attention to the business in hand may allow. If he is liable to be prolix in speaking or writing, he should impose limits on his efforts, and remember that the subject he speaks of exists independently of him, and will neither live nor die by what he may say. It is principally the management of himself he has to consider. With due restraints, the action of continuity will come to a right equilibrium.

Continuity is most largely developed in the German head, which accounts for the thoroughness of their military organisation and the thoroughness of their critical and metaphysical efforts. Next to them are the English, who generally stick to one thing through life, and produce complete and finished works in all departments. On the testimony of American phrenologists it would appear that the Americans are only moderately endowed with continuity, and are, consequently, more versatile in character and occupation than the English. An American is more liable to changes in life from this cause. It is not uncommon for a man to start as a lawyer, perhaps, and then turn his attention to physic, and finish off as a booming tradesman.— Human character is everywhere imperfect at present. It is like a plant growing at large in a wild state, in which its best qualities can never be developed. But a divine conservatory is at work that will yet stock every land with the beautiful plant at its best. The revealed purpose of God is the consolation for every human sadness. 206.

“A WORTHY woman loveth that her husband should perform deeds of valour.”

“HARD work never killed a man. It is fun, recreation, relaxation, holidays, that kill. The fun that the next morning results in a head so big that a tub could hardly cover it, is what kills. Hard work never does.”

**SCHISM, AFFLICTION, AND
EXHORTATION.**

*Christianity since the Ascension of
Christ.—No. 17.*

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Fate of the apostles and their fellow-labourers (p. 8, vol. i.); Persecution in Domitian's reign (Clement) (p. 51); 3. Heresy at the end of the first century (p. 87); BEGINNING OF THE SECOND CENTURY—Pliny's letter (p. 129); 5. Persecutions by Antoninus (Ignatius) (p. 169); 6. Adrian's reign (Jews forbidden the Holy Land) (p. 209); 7. Persecution in the reign of Marcus Aurelius (Justin Martyr and Polycarp) (p. 248); 8. The Persecution continued—Letter of Irenæus (p. 289); 9. Spiritual declension through Alexandrian philosophy (p. 331); 10. CLOSE OF THE SECOND CENTURY (p. 370); 11. Tertulian at Carthage (p. 410); 12. Christianity at Alexandria (Beginning of the third century) (p. 448); 13. Persecution in the third century (p. 8, vol. ii.); 14. Origen's Baneful Influence on Christianity (p. 49); 15. Repose and Declension (p. 88); 16. Persecution and relapse (p. 129).

WE have got as far as A.D. 250, when a universal persecution raged against the Christian name by order of the Emperor Decius, who was a philosophical moralist, but a hater of the gospel. The incursions of the Goths on the frontiers of the empire compelled the emperor at this point to leave Rome. In the war which he conducted against the barbarians he lost his life, and was succeeded by Gallus, under whom a little respite was allowed to the Christians.

Taking advantage of this, Cyprian returned from his concealment and emerged upon public view at Carthage, where he took a prominent part in attempting to compose the distractions that had arisen in the Christian community through the application for readmission to fellowship on the part of those who had openly denied Christ during the persecution. A large and growing part under Novatian objected to their being received, and was

supported by a large party. The strife was also complicated by a division of feeling with regard to a recent election of a bishop for Rome, to whom, even now, there was a general disposition to concede the headship of the whole Christian body—presumably from the influential position of the Capital. Novatian had himself first been elected, but afterwards, one, Cornelius, received the position. Cyprian convened a council of Bishops at Carthage to examine the matter, and decided the dispute in favour of Cornelius, who assumed the office without further opposition. Novatian and his friends then withdrew from the Communion of Rome, and set up a separate church in Africa, which grew daily in numbers and influence, and received support in various parts of the empire. This was the beginning of the separation which has prevailed, more or less, for ages between churchmen and heretics.

Novatian, the head of this schism, was originally a stoic. He came from Phrygia to Rome, and there embraced Christianity, in the advocacy of which he showed ability, learning, and eloquence. He was of a strict and blameless character, and exercised a wide influence, especially after his appointment as Bishop of the Novatians, to whose extension he devoted himself successfully throughout the world. Roman synods repeatedly condemned the new communion, but this did not hinder its growth; and as purity of principle and inflexible severity of discipline were its watchword, it attracted to itself the sympathy and adhesion of the best class of Christians everywhere. In conduct, exemplary, and in faith sound, they are allowed to have been by many unimpartial writers. But their opponents attributed to them the worst moral deformities, as is the rule in such cases.

Gallus had not long assumed the purple when he began to show the same

opposition to the Christian name that had prevailed during several reigns, and this opposition he showed equally to both Novatians and Roman Christians. Cyprian saw the approaching storm, and advised all to prepare. "We earnestly exhort our people not to cease to be prepared for the approaching contest, by watching, fasting and prayer. . . . Let us remember one another in our supplications. Let us be unanimous and united; and let us relieve our pressures and distresses by mutual charity."

When the persecution came, Cornelius, of Rome, confessing Christ, was banished, and died in exile. Nothing that has been preserved of his writing would induce anyone to rate his excellence highly. Cyprian wrote to him frequent and cordial letters, but this may have been as much the result of the public position of Cornelius as of Cyprian's appreciation of him. Cyprian was in the habit of writing largely wherever he thought his words might do good. Anticipating that the Gallus persecution would exceed the Decian, he wrote to the Christians of Thibar in animating terms: "We, whose principles allow us to suffer death, but not to inflict it, cannot possibly, in such a season, be all in one place. Wherever, therefore, in those days, by the necessity of the time, anyone shall be separated (in body, not in spirit) from the rest of the flock, let not such an one be moved at the horror of the flight, nor be terrified by the solitude of the desert, while he retreats and lies hid. No man is alone who hath Christ for his companion. No man is without God, who, in his own soul, preserves the temple of God undefiled. The Christian may, indeed, be assailed by robbers or by wild beasts among the mountains and deserts: he may be afflicted by famine, by cold, and by thirst: he may lose his life in a tempest at sea. But the Saviour him-

self watches his faithful soldier fighting in all these various ways: and is ready to bestow the reward which he has promised to give in the resurrection. . . . Anti-christ is come, but Christ is also at hand. The enemy rages and is fierce, but the Lord is our defender, and he will avenge our sufferings and our wounds. . . . O what a glorious day will come when the Lord shall begin to recount his people . . . and to bestow on us the reward of faith and of devotedness to him. What glory, what joy, to be admitted to see God! to be honoured: to partake of the joy of eternal light and salvation with Christ, the Lord, our God: to salute Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, and martyrs—to joy with the righteous, the friends of God, in the pleasures of immortality. When the revelation shall come, when the beauty of God shall shine upon us, we shall be as happy as the deserters and rebellious will be miserable in inextinguishable fire."

Christendom was in a different state then when a leading bishop could disclaim the right of Christians to take life while admitting they were called on to suffer it; and refer to the resurrection as the time of reward—different from what it is now, when bishops can encourage armies to battle, and proclaim the death state as the state of promised blessedness.

The short reign of Galus was distinguished by so many calamities that men began to think the end of the world near. A dreadful pestilence broke out in Africa, and carried off numberless multitudes. Whole houses were frequently swept away. The Pagans, alarmed beyond measure, neglected the burial of the dead, and left many bodies in the streets of Carthage. Under the stimulating exhortations of Cyprian, the Christians of that city came forward as public benefactors, and organised themselves for the interment of the

corpses and the relief of the living. This exhibition of the power of Christian teaching, as contrasted with the selfishness and inhumanity generated by Paganism, produced a strong impression.

Gallus perished by the sword A.D. 253, and was succeeded by Valerian, who for a time proved a friend and protector of the Christian name.

LOOKING TOO MUCH AT THE CREATURE.

Is there a God?—No. 17.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The reproductive faculty indicative of purpose (p. 14, vol. i.); 2. Every faculty proves the existence of its object, therefore God (p. 56); 3. The origin of the universe (p. 91); 4. The appearance of man upon the scene (p. 133); 5. The inconsistencies of the evolutionist view (p. 174); 6. The existence of sex a proof of God (p. 214); 7. Mechanism of the human frame (p. 251); 8. The construction of the eye (p. 292); 9. The seed of plant and animal (p. 333); 10. Human intelligence itself a proof of God (p. 371); 11. The self-action of the universe (p. 411); 12. The fool's opinion (p. 451); 13. The great universe and small man (p. 10, vol. ii.); 14. Limited Knowledge (p. 51, vol. ii.); 15. Omnipotent control (p. 90); 16. The existence of evil (p. 131.)

WELL, my friend, are you any more at your ease?

Not much. All our talk must necessarily leave the subject just where it is. We cannot alter matters in any way.

No: but we may change our own relation to matters, which may be as great a change sometimes as if we changed matters themselves.

Well, yes, there is something in that.

Tidings makes all the difference in the world sometimes, as when a man hears of a great opportunity or a great danger, in which all depends upon prompt action. Conviction as to God's existence makes a

great difference as to a man's relation to God, though it cannot alter things as they actually are with God.

My point last month was the existence of evil. You said that all difficulty vanished when the end of the matter was taken into view. What did you mean?

I meant that when God's work with the earth was finished, there would be none of the difficulties you mentioned. He proposes the end of all evil: "no more curse: no more death" is the oracular enunciation of His purpose.

I do not quite see that that disposes of the difficulty.

I think it does.

It will not alter the fact, that curse and death have been allowed.

No.

Why does He allow them?

As part of the process by which greater well-being is prepared.

I might feel the force of that if all participated in the result.

So they will in the sense of the curse ceasing.

Yes, but all do not share in the deliverance, as I understand you. Only a few are to be saved.

Such is the revealed purpose of eternal wisdom.

It is there that I feel a difficulty.

Why should it be a difficulty?

I do not know that I can tell.

I think I know the root of the matter. You look exclusively to the creature God has made, and to what you may conceive as the rights of the creature so made. You do not consider the purpose that God may have had in the making of the creature, nor of the rights that He necessarily possesses over it.

I confess my feelings are naturally more with the creature than the creator.

You must fight this tendency. You must bring reason to your aid. It cannot be that the creature should govern the

creator, or that our interpretation of the creator's way should be found in the creature's feelings rather than in the creator's designs.

It is easier to realise the creature's feelings.

Granted ; but you will allow that darkness of all kinds is easier than light.

You would not call the creature's feelings darkness, would you ?

It would depend. If one of the Manyema tribe wanted to eat you, it would be because he felt inclined. You would consider his feelings rather dark on that subject, should you not ?

(*Smiles.*) I would consider his feelings misplaced.

Misplaced feeling is darkness. This you will find to be true in every relation. Your feelings are misplaced on the subject of mortal man.

I am in darkness, you think.

It is not your choice, I am sure ; but any opposition to divine wisdom in the name of the creature must be darkness. Why should mortal man criticise the ways of God ? Is it not his place simply to ascertain them and submit to them ?

To that, of course, I could not demur : the question is, what are His ways ? He is great and kind, and my difficulty is to reconcile this with the evil state of things to which vast numbers of his creatures are subject.

We may be quite sure that none of His works are inconsistent with His greatness, and His kindness. I submit that it is no assumption to maintain this.

Granting His existence and His character and what you call His "works," I should, of course, feel called upon to assent to that.

Very well, are you prepared to deny His existence ?

Far be it from me to say there is no God. Whatever difficulties I may feel, I cannot take the fool's position. There is

too great a display of intelligence in the constitution of things everywhere, for me to resist the conviction that however little I may know Him, there is a vast and incomprehensible Being at work somehow. At the same time, I should not be true to the highest principles of my own existence if I were to shut my eyes to what appear to me difficulties in the way of the commonly accepted views.

I do not ask you to shut your eyes to anything, but rather to open them a little more widely so that you may perceive that the dimness you feel is a dimness as of steam on your own window glass, and not in the universe of God that you are looking out upon.

It is a pretty comparison. Perhaps it is correct.

I am sure it is. You flounder because you are holding on from below instead of from above. You look at a man who had no existence yesterday and who will have no existence to-morrow, and you are trying to interpret things as they bear upon or appear to him instead of looking to God, who has always been and always will be, and who has made all things for His own purpose. You will never be able to handle matters aright till you fully realise the truth that human life is but a vapour, and that in God and not in man is to be found the solution of the problems of the universe.

It is difficult for man to look at matters from God's point of view.

Still, the point of view exists ; and it existed before man existed, and, therefore, true reason demands that we ascend to it. Consider how it is with those not yet born, and with those who never will be born. You have no difficulty in assigning to their point of view its proper insignificant place.

I don't know that I quite understand you there. How can there be a point of view for those who never will be born ?

They would have a point of view if they were born.

But how can you take them into account if they are not to be born?

Only that we may the more easily see how insignificant is the point of view of those who are born.

I fail to follow you, I confess. Persons that are not persons cannot be taken into account in any way.

They can be taken into account as persons that might be but are not. Take the last emigrant ship that foundered at sea. There were on board many young couples from whom, had the ship got safely to land, there would certainly have sprung multitudes of persons who will now never have any existence. Does their potential point of view offer any difficulty in determining the problem of the earth's condition? My suggestion is that our own point of view, though important to us for the time being, is just as unimportant as theirs in the question of why things are as they are. It is God's question purely, and His answer is necessarily the only answer.

PERSIAN DISINTEGRATION.

The Persian Empire under the Successors of Cyrus.—No. 17.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Babylon (p. 16, vol. 1); 2. Cyrus (p. 58); 3. Rise of Cyrus as a great general (p. 92); 4. Campaigns of Cyrus (p. 135); 5. The capture of Babylon (p. 175); 6. Cyrus as a conqueror (p. 216); 7. Cyrus and Daniel: reign and death of Cyrus (p. 253); 8. Cambysses, son of Cyrus (p. 294); 9. Darius, successor of Cyrus (p. 335); 10. Beginning of the war with Greece (p. 374); 11. The expedition of Xerxes (p. 413); 12. Failure of the expedition (p. 452); 13. The disasters of Xerxes in Greece (p. 12, vol. ii.). 14. The end of Xerxes and the extraordinary sequel (p. 54). 15. Persian declension and a Greek suicide (p. 92). 16. Persia struggles to retain ascendancy (p. 134).

ARTAXERXES died about B.C. 423, after reigning 48 years. His son Xerxes, who succeeded him, reigned only as many days. He was murdered, while overpowered by wine, by his brother Sogdianus, who caused himself to be declared king in his stead. Sogdianus, not content with removing his brother, brought about the death of the most faithful of all his father's eunuchs, whom he regarded as an obstacle to his reign. These two murders so excited the horror of the army and of the nobility, that Sogdianus suspected every one of intending his harm. He particularly entertained this feeling against his brother Ochus, whom his father had left in the government of Hyrcania. Desiring to get rid of him, he sent for him to come to Susa, intending his destruction as soon as he should arrive. Ochus, suspecting the king's designs, delayed coming on various pretences till he was able to gather a powerful army, at the head of which he advanced, declaring his purpose to avenge the death of his brother Xerxes. The nobility and principal governors favoured this movement, and finding himself deserted, Sogdianus entered into a treaty with Ochus, who, getting him into his power, sentenced him to be treated as a criminal, and to be put to death by ashes, according to the Persian custom. By this custom, the victim was placed in a chamber in which ashes were kept in perpetual motion by a wheel till death ensued by suffocation. Sogdianus had reigned only 6½ months.

Ochus ascended the throne under the name of Darius Nothus. His reign, which lasted 19 years, was a long series of disorders, which paved the way for the empire of the Greeks. Chief among these was the revolt of the Medes and of Egypt, which, however, after six years, was suppressed. At his death, he was succeeded by his son Arsaces, who took the name of Artaxerxes, at the coronation of whom an

extraordinary incident occurred which also tended towards Persian disintegration. It having been reported that a brother of the King's named Cyrus intended to assassinate Arsaces during the ceremonies, Cyrus was seized and condemned to die. The mother of Cyrus, hearing of it, flew to the spot almost out of her senses, clasped Cyrus in her arms, tied herself to him with the tresses of her hair, and with shrieks, tears and prayers, implored pardon for him. Her passionate importunities prevailed, and Cyrus was liberated by the King's order, and sent back to the government of the maritime provinces to which he had been appointed by his father. Here Cyrus nursed schemes of ambition and revenge. He ingratiated himself with the Greeks by the most insidious arts. He employed Clearchus, the Lacedæmonian general to raise him a body of Greek troops; and flattered the Greek admiral, Lysander, with the present of a galley of ivory and gold on congratulation of an naval victory. He received all that came to him with great favour and affability, mingling with the common soldiery in a way that flattered them, while not forgetting the dignity of the prince. He completely gained the hearts of Persians and Greeks alike, and began to disseminate unfriendly views of his brother, the Persian king, and at the same time to assemble troops. Afraid of going too far with his military preparations lest they should be reported to the king, he contrived a stratagem that left him at perfect liberty in this respect, and threw the king completely off his guard. He arranged with an important Persian governor to revolt, with the whole of the cities under his jurisdiction. He then openly assembled troops ostensibly to put down this revolt and sent word to the king, asking the king to help him with troops against the rebel, which the king complied with, and made no preparations for his own de-

fence. At the same time, Cyrus communicated his real designs to the Greeks, who gladly helped him with their fleet. He commenced his march against Artaxerxes with an army composed of 13,000 Greeks and 100,000 Persians. The army had no idea of the cause of war, nor of what countries they were going to. They only knew that they liked Cyrus, a splendid, daring young man of 23, and were willing to go anywhere under his command. He, on his part, took great pains to retain their good feeling, conversing freely with them during the march, and treating them with great personal kindness, and seeing that they wanted for nothing. When Artaxerxes heard of the approach of Cyrus, he was thrown into a state of great apprehension, but immediately proceeded to take measures of defence. He assembled a numerous army to meet his brother. The armies met within a hundred miles of Babylon. The battle was not a complete victory for either side, but Cyrus was killed in a personal combat with Artaxerxes, who was assisted by several soldiers and courtiers; and the Persians who had supported Cyrus, dispersed; whilst the Greeks, not knowing of the death of Cyrus, maintained their position on the field of battle, and repulsed Artaxerxes in a second attack. When they learnt the true position of affairs, they resolved to march back to their country, which they did successfully, notwithstanding the harassments of pursuing troops, in an enemy's country—an incident known in history as "the march of the ten thousand." "It was the good success of this famous retreat," says Rollin, which Artaxerxes left nothing undone to prevent, "that filled the people of Greece with contempt" for Persian gold, silver, luxury, and voluptuousness, "and gave birth to those bold enterprises of the Greeks that afterwards made Artaxerxes tremble upon his throne, and

brought the Persian empire to the very brink of destruction.

The mother of Cyrus was filled with uncontrollable distress at the death of her son: and nothing could content her but vengeance on all who had had a share in it. A Carian soldier, who boasted that his hand had delivered the finishing stroke, was by her orders delivered into the hands of tormentors who put him to torture for ten days: then tore out his eyes, and poured melted brass into his ears.—A nobleman, named Mithridates, who alleged that it was he who gave Cyrus his mortal wound, was condemned to suffer the punishment of the troughs, a cruel agony of which he expired in seven-teen days.—A eunuch, who by the king's order had cut off the head and hand of Cyrus, the queen also got into her power by stratagem, and had him flayed alive. Finally, the king's wife, Statira, was poisoned by her mother-in-law for the enmity she had shown to Cyrus during his life.

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A NEWLY-DISCOVERED PLANET.

Out of Doors at Night.—No. 17.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Greatness of the starry universe (p. 19, vol. 1.); 2. The earth a globe (p. 60); 3. Objections considered (p. 94); 4. The earth turning and travelling (p. 137); 5. The moon (p. 177); 6. Aspects of the moon (p. 213); 7. In the moon (p. 256); 8. The starry host: the planets: Mercury (p. 297); 9. Nearest the sun (p. 338); 10. Venus, the morning and evening star (p. 376); 11. Mars, the ruddy planet (p. 416); 12. The asteroids, the little planets of the solar system (p. 454); 13. The giant of the solar system (p. 14, vol. 2); 14. Our giant brother Jupiter (p. 55); 15. Jupiter and the shape of the earth (p. 94); 16. The splendid planet (p. 136).

UNTIL something like over a hundred years ago, Saturn, the splendid planet, was supposed to be the outside and most distant of the planets going to make up the solar system, or family of bodies revolving round our sun. These were supposed to be limited to five in number—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. The orbit or path described by Saturn in its journey round the sun was considered the outlying frontier of the solar or sun system. But the discovery of a new planet by Sir Wm. Herschell, about the time indicated, showed this to be a mistake.

The new planet could never have been discovered by the naked eye, nor by a careless user of an ordinary telescope. It required a powerful instrument, of which Sir William was his own maker, and the most persevering system of observations to find out that there were other members of the solar system beyond the stupendous orbit of Saturn.

To understand how the discovery took place, it is necessary to remember the difference between the stars and the planets. While the latter are few in number, the former are a countless host; and there is this great difference between them, that while the planets shift their positions among the stars, from night to night, and assume a magnified appearance when looked at through the telescope, the stars are as fixed in their relation to one another as if they were electric lights all fixed on a wooden frame, and cannot be magnified by any degree of telescopic power brought to bear. They are rather reduced than magnified in appearance when looked at through the telescope, seeming like sharp points of light.

Studying the stars with his new telescope, Herschell was struck with the different appearance of one of them from the rest. It had more body than the others. It seemed to show a perceptible disc instead

of being a point of light without magnitude. He watched it night after night a long time, and discovered that it shifted its position among the stars. This was an exciting discovery, and led him to watch it still more closely. At first he thought it must be a comet, but a sufficient number of observations showed that it was a planet going round our sun at an enormous distance outside the orbit of Jupiter. It was found to require 87 years to complete its stupendous journey, and that that journey measured a circuit of close on eleven billions (or eleven millions of millions of miles!). Measurements of its disc showed that it was sixty-four times the size of the earth, but only a fourth part of the earth's density or relative weight, as shown by the study of its perturbing effects on other bodies. It was found to have four moons, one of which only takes a little over two days to go round it, while the one with the longest journey takes a little over 13 days. These moons were found to go round the planet in the same plane or direction as one another, which is a very unusual circumstance where there is a number of moons (they usually go round at differently-inclined planes); and still more strange, the direction in which they all go is exactly across the direction of the planet's own motion instead of being in the same direction, as is almost invariably the case with the satellites of the other planetary bodies, including our own moon. There is no accounting for this by any known law. Astronomers are obliged to fall back on a vague surmise that "there must have been some influence of a quite exceptional and local character in the genesis of the system." It is another example of the diversity that characterises the works of Omnipotence. There is evident purpose in it apart from diversity. The planet at such an enormous distance from the sun must receive a poor light from it as compared with what the

earth receives. It must, therefore, stand in need of the extra moons it has, and of the extra light which these moons will afford from going directly round the planets in a north to south direction, in addition to the east to west direction caused by the planets own revolution.

But as to this diurnal revolution, nothing is known, because, at such a distance, the planet makes such a poor appearance in the telescope that nothing can be seen on its surface to show axial revolution. We may safely assume that it resembles its brethren of the solar system in turning upon its own axis, and thus giving day and night; but the length of its day and night cannot be known, in the absence of knowledge of the rate of its revolution. Its year is long, and to earth mortals would be tedious—22 years of winter, 22 years of spring, 22 years of summer, and 22 years of autumn. The conditions of life in such a planet must greatly differ from those that prevail in the inheritance of Christ and Abraham; but they are doubtless suited to the requirements of the inhabitants, if there be such yet. This whole subject must be governed by the reflection that the perfect life of spirit nature (in harmony with the Eternal Father-fountain), must be independent of the local conditions that affect flesh and blood.

The name by which the new, or rather, newly-discovered planet, came to be known, is Uranus. Herschel wanted to call it after George III., to whose munificence he was indebted for being able to devote himself to astronomy; but among astronomers who were deeply interested in the discovery, there was a strong preference for the classical custom (which has little inherently to recommend it) of naming the planets after the false gods of mythology. These wanted to call it Neptune, in honour of England's naval victories about that time; but the Conti-

nentials strongly objecting, the suggestion of one astronomer was adopted, that as the new planet was the most distant of the planets (in which time proved the astronomers to be wrong), it should be called after the most ancient of the Greek deities. There will doubtless be a new naming by-and-bye, with the radical change of government which will shortly take place upon the earth.

Uranus has completed only one revolution round the sun since its discovery, and has gone a good third towards another.

WHOLESALE REVOLT.

Is the Bible True?—No. 16.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—I. A moot question with "yes" waiting (p. 18, vol. i.); 2. The Bible's own testimony: why should it be questioned? (p. 97); 3. Its historic backbone (p. 139); 4. Taking its history to pieces: Abraham (p. 179); 5. Truth necessitated by the nature of its narrative: Joseph (p. 219); 6. Ditto in the case of Moses: the exodus (p. 258); 7. The journey in the wilderness (p. 299); 8. Israel's chronic mutinies (p. 340); 9. What the record of the murmurings proves (p. 378); 10. The want of food in the wilderness; the manna supply (p. 418); 11. Failure of the water supply: the sin of Moses (p. 456); 12. The worship of the golden calf (p. 16, vol. ii.); 13. Stuck dead on the spot (p. 58); 14. A doomed generation (p. 96); 15. Envy at headquarters (p. 138).

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have to direct your attention to a passage in the history of Israel's journey from Egypt—better known, perhaps, than some we have been looking at for present purposes, though not more valuable. It is popular among Sunday scholars for its dramatic impressiveness. It is treasured among the upholders of law and order as a warning against rebellion. I now ask

you to consider its narrative existence as a proof of the historic reality of the whole series of transactions of which it forms a part.

The record is (Num. xvi.) that certain leading men in the congregation raised a revolt against Moses and against Aaron, and were backed up by "two hundred and fifty princes of the assembly, famous in the congregation, men of renown." The cry raised was that Moses and Aaron "took too much upon them" in "lifting themselves above the congregation of the Lord." The contention was that "all the congregation were holy, every one of them, as the Lord was among them." Moses humbled himself before such a formidable opposition, and proposed to them to submit the dispute to God, by all presenting themselves before the tabernacle with their censers, and allowing God to declare whom he chose to minister to Him in the priesthood. "What is Aaron," said Moses, "that ye murmur against him? Ye are gathered together against the Lord." Korah and his company were willing to come to the test. But Dathan and Abiram said "We will not come up. Is it a small thing that thou hast brought us up out of a land that floweth with milk and honey, to kill us in the wilderness, except thou make thyself a prince altogether over us?" Moses was angered at this unreasonable attitude, and said to God, "Respect not thou their offering. I have not taken one ass from them, neither have I hurt one of them."

At the time appointed, Korah and his company came to the test. They not only brought a great company of priests, every man with his censor in his hand: but he "gathered *all the congregation* against Moses and Aaron" at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. The revolt reached a threatening height. It seemed likely that Moses and Aaron would be swept away before it, but at the critical

moment "the glory of the Lord" shone blindingly from the tabernacle; and the voice of God commanded Moses and Aaron to separate themselves from the congregation that he might destroy them. Moses implored that the people might not be held responsible for the sin of the revolvers. God heard his request, and gave the people permission to separate themselves from the revolvers if they chose. Moses then went through the camp, followed by the faithful elders, commanding the people as they wished to be exempt from the destruction impending over Korah, Dathan and Abiram, to get away from these men and touch nothing that was theirs. "Hereby," said Moses, "ye shall know that the Lord hath sent me to do all these works, and that I have not done them of mine own mind. If these men die the common death of all men, . . . then the Lord hath not sent me."

The people got away on all sides from the tents of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, who, with brazen countenance, stood at their tent doors with a laugh on their face. Then the ground clave asunder under them, and into the horrid chasm, the scornful crew were precipitated. A cry of terror rose. Suddenly, the rent closed up again, and all was quiet. The leaders of the revolt had perished. At the same moment a lightning flash from the divine presence struck the whole insurrectionary phalanx of 250 censer-bearers dead on the spot where they stood in their imposing array. The congregation were struck with terror, but their sympathies with the revolvers were not extinguished. Next day, murmurs again broke out. They attributed the calamities that had occurred to Moses and Aaron: "Ye have killed the people of the Lord." Again they gathered threateningly against Moses and Aaron. Again the fiat of the Lord went forth against them. The plageraged among the people, and only at the intercession of

Aaron was its ravages arrested, and not till 14,700 of the people had perished.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, what have you to say to such a narrative? Is it not at the same time very natural and very superhuman? Can you conceive it written by a fictionist? If you can, can you imagine the set of feelings that would lead him to invent such a fiction? The way to test the matter is to try and put yourselves in the position of the narrator. Suppose yourselves acting the part of a serious historian of your own people: What could lead you to record such damaging things? It could not be gratifying to your own sense of patriotism: and you could not expect it to be pleasing to readers. It would minister to no taste of fancy on poetry. Only its truth could afford a sufficient motive to put such a story on record.

You must remember that it is only one of many such episodes: and you must remember that one and all of them stand related to great and serious and righteous and holy matters. They do not belong to amusing literature. They are not disconnected stories thrown in. They belong to the most prosaic book in the world. They relate to a people the most innocent of what is understood by taste and imagination among all peoples. They are but parts of a narrative woven into the most serious movement ever carried out upon the earth. They belong to the history of a nation still extant, and scattered among the nations exactly as foretold 3,000 years ago. They have the support of him who called himself the Light of the World, and who has proved himself such even already by the light that has followed the dissemination of his name—the crucified and resurrected one who has given his name to the best part of mankind.

The whole connection and environment of the thing compels calm reason to

recognise its truth. What other than a true history would represent the people of Israel accusing Moses and Aaron of "Slaying the people of the Lord" in the face of the manifest interposition of divine power? It is human nature to the life as we find it: it is not human nature to imagine such a thing in a work of fiction. The whole narrative is disgraceful to Israel. Such a narrative is never written by a lying pen. If written by a pen of truth, then Korah, Dathan, and Abiram rebelled, and were backed up by the whole congregation, and you have then to consider how it was possible that such a revolt could be quelled apart from superhuman means. Moses and Aaron had no soldiers. They had no power of any kind to withstand such a powerful uprising of men who had been made desperate by sentence of exile in the wilderness till death. They must have been carried away helplessly before it if some power superior to the rabble had not interposed. They were not carried away: they emerged at the head of the host at the end of the wilderness sojourn. How did two helpless men manage to withstand, to outride the chronic rebellion of a reckless congregation? The narrative supplies an answer. Again and again divine power came to their rescue. This is a reasonable answer, and accounts for everything that came after. Take it away, and you are unable to give a reasonable solution to a genuine historic problem. But it cannot be taken away. It is built into such a massive structure that it cannot be removed. It is so hard in its inherent substance that bits cannot even be chipped off it by the hardest unbelieving hammer.

The answer being true—that God defended Moses and Aaron from the insurrectionary tumults of a perverse race of people brought out of Egypt—then the whole Bible is necessarily true; for the work, in that case, was his, and He

would not leave it till it was finished. It must be His, through all its stages, even onwards to that terrible culmination when all mankind will shrink like worms into their holes in the presence of the re-manifested power of God in all the earth.

OUR "AT HOME."

NOTES BY A ROVIN; CORRESPONDENT AND OCCASIONAL VISITOR.

Evenings in October, 1891.

OUR CORRESPONDENT: "Did you notice what nonsense is made by the printer's error last month, where the advocates of *women's rights* are said to be "*men's lifts*," instead of *men's lefts* (p. 143, col. i, line 11); and Davidian is put for *Dravidian*—an Indian race (p. 145, col. ii, line 30)?"

No; we had not noticed it, but we well know the affliction of tongue-biting blunders. A frequent one is distinctly due to the compositor's sense of grammatical superiority. He has heard that a verb must agree with its nominative in number. He comes across a sentence in MS. to the effect that "the progress of the stars is from east to west." His sense of euphony is jarred by this correct placing of words. He thinks the writer of the MS. must have been tired out and forgetful of grammar. He (the compositor) is in a kindly mood, and will therefore help the autographer and save the proof-reader some trouble. His analytic eyesight is of too short a range to see that progress is the nominative in the case. He cannot get away from the harshness of "stars is." He thinks it ought to be "stars are," of course, and so he makes the change; and the tired writer, when he comes to glance over the proof, does not

detect the stupid interference, and has to chew his tongue in silence when the thing comes out to public view. It is too trifling to correct in a note afterwards. So he lets it go in the hope that a "discerning public," as the trade advertisements have it, will charitably suspect the true cause of the blunder. However, it is quite different when he lets the gas entirely out of the balloon by changing the pretty word-play into "lift" instead of leaving us alone—"left," with our proper sonorous complement of "right"; and sending us after a man instead of a nation—all by a single jot—so important are the jots and tittles. —*Conductor.*

I wish I could command that versatility of thought that seems to be the heritage of many favoured mortals. I feel somehow all of one sort—as homogeneous as a dried pumpkin whose mission is to give seeds to grow more pumpkins. Happily, little encouragement is given in the agricultural world to the industry of pumpkin growth. Happily, too, there is little disposition in the social world to tolerate that species of human development—monotony.

Just lately, though, there has been a little indulgence in that direction. Life has had but one thought—The **Holidays**; and the ends of the world have reverberated with that idea. No wonder one gets monotonous. On all sides, the talk is more or less of this pumpkin sort, so that, perforce, I am levelled up to the same altitude of conversation. Well, there's an end to it, of course; and we have come to the conclusion of the holidays, but the shadow lingers still in my brain with a persistency that can only be eased at the expense of some of our gifted speech-makers. Would Mine Host call on one of his pleasant guests? It is a nice expansive theme. We have drawn so often on Dr. Philbrain that I fear to

trespass again. Suppose you ask Dr. Fartravel?

"MINE HOST."—Dr. Fartravel, we should all be delighted to hear you on the proposed subject. It is one on which you are eminently qualified to speak, I am sure. You might direct your remarks to

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PURSE FROM A HOLIDAY POINT OF VIEW.

DR. FARTRAVEL.—You take me somewhat aback. I did not expect to be called on so abruptly. However, as our visitor has said, the subject is an expansive one, and easily lends itself to treatment. Money and travel are naturally associated. Earth, air, and water fall into the ranks of the tourist's programme at the bidding of bullion. From Greenland's icy mountain to India's coral strand, from the cavern exploration of the antiquary, to the balloon ascent of the aeronaut, from the royal descent to a Cornish mine by the Duchess of Albany to the switchback railway trip of her humbler sister, all the world and his wife have been on the move. Was there ever such a year of home and foreign guilds and congress meetings? royal visits and squadron trips? exhibitions and military reviews? mimic warfare at sea? and autumn manoeuvres on land? And then you take up the morning paper or favourite journal and seat yourself under the branches of this tree of travelling England to watch John Bull and his wife on their journey, with the innocent thought that their experience may be valuable if ever you get up a globe-trotting caravan on your own account.

Perhaps, being a man of means and on pleasure bent, you are more interested as to the mode of circulating your surplus cash than in the consideration of making the acquaintance of "the almighty dollar." Now, without wishing to quarrel with the

currency of our country, I want to give a hint of the disadvantages attending the wealthy holiday seeker.

You think you will be helped in the selection of a place for your holiday from what you hear the "Press" say. Not a bit of it. The travelling menu of the newspaper is like a tidal wave in its volume of attraction and counter attraction; you are swamped in a moment. The journalistic pens wag; down come the leaves from your tree of travelling England, and you find yourself buried in bewilderment, from which you can hardly extricate yourself. Your long purse is at the root of the mischief. It is your misfortune that you can *make a choice*. Who is ever content with anything if he can have any other thing? If you select this you cannot have that, and you fear that the blessing that charms you to-day may fall to-morrow by the side of that other which you might have had. When reading the gorgeous descriptions of the paradise of the tourist, or the poetic effusions that pourtray the creeks and crannies of the idyllic lover of solitude, you feel an agony of desire to get the full measure of enjoyment that the loveliness of nature has to offer "the aristocracy of the money bags." Every place has charms peculiar to itself; so we learn from the journalist; it is for you to choose between "the silvery mist" of the north and "the luminous haze" of the south; whether the moorland breeze shall bear aloft the city dust, or a life on the ocean wave shall obliterate the phantoms that somehow will oppress the most favoured of fortune's children. Your long purse will enable you to take a holiday nibble from any tit bit of the world's broad surface, but you cannot swallow the entire globe at a mouthful. You think by giving the holiday scheme mature consideration, you cannot fail to make a satisfactory selection of place. Alas, this

only increases the difficulty. You know the old motto, "He who hesitates is lost," and although you may be well aware of the impossibility of drawing water from the source and the mouth of the streams at one and the same time, you will find that the consideration of two opposing merits may prevent an appreciation of either.

The embarrassment of affairs is much heightened in families where the different members are allowed the liberty of choice. I have been told by "a bird of the air" that the matter is often debated with all the Home Rule warmth that characterises questions of larger importance, and I have even heard that the house has been known to divide on the differing excellence of the Alps and the Rhine, while the youthful scions of the family plunge the household into chaos by masterful arguments in favour of the land of the midnight sun. This is only one way in which mammon favours family dissensions and attempts to make different stews in the same pot.

Depend upon it, my friends, a long purse has its disadvantages as well as a short one, only in the former case they occupy with much modesty a back seat, while the drawbacks of a short purse obtrude themselves with much pertinacity in the front ranks of the arena of life; still they will occasionally retire, when pressure is used and you watch your opportunity and seize it at the right moment. A friend recently said to me in a letter that opportunities are sensitive things, and, if neglected, will seldom appear the second time.

This holiday question seems to give an opportunity of studying the value of £ s. d. from a new point of view, and if any are at this juncture afflicted with impetuosity, this is the time to ascertain if money be an unmixed blessing. If there are any flaws in mammon, why

hesitate to expose them? It won't make the owners discontented. I venture to say that many acts of a less neighbourly character are far more hurtful.

But still, it's all very well to bring to the surface the holiday dilemmas that perplex the man with £50 in his pocket. What advantages belong to the holiday seeker with only £5? Is his advantage solely the negative one of escaping an evil? What is the peculiar blessing in his case of "Hobson's Choice?" (Vide *Good Company*, September, p. 106.) Well, being very much of the pumpkin sort, referred to by our pleasant visitor at the beginning, I am inclined to keep to the same line of thought, and follow the track of the honest £5 traveller on his journey.

I think I see him now, quite master of the situation, proceeding to cater for his fortnight's luxury of recreation with the skill of a man who has learned the value of a shilling, and has discovered what good things old Dame Nature has that may be had for the asking. There is for him little headlong dashing after trains, and crushing into steamboats, panting after luggage, and purchasing civility at every turn. No, the £5 holiday is pretty stationary, seldom erratic. Circumstances are brought to the weight that will balance the mathematically adjusted standard of the coin of the realm. Having no opposing interests at stake to unsettle his mind, his attention is generally directed to some noble Free Library that lies within the radius of his purse, where he can ramble among nature's books—miles of them—without fear or favour, and revel in the high art and handsome upholstery of forest scenery under the azure dome of heaven, or sit and read the meaning of the ocean spray as the waves cannon the rocks and dissipate their particles like flashes of loosened silver, or he will meditate on the

restless windings of the brook, and be soothed by its harmonious hush as it glides along the shingle, past village banks and city walls, licking up a thousand impurities down the journey of life, and at last tumbling its burden of pollution into the grave of some mighty ocean—a story written in the running brook of the infancy, youth, and old age of man and his race, as they hasten to the bourn whence no traveller returns.

He takes his morning walk to the hill-side urn that serves by the tea-cupful the sparkling water of the brook, and he notes its percolations in the veins and arteries of the earth, whose passage through the underground chemical laboratories brings a chalybeate to Tunbridge and a saline to Leamington. It does not need £50 to contemplate the wonders of creation, nor reflect on the power of the Creator. £5 is quite sufficient for the study of the brooks or the ocean, while the contemplative man often gets a good bit of forest or moorland thrown in as bonus. The health-laden freshness of the open is not purchasable for cash, nor is the spirit of thankfulness necessarily the result of a good balance at the bank. A man may inhale the invigorating tonic of the atmosphere with the comforting thought that to-morrow there will be as copious a draught as to-day.

I was myself recently reminded of the delicacy of touch, so to speak, by which air and water are separately compounded, and how easily the least readjustment of the elements would bring agony instead of pleasure, in which case there would be no more holidays my friends, for you and me, neither with £50 or £5. If the balance of gases in the atmosphere were slightly disturbed, just by slightly changing the proportion of oxygen, we should breathe nitrous oxide or laughing gas, a sort of banquet of aerial champagne, by which we should be converted into a population of

harlequins or intoxicated clowns; or, if oxygen had a little more the upper hand and nitrogen a little less, the whole atmosphere would be turned into a ferocious fluid, blistering all flesh and blighting all vegetation. So exact is the proportion of gases that compose the ocean that the least rearrangement of its elements would unloose chained giants from their affinities; change the ocean into a sea of fire which would burn the earth and all that therein is, and leave our planet a blackened cinder, in space. While conning these nice adjustments and the magnitude of their sway, I could not help thinking how incomplete man is in his littleness. Man is the top stone of the Creator's power, and yet how low-lying is his life when contrasted with the other wonderful works of God. How petty is he when we consider that the highest accomplishment of nineteenth century civilization (for the masses) is an annual holiday, just to gratify the eye with a passing glance at Nature's marvels, rest the weariest mind, and send him back to grub among his fellow-grubbers, while the forces of Nature keep their course with majestic power, unwearied, round the circuit of their appointed labour, and he, man, a speck of crumbling

dust. The thought took me to a higher level than the balancing of monetary differences and weighing the poor man's holiday in the rich man's scales. Why should the noblest, the most beautiful, the most wonderfully and fearfully made of God's handiwork be as a passing shadow on the screen of yonder cliff, which rises as a giant monarch, resists the storms of ages, and sees a hundred generations come and go? Even the sparkling dew-drop at your feet has more inherent power than the united strength of a million of our race. Faraday showed many years ago that it contained electricity enough to rend a mountain. Consider, however, its normal daily task as it expands into almost infinite diversibility in obedience to the mandate of the sun, holds its invisible particles of moisture in suspension till the chilling evening breeze bids it deck again the hillside with its liquid gem, and give fresh life to flower and field. It knows no weariness and needs no holiday, and yet poor, perishing man sets out to take a yearly holiday as the acme of existence, a climax ruled in measure by the issue from the Royal Mint. And this the highest function of the purse! My friends, are there no true riches?

IN OPEN CONFERENCE WITH READERS.

*** In this Department, the questions and criticisms of correspondents will be attended to on all kinds of topics. Correspondents will oblige by writing "Open Conference" at the head of their communications.*

181. **Pons Asinorum.**—The phrase is derived from the 5th proposition of the first book of Euclid; not the fifth book, as a pen-slip repeating the first numeral made us say last month.

182. **Jerry.**—*"I have been hearing of jerry builders and jerry houses; what is*

the origin of this term? The meaning is plain enough, but I am wondering how such a meaning could come to be expressed in that way." (M.W.)—Our knowledge on the point does not go beyond that of our correspondent. Many such terms come into currency in the most casual

and trifling way, and their local origin is soon lost in the stream of general usage. It would probably turn out, if the exact truth were known, that some builder, of the name of Jerry (short for Jeremiah) distinguished himself by the fraudulent slinness of the houses he put up, and gave his name to a class of work which has not perished with him. It is a comfort to know that the jerry age is doomed in all departments.

183. "**Wrangler.**"—*In what connection is the term "wrangler," applied to a scholar? I wonder what was the origin of the term? "Senior wrangler" sounds more like a prize fighter than a successful candidate for collegiate honours.* (R.W.)—"Wrangler" is a Cambridge phrase, and is applied to one who has obtained a place in the highest mathematical list. The "senior wrangler" is the highest in the list. The term goes a long way back, and probably took its rise in the form adopted for college exercises in the middle ages, when learning became respectable in modern Europe. The plan was to pit two men against each other in the argument of some special point. The one who excelled in most easily obfuscating his opponent, whether by word-twisting or solid argument, carried the day for intellectual proficiency, and obtained the degree. The practice is still in some measure observed in the legal and theological departments: but the name has survived the practice in many cases. Many technical terms remain in this way, the monuments or skeletons of things long since dead.

184. **Artesian Wells.**—"I have been reading of artesian wells. What is the difference between them and ordinary pump wells, and why are they so called? I ought to know, and I used to know, but memory is failing with the advance of years; and it will do no harm, anyhow, for me to ask." (J.F.)—The difference lies, not in the form of the well (which consists in both

cases of a simple narrow boring to a considerable depth), but in the position of the water that may be tapped by the boring. In the common well, you touch water below in a state of level, and the water requires to be pumped up before you can get it. In the artesian well, you tap water which is being drained from a considerable height, and which, consequently, rushes up the bore without being pumped, in accordance with the law which makes water rise to its own level. An artesian well is, in fact, a spring artificially formed. It cannot always be told whether it will be an artesian well or a common well that will be made when the sinkers have finished their work. It depends on the geological lie of the land underground, which cannot always be told on the surface. The name artesian comes from the French province of Artois, where this kind of well-sinking was first practiced. There is a well there which has been upspringing for 600 years.

185. **The Star Mizar.**—F.G.C. referring to the answer on this subject last month, thinks it may be Mirza and not Mizar that is intended. If so, he says it is the name of the star known to astronomers as *Zetu Ursae Majoris*, or, in plain English, star Z of the Great Bear. He is very visible to the naked eye, being of the third magnitude. He is the middle star of the three bright ones forming the tail of the "Great Bear." F.G.C. writes on the assumption that there is no such star as Mizar; but in this he may be mistaken, as there is the mention of such a star in the index of the latest standard publication on Astronomy, namely, the completed serial publication entitled *The Story of the Heavens*. At the same time, there is nothing about it in the page to which the figure refers the reader; the discourse is of other stars, of which Mizar may be an alternative name.

186. **The Emphatic Diaglott.**—

"Who was Benjamin Wilson, the writer of the *Emphatic Diaglott*? Was he a *Christadelphian*? and how was his work received by Greek scholars and the public generally?" (G.M.) Benjamin Wilson was an Englishman who emigrated to the United States some half century ago or more. He was one of the earliest friends of Dr. Thomas, after Dr. Thomas's attainment to a full scriptural enlightenment; but he had ceased to be friendly before the exigencies of the Civil War compelled Dr. Thomas to devise a name for the brethren. So far as we know, he is still alive, somewhere in the Western States (in the neighbourhood of California, we believe). We do not know in what estimate his translation of the Greek Testament was held by scholars. We rather imagine it never obtained introduction to such, except in individual cases. We have never heard its reliability seriously impugned; and so far as we have had occasion to compare its renderings with the original, we have as a rule found it very judicious and discerning.

187. **Good Company.**—"No. 1 of Vol. II. is just arrived and we are very much pleased with it indeed. The company you introduce us to is good company indeed, interesting and highly instructive. We trust that we shall have the pleasure soon of hearing that it is as successful financially as it is intellectually. We are glad you have dropped the advertising department. The only innovation I take exception to is, the lining of the titles of subjects with straight lines. Beauty travels upon undulating lines; so I think if titles are to be enclosed at all, it should be with a nice fine border of leaves or flowers. You will perhaps think me fastidious. I have been thinking with your great natural gifts of language, ideality and reasoning power, you could make a nice addition to *Good Company* if you would weave a story with some such title as *Dark Days* or *Happy Days* as the case

might be. The idea would be to bring out the excellence of the truth. Whether the scenes were cast in the present dark age in which we live or in the bright and perfect future that awaits, you would have an abundance of material to work upon. It would be a fine way of enunciating and illustrating the truth *v.* the darkness and superstition of Gentile theology." (W.C.) —(There are many obstacles in the way of our correspondent's suggestion. If we had the time, which at present is the thing we lack most, the obstacles would not be all gone. We could not be easily persuaded to embark on a line of writing which is carried to such hurtful excess in the present age, and which is only serviceable for good results when restricted to parable or the illustration of actual and undoubted facts).

188. **The Zoetrope.**—No fewer than eight readers have come to the rescue of editorial ignorance on this subject. Thanking one and all, we select the best description without meaning any disrespect to the others:—"Greek *zoe*, life; and *trope*, a turning; a 'wheel of life,' an instrument which exhibits the motions of life by an optical illusion. A series of pictures, say of a boy jumping, is printed on a strip of paper which is coiled inside a wheel or drum which is pierced with a number of slits, through which the pictures are viewed. The first picture represents the boy just rising off the ground, the second shows him a bit higher, the next higher still, and so on right through the jump. When the wheel is rapidly revolved, the eye looking through the slits is not quick enough to separate the impressions of each picture, but through 'persistence of vision' as it is called, takes on the general impression of a boy jumping. It is obvious that a rapid series of instantaneous photographs may be used for this purpose. This is what Edison does." (F.G.C.)

189. **Sound Pictures and Light-sound.**—Referring to an article that appeared some time ago on the beautiful geometrical forms made by sound on prepared surfaces, our roving correspondent says a friend "called on the gentleman who produced them and saw the instrument he made for the purpose, or rather the parts, for it was all to pieces, and he told her that he had done nothing in that way for years, as it cost so much in time and money. He evidently thought my friend to be somewhat versed in the subject, so that he talked quite over her head. However, this he said:—The further he pursued the subject, the more bewildering it became from the interminable paths that led out of it. The hidden forces of nature overwhelmed him. I see from G. C. that light produces sound; really, marvels will never cease. What prospects immortality holds out!—*Good Company* has come beautifully early this month. It is quite a delightful mid-Christadelphian visitor. I wish I could tell you in detail how interesting both magazines are. I feel as if general remarks of appreciation don't touch the kernel of the impression made by the reading."

190. **The Watch Tower.** A Liverpool lady writes in reference to our answer last month on this subject: "*The WATCH TOWER is not 'the organ of the Adventists'; does not 'look for the personal return of Christ'; does not expect or teach 'that the earth will be burnt up'; and DOES teach that the Jews will be restored. These statements I make from my own personal knowledge.*" The writer of these contradictions prefaces and follows them with remarks of some asperity, for which there is a little excuse, perhaps, but no true occasion. The statements contradicted are all true of the body concerning whom they are made, namely, the American Adventists,

as we knew them in Dr. Thomas's days; and we are not aware that they have changed. Our mistake lay in describing the paper called the *Watch Tower* as "the organ" of that party. It is the organ of a section of that party, which we now remember has modified "advent" views into the extraordinary shape of believing in Christ's adventual "presence" having actually occurred; and that there will be a "second chance" for all mankind. We have seen the paper occasionally during the last few years, but only in the cursory manner possible in dealing with a monthly stream of publications which the iron stress of other duties makes it impossible to read in a thorough manner. We are sure Mrs. P.—has no intention to be unfair: but she might have guessed something between wilful misrepresentation and dishonest ignorance in her solution of our mistake.

191. **Sinning Angels.**—"The closing lines of the article on phrenology appearing last month, page 129, seem to imply that the angels in heaven can sin. A little more information on this point would be interesting." (A. T. J.)—There is very little information accessible on the subject. All that we have is in the Bible; and it is confined to one or two allusive sentences and a phrase or two. Of the latter is the expression, "the elect angels" (1 Tim. v. 21), which by implication suggests the expression made use of last month, which is of apostolic authorship: "the angels that sinned" (2 Pet. ii. 4). Paul alludes to the judgment of these sinning angels as coming under the jurisdiction of the saints in the day of exaltation. That they are not in the human category would follow from the way he introduces them—namely, as an extra argument for brethren showing administrative discernment now, and as in contrast to "things pertaining to this life." "Know ye not that we shall judge angels? how much

more things that pertain to this life?" (1 Cor. vi. 3). Who they were or why the saints should judge them is not revealed. Peter refers to them as if they were before Noah and "the old world," and Jude's reference (verse 6) is not inconsistent with this view. That they were pre-Adamite is more than probable. That they were immortal is unlikely, seeing that the angelic nature is associated in all New Testament teaching with a perfect and sinless subjection to God. They may have been the unsuccessful candidates for the exaltation to which "the elect angels" have attained—the failures of angelic probation: for the angels have known evil (Gen. iii. 22). God's ways are so infinitely varied that we cannot well argue from the human race to any other. God's appointment would, of course, be an all-sufficient reason for these unsuccessful angels coming under the judgment of the saints.

192. **The Apocrypha.**—*"What is the origin of the Apocrypha? How came it to be in the Bible? Was it there up to King James' time? If so, what led to his rejecting it? In what estimate was it held by those who translated it from the Hebrew into Greek?"* (T. M.)—The authorship of the Apocryphal books (Old Testament) is not exactly known. They were written by Jews, but never ranked as inspired books in Palestine, where the authorship was probably known at the time of their production, and where the difference between inspired Scripture and human writing was understood. Josephus, who lived in the first century, gives us a list of the inspired books, and refers to many other books having been written in which there is no inspiration. The apostles never quote from the Apocrypha. How they came to be included with Bible writings (from which they differ so much), is to be understood by reference to the origin of the version of the Scriptures in connection with which they first appeared

—namely, the Septuagint. This was a translation made into Greek for Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, some 300 B.C. Ptolemy was a literary king, and was guided by very different principles in his collection of Jewish literature from those in force among those "to whom were committed the oracles of God." It was sufficient to Ptolemy, and those who continued the work after him, that the books were Jewish: he knew no difference between inspired and uninspired productions; and therefore writings excluded among the Jews from "the canon" (as it is called) were readily admitted into a Greek translation of sacred Jewish books, without distinction, and appeared afterwards as part and parcel of the collection. Having once obtained admission there (the Greek version of the Old Testament—never into the Hebrew), it easily came to pass afterwards that undiscerning readers and writers were to be found accepting these Apocryphal books as scripture. Thus arose a dispute which raged for centuries. The ecclesiastical "fathers" of the early centuries (Origen, Clemens, Augustine, and others) were among those who contended for the Apocrypha being inspired. Christian teachers connected with Palestine rejected them. Some ecclesiastical councils have pronounced in their favour. As a rule, the Roman Catholic Church held by them, while the class persecuted by Rome would have none of them. At the time of the Reformation, the question came up for fresh debate. The Protestants universally adhered to the view that only the books in the Hebrew collection were to be received as inspired. James I., and his bishops, were in sympathy with the Protestant views, which ultimately prevailed in Britain. Every argument of true reason is decisive in favour of that view. Ptolemy's translators (whether in his lifetime or after) did their work faith-

fully enough on the whole: but as they were merely executing a literary order, their classification is of no weight on the question of inspiration, which was not before them. The views of the ancient Hebrew school, the concurrence of Jesus and the Apostles in their estimate of "Moses, the Prophets and the Psalms," and the inherent character of the Apocrypha, are all decisive against admitting the Apocrypha into the Bible.

MY DAYS AND MY WAYS.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM Derby (if we went there, and, since writing the last chapter, I have come to the conclusion that my companion's memory is right on that point) we went to Sheffield, a large town, well known throughout the world for its cutlery manufacture. It struck us as being a gloomy place of belching chimney stacks, grimy houses, and smoke-laden atmosphere; but it has since improved greatly, like all other English places. The population seemed worse than the place—all gone after a low form of sectarianism or the most vulgar and rabid atheism. "Iconoclast," as Bradlaugh used to be called in those days, had a large and enthusiastic following; so had Fidler Joss, or some such hell-fire mountebank. There was, of course, a middle class of the better sort, the frequenters and supporters of religious "causes" and educational movements, but having no Scriptural knowledge of any moment, and no understanding of the hope of Israel, or the wonderful purpose and work of Israel's God as declared by the prophets and the apostles. It was a doleful place for pilgrims of Zion. However, in this respect also, a great change

for the better has taken place. There is now an intelligent and thriving ecclesia in Sheffield, so that, spiritually, the place presents the same contrast of tidiness to its former state that it does in the state of its atmosphere and the aspect of its streets. How delighted we should have been in 1861 to have found such an ecclesia as exists in 1891. The time had not come. It was phrenology then, which is poor stuff to feed on. A melancholy spectacle is a human being in the state of maudlin self-contemplation induced by the exclusive study of the cranial science. However, it is better than the absolute self-ignorance that is usual; and there is a time for it, which the intelligent will survive, coming out at last into the clear light of intellectual equilibrium, in which the mind is a sort of mirror of the universe—reflecting all truth in just proportion. A little phrenological knowledge would do the world's "lights" a deal of good sometimes. It would save Mrs. Besant, for example, from finding in the mental diversities of the human species an evidence of previous existence. (By the way, Mrs. Besant, why should the blacks, as a mass, be so far below the Europeans as a mass, if your ideal of a previous existence is needful to account for the diversities of individual "souls?" But we will leave that.)

The phrenological lectures and examinations took very well in Sheffield—the lecturers being careful, with pole-balancing agility, to offend neither the infidels nor the sectarians. To the one, they spoke of the brain being the instrument of the soul, and to the other—well (with a wink), no one knew much about it, and it was as well not to burst the boilers in getting to heaven. The only distinct impression we took away from Sheffield was that the world, with its energy and clever wrong-headedness, was a much

more difficult problem than we had any idea of: also that its sorrows were deep and incurable. We lodged with a widow whose type was new to us in those days, but which we have since found is not scarce: glib, shallow, effusive, highly retrospective and responsive to sympathy, but having no affinity for thoughts or ways or questions relating to wisdom. They can entertain you by the hour with recitals that are of no moment to a human being under the sun. Yet what can you say? There they are, with their scanty natures, their empty purses, and their harrowed feelings. It is part of the nightmare of the world. You can only drop a word of sympathy, do some little act of help, and pass on with a groan. Portionless widows ought to be taken charge of by the State—occupation afforded, maintenance allowed. Dear me! how many “oughts” there are. Well, nightmares only last for the night. The day will break and the shadows flee. Our widow wept when we said good-bye: we have not seen her since. She has probably passed off the scene. The only words of hers we remember were historic: “My husband was very fond of gravy!” (pronounced *grye-vah*). They have become a proverb in Israel.

Our next place of call was York. When I arrived at the hall that had been engaged, a letter was placed in my hands, imploring me not to stay at York, as an evil person known to the writer had designs on my wife, and would not scruple to make short work with me if I stood in his way, or something to that effect. I had had a note of similar purport concerning York before leaving Sheffield. I knew there could be no truth in the allegations, but that some one must be trying to play a practical joke. The note at New York was specially handed to me by Burnham—afterwards the astronomer—the others looking gleefully on. It bore all the

marks of having come through the post; but on closely scanning it, I found the stamp and post marks were all clever imitations, so that I was at no loss in finding the culprit among those merry Americans. They were sorry to see the joke explode so quickly. They had at least hoped to see me apprehensive, casting quick glances at the opening doors, &c.

In the evening, Mr. Wells opened the ceremony. “We have come,” said he, “all the way from *New York* to have a look at you in *old York*. We consider ourselves missionaries: we bring you knowledge of a special kind which it will be good for you to know, &c.” There were wicked winks among the subordinates at this way of putting the phrenological enterprise, seeing that nothing but the imperious necessities of business would have brought busts and skulls and pictures to a York platform. There was a certain amount of truth in the statement, but it was sadly diluted and watered down with grosser facts. The great aim was to please men that they might be induced to part with a little of the circulating gold into phrenological pockets (in a perfectly legitimate way, of course; but still there it was). I asked Mr. Fowler at a quiet moment in the examination room, while at this place, why he did not delineate inferior characters in language that could be understood by them. (He would say, for example, to a man villainously deficient in conscientiousness: “You are characterised for a moderate degree of circumspection; it would be well for you to cultivate this quality for the sake of a proper balance of your powers.” The initiated understood the meaning of the hint, but the man himself went away with a gratified sense of moral proficiency). Mr. Fowler said it would not do to tell just the naked truth: that people would resent it, and it would do them no good, whereas by suggesting that they were good and

only required to be a little better, they were kept on good terms with themselves, and stood a better chance of any improvement their case was susceptible of—to all of which, of course, no exception could be taken from the phrenologist's point of view. But it made me feel that phrenology could be no fitting calling for one who desired to be led and guided alone by the issues of truth, and above all who wished to be identified with the work of God among men.

This feeling, combined with new family prospects, and the unsatisfactory nature of our irregular ways, led me to reconsider our course. Was it wise or otherwise for us to remain connected with a travelling phrenological firm? The problem grew so strongly on me as to unfit me for meals. At York, we were nearer Huddersfield than we should be again for a long time to come. What would it be to run through and see how my former employer was situated? Resolved. We had now been about five months on the wing. Phrenological business was not very brisk in a cathedral town. I easily obtained permission to pay a visit to Huddersfield. The editor of the *Examiner* was glad to see me. I found he was badly suited with the man that had come in my place. When I ventilated the idea of my returning, he readily fell in with it; and it was arranged that he would give notice to his reporter, and that I should give notice to Fowler and Wells. On my return to York I told Mr. Wells what I was thinking of. He took it very kindly, and I think the proposal to leave them was not altogether unwelcome, as the throng of business had begun to ease off considerably, and the stoppage of my salary would be a welcome retrenchment. Perhaps also my strong Bible preferences interfered with my perfect suitability for their service on all points. At all events, it was easily arranged that at the expiry of a month's

notice I should be at liberty to leave them. From York we went to Durham, then to Newcastle-on-Tyne, then to Sunderland, and from Sunderland we returned to Huddersfield, to resume the jog-trot life of a provincial weekly newspaper reporter-ship.

FRAGMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE common garden snail has 14,175 teeth in 135 rows.

Nearly 5,000,000,000 bricks are made in this country every year.

The greatest copper-producing districts of the world are in Chili.

Since the first oil well was struck in the United States, in 1859, over £200,000,000 worth of oil has been exported.

The number of Gaelic speakers in Edinburgh is 1,770, and in Glasgow 8,517. The total number in Scotland is 231,602.

As much eider down may be squeezed into a ball which can be held in one hand as would fill one of the cotton bags for the covering of a bed.

When wolves cross a river they follow one another directly in a line, the second holding the tail of the first in its mouth, the third that of the second, and so on with the rest.

VOLCANIC DUST.—On the morning of the 2nd September, 1845, a volcanic eruption of Mount Hecla, in Iceland, occurred, and in the evening a shower of the dust of the eruption fell over the Orkney Islands. It had travelled over six hundred miles.

WASTE PRODUCTS.—The Germans can give General Booth points in economy. There is in Munich an hospital which is kept up without any contributions save those of pen nibs. The steel nibs are manufactured into razors, knives, and watch springs at a considerable profit.

WARMTH IN BEEHIVES.—The winter temperature of a hive of bees depends on the activity of these insects. A certain hive was 2 degrees below freezing point; by tapping on the hive the bees were aroused, the frequency of their respirations increased, and the temperature rose to 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

A CURIOUS BIRD'S NEST.—The Brush Turkey of Australia has one of the most curious of nests. The female gathers decaying vegetable matter into a heap and lays her eggs in the middle of it, trusting for their hatching to the heat generated by the decomposing organic matter. The heap varies in size from two to four cartloads, and is shaped like a pyramid.

IS A TROTTER EVER OFF THE GROUND?—Photography has settled this disputed question. From a series of instantaneous photographs taken by a Frenchman, we learn that at one recurring period of the trot the horse is for some short time entirely off the ground. Mr. Muybridge, of California, proved long ago by the same means that a running dog was periodically quite clear off the ground.

A CARRIAGE COOLING APPLIANCE.—We don't require carriages to be cooled in Britain, but it is different in India. An improved apparatus for providing a railway carriage in hot weather with a cool and pleasant breeze has just been brought out by Mr. George Payne, of the locomotive department, Indian Midland Railway. It is fitted under the body of a carriage, is self-revolving, and so arranged that it will catch air from all directions, and will keep working for fifteen minutes after the train has been stopped.

THE COMPASS.—Much is written of the constancy with which the magnetic needle points to the north. The stability is an illusion. There are scarcely two places on the earth's surface where the needle

points to the same direction in space. In Britain the needle points about 19 degrees west of true north, while in some parts of Russia the direction is astronomically north. Then the tendency of the north polar end is to dip (in all places north of the equator) downwards, pointing to the magnetic centre below the surface of the earth. Besides, there is an annual as well as a diurnal variation, and not only so, but a cyclical variation, so that of all the images of inconstancy, the mariner's compass ought to be the favourite instance.

GOLD-MINING IN BRITAIN.—Most people, away from the locality of the Morgan gold mine at Dolgelly, believe that it has been stopped, but that is not so; it is still in full work, and give steady employment to 150 men. At present ore is being treated at the rate of about 80 tons per twenty-four hours; but it is a low-grade ore, yielding only a quarter of an ounce of gold to the ton of stone. This brings out enough to fully pay all working expenses and royalty, but leaves nothing for the shareholders, so that if the ore becomes worse the enterprise must be abandoned. Up to the end of last month metal to the value of £60,000 had been obtained, but the extraordinary charges of the Crown have taken away the profit from the proprietors.

HARMS AND AILMENTS.

TURPENTINE.—Painters should seldom wash their hands in turpentine, as the practice, if persisted in, will lead to the most serious results, even to the loss of power in the wrist joints. It has a tendency to enlarge the finger joints, renders the hands more sensitive to cold in winter, and lays the foundation of rheumatism.

SPRAINS.—Sprains are always promptly relieved by allowing cold water to fall upon the part steadily, until no discomfort is experienced. Repeat as often as neces-

sary ; keep the sprained joint elevated if about the hands, and horizontal if about the feet, so as to promote the flow of blood from the parts by gravity ; and live for a few days on fruits and coarse bread mainly.

NEURALGIA.—A remedy, which is sometimes instantaneously successful, is mixing equal parts of sweet oil, spirits of hartshorn, and chloroform ; shake it well, and before time is allowed for its particles to separate, wet a bit of rag or lint, place it on the painful spot for about a minute, or less if relieved sooner, but hold a handkerchief on the lint, so as to confine the volatile ingredients ; if kept on too long, the skin may be taken off.

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENICS IN RHYME.

There's a skin without and a skin within,
A covering skin and a lining skin ;
But the skin within is the skin without
Doubled inwards and carried completely through-
out.

The palate, the nostrils, the windpipe, and throat,
Are all of them lined with this inner coat,
Which through every part is made to extend—
Lungs, liver, and bowels, from end to end.

The outside skin is a marvellous plan
For exuding the dregs of the flesh of man ;
While the inner extracts from the food and the
air

What is needed the waste in his flesh to repair.
When all is well with the outer skin,
You may feel pretty sure all's right within ;
For if anything puts the inner skin out
Of order, it troubles the skin without.

Brandy or whisky, or rum, or gin,
Is apt to disorder the skin within ;
While, if dirty or dry, the skin without
Refuses to let the sweat come out.
Good people all ! have a care of your skin,
Both that without and that within ;
To the first give plenty of water and soap,
To the last little else besides water, I hope.

A good deal depends on just when and where
You get your water, your food, and your air ;

If they be at all tainted, or rendered impure,
It will have its effects on your blood—be sure.
The food you will find to be ever the best
Is that you like most and soonest digest ;
All unripe fruit and decaying flesh
Beware of, and fish that is not very fresh.

Of all things, the most I would have you beware
Of breathing the poison of once breathed air ;
When in bed, whether out or at home you may
be,

Always open your windows and let it go free.
With clothing and exercise keep yourselves warm,
And change your clothes quickly if drenched in a
storm ;

For a cold caught by chilling the outside skin
Flies at once to the delicate lining within.

S. A. P.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

GLOVE mends will show less if done
with cotton thread than it does if done
with silk.

SCONES.—Four cups of flour, two tea-
spoonstul of soda, four teaspoonsful full
of cream of tartar, a little salt ; mix with
sweet milk, and bake in a quick oven.

SETTING COLOURS.—To set delicate
colours in embroidered handkerchiefs,
soak them ten minutes previous to
washing in a pail of tepid water into
which a dessertspoonful of turpentine has
been well stirred.

A STRONG PASTE FOR PAPER.—To
two large spoonfuls of fine flour, put as
much pounded resin as will lie on a
shilling ; mix with as much strong beer as
will make it of a due consistence, and boil
half an hour. Let it be cold before it is
used.

BOILING AND SPOILING.—Vegetables
that are to be boiled should be put into
water that is already boiling fast, and
brought quickly to boiling again. Steeping
in hot water before boiling injures the
flavour and taste, and toughens the
vegetables.

GREASE ON THE WALL.—Grease spots upon wall paper may be removed with Fuller's earth. Make a thick paste, spread carefully upon the spots, and let it remain for twelve hours. Brush it off, and if the spot has not entirely disappeared, repeat the process.

FADED ROSES.—Roses that have been carried, or worn, and have drooped, will revive greatly if the stems are cut off a little, then placed in water which is almost boiling, letting them stand in it about ten minutes and then removed to cold water.—*Orchard and Garden.*

KEEPING LEMONS.—Housekeepers know how quickly lemons lose their freshness, and rot. A simple and inexpensive remedy is to place them in a jar filled with water, the water to be renewed every day or two. By this means this fruit can be kept fresh and sound for several weeks.

KITCHEN RUGS.—A hard floor oiled is best and neatest for the kitchen. I like a rug before the stove, the table, and the sink. For these rugs I use strips of rag carpet, as they can be easily washed. Braided rugs are nice for the kitchen, but I like the smooth rug best.—*Mrs. GREEN.*

KEEPING BUTTER.—A good plan for keeping butter cool and sweet in summer is to fill a box with sand to within an inch or two of the top, sink the butter jars in the sand, then thoroughly wet the sand with cold water. Cover the box air tight. The box may be kept in the kitchen and used as a table.

TO REMOVE WARTS.—A bit of impure potass, or *capis infernalis*, moistened, should be gently rubbed on the surface of them a few minutes, so as to leave a kind of whitish paste upon them; over this should be applied a strip of sticking plaster, which must remain on for a week; if the warts be not then nearly gone, apply the potass again.

GETTING RID OF THE MOSQUITOES.—

Take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of a hen's egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes, and not one will be found in the room next morning.

EGG SOUP.—One tablespoonful flour, four eggs, two quarts medium stock, two blades finely pounded mace. Cost, about 1s. 4d. Beat up the flour with a teaspoonful of cold stock, add the eggs, then pour on to them the stock almost boiling, and the mace, simmer for 15 minutes stirring the whole time. Season, and serve with sippets of bread.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Two pints of peas into enough boiling water to cover them, with a little salt; boil until tender; skim the peas out and pass through a colander, then return to the water. Add a teacup of milk or half a teacup of cream, and season to taste with butter, pepper, and salt. Pour over bits of bread fried in butter in a hot soup tureen. (Delicious!)

KEEPING EGGS.—Eggs can be kept perfectly for six months, by coating each one with the white of an egg. Apply it with the finger, so that every spot is touched, then pack the eggs in a box, in any position you wish, putting a layer of paper between every layer of eggs, and set the box away, in a cool, dry place. The white of one egg will coat from eight to ten dozen.

WARM THE JARS FOR JELLIES AND PRESERVES.—All jellies and preserves should be put in the jars while lukewarm, as the jelly or syrup, if it be thick, breaks after it has become cold; the jars should be left open till the next day. Glass jars of a small size, or large tumblers, are better for preserves than china, for should they not keep well it can be detected immediately.

HOW TO DESTROY FLIES WITHOUT POISON.—To one pint of milk add $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of raw sugar and 2 oz. of ground pepper; simmer the same together eight or ten minutes, and place it about in shallow vessels; the flies attack it greedily, and in a few moments are suffocated. By this method you may keep your kitchens, &c., clear of flies all summer, without the danger attending poison.

WATER IN THE MILK.—The following test for watered milk, is simplicity itself. A well-polished knitting needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the sample is pure, some of the fluid will hang to the needle, but if water has been added to the milk, even in small proportions, the fluid will not adhere to the needle.

ECONOMY CUSTARD.—Take one quart of sweet milk (the cream may be skimmed off for your tea); boil it, and add two tablespoons of flour, previously mixed with a little milk. Sweeten and flavour with half the grated rind of an orange or lemon. When thoroughly scalded, remove from the fire, and stir in the yoke of one egg. Beat the white stiff; flavour and sweeten and float on top. This custard, if properly made, tastes as delicious as if it contained four eggs, and is much more digestible.—S. J. M.

SHORTBREAD WITHOUT EGGS OR MILK.—One pound butter, 2 lb. flour, 7 oz. soft sugar, a good pinch of salt. Work the butter well into the flour, without melting it; then add the sugar and salt and mix well. Bake on greased paper for about an hour in a pretty hot oven. The flour and butter, &c., should be shaped into squares with the hands before putting on the paper. This will need a little patience, but it can be done, and the shortbread is much shorter and nicer than if milk and eggs are added. This is an excellent

recipe. You need not use either eggs or milk.

WHAT IS CHOWDER?—You will be sure to ask this if you go to America. This recipe will enlighten you. Cut up a large onion rather finely, place in a saucepan with a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and let it stand beside the fire till it looks transparent—not brown, but a pale gold colour. Add then a breakfast-cupful of thinly-sliced raw potatoes and a breakfast-cupful of boiling water; let all simmer till the potatoes are soft; then add a full pint of milk and half a dozen crushed arrow-root biscuits; any plain small biscuits will do. Let all simmer for 10 minutes, and then add the contents of a 1 lb. tin of oysters or salmon, or any fish preferred, with a small teaspoonful of salt and a small saltspoonful of white pepper. Give all one boil up, stir well, and serve.

BLIGHTED HOSPITALITY.—Perhaps there is nothing more fatal to the spirit of hospitality than the love of appearances. The desire of seeming to live in a more costly or stylish manner than we really do stifles many a hospitable impulse and kills many a hearty welcome. Either we know we cannot compass what we wish, and so deny ourselves and our friends the pleasure of the meeting, or we strain our purses and our nerves to the utmost, and thus unfit ourselves for the enjoyment of their presence. We pay our friends a poor compliment when we suppose that they are better pleased with the physical pleasures of a costly table and tasteful surroundings than they would be with our own free and leisurely company.

ILL-MANNERED CHILDREN.—If many a mother could see her children's behaviour through her neighbour's eyes, she would often see that there has been something amiss in their training. There is no more disagreeable object in life (unless it is an ill-behaved man or woman, and such conduct in mature years is generally the

result of early training) than a thoroughly ill-mannered child. How often we see on the street, at entertainments, while both visiting and receiving visitors, children who by their obtrusive ways and constant talk render every one about them uncomfortable. The pampered, over-indulged child may be very agreeable to doting parents, but to others, they are glum and wilful, and wayward, and selfish. Judicious spanking would do them a world of good. The test of good training is how the children behave to other people.

AVOID SODA IN THE SAUCEPAN.—Many people suffer from ill-health because their cooks put common washing soda into vegetables. The effect is most injurious; feverish symptoms appear, and total loss of appetite, headache, lassitude, depression of spirits, and all the disagreeable sensations which attend blood poisoning. It is almost universally used in kitchens, and if the cook is in a hurry she takes up a handful of soda out of "a handy tin," where she always keeps it and pops it into the saucepan where the green peas are, or into the French beans, spinach, cauliflower, brussels-sprouts, or cabbage. In fact one can hardly eat anything with safety in a house where the cook is in the habit of using soda with all her vegetables. She puts it into the carrots for her soup, into turnips, parsnips, split-peas, &c., because she can thus get them ready quickly. They are tender enough to be sure, but they take with them into the stomach chemical enough to nearly burn off the inner lining.

WHAT SALT WILL DO.—A little rubbed on the cups will take off tea stains. Put into whitewash, it will make it stick better. As a tooth-powder, it will keep the teeth white and the gums hard and rosy. It is one of the best gargles for sore throat, and a preventive of diphtheria, if taken in time. Use salt and water to clean willow furniture; apply with brush, and rub dry.

Salt and water held in the mouth after having a tooth pulled will stop the bleeding. Prints rinsed with it in the water will hold their colour and look brighter. Two teaspoonsful in half a pint of tepid water is an emetic always on hand, and is an antidote for poisoning from nitrate of silver. Neuralgia of the feet and limbs can be cured by bathing night and morning with salt and water as hot as can be borne. When taken out, rub the feet briskly with a coarse towel. Salt and water is one of the best of remedies for sore eyes, and if applied in time will scatter the inflammation. Silk handkerchiefs and ribbons should be washed in salt and water, and ironed wet, to obtain the best results. As a fertiliser salt is very valuable. Food would be insipid and tasteless without it. Hæmorrhages of the lungs or stomach are promptly checked by small doses of salt.

HOW TO BOIL AN EGG.—"Isn't it strange," said a short, foreign-looking man the other day to some companions, while lunching together at a restaurant, "that not one cook in fifty, nor housekeeper either, knows how to boil an egg? And yet most people think they know this simple matter. They will tell you to drop it into boiling water and let it remain there three minutes, and to be sure the water is boiling. Here is where the mistake is made. An egg, so prepared, is indigestible, and hardly fit for a well person, let alone one who is sick, to eat. The moment it is plunged into boiling water the white hardens and toughens. To boil an egg properly, put it in a vessel, cover with cold water, place over the fire, and the second the water begins to boil your egg is done. The white is as delicate as a jelly, and as easily digested and nutritious, as it should be. Try it."—The information is worthy of consideration, since the speaker has occupied the place of chef at several of the

largest hotels in the country.—On this, S. J. M. remarks:—There is a better way still: When the yolk and white are thoroughly mixed before cooking, the yolk is not then so rich, and is more easily digested. Break an egg into a small dish, beat into it a tablespoonful of milk, a pinch of salt and pepper. Set the dish in boiling water until the egg thickens, or the egg and milk may be poured on a slice of bread and steamed or baked a few minutes.”

DAMP-PROOF WALLS.—The penetration of the walls of houses by rain during the continued wet weather is very common when the house occupies an exposed situation, and it becomes a matter of the utmost importance to secure efficient means of averting this serious inconvenience. Various methods are resorted to. Thus at Brighton and other places along the south coast, in former times, it was customary to face the exposed fronts of houses with a kind of glazed tile, made and fixed with a uniform surface, so as to imitate bricks. Sometimes the outside of the walls is covered with ordinary slating; for small houses and cottages the walls are periodically pitched. Portland cement, however, has superseded many of these contrivances, and is now very generally used as an external coating to the brickwork, and is almost impervious to driving rain. Sometimes the outer face of the wall is covered with a superior mortar, on which are sprinkled shingle and small pieces of flint—a description of work known as “rough-cast” work. In the convalescent hospital at Seaford—a new building—it was found that the walls were inadequate to keep out the driving rain, especially when exposed to the sea. The remedy adopted was the application of a prepared paint, which is said to have proved successful. Where it is desired that the brickwork should remain exposed, it is a common practice to construct the

external wall with a cavity—that is, to form it of two parallel walls, about two or three inches distant from each other, and tied together by bonding-ties of some non-absorbent material, such as iron or glazed stoneware. These walls, when carefully built, are nearly as strong as solid walls, and they not only protect the house from the penetration of damp from without, but they tend to the maintenance of an even temperature within the house.

PLEASING VARIETIES.

“THE mean of true valour lies between the extremes of cowardice and rashness.”

“YOU cannot afford to do anything but what is good. You are on dress parade all the time”

A CURIOUS ARBITRATION.—The *Daily News* Paris correspondent says:—The Archbishop of Treves and the Archbishop of Versailles, have agreed to submit a dispute of very long standing to the arbitration of the Pope. The question at issue is whether the seamless garment at Treves or the one at the Church of Argenteuil has the best claims to be the genuine vesture for which the Roman soldiers cast lots. If the Pope were to say “Neither,” he would probably perpetrate an act of infallibility. The Argenteuil relic is of camel’s hair, is handwoven, and has faint traces of purple. It was given by the Empress Irene to Charlemagne in the year 800.

KILLED IN WAR IN 34 YEARS.—According to a computation issued by the eminent statistician, Dr. Ernest Engel, the cost in human life of the different wars that have taken place during the last 34 years is 2,253,000 souls. The Crimean War cost 750,000 men, the Italian War (1859) 45,000, the Danish War (1864) 3,000, the American Civil War—the Northern States

280,000, the Southern States 520,000; the Austro-Prussian War 45,000, the Franco-German War—France 155,000, Germany 60,000; the Turco-Russian War 250,000, the South African Wars 30,000, the Afghan War 25,000, the Mexican and Cochín-Chinese expeditions 65,000, and the Bulgario-Servian Insurrection 25,000. This list does not include mortality from sickness.

THE LARGEST ARTESIAN WELL.—In sinking a well for the Natatorium, at Fort Worth, Texas, a flow of water was struck which exceeds that of any artesian well known. The flow is at the rate (*Iron* informs us) of 600 gallons per minute, and the water is as clear as crystal. The well has a depth of 1,052 feet, with a 10-inch bore at the top, tapering to five inches at the bottom. Prior to the present discovery, the largest flowing well was that at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, the discharge of which amounts to 500,000 gallons daily. At Aire, in the old province of Artois (now better known as the department Pas de Calais), France, from which province the term artesian well is derived, there is a well from which the water has continued to flow for more than a century; and at the old Carthusian convent at Lillers there is another which dates from the twelfth century.

TACT AND TALENT.—Tact is the essence of all the senses put together. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, the lively touch. It is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, and the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way over the world; it is useful in society, for it pleases everyone. Talent is power, tact is skill. Talent is weight, tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable, tact makes him respected. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries the

day against talent ten to one. Talent is fit for employment, but tact is the test, for it has a knack of slipping into the right place with the gentleness of movement with which a billiard ball insinuates itself into a pocket. Tact puts on no wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but it has all the air of common-place, and all the force of power and genius.

THE DOG'S WILL.—A story runs that there was a priest in Tuscany of great wealth, who buried his dog, which was very dear to him, in the churchyard. The bishop got to know this; and setting his heart on the priest's money, called him before him to be punished as guilty of the greatest sacrilege. The priest, who well knew what the bishop had at heart, brought fifty gold crowns with him, and went before the bishop, who, severely blaming the burial of the dog, bade them drag the priest away to prison. But the cunning priest broke in: "Oh, my father, if you only knew the wisdom of that dog, you would not wonder that he deserved to be buried among Christian men; for he was more than human in his life, and still more in his death." "What is all this?" asked the bishop. "He made his will before he died," said the priest; "and, knowing your poverty, he left you fifty golden crowns as a bequest, which I have here with me." Then the bishop, approving both the will and the burial, pocketed the money and absolved the priest.

GREENLAND.—There is nothing but a white world supporting a blue vault. From far below one's feet there comes the moaning noise, the voice of rivers flowing far beneath. Occasionally there are loud reports from the opening of a cleft, a vast mass of water pierces its way into the ice down to the underlying granite itself, for thousands of feet. At thirty miles from the coast, the height above the sea is 2,200 feet, and the ice is still rising. A wonderful sight is that of the colossal

rivers, deep and broad, which flow between tall blue ice banks, and pour at the end of their course down a cleft with a mighty cascade, which is conspicuous from a distance by a cloud of mist which always hangs above it. On the strips of the land near the coast, there is a little vegetation. It is very pleasant to the eye. Vegetation covers the ground in thick masses, forming turf in the level places, while it fills the chinks and crannies of the rocks and creeps over the surface of the stone, giving a bright appearance to the land in summer.

TO THE FATHER OF TWINS.

Twins! you tell me with a smile,
You've a daughter and a son,
But I fancy that you wear
Under it a doleful air;
You are thinking all the while
Of the two, instead of one.

You are thinking, you are right,
Of the nursing to be done,
Of the extra mouth to feed—
Of the clothing, and the need,
Of the broken rest at night
Two to scream, instead of one.

Don't forget the other side;
Kisses two instead of one—
Two to run with little feet
Father at the gate to meet—
You are rich whate'er betide,
Two to love instead of one.

Peals of laughter running o'er
(Children never tire of fun),
Eyes that look with glad surprise—
On some trick that father tries;
Somersaults upon the floor,
Frolic, when the work is done. S.

THE PHONOGRAPH AS A CONFIDENTIAL CLERK.—A private exhibition of the powers of the phonograph as a substitute for a shorthand clerk or private secretary was recently given at the Royal Aquarium Westminster, a great feature in connection with it being the addition of the Edison mimeograph. By using these two

machines in conjunction it is claimed that correspondence of all sorts will be greatly facilitated, and to a great extent supersede the services of shorthand clerks. Briefly described, the process is as follows: The correspondent dictates into his phonograph the letters he wishes to have sent. By means of a type-writing apparatus specially fitted as a mimeograph, an operator "type writes" the letters at the dictation of the phonograph, and the "copy" thus produced may by a further ingenious arrangement be reproduced any number of times. Whatever may be the opinion of the practical business man as to the advantages of the proposed new system over the present one, it is at any rate extremely interesting to watch and test it. The instruments, with practical illustrations, are now on view in the library of the Aquarium.

AFTER FORTY YEARS.

I pass along the well-known track
By "old familiar" places,
And pause before the house that once
Was bright with friendly faces.
A stranger's hand is on the door,
His foot the threshold crosses,
And memory turns another page
In life's long list of losses.

For I and they, those friends of old,
By Fate and distance parted,
Through life must move by alien paths,
And somewhat sadder-hearted,
But still the fire of friendship glows
With undiminished lustre,
And still my wandering step returns
To where old memories cluster.

So! turn the magic hour-glass back!
And life is wreathed with roses,
The happy circle once again
Around the fireside closes.
Again youth's brightest days are ours,
Though swiftly fleeting by us;
Again we taste the peace and calm
That after years deny us.

Too late! For all around us ring
The ceaseless jar and rattle,
And sundered far, each meets alone,
The brunt of life's stern battle;

Poor comfort shall the sore heart find
 In thoughts of vanished pleasures,
 Upward and forward must we look
 For life's true choicest treasures.

WOMAN'S MOST INTERESTING AGE.—

"What is the most interesting age of woman?" was a question recently discussed by an artist, an author, and a woman of society. The artist said he did not like to paint the portraits of those between the age of twenty-five, and forty years. Before twenty-five the face has an expectancy which charms. It is looking forward with joyous freshness and hope, and is full of puzzling promises. At forty years, the character is formed, and the lines of the countenance are strong for the painter's study, but the face has lost its expectancy, is apt to be indifferent, and has no particular interest.—The author differed from the artist. He liked to study women between the age of thirty and forty. They had then the experience of the world and the joyousness of youth. In those years they were brightest and most interesting.—The society woman thought that it was impossible to give general answers to the question, as individual women differ in regard to the most attractive age. Some are most charming at sixty years, while others have passed their prime at twenty. The best answer would be that women are always beautiful to the friends who love them.

TO THE YOUNG MAN COLLECTING BOOKS.

1. Read what you buy and buy only what you read.
2. Keep a catalogue of your books.
3. Write your name in each book: also date of the purchase and the price you paid.
4. When you lend a book, enter the loan in a blank book kept for the purpose, with name of borrower, when lent, when to be returned, and so on. When the time is expired, ask your

friend if he has done with it. This will save you from many a loss.

5. Do not buy too many books of one class.
6. When there is a choice, buy small books rather than large ones. Dr. Johnson used to say, "Books that you can carry to the fire and hold readily in the hand are the most useful after all."
7. Set apart a regular weekly or monthly sum for the purchase of books, and spend the money for that only.
8. Devote a portion of the money to books of reference.
9. Never purchase worthless books, nor poor editions.
10. Buy the best—such as will stand reading over and over again. Mere story books are exhausted with the first reading.

THE LARGEST STEAM HAMMER—The new 125-ton steam hammer just completed by the Bethlehem Iron and Steel Company, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, is (*Iron* says) the largest ever built. The hammer was designed by Mr. John Fritz, superintendent of the company, and stands some 60 ft. high. It covers a floor surface 42 ft. square, and is of the usual A-frame construction. The steam cylinder is 6 ft. 6 in. in diameter, and has a stroke of 16 ft. 6 in. The total weight of piston, piston-rod, ram, and die, amounts to 125 tons. The foundations for the hammer and anvil are independent of each other, and the space between is filled in with crib work. The hammer foundations consist of a pair of heavy walls 30 ft. in height, laid parallel and north and south of the anvil foundation. These walls rest upon piles driven to the rock bottom. The anvil foundations consist of a timber framework supporting several layers of iron and steel slabs arranged in longitudinal and transverse layers. The anvil is made up of 22 solid cast-iron blocks, averaging about 70 tons each in weight

The anvil block upon which the material is to be hammered is faced with steel, and measures 11 ft. in length, 6 ft. in width at bottom, 2 ft. in width at top, with a depth of 4 ft. 6 in.

"WHAT STRIKES HIM MOST."—Dr. Lauder Brunton, when a patient's liver is seriously out of order, always begins by asking, "How much water do you drink?" Almost invariably with sufferers of this class the answer is, "I hardly touch water. I am not a thirsty person;" forgetting, if they ever knew it, that water is "the universal solvent," and is useful not merely to flush our drains, but to perform a similar function in the cells of which our organs are composed. Dr. Brunton acknowledges the healthful effects of a sojourn at Homburg, Carlsbad, Baden, Harrogate, or Strathpeffer; but what strikes him most at those places is the fact that people who at home never touch water except so far as it enters into the composition of tea, coffee, or wine, are to be seen drinking tumbler after tumbler of what is after all nothing but water with a little common salt and minute traces of other things in it. They might do the same at home; but then, as Dr. Brunton says, if you were to tell a fashionable lady to get up at six o'clock in the morning and walk round Grosvenor Square with a tumbler of hot water in her hand, taking a sip at it every three steps, then to buy at a confectioner's a penny roll and eat this without butter for her breakfast, with a small cup of coffee and nothing more, she would laugh in your face. Worse than that, she would "probably apply to someone else for advice."

INVESTIGATING BY AN INTERPRETER.—There is, of necessity, more or less difficulty in obtaining accurate information through an interpreter. Great patience and circumlocution are often required on the part of the seeker after knowledge. Mr. James Baker relates a bit of his experience

in this line in European Turkey. "We were passing a field," he writes, "in which a man was at work, and I espied a crop which I had never seen before. I called my interpreter. 'Pano, what is that growing there?' 'I don't know, sir.' 'Ask that man, and find out all about it.' He talked with the man for about ten minutes. 'Well, what does he say?' I inquired, breaking into the conversation. 'He says, sir, that he plants little seeds, and it grows like that.' 'Does he give it to his horses or cattle?' Another long talk now took place, and the answer came at last—'No, he does not give it to his cattle.' 'What does he do with it, then?' More talk. 'He says it is a little white seed.' 'Well, what does he do with it?' A very long conversation was carried on in *crescendo* tones, each man becoming much excited. Pano at length turned to me, 'He says, sir, that there is a little oil in that seed.' 'Well, what does he do with the oil?' I cried impatiently. A long talk, and then—'He sells the oil?' 'Do people burn the oil?' After another dialogue—'No, he says people do not burn the oil.' 'What do they do with it?' 'Talk. 'He says they eat the oil.' 'What is the name of it?' 'Talk. 'He says it is called different names.' 'Well, what is it commonly called?' I shouted, my forbearance well-nigh exhausted at such stupidity. 'Talk. 'He says it is sometimes called sesame.' The two men then plunged into violent conversation, until the looker-on would have supposed that a quarrel was brewing. At last Pano said, 'This man says that cattle are very fond of that.' This leads to a new line of inquiry, and at last, out of all the answers, I gather that the plant is called sesame; that it is grown for its seed, which is made into oil; that the oil is eaten with various kind of food; that the refuse is given to cattle; that it is a summer crop, and profitable."



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REMARKABLE EPISODES IN HISTORY.—No. 17.

BEGINNING OF HERETIC BURNING IN ENGLAND.

THOUGH persecution in some form or other has always prevailed where there has been power (in England as in other countries), still there had been no penal laws enacted against heresy in England before A.D. 1400. The foundation of heretic-burning as a legal operation was laid in England about that date. The circumstance was due to the exigencies of State policy in the hands of an unprincipled monarch—Henry IV. of England.

This king was originally Duke of Hereford, and had been banished the realm in the reign of Richard II., for taking part in disloyal proceedings against the Sovereign; but on Richard going over to Ireland to quell an insurrection there, the Duke of Hereford landed in England, and was quickly backed by many supporters whom Richard II. had alienated by his weak and tyrannical reign. When Richard heard of it, he hastened back from Ireland, and landed at Milford Haven with 20,000 men, but his army melted away through disaffection, and he made up his mind to flee to France, when he received assurances of the Duke of Hereford's friendliness. Under the in-

fluence of these assurances, he abandoned his purpose of flight, put himself into the Duke's power, and was soon murdered; following upon which the Duke of Hereford was proclaimed King, under the title of Henry IV. His crown having been obtained by perfidy and bloodshed, sat uneasily upon his head. Many questioned his title and yielded an imperfect allegiance. This goaded Henry into severe measures. He arrested and beheaded all who opposed his title, and looked round for expedients by which to strengthen his position.

Among other measures, he resolved to enlist the Church on his side by pandering to her desire for vengeance on all who questioned her infallibility. Wickliffe was active in those days, and had given great offence to the clergy by espousing and agitating the principles of the Reformation. When the King was plain Duke of Hereford, he was believed to have strongly imbibed the principles of Wickliffe: but now that he was become King, he sacrificed his principles to his interests, and resolved to obtain clerical favour by conceding the clerical demand for the punishment of the disciples of Wickliffe.

A London clergyman named Sautré had been condemned by the convocation at Canterbury for his sympathy with the principles of Wickliffe: but as the law stood, they could only inhibit him from

office. They could not touch his person. Henry IV. altered the law, and gratified the Church by promulgating a decree that when any heretic refused to abjure his opinions, he should be delivered over by the bishop to the secular authority, and committed to the flames by the civil magistrate, in the presence of the whole people. The promulgation of this law brought the clergy over to Henry, but caused a terrible shock in many quarters of the country.

It was the beginning of heretic burning in England. The ecclesiastical authorities were not slow to use the new power. The sentence of convocation against Sautré was ratified by the house of peers; the king issued his writ for the execution; and the fires of Smithfield began their diabolical work, which did not cease till nameless horrors had prevailed for generations.

The rest of Henry's reign was disturbed by a succession of seditions and disorders, which, however, were successfully quelled one by one, till in the forty-sixth year of his age, at Westminster, he was carried off in a fit, after reigning 13 years, leaving behind him the reputation of a wise prince, a prudent king, but a bad man.

AN EXPENSIVE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.—On his birthday, and on twenty other days in the year, the Sultan of Turkey receives from his mother the present of a beautiful slave, and this lady has to be transferred to his establishment in the capacity of harem dame, with a household of her own, consisting of at least four eunuchs and six female servants—to say nothing of horses, carriages, and grooms. Multiply the number of these households by 300, and it ceases to be astonishing that the expenditure of the Sultan's Civil List should amount to £4,000,000 a year.

AFTER THE FEAST.

The most wonderful Phase of Modern History.
—No. 18.

THE SUBJECTS OF PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. France oppressed for centuries (p. 2, vol. i.); 2. States-General demanded and summoned (p. 43); 3. The election amid public excitement (p. 82); 4. Meeting of the States-General (p. 123); 5. Food scarcity and public riot; the soldiers mutinous (p. 163); 6. Attack on the Bastille Prison (p. 202); 7. Flight of the aristocracy: assassination of officials (p. 242); 8. Pillage of the country and burning of castles (p. 283); 9. The women march to Versailles (p. 323); 10. They invade the assembly sitting there (p. 362); 11. The palace forced by the mob (p. 403); 12. The King compelled to remove to Paris (p. 442); 13. Trouble and darkness in France (p. 2, vol. ii.); 14. A hubbub Parliament out of doors (p. 42); 15. The Jacobin's Club and the three weeks' swearing (p. 82); 16. Outburst of serious theatricals (p. 123); 17. Finish of the feast (p. 163).

THE grand National jubilation and swearing of brotherhood is past. How impossible that peace and reconciliation could come of such a thing. "Under that fraternal shine and clangour," as Carlyle says, "what a deep world of irreconcilable discords lie momentarily assuaged, damped down for a moment. Respectable military federates have barely got home to their quarters: the shine is hardly out of men's eyes . . . when the discord burst out again, very considerably darker than ever."

The testimony of discerning on-lookers—among them a sub-lieutenant, at this time in the Artillery regiment of Le Père, a young man of 21, Napoleon by name—was that the famous oath, *To the King, to the Nation, and to the Law*, while it did not produce harmony, made a great change in other respects. It diffused a sentiment that undermined discipline in the army. "Before that oath," the young officer said,

“if ordered to fire on the people, I, for one, would have done it in the King’s name : but after it, in the nation’s name, I would not have done it.” So also, Marquise de Bouillé, commandant at Metz, the last military friend of the king, declared that the universal swearing and fraternizing of people and soldiers had done incalculable mischief. It has sown wide the seeds of military mutiny. Within a month of the sublime feast of pikes, the whole French army are forming reading clubs, attending political meetings of citizens, getting up agitations in the ranks for demanding arrears of pay, and looking sour at their aristocratic officers, who do not favour the revolution.

At Metz, where there is a garrison of 10,000 men, the soldiers turn out in fighting order with loaded muskets and demand arrears of pay. Bouillé, the commandant of the fortress, harangues them in vain. One regiment marches off to its colonel’s house to seize the military chest and help itself. Bouillé and officers draw their swords and dash into double-quick, and get to the colonel’s house before the regiment, and station themselves on the outer staircase. The regiment arrives and finds its way barred by resolute men who look it in the face and order it away. The men refuse to march. Bouillé contrives to send out orders to a dragoon regiment to come. The officers mount, but the rank and file disobey. For two hours Bouillé, with drawn sword, faces the military rabble on the stairs. The mob gathering outside encourage the soldiers to rebel. In due time the Mayor and Town Councillors arrive. There are speeches and remonstrances, and at last promises, that the Mayor himself shall lend the necessary money to pay up arrears, or half, at all events, on which the regiment marches home to barracks.

At Bitche, the garrison marched out of town, with drums beating, deposed its

officers, and returned to town, sabre in hand. “Military France is everywhere full of sour inflammatory humour, which exhales itself fuliginously, this way or that a whole continent of smoking flax ; which, blown on here and there by an angry wind, might so easily start into a blaze, into a continent of fire.”

At Nancy, on the eastern frontier, in the neighbourhood of Metz, with its inflexible Commandant, Bouillé, there was an ominous outbreak. There had been loud clamours among the soldiers for some time. They accused the officers of embezzling the pay. They went so far as to send a deputation of ten to Paris, furnished with documents and proofs. Arrived in Paris, before they could get access to the Assembly, they were clapped in prison for breach of discipline. On this a great outcry arises among the lower classes, and, encouraged by which, a new deputation comes from Nancy—this time National Guards. Finally, the Assembly sends an Inspector down to Nancy to investigate the complaints and see justice done. The Inspector opens court in the barracks. After two days he finds the accounts complex, and cannot decide without adjourning and referring to head-quarters. The soldiers will hear of no further delay, and insist upon immediate judgment. The Inspector protests and leaves the barracks. The soldiers swarm clamorously around him. The sentries at the gates refuse to allow him exit. He draws his sword ; the sword breaks. He snatches loyal Commandant Denoue’s ; the sentry is wounded. The Inspector gets out, and is followed by a disorderly rabble of soldiery. He gets to Commandant Denoue’s house. The soldiers surround it. The Inspector escapes by a back entrance, and gets to the Town Hall where (protected by the National Guards) he issues new proposals to the soldiery. The soldiery refuse to listen to anything but

payment of arrears. During the next night, swift emissaries go far and wide to summon the National Guard to repair to Nancy. "The slumber of the country is broken by clattering hoofs and loud fraternal knockings. Everywhere, the constitutional patriot must clutch his fighting gear and take the road for Nancy." Four thousand men respond to the summons, dropping or pouring in, uncertain of what is expected of them. All is uncertainty, commotion, suspicion. The in-pouring National Guards are afraid to act against the mutinous soldiery who tell them that the officers are selling them to the royalists.

The Inspector next day, under pretence of inspecting the ramparts, steals out on horseback, and gallops off to Luneville to bring up a loyal regiment of Carbineers. As soon as the fact is known, a hundred troopers saddle in frantic haste, and gallop out in chase of the Inspector. The Inspector arrives first and orders out the Carbineers who fire on the Nancy troopers. The Nancy troopers return in hot haste to Nancy and rouse the whole garrison, who burst open the magazines, distribute ammunition to the inhabitants, and march out, a formidable body, towards Luneville. Arrived there at four o'clock in the morning, there is parley and agreement with the Lunevillers. The Carbineers give in and surrender the Inspector, who is marched back to Nancy a captive in the midst of the mutinous troops. On the way, he escapes and has a long breathless ride, after which, he is again caught and marched back to Nancy, and committed to prison, along with Commandant Denoué.

Bouillé hears of what is going on, and collecting what loyal troops he can, marches on Nancy. The mutineers, hearing of his approach, send a deputation, who meet him outside the walls. Their proposals are inadmissible. He

sends word by them that the Inspector and Commandant Denoué must be given up at once, and the regiments must return to their duty within twenty-four hours, on pain of military consequences. Nancy is a Bedlam city for the moment. The National Guard know not what to do. There are as many plans as heads; all ordering, none obeying. Bouillé draws near, and prepares for attack. A new deputation goes out to meet him, with passionate entreaty for one more hour, and the men shall be given up. Bouillé grants the request. At the end of an hour, no Inspector or Denoué appearing, Bouillé unlimbers, and the gate will be presently blown in. A flag of truce appears on the walls. Halt is called. Inspector and Denoué do verily issue from the gate, escorted by National Guards. There is conference with Bouillé, who gives orders by what gates and routes the mutineer regiments shall file out. The regiments march out, but there are hundreds of stragglers who do not march with them, but fraternise with the excited populace who pour out of the gate with them. In a moment of excitement, they fire a cannon at Bouillé's vanguard who are drawn up within 30 paces of the gate—50 of whom are blown into perdition. "All is now red-hot madness, conflagration as of Tophet. With demoniac rage, the Bouillé vanguard storms through the gate: with fiery rush, sweeps mutiny clear away to death or into shelters and cellars. The regiments that were leaving hear the firing and return, and take Bouillé's troops in the rear. Such a scene of madness ensues 'as the anger of heaven rarely permits among men!'" The bulk knew not on which side they were fighting. Three thousand soon lie mangled and gory in the streets of Nancy. In the end, Bouillé triumphs and clears the streets and squares of all opposition, and again sends the mutinous regiments,

now doleful, on their march, on three separate routes. From Nancy rises wail of women and men, for desolation come in a moment. The streets that night are empty but for victorious patrols. 242

LITERARY IMPOSTURES.

ISRAELI in his *Curiosities of Literature*, has collected a number of instances of flagrant literary imposture of comparatively recent dates. Those who, in their inexperience, feel honestly disturbed by such cases in reference to the genuineness of the scriptures, may console themselves immediately on two points: the impostures were all perpetrated for the getting of money and honour, and were nearly all found out in the age that gave them birth.

One, Joseph Vella, a Sicilian, in 1794, pretended to have in his possession seventeen of the lost books of Livy, which he represented he had obtained surreptitiously from St. Sophia's Church, Constantinople. There was a certain plausibility in his tale, and he was urged to publish the coveted treasures. The want of means being alleged, Lady Spencer offered to defray the expences. He published one of the pretended books by way of specimen, consisting of a single page. At first it took with the learned, but ultimately it proved to be but an already known epitome of the lost books. He also pretended to have obtained from the abbey of St. Martin an Arabic history of Sicily during the two hundred years of the Arabian occupation of the island, and also of the official correspondence between the Arabian governors of Sicily and their superiors in Africa. During that period he showed an Arabic MS in proof of his assertions, and professed to be in correspondence with friends at Morocco and elsewhere on the subject. He represented that the full

prosecution of his researches required money, and the King of Naples provided the requisite means. At length four quarto volumes of the reputed history, in Arabic, were published, in facsimile, and it was patronised, translated and quoted from through Europe. At length the discovery of blunders created suspicion, and this led to searching investigation. The MS was submitted to an Orientalist, and it was discovered that the whole was a forgery. The MS was in Arabic truly, but it was nothing more than a history of Mahomet and his family, so altered and erased in the names of persons and places as to make the narrative apply to Sicily. Vella was condemned to imprisonment.

Several centuries earlier, one Annius, of Viterbo, a Dominican master of the Palace under Pope Alexander VI., gave out that he had discovered the genuine works of Sanchoniatho, Manetho, Berosus, and other works referred to by Josephus, but of which only fragments were known to scholars. He said he had found them buried in the earth. The announcement was received with great joy by the learned. Annius published seventeen books of the pretended antiquities. When the books came to be read, their character excited suspicion. Annius was called on to produce the originals, but failed on various pretexts to do so. Finally, the books were found to be impostures. The author died during the controversy.

The travels of Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela have been a source of much trouble to the learned, particularly to those who have tried to verify them by actual travel themselves. They describe places and communities that cannot be found. They are written in Hebrew. Disraeli expresses the conviction that they are apocryphal, and were written to inspire the Jews and give them importance in their own eyes. The traveller pretends that he had visited all the synagogues in

the east, and calculates that he had found four hundred thousand Jews in a state of political independence—not subject to any Christian or Gentile sovereign. Among other things, he affirmed that in the tomb of Ezekiel, the library of the first and second temples were to be seen in his time at a place on the banks of the Euphrates. Various literati who have visited the neighbourhood in search of the treasures have never been able even to hear of them.

Paschal, historiographer of France, practised the singular imposition of announcing the titles of a variety of forthcoming works, which had no existence except in his brain. Disraeli says he did this "that his pension for writing on the history of France might not be stopped," and that when he died, "his historical labours did not amount to six pages."

Gregorio Leti is another historian whose pen was made prolific by hunger. He wrote with great facility and voluminousness, but with scarcely a basis of fact. "His great aim was always to make a book; he swells his volumes with digressions; intersperses many ridiculous stories, and applies all the repartees he could collect from old novel writers to modern characters."

Varillas, the French historian, enjoyed for some time a great reputation in his own country for his historical compositions. He passed for a writer who penetrated into the innermost recesses of Government secrets; but the public were at length undeceived. It was shown that the historical facts that Varillas palmed off as authentic facts, were wholly his own inventions, notwithstanding his pretended quotation of authorities, which were found to exist only in his own imagination.

Gemelli-Carreri, an Italian, published *A Voyage Round the World*, describing men and places that were purely fictitious. He had never ventured out of his own town.

Du Halde, a Frenchman, in the same

way, wrote an account of China, which he compiled from the memoirs of missionaries, but which he passes off as the story of a personal visitor.

Dumberger's travels, about a hundred years ago, made a great sensation, and turned out to be perfectly ideal.

The history of literature furnishes many other instances. But the bulk of published books are authentic; and every rule by which their authenticity is established applies with tenfold force to the writings of the Apostles, and (through them), to the Scriptures of Moses and the Prophets.

THE LOVE OF LIFE.

Is Phrenology True?—No. 18.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The brain the seat of the mind (p. 6, vol. i.); 2. The mind a cluster of separate powers (p. 49); 3. The powers in harmonious groups (p. 86); 4. The relation of power to size (p. 127); 5. Development subject to control (p. 167); 6. Action of the body on the brain (p. 207); 7. Influence of constitutional fibre (p. 247); 8. Phrenological bearing of the vital functions (p. 287); 9. Temperamental Development (p. 329); 10. The brain itself, and its subdivisions in man and beast (p. 367); 11. Surgical difficulties considered (p. 407); 12. The organs—amativeness (p. 446); 13. The Conubial element in love (p. 6, vol. ii.); 14. Love of offspring (p. 47); 15. Love of friends (p. 86); 16. Love of fixed habitation (p. 127); 17. The power of application. (p. 167).

SOME time ago, there was a discussion in the newspapers on whether life was worth living. On the face of it, such a question, as an abstract question, must appear absurd. The very existence of life is proof that it is a good thing. If it is found otherwise, it must be on account of derangement in the conditions which give life its charm, and which were intended to

be its features when life was first devised. This derangement is unhappily the common lot at present. It is inseparable from the abnormal rupture which exists between God and the highest creature he has placed upon the earth. If human law and human affairs were regulated by the wisdom and power that have created the universe, man would be a well-governed family, in which there would only be one joyful opinion as to whether life was worth living. But as it is man that reigns and not God at present, failure and wretchedness are the common experience among the nations of the earth, and hence the question is actually debatable: "Is life worth living?"

The answer given to the question differs with the differing experience of men, for though no one finds the perfect joy in life that will be its normal attribute when the glory of God fills the earth as the waters cover the sea, yet there are great differences in the circumstances and experiences of men—differences that lead some men to shout a joyous "Certainly," while others to groan out a dubious "Doubtful." Among those differences is certainly to be reckoned differences of natural constitution. Some enjoy life for its own sake, without much reference to circumstances. Life is sweet as life, and they feel as if there are no circumstances that could ever make them wish to die. They have an instinctive horror of death. Others lack this keen zest and are indifferent on the subject of continuing to live. They are as ready to die as to live. They feel that the universe would go on as well without them as with them, and they have no particular ambition or desire to contribute any part to the drama of life.

To what is this difference attributable? No doubt it is a difference with many roots. A successful man has naturally more interest in life than one who is the reverse. So with a man of gratified intellectual tastes and moral aspirations,

as compared with a man whose life is barren in these respects. But there is probably a simple cause of difference more or less common to all cases. American phrenologists maintain that there is a fundamental instinct of life-love in the composition of every human mentality, and that the degree of its strength depends upon the development of the organ constituted to generate this sentiment. They have called it vitativeness or the love of live, and place it in front of the organ of amativeness, and just under combativeness. For a long time it was not recognised among European phrenologists, but it is gradually taking its place in the list of phrenological faculties. It has been found, in thousands of cases, that where the clinging to life is strong, the brain is full and round in the region indicated, and rather depressed where a contrary feeling prevails.

Vitativeness naturally belongs to the selfish group of faculties, but like all the other self-pointing sentiments, it is very useful when duly subordinated to the guidance of the higher powers. It leads to a man taking more interest in life than when it is lacking, and a man who takes an interest in life is much more interesting and useful to his fellow-men than the one who does not care for anything, one way or other. Vitativeness also arms a man against disease. It not only excites a sentimental interest in life for its own sake, but it imparts a physical tenacity of life which bears a man through a thousand dangers. Cholera and yellow fever, mowing down their hundreds, will more easily pass by a man largely endowed with the organ of vitativeness than one in whom it is low. Such a man will also sustain severe physical strains with less hurt than others. In times of calamity, he will go days without food, without giving in, and survive shipwreck, fire and the accidents of flood and field, when other men resign

themselves to die without an effort. Even when caught in the meshes, he will struggle against death with a determination that often succeeds by mere will-power in keeping the enemy at bay.

It seems to be in a human being what life is in a cat, or organic quality in some trees. It is hard to kill a cat, or blight an oak. In a human being, this life-grit manifests itself mentally as well as physically. But it has its limits as we know. The hardest will give in—the wiriest will die—at last. It is here where we feel the applicability and acceptability of the highest truth: “I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.” There is nothing in nature to supply the craving for immortality. The desire exists, but the supply is not spontaneous. It has to come from the source that yielded life at first; and its emission from this source is regulated by conditions that have been revealed, and one of which is that very thirst of life which has its primary root in the very organ under consideration.

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**DISSENSION STOPPED BY
PERSECUTION.**

*Christianity since the Ascension of
Christ.—No. 18.*

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—I. Fate of the apostles and their fellow-labourers (p. 8, vol. i.); Persecution in Domitian's reign (Clement) (p. 51); 3. Heresy at the end of the first century (p. 87); BEGINNING OF THE SECOND CENTURY—Pliny's letter (p. 129); 5. Persecutions by Antoninus (Ignatius) (p. 169); 6. Adrian's reign (Jews forbidden the Holy Land) (p. 209); 7. Persecution in the reign of Marcus Aurelius (Justin Martyr and Polycarp) (p. 248); 8. The Persecution continued—Letter of Irenæus (p. 289); 9. Spiritual declension through Alexandrian philosophy (p. 331); 10. CLOSE OF THE SECOND CENTURY (p. 370); 11. Tertullian at Carthage (p. 410);

12. Christianity at Alexandria (Beginning of the third century) (p. 448); 13. Persecution in the third century (p. 8, vol. ii.); 14. Origen's Baneful Influence on Christianity (p. 49); 15. Repose and Declension (p. 88); 16. Persecution and relapse (p. 129); 17. Schism, affliction, and exhortation.

GALLUS, after a wretched reign of eighteen months, was succeeded (A.D. 253) by Valerian, under whom, for a time, there was not only peace for Christians, but friendship in high places. Valerian's house was full of Christians for whom, for three years, he entertained a strong predilection. During this time, the palace was a sanctuary in which believers in Christ were safe from the oppositions that were active elsewhere.

During this time, Cyprian of Carthage continued to be the most prominent figure in the church. Trouble having ceased without, discord began to arise within. Some were in favour of using water instead of wine at the Lord's Supper. Cyprian, with scriptural arguments, insisted on the necessity of wine as the proper emblem of the blood of Christ. Some bishops were too easily re-admitting to fellowship those who had denied Christ during the foregoing persecutions, to which Cyprian strongly objected. Some were contending for the baptism of infants as soon as they were born, instead of waiting to the eighth day, lest by dying before that time they should die without what Cyprian calls “spiritual circumcision,” and be lost. So far as can be inferred from the literature of that time, nearly the whole Christian community were agreed as to infant baptism. The disagreement was as to waiting till the eighth day, and as to whether it should be by immersion or sprinkling. There did not seem to be any objection to immersion as an admissible form of baptism, but Cyprian and other ecclesi-

astics fostered the opinion that sprinkling was enough if immersion was dangerous from the state of health, or inconvenient from any cause. It is difficult to understand how men of apparently robust understanding could so easily vary apostolic doctrine and precept, and establish institutions and customs for which there is no Scriptural warrant. Perhaps the difficulty softens a little when we note that Cyprian and others of his class entertained the view that an authority equal to that of the apostles was vested in the Bishops of the Church, and that they were equally with them the subjects of spiritual illumination. Such a view would lead them to attach importance to their own impressions and opinions, and to regard them as a further revelation, wherein they differed from the written word.

Among other questions raised was that of attendance at the public theatres. It arose indirectly. One who had been a play-actor became a Christian; and, though he gave up the profession as inconsistent with the Christian character, he gave lessons in the histrionic art to others, and the question was, should he be continued in fellowship? Cyprian took strong ground on the negative side, for reasons which he urges with considerable vigour in a letter to one Eucratius. Milner, writing about a hundred years ago, makes some good remarks on the subject. He says: "In every age, complaints have been made of the licentiousness of the stage, and the necessity of keeping it under proper restraints and regulations has been admitted by its greatest admirers. But it is, I think, a great mistake to suppose that the stage may remain a favourite amusement, and at the same time be so regulated as not to offend the modest eyes and ears of a humble Christian. The gravest advocates for the theatre expect pleasure from it rather than instruction. If, there-

fore, you believe that human nature is corrupt and impure, only ask yourself what sort of dramatic exhibitions and conversations will be most likely to meet with the applause of the people, and you will soon be led to conclude that the playhouse is and must be a school of impurity. The first Christians felt the force of this obvious argument, and they rejected the stage entirely. A Christian rejecting the pomps and vanities of this wicked world and yet frequenting the playhouse, was with them a solecism."

"Such persons," said Cyprian, "must certainly be strangers to the joy of the Holy Spirit, and I cannot but wonder why they choose to retain the name of Christians."

The question, also, of the re-admission of heretics became troublesome. Some contended that such characters should be re-baptised; others thought that the laying on of hands was sufficient on receiving such characters back. On this, Cyprian differed from the Bishops of Rome, and the point was left undecided because no one party had power to compel another.

While such trifling controversies were engaging the Christian community, the terrible shadow of persecution again threw its oppressive pall over them everywhere. After shewing great favour to the Christians for three years, the Emperor Valerian became their enemy, and for three years and a half indulged in the most frightful measures against them. He issued orders that all bishops, presbyters and deacons should be put to death without delay: that Christian senators, noblemen and knights should be degraded and deprived of their property, and in the event of obstinacy, killed: that women of quality should be deprived of their property and banished: that slaves who had become freed-men, should be stripped of their goods, chained and sent

to work on Cæsar's estate. These orders were carried out with daily ferocity, especially in Rome itself, where there were many thousands who professed the Christian name. Warrant was sent to Carthage for the arrest of Cyprian. Cyprian retired into concealment in the country, but afterwards returned to his house where he was seized, and brought before the pro-consul. The pro-consul said: "Our princes have ordered you to worship the gods." *Cyprian*: "That I will not do." *Pro-consul*: "You would judge better to consult your safety and not to despise the gods." *Cyprian*: "My safety and my strength is Christ the Lord, whom I desire to serve for ever." *Pro-consul*: "I pity your case, and could wish to consult for you." *Cyprian*: "I have no desire that things should be otherwise with me, than that I may adore my God: for the afflictions of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." The pro-consul then in anger passed sentence of death by the sword; and the old man was led away by the soldiers and beheaded in the presence of a large concourse of people. The flood of persecution then poured in a torrent throughout the earth. At Rome, there were beheadings, and impalings, and burnings. One, Laurentius, whose answers specially strung the Prefect, was stretched on a gridiron, and was slowly roasted to death. Cyril, a comparative child at Cæsarea, was burnt alive amid the tears of the populace, after rejecting several opportunities of recanting. A number were thrown to the beasts.

The persecution ceased with the capture of the Emperor Valerian by Sapor, King of Persia, who held him prisoner the rest of his life; subjected him to much personal indignity, and finished by commanding him to be flayed alive and salted. This happened A.D., 260.

GOD'S ANSWER.

Is there a God?—No. 18.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The reproductive faculty indicative of purpose (p. 14, vol. i.); 2. Every faculty proves the existence of its object, therefore God (p. 56); 3. The origin of the universe (p. 91); 4. The appearance of man upon the scene (p. 133); 5. The inconsistencies of the evolutionist view (p. 174); 6. The existence of sex a proof of God (p. 214); 7. Mechanism of the human frame (p. 251); 8. The construction of the eye (p. 292); 9. The seed of plant and animal (p. 333); 10. Human intelligence itself a proof of God (p. 371); 11. The self-action of the universe (p. 411); 12. The fool's opinion (p. 451); 13. The great universe and small man (p. 10, vol. ii.); 14. Limited Knowledge (p. 51, vol. ii.); 15. Omnipotent control (p. 90); 16. The existence of evil (p. 131); 17. Looking too much at the creature (p. 171).

YOU said last month that God's answer to the question why things are as they are was necessarily the only answer. To this, I could not demur if the answer has been given. To what do you refer when you speak of God's answer?

I spoke in the abstract when I spoke of God's answer. I did not refer specifically to a particular form of that answer. If I were to do so, it would be to the communication God made to Israel by the prophets and apostles.

To the Bible?

Yes, I firmly believe Paul's statement in the first chapter of the Hebrews, that "God at sundry times and divers manners, spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, and in the last days of Judah's commonwealth, by his son."

I do not see how we can be affected by what may have been said in ages past.

There is no difficulty there. What was said was written, and we have the writing. Are you sure of that?

I cannot be otherwise than sure in the presence of the evidence.

Where is the evidence?

It is both of a very palpable and of a very multiform character.

My question was, where?

Well, it is before our eyes and in the world around.

I would like to see it.

The difficulty is not to see it, it consists of facts so visible upon the earth at the present moment—not concealed or difficult to find, but as palpably before our eyes as the hills.

Be particular.

Well, there is, first, the Bible itself; secondly, the Jews; thirdly, the existence of Christianity; fourthly, the land from which they all sprang, corresponding topographically and monumentally with the history of all three, and with the requirements of the prophecy contained in the Bible.

I do not see how that class of facts contains proof of what you said.

The proof will become apparent if you treat the facts in detail. Take the Bible first. It is not a curiosity in the possession of a few: it is in the hands of all nations. It is not of recent origin; it has been the most conspicuous object in public literature during all the centuries that have run since the Roman emperors ruled the world. It is not a book of private origin: it is made up of public documents. It is not a frivolous book: it is the gravest and most serious book under the sun. It is not a speculative book: it is pre-eminently a record of facts. From the five books of Moses to the book of Revelation, it is a recital of matters of personal and practical experience; and if it is true in the simplest sense, the fact of revelation is proved without another effort. It records numerous incidents and transactions in which God is alleged to have taken part, and it

claims for the bulk of its messages that they are directly from the Lord, saying, "Thus saith the Lord." If the Bible is true in the ordinary sense, then the fact of revelation is proved.

What do you mean by the ordinary sense?

The narrative sense—the historic sense—the sense in which you ask if a witness is speaking the truth when he is alleging certain things to have occurred in his presence. Grant the Bible the most ordinary veracity, and revelation is proved.

I do not quite see it.

It must be so when you consider the character of its testimony. The five books of Moses, for example, record transactions in which the writer, Moses, took a personal part throughout. Now the record is that God appeared to him by the angel in the bush: that afterwards he visited Egypt by God's command, and demanded Israel's release; that on Pharaoh's refusal, a succession of miraculous plagues were inflicted on Egypt, continued or removed at the prayer of Moses; that finally, Israelites, marching out of Egypt, were pursued by Pharaoh, and escaped through the opened Red Sea, in which Pharaoh and his army found their grave: that after this, the Israelitish congregation were led to Sinai, where God visibly manifested himself in an impressive manner before the whole congregation; and through Moses (called up to the mount) gave them a law which has been unchanged in their hands for more than 3,000 years. My contention is that if this narrative is true in the most ordinary sense, the fact of God having revealed himself is proved.

That is really the whole question. Of course, if revelation has taken place, it has taken place; but I do not see that anything is proved by that way of putting it.

I think all is proved if you take it step by step; because, mind you, the case of Moses is only the beginning. If you take

those that came after Moses, it is all of the same character—Joshua, for instance; or Samuel, or David, or Elijah, or any or all of the prophets, they all write or speak of things seen or heard by themselves. It is not an affair of belief on their part, but of knowledge. It is not a case of argument or opinion. The Gospel narrative is a narrative of things done, and witnessed by the writers; extending over a length of time, embracing many incidents of very differing complexions, but all alike in this that they were the works of God, especially the resurrection of Christ, of which the Apostles publicly proclaimed themselves witnesses.

Of course, if the Bible is true, it is true.

Do you say it is a lying book?

I would not like to say that.

If it is not a lying book, it must be a true book, because it is the testimony of the original witnesses. It is not written at second hand. The sincere record of those who merely believed on the testimony of others might be a mistaken affair, though sincere; but it cannot be so with the sincere testimony of eye-witness.

You have a faculty of summing up the thing in a very comfortable way.

It is a simple problem of reason, not calling for any forensic faculty in particular, or requiring a love of comfort. Do you deny any of the premises in the argument?

I do not know.

The existence of the Bible you are bound to admit?

Yes.

And that it has existed during all the Christian era?

Well, yes.

And that it was written by its professed authors?

I am not so sure about that.

How can you doubt it? The epistles of

Paul, for example, as documents addressed to churches, would have been peculiarly liable to detection, would they not, if they had not been written by him? Those churches would know that no such epistles had been addressed to them. In that case, both Paul and the churches would have disclaimed them, and this repudiation would soon have become known; whereas, you are aware, they have been accepted as the letters of Paul from their first day of publication till now. Is not this proof of their authenticity?

Some people say they might have been written by some one wishing to pass them off as Paul's.

My friend, you do not go by what people idly say. You judge a matter by evidence. The epistles themselves are evidence, even if we did not know that they had been received as Paul's from the beginning. It is not in the range of possible moral achievement that a frivolous or designing character could write such letters. They are not ordinary performances.

I admit that they are out of the ordinary line.

The same argument applies to all parts of the Bible. There was always a multitude so related to the question of the authorship as to have secured contradiction if it was not as professed. There is unbroken acceptance of authorship from the beginning, and there is in every part of it inherent evidence of truthfulness. Truth and candour are its most manifest qualities. No one with open eye can read it without being impressed with a sense of purity, and authority, and majesty, which no other book can impart. You instinctively feel that the spirit of truth breathes in it.

That is a question of individual impression.

No habitual readers of the Bible, so far as I know, are of any other opinion. Its enemies, of course, express a different

view, but its enemies are not its readers.— But, however, its authenticity cannot be upset by any of the principles applicable in the determination of such a point; and therefore you are in this position, that you must either hold that these recorders of professed historical facts were liars, or else that their narratives being true, revelation has occurred.

GREEK PROWESS AND PERSIAN BRIBERY.

The Persian Empire under the Successors of Cyrus.—No. 18.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Babylon (p. 16, vol. 1); 2. Cyrus (p. 58); 3. Rise of Cyrus as a great general (p. 92); 4. Campaigns of Cyrus (p. 135); 5. The capture of Babylon (p. 175); 6. Cyrus as a conqueror (p. 216); 7. Cyrus and Daniel: reign and death of Cyrus (p. 253); 8. Cambyses, son of Cyrus (p. 294); 9. Darius, successor of Cyrus (p. 335); 10. Beginning of the war with Greece (p. 374); 11. The expedition of Xerxes (p. 413); 12. Failure of the expedition (p. 452); 13. The disasters of Xerxes in Greece (p. 12, vol. ii.); 14. The end of Xerxes and the extraordinary sequel (p. 54); 15. Persian declension and a Greek suicide (p. 92); 16. Persia struggles to retain ascendancy (p. 134); 17. Persian disintegration (p. 173).

THE successful retreat of the ten thousand inspired all Greece with contempt for the power of Persia which allowed it. On the other hand, it filled the breast of the Persian monarch with serious alarms for the future. He therefore resolved on a powerful maritime expedition to deprive the Spartan Greeks of the empire of the sea which gave them such aggressive power against Persia. The Spartans hearing of this, committed the care of the war to Agesilaus, their newly-

appointed King, diminutive in stature, but possessed of great powers of activity both of body and mind. Agesilaus took immediate measures to carry the war into the Persian dominions, instead of waiting to be attacked in Greece. He landed at Ephesus with a considerable body of men. The Persian governor, Tissaphernes, who was not prepared to meet invasion, demanded the purpose of his advent in Asia. Agesilaus replied, To help the Greeks, who were there, and to re-establish their ancient liberty. Tissaphernes replied that the King would give the Greek cities of Asia their liberty, provided Agesilaus committed no act of hostility till the return of the couriers. Agesilaus agreed, and a truce was sworn to on both sides. Shortly afterwards, however, Agesilaus heard that Tissaphernes was collecting troops with great diligence, and intended to attack Agesilaus in overwhelming numbers without waiting the return of the couriers. The officers of Agesilaus advised him to ignore the truce and attack Tissaphernes at once. Agesilaus refused to do this, convinced that the advantage of breach of faith would be shortlived. He waited and allowed Tissaphernes to commence the war. In a short time, Tissaphernes, having collected an immense force, sent a summons to Agesilaus, demanding his withdrawal out of Asia on pain of instant hostilities. The disproportion between the armies was so great that the officers of Agesilaus were fearful of the results of a battle. But Agesilaus acted with a superior generalship that relieved them from their fears. He immediately gave orders to his troops to march for Caria, the town where Tissaphernes resided. Perceiving that place in danger, Tissaphernes marched the whole of his immense host that way, upon which Agesilaus turned sharply round and fell on Phrygia, which had been left undefended. Here he took many towns, and collected

an immense booty, which he distributed among his officers and soldiers. By and bye, the troops of Tissaphernes approaching, he gave out that he was about to march into Lydia. Tissaphernes, fearing to be deceived a second time, did not believe the report, but imagined it was a mere feint to mask an attack on Caria, his place of residence, and marched all his troops there. But Agesilaus entered Lydia and approached Sardis, which, when Tissaphernes heard, fearing the capture of that place, he hastened with his horse to its relief, but only to give Agesilaus the opportunity which he was contriving to bring about. Tissaphernes, by advancing with his cavalry ahead of his infantry, had weakened himself for the moment, and Agesilaus seized this moment to attack him, and inflicted upon his whole cavalry an overwhelming defeat, which he followed up by forcing their camp and securing an immense booty. The Persian infantry retreated on hearing of this battle, and the Greeks over-ran the whole neighbouring country. There shortly arrived a messenger from the Persian king, with one letter for Tissaphernes, and one letter for the Governor of Larissa. The letter to Tissaphernes contained instructions for the conduct of the war. The letter to the Governor of Larissa was to arrest and execute Tissaphernes, but to do it with great circumspection, so that no tumult might be caused. The governor at once sent to Tissaphernes to come to him to confer with him as to the operations of the next campaign. Tissaphernes suspecting nothing, went and was seized in his bath, and beheaded. The governor, by orders, sent the head to the Persian king, who gave it to his mother, Parysatis, who had vowed the destruction of every one who had had a hand in the death of her son Cyrus. The king appointed Tithraustes to the command of the army in the room of

Tissaphernes. Tithraustes, fearing the prowess of Agesilaus, tried the effect of presents and blandishments on that Greek general and king, but to no effect. Tithraustes then sent messengers into Greece with large sums of money to corrupt the leading allies of Sparta, and bring about the recall of Agesilaus. The movement was for a time successful. The various smaller States of Greece, becoming jealous of the supremacy of Sparta, were easily induced to declare war against that State, with the promise of help from Persia. The Spartans then sent in haste to Agesilaus. The messenger arrived when he was on the point of marching into Persia, but he immediately returned, and found war in full progress between Sparta and her allies. He took part in it with great success, yet without overcoming the combined power of Athens and Persia. He prevented the overthrow of Sparta, but was obliged to consent to a treaty in which the Persian King re-imposed his authority on the Greek cities of Asia, and took to himself Cyprus and Clazomena. This disunion and dismemberment of Greece was the object successfully achieved by Persian gold where Persian valour was futile. The leading gold coin among the Persians had the figure of an archer on one side. Thirty thousand of these coins had been sent to stir up the Greek enemies of Sparta by corrupting the orators and persons of greatest power in the Greek cities. Agesilaus referred bitterly to this when ordered to return to the defence of Sparta: "We have reduced part of Asia, put the barbarians to flight, and made great preparations for war in Ionia: but . . . thirty thousand of the king's archers in Greece drove me out" (when all the King's forces in Asia could not avail).

The time had not come for the Persian ram to be trampled in the dust, and, therefore, Greek power was hampered a little.

THE OUTPOST OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Out of Doors at Night.—No. 18.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—I.

Greatness of the starry universe (p. 19, vol. i.); 2. The earth a globe (p. 60); 3. Objections considered (p. 94); 4. The earth turning and travelling (p. 137); 5. The moon (p. 177); 6. Aspects of the moon (p. 218); 7. In the moon (p. 256); 8. The starry host: the planets: Mercury (p. 297); 9. Nearest the sun (p. 338); 10. Venus, the morning and evening star (p. 376); 11. Mars, the ruddy planet (p. 416); 12. The asteroids, the little planets of the solar system (p. 454); 13. The giant of the solar system (p. 14, vol. 2); 14. Our giant brother Jupiter (p. 55); 15. Jupiter and the shape of the earth (p. 94); 16. The splendid planet (p. 136); 17. A newly-discovered planet (p. 175).

NOR a long time it was supposed that Uranus, discovered by Sir John Herschell in the reign of George IV., was the outmost planet of the solar system. So far as the sight of the eyes was concerned, this must have remained an undisturbed conclusion for generations to come. If another has been discovered outside Uranus, describing a vast and lonely cycle on the outskirts of our solar universe, the result is due to calculation rather than to observation, though observation finally confirmed the calculation, and actually led to the discovery of the body whose existence had only been inferred.

The calculations were suggested by the study of Uranus itself. As a newly-discovered member of the earth-family, its motions were watched from year to year by practical astronomers with great interest and diligence. On account of the great length of time occupied by its journey round the sun (37 years), it was a long time before anything peculiar was observed in its progress. At last it became

evident that its course was subject to perturbations. That is, it went faster at certain parts of its journey round the sun and at other parts slower than it ought to do, according to its originally ascertained rate of travel, and according to all the attractions to which it was exposed when allowed for (such as the occasional neighbourhood of Saturn and Jupiter). It also went a little out of its course at such times. This became a problem among astronomers: What is the reason of the aberrations of Uranus? Every known disturbance was allowed for according to the ascertained laws of gravitation; but they did not account for the observed irregularities. The conclusion was at last accepted in the abstract, that Uranus must be affected by some unknown body. But what could it be, and where? This was the question for a long time. Its settlement is one of the strongest proofs that could be imagined, of the truth of the conclusions arrived at by Newton and Kepler on the subject of gravitation.

The settlement came about in this way. An English astronomer of the name of Adams set himself to work out by calculation where and of what magnitude a body must be that could produce the effects in question. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that it was at such a distance, and of such a bulk, he made his calculations in a long series of figures, but found that it either overshot or came short of the actually observed results. He then changed the assumption for another distance and another bulk, and again finding a want of complete fit, he changed again, and so on, until he found an assumed distance and bulk to fit exactly. He then took his calculations to the Astronomer Royal of England, and said a planet ought to be found in such and such a position outside Uranus. It afterwards turned out that another astronomer, a Frenchman, named Vierrer,

had gone through the same calculation, and come to the same conclusion, as nearly as possible. But was the conclusion correct? This could only be settled by a telescopic study of the heavens in the neighbourhood indicated—"study"—not a mere look through a telescope. Looking through a telescope could settle nothing. The observer would merely see a mass of stars, and if the star sought for was there it could not be told from the other stars. If it were there, it would be a moving body among the other stars, which are "fixed," but the movement would be so slow that it would not be possible to notice the movement except by long observation, and observation of a very exact nature. What was needed and what was done was to construct a chart of the particular part of the heavens to be observed, showing the exact position of all the stars in it on the particular night the chart was made, and then to compare this chart night after night with the stars themselves, to see if any of them had moved. The result was that in some months, a brilliant star came into view, at a spot where there was no star in the chart. It was close to the position that both Adams and Verrier had assigned to their hypothetical planet. Was this the new planet they were in search of? If so, it would move; if not, it would remain in its place, and compel the excited students to come to the conclusion that the chart was at fault, in having failed to register a star that was really there at the time the chart was made. A few nights soon dispelled all doubt. The new object shifted its position among the other stars, and the movement was in the very direction required by the conclusion that had been arrived at.

The world rang with the news. It was really a very wonderful achievement, and of the utmost importance, as demonstrating the accurate character of the theory of

the heavens formed by Newton and his successors. The planet thus discovered by search based upon inference, was named Neptune, and became the special subject of observation and study.

After a number of years, certain points were clearly ascertained. Neptune travels at the rate of three miles in a second, which is a slow rate of motion for a planet. It is about thirty times further away from the sun than the earth, and consequently has the enormous journey of over 8,340,000,000 of miles to perform every time it goes round the luminary. The time it takes for this journey is 165 of our years. It has one moon. With the proper magnifying power brought to bear, its disc has been measured, and it is found to have a diameter of 35,000 miles. This is about the size of Uranus—an enormous body of many times greater bulk than the earth. It is at too great a distance for any feature to be observable on its face. Consequently, it cannot be known in what position it hangs in space as regards its turning upon itself (or performing what is known as its diurnal revolution.) Nor can it be known in what condition it exists so far as its appearance goes, but its small density as compared with the earth—(being but one-fifth as solid as the earth, as shown by its ascertained influence on its attendant satellite)—would suggest that like Jupiter and Saturn, it is enveloped in a vast cloud-laden atmosphere. This, of course, may be a mistaken surmise, because there may be another explanation of its lightness and weight than the presence of vapour in its bulk. God's ways are characterised by such variety that it is not quite safe to reason from earthly experience on all points.

That Neptune is the outpost of the solar system seems probable. There are no indications in its movements, so far as they have been observed, of any outside body. To our finite minds, this outside position suggests the idea of loneliness and

desolateness, but the fact may be different from the appearance. It would be a suitable habitation for a long-lived race with its seasons each lasting over forty years; and if it is dimly lighted at such a great distance from the sun, it may be that the inhabitants are so light-yielding in their own nature as to find this no disadvantage. It would be so with the angels, who have a capacity for self-luminosity that would render them independent of borrowed light.

Whatever may be the fact, we may safely banish all idea of Neptune being necessarily uninhabitable because so far away from the sun, or being a necessarily dull and unhappy place because on the very outskirts of the solar system looking away over the vast abysses of immeasurable space to the systems that cluster in the stellar depths. It has next door neighbours the other way in the solar family, which is wonderfully diversified and of boundless capacity of well-being. No doubt, all these are objects of brightness and beauty in its midnight sky; but no doubt, also, its inhabitants feel that Neptune is the place for them, and that while the earth and Mars and Venus have a snugger corner near the great central sun-fire, Neptune is comfortably fitted for the post of sentinel on the outer ramparts of the wonderful solar universe of glory.

A BEAUTIFUL FROG.—Mr. Rowland Ward, of the Linnean Society, London, recently exhibited a frog of the species common in this country, but a singular example of colour. The specimen was full grown, and entirely of white flash tint, the eyes bright ruby, rimmed with gold, as though set like jewels, making it not only one of the most curious, but one of the most beautiful of the anurous batrachians. It was shown alive.

DISTRESSED LEADER AND PLAGUED PEOPLE.

Is the Bible True?—No. 17.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. A moot question with "yes" waiting (p. 18, vol. i.); 2. The Bible's own testimony: why should it be questioned? (p. 97); 3. Its historic backbone (p. 139); 4. Taking its history to pieces: Abraham (p. 179); 5. Truth necessitated by the nature of its narrative: Joseph (p. 219); 6. Ditto in the case of Moses: the exodus (p. 258); 7. The journey in the wilderness (p. 299); 8. Israel's chronic mutinies (p. 340); 9. What the record of the murmurings proves (p. 378); 10. The want of food in the wilderness; the manna supply (p. 418); 11. Failure of the water supply: the sin of Moses (p. 456); 12. The worship of the golden calf (p. 466, vol. ii.); 13. Struck dead on the spot (p. 58); 14. A doomed generation (p. 96); 15. Envy at headquarters (p. 138); 16. Wholesale revolt (p. 177).

WADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—We have not yet done with the history of the exodus. There are other features in the narrative of a like character with those already passed under review—in this respect, namely, that their record cannot be accounted for, except on the supposition that the things recorded really happened. There are always some things which men might write, whether true or not, such as those that glorify a writer's party or nation, or tell against an adversary; but there are things in which there is no scope for such a motive: where the motive is all for silence, rather: and where the making of a record can only be the result of truth.

What other reason could possibly have influenced the writers of Numbers to write down that Moses was so afflicted with the murmurs and discontents of the people as to ask God to kill him. "Kill me, I pray thee, out of hand . . . let me not see my wretchedness. Thou layest the

burden of all this people upon me . . . Wherefore hast thou afflicted thy servant? Have I concerned all this people? Have I begotten them that thou shouldst say unto me, Carry them in thy bosom? . . . They weep unto me, saying, Give us flesh that we may eat. . . . Whence should I have flesh to give unto all this people?" (Num. xl. 15, 11, &c.) No human motive, such, I mean, as would create fiction, could inspire these sentences. They reflect discredit on the Israelites in showing them in the light of provokers of Moses, and they do not help to exhibit Moses in the aspect of the meekest and most long-suffering of men. If they are true, we can understand them having been written. If they are not true, it will baffle the most fertile imagination to suggest a reason for their having been written. And if they are true, see then what they prove: that Moses and Israel were in the wilderness; and then consider the questions that rise: Whatever brought them into such a place? and however did they get out? To both these questions the Bible answer is complete and rational. Answer: That God brought them out of Egypt and took them into the wilderness of Sinai, *via* the Red Sea, through a watery passage which closed on the Egyptians and drowned them; and that God sustained them in the wilderness, by a supply of manna, for forty years, and then brought them into the land under Joshua.

If God did not do this, where is the rational answer? If it was not a work of God, then, of course, it was a human performance dictated by the policy of Moses and the elders; and how, then, ladies and gentlemen, do you account for the success of such a mad expedition as taking a host of people into a region of country where it was impossible for them to live a month, and keeping them there alive for 40 years, and bringing them out at the end

in a condition fit to subjugate the fortified country of Canaan? You cannot get away from the urgency of these questions except by acting the irrational part of shutting your eyes, and shelving the obligation to interpret the facts that are before you. The Bible is a fact: you cannot get away from it. The presence of these painful narratives is a fact. They must have come there by some motive operative in the writer. As soon as you seriously try to imagine any other motive than truth, you will find how hopeless a task you attempt: and if the motive was truth, then, ladies and gentlemen, the things happened, and all the inferences they yield are established, even if we did not have the overwhelming confirmation of Christ's appearance 1850 years ago, the fulfilment of prophesy, and the existence of the Jews at the present day.

Consider next their approach to the land of promise, at the end of the 40 years' sojourn in the wilderness. Emerging from the wilderness, they found themselves to the north of the gulf of Akaba, on the frontiers of Edom, on the south of the promised land. Through Edom is the nearest and the easiest way. To go round, eastward, will take them through a dreadful country. So the record is (Num. xx. 14) that "Moses sent messengers from Kadesh unto the King of Edom," with this request: "Let us pass through thy country," offering at the same time to keep to the highway, and to pay for everything they might get. The answer was, "Thou shalt not go through." So Israel turned away and marched eastwards to Mount Hor to make a circuit, "and they journeyed from Mount Hor by the way of the Red Sea to compass the land of Edom: *and the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way*" (Num. xxi. 4).

Can you imagine invention at work here? Is it not all very prosaic and painful, and natural? Very well, take the

sequel; "And the people spake against God and against Moses." Did they? If they didn't, what in the world led the recording scribe to write such a thing? If he had said, "And the people behaved with sublime resignation in the midst of all their difficulties. Not a murmur wasto be heard anywhere. Even the children said, 'we must be patient under all these troubles, because we are marching to the promised land.'" We might have suspected some gloss or colouring, or even invention. We could at all events have recognised a motive for fictitious narrative; but "*the people spake against God and against Moses.*" If an Egyptian had written this, or an Assyrian, or a Roman, we might have recognised a desire to belittle Israel's reputation—true or not true—but written by an Israelite in the national records, is there any motive adequate to the explanation of such a record except the simple one of truth?

Now, if true, you cannot refuse the associated incidents: "And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people, and much people of Israel died." You may say, "Well, what of that? Very likely serpents would plague any company of people in such a rocky region: and that would be Israel's way of explaining it." If the matter had stopped just there, there would not have been the forcible argument that presently arises out of it. It does not stop there. "And Moses prayed for the people. And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Make thee a fiery serpent and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it shall live.' And Moses made a serpent of brass and put it upon a pole: and it came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived" (Num. xxxi. 8, 9).

Now, ladies and gentlemen, what have you to say? Do you join the fashionable critic

of modern times, and say that the story of the serpent of brass is a legendary incrustation upon the serpent-biting experience? If you say this, it must be for some good reasons, presumably, ladies and gentlemen. What are they? It cannot be because you *know* the story is legendary, because you were not born till ages after the occurrence. It cannot be that you know anyone who was present at the time, and who can assure you that the story is untrue, because the episode is over 3,000 years old, and the men who witnessed it have been in their dust of death for ages. It cannot be that you rely on some other document than the writings of Moses, which gives you a full, true, reliable and scientific account as to these transactions, and contradicting Moses in all these particulars, because there is no other documentary record approaching it in antiquity or authority. There are a few sneers by Berosus and Manetho who lived 1,500 years after the event, and who are effectually disposed of by Josephus in his argument against them.

I fear, ladies and gentlemen, you have no reasons that will stand a moment's consideration. Nay, there is nothing but the persistent intellectual prejudice of inexperience. I know it is so, if you will pardon the presumption. Because the moderns see none of these things and find nature changeless and immobile, therefore, say they, these works of power are impossible. Most illogical argument! No mortal experience can be the standard of the past in any department. Evidence—not our theories of the possible—is the only rule of faith in what has been. With the evidence we are dealing in the existence of a narrative that cannot be accounted for on any principle but its truth. This evidence is buttressed laterally in a powerful way. Christ, whose name fills the world, has identified himself with this particular bit of history in a special

manner. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness even so must the Son of Man be lifted up" (Jno. iii. 14, 15). If you cry "legend" you condemn Christ as an errorist, who mistook legend for history. Nay, you pit yourself against common history, for it is on record in 2 Kings xviii. 4, that Hezekiah, a righteous King of Judah, "brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made (about 800 years before)—for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it; and he called it Nehushtan (a piece of brass)."

Ladies and gentlemen, as educated people, guided by evidence, you are bound to accept the account of the brazen serpent as truth, and no legend. If so, realise what follows: that God was in the midst of Israel, working His purpose out among them by the hand of Moses; and that the work of Christ is the continuation and consummation of that work, out of which will yet come hope and salvation, where science has none to offer.

OUR "AT HOME."

NOTES BY A ROVING CORRESPONDENT AND OCCASIONAL VISITOR.

Evenings in November, 1891.

IT is quite a comfort that the rules of our "At Home" do not, like those of most societies, exclude religious topics. Indeed, if religion were tabooed, conversation would cease, for there is nothing outside religion with those who have a correct view of its limitless extent. As far as literature generally is concerned, there is just this difference between the position taken by *Good Company* and that taken by other intellectual thought of the day. In *Good Company* all things find a place and a meaning inside the Bible plan of

salvation, while with similar class magazines where religion is treated by "the lights" of the day, there is a tendency to secularize or remove out of their place those ethical and historical facts of Scripture, and to judge them by modern custom and human habit of thought.

That the Bible should occupy the attention of the literary talent of the whole world more or less, shows there must be a meaning beneath its sublime exterior not yet reached by the wisdom of the world, else why such constant examination and why such widely differing opinions? Never was mental research so acute, and never was Scripture examination so intense. Why should it be? Truth is not a fluctuating law. Truth is absolute, whether in revelation or nature, but in order to find it, we have to start and follow it on its own undeviating lines.

It may be that the so-called "higher criticism" of Scripture is not criticism of Scripture at all. When we were at school in our youthful days and learnt arithmetic, we all remember our brain-racking examination of sums that presented the most confused mass of figures, because, perhaps, we started on the assumption that two and two made five. Our criticism of our blunders, however ingenious and clever, could not rightly be called an examination of the fixed laws of arithmetic, and if all the world had protested that our erroneous totals were right, it would not have made them so.

"MEN OF LIGHT AND LEADING."

I am going to draw on the indulgence of "mine host" this evening for permission to look into some religious criticism that has recently appeared from very able men of "light and leading," of present-day thought.

Perhaps you feel as I do, that there is

something rather awe-inspiring in the pretentious pile of learning that comes in the wake of clever people. They read philosophy, ancient and modern; they have studied classics at Oxford, and mathematics at Cambridge; they have travelled east and west; they know German mysticism and weather mythology, geology, archæology, theology, and every other "ology," until one has a sense of miserable ignorance, which finds relief in an inclination to glorify such huge attainments, and exalt men to a pinnacle of infallible judgement on every subject under the sun.

A far-off view of these illustrious people seems to give one an idea of their living in an atmosphere laden with the odorous sanctity of wisdom, with which it would be only a further proof of our narrow mindedness to interfere. But I remember an old saying that "Distance leads enchantment to the view." Perhaps a closer acquaintance may teach us not to put our confidence in princes, nor to mistake the human shadows for the eternal substance of Divine truth. We live in an age when every subject under the sun is discussed and torn into shreds under the Juggernaut of public opinion. There is no mistaking the analytical tendency of modern thought, which, of course, is good in a sense, but when the marrow of existence, the Bible, becomes the battle-field of speculation, it is time to examine the qualification of those who undertake the task.

When we find men believing in the inherent immortality of man, we may question their competency to talk of Scripture doctrine. They are simply chasing their own shadows, and are like the man who fell in love with his own reflection in the water.

They do not touch the Bible plan of salvation which is embroidered from Genesis to Revelations, because to them

it does not exist, except in the spurious form of the destiny of an immortal soul.

AND THE BIBLE AWFULLY SILENT TO THE LEARNED.

Now, we are informed by Hebrew scholars and Greek students that the Hebrew Scriptures are silent—awfully silent—on the momentous question of future life (by which in all cases is meant the exodus of the immortal soul).

The absence of information on this point has lately been occupying the attention of a distinguished Hebrewist in "The Indian Church Quarterly Review," published in Calcutta, and has been caught up by Mr. Gladstone in "The Nineteenth Century" for October, where he writes on "Ancient Beliefs in a Future Life."

Mr. Gladstone explains that his reason for writing on this subject is, to examine the position taken by Professor Cheyne in "The Indian Church Quarterly Review," where he says that the Hebrew Scriptures contain no promise of a future life, because the recipients of the revelation had not sufficient intellectual aptitude for receiving such a doctrine. Professor Cheyne, however, finds a doctrine of immortality in Psalms xvi., xvii., xlix., lxiii., lxxiii., which he thinks were written under *Persian influence* (!) and says, "It involves a much greater strain upon faith to hold that the wonderful intuition of immortality was granted so early as the time of David and Solomon, than to bring the Psalms in question down to the late Persian age."

In regard to Professor Cheyne's statement that the Jewish people in their earlier history were mentally unfit to receive a revelation of a future life, Mr. Gladstone says that intellect is no guarantee of spiritual advancement. If civilization imparted intelligence by which the mental eye became quickened to a keener perception of the things of the unseen world, it would in time be available for a

close knowledge of all that concerns the unseen. In going back from Herodotus to Homer, whom he describes as "both pious men according to the light and opportunities of their day." Mr. Gladstone finds that Homer had a far more vivid sense of Divine providence than had Herodotus four centuries later, and he also finds the conservation of belief in a future state, and the immense force with which it acted on the public mind, stand in singular contrast with the Mosaic system, which laid down precepts that were calculated to keep Israel a separate community in the worship of God, and a testimony against the idolatry of surrounding nations.

MR. GLADSTONE FLOUNDERS.

But (says Mr. Gladstone) it cannot be supposed that Israel sank so much below the level of other nations as to think that the life of man ended when he lay in the ground. No nations of antiquity entertained such a demoralising creed as that. Mr. Gladstone saves Israel from such a disgrace by pointing to their belief in necromancy, and to the translation of Enoch and Elijah.

Mr. Gladstone suggests that the theoretic system of Moses, aided by the prophets, "worked in the earlier time in a manner more legible, so to speak, by the people than after the exile, and as this may have tended somewhat to confine or weaken the habit of mind which resorts to future sanction to the post-exiled period . . . may have been favourable to a more active sense of future life." Every system was employed by God for the preservation of truth, and when Christ brought life and immortality to light, he propounded a doctrine that had venerable witness in the conscience and tradition of mankind! Greece and Rome prepared the way of the Lord, the former by a universal language, art, letters,

philosophy; the latter by vast conquest, thus contributing to fulfil the grand design of the religion of the cross.

Strangely enough, Mr. Gladstone has discovered that two families of pre-historic times—Semites—who were "recipients of special religious light," did not have a doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and yet he does not make the smallest effort to explain the absence of this doctrine from "religious light." If the sole reason of revelation were to keep Israel a separate nation, then, according to Mr. Gladstone, God was purposely excluding his people from the advantage of contact with nations whereby they would have increased their knowledge of future life. Or if "the law of the prophets" were solely a protest against idolatry, how would Mr. Gladstone explain the existence of idolatry in the heart of nations whose intuitiveness revealed to them a knowledge of the "unseen world."

According to Mr. Gladstone, Christ's mission must have been in rank opposition to "the law," instead of a fulfilment of it, if it is true that he propounded a doctrine that "had venerable witness in the conscience and tradition of mankind." One would like to know why Mr. Gladstone should regard Israel as "the favoured nation." According to Professor Cheyne, the Persians were types of Divine light. Then why did not they produce Christ?

PROFESSOR CHEYNE'S PHANTOM.

From this argument we see that the Bible scheme of a righteous population of men and women in everlasting possession of the earth does not enter into the subject at all; and it is certain that if Professor Cheyne's phantom of immortal socialism is pursued on the lines of Bible language, it will supply just the same scope for brain-racking solution as does the school-boy's arithmetical assumption that

two and two make five. Fresh results are obtained by every readjustment of the figures, and the more learned the criticism of blunders, the more complex the position becomes until the issues cease to have any interest apart from the ingenious methods of working them out. We find the public watching the moves and counter-moves on the theological chess-board with an eye to the intricacy of the play, and the skill of the performers.

NOT BIBLE CRITICISM AT ALL.

This is not Bible criticism at all. If the Bible is divine, it is truth absolute of which criticism is impossible. Therefore all attempts in this direction prove critics to be misinformed in regard to its teaching. What greater anomaly can there be than to suppose a divine revelation lacking perfection, and that God should expect his creatures to supply His deficiencies. Of whom He says "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked!" Yet this seems to be the position taken by Prof. Cheyne and Mr. Gladstone, which is worked out by curiously divergent methods whereby each comes back to the same point of departure, namely, that the whole human race *except Moses and the Prophets!* have helped the Creator in the plan of salvation. Or else another even more derogatory plan is attributed to God, namely, that mankind intuitively knew the facts of a future life, but that God has given a revelation that will *weaken and contract that belief!*

THE TRUE QUESTION.

Now, it seems to me that Bible criticism resolves itself into this: Is the Bible divine? Prof. Cheyne and Mr. Gladstone seem to admit that it is. Granting this, is it not necessarily perfect? And, if perfect, complete, with the result that continuous research must weld the component

parts into immovable compactness? Any interpretation that will do this is self-evidently the Truth; for all truth in its widest range has a way of attracting to itself all its own atoms, while error, on the contrary, dissipates its particles, with the effect of an ever-increasing chaos. Why do not men who own the Bible to be divine treat it as they treat Chemistry or Botany, or any other branch of science, where they have a habit of routing out all the chains and connections of apparently simple phenomena, so as to understand the conditions on which they depend, and, having succeeded in their task, everything falls into harmony with those conditions. The knowledge thus gained does not become the battlefield of carping critics, but is found to be a light in the understanding of further phenomena.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF CONTROVERSY.

Controversy does not arise unless a theory is found incapable of application to all its parts, and then the unsoundness of such a position may give rise to a school of controversialists. It seems to me, as far as I am acquainted with the matter, that in science controversy is the synonym of insufficient evidence, error, and ignorance, but men never doubt the existence of underlying *fact*. They simply and honestly avow they have not found it. Why should the principle thus applied to science be denied the Bible?

THE OBJECT OF INVESTIGATION.

The realm of revelation offers as much scope for investigation as the realm of nature, and its phenomena must rest on conditions equally immovable, the God of one being the God of the other. The human mind was not made to create the laws of nature nor to evolve the laws of revelation, but to discover them, and

in the absence of this discovery, there is no limit to the capacity of mind to evolve new varieties of error from sub-division and re-combination of old elements. It is astonishing what an imposing structure has been built out of these chameleon instincts, which, when viewed at a respectful distance by a kaleidoscopic eye that accommodates itself to the shifting sands of the foundation, is said to claim great adoration. In bygone days its bulky pretensions worked out dogma in the hearts of people, and some have been known to die for the honour of its reputation.

THE MODERN TYPE.

Of late, however, it has, through increase of knowledge, raised a class after its own mixed type with swords of criticism and suicidal weapons of doubt. They have pierced dogma to the core and found it hollow; they have sunk a shaft through the very heart of theological opinion and found that it had only a spurious vitality. Hardly anybody now can have an opinion, much less die for one. The war of criticism is engaged in a great work of demolition. Towers of refuge are seen to be weak, and through self-disintegration are crumbling away.

SUICIDE.

We have heard of the suicide of civilisation; this is the suicide of theology. Those who do not join in the fray look on; some laugh, and others weep, while the tottering house trembles under the tempest of perplexity, and in its swaying hides from view that majestic rock hewn into a mansion, invulnerable in solidity, inimitable in variety, in beauty and harmony as perfect as the blending tints of the rainbow, the home of a race who own it as their birthplace, and who in their

day and generation are true to their affinity as the needle to the pole.

TRANSITION.

The religious world is in a period of transition. One may call the latter half of the present century an interregnum of doubt, an age of experiment, when men are gauging new pretensions and analysing old compounds, to see how far the work of reconstruction may be carried, and a new universal order of faith be built up that will support the full weight of intellectual reflection and increase our susceptibility to divine impressions. The general perplexity and suspense are preparing the mind for new ideas, and anything in the way of surprise seems to suit the present mood. It is getting tired of old paths, and only just recently *The Spectator*, in commenting on the credulity of the religious public, remarked that they are ready to believe anything, provided only it be not orthodoxy. Is not this proof that man is made for God, and that his inner consciousness has not so far produced a satisfactory object of veneration? His self-evolved intelligence has not yet discovered amid its meanderings a divinity that universally responds to our aspirations.

SETTLEMENT.

The fact is, man looks for something distinct from his own personality, and cannot permanently be satisfied with anything that bears a likeness to himself, for the very good reason that his human conception becomes too limited, and too intimate, and "familiarity breeds contempt."

Ah, well, it is just right that the realm of human thought should be "weighed in the balances and found wanting." It is all a preparation for that other factor that will soon settle unalterably and unaided (by human instinct) the whole question of religious belief.

IN OPEN CONFERENCE WITH READERS.

* * * *In this Department, the questions and criticisms of correspondents will be attended to on all kinds of topics. Correspondents will oblige by writing "Open Conference" at the head of their communications.*

193. **The Star Mizar.**—A correspondent sends a grouping of the stars forming the Plough or Great Bear, copied from *Dick's Celestial Scenery*. To each of the stars the name is written, and the middle one of the three forming the tail is labelled "Mizar," so that the surmise of F.G.C. last month is correct—that Mirzar and Mizar are but variations of the same name. Another correspondent (F. O.) sends a corroborative letter, along with a description of the Zoetrope. The star Mizar, he thinks, there is reason to believe to be a binary or double star when seen through a powerful telescope.

194. **"Good Company" appreciated.**—Maggie M. Merry, Topeka, Kansas, U.S.A., schoolmistress, writes as follows: "I think *Good Company* the best publication I have seen of the kind, and unexcelled from the educational standpoint. To those who have read much, it is a review; to those who have read little, it gives a choice selection of good things. Its greatest merit, however, lies in the fact that it gives the kernel without the shell, the wheat minus the chaff. Best of all, it treats every subject from the Bible standpoint, showing the true relation of things to the purpose of God which has been evolving throughout the ages. This is particularly the case with the historical articles, which are forcible and clear, and mean much to those who see the hand of God in history as well as prophecy. The articles on astronomy are simply sublime, carrying the mind from the finite to the infinite. We are much pleased with 'My Days and my Ways,' showing not only

the individual life, but the growth of the truth."

195. **"Facing the South."**—"Some friends of mine are very particular about having their houses face the south, especially their bedrooms, and I have had some who make it a point to always sleep with their feet facing to the south: can you give me any rational account of the probable origin of this, which seems to me a fad?" (M. S. W.)—It is not altogether a fad. A house facing the south in our latitude has the sun shining through the windows all day, that is when there is any sun to have. The western walls inside catch the rising sun through the windows on their west sides, and as the sun progresses from east to west, the sun-light passes round the whole room during the day, till the last lingering rays of sunset light up the eastern wall. This is a great advantage when we realise that the sun is the great source of life, the light and life on our planet. Bedrooms facing south are more likely to be dry and wholesome than those in other positions. As for sleeping with feet towards the south, there is not much in this. It is based upon the fact that the magnetic attraction of the earth is towards the poles, and that when the brain is quiescent in sleep, it is better it should be pulled towards the top than towards the bottom. People who earn wholesome sleep by labour can afford to disregard these niceties.

196. **What becomes of the River Waters?**—(J. B.)—There is no doubt about the scientific truth of Eccl. i. 7, "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full. Unto the place whence

the rivers come, thither they return again." The fact thus stated was not scientifically known at the time Solomon wrote it; for mankind had not become sufficiently acquainted with the earth to know it. Their ideas on the subject were of the character of the notions attributed by a recent traveller to a community of natives who lived by a river in Asia. They told him that they expected the river to run all its waters away, and that then the end of the world would come. They did not know, what Solomon declares, that the water carried down to the sea is lifted out of the sea by evaporation, and returned to the land in the form of clouds and rain which replenishes the rivers everywhere by "watershed." Nature is a grand system of revolution and perpetual motion. Happy those who become co-eval with its everlasting grandeur. Solomon spoke by the Spirit, and therefore spoke truly.

197. THE MOON THROUGH A GREAT TELESCOPE.

As a contribution to the subject of the moon, which was treated in our astronomical articles about a year ago, G. B. sends a magazine from Australia, containing an account of a visit to an observatory in which he was permitted to view the moon through the powerful telescope of the establishment: "The face we saw, white and dead and cold, was a face on which the deep wrinkles of unimaginable age had been indelibly engraven. The moon was nearly full: the sun was shining almost fully upon it: consequently the shadows of the mountains were not thrown so largely in their dense and striking darkness. A shadow in the moon is not the poor diluted thing we get in our day-time: it is as black as the inkiest midnight, owing, it is thought, to the absence of atmosphere, and consequently of refraction. But there is no mistaking that it is shadow you are looking at, all

thrown one way from the sun. It is best, the resident astronomer told me, to take a view when the moon is in the first quarter. Then the shadows of the towering abrupt mountains fall across the white places in sharp separation. It is a solemn sight, though, even as I saw it—certainly a world: certainly one that has been battered by the shocks of doom. That is deeply written on the side we see. . . . Mighty fissures and deep caverns, oval and round, mostly: great dark spaces with fretted edges as of bays and promontories which I would have said were oceans. . . . Oceans from which the water has fled of a surety—like a mass of molten metal, suddenly frozen as it boiled and bubbled: the huge cup-like craters thickly studded over its face like the pittings of titanic smallpox—the distorted ridges and chains of mountains, the isolated peaks and deep hollow places, suggest something like that. Desolate, lifeless, void, it seems like a place where no one comes or has come since the making of the world."

198. "**Black Band.**"—"*I have been reading of black band in connection with the physical changes of the earth in past ages: what is it and how is it formed.*" (G. G.) —Black band is the name applied to a species of iron ore, that is so called because it occurs in layers, which when cut through and exposed in vertical section, presents the appearance of a black band amongst other deposits above and below it. Its colour is due to the chemical combination in which the iron exists in ore of that character. There are various kinds of iron ore. Iron is rarely found in a pure state. It is combined with various non-metallic substances from which it has to be dissociated by smelting and other processes. In the case of black band, the iron exists in combination with clayey matter, to which it imparts a deep black tint. How it comes into this combination is one of the mysteries of cosmic chemistry.

It is almost always where coal has been formed. The connection may some day be known.

199. **Stalagmites.**—“*Give us an account of stalagmites and the process of their formation.*” (O. R. C.)—Stalagmites are what are otherwise termed stalactites. They are stony incrustations (mostly pendant), of various fantastic shapes, formed in caves, through the percolation of rain water through the veins and fissures of the rocks above. It is a chemical process. The water, passing through the ground, takes up carbonic acid from decaying vegetable matter, and when it comes into contact with the limestone in the rocks, it enters into combination with a minute proportion of it, and carries it down in a state of solution to the nearest exit. If this is a cave, the air-current allows the carbonic acid to escape, upon which ensues a deposit of insoluble carbonate of lime. If a line of drops persistently falls from the same point, this calcareous deposit slowly descends in the direction of the drops, like that of a freezing icicle, till perhaps it reach the floor as a column, or hanging like a long tassel if the distance be too great for a column. Sometimes the chemical mixture will cover the floor with an ice-like sheet of stalagmite, which forms a solid floor when the water on which it was supported has disappeared. So, in substance, saith *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

200. **Something new about the Moon.**—A correspondent sends us a magazine containing an article which describes discoveries that disturb the scientific theory that the moon is a dead world. The Government Astronomer of New South Wales has been directing special attention to the moon lately, and to a recent visitor (the writer of the article in question), he said, “I am confident that a change has taken place . . . It is in the crater called Plinius. This crater, according

to the most reliable measurements yet obtained, is shown to be 30 miles in diameter. Formerly, there were two mountains standing up near the middle of it—mountains well-defined and unmistakable, covering about three miles in diameter, as shown in drawings. . . . Something remarkable has happened. The mountains have fallen in, as it were; in these places there are now several craters, of which I have taken measurements. Two of them correspond very closely to the sizes of the mountains which formerly occupied their places. “Is this the first known disturbance of the moon that has taken place?” I asked. “Yes,” he said, “this is the first unmistakable instance of such a thing happening.” I said, “This occurrence will excite much interest in astronomical circles, I suppose.” “Very keen interest, naturally,” he replied. “As an astronomical event, its importance cannot be estimated until observers have had time to compare notes. It proves the existence of force within the moon—a matter about which doubt had long existed.”

201. **Greek Skulls and Phrenology.**—“*I see mention in the paper of skulls over 2000 years old, having been found by Schlieman, in graves discovered by him in the course of his excavations in Greek ruins. These skulls, we are told, are all small: is not this against the science of phrenology, seeing that the Greeks as a race were men of unusual intellectual vigour?*” (S. R.)—We would require to know a good deal about these skulls before any conclusion could be drawn from them: first, their exact size. To call them small in an off-hand way is not satisfactory. It might be found they were larger than the reporter thinks; second, whose skulls they are: they might be those of seminary lads, or of the women, or of the scions of aristocratic families, who are not noted for great size of head. Thirdly,

we should want to know the quality of the bone, whether dense and smooth, or spongy and rough. Fine bone, fine brain, and *vice versa*. A finely-organised brain of moderate bulk would be much more powerful than a large organ with less of the "grey matter" which preponderates in active brains. To say that "the cleverest people the world ever saw, were not among the large-headed races," is to beg the question. The large-headed races are always energetic; the small-headed races may be distinguished by talent, but never by the go-ahead spirit that carries all before it. The northern races are large-headed, and have prevailed. It is by the living we must judge the matter. Our knowledge of the dead is too limited to be safe as a basis for argument. Among the living the rule is, without exception, that brain and brain power go together. If the skulls in question were the skulls of clever, adult male Greeks, then the cleverness would be a quiet cleverness of compact, well-organised front brains, but without great girth or bulk behind where the burning forces lie that change the world.

202. **The First Steam-Boats.**—*"Is it true that the application of steam to the propulsion of vessels at sea was scouted and condemned as impossible by the scientific world of the day? I have heard so, and it strikes me as a singular fact in view of the great success of steamship enterprise. Most things are opposed by the scientific theorists when they first come out."* (S. B. M. W.).—It was not exactly the application of steam to sea-going vessels that was condemned, but the possibility of such vessels crossing the Atlantic. The estimated quantity of coal necessary to carry a vessel 3,000 miles, was considered fatal to the idea; and the estimate was based upon the actual experience of steamships employed on Government service in the Mediterranean—so that it seemed a sound objection. It was found that two tons of

coal would be required for each one-horse power of the engines to go 3,000 miles. As 300 horse-power was the minimum of what was needful, it followed that 600 tons of coal would be needed for the voyage, and with an additional hundred tons to provide against accident or delay, —700 tons, which would take the bulk of the vessel's capacity for cargo. If the vessel were made more than four times larger than her horse-power, so as to give carrying space, it was argued the horse-power would be inadequate to its propulsion. The tonnage could not exceed 1,200 with an engine of 300 horse-power; and after making allowance for cabins, ship's stores, machinery, boilers, &c., the space left for fuel would not contain more than 500 tons, which would be all consumed before the vessel got within 500 miles of the American coast. These objections were urged at the meeting of the British Association at Bristol in 1836: and they were regarded as unanswerable. But the argument was confounded by the actual achievements of the projectors of Atlantic steam navigation two years afterwards, just as the achievement of Columbus in discovering America in the 15th century disproved the wisdom of the divines and philosophers who condemned his project as visionary. Actual experiment is the only safe ground of condemnation in such matters.

203. **The Lick Telescope.**—*"What is the Lick telescope of which there has been recent mention in the papers?"* (M. O. D.)—It is a telescope that has been erected with money left by a man named Lick, a Californian hotel proprietor. "Build," he told his executors in so many words, "the biggest instrument that dollars can pay for, and then go ahead." They did so, as far as the resources of optical research and the mechanical appliances for grinding lenses would permit; and they managed, with some toil and anxiety, to rear an Observatory bearing the testator's

name, and in it a very powerful telescope, which bids fair to make valuable additions to astronomical research. Mr. Lick imagined that, if Lord Rosse could see so-and-so with his reflector, then all he had to do himself was to order one four or forty times the size, to accomplish four or forty times the work, quite unconscious of the optical obstacles in his way. The Observatory stands on a site in California selected for height and clearness of atmosphere.

204. **A Double Moon.**—A correspondent sends an account of an interesting discovery in process of being made in connection with the four moons that attend the giant planet, Jupiter. These satellites, it may be remembered, were discovered by Galileo soon after the invention of the telescope, but before the telescope had reached its present perfection. He found—and all subsequent observation has done nothing more than confirm what he saw—four little orbs circling round the planet. One of these has recently been the subject of careful study by means of the Lick telescope. The gentleman who has been making this study has published a paper on the subject, in which he states that watching the transit of the satellite across the bright equatorial belt of Jupiter, he noticed that it was double, the component parts clearly separated and dark against the bright body of the planet. The same phenomenon was seen by other members of the Observatory staff, and in every case the inference from their study was the same. As late as the third of August, when the same satellite was in transit across the dark south equatorial belt of Jupiter, it appeared under the highest powers of the telescope as an elongated white spot, the elongation being nearly parallel to the belts on the planet, while satellite number two, which was in transit at the same time, looked perfectly round. The conclusion is, there-

fore, either that the satellite has a light belt on it similar and nearly parallel to those of Jupiter, and rotates on an axis nearly perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, or that it is actually double. The latter inference is so startling that astronomers will be inclined to wait some time before receiving it without question. Further observations are necessary, and these are being made, not only in the Lick, but in a score of other Observatories.

MY DAYS AND MY WAYS.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE returned to Huddersfield on the 15th of July, 1861. My secular avocation I always regarded as a mere accessory to what the Bible had brought me to look upon as the main business of life—that of preparing for the Lord's use in the higher existence to which he would introduce the accepted at his coming. I had no ambitions, and no purposes to serve beyond getting through faithfully in this line. The idea of saving money, or aiming at a competency, or even at getting up or on in my profession, was the furthest from my thoughts. I regarded such a policy as out of reach, and out of question in those seeking to be faithful servants of the Lord in this day of darkness and small things, when we are called upon to lay ourselves upon the altar, in the maintenance of a testimony for the truth, and the assistance of the needy.

Therefore the first thing we did on returning to Huddersfield was to arrange for a resumption of the Sunday operations connected with this object; that is, after we were re-settled. This re-settlement was a very simple affair. We had not saved enough to take up house again at

once, so we took apartments in a private temperance hotel in Queen Street, kept by a Campbellite of the name of Butler, a round-headed, energetic Yorkshireman—(what Yorkshireman is not energetic?). This hotel was a very quiet affair—scarcely more than a private lodging-house. But there were only two of us, and the two rooms placed at our disposal were ample enough, so that we were nicely suited, and for a while greatly enjoyed the change from our wandering life. The landlord had a little knowledge of Dr. Thomas from Campbellite writings, and felt a kindly, cousin-like interest in our devotedness to him; and the landlady, without much intelligence in the matter, one way or other, was a kindly, motherly person, of somewhat portly dimensions, and a general style that did not savour of over fastidiousness in person or otherwise. She had a son John, who proved an item in the evolution of things. He was in a draper's shop (if I recollect right), and did not like his occupation. I suggested to him that he should learn shorthand and get into newspaper work by taking part of my duties in an informal way. He was delighted with the idea, which was favoured by both father and mother. I mentioned the matter to my employer, and he was well pleased that the young man should acquire experience in the way proposed by working without salary. I had no idea at the time what use this arrangement would be to me. I doubt if *Twelve Lectures* would have been written apart from it, for I could not have commanded the necessary leisure if I had not had an assistant to take the police-court drudgery, which my young friend was soon ready for.

I have laid my hand upon an ecclesial minute-book, commenced a fortnight after our return. From this I discover what I had forgot, that when I came through on a visit to Huddersfield from York, as

recorded in the last chapter, I found two men and the wife of one of them ready for immersion as the result of the Senior schoolroom effort, and baptised them in Lockwood baths, which was the commencement of the Huddersfield ecclesia. The following entry occurs in said minute book under the heading of "Origin of meeting":—"In the month of October and following months of the year 1860, ——— delivered a course of eight public lectures in Senior's schoolroom, East Parade, Huddersfield, to which attention had been attracted by previous outdoor labours. The subjects related to 'the things concerning the Kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ.' The lectures aroused the attention of several individuals, who were afterwards supplied with copies of *Elpis Israel* by John Thomas, M.D., of America. The perusal of this work led to conviction, and on Sunday, the 11th day of May, 1861, Mr. Josiah Rhodes, and Mr. John William Kaye and his wife were baptised at Lockwood baths by ——— at their own request. These individuals were joined by brother Clisset, from Heckmondwike, who had up to that time been meeting with the church assembling at Halifax, which is more distant from Heckmondwike than Huddersfield. On July 15th, brother and sister ——— returned from a six months' absence from Huddersfield, and the ecclesia in Huddersfield was thus increased in numbers to 6. Spring Street Academy having been vacated by the Campbellites, it was resolved to engage that place for first day meetings, and for the proclamation of the truth. . . . Steps were then taken to arrange for a public opening of the Academy, with the view of making known our existence in Huddersfield, and of proclaiming the truth to the public.—On Sunday, the 21st day of July, 1861, the brethren assembled at the house of brother Rhodes, and after completing

such arrangements, they proceeded to organise themselves for the purpose of more fully and effectively carrying out the objects of the meetings. Brother I. Clissett was appointed *presiding elder*; brother R. Roberts, *general and corresponding secretary*; brother J. W. Kaye, *treasurer*, and brother J. Rhodes, *deacon*. During the following week, placards were posted on the walls and an advertisement inserted in the Huddersfield *Examiner*, worded as follows:—‘OPENING SERVICES—The inhabitants of Huddersfield and the surrounding district are respectfully informed that the Spring Street Academy will be opened on Sunday next, July 28th, for Christian proceedings based upon the Scriptures of Moses, the prophets, and the apostles. Addresses will be delivered on the occasion as follows:—Morning, at half-past ten, by Mr. David Briggs, of Leeds, and others; afternoon, at half-past two; evening, at six, by Mr. Robert Roberts, of Huddersfield. Subjects: Afternoon, ‘Paul’s prediction fulfilled in the state of modern orthodoxy;’ evening, ‘The faith once delivered to the saints in contradistinction to the faith of the religious systems of the present day.’ The afternoon meeting will be held in St. George’s Square, weather permitting, otherwise to be held in the Academy. Searchers after truth are earnestly invited to attend, Bible in hand. N.B.—In future, addresses will be delivered in the Academy on Sunday evenings at six o’clock, explanatory of the things concerning the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ.’

From the minutes, it appears that the advertised speaker for the morning did not come, and that the whole company present only amounted to 4. In the afternoon, the meeting being held in the open air in St. George’s Square, an attendance of street stragglers to the number of 70 was realised. At the evening meeting, indoors, only 12 persons attended. After

that, meetings were held in the Academy regularly morning and evening, the afternoons being devoted to out-of-door addresses, either in St. George’s Square or the Market Place, when the weather was favourable. Our out-of-door audiences were of course the best. The indoor audiences varied from 13 to zero. I find one entry as follows:—“Sunday, Nov. 10—Brother Rhodes was absent from severe illness. Brother Clissett was spending the day at Heckmondwike, according to previous notice. Brother Kaye was detained by another engagement. Sister Kaye not so well—remained at home, and sister Roberts was kept at home with baby, in consequence of the wetness of the weather, having no umbrella. Brother Roberts was therefore the only person in attendance. He spent a pleasant and profitable afternoon by himself. Evening: Present, two strangers, Messrs. Townsend and Drake. There were no formal proceedings. The evening was spent in pleasant conversation on religious topics in general around the fire.” On Nov. 17, is the following entry:—“Present, brother Roberts and Mr. Townsend. After 20 minutes’ conversation, the meeting was closed.”

As the year drew towards its close, it was resolved that we should make a more systematic effort, and that I should give a complete course of lectures in exhibition of the whole system of the truth. I accordingly drew out a programme of twelve lectures, to be delivered on twelve successive Sunday afternoons. Of this, I had a thousand copies printed as handbills and a hundred posters, and arranged for their distribution. It then occurred to me that it would be better to write and read the lectures than to attempt the extempore delivery from skeleton notes, as I was in the habit of doing. This idea I was enabled to carry out through having the reporting assistance before spoken of.

Many a police court day, I sat in the reporter's room in the *Examiner* office, getting ready the next Sunday's lecture, while my assistant was busy taking notes of the drunk and disorderly and petty assault and larceny cases heard before the magistrates.

The first lecture was delivered December 1st, 1861; about a hundred persons attended. At the second (December 8th), the attendance was between 50 and 60. At the third (December 15th), the attendance again rose to 100. At the fourth (December 22nd), it again fell. At the fifth, it went up again; at the sixth, it was 70, and so on up and down till the last, which was delivered February 16th, 1862. There was close attention throughout, and some afternoons, questions were put at the close. There was not the same life in a read lecture as in one extemporised fresh from the heart. At the same time, there was this advantage: when the lectures were over, I had them in my possession in a written form. I did not know what was to grow out of this. I supposed their work was done when read before the fluctuating audience of Huddersfield people, who heard them in Huddersfield in the winter of 1861. When the lectures were over, we had a tea meeting of interested hearers at our lodgings. My companion wrote out the tickets of admission. One of these she showed me the other day. It was not a large party, numbering, perhaps, fifteen people. At this meeting, the suggestion was thrown out that the lectures should be published. I said I had no objections, but how was it to be done? It would take more money than it was in the power of our feeble company to raise. An old stager, having some experience in such matters, suggested that the experiment might be tried with one lecture. "Find out," said he, "what it would cost to print a thousand

copies of the first lecture: then see how many copies friends would take here and there at 1d.; and perhaps you will get them all out in that way." The suggestion seemed highly feasible; but had the lectures not been in actual writing, it could not have borne fruit. As it was, it was not long in leading to something. My companion wrote letters to all the friends we knew in sundry parts, apprising them of the proposal, and asking how many copies they would take. It was a time before the response was complete. It did not come up to the number necessary for the payment of the printer, but it was sufficiently near (something over two thirds) to justify the venture, relying on future sales. So the first lecture was placed in the hands of the printer (G. and J. Brook, of Westgate, Huddersfield), and in due course, it came out, a neatly printed crown octavo in leaded brevier, extending to sixteen pages. On being supplied to the various friends who had ordered, they almost without exception expressed their satisfaction, and ordered the succeeding lectures to be sent.

FRAGMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE.

FRENCH champagne sells in the States at a sovereign a bottle.

Almost every day some new invention is announced in which the application of electricity is included.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.—Experiments show, milk is much more cheaply produced from good cows than poor ones. The best cow in the herd produces milk at a cost of 1·4 pence per quart, whilst the milk from the poorest cow cost 2·13 pence, or more than double.

HEAT AND MORALS.—A prison chaplain's experience is that a considerable rise of temperature has a tendency to diminish the sense of human responsibility. A high temperature injuriously affects the

conduct of children in schools, soldiers in the army, workers in factories, and the public generally.

DISTANCE ANNIHILATED.—Speaking on the newly-opened telephone between London and Paris, a writer says, the conversation is carried on as easily and distinctly as if the two persons were in the same room, and yet the communication travels through 270 miles of land line and 24 miles of sea cable.

ELECTRICITY AS A TEST.—A very important practical application of electricity has just been made in a Swedish iron-works at Margret's Hill, for testing the hardness of steel and iron whilst they are in process of manufacture. A current of electricity is conducted through a test piece of iron or steel enough to melt it. The hardest piece resists most. An exact scale of hardness can be drawn up for the different kinds of metal so tested.

HOW SCISSORS ARE MADE.—Though no complexities are involved in the making of these indispensable articles, or much unusual skill required, yet the process of manufacture is very interesting. They are formed from good bar steel heated to redness. Each blade is cut off with sufficient metal to form the shank or cutting part, and bow, or holding portion. For the bow, a small hole is punched, and this is afterwards expanded to the required size by hammering it on a conical anvil, after which both shank and bow are filed into a more perfect shape, and the hole bored in the middle for the rivet. The blades are next ground, and the blades filed smooth and burnished with oil and emery, after which the pairs are fitted together and tested as to their easy working. They are not yet finished, however; they have to undergo hardening and tempering, and be again adjusted, after which they are finally put together and polished up for the third time. In comparing the edges of knives and scissors it will be noticed, of course,

that the latter are not in any way so sharply ground as the former, and that in cutting, scissors crush or bruise more than knives.

THE MOTIVE POWER OF NIAGARA IN THE FUTURE.—Measurements have been made of the volume of the Niagara river, from which it appears that the motive power of the cataract exceeds, by nearly fortyfold, all the mechanical force of water and steam-power rendered available in Britain for the purpose of imparting motion to the machinery which suffices to perform the manufacturing labours for a large portion of the inhabitants of the world, including also the power applied for transporting these products by steam-boats and steam cars, and their steamships of war, to the remotest seas. Indeed, it appears probable that the law of gravity, as established by the Creator, puts forth, in this single waterfall, more intense and effective energy than is necessary to move all the artificial machinery of the habitable globe. At one time, this would have been a fact of idle interest: but now that it has been demonstrated at the Hamburg Exhibition that electricity generated by a waterfall can be transmitted with unimpaired motive force to great distances by wire, it probably points to the practical solution of the coal question and a few other questions in the age to come.

WHIRLPOOLS.—These dangerous rotating marine pools are caused by currents meeting with obstacles which throw them into gyration. When two opposite currents of nearly equal force meet in narrow channels, they assume a spiral form, with a depressed centre if the movement is rapid, into which floating objects are withdrawn and submerged. The Maelström on the coast of Norway is a noted whirlpool of this description, and it is said that seals and even whales, when caught in its eddies, are unable to extricate themselves

from destruction. The roaring of its waters is heard at a distance of several miles, and it is said to be forty fathoms deep. Within the bounds of the United Kingdom, there is also a whirlpool—that of Corrievrekin, between the islands of Jura and Scarba, on the west coast of Scotland. It is supposed to be occasioned by the tide-stream of the Atlantic being opposed in its passage to and from the Sound of Jura by a pyramidal rock which shoots up to within fifteen fathoms of the surface, the surrounding water having a depth of a hundred fathoms. This whirlpool, however, is only formidable to large vessels in strong tides or violent gales, though it is always carefully shunned by the smaller craft.

HARMS AND AILMENTS.

Cats suffering from diphtheria should be destroyed. It has recently been proved that cats so affected impart the disease by infection to those who fondle them.

EAR-ACHE.—This is more particularly a malady of childhood. It is a source of great distress. The simplest remedy is to introduce a little wad steeped in warm sweet oil, mixed with a few drops of hot laudanum or camphor.

BRAN POULTICES.—These are useful for sprains, swellings, etc., and to allay localised pain. A flannel bag, square at both ends, should be filled less than half full with bran and sewn firmly up; souse it well in boiling water, then, between two plates, press out all the superfluous moisture, and apply.

WHEN A BLISTER IS WANTED.—A simple form of blister, that can be safely used by anyone, is a linament composed of one part of croton oil to two parts of olive oil. The skin should first be rubbed briskly with the hand till red, then four or five drops of the prepared oil lightly rubbed on, and a soft cloth laid over to keep it

from the clothing. Care should be taken to wash the hands after the application, as the least touch of the croton oil on the eye or any tender part will occasion great inconvenience.

VARIOUSLY AFFLICTED.—H.T.F.—1. I have a disagreeable breaking out in the loins, about two years' standing, and under the arms; very annoying because of the constant itching; much worse when blood is heated; white scales form and if rubbed raw will heal in 24 hours. 2. Am troubled with catarrh (nasal) three years. 3. Have a disagreeable feeling in my stomach, when it appears to get empty it seems as though the sides came together and were gnawing each other, while a lump seems to come up in my throat and feels and tastes as though it was raw. 4. If I hold my arms or legs in one position (and especially if a little cramped) for any length of time they become numb and prickly. ANSWER.—Take rhubarb $1\frac{1}{2}$ drachm, bicarbonate of soda, 3 drachms; glycerine, 1 ounce; water 3 ounces. Dose, a teaspoonful before meals. Also take three drops Fowler's solution after meals. Rub parts with oxide of zinc ointment.

CARE OF THE EYES.—People usually begin to take care of their eyes when they give them trouble or show in some way signs of weakness. This is like locking the stable door after the horse is gone. They should take care of them while they are well. A simple rule to follow in reading or writing is to sit in such a way as that the person should not face the light, but the light should fall over the shoulder—over the left if the person is right-handed, and over the right one if he is engaged with his left hand. If the eyes begin to pain during work, it is a warning to stop at once. There is no more foolish habit than the common one of reading in the twilight or by an imperfect light. The eye is far too delicate an

organism to be trifled with in any such way. The condition of the general health also has a great deal to do with the eye. It is therefore dangerous for a person in very ill-health, or when recovering from a long illness, to use the eyes as freely as when in perfect health. It is a mistake for a near-sighted person, or for one whose eyes have become worn with age, to put off the use of glasses. All oculists are agreed on this point. Neglect to wear glasses at the proper time may permanently injure the eyesight.

MUSIC AS A HEALER.—The value of music as a therapeutic method cannot yet be so precisely stated that we may measure it by dosage. Of the wholesome influence of music in various forms of disease, the *Lancet* thinks there can be little or no doubt. Its effects cannot be precisely stated. It is one of those intangible but effective aids to medicine which exert a healthful influence through the nervous system. It acts as a mental tonic. Fatigue or worry has disturbed the proper balance and relation between the mind and body. A pleasing and lively melody can awake in a jaded brain the strong emotion of hope, and enliven by its means the languid nerve control of the whole circulation, strengthen the heart beat and refresh the vascularity of every organ. Even aches are soothed for a time by a transference of attention, and why, then, should not pain be lulled by music? That it sometimes is thus relieved there can be no doubt. It is especially in the graver nervous maladies, however, that we should look for benefit from this remedy. Definite statistics on the subject may not be forthcoming, but states of insanity which are largely influenced by the condition of the sympathetic system, should find some part of their treatment in the hands of the musician. It is, therefore, for such cases especially his services should be enlisted.

HOW HUMAN BEINGS SHOULD SLEEP.

—There is no doubt in my mind (writes a doctor in the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*) that the belief that human beings should sleep with their bodies lying north and south has its foundation in true scientific facts. Each human system has magnetic poles—one positive and one negative. Now, it is true that some persons have the positive pole in the head, and the negative pole in the feet, and *vice versa*. In order that the person sleeping should be in perfect harmony with the magnetic phenomena of the earth, the head, if it possess the positive pole, should lie to the south, or, if the feet possess the positive pole, the head should lie to the north. The positive pole should always lie opposite to the magnetic centre of the continent, and thus maintain a magnetic equilibrium. The positive pole of the person draws one way, but the magnetic pole of the earth draws the other way, and forces the blood towards the feet, affects the iron in the system, tones up the nerves, and makes sleep refreshing and invigorating. But if the person sleeps the wrong way, and fails to become magnetically *en rapport* with the earth, he will then probably be too magnetic, and he will have a fever resulting from the magnetic forces working too fast, or he will not be magnetic enough, and the great strain will cause a feeling of lassitude. Some persons (says the doctor) may scoff at these ideas, but the greatest scientific men of the world have studied the subject. Only recently, the French Academy of Science made experiments upon the body of a guillotined man which go to prove that each human system is in itself an electric battery, one electrode being represented by the head, the other by the feet. The body was taken immediately after death and placed on a pivot, to move as it might. After some vacillation the head portion turned towards the north, the body then remaining stationary. One

of the professors turned it half-way round, but it soon regained its original position, and the same result was repeatedly obtained until organic movements finally ceased.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

ALWAYS have a clean grate; if choked with ashes and cinders it cannot give you a bright fire.

If clothes are absolutely dry before they are folded and laid away, they will not mildew.

KETTLE OF FISH.—A little vinegar put into the fish kettle with the fish will make the fish firm and preserve its colour.

SHRINK THE FLANNEL.—All flannels should be soaked in cold and hot water, to shrink them, before being made up.

THE SMELL OF PAINT.—To get rid of the smell of oil paint let a pailful of water stand in the room newly painted.

BREATH.—A little parsley eaten with vinegar will remove the unpleasant effects of eating onions.

PUDDING FLAVOUR.—In flavouring puddings, if the milk is rich, lemon flavouring is good; but if the milk is poor, vanilla makes it richer.

INSECTS ON THE PLANTS.—Kerosene oil made into an emulsion with milk is highly recommended as an insecticide for trees, shrubs, and use on vegetables.

WHITWASH made of good white lime and water only, is the best known agency for keeping the air of the cellar sweet and wholesome.

SWEETENING FRUIT.—Chemists say that it takes more than twice as much sugar to sweeten preserves, sauce, &c., if put in when they begin to cook, as it does to sweeten after the fruit is cooked.

RATS AND MICE.—A remedy highly recommended for the extermination of rats and mice is meal mixed with powdered glass. Spread the mixture in their favourite

haunts, and it is claimed they will flee from the premises in an incredibly short time.

GUM THAT WILL KEEP.—Gum for the writing-table, which will combine great strength with the desirable quality of keeping for any length of time, may be prepared by dissolving equal parts of gum arabic and gum tragacanth in vinegar; and ordinary gum arabic water will be found to keep much longer if a little vinegar be added to it.

TO MAKE A SAVOURY DISH OF RICE.—One teacupful of rice, one onion chopped finely, one tablespoonful of dripping or butter, two breakfastcupfuls of water, pepper, salt, half a teaspoonful mixed herbs, one tablespoonful cornflour, one teacupful of milk, one egg (cost 4d.). Put the rice, onion, dripping, seasoning, herbs, and water into a saucepan, let it boil for almost half hour, then add to it one tablespoonful of cornflour, mixed with the milk and egg; butter a pudding-dish and bake it for half hour.

CHOCOLATE AS MADE IN FRANCE.—A cup of chocolate made in the French way is worth trying. Take an inch wide stick of chocolate, place it whole in a saucepan just large enough to let it lie flat, cover it only with water, and then put it on the fire to dissolve. Give the saucepan a shake now and then to aid the dissolving, but do not employ a spoon or try to hurry it on, or your cup of chocolate will have a sediment at the bottom. When the whole stick is dissolved, add half a pint of cold milk and boil for twenty minutes, stirring all the while and the result will be a delicious cup of chocolate.

SMOKY GAS GLOBES.—The gas globes often have a dusty, smoky look, even after washing in the ordinary way, but if soaked in hot soda and water, and then plunged into ammonia and hot water and scrubbed with a stiff brush, they look like new again, and only require rinsing and wiping

dry with a soft cloth. The chimneys used for kerosene lamps can be best cleaned by holding them over the steam from a tea kettle, drying with a soft rag, and then polishing them with old newspaper.

A CURIOUS TEST FOR THE BUTTER.
—An English analyst recently received twelve specimens of supposed butter, which he was to analyze to discover which was pure and which was oleomargarine. After taking what he wanted, he set the twelve plates in his laboratory. Next morning, the butter had disappeared from ten, and on two it remained. These two were adulterated and the others pure. Suspecting mice, he set out other plates, some containing pure and some adulterated in various degrees. Again the pure butter was cleared away, the slightly adulterated half eaten, and the much adulterated only nibbled.

ABOUT ONIONS.—The onion is a very nutritious vegetable, but not wholesome unless well boiled. When plain boiled, and the water thrown away, they are most wholesome. When used with stews, they should first be peeled, sliced, and parboiled to remove their indigestible properties. Place them in a vessel, covering them with boiling water, and adding a pinch of soda for every two or three unions. Allow them to soak for ten minutes or longer, throw the water away, and then the onions may be safely added to the stew. When soda is not available, water alone may be used, but it is not so efficacious. A great objection to eating onions is the unpleasant odour they impart to the breath. This may be partially remedied by making an onion feast terminate with the eating of a little raw parsley mixed with vinegar.

KEEPING THE TABLE KNIVES IN GOOD CONDITION.—To keep table knives in good condition they should have the foremost place in "washing-up." It is a great deal wiser to keep cups and plates waiting their turn than delicate steel.

The common practice of putting dirty knives on one side greatly injures them, not to speak of its causing inconvenience when they are wanted. Besides, stains are more easily removed when first made than when they have been allowed to become fastened in the steel. For washing knives nothing is better than a pewter can, the height of which should be the length of a large table knife. The knives should first of all be wiped on a knife rag, then washed in warm water in this can, and then taken out one after another and thoroughly and quickly dried. The handles of knives should never be placed in hot water. For cleaning them use whitening. Take a soft piece of flannel, put it tightly on your finger, dip it in whitening, moistened with water, and with this rub the handle of the knife the way of the grain. Continue rubbing hard for some time, and then polish with dry whitening. All articles of ivory may be cleaned in this way.

SOUND SLEEP FOR INFANT CHILDREN.
—There are few things which distress an anxious mother or annoy an impatient nurse more than sleeplessness in her infant charge, and there is nothing which both are so desirous to remove by the readiest means which present themselves. A healthy child, properly treated and not unduly excited, will always be ready for sleep at the usual time; and when it appears excited or restless, we may infer with certainty that some active cause has made it so, and should try to find out and remove it. If no adequate external cause can be discovered, we may infer with equal certainty that its health has in some way suffered, and that it is sleepless from being ill. From not attending to the true origin of the restlessness, however, and regarding it merely as a state troublesome to all parties, many mothers and nurses are in the habit of resorting immediately to opiates of various

kinds. Now these, whether authorised by the formularies of the regular doctor or smuggled into use under the disguises of the nostrum vendor, should never be given to very young children. Many an infant, the true cause of whose death was not always suspected, even by the guilty person, has, by the employment of them, passed prematurely to its grave.

AN ECONOMICAL DINNER TABLE.—Parmesan cheese assists us to make a very small piece of meat go a very long way. Suppose we have half a pound of beefsteak, and we cut this steak into little pieces not much bigger in size than a halfpenny, and about a quarter of an inch thick. Pepper and salt these little pieces of meat slightly, and then dip them into grated Parmesan cheese. We then egg and bread-crumble them—that is, we first dip them into an egg well beaten up, and then cover them with dry bread crumbs. It is always best to make the bread crumbs out of stale bread, and get them done the day before, if possible. We can now boil a pound of macaroni, and serve these little tiny cutlets, which must be fried in very hot fat for about 30 seconds, on the top. A little Parmesan cheese can be shaken over the top of the macaroni, as well as some chopped parsley. The half-pound of steak will have increased so much in size that it gives the idea of being a pound and a half. It is wonderful what a nice dish, sufficient for six or eight persons, can be made from so small a piece of meat, assisted by the macaroni, the Parmesan cheese, and the one egg. The chief difficulty that will be experienced by an ignorant cook will be the frying. The hot fat must be sufficiently deep to cover the pieces, and sufficiently hot to turn these pieces brown in about half a minute. A small saucepan is better than a frying pan. — *Cassell's Family Magazine*.

HOW TO DESTROY MOTHS.—Close all the windows and all the doors leading

from the room about to undergo treatment; open wide each drawer and closet, and hang the contents over chairs or upon a clothes-horse brought into the room for the occasion. Take a piece of gum camphor as large as a hazel nut for an ordinary room (as large as a walnut for a room 16 by 20); put it in an iron pot, and place the latter within another iron pot or upon an iron stand. Set fire to the camphor. It burns very fiercely, so set it at a safe distance from furniture or hangings; the middle of the room is the best place for it, unless this be directly under a chandelier, in which case it can be placed more toward the side, as the heat is apt to injure the gilding or bronze. The dense smoke soon permeates every nook and corner, and suffocates every insect that inhales it. Canary birds or goldfish are to be carried from the room before beginning operations, and as soon as the camphor begins to burn, the operator may leave the room, as, provided she has taken the above precautions, there will be no danger of the fire spreading. The camphor will burn from a quarter to half-an-hour, but it can be extinguished at any moment by placing over it a stove lid or the cover of the pot. Let the smoke remain in the room about half an hour, then open the windows wide, leaving them so all day. After a few hours' airing the traces of smoke will be scarcely noticeable.

INDOOR GARDENING.—The management of plants in pots, when kept in living rooms, is extremely difficult, from the want of proper light and moist air, though the latter want may, in some measure, be obviated by opening the window in front of which the plants stand whenever circumstances will permit. It should never be forgotten that atmospheric air is as essential to plants as water; and that they are seriously injured by being forced to inspire air a

their breathing pores that is in too dry a state for them. Another reason why plants kept in rooms are generally unhealthy is that they are watered in a very irregular fashion. Sometimes they are allowed to become so dry that the mould in which they grow will crumble under the pressure of the finger, and the spongioles of the roots are quite withered; and then water is given to them cold from the pump, though they have probably been standing in a temperature of from 60 to 70 deg. ; and part of this water is suffered to remain in the saucer for a day or two till even the healthy part of the roots is thoroughly chilled, and the plant, if of a delicate nature, is destroyed. There is often a difficulty in keeping plants grown in rooms free from insects, particularly the green fly and the red spider. Washing with a sponge and syringing with abundance of water, are good ways of destroying these, particularly syringing; it has been often noticed that neither the green fly nor the red spider will ever infest a plant that is frequently syringed.

PLEASING VARIETIES.

A LADY in San Diego, California, is said to have succeeded in accumulating 970,000 postage stamps.

A WHITE sparrow is just now to be seen daily flitting about the vicinity of Strathbungo Railway Station.

PLINY thinks it worth while to record that Alexander found oysters a foot in diameter in the Indian Ocean.

MAN'S whole duty to man is service; and therefore everybody is somebody's servant, and he stands highest who serves the greatest number.

ONLY they who carry sincerity to the highest point, in whom there remains not a single hair's breadth of hypocrisy, can see the hidden springs of things.

EXPERIENCE ought to be a headlight which throws its rays on things to come; instead of that, it is generally a stern light which throws its rays only on what we have already passed through.

A MIRROR has been well defined
An emblem of a thoughtful mind;
For look upon it when you will,
You'll find it is reflecting still.

"My dear, what makes you always yawn?"
A wife exclaimed, her temper gone.
"Is home so dull and dreary?"
"Not so, my love," said he—"not so;
But man and wife are *one*, you know,
And when *alone* I'm weary."

THOUGH prudence approve the conceptions of the mind, and justice yield endorsement, without courage in the hour of action, and fortitude in the hour of trial, the shades of oblivion shall know our form, and the gloom of defeat envelop our projects.

LIVING UNDER WATER.—The musk rat is able to travel under the ice of a frozen river or lake for a considerable distance by respiring against the ice-roof, where the bubbles of gas collect and recapture oxygen from the water. The rat then inspires them again, and proceeds on his way. Hunters, by breaking the ice where the bubbles cluster and allowing them to escape, are able to drown the animal.

PHOTOGRAPHING COLOURS.—A Swiss doctor has succeeded, after a long series of experiments, in obtaining photographs of painted windows in their original colours. His photographs contain red, violet, yellow, green, and white. They were sent to Dusseldorf, after passing from hand to hand on the way, and the photographic journals speak favourably of their retention of the colours. They were taken in 20 seconds by the midday sun.

MEASURING THE OCEAN WAVES.—An interesting feat has just been accomplished by the Hon. Ralph Abercromby, who has

succeeded in measuring the height of ocean waves by floating a sensitive aneroid barometer on the surface, and in gauging their width and velocity by timing their passages with a chronograph. As a result of these experiments he supports Admiral Fitzroy in the conclusion that waves occasionally reach an altitude of sixty feet. The highest wave measured by Mr. Abercromby was 46 feet high, 765 feet from crest to crest, and had a velocity of forty-seven miles per hour.—*St. Stephen's Review.*

A FALL OF SNOW INDOORS.—During the past winter, on a very cold, clear night, an evening party was given in a salon in Stockholm, Sweden. Many people were gathered together in a single room, and it became so warm, in the course of the evening, that several ladies complained of feeling ill. An attempt was then made to raise a window, but the sashes had been frozen in their place, and it was impossible to move them. In this situation, as it was absolutely necessary that air should be admitted, a pane of glass was smashed out. A cold current at once rushed in; and at the same instant flakes of snow were seen to fall to the floor in all parts of the room. The entrance of a frosty current into an atmosphere which was saturated with moisture had produced a snow fall indoors.

PERFUMING BY INJECTION.—A lady writes:—There is now a little inspissating machine invented by which the silly ones of our sex may be perfumed in this truly barbarous manner; it consists of a tiny syringe which contains six drops of an essence, and this can be pricked into the skin with the right hand. A medical man found out this possibility from having used a strong smelling drug for a consumptive patient by injecting it; and remarking on the manner in which it affected the skin and breath of the person, he was led to use scent to overcome the odour. He

assures us that there is not the very least fear of blood-poisoning. Once a week is all that is necessary for the operation. Pride feels no pain, it is said; so perhaps there will be found people foolish enough and vain enough to try the experiment.

There is a mistake, though the saying is old,
To hear a man tell you he has a *bad* cold.
We must drop the saying, though long it has stood,
For who ever heard of a cold that was good?

AN ELECTRIC HAMMER.—An electric power hammer has been devised which represents a radically new application of electro-magnetic principles. In general design, the hammer is similar to the steam hammer, with its vertical cylinder mounted upon an arched frame, and the rising and falling piston by which the hammer head is carried. The novelty of the apparatus lies in the substitution of electric-magnetic power for steam by a slight and very simple modification of the mechanism. The piston is of magnetic material, and the cylinder is composed of a series of coils, through each of which an electric current may be passed separately. The apparatus is virtually an immense electro-magnet, the cylinder being the coil and the piston answering to the core. The passage of an electric current through the coils forming the upper part of the cylinder raises the piston into the magnetic field thus created. By cutting off the current and simultaneously transferring it to the lower coils of the cylinder, the piston is released, and its descent is accelerated by the magnetic attraction created below. As a magnetic field can be created in a series of coils the blow may readily be shortened or lengthened as desired. The current is controlled by levers and connections identical with those used on an ordinary steam hammer. The absence of the steam pipe is the only feature distinguishing the machine from the common steam hammer.—*Iron.*



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REMARKABLE EPISODES IN HISTORY.—No. 18.

CURIOUS POLITICAL IMPOSTURES.

DURING the reign of Henry VII. of England (in the years 1485-97) there were two remarkable cases of political imposture which are interesting in a dramatic sense, but more particularly as illustrating the moral certainty of actual imposture being detected.

Henry had excited the intense aversion of a large class of his subjects by the severity of his procedure towards the adherents of the house of York, whom he had overthrown in his victorious battle against Richard III. at Bosworth. The consequence was that when a report was circulated that the young Earl of Warwick, the near heir to the Crown, whom the king had shut up in the Tower, had made his escape, there was a general joy throughout the nation, and a general disposition evinced to take part in any movement that might be made to place the young man on the throne. The report was not true, but the enemies of Henry's Government resolved to make the best use of the opportunity. A zealous Oxford priest got his eyes upon a young man that he thought he could play off upon the nation as the escaped Earl of Warwick. The young man was a baker's son of manners and

judgment above his station, who was easily induced to enter into the scheme suggested to him. He was coached in the family history of the Earl of Warwick, and was soon ready for the plot. His tutor took him over to Ireland, which was hostile to Henry. Here his story was implicitly believed, and the more readily taken up because the Earl of Warwick's father, the Duke of Clarence, had been a popular lieutenant of Ireland. The Irish nobility eagerly espoused the cause of the pretended prince, lodged him in Dublin Castle, tendered their allegiance, and in due time publicly crowned him king under the title of Edward VI. The whole of Ireland followed the example of Dublin, and there was not the least manifestation in favour of the reigning king.

When Henry VII. heard of these things, he was naturally alarmed, but concluded that the best way of dealing with the revolt would be to expose the truth rather than resort to military measures. Accordingly, he caused the real Earl of Warwick to be taken from the Tower, led in procession through the streets of London, conducted to St. Paul's, and there exposed to the view of the whole people. This measure had its due effect in England, but in Ireland, the people persisted that their Edward VI. was the real Earl of Warwick. The Earl of Lincoln joined the Irish conspiracy, and succeeded in landing a hired

body of 2,000 Germans in Ireland, under an experienced officer, to help the revolt. This much raised the courage of the Irish, who became so bold as to resolve on the invasion of England, where they hoped to find ready help from the King's enemies. In this they were disappointed. They landed at Foudrey, in Lancashire, but received no help. Earl of Lincoln commanded their forces, and perceiving that everything depended on a bold stroke, advanced to meet the King's army, which was approaching. The two armies met at Stoke, in Nottinghamshire. An obstinate and bloody battle was fought, which ended in the utter rout of the Irish and their allies, and the death of their leaders, sword in hand. The impostor was taken prisoner, and brought to the King. The King found him too contemptible for either apprehension or resentment, and gave him a situation as scullion in the King's kitchen.

One imposture suggests another. In a few years, another young man landed in Ireland claiming to be one of the two young princes reported to be murdered in the Tower by Richard II. He said his brother had been murdered, but that he escaped. As afterwards transpired, he had been instigated to play this part by the aunt of the murdered princes (the Duchess of Burgundy), who burned with resentment at the depression of her family and its partizans. He was the son of a renegade Jew of Tournay, and had been thoroughly trained for the part he was to perform. He was comely in person, graceful in air, and courtly in address, and showed the utmost familiarity with all the affairs of the deceased Edward IV., his reputed father.

The people of Ireland eagerly lent themselves to his pretensions, and made preparations to support them against Henry VII. The Duchess of Burgundy secretly wrote to the court of France that the young man was really her nephew, as he

represented. On this, the reigning French King (Chas. VIII.) sent him an invitation to visit him at Paris. The impostor repaired to the court of France and was received with all the respect due to his pretensions. The whole French kingdom was soon full of his accomplishments as well as of his singular adventures and misfortunes. From France, the tide of admiration and credulity rolled over into England, and several noblemen as well as many gentlemen of rank, went over to Paris to offer their services to the supposed Duke of York.

As in the case of the previous imposture, Henry of England came to the conclusion that the best way to meet the rising danger was to publish the truth. Accordingly, he took steps to ascertain the facts connected with the death of the two princes, one of them the real Duke of York. Two of the persons concerned in the murder were yet alive. He obtained and published their evidence. He next, by use of a patient system of spies (who joined the Pretender's party, and got near his person, professing to espouse his cause), wormed out the whole truth of who he was, and what his history had been. This he immediately published to the whole nation, which had the desired effect. At the same time, he arrested and executed several noblemen who had been won over to the impostor's cause, and proceeded against many of the common people of whose adhesion to the same cause he had become aware from the reports of his spies. A sense of painful quiet and distrust set in: all mutual confidence was destroyed, even among particular friends.

The impostor Duke of York, finding himself thus outwitted and abandoned, resolved to attempt something. He gathered a band of outlaws, pirates, robbers, and necessitous persons, with whom he put to sea in ships he was able to charter. He appeared off the coast of Kent, but finding

the inhabitants hostile, he afterwards sailed to Ireland and landed. Not meeting here with any support, he sailed to Scotland, to whose royal court he had in the first place been favourably introduced by the French King. At the hands of the Scotch King (James IV.) he had a favourable reception; and the two together planned an invasion of England, which, however, was unsuccessful, and ended in the Scotch King entering into a treaty with Henry to send the impostor about his business. The impostor went again to Ireland, and after that, to Cornwall, where he availed himself of a popular revolt against certain taxes, and headed an insurrection under the title of Richard IV. The insurrection was put down by the royal forces, and the impostor taken prisoner and carried to London where he was confined in the Tower and eventually executed.

RUMBLINGS UNDER GROUND.

The most wonderful Phase of Modern History.
—No. 19.

THE SUBJECTS OF PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. France oppressed for centuries (p. 2, vol. i.); 2. States-General demanded and summoned (p. 43); 3. The election amid public excitement (p. 82); 4. Meeting of the States-General (p. 123); 5. Food scarcity and public riot; the soldiers mutinous (p. 163); 6. Attack on the Bastille Prison (p. 202); 7. Flight of the aristocracy: assassination of officials (p. 242); 8. Pillage of the country and burning of castles (p. 283); 9. The women march to Versailles (p. 323); 10. They invade the assembly sitting there (p. 362); 11. The palace forced by the mob (p. 403); 12. The King compelled to remove to Paris (p. 442); 13. Trouble and darkness in France (p. 2, vol. ii.); 14. A hubbub Parliament out of doors (p. 42); 15. The Jacobin's Club and the three weeks' swearing (p. 82); 16. Outburst of serious theatricals (p. 123); 18. After the feast (p. 202).

ON hearing of the suppression of the Nanci insurrection, the Assembly, beginning to fear the turbulence brewing on all sides, thank Bouillé almost passionately. The King does the same in autograph letter. A solemn national funeral service is held on the undismantled site of the Feast of Federation in honour of the men slain at Nanci in defence of law and order.

But there is an ominous undertone of dissent. Forty thousand of the Red Republican order, stimulated by the passionate newspaper invective of Marat, assemble under the very windows of the Assembly, and demand vengeance for those slain on the other side by Bouillé, judgment on Bouillé, and dismissal of the War Minister, du Pin, who sanctions such things. At this ugly symptom, Necker, who had entered Paris a year ago amid the joyful delirium of the populace, hailed on all hands as "the People's Minister," now stealthily leaves Paris on the plea of health, and makes his way for Switzerland. He is stopped at Arcis-sur-Aube as a fugitive. His wrathful captors are almost for despatching him as a traitor, but they wait the result of an appeal to the Assembly, receiving from which an indifferent permission, they let him go on to an oblivion from which he never re-emerges. The forty thousand are denied their request, and return next day as loud as ever. Again denied, they roll towards the official residence of the War Minister to see what they can do on their own account. Arrived there, they find cannon on the porch steps, loaded, and artillerymen ready with lit flambeau. From the presence of their menace they recoil, repulsed but not subdued. And now the question goes through France in fierce debate: Was Bouillé's suppression of Nanci an aristocratic butchery of patriots or a constitutional repression of revolt? In this controversy,

especially of Nanci, aristocracy rides triumphant and rough. Mutineer deserters have to roam the woods and demand charity at the musket's mouth. All is dissolution, mutual rancour, gloom and despair till commissioners arrive from the Assembly and with a steady, gentle flame of constitutionalism in their hearts, gently lift up the cast down and gently pull down the too high, recalling the mutineer deserters, and in all ways smoothing and soothing as best they can. But the remedy is not thorough. The rank and file are unhappy and insubordinate. The officers are unhappier, and disappear singly or in bodies for flight across the Rhine, whither most of the King's friends have gone in dim expectation of a rescue, which tries to come but fails.

Meanwhile Bouillé remains at his post as commander of the Metz garrison—"assiduously drilling, mysteriously diplomatising, in scheme within scheme, the hope of Royalty." In all directions is ferment. Yesterday, there was the universal oath of love; now, it is the objurgation of hate and despair. The people are slowly sinking towards ruin, and near starvation. The governing classes, such of them as are left in the general exodus of fear, go banquetting with loud bravado, "mincing, grimacing, with plausible speech and brushed raiment; hollow within; quacks political; quacks scientific, academical, all with a fellow-feeling for each other, and a kind of quack public spirit." Notwithstanding the public calamities, there are more than 800 gaming houses in full blast in Paris, "cess-pools for the scoundrelism of the world: sinks of iniquity and debauchery: dens of Satan, fattening, vampire-like, on a people next door to starvation." Marat screams, in his *Friend of the People*: "Treason! delusion! vampyrism! scoundrelism! from Dan to Bersheba." He proposes the erection of 800 gibbets in convenient rows, and the hoisting on them

of the frequenters of these places. The winter is hard and cold: crowds at the bakers' shops waiting their turn. It is the third of the hunger years of the glorious Revolution. The populace do not suspect the Revolution, but those who have the working of it. One hundred and thirty-three Paris journals pour forth their regenerative floods of eloquence and invective. Some say it is the Revolution that is to be blamed for the scarcity; and some that it is the perverters thereof. France is like a huge whirlpool of incoherence. There is controversial jarring under every French roof—in every French heart. "France is as a monstrous galvanic mass, wherein all sorts of far stranger than chemical galvanic or electric forces or substances are at work—electrifying one another, positive and negative: filling with electricity your Leyden jars—twenty-five millions in number! As the jars get full, there will from time to time be, on slight hint, an explosion."

Mirabeau controls the Assembly by his powerful voice and ready argument. He is abhorred by Royalty and distrusted by patriotism, but upheld by the necessities of a turbulent situation. A faction of about 30 began to be active on the extreme left of the Assembly. They include Robespierre and Philippe d'Orleans. Their opposition is galling. Under its irritation, one of the Royalist right, at a certain juncture in debate, advances to the middle of the hall and exclaims, "There is but one way of dealing with it, and that is, to fall sword in hand on those gentry there," upon which ensued a tempest of froth-clamour, which ended in nothing then, but bore fruit afterwards.

The private exasperations consequent on this state of things found vent in much duelling, in connection with which Royalism in despair tries the experiment of cutting off patriotism by systematic duelling. With this object, bully swords-

men are hired and exercised at fencing schools and pistol targets. Prominent deputies have challenges by the score; and duels are no longer conducted as mere affairs of honour to be wiped out with a scratch, but deadly encounters of thrust and lunge or well-aimed ball. The cry is raised that black traitorous aristocrats are killing the people's defenders. Said defenders get out of it by declining to fight. Then they are twitted and insulted by Royalists, and goaded into acceptance. The latest case is that of Duke de Castries who has laid Lameth low by his sword. The mob stand it no longer. Thousands rush for the palace of Duke de Castries in the Rue de Varrenne. Forcing entrance, they ransack every room from cellar to roof, and fling from the windows everything they can lay hands on—"beds with clothes and curtains, plate of silver and gold with filigree, mirrors, pictures, images, commodes, chiffoniers, and endless crockery and jingle, amid steady popular cheers." Word is sent to the authorities, but they sit hesitating what to do, after the ebullition about Nancy. At last, Lafayette is sent with a battalion of National Guards, but he comes very softly and in no great haste: salutes the crowd with doffed hat and persuasive speechification, fixes bayonets: induces the crowd to depart, and there is an end of it and an end of the Duke de Castries' house. The Duke writes a protest to the President of the Assembly and flies the country, to join the exiles who are threateningly massed on the frontier, under Austrian protection. After this a champion of patriotism gets up a rival organization of bully-killers to make reprisals on the aristocracy. He advertises his address, but their services are not wanted, as the aristocrats abandon the rapier method, and are more and more thinking of following those who have gone. The King himself is suspected of

a leaning that way. He signs new laws passed by the Assembly, against which his whole nature rebels, but he signs with an eye on the frontier.

All France is breaking out into riots and seditions; for the people are fiercely divided between Democrats and Royalists. A strong remedy is needed if there is to be one. But strong remedy needs strong man, which the King is not. The King has opportunity enough and materials enough if he had decision of character enough. He has 40,000 Germans at his call on the frontier. Let him fly to Metz where loyal Bouille is still in command. Let him summon all that is loyal in France to come to his aid. "Summon what of the Assembly is Royalist, constitutional, or gainable by money. Dissolve the rest by grape-shot, if need be. Thunder over France with the cannon's mouth; commanding, not entreating, that this riot cease. And then to rule afterwards with utmost possible constitutionality; doing justice, loving mercy: being shepherd of this indigent people, and not shearer merely." Such a programme might have saved France: but, in truth, a divine purpose, forecast long before in Patmos, was at work, and the materials had been so arranged, including the character of the King, that such a programme was impossible, and France had to drift on to lurid ruin, preparatory to being precipitated on Europe as a destroying mountain of fire.

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THE FREAKS OF MONEY.

Money goes, no one know.
Where it goeth, no one showeth.
Here and there, everywhere,
Run, run; dun, dun; spend, spend;
Lend, lend; send, send.
Flush to day, short to-morrow,
Notes to pay, borrow, borrow.

Joe hates a hypocrite: which shows
Self-love is not a fault of Joe's.

TWO OF THE WORLD'S PHILOSOPHERS.

NO two men among the ancient Greeks stand higher than Aristotle and Plato. They are almost estimated as divinities, or, at the least, as men of divine authority. It is well to look at the idols closely, and see that they are only made of copper—even if the copper is fine. They were men of marked mental peculiarities, but the peculiarities were only such as result from variations in human organization. Brain marrow is the explanation of it all. Their minds were not in touch with the eternal, as was the case with the prophets and apostles of Israel, whom the Greeks despised without knowing why. From Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, the following particulars concerning Aristotle, written by a contemporary (Diogenes Laertius) will be read with interest:—

“His eyes were small, his voice hoarse, and his legs lank. He stammered, was fond of a magnificent dress, and wore costly rings. He had a mistress whom he loved passionately, and for whom he frequently acted inconsistently with the philosophic character. He had nothing of the austerity of a philosopher, though his words are so austere. He was open, pleasant, and even charming in conversation; fiery and versatile in his pleasures; magnificent in his dress—fierce, disdainful, and sarcastic, joining a taste for elegant dissipation to a taste for profound erudition. His passion for luxury occasioned him such excesses when he was young that he consumed all his property.

“He had studied under Plato, but could not agree with his doctrines. He was opposite to him in taste and talent. . . . Aristotle became the rival of Plato. Literary disputes long subsisted between them. The disciple ridiculed his master, and the master treated the disciple

contemptuously. Aristotle wished to dispute with Plato before an audience where erudition and reason might prevail, but Plato would not gratify him. At last, Aristotle snatched an advantage. Hearing that Plato was without the usual presence of three favourite disciples whom he had taught to rival Aristotle, and on whom he relied for the ready answering of questions that might be propounded, he ran to his academy. A crowd gathered and entered with him. The weight of years had enfeebled the memory of Plato. Aristotle entered upon eager and rapid combat. He propounded a number of sophisms to Plato, which Plato could not deal with on the instant. Aristotle proclaimed him vanquished, upon which Plato remarked to the audience—“He has kicked against us, as a colt against its mother.”

Soon after this, Plato ceased giving public lectures, and Aristotle remained master of the field. He raised a school which he strove to render the most famous in Greece. It was known as the peripatetic school, from instruction being imparted to the students while walking. Plato's was known as the Academic School, by the studies being pursued sedentarily. Between these two schools there arose a spirit of hostility, which nothing ever afterwards could extinguish. Aristotle may be said to represent the modern scientific school with its appetite for hard facts, and Plato the school of philosophical sentiment and poetry. A French critic has very well analysed the difference, thus:—“Plato has a lively and teeming imagination, fertile in invention, in ideas, in expressions, and in figures; displaying a thousand different turns, a thousand new colours, all agreeable to the subject; but, after all, it is nothing more than imagination.

“Aristotle is hard and dry in all he says, but what he says is all reason. His diction, pure as it is, has something un-

commonly austere; and his obscurities natural or affected, disgust and fatigue the reader. Plato is equally delicate in his thoughts and in his expressions. Aristotle, though he may be more natural, has not any delicacy. His style is simple and equal, but close and nervous. That of Plato is grand and elevated, but loose and diffuse. Plato always says more than he should say; Aristotle never says enough and leaves the reader always to think more than he says. The one surprises the mind and charms it by a flowery and sparkling character: the other illuminates and instructs it by a just and solid method. . . . Plato only thinks to express himself well: and Aristotle only thinks to think justly."

THE COMBATIVE INSTINCT.

Is Phrenology True?—No. 19.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The brain the seat of the mind (p. 6, vol. i.); 2. The mind a cluster of separate powers (p. 49); 3. The powers in harmonious groups (p. 86); 4. The relation of power to size (p. 127); 5. Development subject to control (p. 167); 6. Action of the body on the brain (p. 207); 7. Influence of constitutional fibre (p. 247); 8. Phrenological bearing of the vital functions (p. 287); 9. Temperamental Development (p. 329); 10. The brain itself, and its subdivisions in man and beast (p. 367); 11. Surgical difficulties considered (p. 407); 12. The organs—amativeness (p. 446); 13. The Connubial element in love (p. 6, vol. ii.); 14. Love of offspring (p. 47); 15. Love of friends (p. 86); 16. Love of fixed habitation (p. 127); 17. The power of application. (p. 167). 18. The love of life (p. 206).

WHAT there is a combative instinct is self-evident to every student of nature, as also that it exists in differing degrees in different creatures and in different men. Combativeness may not be

the exactest designation for the faculty, because combat is rather a specific manifestation of the faculty rather than the intrinsic action of the faculty itself. Still, it popularly and graphically expresses the impulse it imports. That impulse is to resist encroachment. The impulse is instinctive. It is subject to reason where reason reigns, but in its own nature, disjoined from every other mental force, its propensity is to repel, to resent, to brace up and push off assault of any kind, without reference to reason. How or why it should so act cannot be defined or even conceived. The fact that it so acts is as much beyond question as that the untaught babe seeks its mother's milk, or the newly-fledged chicken pecks at seeds before the possibility of its having learnt.

Its manifestations are uniform in every creature—man or beast—the extended frame, the erect head, the flashing eye, the rigid muscles, the explosive voice. And its presence is invariably associated with breadth of back brain behind the ear towards the neck. Narrowness here always goes with faintness of heart, whether in antelope, horse, or timid man, as breadth always accompanies powerful fighting energy in the lion, the bull dog, or the champion of the prize ring.

Like fire, there is no faculty more useful under control, and none more dangerous when acting by itself. Its existence argues difficulties to be overcome, oppositions to be repelled, encroachments to be withstood. It is peculiarly adapted to the state of evil now prevailing upon the earth; and in man it peculiarly calls for the governance of law. Without this, it runs to riot and ruin, as in the barbarous parts of the earth, where mere fighting is the business and honour of life. Destruction and desolation run in its wake when acting of its own impulse. When it may act, and when it must not, is a question of knowledge. In the first stage of civiliza-

tion (man imposing his will upon man) human law yields the guidance. In the higher civilization, where man is subject to the will of God, it is a question of what Christ allows. The natural man can break heads with truncheons or pierce brains with bullets at the bidding of human authority: the spiritual man (the man subject to the dictation of the Spirit of God, as expressed in the written Word), submits to evil and even benefits an enemy—being at liberty only to fight the fight of faith with all earnest contention.

In its trained relations, the combative instinct is not only a useful faculty but it is a source of comfort in the self-sustenance it imparts. A person of defective combativeness is a much more easy prey to all kinds of mental disturbance than where the character is braced by the powerful action of this feeling. Its due endowment, when subject to restraint, is a blessing to be thankful for. It is not evil in itself, though the source of more evil under the sun than almost all the other faculties put together. It is evil if it be too powerful for the restraint of law, which is sometimes the case. In that case it is to be resisted as the devil. It is an evil if it be too weak to give the force necessary for the battle of life. Thus, as in other matters, extremes are to be avoided, and safety found in the middle position.

But what are we to do if it is so large as to make us contentious? or so small as to make us effeminate? Restrain or cultivate is the only answer that can be given—not so easy as to manage a proper quantity of the faculty, but still possible in measure, for the human organism is never in a fixed state. It is always in a state of flux, the direction and consolidation of which is determined by the ruling use.

The external indications of combativeness are several. There is first of all the

breadth of brain behind the ears as measured through from side to side. Breadth here affects the appearance of the upper neck and lower face, both of which have a full and robust aspect. It is usually accompanied with a fairly developed muscular system, and it is noticed that in almost every case the bridge of the nose is high where combativeness is large. It also makes a distinct mark on the deportment, as is to be expected from such a powerful mental force. Erect carriage, with head slightly on one side, is a sure token of its predominant activity. It ought not to be predominant: it ought to be in true equilibrium with the other powers, but there is very little of true equilibrium in the present state of things among men.

Associated with enlightenment and a full endowment of the moral and intellectual powers, it imparts energy and vigour in the prosecution of good enterprises in the face of obstacles. When large, no difficulties discourage or baffle. There is indeed rather a love for hazardous enterprises. With deficient cautiousness, there will be more valour than discretion. With poor judgment there will be rashness. With large approbateness there will be quickness to resent insult, and danger of things generally catching fire. Under the control of the intellectual and moral sentiments, it will show itself in coolness, presence of mind, and the enjoyment of enterprises having to do with the conquest of evils of any kind. It is essential to all public reformers. It is also an important aid to all who are engaged in the private work of "overcoming," which will bear such splendid public results in the day of Christ's return to crown the victors. To those engaged in this work who may be poorly endowed with combativeness, there is this compensatory consolation, that what they lack in help in certain directions, they will lack in difficulty in others; for large combativeness offers considerable obstacles

to those commandments which prescribe submission to evil and the cultivation of "a meek and quiet spirit."

Life on the animal plane is a strife after equilibrium by combat. The combative instinct is, therefore, a necessity. How it will be in the state to which the attainment of the Spirit body will introduce the happy victor, we can only know for certain when we get there. But since the whole work of God is related in harmonious analogy, we may safely suppose that combativeness will have its place then, but in that perfect equilibrium which is impossible of attainment now. We shall probably not be conscious of it as a distinct impulse to repel, but as a mere ingredient in the general sense of efficiency, which will glow with comfort and strength in every fibre of the body that has put on incorruption.

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**PEACE, PROSPERITY AND
DECAY.**

*Christianity since the Ascension of
Christ.—No. 19.*

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—I. Fate of the apostles and their fellow-labourers (p. 8, vol. i.); Persecution in Domitian's reign (Clement) (p. 51); 3. Heresy at the end of the first century (p. 87); **BEGINNING OF THE SECOND CENTURY**—Pliny's letter (p. 129); 5. Persecutions by Antoninus (Ignatius) (p. 169); 6. Adrian's reign (Jews forbidden the Holy Land) (p. 209); 7. Persecution in the reign of Marcus Aurelius (Justin Martyr and Polycarp) (p. 248); 8. The Persecution continued—Letter of Irenæus (p. 289); 9. Spiritual declension through Alexandrian philosophy (p. 331); 10. **CLOSE OF THE SECOND CENTURY** (p. 370); 11. Tertullian at Carthage (p. 410); 12. Christianity at Alexandria (Beginning of the third century) (p. 448); 13. Persecution in the third century (p. 8, vol. ii.); 14. Origen's Baneful Influence on Christianity (p. 49); 15. Repose and Declension (p. 88); 16. Persecution and relapse (p. 129); 17. Schism, affliction, and exhortation; 18. Dissension stopped by persecution (p. 208).

AFTER the capture of the Emperor Valerian by the Persians, the son of Valerian, Gallienus, ascended the throne (A.D. 262), and immediately issued an edict stopping the persecution that had been carried on by Valerian's orders. This was not because he personally favoured Christianity, but because he was indifferent to questions of conscience, and thought it unreasonable that persons should be punished for their religious opinions. The example of Gallienus in this respect was followed by several emperors to the end of the century. The result was that for forty years Christianity was legally tolerated under a pagan *regime*.

It is remarked by historians that this prolonged interval of rest was marked by a more general decay of Christian principle among Christians themselves than had been known since the days of the Apostles. The leading interferences with the general stagnation were such as resulted from the activities of evil, and not the movements of truth. Dionysius, of Alexandria, flourished at this time, who distinguished himself in opposing what little truth was left. He was bishop there, and had been exiled under the reign of Valerian, but now returned to his place and his people, only, however, to find Alexandria involved in the horrors of civil war. The miseries of the times were great, and the power of principle weak. An Egyptian bishop, named Nepos, contended, in opposition to most professors, that the Kingdom of God would come after the resurrection. Dionysius expressed a good opinion of the faith and obedience of Nepos, and of his knowledge of the Scriptures; but he thought his doctrine of the Kingdom was dangerous, and vigorously opposed it, with the result of quashing the favourable opinion that was beginning to be entertained concerning it. Nepos laid considerably stress on the Apocalypse in advocating his doctrine. Dionysius said

he revered the Apocalypse, but could not profess that he understood it.

About this time also, general attention began to be excited by the vagaries of a certain Paul, bishop of Samosata, a man of intellect and eloquence, but of no spirituality of mind or moral equilibrium. He held considerable intercourse with Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, who felt a philosophical interest in the doctrines of Christianity. Emboldened by her countenance, he taught that Christ was a mere man. In addition to heretical doctrines, his life was disgraced by extraordinary irregularities. Vain glorious ostentation was his leading fault. He never appeared in the streets except in great state, accompanied by a numerous guard. In his preaching, he performed like an actor, aiming to produce applause. If any in the congregation did not take part in the demonstrations in which he delighted (such as the waving of handkerchiefs, loud shouts, and leaping up and down), he noted them and afterwards upbraided them, reviled them. He suppressed the psalms in honour of Christ, and directed psalms to be sung in his own commendation. He inveighed against deceased scripture expositors, and magnified his own performances in the most indecent manner. He went further, and kept women in his house and encouraged all ecclesiastical officers about him to do the same, even paying them money to engage them on his interests.

The scandal grew so great that a council of bishops was convened more than once, and deposed him from his office, and put in his place one Domnus. The Empress Zenobia espoused his cause, and helped him to maintain himself in his position until the empress was conquered by the Roman emperor Aurelian, when Paul of Samosata disappeared from history.

After Paul of Samosata, one Manes

disturbed the stagnant community with a notion that was afterwards known as the Manichean theory. He taught that the existence of good and evil required the recognition of two first causes. There was a good deal of metaphysical disputation, but not much wholesome contention for the faith of the gospel. Meanwhile (for 18 years under the reign of Diocletian, who assumed the purple A.D. 284), the government was extremely indulgent to the Christians. The wife and daughter of the emperor were Christians secretly. The most important officers of the palace were also Christians. Christians held honourable offices in various parts of the empire. Innumerable crowds attended Christian worship, such as it was. The old buildings could no longer receive them, and in all cities wide and large edifices were erected for their accommodation. Outwardly there was much vigour in the Christian community, but there was very little knowledge of scriptures, and little or no interest in spiritual things. For more than a generation there had been a steady decline in the purity and power of Christian principle, chiefly from the nullifying effect of philosophy, with which there had been a fusion on the part of the professed public teachers of the gospel. Natural aversion to godliness would have been enough to produce such results without philosophy; but the addition of this element—(the judging of divine truth by human speculation on the abstract operations of the universe)—greatly hastened a decline to which each new generation is pre-disposed. Worldly prosperity completed the corruption. Milner says: "Ecclesiastical discipline, which had been too strict, was now relaxed exceedingly. Bishops and people were in a state of malice. Endless quarrels were fomented among contending parties; and ambition and covetousness had in general gained

the ascendancy. . . . Here terminated, as far as appears, that great first effusion of the Spirit of God which began at the Day of Pentecost."

CO-ORDINATE TRUTH.

Is there a God?—No. 19.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The reproductive faculty indicative of purpose (p. 14, vol. i.); 2. Every faculty proves the existence of its object, therefore God (p. 56); 3. The origin of the universe (p. 91); 4. The appearance of man upon the scene (p. 133); 5. The inconsistencies of the evolutionist view (p. 174); 6. The existence of sex a proof of God (p. 214); 7. Mechanism of the human frame (p. 251); 8. The construction of the eye (p. 292); 9. The seed of plant and animal (p. 333); 10. Human intelligence itself a proof of God (p. 371); 11. The self-action of the universe (p. 411); 12. The fool's opinion (p. 451); 13. The great universe and small man (p. 10, vol. ii.); 14. Limited Knowledge (p. 51, vol. ii.); 15. Omnipotent control (p. 90); 16. The existence of evil (p. 131); 17. Looking too much at the creature (p. 171); 18. God's Answer (p. 210).

HAVE you thought over the arguments brought forward last month?

Yes.

What have you to say to them?

I think there is much force in them; in fact, I am inclined to think they cannot be disposed of.

I am glad to hear you say so. You seemed to hang back unreasonably, I thought.

Well, I like to hold out till I cannot hold out any longer. Honestly, I think this is the case on the Bible argument. Still, even conceding this, there are difficulties which I do not feel capable of clearing away to my own satisfaction—difficulties I mean as to the exhibition of

God which the Bible gives us in various places. I admit that the conception it places before us, as to His greatness, His eternity, His kindness, His wisdom, etc., are all such as we should look for in a revelation of Him; but there are views and aspects which strike me as petty and incongruous, and, if I may so say, foreign to the general idea advanced.

If you would particularize some of these views and aspects, we might consider them.

Well, there is what has been termed the "tribal" aspect of the Divine procedure as exhibited in the Bible, which seems to me inconsistent with the idea of a universal God. Then there is His showing anger, which I have a difficulty in reconciling with the idea that He is love. The requiring of sacrifice as the basis of human approach seems to me to present the same contradiction. Then there is something so very local in the recorded manifestations of Deity which staggers me when I think of the insignificance of the earth in the boundless realms of creation. The idea of God coming down to speak with Abraham, and of His dwelling in a temple, and of His taking Christ to His right hand, is in my mind unadjustable to the infinite scale of things mapped out in the sky. I can understand such ideas being conceivable and receivable at a time when it was supposed the earth was the universe, and the sun, moon, and stars were lights hung up in the sky for its convenience; but now that we know that the earth is relatively but a speck in the boundless fields of space, that the sun is about a million times larger than the earth, and that the myriads of fixed stars hung in the sky are all of them suns, most of them larger than our sun, these ideas referred to seem excluded by the mere magnitude of things. I feel simply paralysed in any attempt to harmonise them. I admit the strength of the argument for the Bible as a Divine thing. At the same time, I cannot help a

feeling of distress at the want of the correspondence which I should have expected between the views it propounds and the actual constitution of heaven and earth as discovered by modern science.

You state your difficulties with clearness and force, and your earnest candour must necessarily secure for them respectful consideration. They can all be cleared away, I am certain; but it will be necessary to take them one at a time, and to frankly admit, one by one, the elementary facts which, when all put together, yield the solution.

I am prepared to admit anything, I believe, that I perceive to be true; and I feel encouraged somewhat by your confident assurance that the difficulties can be cleared away.

I do not express the assurance lightly. The difficulties you describe are all such as must have occurred to every reflective believer of the Bible; and must receive at least an approximate solution before faith can rest with strength and satisfaction.

It is my leading encouragement to hold converse with you on the matter, that you do not displace natural truth in your arguments for the truth of the Bible. I have met extreme defenders of the Bible, who have denied geology and astronomy. Their arguments for the Bible could naturally have no weight with me in those circumstances. Whatever vagaries may have been broached by students of geology and astronomy, there is a solid basis of truth in both sciences that I can no more shut my eyes to than to the existence of the Bible.

I concur. Natural truth must not be ignored. It must be allowed its place. The problem is to give it that place without doing violence to other truth. This problem is not usually solved with success. Where you meet with one extreme Bible-defender of the type you mention—

who would deny the most obvious demonstrations of science because of his inability to square them with his reading of the Bible—you will meet with a hundred of another type who, without openly rejecting the Bible, will squeeze and crush and destroy it, to harmonize with the extravagant conclusions at which mere speculative science has arrived. The only tenable ground is the acceptance of un mutilated truth in both cases, and their fusion into a harmonious whole.

That is what I want to arrive at.

You are on the road. You have made a great stride in conceding the Bible argument. Science you already recognise. You have only to put the two together.

It seems to me easier said than done. I have indicated what I might call the unmixability of the two things.

Yes; you are in the position of a person who hasn't learnt the trick of a puzzle. He is shewn two rings: he is assured one can be made to pass into the other so as to form a link. He examines them: he does not see how it can be done: he tries—and fails: and tries and tries again many times: and still he fails. If he is a wise man, he will lay them down with the admission that the thing is beyond his ability. If he is a fool, he will impatiently protest that he is being fooled and that the thing cannot be done. There is a third alternative: a friend may show him how the thing is done, and he experiences the satisfaction of performing the apparently impossible. Too many are in the position of the fool.

I hope I am not a fool. I hope I shall always guard against the mistake of rejecting a truth because I cannot make it square with some other truth.

That is the mistake that a great many make in this matter. The true policy is to seek truth and wait its reconciliations. They will come to patient and honest search.

Even in the sciences we have spoken of it has often happened that facts have seemed to look in two directions at once: that is to say, two facts or two sets of facts have seemed to look opposite ways. Haste would have discarded one of them, and come to wrong conclusions. Patience has found the explanation, and preserved both. Scientific men are pre-eminently distinguished by patience in this department. How much more essential it is to be patient with divine truth whose issues are so momentous, especially considering the extreme liability of the human intellect to be superficial, and therefore erring in its reading of such lofty matters.

I agree with you, and have therefore resisted the temptation to come to a negative conclusion. I desire to come to a conclusion in harmony with your own. For this reason, I shall be interested to hear how you deal with the difficulties I have outlined.

We shall enter upon their consideration the next time we meet.

CIVIL WAR AND FAMILY ASSASSINATIONS.

*The Persian Empire under the Successors
of Cyrus.—No. 19.*

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Babylon (p. 16, vol. 1); 2. Cyrus (p. 58); 3. Rise of Cyrus as a great general (p. 92); 4. Campaigns of Cyrus (p. 135); 5. The capture of Babylon (p. 175); 6. Cyrus as a conqueror (p. 216); 7. Cyrus and Daniel: reign and death of Cyrus (p. 253); 8. Cambyses, son of Cyrus (p. 294); 9. Darius, successor of Cyrus (p. 335); 10. Beginning of the war with Greece (p. 374); 11. The expedition of Xerxes (p. 413); 12. Failure of the expedition (p. 452); 13. The disasters of Xerxes in Greece (p. 12, vol. ii.); 14. The end of Xerxes and the extraordinary sequel (p. 51); 15. Persian declension and a Greek suicide (p. 92); 16. Persia struggles to retain ascendancy (p. 134); 17. Persian disintegration; 18. Greek prowess and Persian bribery (p. 213).

AFTER a peace of some years, war broke out again through the successful revolt of Egypt from the Persian yoke. The Persian King (Artaxerxes Mnemon) made great preparations to coerce the revolting power, and the new Egyptian King (Achoris) did the same in defence, taking into his pay a large body of Greek and other auxiliaries. The Persians also obtained a Greek force of 20,000 men, under an experienced Greek commander (Iphicrates). After two years of preparations, the Persians assembled their forces at Accho, on the sea coast of Palestine, numbering 200,000 Persian soldiers, besides the Greek contingent. There was also a fleet of 500 vessels, besides innumerable transports for the provisioning of the army. The commander-in-chief was the Persian Pharnabazus. The slow movements of the Persians led to the failure of the expedition. The Egyptians had time to obstruct the Pelusiac mouth of the Nile, by which the Persians intended to invade the country; and the Persian ships had to select another entrance of much less value to their enterprise. This they easily secured, and from this position they might easily have advanced upon Memphis, the capital, and captured it, if Pharnabazus had not resolved on waiting for the bulk of the Persian army to come up before taking the offensive. The Greek Iphicrates offered to advance and capture the place with his 20,000; but Pharnabazus was inflexible in his refusal, in consequence of which the Egyptians had time to throw a large garrison into Memphis, and to make other military arrangements which harassed the Persian forces in the open, and then the Nile season came on, overflowing the country with water, compelling the Persians to retreat with great loss.

After an interval of several years, the Persian King resolved to renew his attempt

on Egypt. The Egyptians again sent into Greece for auxiliaries, and received a large body of Greek troops under the command of Agesilaus, King of Sparta, who had proved so formidable an enemy to the Persians in former years. The new war resulted curiously. The Egyptian King, Tackos, resolved to meet the Persian army half way, by invading Palestine, instead of waiting to be attacked in Egypt. His ally, Agesilaus, disagreeing with this as an unwise plan, remained in Egypt with his Greeks, and Tackos set out with his Egyptians alone. After he had gone, the king's cousin, Nectanebus, raised a revolt and caused himself to be proclaimed king in place of Tackos. Agesilaus, who had come to help Tackos, turned against him by joining Nectanebus. Tackos, hearing of it, was obliged to fly, and ultimately retired to the Court of Persia, where Artaxerxes, who had commenced the war against him as a rebel, not only forgave him, but gave him the command of the troops he had raised to fight against him.

Then arose another competitor for the throne of Egypt, supported by an army of 100,000 men, with which he proposed to attack Nectanebus, who had displaced Tackos. Agesilaus advanced in instant attack of the new force before it had time to become disciplined; but Nectanebus suspected Agesilaus of intending to desert him, as he had done Tackos, and delayed operations till the new enemy had become formidable. In the end, however, the new enemy was overthrown by the skill of Agesilaus.

Meantime, the greatest part of the Persian provinces revolted against the Persian King—not from any dislike of Artaxerxes, for he was a mild, humane, and equitable monarch, but loving ease in his latter years, he left the Government to satisfy the governors, who oppressed the people, treated them with insolence and cruelty,

loaded them with taxes, and in a word, did everything in their power to render the Persian yoke unsupportable. The discontent became general, and, after long suffering, broke out on all sides almost at the same time. Asia Minor, Syria, Phorina, and many other provinces, declared openly and took up arms. Of a sudden, half of the revenues of the King stopped, and the empire seemed likely to go to ruin through sheer disintegration. However, there quickly came a change. Those who had been the first to throw off the yoke suddenly became afraid of their action, and were the foremost in returning to their allegiance, and in making peace with the King by betraying the interests of the others. Leaders who had been entrusted to raise supplies to support the revolt, carried out the first part of their business faithfully. They collected money in enormous sums, and then pocketed it, and went over to the King, leaving their confederates in the lurch. And thus a formidable revolt which brought the Persian empire to the very brink of ruin and threatened for a moment to falsify the prophecy which allotted to the Greek goat the mission of overthrowing the Persian reign, dissolved itself as entirely as a mid-summer thunderstorm.

The end of Artaxerxes Mnemon's long reign was now drawing to a close, and his last days were embittered by factions as to which of his 153 sons should be his successor. To put an end to the trouble, he declared Darius, the eldest, his successor; and to prevent all dispute after his death, he permitted him to assume the title of king, and to wear the royal tiara. The ungrateful son, impatient of half-measures, formed a conspiracy against his father's life. He was not, however, permitted to carry out his design. A party to the plot revealed it to the king, and Darius and all his accomplices (including 50 of his own brothers, whom he had

promised promotions), were seized and put to death. Shortly after this, further plots and jealousies broke out among the king's remaining sons, the chief of whom caused the murder of the others; at which the old king was so overcome with grief that he expired.

THE LORD OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Out of Doors at Night.—No. 19.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Greatness of the starry universe (p. 19. vol. 1.); 2. The earth a globe (p. 60); 3. Objections considered (p. 94); 4. The earth turning and travelling (p. 137); 5. The moon (p. 177); 6. Aspects of the moon (p. 218); 7. In the moon (p. 256); 8. The starry host: the planets: Mercury (p. 297); 9. Nearest the sun (p. 338); 10. Venus, the morning and evening star (p. 376); 11. Mars, the ruddy planet (p. 416); 12. The asteroids, the little planets of the solar system (p. 454); 13. The giant of the solar system (p. 14, vol. 2); 14. Our giant brother Jupiter (p. 55); 15. Jupiter and the shape of the earth (p. 94); 16. The splendid planet (p. 136); 17. A newly discovered planet (p. 175); 18. The outpost of the solar system (p. 215).

WE have slowly travelled from the sun outwards to the outside confines of the solar system, where Neptune keeps solitary sentry on a journey that sees several generations of men into the grave before it is completed. Let us now retrace our steps to the sun itself at the centre, around which the earth and all the planets are drawn by a powerful and mysterious sway in varying periods and revolutions.

This is a truly stupendous theme of contemplation. It is appalling in its greatness. The glory of the sun and its magnitude are overwhelming to our weak minds. Its glory is apparent to the most un-

observant of men. Its magnitude becomes manifest only to mathematical mensuration. Yet even to the unskilled eye, with a very little reflection, the stupendous bulk of the glorious orb of day may easily become self evident. See the sun setting behind a distant object on land or sea. On land, let it be a distant hill top; at sea, an island on the horizon. See how the body of the sun takes it all in. The island, which perhaps you know measures 20 miles in length, is a mere speck on the face of the setting sun, so with the great hill. This of itself shows you how great the sun must be which takes into its outline an island 20 miles long, or fleet of ironclads, but which to a child appears about the size of a plate in the sky, and to many men, not much more. When the subject is studied accurately with instruments of measurement, it is then that the true state of the case appears. The statement of the size of the sun as thus ascertained seems mythical to those who have given no attention to the subject: in truth, it is the language of sober arithmetic. The sun is more than 300,000 times larger than the earth, considered by weight. Its diameter (or its length through from side to side) is 865,000 miles: and its circumference or measurement round, is about 2,500,000 miles, so that in bulk, it would take about a million earths to make one sun. If an apple and a grain of sand were placed side by side, this would represent the relative size of the two bodies.

Next after its great size, we naturally consider its extraordinary constitution. What is this dazzling glory that fills the solar realms with light and heat? While this is a question that no man can answer, there are certain curious facts revealed by telescopic study. We should suppose, on the first blush of the thing, that the body of the sun was a plain glorious brightness, like the globe over a lamp, or the flame given by gas. It is not so. The surface

of the sun shows a mottled appearance all over, something resembling the texture of an orange skin on the outside when looked closely into. The "mottles," as we might call them, are not fixed, but slowly change their form from time to time. Sometimes from orange-skin mottles they arrange themselves in patterns like a curtain design, and sometimes they are elongated like the willow leaf. The mottles in all cases are bright, and the spaces between them are dull or dark. Another remarkable thing is that among the mottles, there sometimes appear great rents like a tear in a lace curtain, showing perfectly black in the centre. These are what are known as "spots in the sun." These spots are quite plain when looked at through a telescope. They are very irregular in their size, and very irregular in the time of their occurrence. They will appear and disappear, and are sometimes large and sometimes small, and they will stay away for long periods together. They appear only in a certain region of the sun, namely, in two parallel lines about 20 degrees north or south of the middle or equatorial line. Some years there are many, and some years there are few, and some years none at all, or next to none; and it is noticed that the weather upon earth varies with the appearance of the spots. When there are many spots, there is liable to be wet seasons, and dry seasons when they are few.

The study of these spots has shewn that the sun revolves on its own axis, like the earth and the other planets. The evidence of this is too palpable to be missed by the obtusest mind. Any spot watched from day to day is seen to shift steadily towards the eastern side of the orb, getting narrower and narrower till it disappears round the corner, then, in a certain number of days, it reappears at the other or western side, narrow and indistinct, and gradually getting

broader as it moves across the body of the sun from west to east, till it reaches the middle when it is full size. This continues as long as the spot exists, and occurs with all spots. They all go in the same direction. They all disappear at the eastern side, and come back on the western after a certain number of days, and they all take about the same time to go round. The conclusion drawn from a close study and comparison of this phenomenon is that the sun turns once in about 26 days.

The spots seem very small in themselves when looked at through the telescope; but actually on the sun's surface, they must be of enormous dimensions, measuring many thousands of miles across. What they are can only be surmised. They are gaps or rents in the bright covering of the sun, evidently connected with the process of manufacturing or renewing the sun light. This is suggested by the appearances seen when the sun is under total eclipse by the moon. The light of the sun is in that case shut off from us by the body of the moon, and we are thus able to see what is outside the body of the sun itself, and what is seen is a series of radiant streamers, beams and sheets of pearly light, shooting up to an enormous height from the sun in all directions. The invention of the spectroscope has enabled astronomers to study these coronal appendages of the sun (otherwise known as "prominences") without waiting for an eclipse. Majestic indeed are the proportions of some of these mighty flames. At the rate of 100 miles a second, they soar upwards for many thousands of miles, and then gradually withdraw themselves. On the 7th of October, 188c, a special instance was observed by Professor Young. A prominence was seen 40,000 miles high. In half-an-hour it became very brilliant and doubled its length. For another hour the mighty flame still soared upwards, until it attained the

elevation of 350,000 miles. The flame then burst into filaments, and in two hours, it had completely faded away. All indications point to the conclusion that the surface of the sun is the scene of the most frightful storms and tempests of fiercely burning vapour; and the latest observations lead to the view that the spots are the effects of these storms, and that they are connected with the operations of a magnetic circuit by which the light and heat given off by the sun are returned to it again.

In all directions, at every moment, the sun pours forth its light and heat in torrents of prodigal liberality: and this at one time caused astronomers to fear that the time must come when its powers should be exhausted and when darkness and death would settle upon the whole solar system. But the most recent studies are against this idea, and point to the existence of perpetual motion in the machinery of the universe. This is in harmony with what the scriptures teach us of the stability of heaven and earth.

To our feeble earth-imaginings, the contemplation of the sun as a place of abode is overwhelming. It presents the idea of a boundless world of fiery chaos in which life would either be a terror or an impossibility. But we may dismiss the thought. The sun, which is the source of life and joy on the earth, must have peculiar capabilities of its own in the same direction for beings fitted to have their life there—(like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace); and if in the divine wisdom it is not so, then we must be content to regard it as a great central fire kindled for the life and comfort of the house of God that clusters round it, and no more to be regarded with terror than the flaming blast furnaces which find sustenance and wealth for softly-nurtured members of the neighbouring iron master's house.

BALAAAM'S JOURNEY.

Is the Bible True?—No. 18.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. A moot question with "yes" waiting (p. 18, vol. i.); 2. The Bible's own testimony: why should it be questioned? (p. 97); 3. Its historic backbone (p. 139); 4. Taking its history to pieces: Abraham (p. 179); 5. Truth necessitated by the nature of its narrative: Joseph (p. 219); 6. Ditto in the case of Moses: the exodus (p. 258); 7. The journey in the wilderness (p. 299); 8. Israel's chronic murmurings (p. 349); 9. What the record of the murmurings proves (p. 378); 10. The want of food in the wilderness; the manna supply (p. 418); 11. Failure of the water supply: the sin of Moses (p. 456); 12. The worship of the golden calf (p. 16, vol. ii.); 13. Struck dead on the spot (p. 58); 14. A doomed generation (p. 95); 15. Envy at headquarters (p. 138); 16. Wholesale revolt (p. 177); 17. Distressed leader and plagued people (p. 217).

WADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—We have nearly done with the writings of Moses, so far as the special line of argument which I have been unfolding is concerned. There remains one or two other features yielding the same drift of thought.

The story of Balaam is, I submit, impossible as a word of fiction, in view of the objects with which such works are invariably written. It could not be written to please a book-buying public at a time there was no such public. It could not be written to indulge the literary whims of a private author, seeing it is not a private production, but an integral portion of the public archives of the Jews, compiled by Moses and other eminent Jewish leaders. In these archives, it has had a place from the first moment such archives have been known, as shown by the public reference to it in the writings of the Apostles and in the messages of Christ to John in

Patmos ; not to speak of Josephine's quotation in his version of Jewish history. It could not be written to flatter the Jews, for though there might be something flattering in the idea of a heathen prophet's curse being turned to a blessing, there was something entirely the reverse in the finish of the thing in Israel having surrendered to the seductions of Moabite idolatry through Balaam's wiles, and having to suffer the judicial slaughter of thousands in punishment of their sin. There remains but one other alternative view, that it was written because the things recorded really happened, and were profitable to be put on record.

A consideration of the narrative itself is calculated to fix this conviction immovably in the mind. Balak, King of Moab, hears of Israel's arrival out of the wilderness, their triumph over Sihon and Og, and of their encampment on his frontier, and he is naturally afraid and distressed (Num. xxii. 2, 3). Distrusting his own prowess against a foe of whom he has heard formidable things, he falls back on the resources of sorcery, in the belief that the curse of Balaam will be effectual against them. He sends this message to Balaam : "Behold, there is a people come out from Egypt. Behold, they cover the face of the earth, and they abide over against me. Come now, therefore, I pray thee. Curse me this people, for they are too mighty for me. Peradventure, I shall prevail that we may smite them, and that I may drive them out of the land" (verse 6). The message was sent by the hands of princely messengers, accompanied by presents. Balaam was gratified by the visit, and the prospect of reward, and, left to himself, would have gone. But the angel of God forbade him : "Thou shalt not go with these men. Thou shalt not curse the people, for they are blessed" (verse 12). Accordingly, Balaam reluctantly sent the men away. The men departed, and took

the report of Balaam's refusal to Balak.

But Balak would not take a refusal, and sent other messengers of higher rank with greater inducements. Balaam's answer was good if he had acted on it. "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord my God to do less or more." But he applied to God again on the chance of getting release. Such an application was an insult to God, but God gave him leave, and next morning Balaam set off with alacrity, for, as the apostle tells us : "He loved the wages of unrighteousness." But the permission was in anger, and with the intention of confounding the intrigue at the last moment, and it was accompanied by an angry complication of Balaam's journey. "The angel of the Lord stood in the way for an adversary against him," and plagued him by obstructing his path without letting him see the obstruction, while the eyes of the beast he rode were fully opened to the brightness. The mouth of the beast having been made use of to condemn his course, Balaam, with cringing obsequiousness, wanted to go back at once : but the angel ordered him to go forward, but to speak only the words that should be put in his mouth.

Arrived at Balak's, Balak chided him for his backwardness : "Wherefore camest thou not unto me? Am I not able to promote thee to honour?" Balaam knew well that Balak could promote him to honour, and had his eye mainly on the fact, but he felt he was helpless and confessed it : "Have I now any power at all to say anything? The word that God putteth in my mouth, that shall I speak." Balak could but hope that the word put in Balaam's mouth would be according to his mind, and made arrangements for hearing it next day. He took Balaam to the highest elevation, from

which he could get a full view of Israel's camp; and there he listened for what Balaam would have to say. It was very little what he desired:

"Balak, the King of Moab, hath brought me from Aram, out of the mountains of the east, saying, Come curse me Jacob, and come defy Israel. How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed? or how shall I defy whom the Lord hath not defied? From the top of the rocks, I see him: from the hills, I behold him. Lo, the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations. . . . Let me die the death of the righteous: let my last end be like his." At these words, Balak was greatly alarmed. "What hast thou done?" he exclaimed to Balaam. "I took thee to curse mine enemies, and behold thou hast blessed them altogether."

Balaam apologized; and Balak took him to another position, apparently on the hint that a change of place might bring a change in the inspiring vein. The next utterance was equally emphatic: "God is not a man that he should lie: neither the son of man that he should repent. Hath he said, and shall he not do it? Hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good? Behold I have received commandment to bless, and he hath blessed, *and I cannot reverse it.* . . . Surely, there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel. Behold, the people shall rise up as a great lion and lift up himself as a young lion. He shall not lie down till he eat of the prey and drink of the blood of the slain."

A third attempt only intensified the language of blessing: and Balak lost patience at last. . . . "Balak's anger was kindled against Balaam, and he smote his hands together and Balak said unto Balaam, I called thee to curse mine enemies, and behold thou hast altogether blessed them these three times. There-

fore, now, flee thou to thy place. I thought to promote thee unto great honour: but lo, the Lord hath kept thee back." Balaam apologetically reminded Balak of his helplessness in the matter, but, as we learn from subsequent allusion (Num. xxxi. 16; xxv. 18; 2 Pet. ii. 15; Rev. ii. 14), suggested to him a means of bringing the divine curse on Israel, and that was, by the enticements of women, to lure them into the idolatrous rites of the Moabites. Moab adopted the plan: Israel was ensnared: and though his main purpose could not be changed, "The anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel. And the Lord said unto Moses, Take all the heads of the people—(that is, the leading men)—and hang them up before the Lord against the sun." In addition to this, plague was let loose, "and those that died with the plague were twenty and four thousand" (xxv. 9).

Ladies and gentlemen, I submit that this story, on the face of it, carries evidence that it is neither a fictitious story nor even a humanly-written story; but just such a story as the apostles declare the whole Scriptures to have been—a divinely inspired narrative of facts that actually occurred, "written for our learning," that we might know the ways of God, and be profited thereby (2 Tim. iii. 16-17; 2 Pet. i. 21; Rom. xv. 4; Acts xx. 32; 1 Pet. i. 23-25; 2 Pet. i. 21.) If you are not impressed with the obviousness of this conclusion, I would suggest that the best way of bringing it home to your perceptions is for you to try to attempt in a serious and rational way to account for the writing of the story on any ordinary, human literary hypothesis. When you are prepared with a well thought-out theory on this point, I shall be happy to examine it, but I tell you beforehand my conviction that it will be impossible for you to frame such a theory of which you will not see cause to

be ashamed when it is thoroughly analysed.

OUR "AT HOME."

NOTES BY A ROVING CORRESPONDENT AND
OCCASIONAL VISITOR.

Evenings in December, 1891.

STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.

I DO not care for the phrase "strong-minded woman." It seems to me to be a reflection on woman-kind, as if strength of mind were an individual distinction rather than a natural heritage. And supposing the term to be an indication of masculine tastes, it is a misuse of words, for as a matter of fact, men's tastes and habits are not the consequence of strength of mind. Alas! sometimes sadly the reverse;—and it gives men an undue distinction of superiority. If "strong-minded" means moral courage, then it is woman's possession by law of inheritance; for if there is one thing more than another that characterises the feminine sex, it is endurance or moral force.

It is said that after the American Civil War, the wives and sisters of the ruined slave owners of the Southern States surrendered much more bravely to the galling requirements of their altered position than did their lords, and that, in many cases, the women who had known only "The nobility of helplessness," in autocratic splendour, were pioneers in the march for self-support.

In the true meaning of the words, of course, any high mind is a strong mind in its own particular line of things, and if the relative merits of man and women are to be judged, they must be tried at different tribunals where the nature of moral force would be determined and not its measure.

It is not so much the degree of strength as the mind of strength that has to be considered. For instance, try them both in the broad school of prosperity and adversity, and see how the training of each affects them. Prosperity, especially when newly acquired, belittles a woman, unless she has something more than natural goodness to balance her. Here she is not strong minded, she lives within the circumscribed grove of conventionality, and customs become to her transcendent law. If you know her well enough, you will see that every faculty is directed to the attainment of the knowledge that will give her rank among the gods of her social sphere. It is the old story of "the pride of life" over again. From the Garden of Eden downwards, Eve and her daughters have shown a tendency in the same direction, and like Eve, alas, have hardly ever failed to taste the fruit of disappointed hopes. Man does not appear to be so susceptible to this kind of damage; but for all that, he need not stand erect in self-sufficiency; for, let the tide turn, and plunge the pair in the stream of adversity, and see who swims. I venture to say that woman here shows herself capable of a heroism that man seldom approaches. I have never known a case of this sort where, if any good is done, the woman has not been the prime mover in mitigating the ills of misfortune. Woman is pre-eminently strong-minded in adversity, and it is a kindly law of compensation that makes her in some way the repairer, and gives her an aptitude that somewhat balances the misery into which she brought the world by her ambition.

Perhaps, if the full history of Adam and Eve were on record, we should find that Eve's character of helpmeet received fresh impetus under the degradation that followed the fall, which largely condoned the mischief she had brought on Adam. Where a woman seems not to be strong-

minded, it may be due more to lack of scope for developing it than a natural trait.

LEAVING OUT THE BEGINNING.

Everything has its rudiments. Theosophists have "Milk for Babies" which they offer to the uninitiated; and evolutionists of a grosser materiality take us to "Darwinism in the Nursery" for enlightenment. I never can quite understand how the story is to end in either case, but my obtuseness, perhaps, is because the storytellers have left out the beginning of the tale, and have raised the curtain on the shifting scenes of such experimental contrivances as the human mind can evolve. In whichever of the two schools you graduate, you have to put up with a plot without a purpose, which, perhaps, after all, has its advantages from the standpoint of popularity. It brings the glamour of obscurity round a thing which is wonderfully fascinating; it offers such green pastures for the imagination that all the world goes wondering after it.

I do not suppose that the writer of "Darwinism in the Nursery" meant to be initiative. It is more of a revelation, I fancy; for he tells of the discovery of certain infantile traits previously overlooked by Darwin which go to further establish the theory of evolution. The evidences are in a way initiative, as they serve to show the "set" of the principles, without following the natural history of the human species as laid down by Darwin, which would certainly be a reprehensible waste of time on the part of those who know that man was made in the image of God 6,000 years ago. The disclosures are made known through the medium of *The Nineteenth Century* magazine for November. The title "Darwinism in the Nursery" took my fancy; and having half-an-hour at my disposal, I proceeded to taste the delectables provided by the

literary gods of the land. Thinking of our *Good Company*, I tucked away in my cranial cupboard one or two morsels, and put in my pocket one or two notes that I thought might serve to vary the "m nu" of our "At Home," where they would be served with seasoning of the right sort.

Well then, to begin, "When children play at bo-peep behind the chair and cradle curtain, you must take your memory back to the time when wild animals sought refuge from their wilder kind behind rocks and trees! This instinct of self preservation to which they owed their existence has now in "the survival of the fittest" found expression in our artless nursery game of bo-peep! The fondness of children for imitating the cries of animals and wild beasts and their love of pictures of animals, are conclusive evidences of the stages of evolution; because our forefathers, in their upward march from quadruped to biped, owed their very life to an intimate knowledge of the cries of animals. We now see in children this faculty in its last stage of decline: the habit has become unnecessary through the progress of mankind, and its only representative is the nursery pet.

Infants are particularly given to the habit of taking a grip of a nurse's finger and laying hold of umbrellas and walking sticks. This is a sign that has but one meaning to the Darwinist; the habit is so entirely without use, and so invariable in all children that it can only be explained as being the remnant of a habit that once was essential to the existence of our esteemed ancestor, the ape! It is a sure proof of descent from "arboreal quadrumanus," who in their time survived extinction by this power of climbing trees by the grip of their fore foot!

A good deal is made of the position in which children sleep with their legs com-

fortably cuddled up. To this Darwinists point to the angle of the legs in relation to the body of quadrupeds. Man is the only animal that has the leg in a line with the axis of the vertebral columns, and as the result of this unique posture, is the only form of animal life that elects to sleep on the back. His first assumption of the horizontal for sleeping brought dreams, and dreams brought ideas of a future life. Devils probably originated in nightmare, and thus we come to the beginning of theology!!! It seems that the habitual shyness of children did not escape the notice of Darwin, who alludes to it as the remnant of a custom common to all savage creatures, but the immediate cause of shyness in children is traceable to cave dwellers of *about a million or so years ago!*

Now, it happens that I am very much interested in cave dwellings as being the early abodes of men who lived the life of the savage. Antiquarians say they belong to a remote antiquity. In that case they are pre-Adamite, and have nothing whatever to do with our race. But, perhaps, an outline of cave life, as far as can be known, may be interesting to others as well as to myself, and will help to illustrate the sort of proof that satisfies Darwinians, and in the present case will show the evidence on which Louis Robinson, M.D., rests as the explanation of shyness in children.

CAVE DWELLINGS.

Certain caves in England and on the Continent show that their first landlords were hyenas, and that when they had finished eating their rhinoceros and bears; man took a lease of the premises, without any legal arrangements for repairs. They were not what we should consider comfortable residences, but society then did not attach the same importance to trifles of that sort that so occupy the minds of

our age. They may have been happy days, though, to the cave-man, who sat in the shadows, splitting bones for marrow, and making cotton from the skins of rats. He had some advantages that we have not. He was never molested by the periodical call of the tax collector, and was in blissful ignorance of ground rents, while the ladies were less exacting on the resources of their lords for those personal embellishments which present fashion prescribes as the necessary adjuncts of feminine charms. Their simple adornment was generally some trophy of the chase, perhaps supplied by the mammoth or woolly horse—animals long, long ago extinct; while for more genial climes, some woven grass sufficed to grace "the human form divine." Lincrustian and dado were not yet "evolved." The art of wall decoration pursued its avocations without the stimulus of the dollar, and lined the cavern walls with a drapery of stalactite satin, without haste, or impetus of competition, or dunning of quarterly accounts. The *modiste* was not yet a dream, and the *chef* was hardly in his infancy, although it must be owned that society was not quite oblivious of his services, for the chief function of life was a kindly attention to gastronomy. This was the one institution of the age which is generally known as the "flint period," from the fact that in order to facilitate matters, man saw the need of cutlery; and since "necessity is the mother of invention," he made his knives and swords, and his axes from stone.

There was a certain inconvenience about caves that the ingenuity of the cave-man failed to overcome. The front door was a good deal too large. Literally all the woes of his life must be laid to the front door. It was a good deal too large, and too easily admitted human and other beasts of prey in search of replenishment for their larder. If the landlord of any one cave happened to leave his dwelling

in charge of the family and start on one of these predatory exhibitions in the hope of surprising a neighbouring family and returning laden with the spoil of such delicate game as piccaninnies and their mammas, perhaps during his absence his own home would be the scene of a similar morning call, when the visitors would demolish the entire family without the aid of very much cutlery, and enter into possession without the obligation of paying ground rent.

Such was the life of the cave man, and it is easily seen that in such society man would look askance on his fellow man and be in a chronic state of flight—ever in terror, and avoiding his fellow creatures as objects of dread—suspicious of every stranger, and sometimes imagining dangers that did not exist.

Dr. Robinson says, in "Darwinism in the Nursery," that this state of society after lasting thousands of years produced in the mind the capacity for alarm, which in process of time has become regulated by reason, and now appears in a modified form in adults, while in the shyness of infants it is seen in its primæval vigour as the remnant of pre-historic ignorance and fear!

"A GREAT FALLACY."

While conning these things, the question occurred to me, How is one to refute such teaching? It is easy to say that it lacks truth, but how are we to prove it? Some one has said that it is difficult to prove a negative. I think it impossible to do so except by demonstrating an affirmative that contradicts it, and if this is so, then it is a great fallacy to study myths of any shade or colour for the purpose of denying errors. The thing to do is to make ourselves masters of a doctrine that is self-evidently true, and wield that weapon on all that is opposed to it.

(Hear, hear). With such a touchstone we are prepared for any emergency, and the presentment of every spurious truth, even if we have never heard of its existence, will not nonpluss us.

Darwinism and kindred teachings are received because people cannot deny them, not because they are proved to be true. Nobody has done that yet with all the life study that is applied, and nobody by studying Darwinism *alone* will ever refute it. Darkness can only be banished by light, and happy is he who in himself is a body of light with power to pierce and disperse the obfuscating clouds.

SELF TRANSMUTATION.

There is only one way of becoming a bright and shining light; We must possess ourselves of a doctrine that transforms our mentality to its own likeness. We must give ourselves wholly to the task of self transmutation.

Not in the spirit of hostility or contradiction, but on account of the darkness of *our own* natural mind, making the light inherent, not allowing our brains merely to reflect the brains of others, but by demonstrating, formulating, and exacting from our own intellect all its capacity for perception, we must feel ourselves to be part of the truth. We are then, not only a light, but also a two-edged sword, which cuts every way and demolishes the assailant from every quarter. If we are tacticians of the right sort, we shall be intent on keeping the sword sharp, as being a more important preparation for the battle than watching the movements of the enemy. (A loud "hear, hear.") We need not ignore the manoeuvres of the foe, a knowledge of his position may often give some useful sword practice, but it would be the height of folly to sacrifice our own military equipment to outpost work as the sum total of the art of war.

"ORGANIC RUBBISH" PILING FOR
GEHENNA.

I suppose there are some towns more than others that offer opportunity for tracing the descending scale of humanity through every degree of moral and physical variation. Philanthropists might find pleasure in tracking the differences, if by so doing they could persuade themselves of possessing curative power, but they must be brave people who think they can remedy some phases of existence. There are some forms of animal life that strike us as being specially irredeemable from certain innate force of character, that stands broadside, like an ironclad discharging her guns, or a volley from a citadel. One shrinks from attacks from lack of artillery that will penetrate the invincible wall of self-sufficiency. There is a society which does not stand in need of relief as the poor and needy, and who would not frequent soup kitchens and night shelters, people who have animal strength enough to pull down the strongholds of civilization and glut themselves in the ditch of destruction. Some day, this class is the world's "coming man," unless some great event stem the tide of their power. I was once particularly struck with the formidable power and vast dimensions of the pseudo "coming man" in Whitechapel Road, London. It seemed to me enough to make the heart of a philanthropist sink into his boots. You see masses of organic rubbish,—mountains of it—jostling along, gaudy dirty women and vicious unkempt men, that do not suggest love to our neighbour as being a leading virtue. There is no squalor, such as you find in provincial towns, where this class most do congregate, and where things suggest possible limits, but you find yourself in an endless throng that surges through streets of ample extent with appearances of commercial wealth that show some of the denizens to be very far

removed from what reformers call the residuum of society. They *are* society, and something to be reckoned with. It is the vastness of it that is so appalling and the appearance of financial solidity that pervades it all. There is a family likeness about a Whitechapel crowd as if the highest faculties of them all had been strangled in the same mould of animal struggle for the things whereby they could sit down to eat and rise up to play. As each fresh unit comes on the scene, he must inevitably be a chip of the old block, and take on the same expression. A fiery Gehenna is the only remedy for purifying the reeking atmosphere of Whitechapel, and changing the murky waters into a "crystal sea."

(There were some curious printer's mistakes last month: "Immortal socialism" would strike as a new phrase. The intelligent reader would of course understand "Immortal soulism": so with other misprints).

SCOTCH AND IRISH. — When George IV. went to Ireland, one of the "pisantry," delighted with his affability to the crowd on landing, said to the toll-keeper, as the king passed through, "Och, now! His Majesty, God bless him! never paid the turnpike, an' how's that?" "Oh, kings never do; we let's 'em go free," was the answer. "Then there's the dirty money for ye," said Pat; "it shall never be said that the king came here, and found nobody to pay the turnpike for him." Moore, on his visit to Abbotsford, told this story to Sir Walter, when they were comparing notes as to the two royal visits. "Now, Mr. Moore," replied Scott, "there ye have just the advantage of us. There was no want of enthusiasm here; the Scotch folk would have done anything in the world for his Majesty but—pay the turnpike."

IN OPEN CONFERENCE WITH READERS.

. *In this Department, the questions and criticisms of correspondents will be attended to in kinds of topics. Correspondents will oblige by writing "Open Conference" at the head of their communications.*

TO READERS IN THIS DEPARTMENT.—Please help us. You think there is no need, as others will be "sending questions. Well, some do, but we have to hunt them up and get them to work; whereas, if all who have questions would send, there would be a bountiful supply that would render our task easier. We often discover that readers have questions that they would like to send, but they think it unnecessary as others will be writing. Don't think this any longer, but send, and if you can send answers with the questions, so much the better.—CONDUCTOR.

205. **Typographical Errors in the Bible.**—*I see in GOOD COMPANY for September, you speak of the Bible being free from errors, and of a reward being offered to anyone who should discover an error. Five years ago, I noticed one in the pearl 16mo. edition of the Revised Version. The letter "f" had been omitted from one of the "fs" in 1 Chron. xxviii. 15. If there is any reward really obtainable, get it and apply as you may find useful. (R.)*—I have a copy of the pearl 16mo. edition of the Revised Version, and it does not show the error spoken of. One of the "f's" is certainly very dim. This must be the "f" referred to by "R." In his copy it had failed to print, evidently: but it is there.—C.C.W.

206. **Otherwise termed Stalactites.**—*In December "Good Company," Open Conference, paragraph 199, you say that Stalagmites are what are otherwise termed stalactites. According to Walker's Dictionary, and also Chambers', stalactites*

are attached to the roofs of caverns, and stalagmites are formed on the floor. (G.H.)—Correct. The term stalactite applies to the pendant formations, and the term stalagmite to the level deposits. But the substance and origin are exactly the same. The "otherwise" refers to difference of shape. It is the difference between icicles and block or sheet ice.

207. **Head or Foot?**—*"It was stated some time ago that the positive pole of the nerve system as a whole was in the head of some persons, and in others in the foot and that we should sleep with head or feet towards the north, according as the positive pole was in the one or other. Can you tell how it is to be ascertained whether the positive pole is in one's head or feet?"*—(G.C.H.)—We are not aware of any simple or convenient way of finding out at which end of one's body the positive pole is located. The only plan we have heard of, is one adopted some time ago in the case of an executed criminal. The body immediately after execution was placed on a plank mounted on a delicate pivot in the centre underneath, so nicely adjusted as to allow the whole to move easily to any attraction, something on the principle of a ship's compass. In this case, the plank turned till the head pointed towards the north. If a living person were to lie down on such a plank, no doubt the question would be settled in the same way, but it is evident that this would be altogether too complicated and expensive and troublesome a way of finding out a fact of no very great moment.

208. **What Became of the Ark?**—

(T. B.)—Mount Ararat, on which the ark rested after the flood, is in Armenia. It is over 3 miles high. As the ark was a very large object, coated with pitch, some have supposed it might be found in a state of preservation on the mountain some day: but no one has been able to get much beyond the snow line, and a recent titled visitor is of opinion that the inaccessible summits have never been trodden by the foot of man since the days of Noah. Some years ago, an American newspaper correspondent got up a sensation by reporting the discovery of the ark embedded in a glacier in one of the sequestered valleys of the hill range. His description was very realistic and circumstantial, but the account was afterwards proved to be a sheer invention. It is, of course, possible that the ark may be hidden away among the snow of Ararat, but it is much more likely that it "rested" far below the snow line, near the base of the mountain and was slowly broken up for firewood or other uses by Noah and his descendants as time went on.

209. **Aerial Phantoms**—*Is it true that phantom ships are seen at sea sometimes, and, on the land, figures in the clouds? The reports to that effect are too frequent and circumstantial to be fictions, I think; and, if true, what are we to make of them?* (M. J. W.)—Phantom ships and phantom figures are frequently seen. In days of ignorance, superstition put its own interpretation on them. They were looked upon as omens, either as regards the ships and figures seen (for sometimes they can be identified), or as regards other ships and people; but the wonderful knowledge of nature that has opened up within the last century or so has dispelled all such thoughts. The phantoms are realities in a certain way. They are realities in the sense in which the shadow of a tree, or the reflection of your face in a looking-

glass is a reality. They are reflections of reality. It sometimes happens in certain states of the atmosphere that the clouds act as reflectors and magnifiers, and show up the figures or objects on the earth in an enlarged form. It is a very striking phenomenon and quite interesting, but only the vulgar regard it with superstitious awe.

210. **The Continuance of "Good Company."**—*"I agree with your correspondent's remarks last month on the character of "Good Company" I should be very sorry for it to stop. I was afraid from something I heard that it was not getting on quite so well as we should wish. I hope it was not correct. If it is, I should like to know. I would gladly do all that one person could do to help it."* (A. C.)—We have no cause to be dissatisfied with the appreciation shown by intelligent readers of *Good Company*—much otherwise; but the circulation is not quite what it was at the start, and, unless a decided improvement takes place, our next volume (vol. iii) is likely to be the last. It is in the power of readers by co-operation to prevent its discontinuance. Although the toil is great, we are willing to provide the labour if they provide the means. If, however, they cannot, there is nothing left but resignation to the inevitable, which is comparatively sweet and easy when done on the apostolic maxim, "The will of the Lord be done."

211. **Buddha.**—*"Who was Buddha, of whom we hear in connection with the Theosophic revival of Buddhism?"* (S. 2).—He was the son of an Indian king who lived about the time of Cyrus, King of Persia (over 500 years B.C.) Buddha was not his real name, but a name he adopted late in life. His real name was Siddhartha Guatama. At first devoted to pleasure, he, in the later part of his life, gave himself over to ethical and philosophical studies, and adopted ascetic habits from a conviction of their tendency

to purify what he understood by the spiritual nature of man. After a period of seclusion he gave himself to teaching and preaching, and died at 80, venerated by multitudes who adopted his doctrines. After his death, many legends were circulated in connection with his memory, and he became an object of worship. It is an extraordinary illustration of the instability of human wisdom when divorced from the fixed standard of divine revelation, that the highest culture in London at the close of the nineteenth century should be groping for light among the shadows of Indian heathenism.

212. **The Rising and Setting of the Sun.**—*“There must be some mistake on page 225 (“Facing the South”), because it speaks of the sun rising in the west and setting in the east. I do not quite understand that.”* (H. L.)—No, good reader, the passage in question does not “speak of the sun rising in the west and setting in the east.” It looks a little like it, perhaps, but it is not so. The sentence you refer to is probably the following:—“The western walls inside catch the rising sun through the windows on their west sides, and as the sun progresses from east to west, the sunlight passes round the whole room during the day, till the last lingering rays of sunset light up the eastern wall.” It is really so, if you will consider. It is the case of a bedroom facing the south. When the sun rises, which inside wall of the bedroom gets the light through the window? Not the eastern, but the western wall. The east wall is in shadow. Again, through which side of a window looking south does the rising sun come in? Through the western side, not the eastern, because the eastern half of the window is shadowed by the extruding wall of the house. Again, when the sun is setting in the west, which wall of the bedroom catches “the last lingering rays?” Not the western, but the eastern. The obscurity

of the sentence is due to the use of pronouns where nouns ought to be used—a common cause of obscurity. “Through the windows on their west sides,” should have been “on the west sides of the latter,” because the first part of the sentence speaks of “western walls,” and therefore leaves it open to the reader to suppose that the finishing allusion to “western sides” is to the western sides of the western walls, instead of to the western sides of the windows. So “the last lingering rays lighting up the eastern wall” should have been “eastern wall of the interior of the room.” As it stands, the reader is liable to suppose it means the eastern wall of the house outside, which, of course, creates confusion.

213. **The Process of Petrification.**—*“I heard the other day of a dead body being turned to stone: and I have just heard of wood being turned into stone in certain springs and lakes: Is it true, do you think: and if so what is the explanation?”* (S. T. B.)—It is true that various substances when immersed or otherwise brought into complete contact with certain waters undergo the change expressed by the word “petrification,” which, literally is stonification. Petrification is not the actual turning of a substance into stone, but the deposit in its minute cells of stone substance dissolved in water. There are some waters that hold stone substance in strong solution; and when animal or woody structures, which consist of cells, are soaked in it, the cells absorb the substance in the solution and reject the water. The result is the whole becomes hard and heavy as if it were stone. We read the other day of a lake in Ireland that possesses this peculiarity. “An English cutlery house, heard of this lake, and sent a man to examine it. He selected several pieces of hard wood, and, having tied weights to them, lowered them into the lake, and marked their location by

small buoys. In two weeks he returned and took up two pieces, which he found to be partly petrified. Two weeks afterwards, the rest were taken up, and each piece of hard wood was hard as flint, petrified through. Then the firm made experiments with the wood in the different stages of petrification, and discovered that unusually excellent razor bones could be manufactured from it. These bones are now a famous product of the firm, but the razor sharpening world little knows that the stone is, so to speak, wood, petrified in a few weeks in the largest of the Irish lakes."

214. The Heat of the Sun.—

"Can you tell me how it is that we receive warmth from the heat of the sun? Is it by radiation, as when we sit in front of a fire, or is it by impartion of the sun's rays upon the atmosphere, or earth? It seems to me it must be by the latter, or some other means, rather than by radiation, for if it be true that beyond the atmosphere of the earth there are about 300 degrees of cold, it seems as if every particle of warmth must be frozen out of the sun's rays before they reach us. Can you tell?" (G. C. H.)—We cannot tell in the sense of absolutely knowing; but there are certain obvious reflections that suggest a conclusion. Some of them are hinted at by our correspondent. It is evident that the sun does not warm us in the way a fire warms us, because if it did so, the nearer we ascended towards the sun, the warmer we should be, whereas the higher up a mountain you go, the colder it is, wind or no wind. On very high mountains, snow and ice are as permanent as in the Arctic regions. Yet the heat we get from the sun cannot be wholly by impaction of its rays on the earth, because, as our correspondent observes, the temperature of the space between the earth and the sun is so cold—(much below the

coldest cold of our Arctic regions)—that those rays, after traversing millions of miles of such freezing space, must arrive on the earth destitute of any attribute of heat, and it is difficult to imagine heat resulting from any quantity of rebounded rays of cold. Yet as we stand in the sun's noon-day fulness, and feel the warmth of its brightness, we cannot help feeling that the heat in some way comes with its rays. How is it? We can only suppose that it is with the heat of the sun as it is with light of the sun—the atmosphere of our earth contributes an important ingredient in its development. On the surface of the earth, the light is beautifully diffused by the atmosphere, so that the light fills the air in a subdued way and imparts blueness to the vault of heaven. When men ascend from the earth in balloons to a great height, the atmosphere gets thinner, and the light gets less diffused, and the sky overhead becomes darkish blue, darker and darker as the balloon ascends, until, as scientific students inform us, it would, if it were possible to go high enough, become a perfectly black sky, from which the sun would glare like a ball of fire. If it is so with heat, we can understand what is otherwise anomalous. The sun's rays, impinging on our atmosphere, may have their heat developed, and this heat may be gathered by the obstructing body of the earth reflected back a little way, so diffusing that sense of warmth that is so pleasant and so essential to every form of animal life.

215. Phrenology and Injury of the Brain.—

"I send you a paper containing some curious facts. If they are correct, it seems to me to throw great doubt on phrenology: for how can the brain be the seat of the mind if the brain can be hacked about in the way described without interfering with the mind?"—The paper referred to affirms as follows:—A short time ago, a man named Robert Campbell, by a

gun accident, had a ramrod shot through his brain. The ramrod, after passing through Campbell's cheek and eye, forced its way through the frontal bone and came out at the top of the skull, the wire portion sticking out about six inches. The surgeons set to work with their knives and saws just as they would upon a fractured thigh bone or any more ignoble organ, extracted the rod with the brain matter adhering to it, irrigated the wound with the usual disinfecting fluid, and left the patient in a fair way to a rapid recovery. Drs. Ryan and Harris, who have had Campbell in charge from the first, say that they can detect no mental aberration corresponding in any way with the severity of his injuries, and that he returns to the world with his faculties to all appearance unimpaired, and his bodily health as good as ever it was.

In another instance, a young man had a missile four inches square driven into his brain; in another an army officer lost a quantity of his brain through a hole in the side of his head; while a third individual was found after his death to have had no brain at all for some time preceding it.

The most notorious of all is what is known in the text books as "the American crowbar case." A young man named Phincas Gage, aged twenty five, was engaged tamping a blasting charge in a rock with an iron bar, 3 feet 7 inches in length, 1½ inches in diameter, and 13lb. in weight, when the charge exploded. The iron bar, pointed end first, entered at the left angle of the man's jaw, and passed clean through the top of his head, being picked up at some distance from him covered with blood and brains. The patient was for a moment stunned, but an hour after the accident he was able to walk up a long flight of stairs and give the surgeon who attended him an intelligible account of the injury he had received. His life was, of course,

despaired of, but he ultimately recovered, and lived twelve and a half years.

REMARKS.—Everything is not true that we read in print—especially American print. The booming American papers are notorious for their rivalry in getting out the tallest story. We implore any friends we may have out there not to take this as in any sense or way applicable to them. We have no favour for the British antipathy to the Americans *per se*. We look at both from the Bible standpoint, in which there is no racialism or patriotism. Facts and truth are not affected by favouritism in enlightened minds.—There is no doubt an ingredient of fact in the cases narrated. Heads got hurt and brain exposed, but we must confess to our inability to believe that a ram-rod can be shot right through a man's brain and leave him alive after the operation, let alone in possession of underanged faculties. If the ram-rod went through the spot, it went through where brains ought to be, but where there must have been none. There must have been something peculiar in the formation of the man's skull plates and brain-bed: or else in the state of the part of the brain that was touched. Perhaps the brain just there was hardened or softened or otherwise disorganised. There must have been exceptional conditions for a man to live after such an experience, seeing that in every case in ordinary experience, the least extravasation of blood on the brain is instantly fatal. To ground a general conclusion on an abnormal case would be most unscientific.—There is a class of people that want to get rid of phrenology, and such eagerly seize hold of such cases as may look in the least against it.—But the great bulk of fact and evidence and experience—(uniform in the universal stream of experience, barring an occasional case or two of which the facts are too loosely stated to be of value)—remains untouched and untouchable, going to show both that the brain is

the generator of the mind, and that the process of its generation is on a sectional plan that corresponds with its mental structure.

216. The facts and fictions of Science.—“*You said you had not seen the Presidential Address of Dr. Huggins delivered at the last meeting of the British Association. I enclose a report that appeared in one of our papers here (Australia). It appears to me grand, but peculiar on some points. What do you think of it? I see he approves of the nebular hypothesis: would not this be inconsistent with our ideas of divine creation?*” (R.C.I.S.)

—Thank you: the address is readable and striking, certainly, and will be taken for “gospel,” as the saying is, by the general class of readers. But we see ground for demur. We entirely object to the statement that the advance of astronomical knowledge shows “the almost boundless powers of the mind of man.” This is the universal weakness so scorchingly harried by Carlyle! that man no sooner learns a little than he turns round and exclaims what a wonderful being he is. The lecturer confounds the boundlessness of the universe with the quality of the poor mind of man that peers out helplessly upon it. Man’s mental power is a poor stunted affair indeed, and is most manifest to those who have most power. “Oh, but see,” says Dr. Huggins, “he is able to analyse the chemical nature of a far-distant body by means of its light alone.” Well, stated in this way, it looks a wonderful feat; but what is this boasted feat in itself? Merely noticing that the diffracted light in a prism shows certain black lines when certain chemical bodies are in it. There is nothing so profound in this. When you throw in the distance, it looks big, but the distance has nothing to do with it. A mile, or a million of millions, is the same as regards the black lines made by the metallic vapour. It is a

striking result that you can infer the presence of iron, or sodium, or oxygen in the substance of a far-distant star by noticing the black lines which terrestrial experiments tell you are due to the presence of these elements; but the strikingness is not a bit greater than in the power to infer the state of the temperature from the elevation of the mercurial column in the thermometer. It is merely the same power applied to a different object. It is one of the aggravating features of modern knowledge that it fails to see the true marvel that exists in little things, and goes into ecstasies over things of no higher import, but which happens to be circumstantially connected with bigger things. The saying of some one, that “the world is a hass,” is applicable to the learned realms as well as those lower down. The power of man to draw a conclusion at all is wonderful; but to talk of “almost boundless power” is nonsense. It is a weak flickering power that is easily dimmed, and which rarely acts with even the logical accuracy of which in the abstract it is capable. And whatever the power is, it is just what it is, whether applied to the water dropping from a ceiling, or a star shining in the measureless depths of space. As to “the nebular hypothesis,” it is a speculation and full of suppositions that refuse to moor themselves to the manifest necessity for a first motion-power, and therefore must always be at random. Suppose we grant that systems were formed by the nebulous matter (and, by the way, what is that?) beginning to whirl, what originates the whirling? The encyclopedists learnedly talk with high-sounding periphrases about the *conceivability of the possibility* of a mass of nebulosity beginning to revolve, and then they easily accept the rest—that the whirling became more rapid until the stuff could not hold together, but broke into

belts, and then the belts, with the increasing rate of the "jing-g-o-ring," broke into bits which rolled themselves into planets. Gentlemen, you go against your own principles. If the stuff were ever quiescent, its own inertia must have kept it still until some extraneous impulse set it agoing. Give us something to set the whirling agoing, if whirl it was: and then we can understand the whirl, but when you ask us to believe that a mass of lifeless inert fire-mist, or whatever else it was, began to whirl of its own motion and notion without anything setting it agoing, you are asking us to believe a miracle, which is the very thing you are so awfully afraid we will believe in other directions where it is not speculation, but fact, we go upon. A living God to create all things can be no greater mystery than all things starting to create themselves before they were there to do it. The living God is given to us by scientific necessity, by historic revelation. Whatever process might be found out by science to have been the mode of stellar evolution, that would be the method adopted by creative power and wisdom: for of course there was a method by which the eternal energy was concentered into the glorious forms we see. There is much truth and knowledge in modern science, but we have carefully to separate between its facts and its absurd speculations, which are mostly the outcome of the innate tendency of the human mind to ignore God and exalt man.

MY DAYS AND MY WAYS.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XIX.

ONCE a fortnight, the succeeding lectures came out in penny numbers. They were nearly all disposed of, and the printer's bill duly liquidated, and so far as my impression was concerned, the pub-

lishing episode was closed. It did not seem to me possible there could be anything more in that line. Many who had purchased the penny numbers had taken more than they required, for the sake of floating the thing. The circle of those who would care to have anything to do with lectures advocating such views was extremely limited. Consequently any further demand was not to be looked for, and without further demand, there could be no further printing and no further supply. This view might have proved correct but for the circumstance of a Capt. Brown, of the Indian service, arriving in the country, and hearing of the lectures and applying to me for a set, which I was unable to supply. He enquired if there was to be no re-publication. I explained the position, which he quickly discerned. He enquired the sum that would be needed to bring out a second edition. I told him. He then said he had about such a sum of money lying idle which he would hand over to me to have a second edition of *Twelve Lectures* brought out. If the sale brought back the money, I was to return it to him; if not, he would not consider it a debt. With this understanding, I set the printer to work, and a second edition of 1,000 copies was in due time produced (this time stitched together as one volume in pink glazed paper covers). Gradually this edition was disposed of, and I was able to return the money without very long delay, and without any balance over from the sale of the books. The idea of making a profit never entered into my head. Years after, it was put upon me in spite of myself in a very peculiar way by the force of circumstances, and as well as earnestly enjoined by prudent friends who saw that the whole of my time was required for the work, and that I never could give myself wholly to it unless my printing work was placed on a commercial basis.

About this time the American Civil War was getting into full swing, and a notice appeared on the back of the *Herald of the Kingdom and Age to Come* to the effect that as the outbreak of war had cut off the bulk of the subscribers of that periodical from postal communication, Dr. Thomas would be under the necessity of suspending publication, and would be open to an invitation to visit Britain. This was exciting and joyful news. A number of us instantly got into communication on the subject, with a view to arranging the question of means. Meanwhile, I posted the following letter :—

“DEAR BROTHER THOMAS,—I have just heard that you contemplate paying a visit to this country, and I write this hasty line to urge you by all means to come. The prospect has filled us with great joy. We can conceive of no event in this mortal life of ours that would give us so much real, unmingled delight. On the other hand, it is our strong conviction that you would be able to do a great deal of good in this country, much more than you can have the chance of doing in America in its present unsettled condition. Huddersfield, at any rate, is a field prepared in which your labours would be almost certain of great success.

“I think I informed you in my last that the truth, recommended in the first instance by my own humble efforts, and afterwards more effectually ministered by your invaluable *Elpis Israel*, had made a favourable impression. I am now happy to tell you that we have now a little church in Huddersfield as the consequence of those labours—very little. Still, it is a lightstand from which precious light is constantly irradiating. I ought to say, however, that the prospect is favourable for several additions. Since our return to Huddersfield, I have lectured twice every Sunday, and once in the Market Place, and once indoors in the room in which

we hold our meetings. They have on the whole been well attended, and considerable interest has been aroused. Your visit here would, therefore, I am sure, be highly calculated to have a favourable result. I may also say that it, along with Halifax, would naturally be first on the list of places to be visited, as it is nearer to Liverpool (your place of landing) by a hundred miles than any other place where there is an ecclesia.

“Dear Brother, Thomas, our hearts yearn most fervently towards you, and the more so because you have detractors. One thing is to be said, however, that among the really hearty and intelligent believers of the glorious gospel you are held in reputation. Come then to England. Let nothing hinder you. Your visit will dissipate much of the existing aversion, and will galvanize the British brotherhood as a whole, of which they have much need. O brother, be assured of our strongest and holiest affection; and be persuaded to come and visit us at this favourable opportunity!

“Meanwhile believe us to be your most devoted brother and sister, longing for the Lord, and longing to see your face.”

Huddersfield, England,

Oct. 8, 1861.

Arrangements having been made, a collective invitation was in due time forwarded to Dr. Thomas to come and spend the best part of a year in lecturing in various places in Britain. The invitation was accepted, and we joyfully expected the event. About this time, or just before, a newspaper report was sent to us that “Dr. Thomas, of New York,” who favoured the Southern cause in the Civil War, which had just broken out, had been murdered by Northern sympathizers. Knowing that the Doctor’s leanings were with the South, and that his domicile was in the neighbourhood of New York, we could not but conclude that it was the

author of *Elpis Israel* that had fallen by mob violence, especially as the paper had evidently been sent to us under that impression. We mourned sorely over the event. There was no inroad made on the larder that day ; but the cloud soon passed. We discovered our sorrow had no foundation. A letter from Dr. Thomas himself told us to heed no reports of his death unless they came from his family.

The time drew on for him to land. I was greatly exercised at the prospect of seeing him. It entered into my dreams, and my dreams were always disappointing : the Doctor was always black. A photograph sent on in advance did not much re-assure me ; for whereas I only knew the Doctor's personal aspect from the steel engraving appearing in *Elpis Israel*, which shewed him with a black beard and a full head of hair, this shewed his head bald and white, and in an inclination that gave a very poor idea of its noble contour. However, all our fears fled when he arrived.

I forgot the name of the steamer he came by. I could have told easily within, say, ten years of the event : for it was burnt into my brain at the time. The Dr. sent us no sailing letter, or indication of the time of his arrival. We were consequently kept on the watch. I eagerly scanned the papers from day to day. At last the arrival of the steamer was telegraphed, and in the *Manchester Guardian* appeared a list of passengers, in which far down appeared the simple name of "John Thomas." To my ardent mind, this name stood out in letters of fire. What was the cause of my intense interest ? Nothing but the ideas I had drunk in from the scriptures by his aid. Like causes produce like effects. I have always found that wherever the Bible is clearly understood and fervently appreciated as such themes are to be appreciated both by the nature of things and the express injunction of scripture, that

there Dr. Thomas is loved and esteemed. This result is quite apart from the personal peculiarities of the man. What mortal is without blemish ? But what covers blemish like intelligent attachment to divine things ? Who could surpass Dr. Thomas in his towering reverence for the oracles of God and his uncompromising loyalty to their authority as opposed to all tradition ? Some had become haters of him through his brusque treatment of crotchets. I had myself, by and bye, an opportunity of feeling the weight and sharpness of that steely executive mind which qualified him for the part he performed in tearing aside the webs of error woven by merely human sympathy ; but that I could be separated from him was impossible with the discernment I had of his mastery of divine truth and his faithfulness to Christ in all its bearings.

Eureka, Vol. I., after long anticipation, had issued from the press a few months previously ; and the reading of this had greatly intensified the zest of our anticipations of his coming. Having noticed the arrival of the steamer, the next question was, when would he turn up in Huddersfield ? In the ardour and inexperience of youth, I had proposed to him before his sailing that I should wait him at the place of landing at Liverpool, but he had written to me advising me to save this expense and to leave him to find his own way to Huddersfield. He sent us no further word ; consequently, we could only wait and watch. I watched every train from Liverpool for a certain length of time. At last, a quiet, firmly-set, square-shouldered, literary looking gentleman, in frock coat and chimney-pot hat, with ruddy countenance and white beard, emerged from one of the carriages, and began to pick his way in the crowd, with one valise in his hand. I was quite timid about saluting him, because it might not be Dr. Thomas after all. After following him a little, I said to him with a

palpitating heart, "Mr. Thomas?" He said "Yes." We then exchanged greetings, and I led him out of the station to a cab, and conveyed him to our apartments (by that time changed to 25, Albion Street, the house of brother Rhodes), where my sister companion awaited him in a state of excitement, which soon changed to comfort and joy, in the presence of the cordial and social dignity of a mature and venerable man whom we found so much more interested, if possible, than ourselves in the sublime matters that had engaged our efforts and attention for some years.

FRAGMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE. ³⁰⁹

GOLD melts easily compared with iron or glass. It takes about just double the degree of heat to melt the latter.

Lead is amusingly heavy in mass. Try to lift a block of it only 12 in. square every way; you could not; it contains 709 lbs.

A talent of gold, weighing about 13 lbs. over the English hundred-weight, was worth £5,475; a talent of silver, £342 3s. 9d. The New Testament farthing was worth 1½d.; 1 mite, ¾d.; 1 penny, about 8d.

PLANTING AN ACRE.—If you have an acre of ground, and want to plant it with trees or plants at regular distances, the number of plants will depend upon the distances apart, of course. If the rows and plants are each to be 2 ft. apart, you will want 10,890; if 3 ft. apart, 4 840; if 4 ft. apart, 2,722; if 5 ft. apart, 1,742; if 6 ft. apart, 1,210; if 7, 881; if 8, 680; and so on.

THE OCEANS.—The largest ocean is the Pacific, containing an area or surface of 80 millions of square miles; the next is the Atlantic, containing 40 millions of square miles; the next the Indian, containing 20 millions of square miles; the Southern Ocean, 10 millions of square miles; and lastly the Arctic Ocean with 5

millions of square miles. These are of course but approximate figures.

THE NAME OF GOD.—We have had the names of God in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, Italian, Saxon, Teutonic, &c. The following is his name in other languages:—*Slay*, Buch; *Polish*, Bog; *Pollaccz*, Bung; *Lapp*, Jubinal; *Cretan*, Thios; *Finch*, Jumala; *Runic*, As; *Zemblaïn*, Fetiz; *Pannonian*, Istu; *Hindustanæ*, Rain; *Coromandel*, Brama; *Tartar*, Magatal; *Persian*, Sire; *Chinese*, Prussa; *Japanese*, Goezur; *Madagascar*, Zannar; *Peruvian*, Puchecamæe.

FROM BRITAIN TO IRELAND.—The shortest distance between Ireland and the British Isles is from the Mull of Cantyre in Scotland to Fair Head in Ireland—10 miles; but there is no connection between these points. The practical travelling distance is from Holyhead to Kingston (for Dublin), 64 miles. There is a shorter sea route from Stranraer, in Scotland, to Larne, not far from Belfast; but the Holyhead route is the one most commonly used. The distance between Ireland and Britain in other respects is very great.

IMPORTANCE OF WATER.—Water is an absolute necessity. It ranks next to air as one of the common necessities of life. It is really a food, and upon its character, supply, and use, depends largely the sickness and death-rate of any city, town, or district. The weight of an average man is 154 lbs., of this weight 109 lbs. would be water. By means of the skin, lungs and kidneys, he loses, in 24 hours, from 5 to 6½ lbs. We require 3½ to 5 pints daily to make good this loss. But as the foods we eat are about one-third water, we need from 2½ to 3½ pints daily as beverages. The total daily use of water in some form or other is, for: Washing hands and face, 1 gallon; washing clothes and house, 14 gallons; bath room, 15 gallons; total, 30 gallons. Ancient Rome used ten times this amount.

WHAT CAUSES VOLCANIC ERUPTION —

Water coming into contact with highly heated rock is one of the most important causes of volcanic eruptions. The difficulty hitherto has been to explain how the water could be introduced; but the action of the well-known "steam injectors" attached to the boilers of locomotives and other engines affords a clue. In the construction of these injectors the elastic force of the steam in the boiler is utilised, not only to force water into the boiler itself (which it does by imparting to it a considering velocity), but, when required, to lift it soft, or soft, in addition, as from a well. This is probably a principle which comes into play during volcanic eruptions, the impetuosity of the current from below both carrying the water along with it from fissures in the rocks, and giving rapidity to the movement of percolation. As the water ascends the pipe of the volcano, it will, sooner or latter, according to the pressure, be converted into steam, and thus produce a blast which will assist the upward current of molten rock, ashes, and vapour as illustrated when a locomotive discharges glowing ashes through the chimney. The water might be supplied either by rain-percolation or by the sea, or both, as well as through natural fissures; or, during violent eruptions, through fissures produced by the earthquakes which usually precede volcanic outbursts. It is certain that no active volcano now exists at a distance of more than three hundred miles from the sea, except those on the shores of the Caspian, and most of them are situated either in the sea or along the coasts.

SEAWEED.—The young people who wander along the seashore in summer will see nothing in seaweed to suggest that everything is created for a good purpose while contemplating seaweed. It's only purpose seems to be to cumber up the beach and tangle up the legs of the

bathers in the surf. But it has its uses—not one, but many. One of the most important, perhaps, is the production of iodine. Nearly all seaweed contains this medicinal product in considerable quantities in addition to several others. Twenty tons of seaweed dried and burned at a low heat yields one ton of "kelp"—a hard, dark grey or bluish mass, with an acrid, caustic taste. A ton of good kelp in turn will yield eight pounds of iodine, large quantities of chloride of potassium, four to ten gallons of volatile oil, from four to fifteen gallons of paraffin oil, three or four gallons of naphtha, and from one hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds of sulphate of ammonia. To the farmer, seaweed is very valuable, because it contains soda. Spread upon the ground and allowed to decay, it enriches the earth to a remarkable extent. On many parts of the seacoast, seaweed is the only fertiliser used, and answers every purpose. Seaweed is also eatable—that is, certain kinds, such as dulse, tangle, and some species of *sargassum*. It contains large quantities of gelatinous matter, and is said to be both nourishing and appetising, although the salt fish taste is repulsive to a great many people. To the botanist, seaweed is a constant source of delightful study, and the various species, under a powerful microscope, reveal many interesting and sometimes startling phases of plant life. On the seashore it is not necessary to hunt for specimens; they present themselves without any trouble, and deserve better treatment than to be passed by in silent contempt. Then, when the common species are exhausted, the seaweed student may take a trip to the Azores, and examine the Sargasso Sea—a sea of weeds two hundred and sixty thousand square miles in area.

Don't stuff the chimney; keep the window a little down from the top.

HARMS AND AILMENTS.

Pure air is food ; polluted air is poison.

Don't rent a house that has the top sashes nailed up : go where you can have fresh air always.

Don't be always sending for the doctor. Use your own brains a little, and you wont want him much.

PIMPLES.—Use bread made of whole wheaten flour, avoid sweet drink and sweet food, and have an all-over wash and good toweling every day.

SIMPLE REMEDIES.—A compound rhubarb pill will often correct a disordered stomach. Inflammatory symptoms, if neither strong nor localised, may be reduced by a dose of Epsom salts. Irritated bowels may be soothed by a spoonful—a teaspoonful for a child, a tablespoonful for an adult—of castor oil.

STOPPING A COLD.—Covering up warmly in bed, and giving a warm drink, or if accompanied by feverish symptoms, some cooling medicine, as cream of tartar, will often stop an incipient cold. If there has been unusual exposure to wet and damp, do not wait to see if it is going to be followed by illness, particularly in the case of a delicate subject, or one constitutionally predisposed to take cold, but get out the footbath at once, and put the feet in hot water for from 10 to 20 minutes.

The following prescription, prepared by Sir William Jenner, has often proved of great benefit for colds, sore throats, scarlet fever, croup, etc. Take a teaspoonful of the crystals of chlorate of potash and dissolve in half a tumbler of water ; add the juice of a lemon, and sweeten with three tablespoonfuls of glycerine ; a teaspoonful to be given every hour for a child ; for an adult, half as much more.

KEEPING WARM.—It may not be generally known that, when exposed to severe cold, a feeling of warmth is readily created by repeatedly filling the lungs to

their utmost extent in the following manner:—Throw the shoulders well back, and hold the head well up. Inflate the lungs slowly, the air entering entirely through the nose. When the lungs are completely filled, hold the breath for ten seconds or longer, and then expire it quickly through the mouth. After repeating this exercise while one is chilly, a feeling of warmth will be felt over the entire body and even in the feet and hands.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.—Dyspepsia compels its victims, in spite of themselves, to indulge somewhat sparingly in rich food, eating of which gout originates, and so saves them from gout. Of the two diseases, dyspepsia is to be preferred, it seldom interferes with the day's work, and, except in very obstinate cases, is almost certain to be relieved by proper diet and exercise. Also, sick headache may be counted in the class of helpful ailments, though it is a "bitter pill." There are two forms of it: one has its primary source in the brain, the other in the stomach. In both cases there is commonly some hereditary tendency to the disease, but the exciting cause is overwork ; of the brain in one case, of the stomach in the other. The headaches necessitate occasional rest, while the dread of them acts as a constant check upon tendencies which might otherwise result in grave harm. Indeed, attention to diet, with a little letting down of the average cerebral activity, professional, business or domestic, will generally ensure a comparative immunity from attack.

PALPITATION.—You must not think that because you are troubled with palpitation you are suffering from heart disease. In all probability, the cause of the palpitation lies in your digestive faculty, not in your heart. See, therefore, that your meals are taken at regular times, and on no occasion—let the dinner be ever so tempting—indulge in a heavy meal. On

the other hand, do not let the intervals between meals be too lengthened, and only partake of light and easily-digested foods. Avoid all alcoholic drinks, and be very sparing in your use of tea and coffee. In fact, the stomach in such cases as yours ought to be troubled as seldom as possible with any species of liquid. You must take a moderate amount of outdoor exercise, keeping on the flat as much as possible. When in the house, do not rush upstairs, and do not indulge in over exciting games or books. When the palpitation comes on take from 20 to 30 drops of sal volatile in a little cold water. The same quantity of red lavender taken in the same way is also very beneficial. Above all things, do not brood over your ailment. It will not do you an atom of good. If, after attending to these hints, you do not feel relieved, you had better consult a doctor. Eat as much ripe fruit as ever you can. It is a medicine as well as a food. And here I should like to give a word of advice to growing girls. Do not tight-lace. Girls, tight-lacing is the cause of more palpitation, aye, and of more deaths than one would almost imagine possible. To men who suffer from palpitation, I would say that the habit of smoking tobacco is most pernicious. No case of palpitation can be cured as long as this habit impedes the work of the heart.—*Medicus.*

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

PASTE.—Put alum in the paste, and it will not turn sour.

WASHING LACE.—Wash in soap and warm water, wring in a cloth, and pin at each point on a board till dry.

BOIL, ROAST, AND STEW.—Boiling meat is the most digestible way of preparing it, roasting the most nutritious, and stewing the most economical.

THE CARPETS.—Always put something under your carpets, if it is only a sheet of paper. The arch-enemy, dust, attacks from the under side. Take care of the under side, and the upper side is easily preserved.

GOOD COMMON SAUSAGES.—Take 10lb. of meat, two-parts beef and one of mutton; cut up small, free from skin or gristle; add $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of light bread, well soaked in cold water, 2 oz. of salt, 1 oz. black pepper, one teaspoonful mixed spice, a few sprigs of thyme, and a good handful of marjoram. Mix all well together, and mince it fine. If all beef is used, add $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of good mellow suet.

APPLE CHUTNEY.—2 lb. apples, 10 oz. raisins, 3 oz. garlic, 3 oz. mustard seed, 3 oz. ground ginger, 5 oz. brown sugar, one quart vinegar, one teaspoonful cayenne pepper. Chop up the apples, raisins, and garlic very fine. Put on with the other ingredients, and boil for half an hour. Rub through a sieve, and bottle. A recipe that any one that cares to try will not be disappointed in.

PISH-PASH (a tasty dish for invalids).—Take one chicken, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. rice, 2 oz. butter, four small onions, pepper and salt to taste; cut up the chicken into small pieces, put it and the rest of the ingredients into a saucepan, add water just sufficient to cover the whole, and simmer gently till the meat becomes very tender and the rice reduced to a pap. Serve very hot. If you happen to have any stock handy, substitute it for the water. A knuckle or any glutinous part of veal or mutton will make a very good pish-pash.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—The following is a good and reliable recipe for orange marmalade. Anyone who uses it will not be disappointed:—Take twelve Seville oranges and three lemons, shred very fine (taking out the pips), into nine pints of water; allow it to stand, after cutting, for twenty-four hours; then boil it about

twenty minutes; let it stand again for twenty-four hours; boil with 10 lbs. of sugar for one hour and three-quarters. As the pips are taken out, they should be put into half-pint of water and put into the marmalade to boil.—M. S.

EASING THE WASHING DAY.—"If you think it worthy of a place in *Good Company*, you might state that by putting two tablespoonfuls of coal oil in six gallons of cold water, and a coffee-cupful of soap, sliced thin, adding the dry dirty washing, of even children's underwear, in the cold or boiling water, and letting them boil from ten to twenty minutes, stirring frequently, will so cleanse as to save two-thirds of any washing, and so greatly ease that part of a housekeeper's work. Then rinse through two waters, rubbing what is needed in the first."—MRS. A. G. SNASHALL.

WATER BOTTLES.—Dirty bed-room water bottles are often found looking anything but bright, because apparently there is nothing handy to clean them with. French chambermaids generally use paper for the purpose. Before they empty the bottles they put in some small pieces of soft paper; these they shake well in the bottles, which they then empty and rinse with fresh water. In this way the bottles keep as bright as one could wish. In some localities the tops of water bottles get a sort of frosted look from the lime in the water; water will not remove this, but a little common salt rubbed wherever the white marks are will remove them instantly.

HAIR WASH.—A lady was advised to wash her hair with borax dissolved in water to cure dandruff. She has done so for thirty or forty years, and she has always had abundance of good hair, quite free from dandruff. Up to the present time she has no occasion to wear caps. Her hair is not grey. She considers the borax preserves the hair. Put a piece of borax as large as a marble in boiling water. Another way: If you wash your hair with

the yolk of an egg, you will find it will remove the dandruff. Beat the egg, rub into the dry scalp, and wash in lukewarm water; no soap required. This will make the hair grow.

CLEANING A SPONGE.—There is nothing more pleasant for washing the skin than a fresh good sponge, or the reverse when not kept thoroughly clean. Without the greatest care, a sponge is apt to get slimy long before it is worn out. It may be made almost as good as—in fact, often better than—new by the following process. Take about two or three ounces of carbonate of soda or of potash, dissolve in two pints and a-half of water, soak the sponge in it for 24 hours, and then wash and rinse it in pure water. Next put it for some hours in a mixture of one glass of muriatic acid to three pints of water, finally rinse in cold water, and dry thoroughly. A sponge should always be dried, if possible, in the sun every time it has been used.

BAD COOKERY.—Bad cookery has much to answer for in inducing intemperance, among the working classes especially; but monotony of diet bears an equal proportion of our sins on its back. As a nation, we are progressing in the matter of cookery, although truly we have much yet to learn. Our insular prejudices confine us to a meagre list of dishes, and outside of this small selection we rarely care to pass. If our girls nowadays would be content with fewer "accomplishments," and pay greater attention to the details of household management, and especially to the practice of cookery, we should hear fewer complaints regarding the monotony of our diet. The matter is not one which concerns the upper classes and middle ranks of life alone; it is one which presses very directly on the masses, whose food requirements are simple enough, but whose *ménage* is, as a rule, both poor and wastefully conducted.—*Health*.

HAVE MORE THAN ONE PAIR OF SHOES.

—It is true economy for every person to have several pairs of shoes, and to wear them alternately. In the first place by so doing, corns and other soreness of the members may to a considerable degree be avoided. These come from a continuous friction or pressure at a certain point, and, as no two pairs of shoes "bear" on the feet alike, the change breaks up the continuity, and obviates or prevents the unpleasant result. It is also better for the shoes themselves. Do not wear each pair in ordinary weather—if the best service is desired—more than three or four days, or a week at most, before giving them a chance to become thoroughly dry. Many if not most feet emit sufficient moisture to affect the shoe, giving it the sticky unpleasant feeling which is so familiar, but to which we not often give a second thought. Contrast this feeling with that of a shoe which has been standing unused for a week or a month, and notice how grateful is the feeling of thorough dryness in the last-named.

HOW TO WASH FLANNELS.—A cardinal maxim in washing flannels (writes a correspondent) is never either to wash or rinse in boiling, or very hot, or in cold water. Either extreme will inevitably shrink, harden, and discolour the stuff. To prepare for the wash, slice up some soap, and dissolve it with boiling water, and then put it into the warm water, and make a good lather. Put in your flannels and move them up and down, backwards and forwards, through the water, but avoid rubbing on soap or scrubbing them in any way. If very dirty pass them in the same way through two lathers if they need it, and rinse them twice over in plenty of warm water if necessary, and in the rinsing water let there be a little lather present and a little ammonia as well. A teaspoonful of ammonia to four gallons of water is enough. This softens the flannels, and

prevents the harsh, sticky feel under the fingers which is a mark of bad washing. Some persons like a little blue to be added to the water in the last rinsing of white flannels. If the dyes are not fast, as will happen sometimes, you must be careful to have the washing water no more than tepid, and dissolve it in a little common salt or borax. The wringing of flannels must be carried out with care, or you will strain, distort, or break the fibre; and if you possibly can, dry them in the open air—not in the bright sun, but in a shady place—and never dry them before the fire. In such cases as it is necessary to iron the garments, first dry the flannels, then spread them on your ironing board, cover them with a slightly damp cloth, and with not too hot an iron press them down heavily. Great care must be taken not to have too hot an iron, especially if you are working on coloured flannel.

PLEASING VARIETIES.

ONE reason why men succeed who mind their own business is because they have little competition.

THE stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet to save the want of shoes.

FEW things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

THE mere scarcity of money is not poverty; it is the owing of money which we cannot pay where the pinch comes. The happy man is the man whose wants are supplied and his debts paid.

IF rich, it is easy enough to conceal our wealth; but if poor, it is not quite so easy to conceal poverty. We shall find it less difficult to hide a thousand guineas than one hole in our coat.

NEITHER a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

"MARRIAGE," says Dr. Johnson, "is the best state for a man in general! and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state."

"A MAN will spend and aye mend,
If his wife be ought;
But a man will spare and aye keep bare,
If his wife be nought."

COURTSHIP.—Those marriages generally abound most with love and constancy that are preceded by a long courtship. The passion should strike root and gather strength before marriage be engrafted on it. A long course of hopes and expectations fixes the idea in our minds, and habituates us to fondness of the person beloved.—*Addison*.

BOOK BORROWING.—Those whose good nature has prompted them to accommodate their friends with the loan of their books will appreciate the answer which was made to one who lamented the difficulty which he found in persuading his friends to return the volumes that he lent them. "Sir," he said, "your acquaintance find, I suppose, that it is easier to retain the books themselves than what is contained in them."

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?—Crusty old bachelors say it is. They say that "Courtship is bliss, but matrimony is blister." They say, too, that Adam's wife was rightly named Eve, because man's day of happiness was drawing to a close. They have too much cause for their cynical doctrine in the experience of many married people. Where marriage is a failure, the cause is in the people;—not in the institution. If the people are what people ought to be, they will find the married state the ideal of human experience in the present imperfect state.

THREE GREAT PHYSICIANS.—The celebrated physician Dumoulin, being surrounded at his last moments by several of the most distinguished doctors of Paris, who vied with each other in expressions of regret at his situation:—"Gentlemen," said he, suddenly, "do not so much regret me; I leave behind me three great physicians." On their pressing him to name them, each being sure that his own name would be amongst the number, he briefly added, "*Water, exercise, and diet*," to the no small discomfiture of his expecting brethren.

A REVISED VERSION.—"Twinkle, twinkle, little Star," the nursery rhyme so familiar, has been revised by a committee of eminent scholars with the following result:—

Shine with irregular, intermitted light, sparkle at intervals diminutive, luminous, heavenly body.

How I conjecture, with surprise, not unmixed with uncertainty, what you are.

Located, apparently, at such a remote distance from and at a height so vastly superior to this earth, the plane we inhabit.

Similar in general appearance and refractory powers to the precious primitive octahedron crystal of pure carbon, set in the ærial regions surrounding the earth.

TWO LITTLE OLD LADIES.

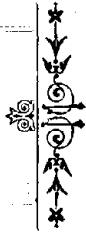
Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay,
In the self-same cottage lived day by day,
One could not be happy, "because" she said,
"So many children were hungry for bread;"
And she really had not the heart to smile,
When the world was so wicked all the while.

The other old lady smiled all day long,
As she knitted, or sewed, or crooned a song.
She had not time to be sad, she said,
When hungry children were crying for bread.
So she baked, and knitted, and gave away,
And did her best for them every day.

Two little old ladies, one grave, one gay:
Now which do you think chose the wiser way?



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TOPICS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

No. 8.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

Vol. II.

REMARKABLE EPISODES IN HISTORY.—No. 19.

THE PORTUGUESE AND THE POPE.

AS is well known, Africa, in its politically unoccupied regions, has recently been parcelled out between England and Germany as the result of the travels and discoveries of Livingstone and Stanley. It may be remembered that, in the settlement of this partition, considerable opposition was shown by the Portuguese, who asserted extensive claims under a grant of the Pope. Many people at the time wondered what this could mean. To understand it, we have to go back over 400 years.

In A.D. 1414, Prince Don Henry of Portugal interested himself deeply in naval matters, and gave himself to the promotion of voyages of discovery. Under his encouragement, Portuguese ships explored the western coast of Africa, which, at that time was a *terra incognita*. After Don Henry's death these explorations, under John II., who shared Don Henry's maritime views, were pushed as far south as the Cape. The captain who discovered it named it *the Stormy Cape*, but the king, who saw the importance of the discovery as opening a sea passage to the east, named it *the Cape of Good Hope*, a title which it has borne ever since. Shortly afterwards, John II.'s successor (Emanuel

I.) sent out a fleet of four ships, under the command of a Portuguese noble named Gama, to sail round the Cape, and see if India (the source of much European trade by land) could be reached by sea. The fleet was away a long time before any word was heard of it. In two years it returned to Portugal with intelligence of a most successful voyage, during which they had laid the foundations for a Portuguese monopoly of the richest commerce of the world. No language can express the joy of the Portuguese at the success of this enterprise which held out to them the prospect of extending the religion of the Pope, their master, along with their dominion. The news of this quickly spread over Europe, and the Pope was so elated that he promulgated the grant which was pleaded in vain during the negotiations with the Marquis of Salisbury and Von Capriivi. He was glad of an occasion of asserting his universal sovereignty, and ostentatiously granted to the Portuguese all the countries which they had discovered or should discover, on the condition that they should plant in these countries the Catholic faith (which they were not slow to promise).

On the promulgation of this edict the whole nation was seized with the enthusiasm of conversion and conquest. A new and larger fleet was ordered to be fitted out for India, and the people presented

themselves in crowds to man the new fleet. As soon as the season permitted, 13 ships sailed for Calicut, in India, under the command of Alvarez de Cabral. In due time the fleet arrived in safety, and the Portuguese were well received by the prince of the country, who invited them to land and open a magazine of commerce. The good feeling did not last long. The Arabian merchants interested in the established lines of overland commerce sowed the seeds of distrust, and at last the inhabitants rose and killed many of the Portuguese and burnt their magazine. For this there were severe reprisals. The Portuguese admiral destroyed all the Arabian vessels in the port, threw down the great part of the city, and left it in flames.

After this, the Portuguese by force and diplomacy established their dominion in the country. The Pope's grant has faded away, and another power, destined to be ally of the Pope's destroyer, has established its flag in all the countries which the Pope gave away.

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DEATH IN THE SENATE AND PERPLEXITY IN THE PALACE.

The most wonderful Phase of Modern History.
—No. 20.

THE SUBJECTS OF PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. France oppressed for centuries (p. 2, vol. i.); 2. States-General demanded and summoned (p. 43); 3. The election amid public excitement (p. 82); 4. Meeting of the States-General (p. 123); 5. Food scarcity and public riot; the soldiers mutinous (p. 163); 6. Attack on the Bastille Prison (p. 202); 7. Flight of the aristocracy: assassination of officials (p. 242); 8. Pillage of the country and burning of castles (p. 283); 9. The women march to Versailles (p. 323); 10. They invade the assembly sitting there (p. 362); 11. The palace forced by the mob (p. 403); 12. The King compelled to remove to Paris (p. 442); 13. Trouble and darkness in France (p. 2, vol. ii.); 14. A hubbub Parliament out of doors (p. 42); 15.

The Jacobin's Club and the three weeks' swearing (p. 82); 16. Outburst of serious theatricals (p. 123); 18. After the feast (p. 202). 19. Underground ramblings (p. 243).

THE King's irresoluteness is the one paralysing element in the situation. A virtual prisoner in the town palace at Paris, where he is under the constant watch of Nationalist eavesdroppers and spies, in the shape of peoples' sentry, his friends make several arrangements for getting him away, but always at the last moment he shrinks from the responsibility. Mirabeau, who is supreme in the National Assembly, is sounded, and found not unfavourable to royalty. A secret meeting between him and the Queen comes off in the Garden of St. Cloud, at the dead of night, under the stars. Mirabeau is gained. He resolves on the salvation of royalty, and enters upon foreign correspondence, upon plans which, with Mirabeau for head, and Bouillé with 40,000 Germans at Metz, might have led to something had Mirabeau lived; but, alas for the uncertainties of human affairs. The Parisians become suspicious, officials doubly watchful. Two deputies and others visit and inspect Versailles—12 miles away—from which Royalty had been brought to Paris by the famished crowd months ago. They find in the King's stable here from seven to eight hundred horses, standing always saddled and bridled, ready for the road at a moment's notice. They also found several royal carriages being loaded with well-stuffed luggage bags. On the same day they witnessed the cavalry police assemble close to Versailles with arms, horses and baggage—and disperse again.

The conclusion come to by the people's representatives is that the Royalists are plotting to get the King away to the frontiers, where Austrian and German troops are ready to march upon France as soon as they have got the French King among

them. These things published in the rabid newspapers deeply accentuate the prevailing suspicion and alarm. The King's aunts make their departure with a military escort, but are stopped at Arnay le duc. The National Assembly is referred to, and under Mirabeau's influence, say, though with some difficulty, the poor old ladies may go. At this, the populace turn out in insurrectionary temper into the streets, and have to be dispersed by the military. They rally and attack the Castle of Vincennes—a sort of second Bastille on a small scale. They are beaten off here. They rush to the Palace, where patrols had told them there was a suspicious number of gentlemen in black, with tickets of entry, hanging about the Palace, with cloaks and leather breeches as if for instant riding. What if they were there to help the King out? The people's grenadiers on guard at the Palace were told to have an eye on them. In an unguarded moment, from the lapelle of one of these gentlemen in black, a handle was seen sticking out. A grenadier clutches the handle, and draws out a dagger or poignard. Are the others so accounted? There are angry parleyings, and gropings, and rummagings, and always as each is searched is found a dirk or sword cane, or some other weapon, which is drawn forth amid the loud scorn of people's military bystanders, and the wearer hurled ignominiously down stairs, and flung out into the palace garden into the arms of the indignant multitude outside. In the hubbub, the King steps forth for one moment, and coldly advises his friends to give up their weapons. The weapons given up form a heap. The Chevaliers, *alias* the gentlemen in black, escape with torn coats and heavy hearts, through the darkness to their dwelling-houses. Which thing getting vent in the papers intensifies the distrust and separation of parties: "suspicion rules all minds; contending parties cannot now

commingle: They stand separated sheer asunder, eyeing one another in most aguish mood, with cold terror or hot rage. . . Journalism shrills ever louder its cry and alarm. The sleepless Dionysius-ear of the 48 Paris sections, how feverishly quick has it grown; convulsing with strange pangs the whole sick body, as in such sleeplessness and sickness, the ear will do."

In the midst of this fire-tempest, Mirabeau sickens; the fierce wear and tear of two such years had wasted his giant strength. He battles with his duties as President of the assembly, notwithstanding the infirmities and wrappages of an invalid. "I am dying," he said to his closest friend: "Dying as by slow fire. When I am gone, they will know what the value of me was. The miseries I have held back will burst from all sides on France." (Please note, gentle reader, this was not prophecy. It was but the noting of current facts. The floodtide was beleaguering the embankment, and he knew if a certain timber were pushed out of its place, the flood would carry all before it. Had he foretold the overthrow of France by Germany about a hundred years afterwards, there would have been something in the nature of prophecy to consider.) On April and, he passes away. There is a low wide moan in France for three days. There is weeping in the National Assembly itself. On the fourth day, there is solemn public funeral such as deceased mortal seldom gets; procession three miles long; mourners reckoned at a hundred thousand; all roofs thronged with onlookers; sadness on every countenance; tears in many eyes; slow-wending in silence, broken only by the roll of muffled drums and long-drawn wail of funeral dirge, the procession moves and marches from five o'clock in the evening till late into night, and the proximate cause-instrument of the French Revolution, is laid to rest.

Mirabeau dead, the National Assembly

finds itself without a head. When difficult questions are asked, all eyes turn mechanically to where Mirabeau sat, and Mirabeau is absent now. But the principal losers by his death are the King and Queen. Before his death, he had said, "I carry in my heart the death-dirge of the French monarchy; the dead remains of it will now be the spoil of the factions." Events realised the presage. Royalty henceforth struggles in blindness and weakness. Had they but fled frankly when he had arranged the opportunity. But it was not to be. They will now try to fly when it is of no use. It has become an open notoriety that they are contemplating it; the Constitutional Clubs invite it; the royalist journals threaten it; the patriot journals denounce it as a terror. They exclaim that if the King fly, there will be an aristocrat Austrian invasion, civic butchery, replacement of feudalism, and wars without limit. The hearts of men are saddened and maddened.

On the 15th of April, it is given out that the King, having suffered much from catarrh lately, will enjoy the spring weather for a few days at St. Cloud—not a great distance from Paris. With that view he will leave the Tuileries on the 18th. About one o'clock that day, the royal carriage, with its eight royal blacks, draws up in state to receive its royal burden. But all men are on the sharp look out. From the neighbouring church, the tocsin sounds. The ding-donging goes all over Paris. Multitudes repair to the front of the Tuileries. The royal carriage is hemmed in and cannot move for strong arms holding it on all sides. Lafayette dashes up and implores the people to stand back. Their Majesties mount. Crack go the whips, but the crowd have seized the bridles of the horses, and there is no headway. The horses rear and rock, the crowd vociferates, Lafayette protests and per-

rates, the people in terror bellow round the royal carriage—"Will royalty fly off towards Austria, like a lit rocket, towards endless conflagration of civil war?" Stop it, ye patriots, in the name of Heaven! Rude voices passionately appeal to the King and Queen. The palace officials pressing forward for help or advice are clutched by the sashes and hurled and whirled, so that Her Majesty has to plead passionately on their behalf from the carriage window. Orders cannot be heard: National Guards know not how to act. The Grenadiers speak rude disobedient words. Lafayette mounts and dismounts, haranguing, panting,—on the verge of despair. He undertakes to open a passage by the cannon's mouth if His Majesty will but give the order: but His Majesty is silent. After seven quarters of an hour of such tumult, their Majesties dismount and retire into the palace with heavy and indignant hearts.

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NEWSPAPERS.

THESSE are quite a modern institution. That they are a source of much benefit to the community is too palpable to be debated. At the same time, it is equally certain that, carried to the excessive development of the present day, and conducted on the populace-pandering principle that characterises the editorial management almost everywhere, they are detrimental to solid intellectual and moral culture. Like all the other institutions of the world—"the present evil world," as Paul calls it)—it requires taking in hand and shaping by the powerful hand of a wise and divine government, such as God has promised to give to mankind at the coming of Christ, before it can yield its full advantage without the accompanying harms of present experience.

It appears the newspaper idea originated with the Italians, in the days of the

Venetian Republic. The first paper was a Venetian one, was written and distributed in manuscript, and appeared only once a month. It was a government publication. The idea was taken up by other governments, and gradually spread. It took deepest root in England, where the first regular newspaper was established. Its existence was due to the national excitements and dangers connected with the Spanish Armada. Elizabeth and her minister, Burleigh, recognised the importance, at that crisis, of preventing the spread of false reports. They accordingly started the *English Mercury*, 1588, the year of the Armada. The paper appeared only intermittently, when there was important information to publish. There are some copies of these old publications in the British Museum. The first is No. 50, and contains articles of news like those appearing in the *London Gazette* of the present day. There is the following item, dated,

Whitehall, 20th July, 1588: "Yesterday, the Scotch ambassador being introduced by Sir Francis Walsingham, had a private audience of her Majesty, to whom he delivered a letter from the King, his master, containing the most cordial assurances of his resolution to adhere to her Majesty's interest, and to those of the Protestant religion. And it may not here be improper to take notice of a wise and spiritual saying of this young prince, he was twenty-two (afterwards James I. of England,—*con. G. O.*), to the Queen's Minister at his court—*viz.*, that all the favour he did expect from the Spaniards was the courtesy of Polypheme of Ulysses, to be the last devoured."

There are advertisements of books in the same paper, which run much like those of the present time.

Newspapers came into more general use 50 years afterwards, during the controversies that led to and attended the

civil war, ending in the Protectorate of Cromwell. The titles under which they were published were a little more crisp than the modern custom. They were all weekly publications. There was the *Truths from York*, the *News from Hull*, the *Warranted Tidings from Ireland*, the *Scots Dove*, the *Parliament Kite*, the *Secret Owl*, the *Weekly Discoverer*, the *Discoverer Stript Naked*, the *Mercurius Britannicus* the *Mercurius Mastix*, *Faithfully Lashing all Scouts*, *Mercuries*, *Posts, spies, and others*, &c., &c. These papers, though devoted to political purposes—soon became a public nuisance by disseminating party malice, and inflaming the minds of men to a pitch of ungovernable fierceness. They developed a formidable host of scribblers who lacked not ability in the enterprises of scurrility.

Prominent among them was Captain Needham, a profligate adventurer of some education, who, in the words of a contemporary historian, "sided with the rout and scum of the people, making them weekly sport, by railing at all that was noble, in his Intelligence called *Mercurius Britannicus*, wherein his endeavours were to sacrifice the fame of some lord, or any person of quality, and of the King himself, to the beast with many heads." He afterwards begged the pardon of Charles I., turned round, and became fiercely Royalist, and galled the Presbyterians with his wit and quips. When the King was gone and the Dissenting Party came to power, Captain Needham turned again, became a virulent Presbyterian, and lashed the Royalists with his old violence. At the restoration, when Charles II. entered London in triumph, the Captain became afraid of his neck and fled the country. He afterwards became a suppliant of the royal clemency and received a pardon, and returned to England only to live in the hatred of all true men.

Another writer of the same period had a different ending, though passing through some vicissitudes. This was Sir John Birkenhead, not inferior to Captain Needham in the use of a powerful and satirical pen. He started the *Mercurius Aulicus*, at the service of the court in the days of Charles I. When the King fell and Cromwell rose to power, Sir John was impoverished by various imprisonments, in the intervals of which, says the historian, "he lived by his wits, in helping young gentlemen out of dead lifts, in making poems, songs and epistles on and to their mistresses; as also in translating and other petite employments." When the royalty came back, he received an official appointment at £3,000 a year, and died in opulence, forgetting and neglecting, however, those who had befriended him in his necessities.

Newspapers began to flourish about the same time in France. A physician at Paris (one Renaudot) became a collector of news to amuse his patients. He found that by this he was more sought after than his more learned brethren. But as seasons were not always sickly, and he had considerable leisure, he began to think he might turn his news-collecting facilities to larger account by publishing a weekly sheet, which might be supplied to his patients and the public as well. For this enterprise he obtained authority in 1632, and laid the foundation of the French press.

The English daily press commenced towards the end of the seventeenth century, in the reign of William and Anne. The first and for a while the only daily paper was called *The Orange Intelligence*. Literary publications, as distinct from newspapers (*e.g.*, the monthly magazines) date from the activity of the English writers, Steel and Addison.

Of the 12 largest cities in the world, three are in Japan.

THE EXECUTIVE FACULTY—ALIAS DESTRUCTIVENESS.

Is Phrenology True?—No. 20.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The brain the seat of the mind (p. 6, vol. i.); 2. The mind a cluster of separate powers (p. 49); 3. The powers in harmonious groups (p. 86); 4. The relation of power to size (p. 127); 5. Development subject to control (p. 167); 6. Action of the body on the brain (p. 207); 7. Influence of constitutional fibre (p. 247); 8. Phrenological bearing of the vital functions (p. 287); 9. Temperamental Development (p. 329); 10. The brain itself, and its subdivisions in man and beast (p. 367); 11. Surgical difficulties considered (p. 407); 12. The organs—amativeness (p. 446); 13. The Conubial element in love (p. 6, vol. ii.); 14. Love of offspring (p. 47); 15. Love of friends (p. 86); 16. Love of fixed habitation (p. 127); 17. The power of application. (p. 167); 18. The love of life (p. 206); 19. The combative instinct (p. 247).

BY first impression we imagine combativeness and destructiveness to be one faculty. If phrenology were the empirical science that it is fashionable in some quarters to regard it, this mistake would certainly have been incorporated in it. Founded on observation and not on theory, the two powers or propensities stand apart, though related in function and adjacent in the positions they occupy in the head. If combativeness is a defective description of the one, destructiveness is certainly a more imperfect description of the other. Executiveness would be a better name, defining its nature and covering all its manifestations. However, destructiveness is rough and ready and graphic.

Destructiveness begins where combativeness leaves off. Large combativeness would be quick to brace up and oppose; but, with small destructiveness, it would stop short of effectual measures.

On the other hand, a person of large destructiveness might be quite timid if combativeness were small, but be liable to quick explosions of executive energy at close quarters. Large destructiveness flashes off its temper and is done with it; large combativeness is more likely to brood and sulk if the obstacle continues. It takes the two in equal development to make a right power. There is then great efficiency if the other powers are in due proportion. The combination will show courage, presence of mind, and prompt measures, with the smooth action of perfect self-government.

Destructiveness is one of the most easily identified of all the organs. It is right over and slightly behind the ear, and when large, with the head generally small, gives the ear a sticking out prominence which is not pleasing in effect. The ear in that case does not lie gracefully on the side of the head as it ought to do, but stands out like two little wings distended, fronting the spectator, as in certain species of bats and owls, and certain orders of quadrupeds (to refer respectfully to a class of animals that no one likes to be compared to in flat language). Where the organ exists in this degree of excess, the possessors have the advantage of a powerful executive energy that bears them through many obstacles and carries them through many diseases, however much it may interfere with the celestial sweetness that every one desires and admires. A large endowment of it is essential in all work that has to do with subduing the earth and replenishing it. Settlers in a new country would be poorly off without a goodly share. The overcoming of all kinds of physical difficulties—the clearing of the forest, the extraction of tree stumps, the laying out of the land, hedging and ditching and draining, the building of habitations, the killing of noxious animals—call for and develop

this useful faculty. If there is not a good endowment of it, people become slothful and supine, and things get stagnant. This is one reason why British stock (which, of course, includes American) is a better conquering power than the Asiatic races, and a better colonising power than French or Portuguese or German. There is a dash and vigour arising from a large endowment of combativeness and destructiveness acting along with enterprise, resulting from more active intellectual and moral faculties accustomed to habits of freedom, independence, and self-help.

Acting purely by itself, destructiveness is nothing but destructiveness. This is seen when all the other faculties are suspended in hypnotic experiment, and destructiveness alone left active. The person has no impulse except to destroy. He will tear every fabric within his reach: break every article, dash on the ground every vessel, pile on the fire everything he can get hold of, and generally behave like a lunatic. It is a terrific element by itself. Yet this terrific impulse of destruction becomes, with due combination, benignity itself in useful service. All nature is a blend and equilibrium of opposing forces. Thus wisdom lies in the right balance. The mental machine is constructed on the principle of self-regulation through enlightenment. In the absence of enlightenment, there is power without government which leads to destruction, whether in man or engine. The first element in the controlling enlightenment is the recognition of law, *ergo*, a law-giver, *i.e.*, God. Therefore "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." If a man fear God, he will obey His commandments, and will thus keep destructiveness and every other impulse in its proper place.

Destructiveness, in proper subordination to all the other faculties, is a motive element of efficiency and beauty. It gives lightness and vigour to all the motions of

the body. It shows itself in a quick step, an arch decisiveness of deportment, and general vivacity of gesture. It forms part of the mechanism of self-preservation. It gives the power to carry out the measures that judgment shows to be necessary: it tunnels mountains, fells trees, demolishes impediments, blasts rocks, and faces the blast. It qualifies to inflict or to endure pain, as in a surgical operation, or to kill creatures that we may eat them. Out of control, it leads to bad temper, revenge, murder, and thirst for blood. Badly managed, it is harsh, violent, stern, and breaks out in an ungovernable rage, in which a smiting tongue becomes its violent but ready servant. Properly managed, it is one of the most useful powers man or woman can have. It gives extraordinary executive ability: it does two days' work in one: it attacks difficulties: pushes away obstacles, and carries out the programme with a high hand: and bears suffering with great fortitude. If the organ is too small, there is an inconvenient want of force in the character. There is not enough energy for the battle of life. If anger is not deep, neither is performance thorough. More is planned or threatened than is ever carried out. If there is a tenderness of heart that some will love, there is an absence of vigour that others will despise.

A medium endowment, under the governance of the other faculties, is the ideal state for this, as for all other organs. In this combination, there is nothing but beauty and blessedness in the action of destructiveness. Unfortunately, it is a combination that is not common in the present evil world. Destructiveness is rather to be seen in its hideous aspects everywhere. The day will come when this will all be changed: when the human race, perfected and immortalised on earth, will exhibit the beauty of a perfect organism

in the joy of a perfect regulation and the beneficence of a perfect and everlasting order of society in which God will be exalted and man blessed. 325

A TEMPEST OF PERSECUTION.

*Christianity since the Ascension of
Christ.—No. 20.*

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—I. Fate of the apostles and their fellow-labourers (p. 8, vol. i.); Persecution in Domitian's reign (Clement) (p. 51); 3. Heresy at the end of the first century (p. 87); BEGINNING OF THE SECOND CENTURY—Pliny's letter (p. 129); 5. Persecutions by Antoninus (Ignatius) (p. 169); 6. Adrian's reign (Jews forbidden the Holy Land) (p. 209); 7. Persecution in the reign of Marcus Aurelius (Justin Martyr and Polycarp) (p. 248); 8. The Persecution continued—Letter of Irenæus (p. 289); 9. Spiritual declension through Alexandrian philosophy (p. 331); 10. CLOSE OF THE SECOND CENTURY (p. 370); 11. Tertullian at Carthage (p. 410); 12. Christianity at Alexandria (Beginning of the third century) (p. 448); 13. Persecution in the third century (p. 8, vol. ii.); 14. Origen's Baneful Influence on Christianity (p. 49); 15. Repose and Declension (p. 88); 16. Persecution and relapse (p. 129); 17. Schism, affliction, and exhortation; 18. Dissension stopped by persecution (p. 208); 19. Peace, prosperity, and decay (p. 249).

THE corruptions of professing Christianity were very great towards the end of the third century. Origenism had undermined its scriptural simplicity and purity; professors lived immoral and scandalous lives. What little of earnestness there was took the form of superstition. The monastic spirit, introduced by one, Anthony, a hermit of Egypt, began to flourish in all its ugliness of self-righteous pride and vain glory; and the genuine gospel, in faith or practice, is not discoverable anywhere so far as the writings of the times are concerned.

Clouds, portending a terrible storm, began to gather towards the close of the

century, and increased in blackness, till they burst in an appalling fury of persecution against the Christian name. This is known as the Diocletian persecution, but was in reality instigated by his associate in the Empire — Galerius. These two men met and spent the winter at Nicomedia in A.D. 302. They loved the Roman idolatry and saw nothing in the Christianity of their times to dispose them to its toleration. Scurrilous writers, like Celsus of the previous century, had sown the seeds of contempt for everything connected with Jesus of Nazareth; while the dissent of professing Christians in the imperial service from the open rites of Paganism was a source of irritation at court. The mother of Galerius was a very zealous Pagan, and she became extremely bitter against her Christian domestics because of their abstention from the Pagan feasts. She communicated her animosities to her son Galerius, who resolved to extirpate the Christian name. He could not enter upon this enterprise, however, without the concurrence of Diocletian, his senior in the purple. He therefore set himself to work to poison his mind against the Christians.

At first, Diocletian revolted against the proposals of Galerius for a wholesale destruction of Christians by bloodshed, but was afterwards spurred on by the artifices of Galerius, who set Diocletian's palace twice on fire, and attributed it to the Christians. On the morning of a particular day in the beginning of 303, an edict appeared on the walls depriving all Christians of all employment, emolument, and honour, and placing them outside the protection of the law; also ordering their destruction by torture if they should retain the Christian name. At the same time the persecution was formally opened by an officer, with a body of soldiers, appearing before the great church of Nicomedia and bursting open the doors.

They ransacked the interior, brought out every copy of the Scriptures they could find, and burnt them. They also rifled the building of every valuable thing, and then proceeded with pickaxes and crowbars to demolish the building. The two emperors looked on from a neighbouring window while the work of destruction went on.

The fell work thus commenced soon spread to all parts of the empire. Diocletian, thoroughly roused by the tearing down of his edict from the walls, and by the outbreak of fire in his own palace, raged against all ranks of men bearing the Christian name. His own Christian servants he ordered to be burnt, and was present when they were put in the flames. He ordered his own wife and daughters to sacrifice, suspecting them of a secret regard for Christianity. Judges were everywhere set to work to compel men to sacrifice. The prisons were soon crowded with accused persons. The work of individual execution was found too tedious. Numbers were burnt together in the fire, and men with stones tied round their necks were thrown in gangs into the sea.

One, Peter, was brought before the emperor and accused of being a Christian. He confessed it was so. He was ordered to be scourged on his bare back, with a severity that brought the flesh off his bones. He was then invited to sacrifice. He refused. Vinegar and salt were then mixed and poured all over his wounds. Still he was inflexible. He was then put on a slow fire and gradually consumed. The leading officials of the palace were understood to sympathise with Peter. They were brought one by one and ordered to sacrifice. On refusing, they were tormented in various ways, and finally strangled. The bishop was brought. His head was cut off. Numbers of his flock suffered with him at the same time.

The same terrible scenes were enacted

wherever the imperial orders were obeyed. Men and women in multitudes were put to death in every province. Eusebius speaks of some he had known in Palestine. He himself saw them lashed with terrible brutality, and then exposed to wild beasts. One of them, a young man, knelt in the arena with his hands upstretched in prayer. The beasts were backward to perform their work. A bull was goaded by the applications of red hot irons to make it do its duty; but instead of advancing to the young man, it turned upon its tormentors and tossed them into the air.

In Egypt, whole families were put to various kinds of death; some by fire, some by water, others by flaying alive and nameless tortures. Some were starved to death; many crucified, some with their heads downward. In Thebais, women were tied by one foot, and suddenly pulled upwards, and left hanging exposed to die. Others were torn asunder, limb by limb, sometimes ten together were murdered in this way, sometimes thirty, sixty, and once a hundred men and women with their little ones were slaughtered together by various horrible methods.

This went on for a number of years, except in France and Britain. There, Constantius, the father of Constantine, ruled, as the representative of the emperors, and he refused to execute their edicts. He pulled down the churches, but would not lay his hands on the persons of the Christians. In all other parts of the Roman empire, the persecution raged with diabolical fury. Executioners became fatigued and weapons blunted; and the frenzy vented itself in every refinement of malignity. Leave was given to the populace in general to do as they willed with the Christians. The consequence was a high revel of cruelty and blood. Ferocious

men went about with clubs, and rods, and thongs, and ropes, persecuting Christians of every age, sex, and condition; amusing themselves by the ingenuity of the torture they inflicted. It was the most sickening spectacle, perhaps, ever witnessed upon the earth. Many died under their tortures. Happy were those who were killed outright. Some after torture were nursed and brought round and healed, to be immediately offered the alternative of offering sacrifice or dying by torture. One city was almost wholly inhabited by Christians. It was set on fire and surrounded by armed men who prevented people from escaping. It was no wonder that we read that many of the unhappy Christians in various parts committed suicide to escape torment. There is particular record of one lady and her two daughters who drowned themselves to escape the brutal lust of the soldiers.

Wearied at length with murder, the authorities gave out that the government was now going to be merciful, and would be content with maiming instead of killing the Christians. The brutal minions of the law then went about breaking legs, plucking out eyes, cutting off ears, and perpetrating other nameless injuries, suffering from which, the victims were then banished to work in the mines as slaves. 327

A WOMAN'S DEFINITION OF WOMAN.—
M^{de}. Necker once compared the conversation and influence of certain women to "light layers of cotton wool in a box packed with porcelain; we do not pay much attention to them, but if they are taken away, everything would be broken."

THE BEST ACTION FOR SLANDER.—
A blacksmith having been slandered was advised to go to a Court of Law for redress. "I shall never sue anybody," he replied, "for slander. I can go into my shop and work out a better character in six months than I could get in a court-house in seven years."

MAN'S STATE AND GOD'S METHOD.

Is there a God?—No. 20.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The reproductive faculty indicative of purpose (p. 14, vol. i.); 2. Every faculty proves the existence of its object, therefore God (p. 56); 3. The origin of the universe (p. 91); 4. The appearance of man upon the scene (p. 133); 5. The inconsistencies of the evolutionist view (p. 174); 6. The existence of sex a proof of God (p. 214); 7. Mechanism of the human frame (p. 251); 8. The construction of the eye (p. 292); 9. The seed of plant and animal (p. 333); 10. Human intelligence itself a proof of God (p. 371); 11. The self-action of the universe (p. 411); 12. The fool's opinion (p. 451); 13. The great universe and small man (p. 10, vol. ii.); 14. Limited Knowledge (p. 51, vol. ii.); 15. Omnipotent control (p. 90); 16. The existence of evil (p. 131); 17. Looking too much at the creature (p. 171); 18. God's Answer (p. 210); 19. Co-ordinate Truth (p. 251).

OUR business this time is to consider those features of Bible revelation which you indicated last month as interfering with your acceptance of the truth.

That is how I understand the programme.

The best plan I think will be to make them the subject of colloquy. I always find we get quicker to the marrow of a difficulty by questioning the man who feels the difficulty, than by any amount of set argument.

If you think so, I have no objection, though I confess it would give me entire pleasure to listen to exposition.

You mentioned the "tribal" aspect of the Divine procedure exhibited in the Bible. By this, I suppose you mean the limitation of the word and work of revelation to the Jewish race?

Yes, and not merely revelation, but redemption itself, as I understand it. The Jews are spoken of as the chosen people,

and all other races as heathen and alien, having nothing to do with the plan of things that God is working out in the earth.

It is true that matters stand in that way. Moses told Israel when he brought them out of Egypt, that God had "chosen them to be a special people unto himself above all people that were upon the face of the earth" (Deut. vii. 6). And God himself says by Amos: "You only have I known of all the families of the earth" (Amos. iii. 2). As concerning other nations, it said: "Thou never barest rule over them; they were not called by thy name" (Is. lxiii. 19). "He hath suffered all nations to walk in their own ways" (Acts xiv. 16).

It is that which staggers me.

Why should it stagger you?

I should have thought that all men would be of equal value to God, and that every race would have received alike of His beneficent attention.

Why should you think so? May not the beginning of your difficulty be in a wrong thought on this point?

It seems to me so much a matter of course. We have all been taught this doctrine from infancy.

What if the doctrine be false?

It would surprise me very much that such a doctrine should be false.

Is it true that all men or any men are of value to God as such? This is the first question to settle. How can we settle it except by God's own declaration? No man can know how things appear to God. God must tell us: He has told us by word and deed. Take the deeds first, as they are louder than words. In the beginning, He sentenced Adam and Eve to death, and drove them out of Eden for their want of submission to His will. In the days of Noah, He destroyed the world's entire population by a flood, because "all flesh had corrupted His way."

In the days of Abraham, for a similar reason, He destroyed the most beautiful part of Palestine by fire, and the inhabitants with it. In the days of Moses, He destroyed the first born of Egypt and drowned an whole Egyptian army in the Red Sea. Shortly afterwards, He sentenced the whole congregation of Israel, His own people, to die in the wilderness for their unbelief and disobedience. For a thousand years, He afflicted them much for their non-conformity with His requirements, and at last fulfilled the terrible threat that He would gather them into the midst of Jerusalem as they gather silver and brass and iron and lead and tin into the midst of the furnace, and would blow upon them in the fire of His wrath until they were melted in the midst of it (Ezek. xxii. 19-21). These dispensations of His judgment shew us of how little value flesh and blood is to Him when out of harmony with Him. Consider now how they harmonize with His declarations: "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field . . . all nations before Him are as nothing: and they are counted to him *less than nothing and vanity*" (Is. xl. 6, 17); "God looked down from heaven upon the children of men to see if there were *any that did understand* that did seek God. *Every one of them is gone back*: they are altogether become filthy. There is none that doeth good, no not one" (Psalm liii, 2); "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii., 23); "The whole world lieth in wickedness" (1 John v. 19); "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" (Ps. viii., 4). If these things are true, is it not a mistake to speak of man's value or importance to God?

Of course, we all understand that man is finite and of little account in comparison with the Eternal; but I don't see

that that disposes of my difficulty, because if mankind in general are of little account, so are Jews, and the question would still remain, "Why did God limit his operations to the Jews?"

If you realise that the human race as a whole is of small importance, one great difficulty will be out of your way, because the question would then be, not "Why did God leave mankind in general without notice?" but "How came He to condescend to have dealings with any part of the race at all?" The difficulty that lurks in your mind is due to the common assumption that man is immortal, and must live either happy or miserably in the state to which it supposed death introduces him. Admit that man is mortal and sinful and ephemeral, and you will find that the difficulty about God working in a limited circle is gone.

I do not quite see that: because, suppose I grant that man is mortal, and that the race is perishing generation after generation like the vegetation that decays season after season, I would have to assume that all wanted saving as much as any part: and why then this tribal limitation?

"Wanted saving": the fallacy would lie there. You have too narrow a view of that phrase. A man who is dead does not "want saving" in the same way as we think of a living person wanting saving who is in any peril. He exists not, and is therefore not the subject of anything he requires to be saved from. It is a question of his reproduction: and this is entirely governed by the other question of God's objects in the case. Will it serve His purpose to bring him back? This depends upon His purpose. He has declared His purpose concerning the earth to be, to fill it at last with His glory, in the sense of peopling it with a race who shall glorify and serve Him in the perfection of a trained submission and an incor-

ruptible nature. It would not be compatible with this purpose to reproduce generations of men who know and obey Him not. Therefore you cannot speak of them "wanting saving": because their reproduction is not wanted either by the fitness of the divine purpose, or by their own desires, which when dead have no existence, and when living have no affinity for the divine service.

I begin to see my notions are somewhat crude.

There wants but another ingredient in the case to banish the tribal difficulty. Concede that God knows His own purpose, and that He knows best how to accomplish it. You can have no difficulty in granting that the course adopted is the best. It is the declaration of the Scriptures that "He worketh all things after the counsel of His own will, none staying His hand, or saying unto Him, 'What doest thou?'" My friend, it must be so. His own question is unanswerable: "With whom took He counsel? Who instructed Him and taught Him the path of judgment, or taught Him knowledge, or showed to Him the way of understanding?"

I must, of course, admit that Eternal Wisdom can have had no teacher. At the same time, I desire to be able to see the wisdom of the eternal ways.

That is legitimate; but the same cannot quite be said of the criticism of the eternal ways. Wherein this criticism is due to ignorance, it must disappear before knowledge. Wherein it is due to incapacity of discernment, it is presumptuous and hopeless, and must be left to itself.

I hope I am not presumptuous.

I am far from suggesting it. Yet I pray you to help yourself by taking the modest attitude of a created being. God has been pleased to select a man and his posterity as the basis and centre of his operations in working out the purpose of His beneficence upon the earth; and it is not for

us to stand apart in grandiloquent remark and surmise (like the wise of this world), as if it were possible for mortal men to improve upon the ways of the Eternal. Our part is to come close to His way and unite with it, and rejoice with, and keep it, so far as it is permitted to man to do so. The very "tribalism" will then be a thing to glory in, instead of to stumble at, as the method by which it has pleased God to proceed in accomplishing his final purpose with the magnificent globe in which we dwell, from whose face the disobedient and presumptuous are destined to disappear as entirely as the extinct animals, while the enlightened and the docile and obedient will live for ever in the full enjoyment of perfect life and well-being.

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HORRORS AND ENORMITIES.

The Persian Empire under the Successors of Cyrus.—No. 20.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Babylon (p. 16, vol. 1); 2. Cyrus (p. 58); 3. Rise of Cyrus as a great general (p. 92); 4. Campaigns of Cyrus (p. 135); 5. The capture of Babylon (p. 175); 6. Cyrus as a conqueror (p. 216); 7. Cyrus and Daniel: reign and death of Cyrus (p. 253); 8. Cambyses, son of Cyrus (p. 294); 9. Darius, successor of Cyrus (p. 335); 10. Beginning of the war with Greece (p. 374); 11. The expedition of Xerxes (p. 413); 12. Failure of the expedition (p. 452); 13. The disasters of Xerxes in Greece (p. 12, vol. ii.); 14. The end of Xerxes and the extraordinary sequel (p. 54); 15. Persian declension and a Greek suicide (p. 92); 16. Persia struggles to retain ascendancy (p. 134); 17. Persian disintegration; 18. Greek prowess and Persian bribery (p. 213); 19. Civil war and family assassinations (p. 253).

THE successor of Artaxerxes Mnemon on the throne of the Persian Empire, was his son Ochus, who sent his father to the grave with a broken heart, by murdering all his brothers that he might have no rivals. This act brought

on him such infamy and hatred, that he found it necessary to strengthen his position by further acts of violence. The empire was soon filled with his murders. The princes and princesses of the blood, who were scattered in various positions of authority in the provinces, he caused to be put to death, every one of them, without distinction of age, that he might remove all pretext of setting some other of the royal family on the throne, and so rid himself of all trouble. He caused his own sister, Ocha, to be buried alive. He obtained possession of one of his uncles, who was in high repute among the Persians, and all his sons and grandsons, and shut them up in a court of the palace, from the windows of which he ordered them to be shot to death with arrows. He treated with the same barbarity all throughout his empire all who had given him any umbrage, sparing none of the nobility whom he suspected of the least aversion.

The natural effect of these enormities became apparent in the revolt of Artabazus, governor of one of the Asiatic provinces. This governor engaged a body of Greeks to help him against the king. The king quickly got together an army of 70,000 men, and sent them against Artabazus. This army Artabazus defeated. Two other armies sent against Artabazus were likewise defeated. The king of Persia then sent to Greece, which was at war with certain foes, but at peace with Persia, to threaten them that if they did not withdraw the Greek troops that were assisting Artabazus, he (the Persian King) would join the enemies of Greece. This had the effect of causing the Greeks to withdraw, and as, without their aid, Artabazus could not make headway against the King, he fled and took refuge with Philip of Macedon (father of Alexander the Great).

The revolt against the inhuman monarch

then collapsed, and he then turned his whole attention to Egypt to try and recover that country which had successfully revolted from his father. While preparing an expedition, news came of the revolt of Phenicia, the Palestinian sea board, headed by Sidon, which at that time was a populous and wealthy and powerful city. Egypt was delighted at this revolt, and sent a body of troops to help the Phenician insurgents. Twicethey met and defeated the Persian forces; but at the last they were overthrown by treachery. The commander of the Greek troops at Sidon, hearing of the approach of a Persian army of 300,000 men under Ochus, was staggered at the magnitude of the danger, and began to think of measures for his own preservation. His name was Mentor. He privately sent to Ochus, and offered, on condition of being taken into the King's service, to deliver up Sidon, and to help him in Egypt as well. Ochus was well pleased with the proposal, and entered into arrangements with the treacherous captain. The King of Sidon also lent himself to the treason. The inhabitants and garrison of Sidon, strong and elated with their success hitherto against the Persians, were in no mood to enter into any idea of surrender. Consequently, the King and Captain kept them in the dark and stealthily admitted the Persian troops at an unguarded hour. When the Sidonians saw that the Persians were masters of their city, and there was no possibility of escape by sea or land, they shut themselves up in their houses and set them on fire. The city was soon in a blaze, and close on 100,000 persons perished miserably in the flames. Gold and silver had been plentiful with the inhabitants. The fire melted the gold and silver, and the molten metal ran among the burning ruins. When the fire had spent itself, Ochus sold the cinders for a considerable sum of money. When Ochus got possession of the King of Sidon,

he came to the conclusion he would be rather an inconvenient companion at court and caused him to be put to death. The Greek captain, Mentor, he promoted, and found him useful in the reduction of Egypt, to which he now proceeded—the rest of Phenicia easily submitting after the destruction of Sidon (in which the terrible predictions of the prophets were fulfilled).

The invasion of Egypt was a success. The King of Egypt—Nectanebus—fled on the overthrow of his forces, and was never heard of more. He left no successor. He was the last King of the Egyptian race that reigned over Egypt (B.C. 360), since which time, Egypt has always been under the yoke of the foreigner, as foretold by Ezekiel (xxix. 14, 15).

Ochus having conquered Egypt, dismantled the cities, pillaged the temples, and returned in triumph to Babylon, with an immense booty of the precious metals. It is written, "The triumphing of the wicked is short." So it proved in this case. Ochus abandoned himself to luxurious ease, and rendered himself so hateful to his dependents that his own eunuch, Bagoas, poisoned him. The cause of his death was not immediately known: and a state funeral took place—not, however, of the body of Ochus. Bagoas abstracted the body of the King from the royal coffin, and put another corpse in its place, which was interred with royal pomp. After the funeral Bagoas cut up the King's body in small pieces, and fed cats with them till all was consumed. Of his bones he had handles made for knives and swords, in memory of Ochus's cruelties.

The principal cause of this strange freak of Bagoas was the behaviour of Ochus in Egypt. Bagoas was an Egyptian, and retained a love for his country and religion. The brutal treatment of both by Ochus disgusted and outraged his feelings.

Ochus not only rifled the temples of their treasures, but poured public contempt on their religion by killing the sacred bull, Apis, and making his cooks dress it, and serve it up to the officers of his household. In revenge Bagoas made cats eat the dead body of his master.

CELESTIAL VISITORS.

Out of Doors at Night. —No. 20.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Greatness of the starry universe (p. 19, vol. i.); 2. The earth a globe (p. 60); 3. Objections considered (p. 94); 4. The earth turning and travelling (p. 137); 5. The moon (p. 177); 6. Aspects of the moon (p. 218); 7. In the moon (p. 256); 8. The starry host: the planets: Mercury (p. 297); 9. Nearest the sun (p. 338); 10. Venus, the morning and evening star (p. 376); 11. Mars, the ruddy planet (p. 416); 12. The asteroids, the little planets of the solar system (p. 454); 13. The giant of the solar system (p. 14, vol. 2); 14. Our giant brother Jupiter (p. 55); 15. Jupiter and the shape of the earth (p. 94); 16. The splendid planet (p. 136); 17. A newly-discovered planet (p. 175); 18. The outpost of the solar system (p. 215); 19. The Lord of the Solar System (p. 255.)

HERE have been celestial visitors to the earth which it does not come within the scope of these articles to notice—visitors whose visits have, unhappily for man, compelled him to describe them as "few and far between," but which are destined in the purpose of God to become as visible and frequent as those of the visitors of the astronomical system. It might seem as if there was nothing more to say of the solar system, after passing in review, as we have done, the moon, mercury, Venus, Mars, the Asteroids, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and the great sun himself. These certainly form the pillar members of the system; but there

are other objects and bodies in the system that challenge attention, and in some cases excite extreme wonder. In relation to the earth, they are of the nature of visitors. In relation to the solar system as a whole, they appear to be integral portions of that system.

First of all, there are what are well-known as shooting stars. Everybody has seen these at one time or other. Suddenly, a bright body, apparently like a star, will dart across the heavens, in a bright star-light night, and disappear, leaving a trail of brightness for a second or two in the sky. At certain regularly recurring seasons, much more is to be seen than this. The sky at such times is filled with shooting stars.

We have all heard of the meteoric showers which occur in November. If the night is fine, and you are on the watch for the right hour, you will see the sky filled with little wriggling points, like a multitude of small fishes in an over-stocked river. What they are has been settled by the examination of some of them that have fallen to the earth. A number of them are to be seen in the British Museum, of different sizes, one at least reaching to a weight of three tons. They are masses of stony metal. When they light from the sky, they are hot. They are fragments of matter that wander through space, and when they rush into our atmosphere they become so hot with the contact, that they burn, and most of them are burnt away to nothing before they reach the ground. A few of the large ones land before they are consumed, and are in a red hot state. This was the origin of the so-called "image that fell down from Jupiter" spoken of by the Town Clerk at Ephesus in the speech reported in Acts xix. A mass of meteoric matter, roughly in the shape of a man, fell in the neighbourhood of the city, and became an object of worship.

When we speak of these fragments wandering through space, we must not suppose they do so by caprice. They are subject to some law, and perform some office in the regulation of the solar system could we but know it. The meteoric showers that occur twice a year are due to the earth passing through a belt of them that revolves round the sun at about the same distance from the earth, but on a different plane. The plane of the earth, and the plane of the meteoric ring, intersect at two points. It is a curious fact that the meteoric ring not only goes round the sun almost in the earth's path, and at about the same distance, but it goes round in the opposite direction from the motion of the earth. The same is true of that other, and much more mysterious, class of visitors—the comets. They go round the sun in an opposite direction to the planets. Why they should do so has not been discovered, but there is much more that is mysterious about them than this.

The mystery is that they should be drawn round the sun at all. They are of such an extremely light and airy substance that it is difficult to imagine gravitation having any hold upon them at all. They are lighter and thinner than the airiest vapour that ever floats upon a summer sky. This is shown by the fact that the stars are visible through comet tails that measure many thousands of miles through. Sir John Herschell watched Biela's comet pass over a star cluster. The cluster consisted of stars so remote that they could only be seen through a powerful telescope. The very faintest haze would have been sufficient to hide the whole cluster; yet the minutest star of the group was distinctly seen to twinkle right through the mass of the comet. A mass of cloud a few hundred feet thick is sufficient to hide, not only the stars, but the great sun himself. Yet here was a mass of comet substance, very many thousands of

miles in thickness, through which the faintest stars were seen. It is not possible for the mind to conceive the thinness or tenuity of such a body. Even the head or nucleus of the comet from which the tail is spread out is so thin that bodies behind can be seen through. Yet this body, as near next to nothing as any substance can be, is rushing through space at a speed far exceeding that of the most rapidly rolling planet, and displaying a glorious light seen by the inhabitants of the earth many millions of miles away.

That gravitation should affect them at all is a marvel. The next marvel is that being attracted by the sun, they are not drawn into the sun. They rush towards him, and turn sharp round behind him, and then rush away from him in the direction from which they came. What prevents them being drawn into the sun? and what kind of inner force or propulsion is it that sends them careering away from him to many hundreds of times the distance at which they turn round the sun on the other side? There is some other force than gravitation at work evidently. Their journey round the sun is not a jog trot circle as in the case of the planets. It is not even an ellipse (or circle with one side larger than the other), it is what the technical mathematicians call a parabola, which is as near as possible a line of motion the shape of a hen's egg, with the focus, or turning point of the motion, at one end of the egg shape. All of them travel in this eccentric way—coming to the sun, and going round behind him and then dashing off a long journey back the way they came. Some of them take a prodigious flight. Halley's comet takes 76 years to complete his journey. Encke's comet only takes three years; and there are all sorts between. They differ in shape and brightness and in length of journey. A splendid comet appeared suddenly in 1843, and was so brilliant that it

could be seen during full daylight. It was also remarkable for great speed of flight and for the nearness of its approach to the sun. It went so near that it must have been subjected a heat sufficient to dispel into vapour the most infusible substances known on earth (such as agate or cornelian). Yet the comet with its light substance was unaffected, and after turning round the sun quite close to it, went on its way into the cold regions of space. Donati's comet, visible for several months during 1858, was the most magnificent comet of modern times.

It is impossible to ascertain, or even to conjecture, the part performed by the comets in the economy of the universe. It is impossible not to suppose that they contribute a vital condition to the right working and stability of the system in some way not visible. Enlightened speculation is tempted to indulge in airier flight. Is it possible that such magnificent express trains of celestial light have no other function than merely to rectify the mechanics of the solar system? If the planets are inhabited, who shall say there is no life on these fire-chariots of the heavens? May they not be peopled by sons of light and power, with a nature rarified and adapted to conditions unsuitable for earth life? There is an infinite ocean of discovery awaiting those who may be permitted to enter the immortal "ages to come," promised and pledged in Christ, which (as astronomers forget to remember), is as much a reality as Venus and Mars or the Milky Way. 335

THE WAY TO PLUNDER AN ENEMY.—One of the ancients was once told that he had a fair opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy. He might, in fact, plunder him without danger of reprisals. "I will not do that," said he: "there is one thing I would like to plunder him of, and that is, his ill-will."

THE SPEECHES OF MOSES.

Is the Bible True?—No. 19.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. A moot question with "yes" waiting (p. 18, vol. i.); 2. The Bible's own testimony: why should it be questioned? (p. 97); 3. Its historic backbone (p. 139); 4. Taking its history to pieces: Abraham (p. 179); 5. Truth necessitated by the nature of its narrative: Joseph (p. 219); 6. Ditto in the case of Moses: the exodus (p. 258); 7. The journey in the wilderness (p. 299); 8. Israel's chronic mutinies (p. 340); 9. What the record of the murmurings proves (p. 378); 10. The want of food in the wilderness; the manna supply (p. 418); 11. Failure of the water supply: the sin of Moses (p. 456); 12. The worship of the golden calf (p. 16, vol. ii.); 13. Struck dead on the spot (p. 58); 14. A doomed generation (p. 96); 15. Envy at headquarters (p. 138); 16. Wholesale revolt (p. 177); 17. Distressed leader and plagued people (p. 217); 18. Balaam's journey (p. 257).

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I hope I am not boring you. The matter is old, but not stale. It is extensive but not bewildering. It is antique, yet ever pressing in its modern significances. How much that is momentous depends upon it. I invite you to take the problem of the Bible's truth in hand as the most important that can engage the human intellect; and to persevere with it till you arrive at a definite solution one way or other. It is one that will become clearer and easier to you the longer you apply your mind to it. There is nothing will convince you so much as the study of the Bible itself.

If there is one thing in the Bible that cannot be brought into the category of fictitious writing, or forged writing, or idle writing, or legendary writing, or false writing, it is the speeches of Moses. There has been much employment and learned ingenuity to try and make out that Moses did not write them, but that

they were produced at a very late age after him. Learned ingenuity on this side has naturally great weight with most people who do not study the matter for themselves. Ladies and gentlemen, there is every reason for asking you to dismiss this learned ingenuity entirely from your minds; for there is quite as much learnedness on the side of the Mosaic authorship as there is against, and therefore as far as that goes it is a drawn battle. It was not without good grounds that Mr. Gladstone the other day, in a published letter, advised his correspondent to reserve his judgment on the so-called "higher criticism" till it had spoken its last word.

Ladies and gentlemen, read the speeches. Read the book of Deuteronomy. I submit that the mere reading of this book in a deliberate and attentive way is calculated to impress you with the conviction, that the only rational explanation of the existence of such speeches is the fact that they were by Moses, and recorded by him, as Christ bears record (John v. 46; Luke xxiv. 44). I submit, in the exercise of a calm judgment, it is impossible to conceive of a literary concocter of any kind whatever writing such things. Try the experiment, ladies and gentlemen. You have got your Bibles. Turn to Deuteronomy. Some one wrote it, and wrote for a reason. Can you imagine any class of writer, except a writer of truth, and writing for truth's sake, penning such a passage as this, as part of a speech addressed by Moses to his own people on emerging from the wilderness upon the borders of the land of promise? "Hear, O Israel, Thou art to pass over Jordan this day, to go in to possess nations greater and mightier than thyself, cities great and fenced up to heaven. . . . Understand, therefore, that the Lord Thy God giveth thee *not* this good land to possess it *for thy righteousness*; for thou art a stiff-necked people. Remember and forget

not how thou provokest the Lord thy God to wrath in the wilderness. From the day that thou didst depart out of the land of Egypt, until ye came unto this place, ye have been rebellious against the Lord also in Horeb, ye provoked the Lord to wrath so that the Lord was angry with you to have destroy you . . . and at Taberah, and at Massah, and at Kibroth-hattaavah, ye provoked the Lord to wrath. Likewise, when the Lord sent you from Kadesh Barnea, saying, Go up and possess the land which I have given you, then ye rebelled against the commandment of the Lord your God, and ye believed him not, nor hearkened to his voice. Ye have been rebellious against the Lord from the day that I knew you" (ix. 1, 6, 8, 22, 24).

If Moses did not say these things, it is impossible to imagine any writer representing him as saying them. Some things a fictitious writer *might* represent Moses as saying, such as that they were a credit to their ancestors, and that they had bravely borne all the fatigues of the way, and had set a pattern to posterity in their docile submission to the law of God, given by his hand, but *could* you imagine him inventing and putting into the mouth of Moses statements like these—so altogether offensive to the national credit, and to the feelings that would naturally inspire a fictitious writer, writing to produce some pleasing effect or other? You cannot account for the writing and preservation of such disagreeable statements in Israel's national literature, except on the supposition that Moses really uttered them, and if he uttered them they are true, for he could have no other object in uttering them—except that they were true—could he? If you think he could have some other motive, try and imagine what his motive could be. You will fail. And if these statements were true (that Israel had been rebellious against the Lord from the beginning of their journey out of

Egypt), then consider what follows, that God was with them in their coming out, and guiding and directing them in all their way.

You will find that this feature is a very common one throughout the whole of these sublime addresses. I have cited one passage only as a sample of the rest. If you will only think it out thoroughly, you will find this one point of itself is an irresistible proof of the genuineness and truth of the writings of Moses. It is very easy for elegant criticism to launch plausible suggestions: they all run clear of the real facts. It is like an enemy in a balloon, looking down upon a fortress, and capturing it in imagination. He will find it different work if he come down to *terra-firma*. The practical facts of the case, treated in a common-sense way, are invulnerable to attack from either earth or air. The existence of the stories as stories, and the speeches as speeches, is unaccountable on any supposition that denies the actual historic occurrence of the things done and said.

If this is the case with the merely uncomplimentary features of the speeches of Moses, consider how much stronger is the argument arising from the judicial and prophetic elements of these speeches of Moses. It is not only that Moses delivers such a splendid law (the true splendour of which can only be adequately appreciated in our day when looked at against the background of barbaric heathenism, Egyptian and Chaldean, of the age that saw its birth), but he takes a position with regard to the result of the obedience or disobedience of that law, that is absolutely inconceivable and inexplicable on the supposition of the law being his own, as ordinary laws are the authorship of human law-givers: "It shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all His commandments and His statutes which I

command thee this day, that *all these curses shall come upon thee* and overtake thee: cursed shalt thou be in the city: and cursed shalt thou be in the field: cursed shall be thy basket and thy store. Cursed shall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy land, and the increase of thy sheep. Cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and cursed shalt thou be when thou goest out. The Lord shall send upon thee curses, vexation, and rebuke in all that thou settest thine hand to: pestilence shall cleave unto thee: the rain of thy land shall become powder and dust, &c." What human law ever enacted penalties like these? They are all beyond human control. Moses could not carry them out. How are we to understand him threatening such consequences? If God sent Moses and gave the law through him, it is all plain. If Moses contrived the law out of his own head, how came he to attach penalties that no man could inflict? Consider this problem, ladies and gentlemen. You will find it insoluble, except in one way.

But the strongest point is to come: The consequence of disobedience was not only to be trouble in the land: it would go further: it would end in conquest by their enemies, and dispersion among all nations: "The Lord shall cause thee to be smitten before thine enemies: thou shalt go out one way against them, and flee seven ways before them, and *shalt be removed into all the kingdoms of the earth*. Thou shalt grope at noonday as the blind grope in darkness, and thou shalt not prosper in thy ways, and thou shalt be only oppressed and spoiled evermore, and no man shall save thee. . . . The Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other . . . and among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest, but the Lord shall give thee there a trembling

heart and failing of eyes and sorrow of mind, &c." (Deut. xxviii. 15-20, 25, 64, 65).

Now, ladies and gentlemen, seriously face this fact: Israel has been disobedient to the law of Moses, and *these humanly-uncontrollable curses have all been experienced by them down to this very day*. They suffered many evils through physical derangements affecting their land; they were invaded and subdued by hostile nations, and for ages the people brought out of Egypt by Moses have been scattered among all people, and "among these nations they find no ease," but are "only oppressed and spoiled evermore." Here is an actual proof before our eyes of the truth of the super-human penalties attached to the law of Moses. They have come to pass exactly as specified. How can you account for this if Moses contrived the law out of his own head? The supposition is utterly inadmissible. Moses disavows the authorship of the law (Num. xvi. 28). Had he been the author, it would have been both human nature and simple honesty for him to have claimed the authorship. Shall you stultify reason by contradicting him and attributing to him an impossibility in order that you may get away from that self-evident divinity of the performance which is its only true value?

EARN money before you spend it.

MARK TWAIN says: "I am different from Washington. I have a higher and grander standard of principle. Washington couldn't lie. I can lie, but I won't."

AMONG the competitors for the darning prize lately offered at the Georgia State Fair, U.S., one lady presented a stocking so neatly mended that the judges could not find the mark of a needle about the darned thing.—*American Paper*.

OUR "AT HOME."

NOTES BY A ROVING CORRESPONDENT AND
OCCASIONAL VISITOR.

Evenings in January, 1892.

LANGUAGE.

I HAD never thought until lately that the language of nations affects national character. I could understand that climate should have a modifying power, but that the mere sound of the human voice in its inflection should in any way influence the mind of countries never occurred to me. But the suggestion seems to have something in it.

A writer on "The Influence of Language on Nations" says that he knows a lady who speaks French and English with equal fluency, who is ill-mannered and brusque when conversing in English, but who becomes quite tolerable when expressing her thoughts in French. A gentleman linguist expresses a similar opinion. He says that speaking German always makes him feel quiet. When one comes to think of speech in a limited and personal sense, the choice of words and manner of speaking have a wonderful influence on one's feelings, whether they proceed from our own lips or from those of others. The same ideas differently expressed give to our impulse different shades of colour, and we instinctively get into touch with the manner as well as with the sentiment. There is as much difference between the mental effect of a coarse manner and the easy flow of the elocutionist as there is between the rumbling dray on a newly macadamised road and the splash of the boatman's oar. I am sure I have often felt moulded for the time being by the *manner* of other people as well as by my own handling of a subject. No doubt phrenology would say that this comes of action

and interaction between the varied faculties of the brain; that mind guides words, and words react on mind. Quite so, and for that very reason, we should be careful to accustom ourselves to a pleasant manner, so that language of good style may find its reflection in the mind.

Have you not often felt in a mood very different from your style of conversation? And yet to some extent it was impossible not to adapt yourself to your manner at the moment of utterance. It strikes me as being a very easy and interesting mode of self-culture to accustom ourselves to a form of speaking that enhances the quality of character.

"A COOLING CINDER."

There is something very ridiculous in the idea that the design of the earth and the end of its purpose is to be a platform for the mutual throttling and strangling of endless generations of human animals. We see a beautiful world come into existence as the result of wisdom and power far surpassing human comprehension. Geology says that time incalculable has been used to get it into a state suitable to the needs of intelligence; that the globe has come through many throes during its passage from nebulæ to solidity. Man is placed upon the scene at a certain advanced period of its progress, and finds far-reaching activities in endless interplay. He sees beauty of form, adaptability to joy, variety of use, harmonious influences everywhere, all inviting an intellectual responsiveness. In the face of all this, we are asked to believe that the earth is a cooling cinder; that it has reached the goal of its purpose; that it has no other future than death; and that its freight of human beings are resolvable to immortal souls for mansions in the skies.

What a heathenish want of reason to credit such a thing! (Hear, hear.) Does the earth deserve no higher recompense

for the wisdom of its contrivance than to be a mere camping ground for travellers? Would such an end be commensurate with the wisdom that called into being a globe with possibilities far beyond the needs of mortal life? Man cannot exhaust nature's store. He has only just begun to recognize them, and is now feeling his inability to understand and enjoy the resources of his surroundings. The earth is hugely overweighted with capacity if mortal man is its final triumph. (Ah, but it is not so.) The appointments of our planet merit an intelligence beyond the power of man. If all the incessant activity and interchange of vital force, all the complex operations of nature, and all the exuberance of potential gladness, finish their purpose with mortal man, then God's handiwork must be to him a vanity and vexation of spirit. What purposeless activity! What object can there be in the expenditure of so much labour and wisdom for beings who are unable to reciprocate a millionth part, and who can only possess the smallest fraction of its joy-laden treasures? Every atom of the globe is possessed of power far in excess of the needs of a population whose human space is three score years and ten. Whichever way you look, you cannot fail to see that it is qualified for higher and more lasting life. The earth bespeaks an immortal population in touch with the arranging hand of the Creator, who in responsive wisdom will applaud his skill and love.

OVERWEIGHTED MAN.

And what of man? Look at him with his heart longings, his reason, awe, sense of beauty, hope, joy, enquiries into the secrets of nature, his craving for a life that nothing within mortal ken will satisfy. He sees himself surrounded with blessings which he courts but cannot grasp. Are his cravings never to be satisfied? Are his noble faculties never to be loosed

from their penal moorings? Has man been gifted with aspirations and affinities to earth's treasures merely that he may strain after them? Then he too is hugely overweighted with mental gifts, and every other form of life is better off than he; for birds, beasts and fish are furnished with just so much desire as present life will satisfy. It does not at all remove the difficulty to say that man's immortal soul, hurrying to realms beyond the sky, is the solution of the problem, because the question refers to the cohesion there is between earth and man, their mutual adaptability, and their present imperfect relation.

WANTED, A BREATHING TIME.

Are we really to be made to fly? The rumours of aerial flight are quite too much for the folks who lived when coaches and candles held their own; and in exasperation, they suggest that the inventor should be treated as a common enemy, and bound over to keep the peace for a generation, that the world may have breathing time to get used to things as they are. I don't wonder at their feeling as they do, for no sooner has the world resolved itself into an apparatus for catching trains than somebody threatens us with wings, or something equivalent, and expects us to etherealise ourselves to order, as if our poor nerves were not sufficiently shattered by the constant strain of squeezing two lifetimes into one at the behest of railways. Of course, there a few who never will quite succeed in performing this feat. You may know them by the way they catch a train: they always appear to be in pursuit of a fugitive enemy whose sole intention is to avoid capture. If you notice, they all look as if they had escaped from a vapour bath at the peril of their lives. Poor souls! They live in trying times.

Then again, there is the lighting question. Candles were once sufficient for all

purposes, but when gas was introduced, everyone worked himself into a frenzy of delight over it, and now, just when the mind has accommodated itself to a settled appreciation, and we have all had it laid on, we are told, in effect, that no one up to date prefers gas, now that electricity has appeared on the horizon.

There really is no resting place for any sort of satisfaction. Until recently we were full of contented delight to be able to communicate with our friends by telegram; now we have got to have conversation "laid on" by telephone, along with the underground mains. The old folks, who remember the arrival of the one weekly newspaper, and the foaming horses that conveyed it with the Royal Mail, go to sleep with anxious misgivings as to where the world will be when they awake; and the young folks, who have dropped in among the "patents" and "newest improvements," see no good in anything, because everything could be improved. Perhaps when people have done improving things, somebody will improve the people (tremendous cheers.).

ON THE MATTER OF WINGS.

But to come to real earnest on the matter of wings, I think the pleasures of flying would be simply delicious to those who love to linger on the beauties of a landscape, and who are proof against airsickness. I have been reading some balloon experiences, which make one feel that nerves and balloons do not perfectly accord, but that wings are just the one thing left to be desired to make travel a perfect delight. Here are a few extracts from a *New York Herald* correspondent, who, with five other travellers, went up from Chelsea in the "Spencer" War Balloon, one afternoon in July about five o'clock. The balloon was brought to earth in Hertfordshire about eight o'clock the same evening:—

London from a Balloon.

"The balloon rose a thousand feet in thirty seconds, and in two minutes was floating eastward in a matter-of-fact way at an altitude of 3,000 feet. The air became nipping. On the surface the temperature had been 80deg. The balloon continued to rise until it attained a height of 5,000 feet or almost a mile. At that height the temperature was 62deg.: 2,000 feet lower it had been 8deg. colder. From a height of a mile the Thames looked like a glistening serpent, but possessed of more coils than the worse-tempered python in the world. Hyde Park, through a silvery mist, looked lovelier even than if viewed from the back of a thoroughbred. The outlying suburbs begot a phantom guise. The great city was encircled in a shining haze. Had it been hidden its presence would have been made known by the dull roar that was distinctly audible. Many atoms in this roar were also distinguishable. The rattle of the railway train, the shriek of the locomotive, the whistle of the Thames steamer, and once the sound of a hammer striking on an anvil, were wonderfully little dulled by distance. The ear as much the eye told the story of London's magnitude and greatness. From a height of 5,100 feet St. Paul's looked ridiculously small—like a toy building. Only the largest buildings seemed to stand out from the surface. The steamers on the river looked like toys. The river itself looked as if it might be crossed in a hop skip and a jump. The bridges seemed none too large nor too heavy for an able man to pick up and walk off with.

"At a height of 5,200 feet, the balloon was roofed in by a dome of blue, edged with rifts of snowy white. Below were heavier banks of white, shot with grey; below these was a belt of smoke and mist. In the dome of blue was set a diamond that blazed with a splendour incomparable. The earth was looking

entirely two far away to be available. . . . Immediately afterwards, the Crystal Palace looked like a small piece of shining glass.

. . . The travellers asked at this point—the balloon was a mile high—if it was possible to hit the balloon with a rifle bullet? August Spencer said it was not. Was it possible to hit the earth from the balloon? All the passengers said it was. Curiously enough—to the unsophisticated at least—the air was much warmer at a height of 5,000 feet than at 3,000 feet. At the former height the heat of the sun was at times almost fierce. Twice during the voyage the great balloon was reflected in the mists that at times surrounded it.

“At 6-10, the balloon was floating lazily over Epping Forest, and a lovelier scene or one more suggestive of peace and plenty than the forest and its environs made, when looked upon from a height of 2,000 feet, cannot be imagined. Woodford, too, looked lovely in its dress of vivid green, the brooks that murmur through it resembling broad threads of silver in the rays of the setting sun. For fifteen minutes the balloon remained steady at a height of 3,000 feet. The atmosphere was cool and bracing; the air was almost lifeless. The sun's face was too strong for the mist that almost hid the land, as a chime of bells was too strong for the distance and made themselves plainly heard. At a height of 4,900 feet the air grew very cold, and the balloon floated in a sea of luminous mist. The edge of this sea was bounded by low banks of satin-white clouds that reminded some of the voyages of a rock-bound and foam-covered coast in the arctic region.

“At 6-45 the altitude was 5,900 feet, the temperature 50; the appetites voracious. In a few minutes an altitude of 6,000 was reached. The earth almost disappeared from view, and the balloon seemed to be floating in an immense snow-covered valley, this valley, fringed by snow-tipped

mountains, the valley, the sides of the mountains, and their summits, glorified by the beams of a blazing sun.”

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

By the law of association we often find that the observations of others instinctively recall some of our own latent impressions which fly out from their roosting-perch and crow a sympathetic cock-a-doodle-do. We are only chanticleers, you know, with more or less versatility of expression.

In our native state, each is only the reflex of the other. When reading of ballooning and the bird's-eye view of places, I am reminded of some of my own moralisings on bird's-eye views of men.

I dare say most people feel when watching the peregrinations of fellow mortals from some good altitude how utterly insignificant everybody is; they are so entirely alike that I could laugh outright at their gigantic social barriers and fine distinctions of caste. I do not mean to deprecate social barriers, but it is well to esteem them for what they are worth and no more. Man should wisely adopt rules of conduct for mutual well-being that will enable the world to steer clear of each other, and prevent conflicting interests from becoming open war. We know that in this achievement, we are nearly up to the level of the busy bee and toiling ant, and, probably, with many other humble forms of life who elect to live with due regard to common rights and privileges. The only difference is that they live up to their programme better than we do. I wonder if their organization has in any way been the impelling motive of Socialists to imitate them. I have never heard that the communistic peace of ant life is included in the socialist propaganda as an instance of the bliss of equality and fraternity. I would rather incline to think (in the absence of information on the

point) that the germ of socialism was first implanted in some panting breast after an ascent to some watch tower. From such a goal, the human race looks very humble, and gives precisely the same impression of aimless activity that appears to animate a disturbed ants' nest.

I know if I were anxious to swell the Social Democratic Federation, or whatever these leagues are called, I would organize trips to the top of—say St. Paul's—to take observations of human life. Viewed

from aloft, poor human beings look very like themselves, with their sole inherited right to "move on."

I feel on such occasions that there is really nothing in man to warrant self-importance, he seems such a grasshopper or street hopper; that it is the Creator alone who is worthy of adoration, and that a neighbourly consideration all round is the divine interpretation of our relation to each other.—("Splendid.")

IN OPEN CONFERENCE WITH READERS.

*** In this Department, the questions and criticisms of correspondents will be attended to on all kinds of topics. Correspondents will oblige by writing "Open Conference" at the head of their communications.*

217. **The use of Apples.**—(G.C.)—If the virtues of the apple were more generally understood, they would be more commonly used. They are both hygienic and dietetic. In France and Germany, they are more ingeniously used than in England. We may give some recipes for the domestic use of apples by and bye.

218. **"All-heal."**—*I have heard of an all-heal plant: Can you tell anything about it?* (M.S.A.)—It is a plant with small red flowers in clusters round the stock, and long hairy leaves. It grows in moist lands and by the sides of rivers and lakes. It is said that the leaves of the plant, fresh-plucked and bruised, will stop bleeding when bound over a wound.

219. **"Convalescent."**—*"When is a patient considered convalescent? The point arose the other day in conversation with a friend who said a certain acquaintance was not quite convalescent though greatly improved. I imagined a person greatly improved was convalescent."* (S.J.R.)—It is a question of degree. As a Latin

derivative, convalescent literally means "together well," that is, all parts simultaneously well. By usage, the term would apply to a state of recovery, and not to partial improvement; and it would only apply where the improvement is permanent, and it would cease to apply after a short time. It is one of those things in which a hard and fast line cannot be drawn.

220. **All-spice.**—*"What is all-spice? I see it recommended sometimes in recipes for cookery. I was under the idea that it was a kind of confection artificially made; but I judge from something I have seen that it must be a fruit of some kind."* (R.D.W.)—All-spice is the berry of a species of myrtle tree in the West Indies. It is called all-spice from combining the flavour of cinnamon, nutmegs, and cloves. Its oil or essence is used in flavouring wine, gravy, or made dishes.

221. **Seven in the Life of Man.**—*"I have heard that the life of man is governed by the law of seven in some way.*

Can you throw any light on the idea?— (M.S.)—The teeth are renewed at seven years of age; puberty arrives at twice seven; full stature at three times seven; full growth at four times seven; the greatest vigour at five times seven. Decay commences at six times seven; sensible decrease of energy at seven times seven; old age begins at eight times seven; has made manifest progress at nine times seven; finale at ten times seven. Beyond that, "labour and sorrow."

222. **Doughnuts.**—*"What are doughnuts? I have heard of them from America; and they are said to be very pleasant eating. Nuts and dough do not seem to have much connection with each other."*—(M.O.D.W.)—The best answer is to quote the following recipe for their manufacture: "Take 3lb. of flour, rub in 1lb. of butter, add 1lb. of moist sugar and a little all-spice, together with six eggs and four table-spoonfuls of yeast, and sufficient milk to make it the consistence of bread-dough. Put it to rise four hours. To make it up, divide it in small portions, and in each put a few currants and candied peel, rolling them into balls. Have a kettle, with sufficient lard to float them when boiling. Put a few in at a time, and boil till they are brown. They will take about 10 minutes to boil."

223. **The Continuance of "Good Company."**—R. Robison, of Lockerbie, says: "I will do what I can to increase the circulation of *Good Company*. It would grieve us very much in this district if you should be compelled to stop its publication." J. J. Robertson, of Dumfries, says: "We have been delighted with *Good Company*. It contains so much valuable information, in such a condensed form, that it seems to me the most valuable publication I have come across for a business man, in these days of high pressure, when time is not available for more extensive study, even with the desire present. We have greedily devoured

what we have received in *Good Company*, and not least 'My Days and My Ways.'

224. **"The House that Jack Built."**—*"What is the origin of this queer old nursery rhyme? I have heard it is an adaptation of a solemn passover hymn."* (W. M.)—One would not have suspected an "origin" for such a composition as a nursery rhyme beyond the fanciful brain of the English composer. But it really seems as if there is an origin beyond this. "The house that Jack Built" is not an original composition, but a parody or adaptation of one that went before it, and which, strangely enough, was in use in Hebrew circles as a parable of their national history. The subject was not a house but a kid. The rhyme commenced "A kid, a kid, my father bought for two pieces of money. Then came the cat and ate the kid, that my father bought for two pieces of money. Then came the dog and bit the cat that ate the kid that my father bought for two pieces of money," and so on, until there is introduced a staff, fire, water, an ox, a butcher, an angel of death, and the Holy One, with whose coming the composition ends. The particulars, with the interpretation, will be found in the *Christadelphian* for 1881, pages 449 and 508.

225. **"The Black Death."**—*"What is meant by the Black Death that we hear of sometimes? I judge it must have been a plague of some kind. Can you supply particulars?"* (G. C.)—The Black Death was a pestilence that swept over the world in the fourteenth century. There are no reliable statistics as to its ravages, but it is supposed that something like seventy millions of human beings perished in various parts of the world during its progress. London alone lost over 100,000 souls; fifteen European cities lost among them 300,000; Germany is calculated to have lost 1,250,000; and Italy one half of

its population. On a moderate calculation, it is assumed that there perished in Europe 25,000,000 human beings. In China 13,000,000 are said to have died, and in the rest of the East nearly 24,000,000. It was a kind of putrid typhus fever, which rapidly decomposed the tissues of the body and turned the victim black. The sanitary arrangements of modern times are somewhat of a safeguard against the visitation of such a pestilence.

226. **"May Day."**—*"Here is a piece of information your readers may appreciate, going to show that the dedication of May Day to labour demonstrations is not quite new.* (A. F. C.)—*"May 1st, 1517.* The jealousy of the citizens of London had been aroused for some time past against the foreign artificers, and on April 28th, several apprentices assaulted some of them in the streets, and were committed to prison. A rumour becoming general that a rescue from prison would be attempted on the evening of May 1st, an order was issued that no one should be out of doors between nine o'clock that evening and nine the next morning, but a party of young apprentices, who were unaware of the order, were playing after the hour specified. When commanded to desist, they refused, and raised a regular riot, being joined by apprentices from all parts, watermen and others, till they numbered about 700 persons. They let loose the prisoners, and then commenced a regular attack on the foreigners, burning their goods and injuring their persons. After much trouble, they were suppressed, and 278 captured, some being lads of thirteen and fourteen. They were tried, and on the 4th of May thirteen were sentenced to be hanged. This sentence had been carried out on Lincoln, the ring-leader, when the King's reprieve arrived, and the rest were sent back to prison. On the 13th they were brought before the

King, who, after administering a reprimand, pardoned them."

227. **Nero's "House of Gold."**
"What was 'Nero's House of Gold,' to which allusion is made in a description of ruins by one of the poets, to the following effect?"—

*"Hark! the owl's cry,
That, like a muttering sibyl, makes her cell
Mid Nero's House of gold, with clustering
bats*

And glittering lizards."—S.T.B.

From the information supplied by contemporary historians, it appears to have been a gorgeous palace erected by Nero after the great conflagration which occurred at Rome in A.D. 65. This conflagration cleared a vast space on the Palatine and Esquiline Hills, and afforded Nero the opportunity of building an extravagant palace, to which from its richness and splendour he gave the name of *Aurea Domus* or the "Golden House." We are told by Suetonius and others that its interior was covered with gold, gems, and mother-of-pearl, that the ceilings were inlaid with ivory and gold; that it was adorned with the finest statuary and paintings that the world could furnish. In its vestibule stood the colossal figure of the Emperor, 120 feet in height, which afterwards gave its name to the Colosseum. From it stretched porticoes, a mile in length, supported on triple ranges of marble pillars, leading to the lake, round which was built a mimic town, opening out into parks stocked with wild animals of every sort. The circular banquetting hall had a rotatory motion in imitation of that of the sun, and its vaulted ceilings showered flowers and soft perfumes on the guests. When this palace was completed, Nero was in some measure content, and condescended to remark that "he was at last lodged like a man!"

228. **The first steamers to cross the Atlantic.**—*"Crossing the Atlantic in*

a steamship has now become such a commonplace occurrence, that we can scarcely realise the fact that a little over 50 years ago it was pronounced an impossibility. I thought your readers might be interested in the following account of the first performance of this feat by two steamers."—(Y.O.W.—

"Amid many prophecies of failure, and the most convincing demonstrations at the British Association that it was not possible for a vessel to carry coal enough to take her across the Atlantic, the *Great Western* sailed from Bristol on the 8th April, 1838, having on board 660 tons of coal and seven adventurous passengers. Three days previously, the *Sirius*, a smaller vessel than the former, built to ply between London and Cork, had steamed from the latter port right in the teeth of a strong westerly wind, and with New York also for her destination. Never was there such a race as this struggle of two steamers, which should first traverse the entire breadth of the wild Atlantic. The very wind seemed to be angry with the ships. First it blew a strong gale from the west that raised a heavy sea; but this, that would have retarded sailing vessels, never caused the two brave steam-pioneers to alter their course. This point of the compass would not answer, so the wind 'chopped round' until it had completely boxed the compass, and tried all its powers in strong breezes, fresh gales, and the like, but with no other effect than is indicated in the brief record—'vessel lurching deeply, but easy.' The wind then for some days kept veering round the west, as if to make a last effort to impede what it could not stop; but it was of no avail, the steamers went steadily on. The *Sirius*, that had the start by three days, made little way comparatively during the first week. She carried more weight in proportion than the *Great Western*; but as her coals were consumed she became more lively, and,

in sporting phrase, 'made more running.' Thus, during the first week she was out, her daily run was never more than 136 miles; on the second day it was only 89. The *Great Western*, on the contrary, made ten miles an hour during the second day, and her average daily speed during the entire voyage was 211 miles. At such a speed she would soon overtake the *Sirius*, that had the start by about 400 miles only. But as the little vessel got lighter she went ahead; on the 14th she ran 218 miles, as much as the *Great Western* on the same day; on the 22nd she ran only three miles less than the large ship; but the latter was then in the same parallel of latitude, and only about three degrees of longitude behind. Still it was a close chase; but at last the *Sirius*, by reason of her long start, was the winner. She reached New York on the morning of the 23rd, and the *Great Western* came in the same afternoon. The excitement which prevailed in New York respecting these voyages was intense. Previous to the arrival of the steamers, crowds had daily collected on the quay, gazing wistfully eastward over the wide Atlantic. Many of the watchers were old enough to remember the first voyage of *Fulton's Folly*, little dreaming then what the future of that *Folly* was to be; and as they now described that memorable voyage to their younger brethren, they remembered how the predictions of the wise had been falsified, and spoke in hope rather than in doubt of the success of the steamers from the Old World. And never were hopes so well realised as when on the morning of the 23rd April, a streak of smoke, dim and undefined, was described in the horizon by the watchers on the quay, 'Could it be a steamer?'—'Was it the steamer?' passed from mouth to mouth. The smoke came nearer; the hull hove up, as it were, out of the ocean, and a steamer was clearly defined advancing rapidly. The

intelligence spread; the city poured out its crowds; and cheer upon cheer arose as the *Sirius* steamed into the harbour, and cast in the Hudson that anchor which, only eighteen days before, had been weighed at Cork. Scarcely had the citizens time to recover from their first surprise, when the *Great Western* appeared. Streaming with flags, and crowded with people, the *Sirius* lay waiting the arrival of her competitor; and as the *Great Western* sailed round her, three hearty cheers were given and responded to. The battery fired a salute of twenty-six guns and down came the flag of the *Great Western*, while the passengers, amid the most enthusiastic cheering, drank the health of the President of the Great Republic. As the vessel proceeded to the quay, 'boats crowded round us,' says the journal of one of the passengers, 'in countless confusion: flags were flying, guns firing, and bells ringing. The vast multitude set up a shout—a long enthusiastic cheer—echoed from point to point, and from boat to boat, till it seemed as though they never would have done.'

MY DAYS AND MY WAYS.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XX.

IT is impossible to exaggerate the charm of Dr. Thomas's company under our own roof (though it was but a lodging-house roof). He was a totally different man from what his writings prepared us to expect. These writings were so pungent, so vigorous, so satirical, and had such a sledge-hammer force of argument and denunciation that we looked for a regular Boanerges—a thunder-dealer, a man not only of robust intellect, but of a combative, energetic, self-assertive turn, whose converse would be largely spiced with explosive vocables. Instead of this, he was quiet, gentle, courteous, well-mannered,

modest, absolutely devoid of affectation or trace of self-importance. His calm, lofty, cordial reverence for the Scriptures was very edifying to us, after several weary years of contact with drivellers and blasphemers; and his interest in all circumstances pertaining to the fortunes of the truth of which we had to tell him was very refreshing after a toilsome course of solitary labour in a cause that all our neighbours pitied us as fools for taking up. It was so gratifying and so strengthening, too, to have his fireside answers to the various scriptural questions we had to propound. "Let me see," he would say, "where is that passage?" and would turn it up, and then proceed in his dignified and incisive way to "open to us the Scriptures." Household matters and business shrunk into their proper smallness in his company. It was truly a 'little heaven below,' the like of which we have rarely since experienced in the rugged journey of probation.

He had not been long in the house before there was one little matter of business that I brought up for consideration. I had become treasurer of the various contributions that had been raised to defray the Doctor's travelling expenses. I made the fact known to him with an intimation that it would be such a pleasure to me to hand over the amount. The Doctor proceeded to state particulars, with note-book and pencil in hand. There was this and there was that and the other, car fare, cup of coffee, porter dues, etc., etc. He had not gone far in the list when I stopped him. "Oh, brother Thomas," I exclaimed, "I cannot possibly humble you to go through these particulars. I had no intention of asking them. Here is the money that has been contributed. It is all yours. If there is anything over so much the better." And I passed over a handful of gold. The Doctor was evidently gratified to have the matter

settled in that way. It is the right way. To make the service of the truth an affair of cheeseparings niceties is to do a handsome thing very unhandsomely. There is such a thing as "sowing sparingly," as Paul intimates. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." Liberal arrangements foster liberality. Parsimony in the service of God tends to paralysis and death. Men are never parsimonious where the heart is engaged. Let it be politics, business, courtship or pleasure, the purse opens easily when zeal is at work. Extreme thrift in arrangements for the glory of God or the comfort of his people is evidence of extreme moderation of spiritual affection. We have once or twice been frost-bitten in this matter. Frigid question: How much was the railway fare? Answer: 2s. 9½d., paid literally on the spot with a chill, without a consideration of many undefinable expenses besides railway fare incurred. Well, the heroism of the truth can endure all things, and even be sorry that the truth's friends, in the general blight of poverty, should have to pay so much as 2s. 9½d. But it is pleasant to see the liberal devising liberal things. Love and good works are "provoked" by such a manifestation. The other is liable to make the mercury fall.

It was not long before we made many enquiries concerning the doctor's past life. It is natural to be interested in a man's history when you are interested in his work, especially when, as in this case, the history of the man was the history of the work, and *that* the most important work under the sun, the history of the recovery of the knowledge of God's own truth in this dark and evil priest-ridden and atheism-desolated age. Our questions elicited so much interesting information that the idea occurred to me to take it all down in shorthand. I asked the Doctor to go back again and repeat the story

from the beginning, which he willingly did—I putting the questions to him. I took his answers down as he spoke them. This process extended over a good many sittings until I had in my possession a tolerably complete story of his life. This afterwards enabled me, in sorrowful days to come, to write a life of Dr. Thomas, which I could not otherwise have done. I, indeed, began the publication in a certain form before the Doctor's death. I published a transcript of my shorthand notes in a series of articles in the *Ambassador*, somewhat to the Doctor's annoyance I fear. He said I should have waited till he was dead; but that what could not be cured must be endured.

The Doctor arrived about the middle of the week. Our first meeting was on the following Sunday. I had engaged the Philosophical Hall (as it was then called), the principal public hall of the town, for the Sunday evening, and one or two evenings during the succeeding week, and again on the following Sunday; and I now recall with chagrin the extraordinary bill with which I had caused the walls to be placarded, due to the exaggerated estimate I had formed of the Doctor's lecturing polemics. I had drawn it so as to include every form of error, and to interest all classes of the community, with the result of drawing next to none. I do not remember its wording, but the general purport was to the effect that Dr. Thomas, the author of *Elpis Israel*, would visit Huddersfield and deliver a course of lectures, in which he would confute atheism, expose spiritualism, overthrow popular theology, confound pretensions of the State Church, and make manifest the unscriptural character of every form of dissent. It was a real young man's bill. I could see the Doctor winced under it. No wonder, as I now see things. Even then, when I came to understand the Doctor's style of lecturing, I felt a mistake had been

made ; but there was nothing for it but to go through with it, notwithstanding the character of burlesque that more or less attached to the performance under such an announcement. The Doctor modestly and composedly did his part.

But before the public effort, came the breaking of bread in the morning. This was the first time we were to hear the Doctor open his lips in a set address, and we looked forward to it with great expectations. We had given up our effort in the Spring Street schoolroom, and had not got another meeting place, and were holding our meetings in brother Rhode's bake-house by the side of his dwelling house. This was a somewhat grimy room, in which there was a roomy baker's oven at one side, a darkened window on the other, a long table under the window, a baker's batch-trough in the middle of the floor with a lid over it, and four walls blackened with smoke. In this room Dr. Thomas delivered his first address in England to an audience of six or seven persons seated round the batch-trough, overspread with a white table-cloth, on which were displayed the emblems of the Lord's death. Never have I listened with such greedy attention to human utterances as I did when Dr. Thomas rose, in compliance with invitation, to address the feeble company assembled. He first of all read the beginning of the 17th chapter of Geneses. The reading was of itself a treat unutterable. It was not merely that the enunciation was melodious and clear, but there was an inflection and emphasis which of itself seemed to convey the whole sense of the word without comment. To hear Dr. Thomas read a chapter was of itself as good as a lecture. What the doctor said after the reading has now passed from my mind (for it is 30 years ago), but I felt entranced. This was not due to rhetoric, for, strictly speaking, the doctor had none.

His style of discourse was plain and earnest, and by current standards would be considered common-place. It was the matter that was powerful. I was in complete sympathy with all that was written in the Scriptures, and to hear these Scriptures read and made to speak in such a capable and confident way, made me feel almost in the presence of the sublime realities themselves.

But the public lecture in the evening was the great attraction. We were wondering what sort of an audience there would be. We had put out 100 posters on the walls, 1,000 handbills, and advertisements in the paper. We thought it possible we might have a crowded house. Alas! It is not the intrinsic quality of things that draws, but the surroundings, the extraneous, the adventitious—that which has to do with social affinities and temporal interests. Get hold of the men that work on the social and the temporal ; the public will cross the entrance-hurdle like a flock of sheep. But if you have nothing to show but those things that are of eternal moment—things truly intellectual and moral—things spiritual and noble—things high and lofty and lasting—you spread your feast in vain. It was not altogether in vain on this occasion. Still, the audience was a poor one. The hall was not half filled, and those who were present were scattered all over the place in a sparse and chilling way. Brother Rhodes occupied the chair, and having been well-known in the town for 20 years as the leading atheist in the district, his presidency did not modify the chills of the occasion. He told the audience he had been privileged to discover a way of believing the Bible without doing violence to his reason and that others might enjoy the same privilege, the lecturer had been sent for and would now address them—or something to that effect. The Doctor then rose and read the 1st chapter of Hebrews, making expository

comments as he proceeded. We expected a rousing lecture. We did not get it. We did not get at all what is currently understood as a lecture. There was no formal elucidation of any proposition or proving of anything in particular. It was a process of "reasoning out of the scriptures." He digressed from the topics of Heb. i. to other parts of the scriptures to which that led him. It was all rich and good, and to those who knew the truth, splendid; but as regards the public, we felt it was all over their heads, and made them wonder what all the stir was about and "what the fellow was driving at." We returned home with somewhat subdued feelings. My employer (the editor of the *Examiner*) and his lady were present. I had made glowing representations as to what might be expected, and I felt considerably taken down. There was no real cause for disappointment: because the genuine thing was all there. Only in its bearing on the public, I felt there was failure. Subsequent experience did not alter this feeling. Occasionally, by a spurt, the doctor made a good rousing effort in his public lectures, but on the whole, there was an absence of that orderly method that is essential to secure the attention of the unenlightened to divine verities in an age like this. The fact is, the doctor had no enthusiasm towards the public. Experience had-cooled it down. He went through his work as a matter of duty, and did not care to come out of Bible methods in presenting Bible things to a public audience.

The week-night meetings were not much better attended. At these, there were some questions, and a new mortification came to us in the doctor's apparent want of readiness in dealing with these on the spur of the moment. This was due to the quality manifest in his lectures. He could not readily or quickly marshal his forces. He was choke full of matter in its correctest form, but he required time (and

no trammels) to bring it out to its full advantage. 351

FRAGMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE.

WATCHES were first made at Nuremberg, in 1477.

The average weight of an adult man is 140-lb. 6 oz.

The average height of the clouds above the earth is between one and two miles.

A new hansom cab is in course of construction which will weigh four cwt. less than those now in use.

The greatest plague ever known visited Naples in 1656. It lasted 28 weeks, and carried off 380,000 people.

10-oz. of tea, brewed with soft water, will yield the same strength as 18-oz. brewed with hard water.

The Irish Parliament existed for over 300 years. It was extinguished in 1801, at the time of the union with Great Britain.

During a recent thunderstorm in Maine, the skin of a boy who was struck by lightning turned a dark purple, and has remained so ever since.

People in Japan are called by the family name first, the individual, or what we call Christian, name next, and then the honorific—thus: "Smith Peter Mr."

The idea of establishing an observatory on Mont Blanc has been abandoned, on account of the failure of the attempt to reach the rock, for a secure foundation, through the ice.

Paris requires every vehicle traversing its streets at night, if only a wheelbarrow, to carry a lighted lamp. Safety is secured, and the avenues glitter as if swarming with giant fire-flies.

A bar of iron worth £1, worked into horseshoes is worth £2; made into needles is worth £70; made into pen-knife blades it is worth £657; made into balance-springs for watches it is worth £50,000.

Herr Geheimrath Auwers, under whose direction the calculations resulting from the latest observations of the passage of Venus across the sun have been carried out, now gives (as the result of those calculations) the distance of the sun from the earth as 92,050,286 miles.

An interesting incident, showing at how great a distance a conversation can be carried on, is related by Lieut. Foster, of the third Parry Arctic Expedition, in which he says that he conversed with a man across the harbour of Port Bowers, a mile and a quarter away, and it has also been asserted, on good authority, that at Gibraltar the human voice has been distinctly heard at a distance of 10 miles.

THE OCEANS AND SEAS.—The oceans are five. We gave their names and superficial dimensions last month. The seas are eleven. The largest is the Mediterranean, 2,000 miles long; the smallest, the Aral, 250 miles long. The names and length of the others, are as follows:—Caribbean Sea, 1,800 miles; Chinese Sea, 1,700; Red Sea, 1,400; Japan, 1,000; Black Sea, 932; Caspian Sea, 640; Baltic Sea, 600; Okhotsk Sea, 600; White Sea, 450. Some of the American lakes are larger than the Aral Sea.

PURE WATER.—There is no such thing as pure water in the natural supply on the earth. But then absolutely pure water in the chemical sense is not necessary for health. On its journey to the earth, in the form of rain, it takes up gases, and solid particles from the air; and on its way through the earth it dissolves carbonate and sulphate of lime, which render it hard. Water, percolating through rocks, has from 15 to 20 grains of carbonate of lime dissolved in it. All matters, such as mud, sand, clay, chalk, starch, may be got rid of by filtration, but substances dissolved therein, can only be separated by distillation.

DIFFICULTY OF PHOTOGRAPHING THE STARS.—The photographic plates now being taken of the heavens show deformed images of the stars at the edges. Mr. J. Roberts, the Liverpool amateur astronomer (who has for some time been successfully engaged in stellar photography), states that his photographs show conclusively that there is continual change going on in the transparency of the air for photographic rays, even when the sky remains clear and cloudless. He instances a photograph of the planet Sappho, which left a trace like a string of beads, owing to the great inequalities in the transparency of the atmosphere, corresponding to intervals of 10 minutes or a quarter of an hour, so that a photograph could not be relied on as indicating the brightness of stars by the length of time necessary to obtain a photographic trace of them.

HARMS AND AILMENTS.

HEAVINESS IN THE MORNING.—Those who suffer from heaviness in the morning or indigestion, &c., should, on rising, drink the juice of half a lemon in a teacup of cold water. This cleans the palate and stimulates the secretion of the gastric juices.

LEAD IN THE DRINKING WATER.—As various diseases may come from drinking water with lead in it, it is well to know how to test for this. If you suspect lead, pour a little tincture of cochineal into water, and if there is any lead in it, the cochineal will be turned to a blue colour.

When people are troubled with sleeplessness they should walk for a while up and down the room. If the want of sleep is caused by heat, it is well to take a tepid bath before retiring. A good digestion and plenty of exercise are the promoters of profound slumber.

CORNS.—If you *will* wear tight boots, you will be sure to have corns to cure ; very well, wet common cooking soda with water, so that it will spread easily on a bit of cloth, and bind it on the corn. Keep it on till the corn is loosened and comes out. The remedy is simple and sure though not so infallible as roomy boots.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—The best cure for this is plenty of exercise in the open air and the use of plain good food, and the avoidance of stimulating drinks. If, notwithstanding this, you are bright and wakeful try the effect of a tepid bath. If this is not effectual, walk up and down the room or do some work till you are tired. Don't take sleeping draughts except under medical prescription.

THE VALUE OF SUNLIGHT.—Few people realise or properly appreciate the hygienic powers of sunlight. They often shut it out to preserve their carpets and furniture at the risk of losing health. People, like plants, cannot thrive without sunlight and fresh air. The necessity for sunlight in sick rooms is so well recognised that nurses are told to admit the sun freely to sick rooms in all cases, except when prohibited by the doctor.

PROTECTING THE CHEST.—You may do this too much. If you are well, it is better not to cover up too much. But if your chest is weak, a simple chest protector can be made in a few moments. Cut a piece of brown, or any thick paper, the size required, and tack half a sheet of wadding on to it ; then cover all with a piece of old rag. This can all be renewed at a trifling cost, and is as good as many a more pretentious appliance.

RAW COTTON AS A POULTICE FOR SORES AND WOUNDS.—Raw cotton bound well on sores and wounds and the surfaces of amputated parts, which have been well washed with camphorated spirits, is a better cure than any poultice ; because the spirit kills those germs of disease which are

always floating in the atmosphere, while the cotton is such a perfect filterer it is impossible for any of these corrupting and poisonous germs to reach the sore ; hence it heals healthfully from the beginning.

HINTS FOR THE BATH.—Put to a cup of sea salt a half-ounce of camphor, a half-ounce of ammonia in a quart bottle. Fill the bottle with hot water, and let it stand twenty-four hours ; then, when prepared to bathe with a sponge, put a teaspoonful of this mixture, well shaken, into your basin. A surprising quantity of dirt will come from the cleanest skin. The ammonia cleanses, and the camphor and the sea salt impart a beneficial effect which cannot be exaggerated.

HOT SAND BAGS INSTEAD OF HOT WATER BOTTLES.—Hot sand bags are very useful in sickness, and far more pleasant to use than hot water bottles. Make a bag of flannel eight or ten inches square, fill it with dry sand and sew it up. Then put a cotton cover over the flannel : this prevents the sand sifting out, and holds the heat. Place the bag in the oven to heat, or put it on the stove. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the patient. Hot water bottles are more easily got ready perhaps. But the sand bags are more comfortable.

EXERCISE INDISPENSABLE.—Man and woman need exercise. If a proper amount be not taken, not only do the muscles become weak and flabby, but the functions of every organ and the soundness of every tissue must suffer. There is imperfect elimination of waste matters ; the muscles and internal organs become encumbered with superfluous fat ; the heart becomes weak ; the lungs are never thoroughly emptied, and gradually lose their elasticity ; appetite dwindles to vanishing point, digestion becomes imperfect, often causing dyspepsia, and the joy and brightness of health give place to

incapacity for either work or pleasure, irritability, and "leaden-eyed despair."

IN THE SICK ROOM.—Sick people don't like to be stared at. They are sensitive, morbidly so. So mind how you behave: don't look as if you were surprised at the change sickness has wrought; this is annoying, and, worse than that, it is disheartening; and the patients imagine their case to be worse than it is. And don't stand at the back of the head of the bed to make him turn his eyes round to see you. Always sit by the bedside, "for the patient feels more at rest than if you stand up tall before him." And don't whisper in the room: don't talk in a low voice: don't follow the doctor or a caller out into the next room. The invalid will be absolutely certain that you are discussing him. And don't wear garments that rustle or of rough cloth to come in contact with the soft hands made tender by sickness, and don't wear creaking boots or thick soled boots. Behave with gentleness and consideration.

APHASIA.—By aphasia is meant loss or impairment of the faculty of language. It is quite a different thing from an affection of the voice. It is a brain disease, and there is nothing wrong with the throat or larynx. Sometimes there is a loss only of the faculty of articulate language, but more frequently there is likewise an inability to express the thoughts by writing or by gestures. There is loss, not only of the memory of words, but also of those acts by which these words are articulated. This curious condition is a form of paralysis, and is not unfrequently the result of a "stroke." It is very generally associated with some other form of paralysis, and more especially with loss of power in the right arm and leg. The faculty of language is supposed to be situated exclusively in the left half of the brain, and it is well known that injury or disease of one side of the brain results in paralysis of the

opposite side of the body. This readily accounts for the frequent association of aphasia with paralysis of the right side, for they would both be caused by some affection of the left half of the brain.—*The Family Physician.*

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

ALWAYS keep one knife for peeling onions.

WASH and dry the coffee-pot every day. A dirty coffee-pot will spoil the best coffee.

EVERY scrap or bone left from roast and boiled meat should be put into the soup-pot.

IN hot weather, larder windows should be sponged with a weak solution of carbolic, to keep the flies away.

THOSE people who require cod-liver oil, and cannot take it should try sweet fresh cream—one gill every night.

EGG COFFEE FOR INVALIDS.—Invalids tire of custard. Here is a good substitute, nutritious and stimulating. Pour a cup of strong coffee, with milk and sugar, into a saucepan, boil it; then pour it into a basin upon a well-beaten egg, stirring well so that it does not curdle. Strain through muslin, and serve.

OATMEAL PUDDING.—Put into one quart of milk just warm one pint of whole oatmeal, carefully picked, and let it soak for two hours at least. Add a quarter of a pound of stoned raisins, half a pound of currants, a little salt, four ounces of sugar, and full half a pound of butter. It is a capital pudding, whether baked or boiled.

FRENCH STEAK.—The French way of cooking a steak will be found especially good. Trim the steak neatly, and dip it in a little salad oil, then broil over a clear fire. Take a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and lemon juice to taste, and make the same into a paste

with butter. When the steak is cooked place on a hot dish, and rub the parsley butter into it.

STEWED STEAK.—Take one and a half pound of steak about half an inch thick, and cut it into pieces of a convenient size for serving—say, two or three inches square—removing all the fat. Put it into a jar; add two tablespoonfuls of water and one of mushroom catchup; cover the jar, but it into a saucepan of water, and let the water in the saucepan boil for one hour.

GARDENING FOR WOMEN.—It is delightful to see city women in wide sunshade and gauntlet gloves bending over their garden plots, digging, pruning and clipping away energetically at out-door plants. "It is joy without canker or cark, a pleasure eternally new." Day by day, the lovely living things grow gladly under care and attention. If one be puzzled, fretted, cross or sorrowful, there is no panacea like a bit of homely gardening. Just try picking off the dry leaves, loosening the packed earth, hunting for blighting insects and generally doctoring the ailing shrubs, as well as feeding and petting the healthy plants; it is like being good to children, they are so grateful too in their perfumed gratitude.—*New Orleans T. D.*

THE USES OF GROCERY PAPER.—The coarse brown grocery paper is a great absorber of grease. Keep it in sheets, one above the other, with a board on top. This will absorb the grease inside and outside of iron kettles, frying pans and other utensils, by making a loose wad and wiping out the grease. In this way much slopping of water, much waste of soap, and terribly dirty dishcloths and towels will be avoided. Brown paper laid over and under a grease spot on a garment, and then passed over with a warm iron, will, at least partially, remove the grease. In the same way it will help to absorb grease

from wood. After using the paper, it can be burned, or strained through the soap-grease, if it is full of fat, and no soot or other particles on it.

HOW TO KNOW GOOD BEEF FROM BAD.—Meat is generally divided by salesmen and butchers into three qualities. Ox and heifer beef is the best, and the first is the largest and richest, but the latter is the best if well fed. The lean should have an open grain of a bright red colour, with delicate veins of fat running through it, the fat white rather than yellow, and the bark smooth. Good beef should not become moist when kept. Some first-class meat will have a yellow fat from being fed on oil-cake, but the flesh should not be flabby; meat thus fed will in general waste greatly in cooking. Second-class beef is generally cow beef and old ox beef. Cow beef is closer in the grain, and the meat is not so firm as ox beef; the lean is paler, and the fat whiter. If young, the fleshy part, on being pressed with the finger, will leave no dent, but rise up again soon after. If *old ox beef*, the meat will be rough and spongy, and the bark rough. In old meat, there is a streak of horn or bone, called the *crush-bone* in the ribs of beef; the harder this is the older the meat, and the flesh is not so finely flavoured, but it gives a good strong soup, and requires longer boiling. The third-class is very old cow beef or bull beef; the grain is closer still, of a deep, dusky red, tough when it is pricked; the fat is skinny, hard, and has a rankish smell. If it be bruised, these places will look a more dusky or deep red brick colour than the rest. The best mode of judging of beef when killed and dressed is by the tongue; if it is clear, plump, and bright, with the fat at the end of a pinkish white, the meat will be good; but if it should be dark and the fat a dead white, the meat will be hard and flavourless. The same remark applies to mutton.

PLEASING VARIETIES.

KEEP good company or none. Never be idle.

WHEN you speak to a person, look him in the face.

IF your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

HOW TO AVOID PREMATURE OLD AGE.

—The following advice is given by Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson:—To subsist on light but nutritious diet, with milk as the standard food, but varied according to the season. To take food in moderate quantity, four times in the day, including a light meal before going to bed. To clothe warmly but lightly, so that the body may in all seasons maintain its equal temperature. To keep the body in fair exercise, and the mind active and cheerful. To maintain an interest in what is going on in the world, and to take part in reasonable labours and pleasures, as though old age were not present. To take plenty of sleep during sleeping hours. To spend nine hours in bed at the least, and to take care during cold weather that the temperature of the bedroom is maintained at 60 degrees Fahrenheit. To avoid passion, excitement, luxury.

THE PARSON AND HIS PIG.—The rector of one of the country parishes of the island of Guernsey recently discovered that a sow belonging to one of his parishioners had become the mother of 14 pigs, within a period of 12 months. According to the laws of Guernsey, the rector is entitled to the tenth pig. But there was a difference of opinion between the rector and his parishioners as to whether he had the right to claim the tenth pig in one litter, or also to claim the tenth in case two litters produced ten, or a higher number. The parson claimed the tenth on the whole number, however many litters. The parishioners insisted that the parson was

only entitled to the tenth in case the whole litter was ten or more. Accordingly the case was brought up for trial. It was decided in the rector's favour, which was a shame, considering the farmer was a Dissenter, who never availed himself of the rector's services.

THE GREAT ANT-EATER.—This is a most uncanny-looking creature; its curious little head, with small eyes and ears, and extraordinary long snout ending in a diminutive mouth; its great fore-limbs armed with enormous claws, which it carries folded in upon its palms; and its huge, bushy tail giving it an odd appearance of being all out of proportion. The ant-eater's method of obtaining its food is said to be as follows:—Having torn open an ant-hill with its powerful claws, it draws its enormously long flexible tongue, which is covered with a glutinous saliva, over the masses of insects which rush out in defence of their home, with the result that numbers of them adhere to it, and are thus drawn into the animal's mouth; and, so quickly is this operation repeated, that we are assured that the tongue is put out, and drawn in again covered with insects, twice in a second. The tongue is a wonderful organ, much longer than the head, round, and capable of being projected sixteen or eighteen inches. In appearance, it is very much like an enormous worm; when at rest, it is bent backwards in the mouth.

THE HARDSHIPS OF TRAVEL.—M. Bonvalot, the explorer of Central Asia, and Prince Henri de Chartres recently crossed Asia from the Caspian to the Volga. They were five weeks in the Thibet mountains at altitudes varying from 4,000 to 6,000 metres. Their faces were too blistered to be recognisable, and their heads constantly dizzy and aching. A snowstorm separated them on the way to Lhassa from a Mongol caravan, and made the hills trackless. The cold was so

intense as to make the barrels of their guns brittle as glass. The yacks were unable to bear them at such altitudes, and they had to walk. They could not cook any rice because fuel would not burn. No vegetation was found for a whole month. The explorer and his companions did not see a human creature but themselves. Where there were tribes, they were of dwarfish, thick-set people, riding on shaggy ponies tough as themselves. The number of male infants in these tribes was greatly in excess of that of the females. Raw meat was the staple food. Women took four or five husbands apiece. Two Kalmucks with the explorers died of hardship.

ANIMAL INSTINCT AND RESOURCES.—Animals suffering from fever drink water, and sometimes plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite, it eats that species of grass known as dogs' grass, which acts as an emetic. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps as far as possible in the sun. The warrior ants have regularly organised ambulances. Latrielle cut out the antennæ of the ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted in their mouth. If a chimpanzee is wounded, it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on it, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth. A dog, on being stung on the muzzle by a viper, was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. This animal eventually recovered. A terrier hurt its right eye, it remained under the counter, avoiding light and heat, although habitually kept close to the fire; it adopted a general treatment of rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted

in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry.

A MELANCHOLY RELIC.—Poor Empress Charlotte of Mexico, whose demented condition has been recalled to the mind of a forgetful public by the recent illness of the Queen of the Belgians, is to this day represented in the great Monte de Piedad, or State pawnbroking establishment at Mexico, by several beautiful pieces of gold and silver tapestry, and by her ill-fated husband's State coach, which was constructed at Paris during the first year of Maximilian's reign, and which cost a fabulous sum. The wheels and entire body of the carriage are heavily plated with silver, thickly ornamented with designs of hammered gold. The panels are of rich crimson velvet—now, alas! faded—thickly embroidered with gold. The four Cupids decorating the body of the coach are most exquisitely made of silver gilt. On the top, just over the doors, is the Mexican coat-of-arms, beautifully executed, and at each corner of the roof there is a winged horse, also of silver gilt. The interior of the coach is of equal magnificence. For just one quarter of a century it has lain there at the Monte de Piedad, in a room set apart for the purpose, and shrouded with a huge, stout, but dirty canvas cover, and when the latter is removed one finds oneself trying to picture the beautiful vehicle, drawn by snow-white steeds and escorted by the Imperial guards, sweeping up the magnificent avenues of trees up to the superb palace of Chapultepec. This State coach and the tapestries above-mentioned at the Monte de Piedad, and a marble slab marking the spot where Maximilian fell on the lonely plain of Queretaro, are all that remain in Mexico of the unhappy Prince, whose consort is under restraint at the Belgian château of Bouchout.

ELECTRIC WONDERS, AND WAITING FOR MORE.—Scientists in all directions are waiting for some great discovery of this kind which would sweep every other motive power off the face of the earth. The toil of Faraday, and Davy, and Edison have performed more wonders than Aladdin's Lamp, and the labours which were uppermost in their thoughts were labours of love and not merely actuated by the hope of reward. But now reward comes to those who have entered into their labours. Amongst the wonderful exhibits at the World's Fair will be a household properly fitted with electrical appliances. Beginning with the push button at the door, passing through the hall where other buttons control the electric light, we will find that a burglar alarm is arranged, to not merely ring, but to light up the place at which entrance is attempted. Every room has a ventilating fan, and an electric radiator for heating. The kitchen range, the dumb waiter, dish washer, ironer, floor scrubber, knife-cleaner, window-cleaner, and boot-polisher, all are electric. In the drawing-room will be the electric telephone, phonograph, and music box, and at the rear of the premises the sewage will be rendered innocuous by the electric current. All this is wonderful; but there is one invention which will not be there, and which will be the greatest the world might ever see. When we see an electric light do we realise that we are only getting one-fortieth of the energy of the engines? Where is the inventor who will prevent the awful waste of some of the other 39 parts out of the 40? Dr. Lodge, the electrical master, says that a boy turning a handle could, were his energy properly used, produce as much light as is now yielded by massive mechanism consuming large quantities of fuel.

MAY BE TRUE.—In the province of Hanover the ruins of two castles are still left standing upon two hills not very far

distant from each other, concerning which, a story is told which may be true—that a pig's grunt saved a garrison.—The lord of Plesse, one of them, had for some time closely besieged Hardenberg; but so gallantly was it defended that he could make no impression upon it at all. At last, however, fortune seemed about to favour him, for one dark night his men succeeded in placing ladders against the castle wall without awakening the weary sentinels, who had fallen asleep after their hard day's work. The castle seemed lost, for already some of the foremost of the besiegers had gained the top of the wall, when suddenly a loud and piercing "grunt, grunt, grunt!" was heard. Such a sound was quite enough to rouse the sleepers, and the Hardenbergers rushed to the wall to find their enemies penetrating into the fortress under their very noses. Short and sharp was the conflict, but the victory remained with the defenders: and the lord of Plesse, with anger and disappointment in his heart, led his followers back to their own domain. Then there was triumph and rejoicing in Hardenberg castle; and when the matter came to be sifted it was found that the garrison really owed its preservation to piggy's warning voice. It was, indeed, as one may say—to use a slang phrase—a narrow squeak. Thereupon the lord of the castle, as a memorial of the occurrence, adopted a pig's head as his coat-of-arms, instead of the two keys, which had before been the Hardenberg badge. This took place, so the legend runs, in the year 1315; and whether it be true or not, the Hardenberg crest is a boar's head.

A REMARKABLE LADY.—The *Daily News* says:—"Mrs. Annie Abbott, who comes from the United States, has brought the latest puzzle in electrical phenomena. Mrs. Abbott is a youthful American lady of slight build, rather dark complexion, and attractive appearance, with a singu-

larly vivacious and pleasant manner. She exhibits abnormal strength excited in a way never before seen. There is no unusual muscular development in her arms or shoulders, and there is none of the apparent strenuous exertion displayed by the strong men or the strong women of the modern music hall stage, yet she performs incredible feats, which she modestly ascribes to electricity or to animal magnetism, of which she must be a perfect reservoir. Dr. Tuckey was first asked to take up a common wooden chair in his arms and hold it against his chest. Having done so, Mrs. Abbott with the tips of her fingers merely touching the legs of the chair pulled the doctor forward or pushed him backwards in spite of all his attempts to preserve the perpendicular. Then came the capacity for unconquerable resistance. Holding a billiard cue horizontally across her chest, the cue resting lightly between her thumb and the balls of her fingers, Mrs. Abbott, standing absolutely on one foot, and, moreover, upon the heel of the shoe, invited the strongest man in the room to take hold of the cue and endeavour to push her backward. One did and failed. Next two tried. They failed. Three bold men advanced to the attack and were foiled. The cue was only long enough for four pairs of hands to grasp it besides those of Mrs. Abbott, but soon there were four pushing and struggling till they bent the cue into a bow shape, and still the dauntless little figure kept them at arm's length. So the doctors left off in despair and laughter.— It was in the next experiment that some faint ray of light was shed upon the means by which the results are brought about. With anything between the bare skin of the person who is subject to the influence, and that of the person wielding it, insulation is effected and the influence is destroyed. Mrs. Abbott might weigh

nine stone, perhaps more or perhaps less. At any rate, when she places her elbows to her sides, a man of ordinary strength, placing his hands under her elbows, may lift her from the ground. But this is only to be done when there is something between his hands and the flesh of the arm. When Mrs. Abbott drew her sleeves under her elbows she was lifted with ease. Then she uncovered her elbows, she remained rooted to the floor, though four strong men at a time tried to detach her. Some of the medical gentlemen feared that such a tremendous upward pressure of the arm from the elbow would force the arm out of the shoulder, but Mrs. Abbott reassured them, declaring that she felt no inconvenience. It certainly looked at times, as if four powerful men using all the purchase that their legs could give them and straining every muscle to lift such a fragile little body from the floor, would have broken her arms; but she assured those who asked her that she never had a bruise or felt a pain. The four men having failed to lift her, this extraordinary lady proceeded to lift four men. An ordinary wooden chair was produced, and upon it sat, we think, Professor Fitzgerald—a gentleman over six feet in height, and probably 15 stone in weight. He was asked to place his hands on the woodwork of the chair, and, having done so, Mrs. Abbott, after pausing a moment as though to collect her invisible agency, lifted chair, professor, and all some inches from the ground, and then let him drop. Then two gentlemen were accommodated with a seat, one sitting astride the knees of the other, and they likewise were lifted up. Four gentlemen were then packed somehow on to the chair, the uppermost being laid horizontally across the knees of the two lower ones, and, notwithstanding the enormous weight, they all came off the ground with no apparently undue exertion on Mrs. Abbott's part.

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REMARKABLE EPISODES OF HISTORY.—No. 20.

AN ENGLISH INSURRECTION, AND HOW IT
ENDED.

POPULAR turbulence is not a new thing in any country: England has had her share in time past, long before the invention of machinery or the circulation of newspapers. In 1380, there was a widespread spirit of rebellion in the Southern counties. There was a favourite ditty in the mouths of the people everywhere:—

“When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?”

The cause of the ferment was the imposition of a new tax on every inhabitant over the age of 15, to repair the losses caused by the protracted wars between France and England. The popular heat was blown into a flame by an untoward incident in a blacksmith's shop in Essex. The tax-gatherer came in and demanded payment for the blacksmith's daughter. The father denied that his daughter was over 15. The tax-gatherer then insulted the daughter in her father's presence, and the father was so exasperated that he felled the tax-gatherer to the earth, dead on the spot, with his sledge-hammer. The village people applauded the action and flew to arms, saying it was time for the people

to take vengeance on their tyrants. The sedition spread with the rapidity of wildfire, and before the Government had the least intimation of danger, thousands were on the march for London, under a local gentleman named Wat Tyler, who had taken a previous leading part in fanning the popular discontents. When they arrived at Black Heath, they numbered about 100,000. They broke into London, plundered the warehouses, killed all who opposed them, and cut off the heads of every “gentleman” they could get hold of. The King (Richard II. a youth), took shelter in the Tower. Here a message was sent to him, desiring him to come out and hold conference with the people. He came out and embarked in a barge, and sailed down the Thames for the purpose of meeting the people; but when he came to where they were, he found so much tumult prevailing that he refused to land, and sailed back to the Tower. Hither it was evident the mob would follow him, and as he was persuaded the Tower would be no security against their violence, he came out and asked their demands. The negotiation was held with Wat Tyler, who, in stating the demands of the people, behaved in an insolent manner, brandishing his sword threateningly towards the King. The Mayor of London, who was standing by the King, was so incensed at Tyler's behaviour, that

he struck him to the ground, and one of the King's retinue ran him through with a sword while he was down. The mutineers then prepared to rush on the King's train, but the King advanced towards them alone, in a soothing manner, and addressing them as his "good people," asked them what was the meaning of the tumult. He implored them not to be moved at the loss of their leader. "I will be your leader," he said; "follow me into the field and you shall have whatever you desire." The crowd were greatly propitiated by the King's gracious deportment, and followed him into an adjacent field, where he entered into conversation with them. They asked him first of all, for a general pardon of the insurgents: then that no slavery should be allowed in England: next that all market towns should be open to free commerce, without tax, toll, or impost: and that instead of having to render State service as serfs, in return for permission to live on the land, that a fixed rent should be charged, and their services left free at their own will.—The King, in the course of the conference, consented to all these demands, and the assemblage then broke up in a peaceable manner. 361

THE KING'S FLIGHT.

The most wonderful Phase of Modern History.

—No. 21.

THE SUBJECTS OF PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—I.

France oppressed for centuries (p. 2, vol. i.); 2. States-General demanded and summoned (p. 43); 3. The election amid public excitement (p. 82); 4. Meeting of the States-General (p. 123); 5. Food scarcity and public riot; the soldiers mutinous (p. 163); 6. Attack on the Bastille Prison (p. 202); 7. Flight of the aristocracy: assassination of officials (p. 242); 8. Pillage of the country and burning of castles (p. 283); 9. The women march to Versailles (p. 323); 10. They invade the assembly sitting there (p. 362); 11. The palace forced by the mob (p. 403); 12. The King compelled to

remove to Paris (p. 442); 13. Trouble and darkness in France (p. 2, vol. ii.); 14. A hubbub Parliament out of doors (p. 42); 15. The Jacobin's Club and the three weeks' swearing (p. 82); 16. Outburst of serious theatricals (p. 123); 18. After the feast (p. 202). 19. Underground rumblings (p. 243); 20. Death in the Senate and Perplexity in the Palace (p. 282).

SOME weeks pass: the failure of the attempted flight of the King and Queen makes the populace more watchful: the King's friends more cunning and profound. A deeper plan is laid. All Paris is so suspicious that it is difficult to carry out any plan. It is given out that the King reconciles himself to the situation. In confirmation of this, he writes a letter to his Ambassadors abroad, who communicate it confidentially to the Assembly, and print it in all newspapers, notifying that the King loyally accepts the new constitution, has voluntarily sworn and again swears to maintain the same, and that he will regard as his enemies all who affect to disbelieve his sincerity in the matter. The publication has a fine effect in Paris, and the people are glad with a gladness which lasts some days. By-and-bye, disquieting impressions get abroad. Bouillé, the King's friend at Metz, is making a fortified camp at Montmedi, to which German and French troops of Royalist leanings are being gathered. Bouillé gives out that he is "watching the Austrians." No doubt, but in what sense? Whispers come from the palace that a surprising amount of packing is going on. Watchful eyes from the outside can detect nothing from the outside. Nevertheless, a spy-chambermaid of the Queen's declares her conviction to the Nationalist commandant on duty that the Royal family will fly that very night (June 21). The Nationalist commandant looks and sees nothing: marches round uneasily and can make out no sign. Distrustful of his own discernments, he sends the rumour to Lafayette. Lafayette

dashes at once to the palace in the dead of night in his carriage, but finds all quiet: sentries at their post, Majesties' apartments closed and quiet. He concludes the report must be a mistake and retires. In point of fact, the Queen, disguised in a broad gipsy hat, is at that very moment making her way on the arm of a servant out of the palace by a back door and had to stand aside to let Lafayette's carriage pass. She makes for an ordinary hackney coach drawn up in a neighbouring street where such coaches usually stand, but whose driver is not an ordinary driver at all, but a Count in disguise as a driver. Arrived at the coach, she finds two hooded ladies and two hooded children inside—also “a thickset individual in round hat and peruke,” who had all safely preceded her. These are the King, his sister, and the Duchess L'Angouleme and children. The hackney coach, driven by Count Fersen, then makes off at a rattling pace, and shortly after midnight, clears the eastern city barriers, and gets clear out into the country under the stars. But this hackney coach is only a makeshift. On the road, by appointment, far out of Paris is drawn up a new covered royal carriage drawn by six horses. It is a capacious and magnificent piece of carriage architecture which Count Fersen has had built within recent weeks—ostensibly for a certain Russian baroness de Korff, who, with travelling companion, waiting woman, valet, and two children, is about to travel home to her country in state—for all of whom passports had been duly procured. The style of carriage is known as a Berline. Into this Berline the inmates of the hackney coach quickly transfer themselves. The hackney coach is turned adrift to wander whither its horse may list—to be found next morning turned into a ditch. Away the Berline drives under flourishing whips into the darkness. Fersen dashes obliquely northwards, through the country

towards Bougret. If they are stopped for the inspection of papers, everything will be found in due form. The *Baroness de Korff* is the duchess, the governess of the royal children; her *waiting maid* is the Queen in gipsy hat; the valet is the person in round hat and peruke—the King; the travelling companion is sister Elizabeth, and the two children are the royal family.—Onward they rush through the dark: They meet no one for a long time. Bye-and-bye the morning begins to break in the east.

At six in the morning another message to Lafayette brings him back to the palace of the Tuileries. He mounts to the royal apartments—the birds all flown. “Imagination may dimly paint the surprise of Lafayette, or the bewilderment of National Commandant, who now discerns that the false chambermaid had told true. A letter is found in the King's apartment left behind by the King, addressed to the National Assembly, detailing with earnestness and childlike simplicity, the woes his Majesty has suffered: want of respect, rebellion, want of cash, want of order—anarchy everywhere—and telling them that he has been compelled to retire to a place of liberty. At 10 o'clock, three alarm cannons announce the flight to all Paris. The Assembly comes together in haste: Lafayette and the commandant are examined: the King's letter is read: the Royalist section of the Assembly is struck dumb. Unanimous resolutions are taken. Ministers are sent for and instructed to continue their functions. The King's letter shall be printed and circulated over all France, with brief and pithy comment. The army shall be increased and commissioners sent out over all France to instruct the people in their duty.

Meanwhile, the diligences (or mail coaches, as they are called in England) take the news in all directions: how each of these furrows up smooth France as it

goes. "The King is fled." The report, as it goes "through town or hamlet ruffles the smooth public mind into quivering agitation of death-terror :—along all high-ways towards the utmost border, till all France is ruffled—roughened up into one enormous, desperate-minded, red, guggling Turkey cock."

The most terrified man in all France is Robespierre. He is pale with visions of gibbet and halter. He thinks the King's flight means invasion by the Austrians, and the re-instatement of the King to all his autocratic powers. Within 24 hours, he expects a St. Bartholomew of patriots. He utters his horrid anticipations, with the most doleful terror. Men who are cruel in power are generally cowards in danger.

Scouts have flown over France faster than the diligences. They get ahead of the Royal Berline itself, for the progress of the cumbersome equipage is slow. Stoppages occur for change of horses : for repair. The King must get out, and get a walk here and there, and all this when there is not a minute to spare—and when his friends on the east of France are waiting him in a long chain of cavalry patrols, with an anxiety bordering on fever. And so it comes to pass that the Berline, lumbering along at the snail's pace of three miles an hour, is stopped by patriots at the insignificant village of Varenne. The tocsin sounds over the country wide. The National Guards of the district muster. But so also (close at hand) do the Royalist troops under Bouillé. They actually enter the village, and if the King had only shown a little firmness, he could have been got away and the whole history of France, and perhaps of the world, changed. But it could not be. "He can give no order : form no opinion : sits there as he has ever done, like clay on the potter's wheel : perhaps," says Carlyle, "the absurdest of all pitiable and pardonable of clay-figures that now circle under the moon."

TRIAL BY ORDEAL.

AMONG the enormities and absurdities of the ages of priestly domination, now happily ended, was the judicial process known as trial by ordeal. By this, a man suspected of crime which he denied was "put to the proof" in various cruel ways that had nothing to do with the question. He was made to hold a red-hot bar in his hand or plunge his arm into boiling water, or walk blindfold among kindled fires, &c. If he received any harm in the process, then he was considered guilty. Presumably, these practices were a corrupt imitation of the waters of jealousy under the law of Moses. The blind leaders of the people failed to realise the terrible difference between God and man appointing tests.

Besides questions of guilt, questions of title were settled in an extraordinary manner. Two neighbours disputing the boundaries of their respective lands, were called upon to bring a piece of turf from the contested land into court before the judge. There they were each to touch the piece of turf with the points of their swords, calling aloud on God to listen to their claims. They were then to fight together, and the man who killed his neighbour was to have the dispute settled in his favour !

In the days of Pepin, King of France, a bishop and an abbot had a dispute about a piece of ecclesiastical property. They brought their claims before the King, and he found himself so unable to decide the conflict that he orderéd it to be submitted to the ordeal of the cross. Each chose a man, and both men at a time appointed appeared in church, and at a given signal, held out their arms in the form of a cross. The man who held out his arms longest was to have the verdict in favour of his master. Spectators attended in numbers

and betted on the result. The bishop's man gave in first.

In 1066, at Tours, an abbot and a nobleman had a dispute as to the proprietorship of a horse. The abbot proposed to settle the dispute by duel: the nobleman consented, but afterwards agreed that the abbot should keep the horse on condition that the abbot should always in his prayers mention the nobleman and his wife and brothers. The abbot eagerly accepted the terms.

The bleeding of a corpse was held to be proof that the man had been murdered and that the murderer was present. Terrible mistakes were the result of this superstition. Though, as a rule, the blood of a dead body is stagnant, yet, under special circumstances, such as an apoplectic state of the body and the action of a sudden external heat, the bursting of a blood vessel is possible. Superstitions and legends of this sort were encouraged by the ignorant monks; authenticated sometimes by Popes and Councils, and eagerly swallowed by a benighted populace.

Many believed in the efficacy of these trials by ordeal. But there were means of evasion which the more knowing ones knew how to employ. There were chemical tricks for preparing the hand or arm to resist the action of fire or boiling water long enough to establish a claim. Then, where there was money, it was always possible to arrange with the priest to have the ordeal conducted in harmony with a suitor's wishes. The spectators could be held at a distance, a cold iron substituted for hot, the fire reduced to harmless dimensions, and so on.

How dreary is the spectacle as we glance backwards at the Dark Ages. How dreary is the present aspect of human life, even when trial by ordeal has disappeared. There is but one comfort: that God has promised an age of light and love at last,

and that what He promises He will surely perform.

ACQUISITIVENESS.

Is Phrenology True?—No. 21.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The brain the seat of the mind (p. 6, vol. i.); 2. The mind a cluster of separate powers (p. 49); 3. The powers in harmonious groups (p. 86); 4. The relation of power to size (p. 127); 5. Development subject to control (p. 167); 6. Action of the body on the brain (p. 207); 7. Influence of constitutional fibre (p. 247); 8. Phrenological bearing of the vital functions (p. 287); 9. Temperamental Development (p. 329); 10. The brain itself, and its subdivisions in man and beast (p. 367); 11. Surgical difficulties considered (p. 407); 12. The organs—amativeness (p. 446); 13. The Conubial element in love (p. 6, vol. ii.); 14. Love of offspring (p. 47); 15. Love of friends (p. 86); 16. Love of fixed habitation (p. 127); 17. The power of application. (p. 167); 18. The love of life (p. 206); 19. The combative instinct (p. 247); 20. The executive faculty, alias destructiveness (p. 286).

NOTHING can be more evident to a thoughtful observer than the existence of a faculty whose function is to give a sense of possession. Both man and beast show it in the most decided manner; that is to say, they show its existence by the great variety they exhibit in its endowment. If it were not a separate and distinct faculty, it would not show in differing degrees of strength. It would be uniform with the general strength of the constitution. Instead of this, endless variation is the rule, irrespective of the action of intelligence.

Some animals are noted for their propensity to collect and secrete what they require for food; while others eat what they can get and pass on, showing no disposition to store anything away. Some

men have no faculty for keeping, while others show it in an over-mastering form, resulting not only in the accumulation of riches but in degrading avarice ; and this difference is independent of general intelligence : for it sometimes happens that the acquisitive man is the intelligent man, and sometimes the fool, and sometimes both and sometimes neither.

This mental diversity is always associated with diversities of breadth in the side head. The acquisitive man or animal is always broad from side to side, and the non-acquisitive is as invariably narrow. Nothing is more hideous than extreme acquisitiveness, and nothing more useful than its proper endowment. In its absence, the character is devoid of a quality essential to subsistence and practical utility. Its due presence is shown in the practical managing turn that foresees a need or a difficulty, and is always ready with means to ends. It brings with it a shiftiness that is a great comfort in a friend or companion. It is a great comfort to the possessor also, for it puts him in possession of the means of carrying out his desires where the improvident are perplexed and embarrassed by large desires that have no power of execution. A due endowment of acquisitiveness is not only not inconsistent with, but may be subservient to the highest purposes of benevolent enterprise : indeed, no enterprises can flourish without it in the state of things at present prevalent on the earth when man has to shift for himself like an orphan instead of dwelling in a father's regulated and well-provided house.

The organ lies just over destructiveness, but a little further forward in the head. It gives breadth to the side head, a little behind where the eyebrows end off. A man without it is an incomplete character. But the human race does not generally suffer from a deficiency of this organ. It is rather the other way. The prevalence

of selfishness and covetousness bears testimony to its liberal development and activity. As a rule, there is more need for restraining than for cultivating the organ. It is liable to act with too much brake-power on the higher impulses, especially if those higher impulses are but moderately developed, as is usually the case. The ordinary man is apt to be over-saving, over-acquiring, with small benevolence, conscience, and veneration. He sticks to his money like a limpet ; if acquisitiveness be large, with a poor development of the higher brain, the man will be dominated by the idea of getting and saving. A miserly propensity will grow, and the mind and the life will wither. There is no sadder picture under the sun than to see a human being eaten up by this one faculty. Like all other faculties, it will grow with indulgence ; and unlike most of the other faculties, it has no limit of satisfaction. The more it gets, the more it wants ; and the more it is pampered, the more do the other faculties shrink and shrivel. It is a dangerous master. It wants taking in hand firmly and keeping in its right place. That place is the place of servant. Let it be used as a box that the Master can open at the call of wisdom. In the miser, it is a box with a slit to receive but with no key : you can never get out what is dropped in. The acquisitive instinct, so useful under the guidance of enlightenment, becomes, when allowed to rule, the Mammon of Unrighteousness, of which Jesus speaks deprecatingly. He says the service of God cannot be combined with the service of Mammon. Nothing will convince any one so much of the truth of this as the earnest endeavour to serve God in the keeping of His commandments. Mammon knows nothing of faith, nothing of compassion for the need of others, nothing of casting even the famous two mites into the treasury of God. All idea of serving God or of spending for

results to be reaped in life eternal, is cant to its blind and brutal mind.

Mammon is much in the ascendant in the present evil world, and in many shapes and quarters where it is little suspected. It is glorified under innocent and respectable titles. The Scriptures say "Men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself." The truth of this is universally recognised, not because it is written, but because it is found to be true: and as men like to be praised, as well as like to have, a powerful impetus is imparted on all hands to the habit of getting and saving. The thing is lauded in press and platform under many pretty high-sounding moral names; and all are liable to be insensibly drawn into the current of Mammon worship. A rational and enlightened providence is both a beautiful and divinely-inculcated thing; but the danger of giving in to a mere brute instinct under the influence of a false public opinion is great. Safety lies only, as in the case of the other faculties, in regulation by Divine law: this is the secret of the right use in all cases. Under this regulation men will "Beware of covetousness," as Jesus commands (Luke xii, 15-21); since "the covetous man is an idolator" by divine estimation, and unfit to inherit the Kingdom of God (Eph. v., 5).

An active acquisitiveness will act under the inspiration supplied by the dominant activities of the other parts of the brain. It will seek to acquire whatever the other faculties crave. Under trained intellect and moral powers, it will greatly help the tendency to gather and possess knowledge and everything related to its effectual use. Hence, the cultivation of the mind in general becomes the true method of managing acquisitiveness. If the mind is a waste, and the animal propensities have the control, acquisitiveness will seek the means of their gratification. This is the kind of industry that mostly prevails in the

world at the present time. Every faculty has its own happiness. They require combining to give the right blend. Acquisitiveness has a peculiar and powerful sense of gratification in its exercise. Rightly governed, it becomes a tributary stream to the "river of our pleasures." In the present world of chaos, we have to look ahead for the right effectuation of all our powers. It is not difficult to see that the purpose of God has provided a sphere for the perfect action of this faculty of acquisitiveness, which, under present circumstances, is so hideously manifested. *Possession* is a prominent feature in the promised salvation. "The wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just." "The meek shall inherit the earth." "All things are yours." "Yours is the Kingdom of God." "I will give to every one of you according as your work shall be."—How glorious is the prospect of a state of things in which every mental power, purified and immortalised, will have its effectual sphere and exercise. "Everlasting joy" will be the natural result.

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A BREAK IN THE CLOUDS.

*Christianity since the Ascension of
Christ.—No. 21.*

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Fate of the apostles and their fellow-labourers (p. 8, vol. i.); 2. Persecution in Domitian's reign (Clement) (p. 51); 3. Heresy at the end of the first century (p. 87); BEGINNING OF THE SECOND CENTURY—Pliny's letter (p. 129); 5. Persecutions by Antoninus (Ignatius) (p. 169); 6. Adrian's reign (Jews forbidden the Holy Land) (p. 209); 7. Persecution in the reign of Marcus Aurelius (Justin Martyr and Polycarp) (p. 248); 8. The Persecution continued—Letter of Irenæus (p. 289); 9. Spiritual declension through Alexandrian philosophy (p. 331); 10. CLOSE OF THE SECOND CENTURY (p. 370); 11. Tertullian at Carthage (p. 410); 12. Christianity at Alexandria (Beginning of the third century) (p. 448); 13. Persecution in the third century (p. 8, vol. ii.); 14. Origen's

Baneful Influence on Christianity (p. 49); 15. Repose and Declension (p. 88); 16. Persecution and relapse (p. 129); 17. Schism, affliction, and exhortation; 18. Dissension stopped by persecution (p. 208); 19. Peace, prosperity, and decay (p. 249); 20. A tempest of persecution (p. 288).

THE persecution described in the last article lasted, with certain intermissions, ten years, and was, it seems, the tenth publicly-organised persecution by the Pagan enemies of the Christian name. There were persecutions afterwards by the Papal professors of Christianity; but this was both the last and the worst by the Pagan dragon.

The particulars already rehearsed show its utterly diabolical character. No arts were finally spared to root Christianity out of the Roman Empire. In addition to the destruction of vast numbers, Maximin, the emperor of the east, circulated written slanders to be taught in schools, so as to educate the next generation in a confirmed aversion to everything connected with Christ. These included a blasphemous burlesque of transactions between Pilate and Christ, and the so-called confessions of loose women (hired for the purpose) as to infamous practices at the weekly assemblies of believers.

The killing of Christians was at last in great measure suspended. Mere torture of every kind was found more efficacious in compelling apostacy. In many places, crowds of men and women who had professed Christianity were found frequenting the temples of the gods. There were some noble exceptions. Felix, of Tibiura, in Africa, being asked if he had the Scriptures, answered, "I have them, and I will not part with them." He was ordered to be beheaded for his obstinacy. In Abitina, forty-nine for the same cause were famished and ill-treated and died of hunger. In Sicily, Euplius, a Christian, was asked "Why do you keep the Scrip-

tures seeing they are forbidden by the Emperor?" He answered, "Because life eternal is in them; he that gives them up loses life eternal."

Some persons at Gaza, in Palestine, were apprehended for meeting together to hear the scriptures read. They were taken before the magistrate and had each a leg broken or an eye torn out, or some other member mutilated. Two of them were women, and died under horrible torments. At another time, one named Paul was sentenced to be beheaded. He asked to be allowed a short space before persecution. His request being granted, he uttered a prayer in a loud voice that moved the whole audience of spectators and drew tears from many. He prayed first for all Christians, that their afflictions might cease and their peace return. He then prayed for the Jews and the Samaritans, that their eyes might be opened to receive Christ. He then prayed for the Pagan Gentiles who were persecuting believers, that they might be brought to know God and serve Him. He then prayed for the crowd in court, for the judge who had sentenced him, for the executioner who was about to take off his head, and for the emperor who had commanded the deed. He concluded by praying that the sin might not be laid to their charge, and then offered his head to the sword, which quickly did its work.

About the same time, 130 men and women, belonging to Egypt, were maimed in various ways, and sent to labour in the mines in Palestine and Cilicia. Some of their friends soon afterwards followed them out of Egypt, and made their way to the mines to minister some help and comfort to their suffering fellow-Christians. This band was seized: one was burnt, two beheaded, and several mutilated and sent to join their friends in the darkness, affliction, and drudgery of the mines. Pamphilius, a friend of Eusebius, and in

high reputation for his knowledge of the scriptures, was brought before a Roman Governor, Firmilian by name. The Governor asked him to what country he belonged. He answered "Jerusalem." The Governor was irritated at the answer, and ordered the officers to apply torments, after which Pamphilius was beheaded. His servant, Porphyry, begged the favour that his master might be buried. The Governor turned on him and ordered the servant to be burnt. Twelve others suffered at the same time.

Towards the end of the seventh year the persecution relaxed in some degree, and the multitudes who had been condemned to the mines in Palestine enjoyed some liberty for a short time, and were recovering from their woes, when a visit from the president of the province ended their tranquillity. It grieved him to see the harmless people getting over their sufferings, and he wrote a letter to the Emperor, which resulted in an official being sent, who singled out four of the most prominent and burnt them alive. Thirty-nine others had their heads taken off. Among the latter was one John, an Egyptian, who had previously been lamed by the application of red-hot irons to his leg, and lost his eyes. He was widely known and loved among the Christians, for his ability to recite from memory long extracts from the old and new Testaments.

In the midst of all these terrible sufferings, which lasted for years, God was preparing an instrument of release in the West, where the persecution had been slight and brief compared with the experience of the East. Constantius, the western Cæsar, having Britain and Gaul under his jurisdiction, was dying, and in A.D. 306, he requested Galerius, the eastern emperor, to send him his (Constantius') own son Constantine. Galerius was reluctant to comply from a jealousy of Con-

stantine, who was known to be a friend of the Christians. He put off as long as he could, and in fact favoured schemes for Constantine's assassination, but at last Constantine was permitted to start, and was not long before he was at the bedside of his father, who died almost immediately after his arrival. Constantine was then proclaimed by the army successor to his father, and immediately granted toleration to the Christians throughout the whole of his late father's dominions—to the dismay and consternation of the Pagan party throughout the Roman Empire. 369

HUMAN CLAY AND DIVINE ANGER.

Is there a God?—No. 21.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The reproductive faculty indicative of purpose (p. 14, vol. i.); 2. Every faculty proves the existence of its object, therefore God (p. 56); 3. The origin of the universe (p. 91); 4. The appearance of man upon the scene (p. 133); 5. The inconsistencies of the evolutionist view (p. 174); 6. The existence of sex a proof of God (p. 214); 7. Mechanism of the human frame (p. 251); 8. The construction of the eye (p. 292); 9. The seed of plant and animal (p. 333); 10. Human intelligence itself a proof of God (p. 371); 11. The self action of the universe (p. 411); 12. The fool's opinion (p. 451); 13. The great universe and small man (p. 10, vol. ii.); 14. Limited Knowledge (p. 51, vol. ii.); 15. Omnipotent control (p. 90); 16. The existence of evil (p. 131); 17. Looking too much at the creature (p. 171); 18. God's Answer (p. 210); 19. Co-ordinate Truth (p. 251); 20. Man's State and God's Method (p. 291).

I THINK we disposed of the tribalism last month?

Well, in a measure.

If there is anything more to be said on behalf of the objection, say on.

I don't know that there is anything definite to be said beyond what I said last

month. Your remarks no doubt fairly met the objection, if I concede what you took for granted about man. Of course, if man is nothing more than so much living clay, Reason can have no criticism to offer on any limitation in God's method of hewing the race into the shape he desires.

Investigation will show you that that is the state of the case. The Bible is not responsible for the philosophical theories that represent man as an immortal being, capable of what is called a disembodied existence. Clay is the very figure it uses: "We are the clay, Thou our potter; we all are the work of Thy hand" (Is. lxiv., 8). If this be the state of the case, then Paul's question is reasonable: "Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour?" What is this but "tribalism?"

As I have said, granting the clay element, there is nothing to be urged against it except the sentiment of pity we cannot help feeling for the multitudes that come into existence only to perish.

That is, to go out of existence again.

Well?

Do you think that is a hardship?

From their point of view—Yes.

Do you feel it a hardship in the case of cows and sheep?

But you see they are not men.

Still, they come into existence and have some sort of pleasure while they are in existence, and then go out again. Is it a difficulty with you that there is such an endless procession of disappearing animals?

I might feel it a difficulty if they had the same keen sense of existence that we have.

Then is it the keenness of conscious sense that makes the difficulty?

I think so.

What, then, about the hundred thousand

idiots and lunatics in England alone? Would you feel less difficulty about them than about a hundred thousand sane men?

You press me closely. I do not know what to think about idiots and lunatics. Doubtless the hardship would not be so great in their case.

But, now, why should the keen sense of existence which man has be a difficulty in the way of recognising that his life is "but a vapour that appeareth for a very little while and then vanisheth away?"

I do not say it interferes with that if that be the truth. What I say is that we cannot but regard the objectless existence of multitudes, which your view seems to involve, without feelings of sadness.

Ah, well, that is another thing. The "valley of the shadow of death," as the present state is called, cannot but be a place of gloom and sadness. The object of my questions is to show that sentiment can be no guide in the determination of truth, and further, that the relapse of a created being into a state of non-existence is not the evil thing in itself that it is liable to appear to a living being fearing death for himself. It would be different if the death of the unsaved meant their entrance into a state of endless misery. The purpose of God is the only stable and determining standpoint of contemplation in the case. If we once fairly grasp the idea that He is the author of all secondary existence, and that He is evolving the universe on His own plan, and for His own objects, all difficulty from the human point of view must vanish.

I am disposed to admit that. But what about this anger which God is represented as showing so often. The very nation that He chose and delivered from Egypt, it is said, He afterwards destroyed.

Yes, my good friend. I regard that as one of the most powerful evidences of the truth of the story, and a most signal

illustration of the sovereign prerogative of the latter.

Taking the truth of it for granted, which I am not disposed to dispute, what have you to say about the display of anger where love only is supposed to dwell?

I deny the "supposition:" we must take God as He is revealed and not as He is "supposed" to be. I do not accept the current view that love only is the attribute of God.

But the New Testament says that God is love.

Yes, but not love only. It also says "Our God is a consuming fire" (Heb. xii. 29).

It is difficult to reconcile the two things.

Why? Cannot separate attributes co-exist in one character? Are you not sensible of both love and abhorrence in the composition of your mental man?

Yes, but we are speaking of God. God is not a man.

Truly so, but if it is testified that anger is with God as well as love, and if we see anger and love harmoniously blending in our own character, why should we have any difficulty in conceiving of a similar blend in the Divine character.

There is such a difference between God and man.

Granted, but there is a sufficient resemblance to admit of this argument from one to the other. Man is made in the image of God: this is the testimony. He is the miniature resemblance of him in his mental and moral characteristics. Therefore the argument returns: If man is capable of anger as well as love, why should it be a difficulty that God is so?

My difficulty would be as to the existence of anger in God at all.

There, my friend, you are ballooning. You are not guiding your thoughts by facts, but by imaginations. You do not mean to dictate to God what he ought to

be, do you? You want to know what He is?

I wish to know the truth.

Very well, why should you raise a difficulty about the existence of anger, seeing it is testified of God and seen in man?

I don't know why I should raise a difficulty about it; but it seems to me that love is much more rationally the attribute of divinity.

You want to analyse your thoughts. You are allowing yourself to be governed by the mere bias of human sentiment. You must school yourself into subjection to fact. As a matter of experience and reason, there can be no more objection to anger than to love. It is indeed a necessary complement of love. Love without the capacity of anger would be impotent. Anger in its full exercise is both the reprehension of that which is opposed to goodness, and the power to remove it. As to what is goodness, God only is the Judge, and He is consequently the only standard of righteous anger. In proportion as we learn of Him, we know what is good, and in proportion as we imitate, we give legitimate exercise to that abhorrence of evil which is His characteristic, and which in executive expression is anger. You must get rid of the idea that God's goodness is only a sort of honeyed passivity. Far, far from this is the case, whether we judge Him by His manifestations in nature or revelation. In nature, we see pain in every deviation from law; death in every interference with life's conditions; destructive violence in every departure from equilibrium. Storm and conflagration and earthquake and massacre are as much aspects of nature as sunshine and safety and peace. Therefore, it is not strange that there should be a rough side to the character of the Divine Power out of whom all things have proceeded. And when we see that this roughness is declared and illustrated

in the attested acts of His power, and further, that this roughness is never manifested except in the destruction of that which is evil and the conservation of that which is good, there can be no difficulty to true reason in the testified fact that God is capable of being angry as well as "gracious and merciful, longsuffering, slow to anger and of great kindness." 371

IMPENDING DESTRUCTION.

The Persian Empire under the Successors of Cyrus.—No. 21.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Babylon (p. 16, vol. 1); 2. Cyrus (p. 58); 3. Rise of Cyrus as a great general (p. 92); 4. Campaigns of Cyrus (p. 135); 5. The capture of Babylon (p. 175); 6. Cyrus as a conqueror (p. 216); 7. Cyrus and Daniel: reign and death of Cyrus (p. 253); 8. Cambyses, son of Cyrus (p. 294); 9. Darius, successor of Cyrus (p. 335); 10. Beginning of the war with Greece (p. 374); 11. The expedition of Xerxes (p. 413); 12. Failure of the expedition (p. 452); 13. The disasters of Xerxes in Greece (p. 12, vol. ii.); 14. The end of Xerxes and the extraordinary sequel (p. 54); 15. Persian declension and a Greek suicide (p. 92); 16. Persia struggles to retain ascendancy (p. 134); 17. Persian disintegration; 18. Greek prowess and Persian bribery (p. 213); 19. Civil war and family assassinations (p. 253); 20. Horrors and enormities (p. 293)

UNDER the appalling circumstances described in our last chapter, sudden destruction was standing unsuspected at the door. Bagoas, the eunuch prime minister who poisoned King Ochus and gave him to the cats, procured at the same time the murder of all the King's sons except the youngest, Arses, whom he placed upon the throne as a puppet through whom he himself exercised the whole sovereignty of the empire. In two years, this young man had discovered the character of Bagoas and planned measures for getting rid of him; but Bagoas was

beforehand with him and caused Arses and to be assassinated and his whole family, relations and dependents to be destroyed with him, ensuing upon which, he elevated one of the nobles to the throne—Codomanus—who took the name of Darius Codomanus. This was in the year B.C. 336. That same year, there ascended the throne of Macedonia, a young man who was destined to make a great name on the earth, and before whose onrush, the fabric of Persian dominion was to crumble in a moment to hopeless ruin. He had been angelically foretold to Daniel under the figure of "a notable horn" on the head of the Greek goat, and in similar language as "a mighty king who shall stand up" against the power of Persia (Dan. viii. 5-21; xi. 3). He is known in history as Alexander the Great.

We have very full particulars of the life and exploits of this young man, owing to the circumstance that Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, was his tutor, and several Greek writers were on his military staff, and as he was so specially singled out by the spirit of God for prophetic exhibition, it will be interesting to look at the leading features of his history. He was a young man of phenomenal qualities, as evinced by the fact that though he only lived to be 32 years of age, he left a name and a political system filling a larger place in history than any predecessor, except Cyrus.

He was the son of Philip, King of Macedon, one of the Greek states. This Philip was himself a man of remarkable political and military capacity and had gradually worked himself up from comparative obscurity to the position of accepted generalissimo of the whole of the Greek states, in which capacity he was preparing to make war against Persia when he was assassinated during the nuptials of his daughter, by an officer who had a private quarrel to avenge. Philip had not

attained this position without the bitter opposition of strong factions among the Greeks, who were jealous of giving Greece a master; and when the news of Philip's death reached Athens, the people, led by Demosthenes, the celebrated orator, burst into transports of joy, and held a feast in honour of the event, and voted a crown to the assassin. They little knew the nature of the King's son, Alexander, who, it happened, had deserted his father at that very time, on account of Philip's divorce of Alexander's mother, and from whom, therefore, the Greeks thought little was to be feared. Demosthenes harangued the people daily in contempt of Alexander, calling him a child, a hairbrained boy, who would not dare to stir out of his kingdom against Greece, but would be glad to be allowed to sit peaceably upon his own throne. Demosthenes also wrote letters to the provincial governors, inciting them to throw over Alexander. One of these handed Demosthenes' letter to Alexander. Alexander, who was only 20 years of age, marched with the utmost expedition towards Greece, saying to those about him that Demosthenes had called him a child, and he must show himself to be a man. Alexander arrived in Greece so suddenly that his enemies were taken all aback. Nevertheless, they resisted him. Arrived before Thebes, he demanded two of the ringleaders, on the refusal of whom he attacked and took the place with great slaughter, and gave the city over to plunder and the survivors to slavery. This disaster, so sudden, so unexpected, and so complete, made a profound impression on the other cities of Greece, especially on Athens, which had taken the lead against Alexander. The utmost dismay prevailed; the fire of Demosthenes' eloquence died out. A deputation was sent to Alexander to implore his clemency. After raising difficulties, and making some

show of sternness, Alexander relented and forgave the Athenians on Athens consenting to banish one Cademus.

All the other cities submitted. He then marched to Corinth, and summoned a representative assembly of all the States of Greece, and demanded of them the appointment that his father held as supreme commander of the Greeks against the Persians, and their approval of the proposed war against that people. The deliberations of the assembly were very short, and Alexander was unanimously appointed to the position he required. He then repaired to Delphi to consult the oracle as to whether he should be successful in the Persian War. It happened that he arrived there on a day considered unlucky, and the priestess refused to go to the temple. Alexander, who could not brook contradiction, took her by the arm to force her to go, and while he was leading her towards the temple, the priestess cried out, "My son, you are irresistible!" This was all he required to give his army the necessary confidence, and he immediately set out for Macedonia to make his preparations. Arrived there, his courtiers and chief officers advised him to choose a consort before setting out on an expedition which must last a long time, so that the succession might be provided for in case of anything happening to him. Alexander did not approve of the advice. Marriage nuptials would involve delay, and he thought that would be a shame to him after being appointed generalissimo by the Greeks against Persia to waste any time on entering upon so important an expedition. He should, therefore, postpone marriage and set out at once. He said this with a fiery decision that made every one feel there was no use pressing the point.

He then proceeded to hurry up his preparations. First, he ordered a religious festival of nine days' duration. At this

feast, he treated his whole army in the most liberal manner, especially the several princes of his family and the ambassadors and officers, for whom he had a large tent erected, capable of accommodating 900 guests at the table. Most of his officers were elderly men, and when assembled had the venerable air of a senate. He enquired into their domestic affairs with a view of providing for their families during their absence in Persia. To one he gave an estate in the country, to another a village, to a third revenues of a town, to a fourth the toll of a harbour, according to their several needs. His generosity excited cordial feelings of attachment. When he had given away everything to his friends, Perdicas said, "My lord, what do you reserve for yourself?" Alexander replied "Hope." "Then," said Perdicas, "hope should satisfy us," and he refused the portion assigned to him by the King.

Alexander settled affairs in Macedonia, with a view to setting out for Asia in the beginning of the spring. His army was a small one (consisting of only about 30,000 foot and 5,000 horse); but then they were all disciplined and hardy veterans, who had made several campaigns under Philip, and were most of them capable of assuming the command in case of necessity. Alexander made very little provision in the way of supplies. He took only one month's food, and about £20,000 in money. He depended upon the resources of Asia to supply the needs of his army, in which he was not disappointed.

ACCORDING to Mulhall, in each year in England 15 people out of every thousand marry. Of each 1,000 men who marry, 861 are batchelors and 139 are widowers; while of each 1,000 women, only 98 have been married before, and 902 are spinsters. Twelve marriages out of every 100 are second marriages.

THE CELESTIAL VISITORS AGAIN.

Out of Doors at Night.—No. 21.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Greatness of the starry universe (p. 19, vol. i.); 2. The earth a globe (p. 60); 3. Objections considered (p. 94); 4. The earth turning and travelling (p. 137); 5. The moon (p. 177); 6. Aspects of the moon (p. 218); 7. In the moon (p. 256); 8. The starry host: the planets: Mercury (p. 297); 9. Nearest the sun (p. 338); 10. Venus, the morning and evening star (p. 376); 11. Mars, the ruddy planet (p. 416); 12. The asteroids, the little planets of the solar system (p. 454); 13. The giant of the solar system (p. 14, vol. 2); 14. Our giant brother Jupiter (p. 55); 15. Jupiter and the shape of the earth (p. 94); 16. The splendid planet (p. 136); 17. A newly-discovered planet (p. 175); 18. The outpost of the solar system (p. 215); 19. The Lord of the Solar System (p. 255); 20. Celestial Visitors (p. 295.)

IT was a mistake last month to say that members of the meteoric showers have fallen to the earth. The statement is true only of the meteorites or "falling stars," which are intermittent (appearing almost at any time) and belonging apparently to a different class of bodies from those that constitute the meteoric showers. Sir Robert S. Ball, the Astronomer Royal of Ireland, explicitly declares in his *Story of the Heavens* that "the great meteoric showers seem never yet to have succeeded in projecting a missile which has reached the earth's surface. Out of the myriads of bodies that dart across the sky during these showers, not one particle has ever been seized and identified. Those bodies which do fall from the sky to the earth, and which we call meteorites, never come from the great showers, so far as we know. They seem indeed to be phenomena of quite a different character from that of the periodic meteors."

There is a curious circumstance con-

nected with these meteorites which indirectly bears powerfully on another subject. It is this: they were disbelieved in by scientific men till the present century. The reports of stones having fallen from the sky were regarded as perfectly fabulous, notwithstanding the existence of abundant testimony. Ancient books (chiefly Roman), contained statements on the subject: subsequent writings confirmed them. Living witnesses averred they had seen the stones fall. The stones themselves were produced, and were seen to be unlike other stones; but still, till the beginning of the present century, science refused to adopt the belief that such objects really fell from the sky. In 1795, a case arose that was too strong for scepticism. A stone weighing 56 lbs. was seen by several persons to fall in Yorkshire. It was brought to London and exhibited, and was subsequently deposited in the British Museum. About the same time a scientific man discovered a remarkable mass of iron lying on the surface of the ground in Siberia in a position where there was no iron within hundreds of miles, and where it could not have been placed by man. The subject was brought forward for scientific ventilation. Evidence then began to pour in from many quarters. It was found that the alleged fallen stones in every country were of the same substance. While the discussion was at its height, in 1803 a great shower of such bodies took place in Normandy, and destroyed all trace of doubt, since which time the fall of meteoric stones from the heavens has been an accepted item of scientific belief. When the fact was once admitted, ancient records were consulted with great interest, and testimony admitted that had been rejected for centuries.

(The resurrection of Christ and many similar marvels of Jewish history are attested by unimpeachable testimony. The

scientific mood is to deny the testimony, because the fact is out of the line of experience. The occurrence of similar marvels will shortly open the eyes of science to the truth of the testimony. Happy are those who believe beforehand.)

Since the descent of meteorites from the sky has been recognised as a truth, they have received much attention, and much information has been ascertained with regard to them; but nothing as to where they come from. Sir R. S. Ball admits that every theory that has been advanced with regard to their origin is improbable; yet, as he says, they must come from somewhere. He is himself inclined to think they are bits of volcanic matter that have been thrown up from the earth into space and got beyond the earth's gravitation for a while, and been caught again by the earth in its journey. He admits the difficulty of conceiving a force great enough on earth to do this. Some think they are fragments thrown into space by the volcanoes of the moon: the difficulty here is that there is no evidence of volcanic activity in the moon. Others think they have come from the sun or from other planets. Nobody knows. They are far more numerous than earth's inhabitants are aware, and if it were not for the atmosphere, the earth would be uninhabitable from the violence of their descent. The atmosphere acts as a kindly screen, shielding us from a tempest of missiles far more terrible in velocity and power than the most terrible artillery fire that the power of man can produce. When the meteoric body strikes the atmosphere, it perishes in a streak of splendour except in the few cases in which they are large enough to resist the entire effects of the combustion before they land: moving at a rate of 20 miles per second, their friction on the atmosphere brings them first into a red heat, then into a white heat, and then consumes them altogether.

They are objects of surpassing beauty sometimes.

In 1869, on the 6th of November, a fire ball appeared in the sky about 90 miles above Frome, in Somerset, and rushed in five seconds a distance of 170 miles in a straight line, S.W. by W., till it reached the sea near St. Ives, in Cornwall, and disappeared about 27 miles from land. It was seen by many people in different parts of England. It made a glorious rush, and left behind it a path of light, about 50 miles long and 4 miles wide, which lasted nearly an hour. This was a "shooting star" on a grand scale. It is not often the shooting star makes such a display, and rarely does it leave a trail of glory.

Myriads of them are never seen with the naked eye at all. They become visible with the telescope when they are not looked for and not welcome. The student of the heavens is perhaps directing his instrument at some distant point of the milky way when some small object will flash across the field of vision, distracting his attention from the object of study. It is a meteor too small and faint to be visible to the naked eye—buzzing like the fire-fly across the path on a tropical night. They are never known till they are seen, and when they are seen it is for a moment to perish like the insect of a summer day. It is only in the process of their dissolution that the observer becomes aware of their existence.

SELF-HELP.—A man's best help is himself, his own heart, his resolute purpose—it cannot be done by proxy. A man's mind may be aroused by another, but he must mould his own character. What if a man fails in one thing? Let him try again—he must quarry his own nature. Let him try hard, and try again, for he does not know what he can do till he tries.

EXTRAORDINARY NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Is the Bible True?—No. 20.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. A moot question with "yes" waiting (p. 18, vol. i.); 2. The Bible's own testimony: why should it be questioned? (p. 97); 3. Its historic backbone (p. 139); 4. Taking its history to pieces: Abraham (p. 179); 5. Truth necessitated by the nature of its narrative: Joseph (p. 219); 6. Ditto in the case of Moses: the exodus (p. 258); 7. The journey in the wilderness (p. 299); 8. Israel's chronic mutinies (p. 340); 9. What the record of the murmurings proves (p. 378); 10. The want of food in the wilderness; the manna supply (p. 418); 11. Failure of the water supply: the sin of Moses (p. 456); 12. The worship of the golden calf (p. 16, vol. ii.); 13. Struck dead on the spot (p. 58); 14. A doomed generation (p. 96); 15. Envy at headquarters (p. 138); 16. Wholesale revolt (p. 177); 17. Distressed leader and plagued people (p. 217); 18. Balaam's journey (p. 257); 19. The Speeches of Moses (p. 298.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I now direct your attention to what I think you must allow to be one of the most extraordinary pieces of literature under the sun—consider it in what way you will. It is the parting gift of Moses to Israel in the shape of a national anthem or song. The contention of my argument will be the impossibility of accounting for the existence of such a piece of literature on any hypothesis short of the truth of the narrative with which it is associated.

We all know what national anthems and patriotic songs are like. They glorify nations or kings, *e.g.*, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," "Rule Britannia; Britons never shall be slaves," "God Save our gracious Queen." Or they deprecate the tyranny and invoke the fall of oppressors like the "Marsellaise." They are human compositions, and they reflect the thoughts and passions of men, and are

consequently highly popular. But here is a national song that directly condemns the nation into whose mouth it is put, and portrays a tragic future that subsequent history has fulfilled to the letter.

Consider first the avowed object of its composition. "Write ye this song and teach it the children of Israel: Put it into their mouths *that it may be a witness for Me AGAINST the children of Israel.*" So God says to Moses. If it be asked why there should be any need for a song to witness against Israel of the coming generations, there is an answer of the most explicit character, lifting the narrative and the composition far out of the category of fanatical freak with which some histories have since made us familiar. Here is the preface to the song: "The Lord said unto Moses, Behold the days approach that thou must die. . . Thou shalt sleep with thy fathers and this people . . . will forsake me and break my covenant which I have made with them. Then my anger shall be kindled against them in that day and I will forsake them and hide my face from them and *they shall be devoured and many evils and troubles shall befall them, so that they shall say in that day—(reproachfully against God)—are not these evils come upon us because our God is not among us? . . . And it shall come to pass when many evils and troubles are befallen them that *this song shall testify against them* as a witness, for it shall not be forgotten out of the mouths of their seed" (Deut. xxxi. 14, 16-21).*

Now, ladies and gentlemen, consider such a prologue as that, to a national composition. It must be evident that it was not a man-pleaser that wrote it, for it is the most displeasing piece of writing it is possible to imagine to those for whom it was written. It foretells a disgraceful future; it alleges this disgraceful future as the reason of writing the song. The disgraceful future has come; and the people

affected by it carry this song about with them in all their weary wanderings in the lands of their enemies, and read it in their synagogues in every land under the sun, as it comes in its turn. The song has proved a true song; it has not departed out of Israel's mouth, in all the ages that have lapsed since its writing, although it is the most defamatory piece of composition it would be possible to write against them.

These are facts, ladies and gentlemen, whatever you may think of them. I mean they are facts that cannot be put aside by the most audacious unbelief. I implore you to consider them. They call for explanation. The song is there: the nation is there. What account can you give of them? If you say that the song is not of the divine authorship alleged by Moses or that some one after Moses wrote it, you put yourselves under the obligation of reasonably accounting for an inventor inventing such a nation-damning story, and you will also have to explain how it is that the things foretold in a song 3,000 years old have all come to pass down to this very day. Any attempt on your part to do either of these things must make you feel the futility of all such ideas. It must make you feel that we are helplessly shut up to the conclusion that the story is true; and that this is the only solution harmonising all the elements of this actual and palpable problem. Do not put it lightly aside. Do not be content to leave an issue undecided that involves such incalculable issues for human life: for if God spoke by Moses, then is Christ a reality, and the whole future of the earth the glorious thing of divine promise and prophecy.

If these considerations are powerful in connection with what we have called the prologue of the song—meaning what is not strictly a prologue in the technical language of the drama, but rather the introductory incidents with which the song

is associated in the record—how strong must they appear when we consider the song itself. It occupies nearly the whole of the 32nd chapter of Deuteronomy. It is as unlike the patriotic compositions of all nations as can be imagined.

It opens (verse 3-4) by ascribing greatness to God. As to Israel (verse 5) "they have *corrupted themselves*; they are a perverse and crooked generation. Do ye thus requite the Lord, *O foolish people and unwise.*" Recounting (verse 7-14) what God had done for them, it proceeds to narrate (verse 15) that Israel "waxed fat and kicked; he *forsook God who made him*, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation . . . of the Rock that begat thee, thou art unmindful, and *hast forgotten God that formed thee.*" The consequences are set forth: "When the Lord saw it, *He abhorred them.* He said, I will hide my face from them. They are a very forward generation, *children in whom is no faith.* . . . They are a nation void of counsel, *neither is there any understanding in them.* A fire is kindled in mine anger. . . . *I will heap mischief upon them.* They shall be devoured with hunger and devoured with burning heat and with bitter destruction. *The sword without and terror within shall destroy* both the young man and the virgin, and the suckling also with the man of grey hairs. I said I would scatter them into corners. I would make the remembrance of them to cease from among men, were it not that I feared the wrath of the enemy,—lest their adversaries should behave themselves strangely, and lest they should say, Our hand is high, the Lord hath not done all this." And then the song proceeds (36-43) to foretell their deliverance at the last, when they shall have recognised God who has afflicted them (37-39).

These are but extracts. Ponder them. The song is a sublime composition, but it is not as a composition that I commend

it to your consideration. It is as unlike human poetry as the stars are unlike gas illuminations. It differs not so much in language as in themes and moods, though even its language is of incomparable loftiness. There is a calm, under-rating of the Jews from beginning to end; an ignoring of human prowess of any kind; a majestic and vaulting assertion of the claims and rights of God only; a clear and accurate forecasting of the course of the afflicted Jewish history. It appears in the hands of Moses as he takes sad farewell of Israel in the knowledge of his impending demise. "Gather unto me," says he to the head of the congregation, "all the elders of your tribes and officers that I may speak these words in your ears, and call heaven and earth to record against them. For I know that after my death, ye will utterly corrupt yourselves and turn aside from the way which I have commanded you, and evil will befall you in the latter days" (Deut. xxxi. 28-29).

Then he proceeds to rehearse the song. I do not wish to be dogmatic, or to appear fanatical, ladies and gentlemen; but I do feel that I am within the bounds of literal-truth and logical propriety when I assert (in view of the considerations I have briefly laid before you) that this single piece of literature, which is in every man's house where there is a Bible, is of itself demonstrative proof of God having spoken by Moses; and if by Moses, ladies and gentlemen, then by all who form links in the chain of revelation coming after, for the Divinity of the work done by Moses involves the Divinity of the whole work to its finish in the coming triumph of Christ on the earth: for it cannot be imagined that God would begin a work and not finish it: that God would promise final blessedness through Abraham and his seed and not fulfil his promise: that God by Moses would promise Israel a Prophet like to Moses,

but with the words of God in his mouth, to whom they would finally listen as they did not to Moses, and not send that Prophet! No, ladies and gentlemen, the whole scheme is so interlaced together that the establishment of one part involves the establishment of all. I, therefore, beseech you to study the extraordinary national anthem of the Jewish race, and see in it the hand and voice of God, with happy augury for the future of groaning and afflicted mankind.

OUR "AT HOME."

NOTES BY A ROVING CORRESPONDENT AND OCCASIONAL VISITOR.

Evenings in February, 1892.

THE BOOK OF THE HOUR.

I DO not feel prepared with any variety of chat this evening. The fact is, I am dreadfully given to a habit of doing and thinking of one thing at a time, and my leisure gaps during the past month have been monopolised with Mr. Kennan's book on "Siberia and the Exile System," which the papers belaud as the book of the hour. Anything touching on Russia always has an interest somewhat different to that of any other country, not only because we know less of her inner life, but because she is destined to take the lead in the events of the impending crisis in the world's history. This poor old world of ours is suffering from a deadly gangrene, and as some parts are more deeply affected than others, it is but natural that the knife of excision should be first applied where the disease is most malignant, which I assume to be *one* reason why the dominion of the Czar will be the first to be laid low at the coming of the King of Kings. I always regard Russia as

AN AUGUST PERSONAGE IN MILITARY UNIFORM,

Whom we eye at a distance, the cut and colour of whose coat is too obvious for comment. We see other countries in all sorts of attire, evening dress, morning dress, smock frock and any other frock you like to call for, but not so Russia. To speak of her as she may be without her uniform is like walking up a dim mysterious aisle, where nobody thinks of being very certain of anything, and so, while we are all in this interesting state of mind, *The Century Magazine* commissions Mr. George Kennan, an American, to go to Siberia and report on the exile system. His articles on the subject of his travels appeared in that magazine in 1888, and are now published with a good deal of fresh matter in book form. It is generally recognised as a standard work, and while amplifying Russia's civil administrative code, the reader is introduced to a mass of intensely interesting information regarding the Asiatic portion of the empire. Besides all this, one gets a glimpse of Russia at home,

STRIPPED OF HER PLUMES,

and as she appears without them. I must leave it entirely to the discretion of "mine host" whether we may have Russia, as seen through Mr. Kennan's eyes, as a topic this evening. I have gleaned stray leaves from other pasture, too, so that I warn mine host, in view of my possible prosiness, not too hastily to accept the proposal.

MINE HOST: Everything is beautiful by contrast even when lacking beauty in itself. We shall not be likely to find prosiness in anything that has so deeply interested our Rover, I am sure. (Hear, hear).

"A TALE OF HORRORS."

ROVING CORRESPONDENT: The record of prison life in Russia unfolds a tale of

horrors that seem impossible in civilized society. If the Czar would interview some of the wardens of the fortress of Petropavlovsk, an immense block rising from the low banks of the Neva, just opposite his town winter palace, he would soon know why he needs 20,000 soldiers to guard his railway route between St. Petersburg and Moscow. It is here in this fortress, among others, that political suspects are dragged without a moment's warning or a shadow of an opportunity of defending themselves, and are detained, while awaiting their trial, months, and sometimes years.

The fortress is a block of buildings occupying an area of three quarters of a mile, and includes a Cathedral and Imperial Mint. It is broken up into numerous passages, courtyards, squares, gates, and doors, and no person when taken there knows exactly what part of the fortress he occupies, as the Government sends him always by night in closely-curtained carriages. The cells here are exceptionally roomy, having been built for storage of cannon, and are about 24 feet by 16; but, really, the size is of small moment when one remembers that the poor unfortunates who enter, do so to join a population as dead to the world as the grave itself. Dank halls, high window, wholly unventilated (I think) with a drip, drip of water into an iron cup provided for the purpose. Not even the sound of a footstep is allowed to break the sepulchral silence, the prisoners' feet, even, being clad in felt, that his diagonal march from corner to corner of his cell may not break the stillness of his tomb.

Some of the prisoners have the privilege of a few books which often wards off insanity; but where these are denied, the prisoner sooner or later falls a prey to disease of brain, nerves, epilepsy, while scurvy and other maladies follow from the poorness of the food. The earliest sen-

sation, as expressed by a young doctor afterwards sent to Siberia, is the fear of losing the power of language. This gentleman used to lie down in a corner, bury his mouth in his hands, and speak aloud softly to preserve the faculty of speech; but the jailor soon prohibited this little luxury, and when the prisoner tried another plan of wiling away the time by saving pieces of his rye bread and pinching them into little forms of men and animals, they were ruthlessly carried off with many warnings not to repeat the offence.

“TRY TO IMAGINE IT.”

Just try for a moment to imagine the sensation of a cultured man or woman suddenly torn from loving families and homes of comfort, and conducted by night to the fortress of Petropavlovsk. As soon as he recovers his stunned consciousness, and the process of stripping and donning the prison garb, he hears the cathedral clock chiming from the Russian Litany “Lord have mercy” and “The Lord reigns in Zion,” and at midnight an exuberant peal chimes forth “God save the Czar.” Perhaps his eyes fall to the ground, and he sees in the concrete floor a shallow trench running diagonally across his cell. The meaning of this faint streak gradually dawns upon him, and he follows in imagination the weary felt-covered feet that have for years marched that cell before he came, and have left their silent testimony in the dented line across the floor.

There is another prison to which some of the political suspects are sent, called the House of Preliminary Detention, where they await their trial; and some of the prisoners from the fortress are sent there for medical treatment, whose health has become too shattered to proceed to Siberia. The rules of this prison are less stringent, but sufficiently irksome from an isolation point of view to move the prisoners of the

different cells to a most novel and ingenious method of communicating with each other. When you hear what this method is, you will say that the social element of human nature is as tenacious of its rights as life itself. It seems that in this particular prison, the water-closet pipes are so arranged as to connect eleven cells together, and the occupants in some way discovered that these pipes would serve the purpose of pneumatic tubes and be used as a channel of conversation. Accordingly "Pipe Clubs" are established and a good deal of intercourse goes on. By this means the educated teach the uneducated; books are read, and even languages taught; and many of these pipe neighbours recognise each other as old friends when they find themselves in far-off Siberia.

"IS IT ANY WONDER?"

When one thinks of people having to submit to a thing of this sort when they are not guilty of any crime and may ultimately be proved innocent but receive no reparation, is it any wonder that the system produces "terrorists?" Mr. Kennan considers that one great cause of the revolutionary movement lies in this mode of arrest and committal to solitary confinement for an indefinite time. And then again it seems so contrary to all notion of justice that Russia's most stringent laws are directed against dissentients from the creed of the Greek Church and against any opposition to the civil administration. Any action or word that can weaken the power of Church or State is punished with barbaric severity, while murders, robberies, &c., take quite a secondary place. The kissing of old bones and rotten rags by thousands of lips which leaves behind the fetid breath of disease and carries infection far and wide, might possibly be considered by an intelligent person an exhibition of more zeal than

prudence, but the expression of such an opinion would make the speaker liable to banishment to the remotest part of Siberia. Even in the privacy of one's own household, any remark of this sort, or anything in disparagement of the ways of Government might lead to similar consequences.

ANOTHER GRIEVANCE.

Another grievance of the people is the system of exile by administrative process, which is an attempt on the part of the Government to prevent crime by banishing to Siberia anyone who is *thought* to entertain ideas prejudicial to social order. A man or woman by this process is seized and placed in solitary confinement previous to the march to Siberia. There is no opportunity given for explanation, and all denials of complicity in crime are perfectly useless. Official mistakes, of course, are frequent, and the most innocent persons are exiled, with no knowledge whatever of the Government indictment. The officials are not responsible in this matter. By the law they are at liberty to send off any whom they may think untrustworthy (for instance, those who have dangerous books in their possession, or have friendly relations with dangerous offenders) out of harm's way to Siberia, where the poor creatures maintain themselves as best they can with an allowance of a few cents per day from the State. Those sent in this way are under police surveillance, but otherwise have liberty of action.

THE MARCH TO SIBERIA.

The horrible part of it is the march to Siberia, in company with all sorts of criminals. The human agony of the exile system on all classes of malefactors is indescribable. The exile administration makes no commiseration arrangements for the march, beyond giving each person a few cents per day for food, which is furnished in a somewhat haphazard manner.

Along the route there are stations or étapes, at distances of twenty-four miles from each other, where the gangs sleep at night and rest every third day, while at the large towns there are huge prisons or forwarding stations, where the prisoners are often detained, from sickness and other causes, for months. All these places are frightfully overcrowded, and the sufferings entailed are intense. At Tuimen, about 1,700 miles from St. Petersburg, is a forwarding prison, built to accommodate 800, but 1,800 are packed into it. Cells for 35 take 160, wholly unventilated, and to breathe in which is like breathing in a hospital underground drain. The forwarding station at Tomski is even worse. I yesterday read in the newspapers that typhoid is raging at Tuimen and decimating the population, and that is traceable to the emigrants. I could not help shuddering as I pictured the horrors of étape life.

FROM PRINCE TO PEASANT.

Of course we know that political exiles comprise all classes, from prince to peasant. Mr. Kennan gives a lively account of some that he met—cultured ladies and gentlemen, and even girls of about 18 years of age, who looked more like shy, good-natured school-girls than creatures dangerous to the peace of the State. The people are not terrorists, nor Nihilists, nor adverse to sovereign rule. All they ask is for a Constitutional Government where the people may have a voice. They are the Czar's most noble and would be his most useful subjects, for the largest other class is the moujik or peasant, who has never shown any capacity beyond a sluggish superstition for church craft and an ardent support of that other Russian institution, the grog shop. The Government is so excessively paternal that the land (which in Siberia nearly all belongs to the crown) is always let to the peasant, never owned by them,

and they are saved all responsibility but that of paying taxes to H.I.M. They are not allowed to transfer their bodies from villages to towns as residents without permission. So that if a moujik should, by some unfortunate freak of intellectual superiority, aspire to the more elevated atmosphere of artisan life in a Russian town, he is always liable to be recalled to his native cattle pen and pigsty, whose shelter he often shares without let or hindrance. It is true there are schools in the villages—at least in some—but the intellect is terribly pent up by the strict censorship of books. Universities in the larger towns are often closed by order of the Minister of the Interior on account of their pernicious tendency, and newspapers prohibited for months at a time from the same cause. It is just 30 years ago this month since Alexander II. emancipated the serfs, and some people wonder that no progress is made by the rural population. Here and there through the villages a youthful prodigy may be encountered.

PASSING THROUGH A RUSSIAN VILLAGE.

Mr. Kennan tells a story of his arrival at one of the villages where the whole population turned out to see who they were. One old grey-haired poverty-stricken bit of humanity ventured to become the mouthpiece of the enquiring crowd.

"Where is God bringing you to?" said he.

"To Omsk and Semipalatinsk."

"A-a-ah" murmured the grateful crowd.

"Where do you condescend to come from?"

"From America."

"A-a-ah" breathed the satisfied crowd again.

"Is that a Russian town?"

A bright boy from the crowd here volunteered the information that the world is divided into five parts, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia,

that Russia occupies two-thirds of Europe and one-half of Asia. This, however, proved to be the extent of the geographical knowledge of the young scholar, and represented the learning of the village.

Some one has said that the Russian peasant is the dullest creature God ever made; he is poor, superstitious, and always in debt to a Jew. Of course he is superstitious. How could he be any other when cramped by his own native ignorance, fettered by ecclesiastical craft, and dared by the civil administration to read other books than those approved by government? When a man begins to think for himself, the first thing he does is to throw overboard the miracle-working ikons (or images), the old rags and bones, and as he must exalt something, he exalts the only other thing he knows anything about, man himself; him he defies and endows with rights, and as a consequence he sympathises in thought, speech, or act with those like-minded. I have come to the conclusion that the *thinking* class of Russia are nearly all tainted with scepticism and revolutionary ideas. In the limited library of the "politicals," who were banished but not imprisoned, Herbert Spencer's works generally found a place, and Lecky's History of Rationalism was evidently a favourite; but how ever they were smuggled I don't know.

SIBERIAN DISTANCES.

Distances in Siberia remind one somewhat of the sort of elbow room enjoyed by the planets in their revolution journeys. The constant use of four figures to denote a march or a drive from one place to another is a sort of arithmetic not usually in vogue among the inhabitants of this mundane sphere. If the countries of the globe could be moved bodily from one place to another, you could take all United States and Alaska and all Europe except Russia and put them down in

Siberia and still have 300,000 square miles of territory to spare. It has a range of 2,500 miles in latitude and 5,000 in longitude, while its southern boundary is nearer the equator than Nice or Venice, and consequently has a climate as varied as any on the globe. Add to this the fact, that the Imperial Russian Post, the most perfectly organised horse express service in the world, ramifies the whole dominion, and you will no longer think of Siberia as a tenantless iceberg. From Kamschatka to Finland, from the Arctic Ocean to the sandy deserts of Central Asia, it is one vast network of post routes. You may start from Nizhni Novgorod for Kamschatka, a distance of 7,000 miles, with the full assurance that through the whole distance there will be horses, reindeer, or dogs ready to convey you to your destination. Speaking of the varied climate of Siberia, I was amazed to read of

SIBERIA'S NATURAL BEAUTY AND LOVELINESS.

We are so used to think of Siberia as an arid waste that it sounds a little startling to be told that Tiumen alone has a collection of 900 sorts of plants, all grown in the vicinity of the town. In Western Siberia, a great part of the steppe of the river Irtush is a floral ocean, ranging away in the distance covered with forget-me-nots that might have been mistaken for the reflection of the azure vault of heaven. Waving corn and well-fed cattle sometimes occupy distances only intercepted by a far-off horizon. The traveller continually finds a flora so luxuriant that a hundred specimens of flowers might be collected in the space of a square yard, and it is hard to resist the temptation to alight from his tarantas to walk into the flowery solitude to enjoy the fragrance, the stillness and the velvety turf. Where nature has her way, a traveller's route lies often through a paradise, but once get

into the roads, which are only semi-liquid ditches, and arrive at the villages, and all thoughts of paradise vanish like a dream. The wretchedness of the villages is not due to the physical nature of the country—at least not in some parts of Siberia, for it has districts so lovely that Mr. Kennan says he would cross three oceans to see more beautiful scenery. Of course some of the steppes are frightfully barren from torrid heat and arctic cold. Towards the end of the Irtush steppe the heat became so intense that Mr. Kennan had to wrap himself in three thicknesses of blanket to keep cool enough to live for one day, but the day following as the tarantas neared the Altai range they drove through fresh green grass intermingled with blue bells, fragrant spirea, and delicate fringed pinks. There was a splendid chain of sculptured mountain peaks from 7,000 to 9,000 ft. high, crowned with 1,000 ft. of snow and belted with an evergreen forest, the whole rising from a park-like bed of tumbling cascades and ripening orchards, rhubarb, celery, red and black currants, gooseberries, raspberries and strawberries growing quite wild; the mountain air as fragrant and exhilarating as if it had been compounded of perfume and ozone, while the flora was a perpetual feast to the eye.

SIBERIAN RESOURCES.

Besides the beauty of the Altai range, the mountains are in some places perforated with mines of immense wealth, mostly the private property of the Czar, and produced in nine years, from 1870 to 1879, 6,984 pounds of gold, 206,964 pounds of silver, 13,221,396 pounds of lead, and 9,639,620 pounds of copper. It will give some idea of the productiveness of some other parts of Siberia when I say that the province of Tobolsk alone has 27,000,000

acres of arable land. It produced in 1887 30,044,880 bushels of grain, 3,778,230 bushels of potatoes, and contained 2,647,000 heads of live stock. It sends to European Russia enormous quantities of hides, tallow, bristles, furs, flax, hemp, and supplies Constantinople with 2,000,000 pounds of butter annually. South-East Russia often passes in the minds of people as being a quiet pastoral part of the country. There could be no greater mistake. The commerce there is tremendous, for on one tributary alone of the Volga passes annually 15,000,000 dollars-worth of produce, and as the traveller pursues his way towards Siberia, he will meet on the high road loaded wagons with produce to the extent of 1,500 tons a day. The resources of Russia are so varied and abundant as to be almost incredible; but the amount of property that finds its way to the pocket of the Czar and the mal-administration of Government keeps

THE COUNTRY POOR.

So poor that, although the exile system is acknowledged in some official quarters to be an evil thing, the country cannot afford to build prisons enough in European Russia to keep her criminals at home. Twenty prisons would be needed at a cost of ten million roubles; but, on the other hand, the expense must be enormous to send thousands of criminals across Siberia every year, and the misery involved in this method of transporting prisoners is not paralleled by anything of the kind that exists in the civilized world outside Russia. The poor creatures march in rain-storms, snow-storms, dust and mud, scorching heat and bitter cold, alternating in lodgment in overcrowded étapes where four, and in some cases five and six, people take the space allotted to one, swarming with parasitic vermin and poisonous by fetid air.

"PATERNAL GOVERNMENT."

A Paternal Government is a beautiful sentiment and a rational theory; but to be perfect in practice, it must be in the hands of a perfect ruler. If you desire to see how it works by human means, go to Russia. From the time you leave the cradle till you die, the "little father" takes charge of you, you will be "guided, directed, instructed, restrained, repressed, regulated, fenced in, fenced out, braced up, kept down," and made to do generally what the Government thinks you ought to do. If you wish to open a school, in a slum of St. Petersburg or in Kamschatka, you must get permission. If you wish to hold a bazaar or sell a newspaper in the streets, you must get permission. If you wish to open a shop, or if you are a photographer and wish to change your place of business, you must get permission. If you are a physician and wish to practise, and if you wish to refuse night calls, or if you wish to build a bath-house, you must get permission. If you wish to live, move, and have your being in Russia, you must get permission.

As to church regulations, the police are instructed to run down all backsliders and absconders from sacramental duties as criminals of deepest dye. You have only to picture an armed man, in the blue uniform of the police, dragging some other man to the communion table where he is compelled to nearly choke himself with the bread and wine that pass as emblems of the Lord's body, and you have examples *in toto* of the nature of the largest paternal government in the world.

A REMARKABLE EMPIRE.

Russia is altogether a remarkable empire, so vast, with unlimited resources, so barbarous, and yet a great power in the civilized world, with a population so ignorant that even the educational attainments of the clergy would have been a blot in the Dark Ages, for it is about on a par with a fourth-standard boy of our Board Schools. I should like to say something of the life of the Russian prisoners at the mines in Eastern Siberia. If agreeable, we might take the subject next month.

IN OPEN CONFERENCE WITH READERS.

* * *In this Department, the questions and criticisms of correspondents will be attended to on all kinds of topics. Correspondents will oblige by writing "Open Conference" at the head of their communications.*

229. "Hair Wash: how often?"—*How often should the hair wash be applied, the recipe for which is given in the January number of "Good Company?"* (J.B.W.)—A lady answers it depends upon the purpose for which it is used. If to remove dandruff, it should be used once a week till the head is cleansed. If to keep the head clean, once a fortnight would be sufficient.

230. "A Diet List."—(A.B.)—A "diet list" would be of no real value to you. Different men would draw up different lists, and no two men would be similarly affected by using the same list, except as regards main results. The best way is to do as you have done with oatmeal: be your own judge, whatever tradition around you may say. There is an amazing amount of inaccuracy and un-

truth in the current sayings of the people. —As to the drinking of water, there can be no doubt about the advantage of it in preserving the action of the vital machinery. The man who can drink a glass of cold water first thing in the morning and last thing at night is far likelier to last long and be healthy while he lasts than the man who dabbles in artificial drinks. If you cannot stand the cold, then have the water warm. Drinking warm water is excellent.

231. "**Unlucky Stars.**" (W.W.)—The talk of "bad stars, unlucky stars," &c., is the language of an exploded science—science falsely so-called, astrology—not exploded in the sense of nobody believing in it, for great numbers are to be found professing the astrological faith: but exploded in the sense of having been confuted by the facts of exact science of modern times. If the position of a planet at the moment of one's birth had any determining effect on one's character or destiny, every one born at that moment would be of the same character, which is not so. There is all the difference in the world between Europeans born in Africa or India and the native inhabitants born at the same time. Astrology is opposed to the fact that character is an affair of culture and education; and to the other fact that fortune is due to the conjunction of circumstances depending upon the fortuitous influences of the moment; and, finally and most consequentially of all, it is inconsistent with the fact that God rules by the angels, and not by a method which would reduce the rational operations of the universe, to the movements of a blind machine. Astrology is kept alive by quack publications which are published with mercenary aims. There is no astrology in the Bible, and none where true educational enlightenment prevails.

232. **Ghosts, Witchcraft, Sorcery, Spiritualism, Hypnotism, and Theo-**

sophy.—"I send you a cutting in which an eminent public writer says there may be something supernatural in witchcraft and spiritualism. Another cutting says that witchcraft is at the present time believed in by a majority of the people of the United States. What do you think of this, and also of the various other similar subjects that are so much before the public?" (D.F.)

—All these belong to one category. They are the results of the misinterpretation of natural forces. Animal magnetism or vital electricity is a fact—a wonderful and mysterious fact as life itself, of which it is a phase. Different organisms possess it in different degrees. It is invisible—"occult,"—and when specially and locally applied can and does produce singular phenomena. Those are all natural, as much so as our dreams, or as the combustion of gas or the lifting of iron by magnets; but because they are not understood, they are supposed to be supernatural, and conclusions of the most momentous character are founded upon them—conclusions concerning the nature of the living or the state of the dead, or the seat of spiritual authority. Here is where the mischief comes in; and here doubtless lies the reason that every form of witchcraft was divinely interdicted in the law of Moses, and subjected to the severest penalties. We require all our life-power for the purpose for which God has given it—viz., to manage ourselves as rational beings. When we use it to control the wills of others, or to claim authority that does not belong to us, or to pretend to a knowledge of futurity which we do not possess, we tread on barbarous and forbidden ground.

233. **The Times and Daily News.**—"I was interested in the article on Newspapers. Can you tell how long 'The Times' and 'Daily News' have been in existence?" (E.H.) *The Times* is over 100 years old. It began in 1785 as the *Daily Universal Register*, and in three years changed

its name to *The Times*. It takes an independent position in politics, unlike other papers, which are mostly the organs of parties. Its independence was due to a peculiar circumstance at the beginning of this century. It attacked the Government of the day (Lord Melbourne's Government) with reference to some matter or other, and the Government was so hurt by it that it took away from *The Times* a certain printing contract that it held. But *The Times* was so popular that this only increased its circulation. Then the Government took to stopping *The Times* letters that came through the post, offering to supply news to its columns officially; but *The Times* refused the offer and began making arrangements for having special correspondents in every capital; and special messengers to bring their letters. By this, it got into a position in which it was able to publish news actually before the Government received it. This led to its being in great demand everywhere, and laid the foundation of the independence and success which it has achieved. The *Daily News* is a fierce party organ, and dates back only some 30 or 40 years.

234. **Flying to Pieces**—"*I have been reading that according to a living Professor, a band of steel made to revolve at a speed of 800 feet in a second on its circumference or periphery will fly to pieces. This may be, for a speed of 800 feet in a second is very great: but the Professor goes on to argue that, therefore, a steel girdle round the earth's equator, as in the case of a telegraph cable, would burst, however thick it was, if it were not for its weight. Is this right? It seems to me there is something wrong about it, I cannot say what.*" (A. C. B.)—Yes, there must be something wrong in arguing from the effect of speed upon a loose object to the effect of the same speed on an object moving with the earth. When a wheel revolves at a

great speed, it is in friction with the gravitation of the earth and the law of momentum, and must, therefore, be subjected to a powerful disintegrating force; whereas a band of iron fitted on to the earth's curvature is really part of the earth, and partakes of the earth's motion, instead of going against it in any way. For said Professor, therefore, to argue that because a speed of 800 feet per second against the earth's drawing power will send steel to atoms, therefore a like speed in space along with the earth will have a like effect looks very like a case of learned nonsense.

235. **Princess Charlotte**.—"I must seem an ignoramus: but I want to know who the Princess Charlotte was. What makes me ask is that Mr. Gladstone speaks of her death in a letter about the death of the Duke of Clarence, in a way that shows he remembers it, and that it was an event much lamented. I would really like to know about it." (M.O.D.W.)—The Princess Charlotte was the daughter of Geo. IV. and Queen Caroline. She was born January 7th, 1796, while her father was yet the Prince of Wales. She died when she was 21, viz., on the 6th of November, 1817, after having married the King of Belgium. She died in childbed, to the great and publicly manifested grief of the whole nation. Several things contributed to this state of feeling. She was not only interesting in herself, but she had had a sad girlhood. Her mother, Queen Caroline, left Geo. IV. immediately after Princess Charlotte was born, and lived apart at Black Heath on account of the corruptions of the Court, becoming the object of her husband's persecution and of national sympathy, owing to the popular conviction that she was the victim of her husband's love of vice. There being no other issue of the marriage, the national expectations were bound up with the Princess Charlotte as regarded the succession, the more so

also because the Princess was more liberally disposed towards the people than her father. Her death was felt to be a blow to popular liberty. After her death, her mother Queen Caroline, who had lived abroad for some years, returned to London and received a popular ovation. Her husband tried to divorce her, but failed through the splendid defence of Lord Brougham. Her husband came to the throne in 1820, and refused to allow the Queen to be crowned. The Queen died next year amid the general grief. The way was then open for Queen Victoria as next heir.

236. **The Cause of Volcanic Eruption.**—T. H., referring to our remarks of January, supplies the following further suggestions: "It is well known that a piece of iron if struck with a hammer upon an anvil soon becomes heated. It is also well known that all known solid substances occupy less room when they are cold than when they are warm. (Not without exception this.—C. C. W.) When borings are made into the earth, the temperature rises according to the depth, so that in a deep mine it is almost too hot to work. It is a reasonable deduction from this that the earth is continually losing heat from its interior, and if so, the cooled substance of the earth must be gradually contracting while the outer crust, adjusting itself to the diminished size of the interior, would produce earthquakes. If the earthquakes occur in the same spot very frequently, an event will happen very similar in its effects to the beating of the iron upon the anvil. The earth will become very hot at the spot where the falling in pressure occurs, and the water which was in the rock will become steam; the rock will become molten; and the volcano will be in what is commonly called active eruption. This seems to be the simple manner in which God brings about such events as earthquakes and active volcanoes at this

present time which is one rather of hiding His power than of manifesting it."

237. **The Continuance of Good Company.**—J. L. says: "We see that *Good Company* is not so prosperous as it should be. I am surprised at this, seeing it is such "good company." I have found it very instructive, and hope that we shall not have to part with it until better company comes."

H. W. H. says: "*Good Company* is received. I see its continuance is in question. Now would it not be possible for every present subscriber to get one new subscriber, and thus double its present circulation? Would that keep the breath of life in it? (A much smaller increase than that would be sufficient. We shall be inviting subscriptions to vol. III. next month. The extent of the response will determine whether it will go on after vol. III.—*Conductor*). I am quite sure I can get one, and perhaps more. I regard the work as "good company" indeed: two departments of the work are worth the money alone, viz.: "Out of Doors at Night" and "Open Conference with Readers." I regard all the avenues of information of great importance, carrying us along the stream of time toward that destiny which lies before the world, when a true knowledge of the Creator shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. Astronomy, revelation, and so wonderful a Creator who stands at the head of it all; how grand the theme of meditation (Psalm i. 2), [and how child-like should it cause us all to be."

O. M. says: "You must not stop *Good Company*. It is just delightful. I would rather go without one meal once a week than that you should stop it. It must cause you a lot of work, but we have all to work at something, and I am sure this work of conveying knowledge in a wise and scriptural way, is one of the best. I need not say *My Words and My Days* are the

special charm. I always read this first. Go on; no doubt some of our better-to-do friends would rather find the means than let it stop."

238. **Strange Stars.**—*"You have been writing about the stars in a very interesting way, but you seem to take it for granted that they are stable bodies. Many of them—perhaps most of them—no doubt are so; but I have heard of stars appearing and disappearing in a strange way. I don't mean shooting stars, but the real stars away in the great galaxies. Have you heard of such; and what are we to make of them?"* (A. E.)

—We have, of course, read of the facts referred to by A. E. There are undoubtedly strange exceptions to the general stability of the heavens. Stars never seen before come suddenly into view, and perhaps grow brighter and brighter, and then die out. This very last month a new star is reported, as we learn from the *Daily News*. It was announced by anonymous post card to the Edinburgh Observatory; and on the telescope being turned to the spot described, it was distinctly seen both there and at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. The star is one of the fifth magnitude, so that it is scarcely visible to the naked eye. The appearance of the star is described by the official observers as "slightly fuzzy," and viewed through the medium of the spectroscope, it is said to yield a spectrum very similar to that presented by the new star of 1866. The star of 1866 had been observed some years previously as one of the tenth magnitude, but on the 12th of May in that year, it suddenly flashed into the brightness of one of the second magnitude, while by the close of the month, it had fallen back to its former insignificant position. A very similar appearance was recorded in November, 1876, when a star which had never been observed suddenly sprang into view, and afterwards disappeared; while a still more remark-

able occurrence took place in August, 1885, when a new star appeared in the great nebula of the constellation Andromeda, only to become extinct in a few days. As to the explanation of these extraordinary phenomena, they cannot be explained. They can be observed. Of course men speculate, but speculation is not knowledge. That our knowledge of all things is entirely on the surface is becoming more and more recognised.

239. **The Age of the Earth.**—*"Are there any means of knowing how old the earth is? It must be very great, if the opinions of scientific men are any guide: and what are we to say to the Bible estimate if they are right?"* (D. Y. M.)—As a matter of fact nobody knows how old the earth is: and there are no means of knowing. There are strong opinions, but they are all founded on unproved and unprovable theories. Sir William Thomson, assuming the theory that the earth has cooled from a fluid to a solid mass, places the period of such cooling at not less than two hundred or more than four hundred millions of years, the probability being that a hundred million years is the limit of geological history, and that prior to that time, the earth's surface was unfit for the maintenance of animal or vegetable life. Buckland said that it was millions of years since the world was created, and the only question was how many millions. Dr. Croll considers that the antiquity of the oldest sedimentary rocks is not less than sixty million years; while Dr. Haughton, reasoning from much the same data, fixes the minimum duration of what may be called strata-making time at two hundred million years.

What are we to say? That the earth has had a prolonged history is undoubted, unless we adopt the untenable supposition of the clergyman who maintained that God had introduced fossil animals and plants into the crust of the earth to

stumble human wisdom and try faith. Having had a prolonged history, it may be any length, for there has been no beginning to time; but as to how long it cannot be known. If the earth started hot, and has been cooling from red-heat to its present state, and if it parts with its heat into space at a certain rate, well, you may calculate it has taken such and such a time to get where it is. But there are too many "ifs" in the problem. We do not know how the earth started, nor at what rate it is parting, with its heat, nor whether it is parting with it, nor whether if it does part with it, it does not get it back from the sun or from comets, meotorites, &c., &c. What ever the process has been, it has been God's method of getting the earth ready, and however long it has taken, it has been His time. There is no question of conflict with the Bible at all. The Bible introduces the earth to us in the state it was in when the Adamic start was made (Gen. i. 2). It was covered with water and dark—"without form and void." That this state has prevailed in times past; science shows. The Bible says nothing about how long this state had continued, nor through what previous changes the earth had come; nor can science supply the information. It can show that there have been changes, and that great times have been occupied. This the Bible does not contradict, but involves: for it starts us with a dark water-covered earth and "everlasting" behind it. The important matter is what the earth has been made for (as a habitation of the creator's glory): and what is our relation to its everlasting futurity. Of this, science can tell us nothing. So much as it can tell we may be thankful for; but we are not wise if we allow it to quench the comfort of that other knowledge which stands on a separate foundation with which it is not truly in conflict.

240. How the Sun warms us.—

A correspondent (W. J.) refers to our answer on the mode of the action of sun heat as not quite satisfactory, and supplies something more scientific. The scientific text books no doubt give us information more or less complete; but we do not feel all our correspondent's confidence in the theories on which the explanations are founded. We felt great confidence when we were *young*: but experience and the constant mutation of scientific opinion have taught caution. However, there must be a true theory of the thing, whether the scientists have got it or not. Here is our correspondent's summary of their answer, for which we are obliged:—

"To understand how the sun warms us, we must know something of the nature of heat. As to this there are two views: 1, The *Emission* theory, that *heat* is a subtle, imponderable, immaterial substance (a kind of something-nothing, in fact.—W. J.), which can be absorbed or given off by bodies without making any difference in their weight. Light was also held to be of this nature, and owing to the support the doctrine received from Sir Isaac Newton, it held place a long time. The other, or *Undulatory* theory, presupposes the existence of a subtle, elastic substance, called luminiferous ether, which pervades all substances, solids, liquids, and gases, also vacuum and the whole universe. Its existence may be pretty conclusively shown by a variety of interesting experiments, which would occupy too much space to discuss here. According to this theory, when a body is heated its molecules vibrate very rapidly. This vibration is communicated to the *ether* in the body, which then transmits its vibratory or undulatory motion *in straight lines* in all directions from the heated body in a similar manner to the conducting of sound by the air, only far more subtle. Concerning this

theory, Ganôt remarks: 'The undulatory theory not only explains the phenomena of light, but it reveals an intimate connection between these phenomena and those of heat; it shows, also, how completely analogous the phenomena of light (and heat) are to those of sound, regard being had to the differences of the media in which these two classes of phenomena take place.'

"Now, according to this theory, we may experience *two* kinds of heat. 1. Radiant Heat; 2. Convector Heat. 1. By radiation is meant heating without direct contact between the hot substance and the cold one; e.g. :—A body, say a cannon ball, is made red-hot, its molecules vibrate very rapidly, this motion is transmitted as shown above by the luminiferous ether in all directions round the ball, and communicates the vibration to the ether in any other body near (such as a second ball), the molecules of the second ball then begin to vibrate with greater rapidity, and a rise of temperature is the result. In this case it must be borne in mind that the air between the balls is *not* heated to any appreciable degree, and in this respect the heat of the fire and the heat of the sun are identical. 2. By *Convector* heat is meant heating by direct *contact* between bodies, as, for instance, when boiling a pan of water: the flame by contact warms the pan bottom, the pan bottom warms the water in immediate contact with it, the heated water then rises and loses its heat to the cooler water above, by contact; or as when a fire is burning brightly in a confined room, it warms by *radiation*, the walls, tables and chairs, which then by *contact* warm the air, and so the room feels warm. The same heating by convection takes place when the water pipes are used to warm buildings. Now, on standing in the sun on a summer's day, we feel intense heat, and to shield ourselves put up an umbrella. This stops the direct *radiant* heat from the

sun, but we are kept warm, although perhaps in light clothing, by *contact* with the air, which has been warmed in like manner by contact with the heated ground, houses, trees, &c. The air certainly does help to diffuse the heat as it does the light, but only to a very small extent, as very often it is beautifully warm in the sun, but very cold in the shade. As to the cold on high mountains, it is easily accounted for, but I fear I have encroached on your space very much already, so will close, and perhaps may give a little more on this interesting subject some other time, if suitable."

W. J.

MY DAYS AND MY WAYS.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE Doctor left us in due course to keep appointments at various places in England and Scotland. I have bit my tongue several times since at the recollection of the hard work laid out for him by youthful inexperience. Having no particular sense of fatigue in those days myself, I laid out the programme on the time principle merely, without allowing for the recuperative needs of a man verging towards elderly life. Most of the nights were arranged for and all day on Sundays. "Poor Dr. Thomas," I have said many times since. It was too bad. People of robust health and strong intellectual interest are so liable to look upon a lecturer as a machine that can go, of course. They forget he is human, and that his energy can be pumped out, and must have time to brew again before he is fit for work without harm. Hearers feel the pleasure only of his words, and do not feel the fatigue caused to him by the consumption of brain fuel. They feel refreshed by his lecture, and cannot help imagining that he feels so too.

I distinctly recollect supposing in the days of boyhood that there was a good deal of affectation in the allusions I used to see in the papers about speakers being exhausted by their efforts. It was part of my ignorance. We are all ignorant to start with. We think we know when we don't. Experience is the only thorough and accurate teacher: and it teaches by a quiet and slow and extensive process of tuition that cannot easily be formulated in words afterwards. It is made up of a thousand mental accretions that can only come with the varied experiences and reflections of years. Hence the scriptural exaltation of age over youth. I see it all now: but in my young days I felt a hot spur impulsiveness of wisdom, of which I am now ashamed. At the same time, I was unfortunate in having no teachers that gave me the rein of reason. There was dumb opposition or passive dogmatism which I could not distinguish from stupidity. Had I been privileged with access to enlightened and benevolent and communicative experience, I think I could have listened and would have been swayed; for I had always a strong relish for reason. However, it is all past now, and the Doctor has got through his wearisome labours and rests with Daniel, ready to "stand in his lot at the end of the days" now nearly finished.

During his tour, his mind was poisoned against me by envious seniors, who were more alive to their personal consequence than to the great and glorious work of which the Doctor was the humble instrument, and which I was striving with all my might to abet. I saw and felt the change when he returned from his journey: but I knew it would only be temporary when the Doctor came to know the men he was dealing with. It turned out as I anticipated, but it took time, and, meanwhile, his manifestly unfriendly bias was a trial to me—quite

a bitter one for a time. Had I not been a daily reader and a fervent lover of the oracles of God for myself, I should have turned away in disgust. As it was, it made me turn round, as it were, and look at the Bible again, and see if Dr. Thomas was really right. There was only one answer; and, therefore, I swallowed my bitters and made up my mind to wait. The sharpest rap was the imputation of a mercenary motive in the list of names which I had appended to the second edition of the *Twelve Lectures*. This list included some in Scotland who did not take a thorough-going attitude on behalf of the truth, although connected with the meetings there that were based upon a professed acceptance of the truth. I did not know at that time how partial was their allegiance and how limited was their apprehension of scriptural things, and how uncertain was their repudiation of the established fables of the day which so thoroughly make void the Word of God. They were professing brethren, and I felt called on to give them the benefit of all doubts. I was indeed much afraid of doing them a wrong in apparently proscribing them. I had before my eyes the fear of the words of Christ about offending one of the little ones believing on him, which has, in fact, been one of the chiefest sources of my distress in all the wranglings and divisions that have since arisen in connection with the truth, and I had not attained that liberty that comes from clearer sight and a greater breadth of view in all matters affecting the relations of God and man. Therefore, in the said list of names of referees for the guidance of interested strangers, I gave a place to men from whom afterwards I was compelled to separate. I did not do it without a mental struggle. It was said I had put them to help the sale of the lectures. Oh, how much was this contrary to the truth. I had no object in selling the lectures, for they

yielded no profit ; and all the sale that I ever expected had already taken place. Finally, it was distinctly as a concession to the fear of doing wrong that I inserted the names at all. It was a sharp lesson in the art of patient suffering for well-doing and making no reprisals.

I wrote to the Doctor in explanation of my action, and in defence of the men impugned. I received no answer. Time went on and I came to see that duty required my separation from a doubtful fellowship. I wrote again to the Doctor, telling him of the correction of my perceptions. In five months afterwards, I received the following letter :—

“ West Hoboken Hudson Co., N.J.,
“ October 28th, 1864.

“ DEAR BROTHER ROBERTS,—I have received from you two letters—one dated February 11th, and the other May 30th—to neither of which have I been able to find time to reply. In relation to the former one, I consider the delay has been an advantage to us both ; and in regard to the last, I do not think the procrastination will have resulted in any harm. Had I replied to the former, I should have had to do battle with you to bring you into the position you now occupy with regard to those blind leaders of the blind—Duncan, Dowie, Fordyce and Co. When the truth is in question, the benefit of all doubts should be given to it, not to those whose influence with respect to it is only evil and that continually. You erred in giving them any benefit of doubt in the premises ; but I rejoice that you have seen the error, and will no more send inquirers after the truth to inquire at such Gospel nullifiers as they.

I have a copy of your letter to Dowie. It is straightforward and to the point. We can have no fellowship with men holding such trashy stuff as the April number of the falsely-styled *Messenger of the*

Churches exhibits. A man who believes in the Devil of the religious world, and that he has the powers of disease and death, &c., is ignorant of ‘ the things of the Name of Jesus Christ.’ If what are styled ‘ the churches’ are not delivered from the influence of the above firm of pretentious ignorance, our endeavours to revive apostolic faith and practice in Britain will be a miserable failure. No one should be recognised as one of Christ’s brethren who is not sound in the first principles of the Gospel before immersion. The Kingdom and the Name are the great central topics of the Testimony of Deity. These are the things to be elaborated ; and he that is not well and deeply versed in these only shows his folly and presumption in plunging head over ears into prophetic and apocalyptic symbols and mysteries.

“ I am truly glad you are ‘ located ’ in Birmingham at last. I hope you may be instrumental in effecting much good, that is, in bringing many to a comprehensive and uncompromising faith and obedience. No parleying with the adversary, no neutrality: Christ or nothing. I hope you will be able to shoulder my friend Davis off the fence. He understands, I believe, and can defend the theory of the truth ; but from the obedience to the faith he looks askance. There is brother Bailey, too ; he is a kind-hearted and sober-minded brother ; but I think rather too diffident of himself. Just put the point of the Spirit’s sword into him, so as to stir him up to what he can do without hurting him. I spent much pleasant time with him in Birmingham. Tell brother Wallis that we had an eccentric colonel in this country, killed in this war I believe, David Crocket by name, who used to say, ‘ Be sure you’re right, and *then* go ahead.’ The Public Prosecutor, I fear, is too well-to-do and too pious to be converted to the obedience of faith. It is the greatest difficulty we have to contend with

in the case of outsiders—that of converting “Christians” to Christianity. When you see his excellency, please give my respectful compliments to his pious sinnership, in such set form as you may deem best.

“Will you please write to Mr. Robertson and request him, if he have funds enough of mine in hand, to send me, through Wiley of New York, and his agent in Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, a volume entitled ‘Vigilantius and his Times,’ by Dr. Gilly. I suppose it may be obtained of Sealey and Co., Fleet Street, London. Said Vigilantius flourished in the fourth century, and occupied very much the position to his contemporaries that I do to mine, and was about as popular. I wish, therefore, to form his acquaintance. It will doubtless be refreshing.

“I have sent an epistolary pamphlet of 36 p.p., size of this, to care of brother Tait. It will reach you on its travels in due course. If you like to publish it in the *Ambassador*, without mutilation, you may. The perusal of it will supersede the necessity of my repeating its contents here.

“You are right. Your ‘mistake’ evoked the testimony of Antipas. It was designed to draw the line between faithful witnesses and pretenders in Britain; and to define our position here in relation to war, so that if any of us were drafted by the Devil, we might be able to prove that we are a denomination conscientiously opposed to bearing arms in his service.

“Half-a-dozen copies of each number of the *Ambassador* have come to hand. Our currency here will prevent any circulation in this country. A paper dollar with us (and paper is all we have) is only worth 40 cents in Canada. You did not wait to learn if I thought it expedient for my biography to appear. It is too late now to say anything against it. What can’t be cured must be endured. I hope the paper will be self-supporting, and pioneer a strait

and narrow way for the truth through the dense, dark forest and swamps on every side.

“In future, it would be well not to herald my death until hearing from me direct. Not mixing myself up with the politicians, I am not likely to die by their hand. Some pious Methodist and Presbyterian would be more likely to put me out of the way. A late pupil of sister Nisbet’s, when she was Miss Gardner, and lived in Berwick, now the wife of a physician in Toronto, who is interested in the truth, greatly to her annoyance and chagrin, said recently, “I wish it were right to poison him!”—a very pious wish for one who calls herself “a Christian of the Presbyterian order.” When I die my family will certify the fact. But Paul says “We shall not all sleep.” I and you and others may be of these. Change without death will happen to some. I trust we may be among such. My father died last spring, aged 82. He died at Washington City, D.C., without the least sickness. Remember me kindly to sister R. and to all the faithful, and believe me sincerely yours in the faith and hope of the Gospel, in which all true Christadelphians rejoice,

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“JOHN THOMAS.”

FRAGMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE.

TWENTY-five cases of insanity out of every hundred are said to be due to drink.

Comparatively few persons live beyond four-score years. Only one in a thousand reaches 100.

It seems birds frequently destroy themselves, but whether by intention or accident cannot be easily determined.

Clear summer sunlight is said to penetrate the Mediterranean Sea to a depth of 1,200 feet; winter sunlight to only 600 feet.

In Sicily, pigs are used as the scavengers

of the towns. They eat the filthiest of street refuse over which a little bran has been spread.

Gold is heavier than lead: but gold itself is eclipsed by platina. The lightest of all commercial substances is hay in the bale, which is to gold as 9 to 1,200.

Photography has come to the aid of astronomy. Photographs of the sun taken daily since 1857 show that that luminary takes just 11 years to make a complete revolution.

Hogs are largely used to hunt for truffles in France. As soon as the animal takes the root of the fungus in his mouth, he is dealt a sharp blow across the nose, and drops the truffle, when it is bagged by the hunter.

With the aid of compressed air, a German military engineer drives cement to the bottom of a stream; the water at once hardens it, and the bed of the stream becomes stable enough for foundation purposes.

It has been proved that wasps' nests sometimes take fire from spontaneous combustion—the chemical action of the wax upon the inflammable material of the nest. This fact may account for some of the strange fires which occur in barns and store-houses.

COINS.—These have frequently taken their names from persons. The sovereign is the generic name of the occupant of the throne. The napoleon is about the same value, and commemorates the Corsican. The Persian daric (£1 is. 10d.) is so called from Darius.

GREAT RIVERS.—The Thames is England's principal river, running a distance of 233 miles; but this is nothing to the rivers in some parts of the world. The American rivers are on a gigantic scale—especially the Amazon, the Mississippi, and the Missouri (3,000 and 4,000 miles). Other rivers run a prodigious distance in great volume before losing themselves in

the sea. The following are among those that make a journey of 2,000 miles or nearly so: the Madeira, the Arkansas, the Volga, the Rio Grande, and the Danube. The rivers are a feature of great beauty and a source of much fertility.

HARMS AND AILMENTS.

WHEN THE CHILDREN HAVE TROUBLE-SOME COUGHS pour two quarts of boiling water on one ounce of whole linseed and 12 drachms of liquorice-root sliced. Add a few slices of lemon. Let this stand in a covered jug for six hours, then strain and sweeten. Let the children have a drink of it occasionally.

DRY SKIN AND CHAPPED HANDS.—Apply glycerine and rosewater in this proportion—one part of glycerine to two of rosewater—after each time of washing, and then rub dry with a soft towel. There is another simple and very homely remedy, and that is, rubbing in pure tallow every night and sleeping in old gloves.

Those who wish to keep Disease at a distance should be on their guard against over-eating. All the strength expended in the digestion of superfluous food, day after day robs the brain and nervous system, and interferes with the power of the bodily functions to expel impurities which leads to the most serious and fatal diseases.

THE STATE OF THE TONGUE.—The tongue is a great indicator. A white tongue denotes feverishness, a brown, moist tongue, indigestion; a brown, dry tongue, depression, blood-poisoning, typhoid fever; a red, moist tongue, inflammatory fever; a red-glazed tongue, general fever, loss of digestion; a tremulous, moist and flabby tongue, feebleness, nervousness.

INSECT IN THE EAR.—Do not poke or push at it. Turn the head on one side, seize the tip of the ear at the top

and pull the ear up a little; this will straighten the tube; then pour sweet oil freely into the ear, and hold it there for a little; the insect will float to the top and can be removed with the oil. Should a hard substance have got in—perhaps a glass bead or a button—a stream of water forced in behind with a syringe will often drive it out. That side of the head should be held towards the floor, so that the object may fall out. If syringing fails, the best thing is to go to a surgeon. Unskilled efforts to extract a foreign body may cause rupture of the membrane of the ear, and may in this way give rise to permanent deafness.

THE HICCUP.—As a general rule, it subsides of its own accord, but when inconvenient, a good way to remove it is to suddenly excite some active motion of the mind. "A friend," says one authority, "comes up and gives you an unexpected dig in the ribs, or slaps you on the back, and your hiccup is gone." A common household plan is to close the mouth and hold the nose as long as possible. Another method is to slowly sip and swallow cold water. An almost certain cure is to put a knife into a glass of cold water, and drink a drop or two of the water slowly, looking at the same time at the point of the knife under the water. Sucking a piece of ice is sometimes tried, and anti-spasmodics, such a sal volatile, may be found useful.

"UNQUIET MEALS MAKE ILL DIGESTIONS."—Composure of mind and body is essential to good health. Agitation or hurry should be especially avoided before and after meals. Govern your temper, endeavour to look at the bright side of things; keep down as much as possible the unruly passions. When your meals are solitary, let your thoughts be cheerful; when they are social, which is better, avoid disputes or serious argument or unpleasant topics. Easy conversation,

welcome news, or a lively companion help digestion. "I advise wives," remarks the author of "The Original," "not to entertain their husbands with domestic grievances about children or servants, not to ask for money, or produce unpaid bills, nor propound unseasonable or provoking questions; and I advise husbands to keep the cares and vexations of the world to themselves, but to be communicative of whatever is comfortable and cheerful and amusing."

BILIOUSNESS.—Persons subject to bilious attacks should guard against excess in eating and drinking, and should especially avoid those articles of food which they find to disagree with them. A mutton chop undercooked is an excellent article for the breakfast or lunch of a bilious patient; and mutton or beef, either boiled or roasted so that the gravy be retained, is better for dinner than many articles apparently more delicate. Beer and porter should be particularly avoided, as well as puddings and most articles of pastry, as they are very indigestible. Hard cheese, butter, unripe fruit, and especially beans, peas and nuts, are also objectionable. An attack of bile may frequently be prevented by the use of a saline purgative, and it may generally be removed by a blue pill, followed with a mild purgative.

DYSPEPSIA.—To get rid of dyspepsia, it will be of no service to follow any particular regimen—so long as the brain is in a constant state of excitement. Let the brain have proper rest, and the stomach will perform its functions. Leave business behind when you go home. Do not sit down to your dinner with your brows knit, and your mind absorbed in casting up accounts. Do not shorten the usual hours of sleep. Take plenty of exercise in the open air every day. Allow yourself some innocent recreation. Eat moderately and slowly and of just what you please. Do not imagine that you must live on rye

bread or oatmeal porridge; a reasonable quality of nutritious food is essential to the mind as well as the body. Above all, banish all thoughts of the subject. If you have any treatises on dyspepsia, domestic medicines, etc., put them out of reach. If you are constantly talking and thinking about dyspepsia, you will surely have it. Endeavour to forget that you have a stomach.

WATER AS A MEDICINE.—Water has the power of increasing the tissue changes, giving rise to increased appetite, which in turn provides fresh nutriment. Persons but little accustomed to drink water are liable to have the waste products formed faster than they are removed. An obstruction to the free egress of waste material at once produces disease. People accustomed to rise in the morning weak and languid will find the cause in the imperfect secretion of wastes, which many times may be remedied by drinking a full tumbler of water before retiring. This very materially assists in the process during the night, and leaves the tissues fresh and strong, ready for the active work of the day. Hot water is one of our best remedial agents. A hot bath on going to bed, even in the hot nights of summer, is a better reliever of insomnia than many drugs. Inflamed parts will subside under the continual poulticing of real hot water. Very hot water, as we all know, is a prompt checker of bleeding, and besides, if it is clean, as it should be, it aids in sterilising our wound. A riotous stomach will nearly always gratefully receive a glass or more of hot water.

HAPPINESS.—If you compute the sum of human happiness in any given day, you will find that it is composed of small attentions and kind words which make the heart swell and stir into health that sour film of misanthropy which is apt to coagulate on the stream of our inward life.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

BE not ignorant of anything, if you can help it—great or small.

FLEAS, ADIEU!—Fumigation with brimstone, or the fresh leaves of pennyroyal sewed in a bag, and laid in the bed, will have the desired effect.

PAPERING OLD WALL.—For a white-washed wall to be papered, sponge first with good vinegar. This kills the lime, and the paper will not peel off.

"NEW BROOMS."—If brooms are wetted in boiling suds once a week, they will become very tough, will not cut a carpet, last much longer, and always sweep like a new broom.

REVIVE THE FLOWERS.—By plunging flower stems in boiling water and letting them stand until cold, the flowers will revive; cut the stems again and place them in cold water.

TO PREVENT LAMP CHIMNEYS FROM CRACKING.—Put the chimneys into a kettle of cold water and gradually heat it until it boils, and then let it as gradually cool; the chimneys will not be broken by the ordinary fluctuation of the flame of the lamp.

JAM ROLLS.—The following is a good and "tested" recipe for jam roll. Ingredients.—Four cups of flour, two cups sugar, eight dessert-spoons water, eight dessert-spoonfuls butter (warmed), eight eggs beaten separately; flavoured with essence of lemon.

PREVENTION OF FROSTING ON GLASS.—A very thin coating of glycerine applied to glass will prevent frost forming on it in the coldest weather. This is specially interesting to engineers, who are much annoyed in frosty or foggy weather by the forming of a film on their instruments.

MAKING HARD SHOES SOFT.—To a pair of shoes that have become stiff and uncomfortable by constant wear in the rain, apply a coat of vaseline, rubbing it

in well with a cloth, and in a short time the leather will become as soft and pliable as when it was taken from the shelves of the shoe dealer.

SERVING UP COLD POTATOES.—If you have boiled potatoes left over, a very nice way to use them a second time is this : Grate them into the dish they are to be served in, put bits of butter here and there, and dust a little fine salt over them ; then put them in a hot oven for five minutes.

CUT PAPER ON THE HAM.—It is said that before forks were invented, a leg or a haunch of mutton used to be served with a piece of paper wrapped round the shank, which the carver took hold of with the left hand when he carved the joint : and that this was the origin of our ornamenting hams with cut paper.

In boiling meats, take the fat from the top of the water and save for cooking or soup. In roasting meats, pour the grease out of the pan, or dip it out before it gets burned. It will be excellent for use in cooking ; but if it stays till the meat is done, it will be nearly sure to have a burned, unpleasant flavour.

OLD-FASHIONED GINGERBREAD.—Two cupfuls best molasses, one cupful of hot water, scant half cupful of melted butter, a heaping teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of ginger, and a little salt. Mix as soft as possible and roll out one and a half inch thick. Bake in a quick oven, and eat, warm or cold, with butter.

WELL-AIRED ROOMS.—Every sleeping room should have outside windows to open at top and bottom, and should have the sun shine let in some part of the day ; also means of ventilation. It would be better for people to live in tents the whole year round than in some of the damp, dark places to be found in cities, where are no possibilities of cleanliness or pure air.

THE THIMBLE.—The thimble was orig-

inally called a thumb bell by the English, because worn on the thumb. It was a Dutch invention, and was first brought to England in 1695. Thimbles were formerly made only of iron and brass, but in comparatively late years they have been made of gold, steel, horn, ivory, and even glass and pearl. In China, beautifully carved pearl thimbles are seen, bound with gold, and with the end of gold.

CARROT PUDDING.—Boil eight oz. of carrots, when boiled, chop very fine and mix with six oz. of currants, two cups of flour, one cup of suet chopped fine, half a cup of sugar, and half a nutmeg grated, milk enough to make all moist, and two eggs. This sized pudding requires two hours' boiling. To be served with sauce made with sugar and butter, with yoke of a raw egg beaten in it. Some people like a touch of brandy in the sauce.

SAVOURY FRITTERS.—Five ounces of onion, one teaspoonful of powdered sage, four eggs, and four ounces of stale bread. Soften the bread thoroughly in a dish with a little boiling water, covering it over and letting it soak for an hour ; mash it with a fork, picking out the hard pieces ; boil the onion in two or three waters till quite soft ; chop small, add the powdered sage, a little pepper and salt, and the eggs well beaten ; mix the whole intimately with the bread, and fry in fritters about half an inch thick and three inches broad.

BAKED HADDOCK.—Scale and clean the fish, without cutting it open much, put in some nice delicate forcemeat, and sew up the slit. Brush it over with egg, sprinkle it with bread-crumbs, and baste frequently with butter. Bake three-quarters of an hour, if large. Garnish with parsley and cut lemon, and serve with a nice brown gravy, plain melted butter, or anchovy sauce. If preferred, the egg and butter crumbs can be omitted and pieces of butter placed over the fish. If the haddock is only a moderate-sized

one, half an hour will be sufficient to bake it.

BLACKBERRY PIE.—Line a pie plate with plain or puff paste; carefully look over a pint of ripe blackberries; put them in the pie dish, heaping them up little in the middle of the dish; dust with two even tablespoonfuls of flour and add a cupful of sugar. Make a paste of a teaspoonful of flour and a little water, with which brush over the edge of the under crust, to prevent the juice from escaping; add the upper crust and trim the superfluous crust from the edge with a sharp knife. Bake in a quick oven. Dust with powdered sugar or cover with a thin meringue made of the white of one egg and a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar, or omit both and eat plain.

BREAD CRUMB PANCAKES.—Stale bread makes nice pancakes, and it is sometimes an economical way to use up broken bits of bread if they have been properly cared for when taken from the table. Crumb the bread as fine as possible, and pour over them enough milk to a little more than cover them; allow to soak several hours or over night. When ready to use, beat the bread crumbs smooth; measure, and for two cupfuls of the bread crumbs, add one egg, well beaten, one cupful of flour, a saltspoonful of salt, and enough milk to make a thin batter. If you use sweet milk, sift a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a one of soda with the flour; if the milk is sour add half a teaspoonful of soda to the milk, first sifting it and then dissolving it in a small quantity of milk. Corn meal may be used in place of the flour in these cakes, and will be found very nice.

HINTS FOR WASHING DAY.—Laying stockings in soak before washing them spoils their colour. Handkerchiefs should first be washed in cold water, but never in hot, for that quite spoils them; and then in lukewarm suds; then rinse, pull them

smooth, fold, and dry them. Worst stockings should be done in two cool lathers, but there ought to be no soap rubbed on them; after which, let them be rinsed well, then turned and folded like cotton stockings, and after that dried and rolled up tight. Thread and cotton stockings should have two lathers and a boil; having blued the water well, wash them out of the boil, but do not rinse them; then turn the wrong sides outwards, and fold them very smooth and even, laying them one upon the other, and a board over them, with a weight to press them smooth. Let them lie thus about a quarter of an hour, after which hang them up to dry; and when thoroughly so, roll them up tight without ironing, by which means they will look as good as new.

PRETTY TEETH AND THE MANAGEMENT OF THEM.—God made the teeth to be pretty; but much depends upon how we manage them. Left to themselves, they will become discoloured and ugly. The tooth brush should always be used night and morning. There are good washes, but there are those that destroy. A wash that will strengthen the gums and whiten the teeth without injuring the enamel, can be obtained by boiling in a tumblerful of water a pinch of quassia wood with a pinch of pulverized cacao. The toothbrush should be moderately soft, the bristles long and elastic and of uneven lengths, so as to facilitate their introduction between the teeth. The use of a *quill* toothpick after meals to dislodge particles of food from between the teeth is advisable; metallic toothpicks should not be used. The teeth should be taken care of. To lose a tooth is a real misfortune, to extract one unnecessarily, a crime. The disaster is not appreciated perhaps for years afterwards. On the other hand, those who are most anxious to secure perfect cleanliness of the teeth are apt to err in a too vigorous use of the brush. Many sets of teeth have been ruined by

too much or injudicious brushing. Skill and not force, faithfulness and not muscle, are required to produce the best results. A very moderate application of a brush, not too stiff, with a gentle frictional powder is sufficient for the external surfaces of the teeth.

A BEAUTIFUL SKIN.—Of all seasons, winter is the most trying to the skin. The cold winds not only cause roughness, chaps, and chilblains, but frequently leave the face wrinkled and discoloured. To preserve the skin during this time of year, it should be kept soft and supple by gentle friction and the occasional application of an emollient at night. Cold cream should be applied before going out, as it prevents the face getting rough and red, also the heat from rising to the face, so frequently the result of entering a hot room after a walk in the frosty air. The hands as well as the complexion suffer in cold weather, and perhaps there is nothing more effectual among simple remedies than camphor ice. All you have to do is to melt 2 drachms of spermaceti, which you buy in lumps at the chemist's, in 2oz. of oil of sweet almonds, and when cool stir in 2 drachms powdered camphor. Apply a little to the hands after washing, and puff over a little fine oatmeal. At night wear gloves. A small quantity well rubbed into the face when rough, or on the lips when hot and dry, quickly relieves the burning sensation, and renders the skin soft and white. But the principal secret of personal appearance is health. Exercise should be taken every day. Pure air is undoubtedly the best tonic, and should be taken into the lungs as much as possible. Medical authority recommends inflation of the lungs by standing by an open window and taking several deep breaths. This especially applies to the sedentary. It should be practised three or four times a day, especially before meals. The bedroom window should

always be open 2in. or 3in., and a daily tepid bath or a brisk rub down with a damp towel should be a practice every morning. And avoid tight lacing as you would the plague.

PLEASING VARIETIES.

GREAT works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance.

WHEN you have bought one fine thing, take care or you will be drawn into buying ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece.

WEALTH is like a viper, which is harmless if a man knows how to take hold of it; but if he does not, it will twine around his hand and bite him.

THE largest owner of cabs in the world is a lady, Mrs. Kite, who supplies the Great Eastern Railway alone with a hundred well-equipped vehicles daily.

IN computing a man's age, Chinamen always reckon two years back from the day when he celebrated his first birthday; or, in other words, as though he were a year old at the time of his birth.

TAKE NOTICE.—**WELL MEANT.**—A sign-board near Shrewsbury, in 1829, had a following classical inscription:—"All *parsons* found fyghteing or trespassing on this ground will be *executed* with the utmost vigour of the law."

FOR ALL MUSICIANS.—"Three things," said Mozart, "are necessary for a good performer;" and he pointed significantly to his head, to his heart, and to the tips of his fingers, as symbolical of understanding, sympathy, and technical readiness.

THE RIGHT KIND OF FRUGALITY.—Frugality is good and to be highly recommended, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality.

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REMARKABLE EPISODES IN HISTORY.—No. 21.

A MASQUERADE LEADS TO A WAR.

TOWARDS the end of the fourteenth century, great political results, affecting France and England, arose from a small cause. At the marriage nuptials of a French maid of honour, a masquerade was held at the palace of the Queen Dowager, at which the various guests appeared in disguises according to their own fancy. The King (Charles VI.) and five young noblemen appeared as naked savages, having contrived to fit close to their skin a dress of linen covered with resin and powdered with fur. Who they were was unknown. Their appearance created great merriment, during which one of the courtiers made a feint of running a lighted torch against one of them. The torch set fire to the combustible resin with which his skin-tights had been covered, and quickly communicated the flame to his companion savages, instantly converting the scene of wanton mirth into one of consternation and woe. The burning men uttered screams in their agony, and increased the panic of the company by shouting "Save the King! Save the King!" who was not till then known to be of the number. The Duchess of Berri singled out one of them as the

King from his form, and threw her robes over him, and so extinguished the fire. One of them ran out and jumped into a cistern of water, and so saved his life. The others were so dreadfully scorched that they died in two days.

The King was so affected by the incident that he lost his reason, and this gave rise to a situation that led to the gravest state of things throughout France. The Dukes of Berri and Burgundy took charge of the Government, and for a while matters went smoothly. But the King's sister-in-law (the Duchess of Orleans) acquired such an ascendancy over the demented and occasionally lucid king that she often led him to interfere in the acts of the two dukes in a way that produced great irritation and confusion. By and bye, one of the dukes (the Duke of Burgundy) died, and then the King's brother (the Duke of Orleans) claimed to take the deceased duke's place in the Government, but he was opposed by the Duke of Burgundy's successor. The King interfered sometimes on the side of the one and sometimes on the side of the other, now resuming and now dropping his authority in the most capricious manner. The people were divided between the contending princes and the King, and many important matters were unsettled, to the public distress. At length the contending dukes (the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Burgundy),

yielding to the cries of the nation, ostensibly agreed to bury their quarrels and to work in harmony. They openly went before the altar and swore sincerity of friendship, and exchanged the most sacred pledges before the officiating ecclesiastic. But when the ceremony was over, the Duke of Orleans was assassinated in the streets by ruffians who had been hired by the Duke of Burgundy to waylay and murder his rival. The Duke of Burgundy was brought to trial for the crime, and justified it on the plea that he had rendered a public service in ridding the State of a tyrant. The Parliament of Paris that tried the case refrained from coming to a decision; and the affair was carried before the Papal Council of Constance, which feebly condemned the crime. The mischievous effects were soon manifest throughout France. Implacable war arose between the respective adherents of Burgundy and the murdered prince. The Royal Family made war upon the Duke of Burgundy; and the King, in his half-witted state, sometimes sided with one party and sometimes with the other, thus giving to both sides the appearance of legal authority alternately. Under such circumstances, the most unhappy conditions prevailed throughout France. The provinces were laid waste by mutual depredations. Assassinations were everywhere committed, and executions were ordered without any trial by pretended courts of judicature. The whole kingdom was everywhere divided into two parties. Paris became a perpetual scene of blood and violence. The King and the Royal Family were often captives in the hands of the populace. Their ministers were imprisoned or butchered before their eyes: and it was dangerous for any man to adhere to principles of probity in the midst of the enraged factions. In this state of things, Henry V., King of Eng-

land, to whom both parties appealed, saw an opportunity of interfering on his own behalf; and accordingly, an English invasion of France was resolved upon and took place, with the result of adding to the distractions of two unhappy nations.

1161

THE KING'S CAPTURE.

The most wonderful Phase of Modern History.
— No. 22.

THE SUBJECTS OF PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. France oppressed for centuries (p. 2, vol. i.); 2. States-General demanded and summoned (p. 43); 3. The election amid public excitement (p. 82); 4. Meeting of the States-General (p. 123); 5. Food scarcity and public riot; the soldiers mutinous (p. 163); 6. Attack on the Bastille Prison (p. 202); 7. Flight of the aristocracy: assassination of officials (p. 242); 8. Pillage of the country and burning of castles (p. 283); 9. The women march to Versailles (p. 323); 10. They invade the assembly sitting there (p. 362); 11. The palace forced by the mob (p. 403); 12. The King compelled to remove to Paris (p. 442); 13. Trouble and darkness in France (p. 2, vol. ii.); 14. A hubbub Parliament out of doors (p. 42); 15. The Jacobin's Club and the three weeks' swearing (p. 82); 16. Outburst of serious theatricals (p. 123); 18. After the feast (p. 202). 19. Underground rumblings (p. 243); 20. Death in the Senate and Perplexity in the Palace (p. 282); 21. The King's Flight (p. 322).

THE King, fairly caught, sits with the Queen among the candle boxes and treacle barrels of the village grocer. The National Guard of the surrounding district, in response to the alarm bells ringing everywhere, pour into the place in streams, and are massed in the streets of the small place till they amount to 10,000 men. The question, What is to be done, no one can settle. An officer in the Royal interest arrives, with a hundred hussars, and offers to cut the King out of the mass of untrained nationals, but the King will not give orders. A messenger arrives from

Paris. The nationals demand of him that he order the King to return to Paris. The demand is granted. The order is issued: a procession is formed, consisting of the new six-horsed yellow coach which the King had got made for the flight, and its inmates, and ten thousand armed men straggling before and behind, on the march to Paris. On the road, they are met by three National Assembly Commissioners who take charge, two of them getting into the yellow coach beside the King. Word goes in advance to Paris that the King is returning—that is, is being brought back. On the way (for it takes some days to make the march from Varenne to Paris) the procession is increased by additions of National Guard at every village, until the number is said to amount to 60,000. The King had fled on the Monday; he arrives at Paris on the following Saturday. Hundreds of thousands of spectators turn out to meet him. He is received in silence. A placard had been issued, "Whoever insults Louis shall be caned: whoever applauds him shall be hanged." So there is neither "joy-dance of hope, nor as yet dancing in fury, dance of hate, or in revenge; but silence, with vague look of conjecture and curiosity, mostly scientific. . . . Smile of embarrassment, or cloud of dull sourness, is on the broad, phlegmatic face of his Majesty, who keeps declaring to successive official persons 'I do assure you I did not mean to pass the frontiers'—speeches natural for the poor royal man, which decency would veil. Silent is the Queen, with look of grief and scorn. Thus lumbers and creeps the ignominious royal procession through many streets, in the dusty summer evening amid a silent-gazing people, vanishing at last into the Tuileries Palace." When their Majesties have disappeared into the palace, the populace seize the three yellow couriers who had attended the King in his flight, and would massacre

them; but a deputation from the Assembly comes to the spot and forbids it. Inside the Palace, there is very little privacy henceforth for King or Queen. They are now watched, fettered, and humbled as Majesty never was; watched even in sleeping apartments and inmost recesses. They have to sleep with door ajar; blue sentry watching, eyes even fixed on the Queen's curtains; nay, on one occasion, as the Queen cannot sleep, he offers to sit by her pillow and converse a little.

The question in the National Assembly now is, What is to be done with Royalty? A few, headed by Robespierre, answer: "Depose it." But the majority, "terror-struck at the unknown abysses on the verge of which all now reels, ready to plunge," passionately answer, "Depose it not; but proclaim the Royalty is inviolable." The voice of the majority prevails for the time. But the voice of the majority in the assembly does not represent the voice of the majority outside. When the decision to retain the King is announced, there is a popular uprising of a bloodless sort. The theatres all close; spouting begins in all streets; and there is general ferment, both in Paris and over all France. The authorities issue placards counselling peace and acquiescence, but the advice falls on deaf ears. There is universal clamour, in which the shrieks of Robespierre, the reverberance of Danton, the hot pipings of Marat lead a whole nation of debaters to the cry of "Down with the King." The agitation continues four weeks, comes to a head in a monster petition exhibited for signature on the huge altar in the Champ de Mars which had been erected for the National Oath. Crowds flock thither, male and female, in holiday attire on Sunday, July 17th, 1791, to sign and to see signing. There is great crowding and great excitement—thousands upon thousands circulating and gesticulating in the vast enclosure. During the

signing, there is a curious incident which acts as a spark to gunpowder.

"A patriot—some say a patriotess—while standing on the firm deal boards of Father Land's altar, for signing, feels suddenly, with indescribable torpedo-shock of amazement, his or her bootsole pricked through from below: clutches it up suddenly, and discovers the point of a gimlet or bradawl playing up through the firm deal board, and now hastily withdrawing itself. The wooden frame work is impetuously broken up, and two persons of mean aspect are found concealed underneath with a supply of provisions. They affect to be asleep: look blank enough and give the lamest account of themselves." They are pulled out with no gentleness. Questioned, and cross-questioned, they say they were there for curiosity merely: but the excited crowd believing them to be spies, give them into custody at the nearest guard house, then pull them out again: question them again, and finally hang them amid the yells of the petition-signing thousands. There is an ugly look about the aspect of the crowd. Tidings goes to the Town Hall. Towards evening, the Mayor repairs to the place, accompanied by a body of the National Guard. He carries a red flag in token that he will enforce martial law if the crowd do not disperse. A howl of angry derision greets him from a hundred thousand throats. But the Mayor waves the flag. The crowd howls and throw stones. The Mayor, after a certain interval, during which the mob shows no sign of submission, orders the military to fire. Muskets are levelled, and a succession of volleys are discharged into the crowd. A number fall dead on the spot. Others are wounded. The Federation field is wetted with French blood precisely one year and three days after the sublime ecstasy of brotherhood and swearing on that very spot. Patriotism flies shrieking

and execrating, and takes refuge for the time in concealment. Even Marat for the moment is silenced. That bloodshed it will not forget or forgive. The Constitutional authorities triumph once more; but it is for the last time.

Meanwhile the Assembly hurries on the finishing of the new Constitution. In two more months, after much noisy opposition from the Robespierre party, who as yet are in a minority, and much patient and persistent manoeuvring on the part of the friends of order, the Constitution is adopted, providing for biennial Parliaments, and including a liberal provision for the Court of a loyal force of 1,800 guards for the King, picked from the 83 departments of France, at the same time leaving Majesty choice of residence. The King accepts and signs the Constitution, and elects to continue residence in Paris. The new Constitution is formally promulgated, amid public rejoicings in the latter part of September, and Paris illuminates and goes dancing and flinging fireworks for several days. Lafayette moves for an amnesty, for universal forgiving and forgetting all revolutionary faults. Even the King's flight is getting overlooked. Their Majesties go to the opera, distribute money among the poor, and once more are received with cheers when they appear in public. All at least seems to be going well. Louis looks out with satisfaction enough for the hour; but under Her Majesty's graceful smile a deep sadness is legible. A Madame de Stael, afterwards famous, goes here and there among the deputies, and has her doubts if it will stand. "But as yet melodious fiddle-strings twang and warble everywhere, with the rhythms of light fantastic feet: long lamp galaxies fling their coloured radiance, and brass-lunged hawkers elbow and bawl '*Grande Acceptation Constitution Monarchique.*'"

It was part of the new Constitution that

none of the Members of the National Assembly which voted it could be members of the first Parliament elected under it, nor could any of them be King's Minister, or accept the smallest Court appointment for the space of two years after the passing of it. Before they separated, they voted also a universal amnesty, and statues, honours and rewards, to various persons who had recently distinguished themselves in the public service. "Whereupon, things being all so neatly wound up, and the deputations and messages and royal and other ceremonials having rustled by; and the King having now affectionately perorated about peace and tranquillization, and members having answered "*Oui! Oui!*" with effusion, and even with tears—President Thouret rises, and with strong voice pronounces these words: 'The National Constituent Assembly declares that it has finished its mission, and that its sittings are all ended.'"

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THE INQUISITION.

THIS monstrous institution, now happily defunct, was of comparatively modern origin. Persecution has, of course, always flourished when power has been on the side of the oppressor, and has in all ages inflicted nameless cruelties and deaths on those who have refused to surrender conviction at the bidding of authority; but it was reserved for the beginning of the 13th century to see persecution reduced to a fine art, in the establishment of a legal institution whose business it was to employ suffering as an instrument of spiritual coercion, and therefore to use every contrivance of ingenuity in rendering it as intense and insufferable as possible. The imagination recoils in horror from the details of such an establishment.

Its establishment was due to a Papal agent named Dominic, who had been sent

into Languedoc with a number of missionaries, to convert the inhabitants to the Roman faith. The inhabitants were so irritated against the Roman missionaries that they rose and destroyed them all, with the exception of Dominic, who escaped. The Pope, on hearing of the result of the mission, published a crusade against the heretics, and called in the aid of the military arm. The forces that responded to the Papal summons overran the province, and reduced it to desolation by fire and sword. The miserable survivors were then called on to embrace the Roman faith, which they did in the mass. But Dominic doubted the sincerity of the conversion in many cases in detail. He therefore obtained power to make *inquisition* in a particular way. He enquired into families, and examined particular persons, and where he found any exception taken to Roman doctrines, he applied torture to produce compliance, failing which, he burnt the unhappy victims. For this, he obtained legal powers, and carried out the system by legal process and legal machinery. Thus originated what the elder Disraeli too mildly calls "That scourge of Europe, the inquisition."

It was about 50 years afterwards that it took its root in Spain, where finally it attained its most perfect development. Its introduction here was due to a Dominican priest named John de Torquemada, who, as confessor to Queen Isabella before she came to the throne, obtained from her a promise that if she ever ascended the throne, she would use every means to extirpate heresy and heretics. When the time came, she fulfilled her promise, and established the Inquisition, though not without diffidence and some reluctance, which she only put aside at the bidding of the shaven deceiver at her side, whom she appointed Chief Inquisitor.

The establishment of the Inquisition

among the Spaniards is said, probably with some truth, to have laid the foundation of the taciturnity which is their national characteristic. It spread a feeling of fear and horror among all classes. As anyone could accuse anyone to the Inquisition authorities, jealousy and suspicion took possession of all ranks of people. Friendship and sociability were at an end. Brothers were afraid of brothers, and fathers of their children.

The horrors of the place were beyond imagination. Even to be imprisoned in it was torture. The cells were mere hutches—not high enough for a human being to stand up in, or wide or long enough to stretch in. Orobio, a learned man who was immured for the offence of his opinions, has left on record his sensations. "Enclosed in this dungeon," said he, "I could not even find space enough to turn myself about. I suffered so much that my brain became affected. I frequently asked myself, 'Am I really Don Balthazaar Orobio who used to walk about Seville at my pleasure, who so much enjoyed myself with my wife and my children?' I often imagined that all my life had only been a dream, and that I really had been born in this dungeon."

The diabolic torture of various kinds employed in the Inquisition usually had the effect of making men confess crimes of which they had not been guilty, and profess convictions they did not entertain. Some held out against the extremest suffering, but the majority complied with any demands when stretched on the engines. An almost amusing illustration of this—if it is possible for such a topic to be amusing—was related to Disraeli, sen., by a Portuguese gentleman. A Lisbon physician, suspected of being a Jew, was arrested and taken to the Inquisition. A nobleman, whom he was in the habit of attending, hearing of it, addressed a letter to one of the inquisitors, demanding

his freedom, and assuring them that the physician was as orthodox a Christian as himself. Notwithstanding this, the physician was put to the torture, and confessed everything demanded of him. Word of this was sent to the nobleman. The nobleman was so enraged that he formed a plan to convince the inquisitor of the absurdity of torture for finding out a man's opinions. He instructed his servants to get ready a red-hot helmet, and keep it red-hot in a small furnace in one of the reception rooms of his house. He then feigned himself ill, and sent a message to the Inquisition requesting the inquisitor, whom he had formerly addressed, to come to him to administer dying spiritual consolations. The inquisitor came at the call of a nobleman, of course. When he arrived, the nobleman summoned his servants, and commanded the inquisitor in their presence to confess himself a Jew; and to write the confession and sign it there and then. The inquisitor refused, of course, upon which the servants seized him, and a screen being withdrawn, revealed the red-hot helmet glowing in the furnace—"or Luke's iron crown," as such an instrument was called in the Inquisition. The nobleman ordered some of his servants to hold the inquisitor while others should fit the iron crown upon his head. The inquisitor appalled, gave in, and wrote the required confession at a table while the servants stood round. The nobleman, having received the document, then said "See now the enormity of your dealings with unhappy men. My poor physician, like you, has confessed to being a Jew, but with this difference: torments have forced the confession from him which fear alone has drawn from you."

It seems impossible to understand how such an institution as the Inquisition could have received sanction in civilized countries, till we remember that the ecclesiastical theory was that man had an

immortal soul destined to be tortured in hell if it was not brought into priestly subjection before it left the body; and that Christ had given power to the priesthood to deal with men by any method they might deem most effectual for saving them from the clutches of the devil. Hells upon earth they truly were, and the offshoot of a fable about a hell that has no existence. Its history for 600 years is the most horrible chapter in the history of man. Its suppression is one of the many signs of the near approach of the happy day.

THE SPEECH-REGULATOR.

Is Phrenology True?—No. 22.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—I. The brain the seat of the mind (p. 6, vol. i.); 2. The mind a cluster of separate powers (p. 49); 3. The powers in harmonious groups (p. 86); 4. The relation of power to size (p. 127); 5. Development subject to control (p. 167); 6. Action of the body on the brain (p. 207); 7. Influence of constitutional fibre (p. 247); 8. Phrenological bearing of the vital functions (p. 287); 9. Temperamental Development (p. 329); 10. The brain itself, and its subdivisions in man and beast (p. 367); 11. Surgical difficulties considered (p. 407); 12. The organs—amativeness (p. 446); 13. The Conubial element in love (p. 6, vol. ii.); 14. Love of offspring (p. 47); 15. Love of friends (p. 86); 16. Love of fixed habitation (p. 127); 17. The power of application. (p. 167); 18. The love of life (p. 206); 19. The combative instinct (p. 247); 20. The executive faculty, alias destructiveness (p. 286); 21. Acquisitiveness (p. 326).

WITH an organ for speech, and linked with it a congeries of impulses and impressions all clamouring for expression by its means, it was a necessity for the proper working of the mental machinery that there should be a faculty charged with the functions of restraining speech till

judgment should decide upon its use. Without it, there could have been no control, and every man would have been a babbler, like certain kinds of children and idiots who spurt out everything that comes into their heads. Mankind would have been like a mass of gibbering apes, and human intercourse, which depends upon well-managed reticence, would have been impossible.

The organ that performs this useful function is called Secretiveness. What it is in itself cannot be told. It is a tendency of the nature expressed by the word instinct, as every faculty is when considered by itself. What makes a babe seek its mother's breast as soon as it is born? What makes a chicken peck at seeds as soon as it is hatched? It is not knowledge. It is tendency—a mechanical spontaneous tendency—residing in a set of nerve ganglions, contrived to produce it because it is needed. No other explanation can be given, and it is an explanation applicable to every propensity we possess. We have higher powers that act by discernment and reflection; but still we have quite a number of these mento-mechanical powers, as we might term them, *alias* instincts—which form essential ingredients in our mental composition.

Secretiveness inclines a man to hold his tongue, and to conceal himself from others, but its inclination is not final. Being linked with many other powers in the brain, which all form a unit, the last word rests with the will-power that results from the action of the whole. If all say "Speak," secretiveness is broken through, unless, indeed, it is so strong as to be able to give the casting vote, which is sometimes the case. Its locality is just over destructiveness, which, it will be remembered, is over and behind the ear. When secretiveness and destructiveness are both large they impart a general fulness to the

lower and middle part of the side head, and are usually accompanied with breadth in the wings of the nose at their junction with the face, in accordance with the action of the faculty which tends to shut the mouth and expand the nostrils. Large secretiveness shows itself in a variety of ways—not only in restraint of speech but in all actions that tend to concealment—buttoning the coat to the chin, wearing a high tight cravat, or, if a woman, a dress that fits high up in the neck. Such a person will be liable to restraint in all the operations of the body, even down to very perspirations, which will not start so readily as in a person of small secretiveness. He will also be much given to hiding away whatever belongs to him, and concealing his affairs from general knowledge, even when there is no particular need.

It is a very valuable faculty when properly controlled. It adds to the value of friendship, and to the dignity of character. You can trust a friend who can keep his own counsel, and you cannot withhold esteem from the man who can be silent at the right time. But who can respect a chatterer, or place confidence in the open mouth? The gift of silence is of priceless worth to its own possessor. It is Solomon who says "He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his soul from trouble." At first the statement does not strike us for its profundity. Sufficient experience is all that is needed to teach its wisdom. So is it with that other maxim, "A fool's mouth swallows himself," and its twin brother, "A fool uttereth all his mind: a wise man keepeth it in till afterwards." James makes the bridling of the tongue the test of self-government in everything (James iii. 2). All this touches on the function of secretiveness. Though secretiveness by itself is not the sole fountain of wisdom in the management of the tongue, it contributes a large ingredient, without which this important form of prudence would not be possible.

Like everything else, it can be carried too far. A man may be all restraint, all reserve, all mystery, through the power of the mere instinct of secretiveness. This is a calamity for himself and friends. He will be too guarded and politic and shrewd for the existence of intimacy. Friendship is very sensitive and quick to notice diplomatic reserve; and where this is merely the action of secretiveness, and not of reason, it gives offence. Secretiveness should always be in strict subordination to the claims of reason and friendship and duty. It easily degenerates to double dealing and trickiness if conscientiousness be moderate and acquisitiveness large and cautiousness small.

It is difficult to say whether the opposite extreme is better or worse. People who blab everything are nuisances who will be avoided by all persons of intelligence and prudence. Not only so, but the state of mind that wants to give utterance to every passing impression is one that can never attain to any robustness of character. When you talk, the force of an idea is spent to some extent. When you are silent, it is stored up. An incessant talker can never be a deep thinker. The very action of thought creates silence, if you will notice. One who utters everything is like a engine that is letting out its steam at the joints. Such people not only impoverish their own minds, but they are a pest to their neighbours, and will in the end be avoided by everyone.

It is, of course, very difficult for a person of deficient secretiveness to be anything else than free-tongued, open and transparent; and very difficult for the person of too much secretiveness to be anything else than dark and enigmatical. But the power of taming and educating the faculties (shown even in the case of animals) is very great with the right pressure and the right determination, because of the fact, which can never be too strongly insisted upon, that our whole

body is in a constant state of flux through the processes of digestion and nutrition; and that the appropriation or otherwise of the daily new force to particular parts is determined by the activities that are set up and kept up. Therefore, it is not altogether vain to say to the person of small secretiveness "practise silence," and to the person of large secretiveness, "practise openness." The very effort in each case will strengthen and weaken the organ whose right amount of activity is so desirable.

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SUNSHINE AND FAVOUR.

*Christianity since the Ascension of
Christ.—No. 22.*

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Fate of the apostles and their fellow-labourers (p. 8, vol. i.); 2. Persecution in Domitian's reign (Clement) (p. 51); 3. Heresy at the end of the first century (p. 87); BEGINNING OF THE SECOND CENTURY—Pliny's letter (p. 129); 5. Persecutions by Antoninus (Ignatius) (p. 169); 6. Adrian's reign (Jews forbidden the Holy Land) (p. 209); 7. Persecution in the reign of Marcus Aurelius (Justin Martyr and Polycarp) (p. 248); 8. The Persecution continued—Letter of Irenæus (p. 289); 9. Spiritual declension through Alexandrian philosophy (p. 331); 10. CLOSE OF THE SECOND CENTURY (p. 370); 11. Tertullian at Carthage (p. 410); 12. Christianity at Alexandria (Beginning of the third century) (p. 448); 13. Persecution in the third century (p. 8, vol. ii.); 14. Origen's Baneful Influence on Christianity (p. 49); 15. Repose and Declension (p. 88); 16. Persecution and relapse (p. 129); 17. Schism, affliction, and exhortation; 18. Dissension stopped by persecution (p. 208); 19. Peace, prosperity, and decay (p. 249); 20. A tempest of persecution (p. 288); 21. A break in the clouds (p. 327).

CONSTANTINE'S action in granting toleration to the Christians in the Western Provinces of Rome, while a happy event for those who lived in his jurisdiction, proved far otherwise for those living

in the East. At first its influence was felt throughout the whole Empire in a favourable sense. Galerius, the senior Emperor in Rome, was constrained, after a year's suffering of great bodily torments through the ravages of worms, to issue an edict ordering the discontinuance of the persecution, and asking the Christians to pray for him. His Eastern colleague, Maximin, refused to issue the edict, but gave verbal orders to stop the persecution, which had almost the same effect. Prisoners were released, workers in the mines were set at liberty, and the highways were soon full of Christians, singing hymns on the highways as they returned to their friends. Even the common populace were melted at the sight, and gave way to the conviction that a religion that continued invincible under such repeated and formidable attacks must be Divine.

But "the clouds returned after the rain." In six months, Galerius having died, Maximin, foiled in an attempt to become master of the whole Roman world, renewed the persecution with great severity. He ordered the public execution of several bishops and prominent leaders; and as regards the rest, he harassed them with every kind of suffering short of death. He determined upon a last attempt to uproot Christianity, feeling convinced that if he did not uproot Christianity, Christianity would uproot Paganism. He endeavoured to interest the cities everywhere in his enterprise. He showed special favour to those cities that passed decrees in harmony with his wishes. Tyre specially gratified him in the matter, and he honoured them with a special message, expressing the joy that the petition of Tyre against the Christians had given him. In this message he extolled Jupiter and the gods as the authors of all good, and appealed to the experience of the inhabitants as to whether their affairs had not prospered since the restoration of the

worship of these deities which had come about as the result of the persecution. "Now," said he, "you have no plagues, earthquakes, or tempests, but good harvests, and all good things—so different from the state of things experienced when Christianity prevailed."

While the emperor's messengers were on the road with similar messages to other places, a drought commenced, which extended throughout all Maximin's dominions. Famine followed the drought, and then came a plague of a very distressing character, which spread venomous ulcers over the body, but chiefly affected the eyes, and blinded many. Thousands upon thousands died during the plague. The number affected was so great that multitudes lay unburied. Only Christians could be found willing to take care of the sick, or bury the dead. To make matters worse, the Armenians commenced war against Maximin; also, Licinius, the successor of Galerius, made war upon him. He and the latter entered into conflict for the complete sovereignty of the East. A decisive battle ensued between them, before which Maximin vowed to Jupiter he would extirpate the Christian name from the earth if he obtained the victory. The victory went against him altogether. He then in his rage slew many of the priests and prophets of the gods by whose enchantments he had been seduced into false hopes of universal empire; not only so, but he issued an edict in full of complete favour of the toleration of Christianity in his remaining dominions. It was too late to be of any benefit to himself. The plague seized him; hunger departed from him; he wasted away to a skeleton under the consuming action of a secret fire. He suffered terrible agonies; his eyes started from their sockets; and before he died, he screamed, "It was not I who did it: O, Christ, have mercy on me!"

Meanwhile great events had happened

in the West. Constantine having, on the death of his father, been appointed Emperor of the West by the acclamation of the soldiery, sent information of the fact to Rome, where it caused anger and alarm. The right of the army to make the appointment was disputed. The Emperor and his advisers resolved to mask their chagrin, and invite Constantine to come to Rome to deliberate on the matter, intending his destruction. Constantine understood the situation, and without waiting an answer, followed his own messengers at the head of the army. By rapid marching he had arrived in Italy before Maxentius (who had succeeded Galerius) was aware of his purpose. The army of Constantine and the army of Maxentius met in a series of encounters which were all victories for Constantine, who finally entered Rome in triumph, Maxentius having been killed in battle. Constantine, become master of Rome and the West, openly avowed his championship of the Christian cause, though understanding little of Christian truths. He stopped all persecution, put down the Pagan ceremonies, destroyed the idol temples, built churches, encouraged assemblies of the head Christians, attended the meetings, and generally placed the Church in the position hitherto occupied by the Pagan priesthood. He restored everything of which Christians had been deprived. He indemnified those who had suffered during the Christian persecutions, and rewarded those who had been faithful, he honoured Christian pastors, and employed his authority in the promotion of their principles. He issued instructions to all governors of the provinces to favour the Christian cause. He did not compel these governors to profess Christianity, nor permit them to force others to do it; but he would not allow them to make the usual sacrifice, while he enjoined them to carry out his wishes in the erection of fine buildings for the system of worship that

they had hitherto exerted themselves to crush and suppress. He even extended his efforts beyond the boundaries of the Roman Empire, endeavouring to secure favourable treatment for Christians in other countries.

It seems extraordinary that a mere politician as Constantine was should have espoused the name of Christ with such fervour without enlightenment. If what Eusebius (his court chaplain) says is true, it is intelligible. He says the Emperor himself told him, that while he was on the march from Britain to Italy, in a state of great anxiety, he implored the God of the Christians to take him under protection, and to give him some sign of His favour. Next day, in the afternoon, he saw a bright cross in the sky, with the words written over it, "Conquer by this." Both he and his soldiers saw it, and were astonished. The sign gradually died away. The same night, while asleep, he saw the bright figure of Christ, who asked him to use the cross as his military ensign. As a matter of fact, Constantine used the symbol from that moment, and if he spoke truly to Eusebius, it is possible that he was Divinely influenced in the case for the purpose of fitting him thoroughly to be the destroyer of Paganism and the establisher of the name of Christ as the basis of European civilization in preparation for what is to come.

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LARGE AND SMALL.—If you wish to be happy, have a small house and a large balance at your banker's: if you wish to be unhappy, adopt the opposite plan. But this rule is to be taken with reference to means. The principle applies, but not the degree, to the man of twenty thousand, and the man of two hundred a year. To be overhoused and under-balanced is an evil in all conditions, and disturbs both sound sleep and good digestion.

THE POSITION OF SACRIFICE.

Is there a God?—No. 22.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The reproductive faculty indicative of purpose (p. 14, vol. i.); 2. Every faculty proves the existence of its object, therefore God (p. 56); 3. The origin of the universe (p. 91); 4. The appearance of man upon the scene (p. 133); 5. The inconsistencies of the evolutionist view (p. 174); 6. The existence of sex a proof of God (p. 214); 7. Mechanism of the human frame (p. 251); 8. The construction of the eye (p. 292); 9. The seed of plant and animal (p. 333); 10. Human intelligence itself a proof of God (p. 371); 11. The self-action of the universe (p. 411); 12. The fool's opinion (p. 451); 13. The great universe and small man (p. 10, vol. ii.); 14. Limited Knowledge (p. 51, vol. ii.); 15. Omnipotent control (p. 90); 16. The existence of evil (p. 131); 17. Looking too much at the creature (p. 171); 18. God's Answer (p. 210); 19. Co-ordinate Truth (p. 251); 20. Man's State and God's Method (p. 291); 21. Human Clay and Divine Anger (p. 329).

WE discussed the question of Divine anger last time. I think your next difficulty was the appointment of sacrifice?

Yes. I have been accustomed to regard it as anomalous that sacrifice should be required as an element of religious service; especially the sacrifice of Christ. I must acknowledge my inability to understand why the good and the pure and the holy should be crucified, as Jesus Christ was, before God could allow man to approach Him or hope for salvation.

If you admit that God requires sacrifice in the approaches of man, you ought to have no difficulty in receiving the fact.

I cannot receive anything that appears to stultify truth.

I am afraid if you had been 'Abraham when he received command to offer up his only son, Isaac, in whom posterity had been promised, you would not have been so prompt to obey.

I don't know how it might have been had I received so direct a command as he did. I grant it might have seemed a difficulty how God required me to shed man's blood, after having forbidden it, and how He could ask me to destroy a son in whom issue promised had not yet taken place. But, perhaps, in the presence of His actual requirement, I would not have felt these scruples. I hope I am not a rebel.

The sentiment of insubordination is at the root of many of the religious difficulties of men.

You are rather hard.

I do not mean the remark in any offensive sense. I intend it in the scientific sense—that is, in the sense of fact coolly noted.

That makes the matter worse.

I hope not. I am looking away from persons and dealing neutrally with truth. Jesus utters the sentiment in another way, when he says "*If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine.*" As much as to say, if there be not first a docile and willing mind, there can be no perception of the truth. Indeed, He plainly says this in another case: "*Except a man humble himself as a little child, he cannot see the Kingdom of God.*" To the opposite state of mind he refers thus: "*How can ye believe that receive honour one of another and seek not the honour that cometh from God only.*"

We are straying from the point, are we not?

Just a little, perhaps. I was meaning to suggest that your discernment of the fact that God requires sacrifice ought to relieve you of all difficulty as to His reason.

I suppose it ought, but we naturally desire to understand, and especially to get rid of, anything that appears to violate our understanding.

It is possible to understand this question

of sacrifice if you admit the elementary principles out of which it arises.

What are they?

First of all, take the fact which God declared to Moses: "I will be sanctified in them that approach unto me." Look this well in the face and realise to yourself whether you admit it or no; that, as God said to Malachi, "I am a great king," and that "His name must be magnified, and had in reverence of all those who come near to Him" (Mal. i., 14; ii., 2; Psa. lxxxix. 7; Lev. i. 3).

I could not, of course, demur to such a sentiment.

You may not demur; but do you really feel the sentiment? I fix your attention here, because it is the root of the matter in question. No man can enter into the meaning of sacrifice who fails in the discernment of God's greatness, and in the feeling of reverence and awe towards Him which that discernment will inspire when allowed to have its full effect. The great failing of our age, as Carlyle used to say, is the want of reverence.

I must admit the truth of the impeachment. I desire to be innocent in the matter. I hope I am sufficiently under the power of reason (to put it on no higher ground) to recognise the majesty and sacredness of the Divine Being.

It is astonishing how easily people feel the dignity of human greatness. The greatness of God does not touch them in the least, when the presence of royalty, or even of a judge on the bench, will fill them with a sense of awe and deference.

We must make some allowance for the difference between faith and sight.

That is, doubtless, part of the explanation. In the present case, there is no need for the allowance. You recognise the greatness and majesty of God. Is it not, therefore, reasonable that in permitting approach to Him, He should appoint

acts of extreme reverence on the part of the worshippers ?

That, of course, I cannot deny, and I would have no difficulty in understanding bowing or kneeling, or entire prostration as the expression of reverence ; but sacrifice — ?

Here you require another of the elementary principles to which I referred. Surrender to it as frankly, and your difficulty will be gone.

What is it ?

That the disobedience of any commandment of God (otherwise expressed by the term "sin") is a heinous crime on the part of a created being ; and that God's intolerance toward it is so extreme that He will not hold communion with a sinner or suffer him to live. Can you object ?

I don't know that I can object if I am to receive what the Bible teaches.

You admit that the Bible teaches this, and you have admitted that the evidence of the Bible's truth cannot be rejected. Where are we ?

I suppose I am bound to assent to what you say.

Do you not think it reasonable that the insubordination of the creature should be a crime against the Creator ?

I cannot say it is unreasonable.

Do you not think it reasonable that such a crime should put an end to friendly relations between them ?

Suppose I must admit it, what then ? It would mean eternal breach. I do not see where sacrifice comes in.

This is just where it does come in. God is kind as well as great. And He is willing for a healing of the breach, provided there be a recognition of His supremacy and submission on the part of the offender.

How does sacrifice ensure this ?

It is the enactment of confession. The wages of sin is death ; and when a sinner

comes with sacrifice in his hand, laying his hand on its head, he identifies himself with it, and acknowledges, in its death, that he is deserving of death. Thus both sin and the claims of God are confessed.

You are speaking of the sacrifice of animals.

Yes, they were first in the order of appointment.

It is the sacrifice of Christ that my mind is on, more particularly, as a difficulty. I could understand that the offering of an animal might be a suitable ceremony of contrition : but here is a righteous man put to death : I cannot so well understand that.

I grant there is more in that case than in the typical foreshadowings of the Mosaic law ; still, the one was a pre-figuration of the other.

How am I to understand you ?

In the animal, sin was only typically condemned. In Christ, it was really so.

I do not understand that. How could sin be condemned in Christ who was no sinner ?

By reason of the nature he obtained by derivation from his mother Mary. This was the nature common to all the sons of Adam, which inherits death from the condemnation passed upon the transgressor in Eden (Rom. v. 12, 18). When, therefore, his flesh was impaled on Calvary, sin was "condemned in the flesh" (Rom. viii. 3), and the basis of propitiation laid in the pouring out of his blood (iii. 25, 26). He was thus "made sin for us who knew no sin" (2 Cor. v. 21). If he had not been of our identical nature in the first case, I grant I could not answer your question.

But granting he was in our identical nature, I do not see what was accomplished ?

Paul's definition is an inspired one, and may be taken to cover the whole ground. He not only says "Sin was condemned in the flesh," but that the object was "to de-

clare the righteousness of God" as a basis "for the *remission of sins* that are past through the *forbearance* of God that he might be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus" (see Rom. iii. 25, 28). We therefore get the idea that in the death of Christ, human nature was federally crucified, and the righteousness of God in His dealings with the Adamic race, publicly asserted and vindicated, with this result, that the way was opened for God to show His forbearance in our forgiveness, provided we humble ourselves by associating ourselves with this public declaration of His righteousness and vindication of His supremacy.

How can we do that?

Paul supplies the answer in saying that when believers are baptized in Christ, they are baptized *into his death*, in undergoing a burial in water which he styles "the likeness of his death" (see Rom. vi. 2, 6). By this submission to a death-resembling rite, they are said to be "crucified with Christ," which identifies them with the process to which Christ in his love submitted, and therefore stand humbly before God as confessors of their sin, that they may receive a free forgiveness through him who not only "died that we might live" but who, being raised from the dead, ever lives that he may act as intercessor between God and "all who come unto God by him."

I must say it is a different idea of the atonement from what I have always been accustomed to hear.

The clerical idea of the atonement creates difficulties that do not belong to the Bible exhibition of the subject.

The view you have presented removes some difficulty. Still, I should have thought the kindness of God would have been equal to the forgiveness of sinners, without sacrifice of any kind.

I must remind you that it is not what

we think that settles the question of truth. If you will but realise that God is great and holy, as well as kind, the subject of sacrifice will present no difficulty. God is to be feared and venerated by the angels who please Him: how much more by man who is not only an impure creature of the earth, but a sinner deserving of death. It is nothing but fitting and beautiful in the highest degree that his permitted approaches should be in a form that keeps his own worthlessness, and God's great kindness and justice always before his eyes.

THE RUSH OF THE GREEK COAT.

The Greek Empire.—No. 1.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Babylon (p. 16, vol. 1); 2. Cyrus (p. 58); 3. Rise of Cyrus as a great general (p. 92); 4. Campaigns of Cyrus (p. 135); 5. The capture of Babylon (p. 175); 6. Cyrus as a conqueror (p. 216); 7. Cyrus and Daniel: reign and death of Cyrus (p. 253); 8. Cambyses, son of Cyrus (p. 294); 9. Darius, successor of Cyrus (p. 335); 10. Beginning of the war with Greece (p. 374); 11. The expedition of Xerxes (p. 413); 12. Failure of the expedition (p. 452); 13. The disasters of Xerxes in Greece (p. 12, vol. ii.); 14. The end of Xerxes and the extraordinary sequel (p. 54); 15. Persian declension and a Greek suicide (p. 92); 16. Persia struggles to retain ascendancy (p. 134); 17. Persian disintegration; 18. Greek prowess and Persian bribery (p. 213); 19. Civil war and family assassinations (p. 253); 20. Horrors and enormities (p. 293.); 21. Impending Destruction (p. 332.)

ALEXANDER, having made complete and far-seeing arrangements for a long absence from Macedonia, began his march. His army was made up of regiments from various States of Greece, separately organised according to their several localities. The heart of it was the celebrated Macedonian phalanx of 16,000

men, which had been organised by Philip, Alexander's father, in such a way, with interlocking shields and spears, that so long as they kept rank, they could not be broken into by attack, nor resisted when they charged upon the foe.

In twenty days they reached the sea, in the neighbourhood of the Hellespont, a broad stream, a mile in width, separating Europe from Asia. Their march to this point was a parade in which Alexander's soldiers caught the spirit of joyous confidence from Alexander, who marched at their head, in a familiar and cheery, and, at the same time, truly courageous manner. He had caused to be collected at Sestos about 160 galleys and flat-bottomed boats. In these he personally superintended the embarkation of his troops. Getting into a galley along with friends at Eleontum he took the helm himself, and steered to the middle of the stream, arriving in which, he stopped the oars, and according to the superstition in which he had been educated, sacrificed a bull to Neptune, the fabled god of the sea, and poured wine into the water out of a golden cup. He then resumed the passage, and steered the galley safely to the other side. Before landing, he threw a javelin on the shore, in token of taking possession of the dominions of Persia, and then was the first to spring to land. In transports of joy, he erected altars to his father's gods, for having, as he supposed, granted him so promising a descent on the enemy's shores. (He was being helped truly, but not by the gods of the heathen, but by the angels of Yahweh, to whom the present world has been subjected, and who "do his commandments" and carry out his purposes, "hearkening to the voice of his word.")

The whole army being landed, he marched first to Lampsacus, a Greek city that had rebelled against their countrymen in favour of the Persians some time previously, and which he was deter-

mined to destroy. Anaximenes, a native of the place, a historian of some fame, who had been tutor to Alexander in his younger days, came out to speak to Alexander on behalf of the city. Alexander, who had a great esteem for Anaximenes, and suspecting his errand, and not wishing to have to give him direct negative, said to him when he was brought into his presence, that he would never grant any request he might present. Anaximenes snapped at the opportunity thus presented. "The favour I have to desire of you," said he, "is that you would destroy Lampsacus." Alexander was caught by his own words. He could not do the thing he wanted to do, because his friend asked it. By his wit, the historian saved the place.

Alexander left Lampsacus to itself, and went on his way, across Asia Minor, towards the seat of the Persian power on the plains of Babylon. Arriving on the banks of the Granicus, he found the opposite side of the river occupied by a powerful Persian army, three times his own in number, resolved to dispute his passage. The Persian army numbered 100,000 foot soldiers and 10,000 horse, and was commanded by several able generals, who were very much taken aback at Alexander's quick arrival. The generals were helped in their councils by a Greek named Memnon whom Darius had appointed as commander of the Asiatic coasts. Memnon advised the generals not to oppose the crossing of Alexander, but to retire, and lay waste the plains and cities behind them, which would make it impossible for Alexander to advance, since, for lack of finding supplies for his army, he would be obliged to return to Europe. The advice was good, but was opposed. The Persian Governor of the district which was proposed to be devastated said he would never allow the Greeks to cause such havoc in territories that he governed. Others suggested that the advice of

Memnon was not disinterested. It was resolved to set his views aside, and oppose the crossing. So the Persians drew up in battle array. Alexander's forces did the same on the other side, and the two armies stood looking at each other for a long time. Alexander was for crossing at once. Alexander's generals tried to dissuade him, on the ground that his army having only arrived that day after a long march, would be the better of a rest before attempting the dangerous work of crossing a river in the presence of a hostile army. Next morning, they would be able to do their work better. But Alexander would take no denial. He said it would be a shame if, after having crossed a broad stream like the Hellespont, he should suffer his progress to be retarded by a mere rivulet. He gave orders for the army to prepare to advance. He sent officers all up and down the banks to discover the best crossing places. The Persian horse lined the whole of the opposite shore at the water's edge, and behind them, on easy rising ground, was posted their infantry, including a body of Greeks they had taken into their pay. Alexander's officers were a little timid. Alexander then mounted his horse, and commanded the noblemen and his court to behave gallantly and follow him. He took command of the right wing, and ordered a strong detachment to march into the water, following them with the rest of the forces. He gave orders to Parmenio to do the same with the left wing. Placing himself at their head, he ordered the trumpets to sound and the men to shout and the whole body to advance. They did so, and the Persians were awed by their audacity, yet offered a stout resistance. As the Greeks emerged upon the opposite bank, they drove them back for a moment with some loss. But Alexander was close behind with the best part of his force, and animated his soldiers by his prodigious efforts. They caught his spirit,

and returned to the advance in a compact body, which the Persians in vain tried to resist a second time. They gave way before the impetuous onrush of the Greek cavalry who cleared all before them, and gained the banks. The whole Greek army then got across horse and foot, and the engagement became general. Alexander plunged into the thickest of the fight. He was very conspicuous by his shield and the white plumes surrounding his golden helmet. The fighting was very furious wherever he was. A Persian general, named Spithobrates, a son-in-law to Darius, greatly distinguished himself, supported by a body of 40 Persian nobles and his relatives, who never left his side. Alexander, observing their bravery, spurred his horse into their midst. Spithobrates, recognising Alexander, fell furiously upon him sword in hand, but Alexander, by a dexterous lunge of his spear, struck him through and laid him dead at his feet. A brother of Spithobrates' at that instant charged Alexander from the side and dealt him a blow on the head with his battle-axe, which came within half an inch of being fatal. The blow penetrated Alexander's helmet, but went no deeper than the hair. Spithobrates' brother was about to repeat the blow, when Clitus, one of Alexander's officers, struck off the other's hand with his scimitar, and thus saved Alexander's life. That sweep of the scimitar diverted the course of history. The Persian cavalry now gave way on both wings and fled the field. Alexander did not pursue them far, but returned to attack the Persian infantry. This body at first stood their ground, but finding themselves attacked on the river-front by the dreaded Macedonian phalanx: and by Alexander himself and his cavalry behind, and learning that the Persian cavalry had been beaten, they soon gave in and took to flight. The Greek soldiers in the pay of the Persians did not break up, but retired to

a hill and drew up and sent a request to Alexander that they might be allowed to march away unmolested. Alexander received the request in a rage, and rushed into their midst, followed by his victorious army, and cut them all to pieces, with the exception of 2,000, who were made prisoners. The slaughter among the Persians amounted to 20,000 men and 2,500 horse. Alexander's loss was comparatively slight. He took the utmost care of the wounded afterwards, personally visiting them and hearing them relate their adventures. He buried his foes with honours. He gathered a rich booty from the field of battle, and sent home magnificent presents. The effect produced by the victory was astounding throughout the world.

THE METEORIC SHOWERS.

Out of Doors at Night. — No. 22.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—I.

Greatness of the starry universe (p. 19, vol. i.); 2. The earth a globe (p. 60); 3. Objections considered (p. 94); 4. The earth turning and travelling (p. 137); 5. The moon (p. 177); 6. Aspects of the moon (p. 218); 7. In the moon (p. 256); 8. The starry host: the planets: Mercury (p. 297); 9. Nearest the sun (p. 338); 10. Venus, the morning and evening star (p. 376); 11. Mars, the ruddy planet (p. 416); 12. The asteroids, the little planets of the solar system (p. 454); 13. The giant of the solar system (p. 14, vol. 2); 14. Our giant brother Jupiter (p. 55); 15. Jupiter and the shape of the earth (p. 94); 16. The splendid planet (p. 136); 17. A newly-discovered planet (p. 175); 18. The outpost of the solar system (p. 215); 19. The Lord of the Solar System (p. 255); 20. Celestial Visitors (p. 295); 21. The Celestial Visitors again (p. 334).

NEXT month's remarks had reference to meteors or meteorites or meteoric stones which are evidently local bits of

substance flying through space in the neighbourhood of the earth, and may fall through the air at any time. The meteoric showers are composed of a different set of bodies. They are due to the existence of vast shoals of bits of something which travel in company in a fixed orbit through space, which they take a fixed time to complete. The showers occur on earth only at stated times, due to the periodicity of their journey.

There are several travelling shoals, named according to the quarter of the heavens from which they apparently come when they strike earth. The principal shoal is called the Leonides, from apparently originating in the star cluster called Leo. This takes 33 years to make one journey. The journey is not circular but elliptical, like the course of a comet, approaching the sun from the depths of space and going sharply round behind him, and then flying off again to a great distance in the direction from which it came. But while the shoal as a shoal takes all this time to make one journey, detached members of the shoal are scattered throughout the centre course, like laggards in a race, so that in November in each year there are always some to be seen, but only once in 33 years is the great display to be witnessed. This is a very grand affair, according to those who have seen it. Sir Robert Ball thus describes what he saw on the night of November 13th, 1866—"I shall never forget that night. I was aware that a shower of meteors had been predicted, but nothing that I had heard led me to expect the splendid spectacle I witnessed. It was at ten o'clock at night when an exclamation from an attendant by my side made me look up from the telescope (Lord Rosse's great telescope, with which I was engaged watching the nebulae). A fine meteor dashed across the sky; then another, then

twos, then threes. It was evident the prediction of a great shower was to be verified, so I left the telescope and ascended to a position from which a clear view of the whole heavens could be obtained. Here, for the next two or three hours, I witnessed a spectacle which can never fade from my memory. The shooting stars increased in number. Sometimes they swept over our heads, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, but all from a common point in the east. Sometimes a meteor appeared to come almost directly towards us, swelling up into brilliancy and then rapidly vanishing. In almost all cases they left trains of light behind them. For three hours many thousands of brilliant meteors passed before us, any single one of which would have been sufficient, on an ordinary night, to elicit a note of admiration."

Next year, at the same time, a similar display was seen in America. Why was this? Why was the spectacle seen again within 12 months, of the shoal taking 33 years to make its journey? The answer appears to be—because the shoal is of such prodigious length, that it takes over 12 months to pass any one point. The path of the earth goes through the path of the shoal. Consequently, once a year the earth passes this point. If the shoal has only just begun to pass when the earth has arrived at this point, the shower is seen, of course; but suppose the shoal has not finished passing by the next time the earth comes to the same point in its journey round the sun, the shower is seen again next year on the same date. But why was it not seen in England the next year, but only in America? Because when the earth arrived at the point where the paths intersect, it was in such a position with regard to its own revolution, that America was on that side that plunged into the stream of meteors, and as the earth only takes about three hours to get through the

meteoric path, the meteors were passed before the other side of the earth had come round.

Considering that the meteoric stream is rushing in its path at the rate of 20 miles in a second, it gives an appalling idea of its magnitude to think that the whole stream takes over 12 months to pass one point. "Think of a shoal of herrings in the ocean," says Sir Robert Ball, "extending over many square miles, and containing countless myriads of individuals: the shooting stars are perhaps much more numerous than the herrings. But the shooting stars are not close together like the herrings. They are probably a few miles apart from each other. The actual bulk of the shooting star shoal is therefore prodigious. Its dimensions are to be measured by hundreds of thousands of miles."

We can only see a small portion of the shoal at any one time, but we know the rest are there though we do not see them. We know it precisely in the same way that we know that there are herrings in the sea. The shoal of herrings is not seen till the fisherman catches a part of them in his net. So we do not see the meteor shoal till the earth catches a part of them in its atmospheric net once in 33 years. It is said there is no fear of the supply of herrings getting exhausted, because all that the fishermen catch are nothing to the prodigious numbers there are in the sea. So it may be said with regard to the meteors. They exist in such myriads that though the earth, by its atmosphere, swallows up millions once in 33 years, the number remains practically unaffected. There is, of course, this difference between the herrings and the meteors, that the herrings are being constantly multiplied by propagation, whereas the meteors, so far as we know, have no such source of replenishment.

Their first recorded appearance was in A.D. 902. The record occurs in con-

nection with the notice of the death of a Moorish King, on the occasion of which it is narrated that "on that night, there were seen an infinite number of stars, as it were lances, which scattered themselves like rain to the right and left." Literary research has discovered other records of similar appearances in the heavens corresponding in point of date with the successive returns of the November meteors. There are altogether twelve historical notices of the shower since 902, though there must have been 29 visits since that time. The nature of the occurrence was not understood, or was regarded superstitiously, and therefore there was no systematic record. Had the display been of annual occurrence, there would have been more likelihood of its taking its place among the ordinary phenomena of nature. But occurring at such long distances, and sometimes being missed altogether through the position of the earth at the time of the intersection of the paths, there was a lack of intelligent observation.

There is very little known even now on the subject. But still, this much is known, that the wondrous manifestation is part of the established economy of things. What the meteors are in themselves is not known. That they serve a purpose it is impossible to doubt. When the nature of this is known, it may be found to bear on the problem of how the universe keeps working on, from age to age unexhausted, notwithstanding the constant expenditure of energy. It may be the arrangement of Almighty Power for restoring, in a slow and insensible but effectual way, the powers which are used up in the functions of existence, after the analogy of the circulation of the blood in animal bodies.

LLS

A QUANTITY of black snow has fallen in the neighbourhood of Dicken Peterzell, in the Canton of Geneva.

A REPULSED ATTACK.

Is the Bible True?—No. 21.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—I. A moot question with "yes" waiting (p. 18, vol. i.); 2. The Bible's own testimony: why should it be questioned? (p. 97); 3. Its historic backbone (p. 139); 4. Taking its history to pieces: Abraham (p. 179); 5. Truth necessitated by the nature of its narrative: Joseph (p. 219); 6. Ditto in the case of Moses: the exodus (p. 258); 7. The journey in the wilderness (p. 299); 8. Israel's chronic mutinies (p. 340); 9. What the record of the murmurings proves (p. 378); 10. The want of food in the wilderness; the manna supply (p. 418); 11. Failure of the water supply: the sin of Moses (p. 456); 12. The worship of the golden calf (p. 16, vol. ii.); 13. Struck dead on the spot (p. 58); 14. A doomed generation (p. 96); 15. Envy at headquarters (p. 138); 16. Wholesale revolt (p. 177); 17. Distressed leader and plagued people (p. 217); 18. Balaam's journey (p. 257); 19. The Speeches of Moses (p. 298); 20. An Extraordinary National Anthem (p. 336).

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,— Earnestly commending to your consideration the suggestions thrown out the last time we were together on the subject of the parting gift of Moses to Israel, in the shape of a national song impeaching the national character, I now draw your attention to a military incident that occurred shortly afterwards, as affording confirmatory evidence of the conclusion I am aiming to establish. It may not at first sight seem to bear much promise in this respect, but second thoughts may throw a different light on it.

Moses having died, and Israel having crossed the Jordan, and successfully commenced the invasion of the land at Jericho, Joshua sent spies to reconnoitre the position at Ai, and to report. The men came back and said the place was of no

great size or strength, and that it would be unnecessary for the whole army to be employed in its capture—that a comparatively small force would be sufficient. “Let not all the people labour thither; let about two or three thousand men go up and smite Ai.” So three thousand men were told out for the work, and marched to the attack. Ai was about 14 miles distant from the camp. In no great space of time, the 3,000 men rushed back pell-mell into the camp in a state of consternation. They had been repulsed by the defenders of Ai, and pursued, with a loss of 36 men. Their arrival in the camp caused a panic. “The hearts of the people melted and became as water.” They had just crossed the Jordan and commenced the invasion of the land, and they now apprehended that the effect of this defeat would so inspirit the Canaanites that they would assemble *en masse* and overwhelm the feeble host of the Israelites.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the simple and unadorned narrative as it stands in the 7th chapter of Joshua. What could have caused the writing of it, except its truth? Do men chronicle reverses against themselves that never happened? Do they not rather try to suppress them or at least make them out to have been victorious? But here is acknowledged defeat in the course of a divinely-conducted campaign, which the account, if a legendary one, would have represented as an unbroken tide of triumph, as a matter of course. I ask you whether the account of this defeat, written by those who were defeated, is not positive proof of its having occurred?

Is so, you must take it in its completeness, and see what it involves. Joshua shares the consternation of the people on the return of the defeated three thousand. He throws himself on his face before God, who had said to him at the start, “There shall not be any man able to stand before

thee all the days of thy life. As I was with Moses, so will I be with thee.” He laments in view of this defeat that they had not been content to remain on the eastern side of the Jordan, “O Lord, what shall I say when Israel turneth their backs to their enemies?” Consider the answer: “Get thee up, wherefore liest thou thus on thy face? Israel hath sinned. They have taken of the accursed thing, and stolen and dissembled also, and have put it among their own stuff. . . . Up, sanctify the people and say . . . Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel: thou canst not stand before thine enemies until ye take away the accursed thing from among you. In the morning, therefore, ye shall be brought according to your tribes: and it shall be that the tribe the Lord taketh shall come according to the families thereof: and the family which the Lord shall take shall come by households: and the households shall come man by man.”

This process is gone through with the result that the final lot falls on Achan, whom Joshua abjures to disclose the crime of which he has been guilty: “Tell me now what thou hast done.” Achan confesses that from the consecrated spoils of Jericho, he had abstracted a costly garment a wedge of gold, and a quantity of silver—all of which he had hidden under his tent. Joshua sends messengers to Achan’s tent, who find the hidden goods and bring them to Joshua. Achan’s confession thus confirmed, Joshua chides him: “Why hast thou troubled us? God shall trouble thee this day, and all Israel stoned him with stones.”

Ladies and gentlemen, you must take this along with the acknowledgment of defeat. What does it prove? It proves the Divine presence and oversight in the camp, for how otherwise the explanation of the defeat, and the discovery of its

cause? But it proves more than this; it looks back upon Jericho, and proves what happened there; for if truth is at work with the Ai defeat, truth would be at work with the Jericho victory as well; or, to put it conversely, if the Jericho victory were legend, we should have had legend at work with Ai also, representing onward and miraculous victory at every step, of course. Achan's crime originated in the Jericho incident. Under ordinary circumstances, it would not have been criminal to have appropriated part of the spoils, but in this case the people were forbidden to touch anything, because the capture of the city was not their work: "All the silver and gold, and vessels of brass and iron are consecrated to the Lord: they shall come into the treasury of the Lord."

Thus Ai proves Jericho: and what is the record of the work at Jericho? Why, that the people by command marched round the place once a day for six days, and on the seventh day, the priests blew rams' horns seven times, when the massive walls fell down by divine power, and Israel had nothing to do but to march forward and slaughter the wicked inhabitants. You cannot dissociate this account from the record of the Ai defeat. If the one is true, the other must be; and if you are tempted to say neither is true, then, ladies and gentlemen, you have to explain the writing of the history of the Ai defeat. Because there it is on the page before you. And it has been there ever since the Bible was written. And whoever wrote it there, must have had an object in writing it. If he was a true writer, employed by the Spirit of God, there is no difficulty, of course: but if he was not a true writer, but a writer with a false motive, then, ladies and gentlemen, you have to explain how he came to invent a story of a defeat that never happened. Think it out. You will find the knot will only untwist in one way.

OUR "AT HOME."

NOTES BY A ROVING CORRESPONDENT AND OCCASIONAL VISITOR.

Evenings in March, 1892.

I DO not know if my remarks last month on the subject of Siberian exile will lead to the conclusion that all prisoners are conveyed to one great convict settlement. The Russian Government knows far too well the art of penal ostracism to do this, and has many prisons scattered in desolate regions in Siberia, which are in construction, insanitation, non-ventilation, and vermin-infested walls, just like the forwarding prisons *en route* to the mines.

The peculiar feature that struck me most in these convict establishments everywhere was the *kameras* or large cellars that would hold twenty or thirty people, or more, instead of the single cells of English prisons. It seems as if this arrangement would make prison life more endurable, and I see *The Daily News*, referring to what is termed Mr. Kennan's remarkable book, asks one of the Irish patriots, Mr. Davitt—who has had some experience in prison life—what he thinks of the Russian *kameras* in contrast to Irish cells. Mr. Davitt thinks solitary confinement worse than the social life of the *kameras*. He has only tried the one; perhaps if he tried the other he would change his mind. To my mind, it must be maddening to herd with human animals in a *kamera* so overcrowded that locomotion is often impossible. I think I said at our last "At Home" that I would like to say something about the Siberian mines. Everybody is more or less familiar with the phrase, and everybody conjures up all sorts of ghastly scenes of under-ground life, prisoners befettered, shivering and emaciated, working at the point of the bayonet.

THE MINES.

If you look at a fair size map of Asia you will see in lat. 54 N. a chain of mountains called Yablonoi, about 5,000 miles from St. Petersburg, and 1,000 miles from the Pacific. There is in this sub-Arctic wilderness a little chain of log prisons and convict settlements, known as the Kara mines, and when you read in the newspapers that certain revolutionists have been condemned to death, but the Czar has graciously commuted the sentence to penal servitude in the mines; it is to these mines of Kara that the convicts are sent. They consist of a series of open gold placers along a rapid stream called the Kara river. They are the private property of the Czar, and are worked for his benefit to the tune of 400 pounds of gold annually. These and other mines in East Siberia contribute to his private purse 3,600 pounds of pure gold a year. What this represents in coin I do not know, but of course there are some of us who can nearly calculate the amount.

It would be interesting to know how the Romanoffs originally acquired possession of their wealth. A Russian gentleman of education once set to work in a foreign country to investigate the matter, and publish the results in a foreign language, but before he completed the task he was arrested and sent to Siberia. I know that if I set myself to travesty the possession of wealth, I would take the Emperor of all the Russias to illustrate the vanity of riches, with his guard 20,000 strong; his secret movements; his shattered nerves; his dread apprehensions and chronic fright.

LIFE AT THE MINES.

The supervision of the Kara prisons is entrusted to wardens, and the entire settlements are guarded by detachments of 1,000 Cossacks, yet with this large

provision for the security of criminals, a good many try to escape (generally unsuccessfully) during the summer season from that section of the convict class known as the "free command"—a sort of ticket-of-leave men who have worked out a certain time in prison, and are permitted to live in log cabins with their families, but who are still hard labour convicts, and will ultimately be sent as forced colonists to other parts of Siberia for life. In 1886, the Kara settlement contained 2,507 convicts, which included 600 or 800 women. I think only a small proportion of the number were "politicals." The hard labour consists of breaking up the stratum of clay or gravel that lies above the auriferous sand of the gold placers and transporting the gold-bearing sand to machines where, by various processes, the gold is finally extracted. The hours of labour are from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. in winter, and from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m. in summer. Each convict is served with a daily ration of 3 lbs. black bread, 4 oz. meat, including bone, a small quantity of barley, and occasionally potatoes and a few leaves of cabbage. The sleeping accommodation is the same as in all other prisons, and consists of bare benches about six feet wide and long enough to hold 20 or 30 closely packed together. In times of overcrowding (which is more often than not), the weakest go to the wall—or rather, to the floor—that is to say, they sleep under the benches. All lie down in their day clothes, and as to laundry matters and bath operations, probably the less said the better. I think they happen according to the opportunity and taste of the prisoner. Certainly the former cannot be of frequent occurrence. Each is provided with a new shirt every six months, so we may, at any rate, conclude that twice a year the olfactory nerves are not outraged. What proportion of the prison

expenses is borne by the Czar is not made known. I see, from a note just come to hand, that in 1882 there were 430 politicals in Kara.

PUNISHMENTS.

Their fortunes there seem to be very varied, as they are to some extent subject to the whims and caprice of the governor in charge. Sometimes the conditions are such that they show open revolt, and Mr. Kennan tells dreadful stories of how they are punished. Delicately nurtured political offenders sleep in single cells, on damp cement floors without one atom of furniture, after being deprived of underclothing, bedding, and nourishing food. He tells us of their walking 10 miles before breakfast in enfeebled health, *pricked* on to their destination by soldiers' bayonets—of their being kept in cells too low to stand up in, and too short to lie down in—of their being sent in chains from Kara back to St. Petersburg to be immured for life in the "stone bags" of the Castle of Shlusselburg—of their having surgical examinations to see if they could be flogged without endangering life after living in a cell poisoned by air laden with stench, and having been deprived of exercise.

If the dread Russian knout is abolished the "pelt" which is retained is scarcely less cruel. Its use is one among many pathetic evidences of the task the Russian Czar assumes of destroying the life and preventing the death of his State prisoners, or, as in the words of some officials, of "breaking their character." How the character is broken is often shown by the frenzied gesture and frantic shriek—the raving maniac and the drivelling idiot.

THE SILVER MINE.

There are other mines besides those of Kara where criminals are sent. The silver

mines of Nerchinsk used to receive the Polish insurgents in great numbers. After the insurrection of 1863, Nerchinsk took in three years 18,625 Polish political convicts. These mines are scattered over a desolate mountainous region thousands of miles in extent, joining the Mongolian frontier on the south. The mines are very feebly and inefficiently worked, and in the most primitive fashion. They extend only to the depth of 300 feet, and bad as it is for the convicts to work there, it is infinitely preferable to life in the prisons, overcrowded and swarming with vermin, and air polluted beyond endurance. The whole district is a rolling ocean of snowy mountains, occasionally animated by the living misery of convict settlements and the dull or drunken peasant villages that stand in mocking contrast with the grandeur and peace of the everlasting hills. Yet life in its usual aspect has its extremes even in Siberia, for here and there one falls on a home of surprising luxury, with all the art and loveliness that may be seen in a European capital. For instance, at Nerchinsk, there is a mansion that formerly belonged to a wealthy mining proprietor, with marquetry floors, delicate tapestry, furniture of white and gold with silken hangings, Flemish paintings, marble statuary, conservatories with rarest orchids and palms, and a ball room with the largest mirror in the world, and an orchestron to play seventy tunes—everything in perfect taste and the whole scene a vision of loveliness.

THE POLISH VICTIMS.

I was speaking of the Polish State prisoners, and I ought to say that at present they are sent to the gold placers of Kara. I have just at hand a news cutting which reads thus:—"The Czar's satraps not having sufficient congenial work to their hands in harrying the Jews, persecuting the Stundists and Russianising, by terrorist means, the Finns and the Ger-

mans of the Baltic provinces, have again taken up the persecution of the Poles, whose misfortune it is to live on the Russian, or wrong side of the 'partition' frontier. The despotism that masquerades as a Government in Russia was not ashamed quite recently to let the civilised world see that it intended to deny the Poles the melancholy luxury of observing in solemn silence the anniversary of the day that saw the disappearance of their ancient kingdom. But even the minions of the ferocious Gourko failed to make the Poles dance when their hearts bade them weep, and the descendants of Sobieski and Kosciusko declined either to light up their houses and make merry or to attend the theatre on their day of national mourning. No doubt as a result of this contumacy 350 inhabitants of Russian Poland—who were of course suspected of carrying on an anarchist propaganda—have been imprisoned at St. Petersburg, or sent into exile in Siberia, while another 150 are awaiting the vengeance of their Russian masters in Warsaw Citadel." Another news clip mentions the arrest of a Polish patriot's son, M. Lelevel, whose father lived twenty-eight years in exile in Brussels. He was the famous historian and patriot who took a prominent part in the insurrection of 1830. His son, the present M. Lelevel, about six weeks since, was escorted by a strong military force to Warsaw. He will be sent by administrative process to Siberia. There is nothing known as to the reason of his arrest.

THE MOST DETESTABLE COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

When one remembers what a Russian arrest means, the heart sickens at the thought. I was recently detailing some of the prison horrors to a friend, who thought it unwise to read them, especially as they entered into my dreams, and some

times haunted me like a nightmare. Even Mr. Kennan himself felt the strain of constant familiarity with such ghastly subjects more than the fatigue, cold, hunger, and difficulty that attend a 6,000 miles post journey, in temperature varying from 120 deg. to 30 deg. below zero. He pledges himself for the truth of all the facts he relates, having had ocular demonstration of some, and documentary (frequently official) evidence of others. For my own part I feel that life would not be worth living if such an institution as the Russian Government continued to exist, and from this aspect alone I think the time not thrown away in ascertaining the nature of the empire which God has selected to represent the kingdoms of men when His judgments shall be in the earth. The accounts of the Jewish persecution makes one feel that Russia is the most detestable country in the world, and our feelings would be not one whit mollified by reading "Siberia and the Exile System."

OTHER COUNTRIES.

Yet we are bound to remember that if the West of Europe is superior in many respects to Russia—as it undoubtedly is—the modified barbarism is traceable to causes outside the control of man. What Russia now is, other countries have been. Russia's despotism and superstition and cruelty are not new in the annals of man. The same drama has been enacted over and over again; and if in the wisdom of God the many and varied attributes of nations, ancient and modern, are seen gathered up in one country at a given time, it does not so much inspire an admiration of the improved conditions of other nations, as it affords a glimpse of the *native* glory of that country where government is envired by its own atmosphere of human thought, untouched by the light of an open Bible.

EXTREMES.

We find in Russia primeval barbarism, mediæval oppression, and polished civilization. In the realm of religion, she holds every sort of human speculation, from the spirit of the Inquisition to Tolstoi's interpretation of saintly life and the simple habits of the Stundists, right down to the grossest superstition, even including that form of superstition which goes by the name of Rationalism and other high-sounding titles. In wealth, we see in Russia the richest monarch and the poorest peasantry, with an aristocracy so flush of money that, while tens of thousands of their fellows are starving, an opera singer has bouquets thrown on the stage to the value of hundreds of pounds, enclosing gems of equal worth. We see all this and more: we see the culminating sin of nations repeated in Russia's attitude towards those "ancients" on whom the name of Israel is written.

VENGEANCE.

Thus we see the full measure of the world's iniquity. As well might Russia try to controvert the eternal laws that govern the rising of the sun as try to evade the eternal decree of vengeance on the people whose curses fall on Israel. The world's historic tragedy will shortly close in blood. The sword that waits to be unsheathed has been forged in the furnace of oppression and tempered in the cold cruelty of a western Pharaoh. Destruction is at hand, full and complete, but the dull leaden silence of death shall give place to a joyful song of liberty and praise. This sentiment is well expressed in the following lines which I have selected and slightly amended:—

TO THE TZAR.

Oh, thou whose hand unflinchingly has taken,
A God-like might, who, for the present hour,
Above reproof, self-counselled and self-shriven,
Wieldest, o'er regions vast, despotic power.

Mortal, who, by a breath,
A look, a hasty word as soon forgot,
Commandest energies of life and death,
Midst terrors dread that darkly multiply.
Wilt thou thy vision blind and listen not
Whilst into heaven goes up Israel's cry?

In vain, in vain, the injuries they speak,
Down into final depths their souls have stirred,
The aged plead through them, the childish, weak,
The mad, the dying—and they shall be heard.
Thou wilt not hear them; but

Though heaven were hedged about with walls
Of stone,
And though with brazen gates for ever shut
And sentried 'gainst petitions of despair,
'Twere closely guarded as thy fearful throne,
The cry of Israel's sons should enter there.

O Majesty: 'Tis great to be a King,
But greater far to be down-trodden Israel!
The captive seed of Abraham
Ransomed at length and free,
Who rise from torments that make heroes strong,
Yea, rise superior to question thee;
And for delight there nothing shall endure,
Of all which to Thy lofty state belong,
Save what is handed to the brave and pure.

Cæsar, thou guard'st an empire, but there is a
King

Who wields a power more terrible than thine,
Slow, slow to anger and long suffering,
He hears His children's cry, and makes no sign.
He hears them cry, but oh!
Imagine not His tardy judgments sleep,
Or that their agonies He doth not know,
Who, hidden, waste where tyrants may not see;
Eternal watch He over them doth keep,
Eternal watch—and Israel shall be free.

In last month's "At Home," when speaking of the Greek Church, the word "Ikon" is (editorially) explained to mean an image, which is quite right as regards the root meaning of the word, Greek *eikon*, an image; but when applied to the worship of the Greek Church, it has a wider meaning, and represents the emblematic imagery of pictures as distinct from the worship of statues by Latin Catholics. It will be remembered that the Papacy in the eighth century became a house divided against itself on the question of image worship; and that the eastern and western sections of the Roman Empire finally dissolved

partnership over this very matter. The use of pictures in churches had preceded that of images, and the Greeks held that the transition from pictures to images constituted idolatry. The Latins jealously

guarded the worship of stocks and stones and continue still to do so, while Russia, on the other hand, the patron of the Greek Catholic Church, uses painted pictures as her ikon or image worship.

IN OPEN CONFERENCE WITH READERS.

*** In this Department, the questions and criticisms of correspondents will be attended to on all kinds of topics. Correspondents will oblige by writing "Open Conference" at the head of their communications.*

241. **The Ginger Bread.**—In answer to several, we have to confess that the result would be very curious to anyone who should try to make ginger bread, according to the directions contained in the paragraph for "old fashioned ginger bread," appearing last month in *Household Matters*. The printer or some one else is responsible for the omission of the chief ingredient, to our utter confusion, when the hilarious critics pounced down upon the fact. How indeed can bread be made without flour? Well, they say laughter is a digestive; so the mistake may have done some good.

242. **Macassar Oil.** (P. E).—The oil mentioned has held its own for many years, a pleasant but expensive compound, the nature of which many have probably tried in vain to find out. A recent newspaper correspondent seems to have hit the mark. He says:—"I have been looking a long time for this recipe, it is so much like macassar oil that you cannot tell the difference:—Oil of almonds, 1 pint; oil of rosemary, 1 drachm; oil of origanum, 1 dachm; oil of nutmeg, 15 drops; attar of roses, 15 drops; néroli, 6 drops; essence of musk, 3 drops. The colour is nothing, a little alkanet root does it."

243. **The Sun's Rotation.**—"*Isn't there a mistake in the paragraph appearing*

last month (page 355) which states that photography has shown that the sun completes a revolution in eleven years?"—Yes, a great mistake. The observation of the progress of the spots on the sun's surface shows that the sun takes something between 25 and 26½ days to make one turning on its axis. We cannot account for the statement in the paragraph, unless we suppose it a misprint. We were so pushed last month as to have to trust the proof reading of this department to the printer.

244. **The Jarrah Tree.**—"What kind of wood does the Jarrah tree of Australia yield? what well-known wood does it resemble? and for what use is it suitable?" (A.W.)—The wood in question is a kind of mahogany—hard, heavy, close grained, and red in colour. It is mostly in request for railway sleepers, telegraph poles, and piles. It is deficient in fibre, breaking with a short fracture under comparatively moderate pressure; but it is a very useful timber, from the quality it has of resisting better than other timbers the attacks of the white ant on land and the marine borer at sea. It grows abundantly in Western Australia. The trees are straight in the stem to a great size, and yield squared timber up to 40 feet in length and 24 inches in diameter.

245. **Before Adam's Time.**—The

Age of the Earth.—“*In your answer last month, you say ‘The Bible introduces the earth to us in the state it was in when the Adamic start was made; it was covered with water, and dark, and without form and void.’ But now, in reading Genesis iv. 14, 15, 16, 17, it appears to me there was a pre-Adamic race. If so, how could the earth at the time of the ‘Adamic Start’ be ‘covered with water’ and ‘dark?’ No life could in that state exist.*” T.F.G.—No doubt life was impossible under the circumstances described, but this does not exclude a pre-Adamic race. There might be a pre-Adamic race without involving the conclusion that it existed up to Adam’s time. There might have been a long gap between the end of that race and the appearance of Adam on the scene. The case of the Antidiluvians will help us to understand. If there had not been a Noah “found righteous,” the whole population would have perished in judgment; and there might then have ensued a long interval before the appearance of another race; and during this interval, had the will of God been so, the waters might have remained on the earth and the light withdrawn until the time came to make another start. This would have been a parallel case to the one supposed. We do not know much about it. What we do know is that the present race is of recent origin: that just before it appeared, the earth was “without form and void,” submerged in the deep, and covered with darkness: that prior to then, but how long prior we know not, there were other races of living creatures upon the earth which have become extinct by catastrophe. The dissimilarity between the fossil remains embedded in the geological strata and the generations now upon the earth shows there has been a break, but how or for how long a time, there are no present means of knowing. We shall know some day if we are permitted to have a place in the next phase of earth habitation.

246. A Meteor the Other Day.—An American correspondent sends particulars of a recent occurrence illustrative of the articles of the last two months on “Celestial Visitors.” They appear in the *San Francisco Examiner* for February 7th. William and Robert Campbell, who own a fine farm some five miles from Oroville, within a mile of the northern edge of Table Mountain, in the Alleghanies, were standing outside their house about ten o’clock, when suddenly the darkness was dispelled, and for a moment it was light as day. A ball of fire descended from the heavens with frightful rapidity, and with a shock that made the ground tremble for nearly a mile around, buried itself deep in the earth. Next day, they went to the spot where the mass had apparently struck. They had no difficulty in finding the place. They found that where the meteorite had struck was an immense hole in the earth four or five feet deep. Numerous pieces had been broken off by the fall, and had also buried themselves in the ground. The top of the mass was still hot, so hot in fact that the men could not hold their hands against it, and the surrounding brush and green wood was burned and scorched as if it had been exposed to a long-continued fire. Some days after the occurrence, G. H. Stout, Superintendent of Schools, was at the Campbell place, and was taken to where the celestial visitor was buried. He and Mr. Campbell estimated that the mass must weigh fully eight tons. It lies buried in the broken lava and earth at a depth of from four to five feet, and with the proper tools, it would be comparatively easy to dig it out and more fully examine it.

247. Will Men Fly Yet? “*What do you think of the article appearing in the ‘Century,’ in which the writer, a Mr. Maxim, thinks we are certain to have flying machines in ten years?*”—S. D. A.—On

the double ground of human inadaptability to aerial motion, and the unlikelihood that God would permit sinners access to such a discovery, we should think it improbable of attainment. At the same time, such unlikely inventions have been hit upon, and God has been so patient with presumptuous man that it is impossible to form a decided opinion. Many a brain is busy on the problem of how to construct a machine that will enable human beings to navigate the air. It is no new idea. Icarus began it. Great things have been done since his time, but as yet, it seems as far off from solution. No doubt the discovery of a motor with sufficient energy in proportion to its weight is a great step in the right direction. Mr. Maxim is experimenting with this motor, and hopes to succeed. He says:—"Many ask what use it will be put to in case it does succeed. To this I would reply, certainly not for carrying freight, and not, for a considerable time at least for carrying passengers. When the first flying-machine succeeds, its first great use will be for military purposes. It will at once become an engine of war, not only to reconnoitre the enemy's position, as has been attempted with the so-called dirigible balloons, but also for carrying and dropping into the enemy's lines and country large bombs charged with high explosives. It does not require a prophet to foresee that successful machines of this character would at once make it possible for a nation possessing them to paralyse completely an enemy by destroying in a few hours the important bridges, armouries, arsenals, gas and water works, railway stations, public buildings, etc., and that all the modern means of defence both by land and sea which have cost untold millions would at once be rendered worthless."

At present, balloons are the only approach to air-conveyances: but they have the great draw-back of unsteerability.

From a telegram that has just appeared in the papers, it would seem as if the Germans have found out a steerable balloon. Balloons of observation have been observed to cross and re-cross the Russian frontier.

248. **The Continuance of "Good Company."**—G. R. says: "I for one earnestly hope that those who are blessed with this world's goods will consider those who are less favoured, and see that such a thing (as the discontinuance of *Good Company*) does not happen. To be deprived of it now would be a real loss. Through it I have gained much useful knowledge which otherwise I would not have been able to get access to. There must be a great many who can say the same, because it is notorious that the household of faith is mainly composed of the poor of the earth, and therefore not able to satisfy their cravings for knowledge."—A. B. says: "I cannot think of *Good Company* falling through. It gives us a change of mental food that is most wholesome, expanding our minds towards our God, by opening our eyes to the wonderful works of creation. I have suggested a system to the brethren here, by which more of them might get the benefit of *Good Company*. I will be responsible to you for the cash."—T. G. says: "As one much interested in *Good Company*, I will do my very best to prevent its stopping, by trying to get one or two new subscribers. The stoppage of *Good Company* would be a real loss to me."—H. W. H. says: "You will see that I am acting on my suggestion of some days ago, viz., of each one who now takes *Good Company* to make an extra effort to get at least one new subscriber which would double its present circulation. Would that not put it on a permanent basis? ("Why, certainly," as they say in the States—CONDUCTOR.) For one, I am not disposed to see *Good Company* die out.

I regard it as one of the most ably-conducted departments in "Christadelphia." The Lord Jesus expects his friends to take care of his interests in the earth during his absence, does he not?"—A. G. S. says: "We are very much pleased with and interested in this mid-way monthly, and if you continue to publish it longer than to end this second volume we hope the way will open whereby we may continue to take it. It does not of course take the place of the much loved *Christadelphian*, to one whose whole heart is devoted to the Gospel of the Kingdom, and was not intended to; but it is full of interest, and instruction. If you could know how much good your labour of love, in publishing the *Christadelphian* was doing, I know it would be a cheer to your weary heart oftentimes. To me it is a treat eagerly devoured every month."

249. "Northern Lights."—"I have been hearing of northern lights lately, and that some people look upon them as portents? I have not seen them myself. What is the truth of the matter?"—The "Northern lights" are what is otherwise known as the aurora borealis. It is an electrical phenomenon of great beauty, and affecting the earth as a whole, but has no element of portent in it. The people who so interpret it have forgotten what God says by Jeremiah "Be not afraid of the signs of the Heaven as the heathen are: for the customs of the people are vain."

It seems there has recently been a very fine display in the Western Hemisphere. It is thus described in the *Meriden Daily Journal*: "A factory watchman in Seymour, this State, saw the aurora borealis at 5 o'clock on Saturday morning, and thinking it was a fire, he rang his shop bell and called out the fire department. The Seymour people were not the only ones that were fooled. Between 7 and 8 o'clock on Saturday night, the brilliant aurora borealis made a great red-fire dis-

play in the north-western heavens, that was visible from Iowa to the Atlantic seaboard, and as far south as Tennessee, and in several towns and cities the firemen either turned out or made ready to do so (as, for instance, in Boston), supposing a big fire was raging in their immediate vicinity. They were undeceived when they came to notice the white auroral streamers that followed the first fiery display. During the continuance of the aurora, a peculiar rustling noise was plainly heard in the telephones, and the disturbance on the telegraph wires was the greatest for years. At Lyons, Iowa, one of the most western points at which it was visible, the exhibition began at ten minutes after 6 o'clock and lasted for nearly an hour.—In Meriden many thought there surely was a great conflagration in progress, some locating it in New Britain and some in Southington, according to their judgment of the location of the two places. The manifestation of Saturday night was undoubtedly connected with the present display of spots on the sun, which is of an unusual character."

250. **Artificial Rain: is there such a thing?** "Do you think it is really possible to make rain? There has been some talk in the papers about it lately." (S. T. E. S.)—Rain is the result of the operation of natural law, and if man knew how to work this law, no doubt he could produce rain. His knowledge is increasing on every side, but he does not appear to have mastered the art of rain-making. There have been several attempts lately. Some partial results obtained: but, as a whole, it is pronounced a failure. British officers report to this effect from India, where they have made experiments. Several scientific men in the United States are speaking in the same way. Professor Macfarlane, referring to the experiments conducted in Texas by General Dyrenforth and party, says: "They may be briefly

described as an imitation of a battle. The theory was that a battle was almost invariably followed by rain, and the plan of the experiment was, in the General's own words, 'to imitate the effects of a great battle as nearly as possible.' This was entirely unscientific. Nature cannot answer clearly when a number of questions are put to her at once. The proper plan was not to mix up the different elements which exist in a battle, but to try the effects in the elements singly. The questions which ought to have been put to nature are, first, 'What is the effect of smoke by itself?'; second, 'What is the effect of concussion by itself?'; third, 'What is the effect of an ascending current of air free as much as possible from smoke or concussion?' As regards the first question, Aitken of Scotland has demonstrated by experiments on a small scale that rain-drops do not form even in saturated air unless solid particles are present to act as nuclei. Hence the air may often be saturated, but no rain fall, merely from the want of smoke particles upon which to condense. The fall of the rain will not in general follow immediately on the production of smoke, because the air may not then be saturated, and the sequence of this rain some time after the battle point to smoke as the active element." Professor LaFavour says:—"I do not believe that a shower could be produced by the disturbance of the air caused by the concussion which attends an explosion, whether the explosive be a solid, a liquid, or a combination of gases. If the particles of water which are distributed through the air happen in certain isolated instances to be on the point of agglomerating, the disturbance of the air may facilitate the process and a few drops heavy enough to fall be formed, but by no means in sufficient number to cause a shower, so that so far as the noise was concerned the most of General Dyrenforth's efforts were in vain.

Since gases in expanding absorb heat, and since the cooling of a vapour causes it to condense, if large quantities of hot gas are introduced into the atmosphere, it may be that sufficient condensation will be caused to produce a precipitation. It is my opinion, however, that the results would be far too meagre to justify the expense."

251. Early Races in the Ocean Islands.—"I send you a cutting about an extinct race once inhabiting the Ocean Islands, and showing wonderful ability in sculpture and temple building. How came these people into these islands so early in the world's history? I have always had the idea that these parts of the world were unknown so early as these works bear witness to." (F.C.)—The cutting referred to by our correspondent is from the *San Francisco Examiner*. The things recorded are certainly wonderful, but we are just a trifle sceptical as to the truth of all that is said. There is a little truth in it, but it looks very like as if an enterprising reporter had taken the facts of Easter Island as a basis, and worked up a presentable article with many elements of sensational exaggeration. This, for example, is in colouring rather "high."—"It (the island) is actually honeycombed with caves, which were used for dwelling-places by the people while alive, their bones reposing in them after death. The entire island is one necropolis. Not merely are the caverns crowded with skeletons, but everywhere are scattered the ruins of enormous tombs and catacombs. The huge quantities of human remains found, not less than the gigantic character of the ruined works, prove the occupancy of a large population for a period covering many hundreds of years. The most remarkable of the tombs are immense platforms built of rough and hewn stones, which were formerly surmounted by colossal statues. These statues, which now lie prone and scattered about, were executed by

ancient sculptors whose art has perished with them. The art of this nearly vanished race has left memorials not only in the shape of such statues, but on the very rocks of the island, which are carved with strange and fantastic images of mythical animals, human faces, birds, fishes, etc. Within the caves and on the walls and ceilings of houses built of slabs of stone are painted the most curious frescoes in similar designs, with red, black, and white pigments. Up in the mountains are found the workshops of the sculptors who carved the great stone images out of the volcanic rock. Inside of a huge extinct crater is discovered one of these statue factories, where the effigies may be seen in all stages of incompleteness, from the rude outline drawing on the rock to the finished work of art, ready to be cut loose and taken away. The biggest of them is seventy feet in height, the head alone measuring twenty-eight feet, and it is in as perfect condition as when first completed. There are ninety-three such statues within the crater, of various sizes, and forty of them are finished and ready to be transported to the burial platforms which they were designed to adorn."

The facts connected with Easter Island are wonderful enough, as narrated in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*: "Easter Island is about eleven miles long, by four miles wide. It lies at the south-eastern extremity of the Polynesia Island groups, nearly 2,500 miles from South America. It contains the most remarkable of the prehistoric remains found in various parts of Polynesia."

In other islands are remarkable remains, of the origin of which the present inhabitants have no knowledge.

As to how they are to be accounted for, exact knowledge does not exist. But there are certain general facts that afford a clue. A glance at the map of Eastern Asia will show that the Polynesian Islands form an

uninterrupted series of clusters, reaching from the Asiatic Continent, and that therefore migrations from that continent in the early ages would be in the natural order of things in the stream of population which was at first eastward (Gen. x, 32; xi. 2; xxv. 6). The knowledge of architecture and other arts would go to some of the islands with the first settlers, and would flourish for generations in the genial and tranquil climate of these parts. Different islands would have different experiences, according to the qualities and the capacities of the people who took possession of them. In some cases it would happen that a comparatively civilised race would flourish for a while, and then be overpowered and extirpated by an inferior race, as happened with the Romans at the hands of the barbarians. In such cases, the traces of a previous civilization would be left without explanation. These changes would transpire ages before anything could be known of them to the outside world: and when the relics of them came to be known as in our much-travelling day—they would necessarily be "mysterious." There is no real mystery about them if we could but know the history. There are the marks of human life made by the ebbs and flows of the tide of human life as it gradually rose and overspread the earth. We don't know the details, but the general facts are sufficient. It has been a sad history, but it has an ending that will pay for all.

252. **The Strange Star.**—"Have you seen what the scientific men are saying about the new and strange star, referred to in last month's "Good Company?" I enclose a cutting. It is interesting." (S. J. C.)—Here it is:—"The new star appears to be something quite unique in celestial phenomena. With stars that suddenly come into view, much in the same way as this, astronomers are fairly familiar; but, contrary to all expectation, this has not died away as rapidly as was to be expected. It has

gone on increasing in brilliancy, and the latest information, up to the time of writing, is that it has not yet reached its maximum. How long it will remain a feature of "the mosaic of the Heavens," it is impossible to forecast, but some information obtained by a representative of the *Globe* in the course of an interview with the Astronomer Royal may stimulate public curiosity with regard to its subsequent career. Its history, so far, is almost romantic. Though in December it had made its appearance, it was not until early in the present month that an anonymous post card sent to Dr. Copeland, of Edinburgh, drew attention to its existence. Then it was that Professor Pickering of Harvard College, closely examined some photographs of the Milky Way he had taken in December, and found not only that the star was there, but that it had been increasing in brilliancy until it became visible to the naked eye. Now it is being watched on every favourable opportunity from every part of the globe from which it is visible. Numerous photographs are being taken of it, which are being compared under the microscope, and in course of time we shall know all about it that is to be known. In the meantime curiosity may be allayed on the point that has been exercising the public mind as to what has been going on in the heavens to bring about this phenomenon. Any idea that a new world is in process of formation by an aggregation of cosmical atoms may be at once dissipated. Professor Pickering, who has had the advantage of examining the star through the spectroscope, gives it as his opinion that the evidence points forcibly to two celestial bodies having come into collision. Mr. Christie, our Astronomer Royal, is inclined to agree with this; and though at the present stage of the investigation, he does not feel it safe to speak positively, he thinks it may prove that a couple of what

are known as "meteor swarms" have come into contact. It is easier, he says, to conceive of two large discrete bodies coming into collision than of two spheres, such as this earth. The latter would be very likely to miss each other, but two "swarms" of meteorites spread over a large area like swarms of bees would be more likely to meet. The result in either case would be enormous heat, and the liberation of large quantities of hydrogen and other gases, giving the "flare-up" which is thus seen from our earth. It does not, however, follow that the meteorites are on fire and that there is a great mass of flame. As experiments show, gas can be rendered luminous without combustion by passing an electric current through it, or by great heat; and it is, doubtless, gas rendered luminous by heat which is in reality the "star," the advent of which has excited so much attention." (REMARKS.—Very interesting but unsatisfactory. These collision theories are most improbable. All astronomical observation goes to show that the action of the laws of control, whether these are by gravitation or other power at work, is uniform; consequently, two "meteor swarms," or two celestial bodies of any kind could not move in opposing directions. The force that held, or impelled, one in a certain direction would necessarily have the same effect on the other. Consequently, collision would be impossible. Ignorance is the only satisfactory verdict in the case. Of course, there is an explanation: but we don't know it, and if we were to receive it from heaven, it might possibly be of a kind that would astound our scientists in the way in which they will be astounded when, not "meteor swarms," but angelic swarms illumine the earth with their glory, *A la* Luke ii. 9, 13.—CONDUCTOR).

AT Cincinnati two circus riders were recently married in a balloon.

MY DAYS AND MY WAYS.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN the letter from Dr. Thomas appearing at the close of the last chapter, mention is made of our having removed to Birmingham. This rather anticipates the course of the story. At the time that letter was written, the removal to Birmingham had taken place; but not until a considerable time had elapsed after the circumstances that led the Doctor to write after much delay. The insertion of the Doctor's letter overruns the narrative by nearly a year. We must go back again.

On the Doctor's completion of his tour in England, he paid us a second visit. The war between the Northern and the Southern States was in full swing, and was running mainly in favour of the south, greatly to the Doctor's gratification. As we read him the morning telegrams, announcing Federal reverses and Confederate successes, he would say with emphasis: "That's right; that's right." His sympathies were with the South on several grounds. His friends were mainly in the south, and comprised several planters, who though owning slaves, were men of an open generous hand, under whom the coloured people were better provided than in a state of freedom. Then he had an idea that the institution was not of the unscriptural character contended for by extreme abolitionists, but conformable in some respects to the state of society existing in the days of Abraham, and 1,500 years later in the days of Paul. Finally, he had a partiality for the state of society existing in the South, which he considered more refined than the North, owing to the considerable presence of an English aristocratic element derived from the early settlers. We differed with the Doctor somewhat in

these views, but our agreement on scriptural things was so fervent that our divergencies on American politics made no sensible ripple. He earnestly hoped the South would roll back the Northern invasion, while our wishes were for Northern success. But we all felt it a matter of indifference by the side of Israel's hope. Let Christ come and take the government, and all would be well on all questions. Therefore we could leave personal views on an ephemeral question in abeyance. Still, it was just a little bit of a difficulty. The reading of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* when a boy had powerfully influenced me against the Legree's of the South; and I had as yet had none of that personal contact with the blacks and whites of the American continent that tends to modify the ardent impressions derived from the story, so that my own natural bias in favour of human freedom thus strengthened, and the strong pro-northern paper politics of the *Huddersfield Examiner*, with which I was connected, made me feel I had a something to regret in the Doctor's Confederate sympathies. If the truth had not been as mutually powerful as it was, the difference would have cooled off our sympathies. As it was, it absolutely made no difference. The whole world was to us an evil world, lying in wickedness, which the Lord would shortly break up and refashion in His own way. Therefore a surface difference as to two sections of it, for the moment locked in deadly strife, was absolutely without appreciable influence.

Before leaving us, Dr. Thomas advised me to go to Birmingham if I could arrange it. He said there was a wide field for the truth there. There was not only a large population, but circumstances specially favouring religious independence. The people were mostly Radical in politics, and were not priest-ridden as in other parts. An interest had been aroused in

the truth by his lectures, but there was no one to follow it up. If I went, he thought something might come of it. The place was central for the whole country, and it would be a good radiating point of operations. I admitted the force of all his suggestions, but considered the difficulties in the way were insuperable. First of all, I felt that the little ecclesia developed in Huddersfield, now numbering 12 or 13, had a claim on my presence. (As to this, the Doctor thought the claim of a larger place would be greater.) Then, I was in actual employment in Huddersfield with none inviting in Birmingham, which appeared to me in the language of Providence to say "Stay in Huddersfield." (As to that, the Doctor considered the claims of the truth an equal indication of Providence, and in the matter of employment, there was employment to be had in Birmingham as well as Huddersfield: it was an affair of looking out.) My next objection was not so easily dealt with, and the Doctor had no more to say. I told him that there were no weekly papers in Birmingham, but all daily; and that the experience I had had of daily paper work in Edinburgh convinced me it would be impossible to serve the truth on a daily paper, on account of the entire devotion of time and strength that it called for. I had, in fact, as good as resolved never to accept an appointment on a daily paper, but to confine myself to weekly work all my life. Here the matter stopped, and was left over for the decision of circumstances which often break into the nicest programme.

The Doctor attended several meetings with us before his departure. We had exhausted our financial abilities in the first effort, and therefore had to confine ourselves to our own meeting place, instead of going into a public hall, with its attendant cost of rent and advertising. This meeting place was probably the most

extraordinary scene of spiritual effort in England at the time. We had made several unsuccessful attempts to get a place during the doctor's absence, and at last resigned ourselves to take a little unoccupied shop in The Shambles, as the place was called at the time. The Shambles was the name given to a kind of concealed square, consisting of several long rows of very small one-storey low-roofed shops. The square was built round by streets of houses. It was a very quiet and melancholy spot, but little frequented by the meat-buying public. It was probably more used for killing than for selling. The rows of shops have since been pulled down to make way for a proper market. On the lower side of this enclosure we had engaged and fitted up one of the shops as a meeting place. Many a pleasant breaking of bread and lecture meeting we held in it. It was probably half the size of any ordinary kitchen, so that when we had a table in, there was no great accommodation for an audience. We had a crowded house when thirteen were present. In this place Dr. Thomas addressed several meetings. At the first of them (on a Sunday evening), the doctor having earnestly and effectively spoken for perhaps an hour and a-half, I said if anyone present had any questions to ask, the doctor would be happy to answer them. I had not been authorised by him to say so. I went by the impression derived from the reading of his accounts of his tours in the States, and my reason for acting on the impression was that there were several present whom we had succeeded in privately interesting in the truth, but who still had difficulties which both they and I had looked forward to the doctor's visit as affording a supreme opportunity of having solved. I had not reckoned with the doctor's sense of fatigue after patiently discoursing for so long a time, in such a small meeting; neither

had I as yet learnt to enter into his sanguine views of human nature. I was therefore taken aback when the doctor sharply declined, and said the best thing enquirers could do was to go home and think about what they had heard. I was deeply disappointed at the time, but afterwards I could make full allowance; and indeed on many other points, it was afterwards a matter of chagrin with me that I had the doctor in my power (as it were) at a time when I was so little qualified by experience to know the needs of a hard-worked old man. Such is life in its present imperfect state.

Nothing strikes me of a memorable kind during the year or more we remained in Huddersfield after Dr. Thomas's return to America. Some time previously, we had lost a second daughter at four months (Lydia Jane) my wife's literary and real names combined. Afterwards we nearly lost a third child in the same way, this time a son—(Edward Augustus)—who, however, when apparently at the last point, gladdened us by a demand for some food that was being partaken of at the other side of the table. This child would have been called John Thomas if clouds (soon dispelled) had not arisen. In the temporary estrangement, we went afield and selected a name euphoniously blending English and Roman history—in which, however, there is nothing divine. The bearer of the name grew safely up to manhood, and is now in the Metropolis, following the profession of his intended namesake.

Before we left Huddersfield, my wife's sister and her husband came to live in the place; also my own sister, with her children. Her submission to the truth at this time was a great joy. The only other thing of any interest that I remember at this time was the advent to the town of a mesmeric lecturer of the name of Smalley, since dead. His power over people was

extraordinary. Being connected with a public paper, I naturally came in contact with him, and had occasion to become aware of the reality of the power he possessed. I was in the same house one evening, taking tea with some friends of his; and on passing my chair behind, without any previous notice, he passed his hand down my back, with the effect of imparting a shock that made me cry out. It was exactly like the shock of a galvanic battery. He had a power of drawing people from the audience by clutching the air with his hand towards them. Some thought it was collusion; or at least will-
ingness on the part of the subjects. I determined to test this; and being with him alone in a large room in New Street, I went to the other end of the room, and defied him to produce any effect on me. He accepted the challenge and went to work. I resisted him with all my might. I felt his influence from the first wave of his hand, but kept it off for a time. At every stroke, the power of the influence increased, until finally, it was irresistible, and I was drawn to him with a power as great as if he had pulled me by a rope tied round my middle. 431

FRAGMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE.

WHERE are rocks in various parts of the earth that have a magnetic quality. At sea they are dangerous, as they cause the compass to deflect.

Russia has preserved the European bison from extinction by setting apart a forest of Lithuania for them and permitting no one to molest them.

The largest lakes are in America. They amount almost to inland seas. Lake Superior is 380 miles long. There are some half-a-dozen others about the same size:—Lake Michigan, 330; Lake Ontario, 180; Lake Huron, 250.

Of all the European capitals, St. Petersburg has the shortest day in winter, viz., 5 hours 42 minutes. On the other hand it has the longest day in summer, viz., 18 hours 44 minutes. London has 7 hours 44 minutes in winter, and 16 hours 32 minutes in summer.

There are six rivers over 1,000 miles in length, and under 1,500 miles—the St. Francisco, the Columbia, the Nebraska, the Red River, the Colorado, and the Yellowstone—all on the American continent. Recent discoveries in Africa have made considerable additions to the list of long rivers.

Silver and brass both melt nearly at the same heat, viz., about 1,900 degrees above zero, but the silver would go first. Gold is tougher stuff, and would require nearly 90 more degrees of heat. Copper is tougher still, and would take 150 degrees more than gold to reach the melting point. The easiest to go is gutta percha, at 150, where gold takes 1,983.

FOOD FOR HORSES AND COWS.—There is more nourishment in beans than in any other article usually used in the rearing of stock. It has nearly four times the value of hay. Peas come next, at one-third; then oil-cake, about a half; rye, barley, and oats are over a half. Of a less than hay value are carrots, potatoes, and mangolds. The least nutritious of all are turnips and beets, but some articles that are not nutritious are necessary for a change.

THE GIRAFFE DISAPPEARING.—According to a paper recently read at the British Zoological Society, the days of the giraffe are numbered. A few years ago, herds of seventy or eighty of them were often met in various parts of Africa. Nineteen giraffes is now a large herd. They have been hunted so mercilessly, both by native and foreign sportsmen, that they are rapidly becoming extinct. The intelligent African King, Khama,

has, however, taken the giraffe under his protection and hopes to save it from extermination. He has forbidden the hunting of the giraffe in his large domain, and in this way he hopes they will multiply in his country.

CHANGES AMONG THE WILD BEASTS OF AFRICA.—Dr. Schlichter, in a paper read before the British Association, says antelopes, lions, buffaloes, rhinoceros, giraffes and other large animals which were met with in abundance when the country was first explored, are no longer to be found in any part of South West Africa, on account of their ceaseless slaughter by European hunters, as well as by the natives since the latter have possessed breech-loading guns. The most important among these animals, the elephant, has wholly disappeared from this part of Africa, except in the neighbourhood of Lake Ngami. According to Livingstone, in three years not less than 900 elephants were killed near the little Zonga river alone. How much their number has diminished is shown by the present very small ivory export from Walfish Bay, which amounts to about 1,500 pounds per annum, while in 1875 it was as high as 37,000 pounds. The various kinds of animals would doubtless increase again if some protective measures were taken in their behalf.

MARBLES.—This appears to be the most ancient and lasting article of amusement known to boys. They never go out of fashion. They were known to the boys of Rome 2,000 years ago as *marmoræ*. They are manufactured in great numbers in Saxony. China and white marbles have delighted the hearts of boys of all nations for hundreds of years. Real china ones are made of porcelain clay, and baked like chinaware or other pottery. Some of them have a pearly glaze, and some are painted in various colours, which will not rub off, because they are baked in, just as the

pictures are on plates and other tableware, Glass marbles are known as "agates." They are made of both clear and coloured glass. Sometimes the figure of a dog, or squirrel, or kitten, or some other object, is put on the end of the rod, and when it is dipped into the melted glass, the glass runs all round it, and when the marble is done, the animal can be seen shut up in it. Real agates, which are the nicest of all marbles, are made in Germany, out of the stone called agate. The workmen chip the pieces of agate nearly round with hammers and then grind them round and smooth on grindstones.

KARMS AND AILMENTS.

COLD IN THE HEAD.—Pour a little tincture of camphor on the palms of your hands, rub together, and hold closely to your nose while you sniff the camphor fumes. Do it frequently. It will check the cold.

THE USE OF THE INHALER is an excellent thing for irritation of the lungs, but its use is not safe unless the user stays indoors. To use the inhaler and then walk abroad, especially on a cold day, is a sure way of catching cold.

NEURALGIA, FACEACHE, &c.—A medical man recommends sufferers to sniff up a little ordinary dry and finely powdered table salt. He says that if there is tic or neuralgia on one side of the face, the pain often disappears, as if by magic, when the salt is sniffed or blown up the nostril of that side.

MUSTARD POULTICES are best prepared by mixing an equal quantity of the best mustard and linseed meal in a scalded basin, stirring them quickly whilst boiling water is gradually added. The mixture should then be placed on a pocket handkerchief, applied warm, and allowed to remain on as long as it can be borne.

THE FEET.—People who are subject to

catarrhal ailments have special need to be particular in regard to their feet covering. They should see to it that their feet are always comfortably clad. Their shoes should have substantial soles, and should come well up the ankles, and not be laced or buttoned tight. Light merino stockings or half-hose may be sufficient for warmth, but whenever by reason of much exercise the feet have become damp, and especially if the leather has absorbed wet, it is wise for a change to be made in both stockings and shoes.

BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.—A poultice of linseed meal on the throat gives relief, and should be resorted to at once. Warm a basin, put three spoonfuls of the meal into it, and stir in boiling water till of a good consistency, spread on linen to the thickness of half-an-inch; lay a piece of muslin, rather larger than the linen, over it; have ready a needle and a long thread, fold the muslin over the linen all round, and run the thread through to keep the poultice on, for, not being very adhesive, it is apt to fall off the linen, to the great discomfort of the patient, and additional trouble to the nurse. This poultice can be sharpened by the addition of mustard in the proportion of a teaspoonful of mustard to three teaspoonfuls of linseed.

BANISH SODA FROM THE COOKING.—Think of the effect of soda on a greasy saucepan; all grease and stain of any kind instantly comes off. Think then of the effect of soda on the digestive organs. I am firmly convinced a great deal of the indigestion which so many people suffer from is caused by the almost universal use of soda by unthinking and ignorant people in hastening the cooking of vegetables. I always feel nervous about eating vegetables in strange houses, hotels, &c., as I have several times suffered much from eating them. I stayed one night at a well-known hotel in Dorsetshire some years ago, and ate a few French beans or

spinach at dinner, and the result was a bad headache, depression, and feverishness. I was on a driving tour, and gladly I left the hotel next morning, and felt refreshed and invigorated by the afternoon, after a lovely drive through the sweet, fresh air of the Blackmoor Vale country, and was glad to reach my Somersetshire home, where soda was a forbidden article.
—*Newspaper Correspondent.*

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

AVOID the use of water that has been long stagnant in cisterns or vessels.

TO CLEAN A KETTLE.—Fill it with potato parings and let them boil till clean.

WHEN there is sickness in the house, see that everything is kept clean and sweet, and be particular to secure a supply of pure air while protecting the patient from draught.

APPLE CAKE.—Pare and core eight or nine good-sized apples, add the peel of a lemon and half a stick of cinnamon, mix with half a pint of water, boil the whole with one pound of loaf sugar and keep stirring till it falls in masses from the spoon, when it will be done; turn into a mould.

OATMEAL ROLLS.—This is one way of using oatmeal left over from a previous meal: Take the cold oatmeal mush, and work in with it just enough wheat meal to make it into rolls. Do not knead too much, as that will spoil it. Roll it out with the hands on the moulding-board into a roll about the size of an ordinary rolling pin; cut off pieces about 2 in. long, and bake on a grate in a hot oven 25 minutes. On first trial one is apt to use too much flour in moulding, but they may be made very light and tender.

FOR A COLD DAY.—Brazilian stew is an excellent dish on a cold day, and is prepared in this manner:—Cut one pound of gravy beef into small pieces, also one

carrot, turnip, and onion. Put them all into a jar or basin, with ample seasoning of pepper and salt, a tablespoonful of vinegar, and a little cold water. Cover the basin or jar, and let the contents cook in a moderately-heated oven for nearly three hours. After which pour off the gravy, thicken it with a little flour; then serve on a hot dish, garnished with boiled carrots and turnips.

APPLE AND BREAD PUDDING.—Apples are almost the only obtainable fruit just now. This pudding may be a change after a course of suet confections. Peel and core six large cooking apples. Stew them till soft, and put them at the bottom of a good-sized pie-dish. Fill the dish almost to the top with slices of bread and butter, add sugar to taste and a few rasins. Make a custard, and pour it over the whole. Put it into a pretty hot oven until it is browned on the top. A little nutmeg may be grated over the pudding before putting it in the oven.

CHILDREN'S FAVOURITE WINTER PUDDINGS.—Put six ounces of good beef suet, chopped small into a basin, add the same quantity of sifted bread-crumbs and of currants nicely washed and pickled, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of mixed spice, an ounce of candied peel cut very fine, and a good pinch of salt. Mix all these well together, and add three well-beaten eggs and a little milk. Butter a large mould, and pour the mixture into it, cover the top with buttered paper, tie a strong pudding-cloth over the paper, plunge the pudding into fast-boiling water, and boil it hard for three hours. When cooked, turn the pudding out upon a hot dish. Dust white sugar over it, and serve it with plenty of melted butter, sweetened and flavoured to taste.

A CURRY made of haricot beans forms a nice dish. Soak a pint of the white haricots overnight. The following morning boil them in two quarts of slightly

salted water until they are quite tender, which will be in about two hours from the time they commenced to boil, for they should be put on in cold water. When the beans are soft, drain them, and put them into a stew-pan with an ounce of butter, a small onion (which should have been previously boiled, then chopped fine); also add half a teaspoonful of curry-powder. Toss them well in the pan for a few minutes; then mix some flour with a large cupful of milk to a smooth paste, and season it highly with chopped parsley, a little bacon, and lemon-peel, a tablespoonful of chutney, and one of tomato catsup, and add this sauce to the beans in the pan. Set the latter at the side of the fire to simmer for three-quarters of an hour, and if the curry becomes too thick add more milk. Serve it surrounded with rice.

PLEASING VARIETIES.

"COMPANION" is from *cum* (with) and *panis* (bread), and expresses the fellowship that arises from breaking bread together.

"I do not desire wealth for itself," remarked the philosopher. "No," replied the cynic, "I suppose you desire it for yourself."

BELIEVING IN GHOSTS.—There is more meaning and philosophy than at first sight appears in Coleridge's answer to Lady Beaumont, when she asked him whether he believed in ghosts. "Oh no, madam, I have seen too many to believe in them."

A LUXURY SOMETIMES.—We may admire the wit, without acknowledging the truth, of the repartee uttered by a bachelor who, when his friend reproached him for his celibacy, adding that bachelorship ought to be taxed by the Government, replied: "There I agree with you, for it is quite a luxury!"

BLOCKHEADS.—It is no merit to accomplish an object by difficult instruments when easy ones are at hand, or to reach an end by a circuitous road when there is a straight course. Michael Angelo, being told of an artist who painted with his fingers, exclaimed, "Why does not the blockhead make use of his pencils?"

AVOID A LAWSUIT.—In the chief court of law in Granada, Spain, there used to be a picture of a disrobed man with a large bundle of papers under his arm, and certain words coming out of his mouth, of which these are a translation:—"I, who won my suit, am now stripped to the skin; what then must be the fate of him who lost it?"

WHY IS A SINGLE WOMAN CALLED A SPINSTER?—Amongst our industrious and frugal forefathers, it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table and bed linen. From this custom, all unmarried women were termed spinsters, an appellation they still retain in all our law proceedings.

HUMAN FLOWERS AND WEEDS.

Fade, flowers! fade; Nature will have it so;
'Tis what we must in our autumn do!
And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loss alone by those that loved them found,
So in the grave shall we as quiet lie,
Missed by some few that loved our company;
But some so like to thorns, and nettles live,
That none for them can, when they perish,
grieve. W.

BE YOURSELF.—There is one circumstance I would preach up, morning, noon, and night, to young persons, of the management of their understanding. Whatever you are by nature, keep to it. Never desert your own line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.—*Sydney Smith.*

A DREADFUL DISTRICT.—Of one portion of the East Africa Company's possession, it is recorded that horses die at the rate of 99 out of every 100; sheep cannot exist, being subject to a sickness similar to that of the horse; vegetables are unknown, and even the poultry seem to have their feathers stuck the wrong way.

PERSONAL CRITICISM.

A youthful Abbe, full of prate,
Pronounced me dull and quite absurd !
Because that in some strange debate,
I uttered not a single word.

I judged the Abbe too was weak,
By the reverse of his own rule;
'Twas only when I heard him speak,
That I was sure he was a fool.

FROM THE FRENCH.

PUNISHING BAD HUSBANDS.—Amongst the relics of the past preserved in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields is a whipping-post, presented to the parish about 1600, which was used for the punishment of men who ill-treated or deserted their wives. This post formerly stood, with a pair of stocks at the lower end of Trafalgar Square. Its wholesome correction was last administered in 1652.

A FARMER'S DEFINITION OF POLITICS.—A farmer, thinking for himself, had come to doubt the existence of political honesty. He said, "In my opinion, politics are about like this: I've got a sow in my yard with twelve little 'uns, and they little 'uns can't all feed at once, because there isn't room enough, so I shuts six on 'em out of the yard while t'other six be sucking; and the six as we shut out, they just do make a hem of a noise till they be let in, and then they be just as quiet as the rest." Another used to say, "I be a miller, and I've got rats, and I keep cats, and one day I looks into a place under

my mill, and there I sees cats and rats all feeding together out of one trough at my expense."

EXTRAORDINARY SEASONS.—In 1172 the temperature on the Continent of Europe was so high that leaves came out on the trees in January, and birds hatched their broods in February. In 1289, the winter was also very mild, and the maidens of Cologne wore wreaths of violets and corn-flowers at Christmas and on Twelfth Day. In 1421, the trees flowered in the month of March, and the vines in the month of April. Cherries ripened in the same month, and grapes appeared in May. In 1572, the trees were covered with leaves in January, and the birds hatched their young in February, as in 1172; and in 1585, the same thing was repeated, and it is added that the corn was in ear at Easter. There was in France neither snow nor frost throughout the winters of 1538, 1607, 1609, 1617, and 1659.

A KIND AND INTELLIGENT HORSE.—A remarkable degree of intelligence and kindness to a stable companion is shown by a horse in Boston, U.S.A. One of the mounted police officers leaves his horse in the stable connected with the station while he answers to the roll-call at noon and again at six o'clock. The officer fastens his horse to the post forming one corner at the head of another horse's stall, and as soon as the animal is tied, Billy picks up a mouthful of hay, forces it through the iron grating about his stall, and waits until his guest has eaten it. Then he repeats the operation, and continues the hospitality until the officer returns for his horse. Billy began to do this without any suggestion from the men, and he does it twice a day, much to the satisfaction of his visitor. His performance has attracted considerable attention in the neighbourhood, and Billy's politeness has won him many friends.

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REMARKABLE EPISODES IN HISTORY.—No. 22.

WOLVES IN SHEPHERDS' CLOTHING.

BISHOPS are supposed to be shepherds with their mitres and their crooks. Men of that profession have furnished the most odious illustration that history affords of ferocious wolves dressed up in the harmless and benign garb of sheep-tenders. Convoked in ecclesiastical councils, their deeds have been such as to call forth the execration of mankind—and, what is more to the purpose, have stirred the Divine anger into an activity which, though restrained for the time, will burst in flaming storm and lay the house of the Deceiver in ruins.

The Council of Constance is an example. It was convoked by the Emperor Sigismund, A.D. 1411, to put an end to a schism caused by the election of three rival Popes, but it took cognizance of various other matters. A professor in the University of Prague in Germany (by the name of John Huss) had expounded the opinions which Wickliffe in England had ventilated of an anti-Papal character on various points. Huss had openly advocated these opinions, and had induced a great many people to adopt his way of thinking, including a Prague gentleman of learning, named Jerome, whom he

associated with himself in the propagation of the new ideas. The Pope, hearing of their proceedings, sent them a summons to come to Rome to answer the accusation. This they declined to do, but consented to attend the Council to be held at Constance and justify their opinions before the members of that body.

Huss now accordingly presented himself before the Council under the innocent impression that such a body of professing shepherds would be open to the arguments of reason and the dictates of justice and kindness. He found himself woefully deceived. The Council refused to hear him, and desired at once to record a sentence of condemnation. The Emperor insisted on his being heard. Accordingly, the shepherds drew up 39 accusations, which were read to him. Part of them he denied as untrue. Others he acknowledged and undertook to justify in a speech which he proceeded to deliver; but the shepherds, especially the "cardinal" shepherds, raised such a clamour of interruptions that his voice could not be heard, and, on refusing to abjure all the opinions imputed to him, he was condemned to be degraded and burnt. Four bishops stripped him of his dress, and put on his head a paper mitre, with pictures of devils on it. They cut his hair into the shape of a cross, and then handed him over to the officers of the

law with orders to commit him to the flames, which was done.

His friend, Jerome, was present to help him in his defence; but when he saw the temper of the Council, he retired and escaped into the country, intending to take refuge in Bohemia; but the shepherd-wolves sent their creatures after him, who caught him and loaded him with chains and brought him back and placed him before the Council. The Council of wolf-shepherds called upon him to abjure the doctrines he had been advocating—doctrines of truth and sense, and scriptural so far as they went. The prospect of torture by fire overpowered his reason, and he complied with the demands of his persecutors, and subscribed the oath of abjuration. He found, however, that his abjuration procured him contempt and neglect rather than consideration at the hands of the inhuman assembly; and, shamed by the fortitude of Huss, he openly and boldly re-avowed his convictions. The Council were exasperated at his contumacy, and condemned him as "a wicked apostate," whom they gave over to the flames. He addressed the Council with great power, and was then immured in a loathsome dungeon and subjected to nameless sufferings and indignities for some period of time, at the end of which he was dragged out and placed among piled faggots in the market place, where his acute sufferings were soon terminated.

The murder of these two men caused great commotions in Prague, where they were held in high esteem. The people rose in violent insurrection, forced the town house, and murdered the magistrates. The king of Bohemia, in whose dominions the outrage occurred, was so deeply affected with the news of the tumult that he died in a few days in a fit of apoplexy. The rising spread and grew formidable under the leadership of one Ziska, who,

organising the insurgents, defeated the troops sent against them several times, and revenged the death of Huss and Jerome by the most appalling outrages far and wide.

UNDER THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

The Most Wonderful Phase of Modern History.
No. 23.

THE SUBJECTS OF PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. France oppressed for centuries (p. 2, vol. i.); 2. States-General demanded and summoned (p. 43); 3. The election amid public excitement (p. 82); 4. Meeting of the States-General (p. 123); 5. Food scarcity and public riot; the soldiers mutinous (p. 163); 6. Attack on the Bastille Prison (p. 202); 7. Flight of the aristocracy; assassination of officials (p. 242); 8. Pillage of the country and burning of castles (p. 283); 9. The women march to Versailles (p. 323); 10. They invade the assembly sitting there (p. 362); 11. The palace forced by the mob (p. 403); 12. The King compelled to remove to Paris (p. 442); 13. Trouble and darkness in France (p. 2, vol. ii.); 14. A hubbub Parliament out of doors (p. 42); 15. The Jacobin's Club and the three weeks' swearing (p. 82); 16. Outburst of serious theatricals (p. 123); 18. After the feast (p. 202); 19. Underground rumblings (p. 243); 20. Death in the Senate and Perplexity in the Palace (p. 282); 21. The King's Flight (p. 322); 22. The King's Capture (p. 362).

THE new Constitution does not even begin to work well. No wonder, considering that it is forced on the King against his will, and worked by a new assembly which is made to feel that the King is not with them in the business. The new assembly numbers 745. At their first meeting, they bring in the new Constitution with much ceremony. The twelve oldest members are sent to fetch it. When they enter, there is blare of trumpets and military pomp. The document is laid before the President. He lays his hand on it, and swears to obey it. The rest of the depu-

ties pass in rotation, and do the same one by one. Then they burst into a universal cheer: three times three and one more. Then they send a deputation to the King to congratulate him on the inauguration of the new Constitution. The King tries to be cordial, but cannot well appear grateful for a business he abominates. The deputation feel that they have been drily received. On their return to the Assembly, they report as much. The Assembly is the reverse of gratified, and passes a resolution that they will not henceforth address His Majesty as "Sire" but in some commoner way. Next day they rescind this resolution as too hasty.

From this day forward, for several months, their proceedings are of an impetuous and undignified character—lacking the composure and decorum usually associated with the legislative function. Carlyle summarises their doings thus:—"An effervescent, well-intentioned set of senators: too combustible where continual sparks are flying. Their history is a series of sputters and quarrels;—true desire to do their function, fatal impossibility to do it. Denunciations; reprimandings of King's Ministers: terror of Austrian Kaiser, of Austrian Committee in the King's palace itself; rage and haunting terror, haste and doubt and dim bewilderment . . . two thousand and odd decrees, as men reckon, within eleven months. The taste of the former assembly seemed great, but this is treble-quick. For the time itself is rushing treble-quick: and they have to keep pace with that. Unhappy seven hundred and forty-five: true patriotic, but so combustible; being fired, they must needs fling fire: senate of touchwood and rockets, in a world of smoke-storm, with sparks wind-driven continually flying."

The situation of the country outside does not improve. Bread gets dearer: sugar is not to be had: the public temper grows

fiercer: respect for all kinds of authority waxes feeblener. The Mayor of Etampe, trying to quell a hunger riot, is trampled to death: the Mayor of Vaison, similarly exerting himself, is nearly killed and buried alive. In the south of France, at Avignon, is an extraordinary ebullition. This Avignon, beautifully situate on the high banks of the river Rhone, with its castle rising sheer over all, had been bequeathed to the Pope by the last sovereign of Provence, now incorporate with France; and Popes had often occupied the castle with their pomps: but in these altered days, a strong party in the town and district are opposed to its belonging longer to the Pope. With the outburst of 1789, they began arguing in favour of its belonging only to France. The friends of the Pope, strong among the local aristocracy and gentry, counter-argued with great vehemence. After three months of argument, the controversy grew very hot, and there were seven months of raging, during which the aristocrats erected four gibbets in token of how they intended dealing with rebels. Then the people rose, and there was fighting and bloodshed, ending in the hanging of four aristocrats on the four gibbets. And now the aristocrats flee, and the people remain in possession. But, by-and bye, a legate from the Pope appears to enforce the Pope's claim, upon which there is truce and momentary settlement, while petitions are sent to the Assembly at Paris. Then there is new outbursts and appeal to the vote of the townships composing the district in dispute. The townships vote different ways, and finally, there is renewal of insurrection and siege of Avignon by a rabble of 15,000, calling themselves "the brave brigands of Avignon," under the leadership of one Jourdan, who had taken a leading part in the insurrection of women at Paris. It is not an ordinary siege, but an outburst

of mad hatred and rage on either side. Gibbets are raised on each side, and prisoners swing with execration. While the siege is going on, after having lasted two months, a decree arrives from the Assembly, declaring that Avignon and the territory in dispute belong to France, that the Pope shall have reasonable indemnity. With this there is a cessation of hostilities, and a return to order of a certain kind. But the bitter feeling aroused by the siege could not be quenched. One Sunday, at church, two or three of the patriot party rise in the congregation to utter their minds, reminding the friends of the Pope that they must be friends of France first. The congregation (mostly composed of women) sets up a howl, and advances upon the intruders, one of whom is fatally stabbed in the scuffle, and left lying in his blood. His friends, who are in the majority in Avignon, afterwards return, enter the church, lift the body on to a bier, and carry the same through all the streets of Avignon, fanning anti-Papal feeling to a flame. The local authorities order arrests for inquisition or enquiry; aristocrats, male and female, are taken to the castle, and pushed in suffocating numbers into the dungeons. A brigand court-martial is constituted, with Jourdan for president, with or without consent of local authorities. The court-martial sits in one of the rooms of the castle, at the door of which brigand executioners wait with naked sabres. The prisoners,—well-nurtured ladies and gentlemen, old and young—are brought up one by one, and briefly interrogated by the court. Judgment is given at once; the victim is passed outside, run through with the sabres, and the body pitched down into a pit known as the *Glaciere* or ice-tower of the castle. At the end of two days, one hundred and thirty corpses,—men, women, and children,—lie heaped in that *Glaciere*. Some days

afterwards, a military force arrives in support of law and order. The respectable part of the town are glad at their arrival and scatter flowers. The force comprises cavalry, artillery, and infantry. The officers summon the brigands to surrender the castle. The brigands, affecting patriotism, profess to welcome the military as fellow-patriots, and throw open the castle gates. The military enter. The stench from the *Glaciere* discovers the horrors that had been enacted, and Jourdan flies, a hunted wild beast. The news gets abroad; friends muster: there is an awful scene for three days: a mournful lifting out of bodies: heart-broken recognitions: passionate execrations: "the cries and movements of a hot-blooded Southern people, now kneeling in prayer, now storming in wild pity and rage,"—lastly solemn requiem amid the people's sobs and tears, the massacred all buried in one grave.

Tidings of these things get abroad and aggravate the popular heat. The chasm between the aristocrats and the people grows wider. There is jarring everywhere, "which breaks forth ever and anon into open clangour of riot. At Perpignan, there is "tocsin by torchlight, with rushing and onslaught: northern Caen, not less, by daylight: with aristocrats ranged in arms at places of worship, compromise proving impossible: breaking into musketry, and a plot discovered: . . . It is verily what they call *dechiré*, torn asunder, this poor country, France and all that is French; for overseas, too, comes bad news. In black St. Domingo (French) before the variegated glitter of fireworks was lit in the Champs Elysées in celebration of an accepted constitution, there had risen quite another variegated glitter of night—fire—of molasses and ardent spirits, of sugar boileries, plantations, furniture, cattle, and men, sky-high; the plain of Cap Français one huge whirl of smoke and flame . . .

thick clouds of smoke girdle the horizon, smoke in the day, at night, fire; preceded by fugitive shrieking white women, by terror and rumour; black demonised squadrons, massacre and harrying, with nameless cruelty. They fight and fire from behind thickets and coverts, for the black man loves the bush; they rush to the attack, thousands strong, with brandished cutlasses and fusils, with caperings, shoutings, and vociferations,—which, if the white volunteer company stand firm, dwindle into staggerings, into quick gabblement, into panic-flight at the first volley.”

Here is one cause of “the astonishing dearth of sugar—the fruits of liberty, equality, and fraternity exported to the black colonies of France two years previously. The creoles, too, rejoiced at the levelling of the Bastille; but they worked it out with an unintended result. Levelling is comfortable so long as it is only down to oneself, but when it goes down to the black abyss—! Is it much marvel that there is stagnation at the port of Brest?—shipping interest everywhere languishing and adding to the general sorrow. Merchant ships and King’s Navy ships lie rotting piecemeal in the harbour; little stirring there except the galleys with their galley slaves, whip-driven, among whom are some forty of the Swiss soldiers who tried to do their duty and are now in their red wool caps, sorrowfully tugging at the oar, looking out on the Atlantic with sorrowful shaggy faces, which seem forsaken of hope.”

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CUTTING THE LEAVES.—Never cut open the pages of a book or a magazine with anything but a paper-knife. A finger is too blunt, and tears the edges. A knife is too sharp, and may cut the edges unequally. The best paper cutter is a thin slip of ivory. Wood and bone are nearly as good; metal is not.

TITLES.

MOST men are fond of titles. The reason doubtless lies in the gratification they afford to vanity and pride. It is a fact that Christ forbade their employment; and it is a fact that while we read of the “dukes of Edom” quite early (Gen. xxxvi. 43), we nowhere meet with titles in the law of Moses or in the practice of the Israelitish nation. Such titular designation as “high priest” was a mere description of office.

In the practice of ordinary nations, titles are the custom-titles of distinction, titles of honour, titles of flattery. It is wonderful how even a common word employed as a title and appropriated to one person, gathers round it a sort of halo or nimbus of honour. But some terms are used and honorary affirmations made that positively exalt to godship the persons to whom they are applied. This has been the case from the earliest history. Disraeli has collected instances of this. They form a curious illustration of human folly.

We are, of course, all of us acquainted with the term “illustrious,” which comes from the Latin word for light or brilliant. This has become a general adjective nowadays, but was originally applied in an exclusive and titular sense to princes who had distinguished themselves in war. The title “Highness” was formerly given only to kings, but is now accorded to all members of royal houses, and sometimes to collateral branches. Charles V. on the continent and Henry VIII. in England were the first to assume the title Majesty, which as yet is confined to actual sovereigns. Before Henry VIII.’s time, kings were addressed as “Your Grace,” this is now given to bishops. The custom of addressing kings as “Majesty” was not established till the days of Louis XI. of France, who, though

claiming this dignity, was as unmajestic as possible in all his actions. He was severe, unmannerly, and sordid. In his public audiences, he dressed like the meanest of the people and sat by choice on an old broken chair with a dirty dog on his knee.

Cardinals used to be addressed as "Rev," but as this title lost some of its lustre by becoming common, they came to be distinguished by the title "Eminence."

In countries where despotism unchecked exists, the vanity of titles runs riot. The King of Monomopata is addressed as "Lord of the Sun and Moon." The King of Ava is called God, and when he writes to a foreign sovereign, he calls himself the King of Kings, the preserver of animals, the regulator of the seasons, master of the sea, brother of the sun and (extraordinary climax) King of the four-and-twenty umbrellas! The King of Achem is styled "Sovereign of the universe, whose body is like the sun, whose eye glitters like the northern star." The Candian sovereign is called "The protector of religion, of surpassing excellence, exceeding the moon, the unexpanded jessamine buds, whose feet are as fragrant to the noses of other Kings as flowers are to bees." The King of Persia is called "The branch of honour, the mirror of virtue, the rose of delight."

It seems that whenever the Great Mogul, in the days of the Mogul Empire, made an observation, his courtiers lifted up their hands, crying "Wonder! wonder! wonder!" And a proverb current in his dominion was to the effect "If the King say at noonday, It is night, you are to say, Behold the moon and the stars."

Even during the Roman Republic, divine honours were paid to eminent public servants while they were yet alive. Statues were voted to such and placed among "the gods" so-called; and on their installation, the men thus honoured were invited to "dine with the gods." For this

purpose the gods were taken down from their pedestals and laid on beds with pillows under their heads, and in this position were served with a magnificent repast, of which they were supposed to partake. Cæsar asked to be excused the title demi-god.

The so-called "Christian Emperors" of Rome went further, and claimed divinity instead of waiting to receive the ascription. A law published by Arcadius and Honorius in 404 ordered penalties against all who should be guilty of the sacrilege of "opposing the authority of our divinity." They called their laws celestial oracles, and demanded that their subjects should address them as "your Perpetuity, your eternity."

There is no more melancholy chapter in human history than the record of these insane assumptions of dignity and importance on the part of poor, unhappy, perishing mortals, who are merely so many handfuls of dust in a living form for a short time, and destined to moulder in the earth in a few years. There is no feature of the current civilization that will come more directly under the explosive action of the divine anger than all these titles and names of blasphemy, of which the body of the European beast-politic is "full."

PLATFORM MISTAKES.—Curious blunders are sometimes made by speakers. Very recently a member of the French Chamber of Deputies spoke of Queen Esther as *an enemy of the Jews*. An aspirant for parliamentary honours in our own country, quoting Keat's well-known line, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," prefaced his quotation with the words, "As the Scriptures say." And recently a writer in the *St. Stephen's Review* referred to Paul's statement, "The Cretans are always liars," and added, "St. Paul knew his *fellow-countrymen*."

THE "TAKE-CARE" FACULTY.

Is Phrenology True?—No. 23.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The brain the seat of the mind (p. 6, vol. i.); 2. The mind a cluster of separate powers (p. 49); 3. The powers in harmonious groups (p. 86); 4. The relation of power to size (p. 127); 5. Development subject to control (p. 167); 6. Action of the body on the brain (p. 207); 7. Influence of constitutional fibre (p. 247); 8. Phrenological bearing of the vital functions (p. 287); 9. Temperamental Development (p. 329); 10. The brain itself, and its subdivisions in man and beast (p. 367); 11. Surgical difficulties considered (p. 407); 12. The organs—amativeness (p. 446); 13. The Conubial element in love (p. 6, vol. ii.); 14. Love of offspring (p. 47); 15. Love of friends (p. 86); 16. Love of fixed habitation (p. 127); 17. The power of application (p. 167); 18. The love of life (p. 206); 19. The combative instinct (p. 247); 20. The executive faculty, alias destructiveness (p. 286); 21. Acquisitiveness (p. 326); 22. The Speech Regulator (p. 367).

IT is written in the Proverbs of Solomon "The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished." This is the Biblical recognition of the faculty which comes next after the power of restraining speech. The restraint of speech and the restraint of action we might imagine to spring from the same faculty were it not that many men who are very careful in action are quite quick and rash in speech, while others, who are reticent and reserved in the use of the tongue are prone to act with haste and unwisdom.

"Cautiousness," as the phrenologists call it, is the red flag among the faculties. Its function is to cry "Danger!" This is a needful function in a world of danger. Every surrounding condition has, more or less, the element of danger in it. Kindly water will drown if there is too much.

Pleasant walking will lead to death if we do not avoid obstacles or mark the abrupt descents. Even vital food-taking may choke if incautiously done. Because all conditional life is full of danger, it was the part of Eternal Wisdom to plant among our other capacities and tendencies a feeling that seems to constantly say "take care."

The presence of this feeling does not interfere with courage or execution, when the other faculties are in due balance. It does not arrest action. It merely disposes a man to *look round* (as the word circumspection means), and see that the way is quite clear in all respects for the proposed action. The other faculties having looked round and come to a decision, cautiousness steps aside and execution comes into play. Cautiousness calls council of war, and offers no further objection when all the difficulties have been considered and provided for.

Cautiousness gives the sense of fear; yet there is less cause for fear with cautiousness at work than when action is undertaken without consideration. Action is foolhardy that leaves fear out of account. In this sense the Scriptures say, "Blessed is the man that feareth alway." It may seem a fine thing to say of a man that he does not know what fear is. It is finer to say he always takes danger into account; because danger is a fact; and the man who leaves facts out of account is a fool.

Of course cautiousness may be excessive. There are daily instances of this. The organ may be so out of proportion to the rest of the faculties as to suggest danger where no danger is. Such a man conjures difficulties and imagines fears. He is positively effeminate in his timidity. He dreads responsibility and risk with a childish apprehension. He is truly a coward. Such a man is to be pitied. He is the victim of over-development in a faculty that is good in its right place. He ought to counteract the effect of over-

anxiousness by reading, travel, general enlightenment, and brushing about among men of enterprise.

Cautiousness is a blind organ by itself, of whose action we can give no more account than of any other instinct. It is a portion of brain organised to give the sense of fear of danger: how it does so no man can tell any more than he can tell how the sensory nerve gives susceptibility to impression as distinguished from the motor nerve, lying alongside of it, which, though apparently made of the same stuff, has no power to transmit sensation, but only to cause movement by order of the brain. Wise men are content to note facts, however unable they may be to comprehend them.

But cautiousness, though blind by itself, becomes part of a discerning apparatus when linked with the action of the other part of the brain. It fears what the other organs say ought to be feared. All depends upon its mates in this respect. It will fear one thing in one brain, and another thing altogether in another brain. Combined with low upper brain and strong animal appetites, it will fear personal punishment or loss or starvation, but will not fear to do wrong. With intellect and approbation, but low veneration and conscience, it will fear disgrace, but will experience no anxiety concerning God. With active benevolence and the higher faculties, its anxieties will stir on account of the danger of others, and the fear of God will be a reality with it.

The organ is situated on the two hinder corners of the head, just over secretiveness. If it is largely out of proportion to the adjacent organs, it stands out almost like a round protuberance. If the other organs are well developed also, then there is simply breadth and fulness in the upper corner of the back head. In a proper development of the brain, there are no protuberances, but

simply a full equal well-formed shape everywhere. This is the ideal shape of the head, as seen in a phrenological bust: but this shape is of very rare occurrence. Irregularity of development is the rule in the present afflicted state of man.

In the British Islands, cautiousness, as a rule, is fairly developed, especially among the Scotch. The result is seen in the greater thoroughness of their work, as compared with those of other nations. This result is, of course, due to the other powers with which cautiousness is associated. Yet, without cautiousness, those other powers would be liable to plunge into difficulty and danger. A brilliant man without care is not so safe a man in any sense as a man of smaller gifts with a due amount of caution.

Acting alone, cautiousness becomes itself a source of danger. It gives a painful sense of fear which, in certain circumstances, degenerates to panic. The mind may not only be unfitted to take the decisions called for by prudence but may be hurried along in a whirlwind of excitement that abandons every precaution of wisdom in obedience to the blind and absorbing instinct of self-preservation. Many lamentable calamities have resulted from this action of the organ.

Safety lies only in wisdom, and this is the sum-product of all the faculties acting under knowledge. There is no faculty a source of safety by itself. Even cautiousness, whose function is to restrain from danger, may impel to self-destruction if the voice of intelligence is not allowed to be heard in the council-chamber of the brain. Let God be known and feared, and there is then introduced a grand regulating power for all the faculties. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. The highest and most enlightened action of cautiousness is to fear Him; and surely the contemplation of His

terrible greatness, embracing the universe with the mantle of His power, is sufficient to inspire that feeling to which Daniel gave expression, when he addressed Him as "the great and dreadful God."

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CLOUDS IN THE SKY.

Christianity since the Ascension of Christ.—No. 23.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Fate of the apostles and their fellow-labourers (p. 8, vol. i.); 2. Persecution in Domitian's reign (Clement) (p. 51); 3. Heresy at the end of the first century (p. 87); BEGINNING OF THE SECOND CENTURY—Pliny's letter (p. 129); 5. Persecutions by Antoninus (Ignatius) (p. 169); 6. Adrian's reign (Jews forbidden the Holy Land) (p. 209); 7. Persecution in the reign of Marcus Aurelius (Justin Martyr and Polycarp) (p. 248); 8. The Persecution continued—Letter of Irenæus (p. 289); 9. Spiritual declension through Alexandrian philosophy (p. 331); 10. CLOSE OF THE SECOND CENTURY (p. 370); 11. Tertullian at Carthage (p. 410); 12. Christianity at Alexandria (Beginning of the third century) (p. 448); 13. Persecution in the third century (p. 8, vol. ii.); 14. Origen's Baneful Influence on Christianity (p. 49); 15. Repose and Declension (p. 88); 16. Persecution and relapse (p. 129); 17. Schism, affliction, and exhortation; 18. Dissension stopped by persecution (p. 208); 19. Peace, prosperity, and decay (p. 249); 20. A tempest of persecution (p. 288); 21. A break in the clouds (p. 327); 22. Sunshine and favour (p. 369).

FOR twelve years, Constantine ruled the central and westward Roman world as the champion of the Christian cause, while Licinius ruled the east in a more ambiguous capacity. Licinius was imperial colleague to Constantine, and at first acted on the friendly policy towards Christianity which Galerius had prescribed in his last days; but in the course of time his early prejudices re-asserted themselves, and he became the openly-professed par-

tizan of Paganism and the persecutor of the Christians. He expelled believers from his court, prohibited Christian synods, dismissed from his armies all who refused to sacrifice, and forbade them to be supplied with the ordinary necessities of life. As he went on, his measures grew more severe. He murdered bishops and destroyed churches. He advocated the worship of the gods and used enchantments. All the old animosities against the Christians were setting in with rigour when Constantine ordered him to desist. Licinius could not submit to this. Constantine threatened war. Licinius told him to come on, and if he were worsted, he would admit the gods were false and Christ true. War ensued. The contest was watched with intense interest, as a direct issue between Paganism and Christianity. It did not last long, and was not doubtful in its result. Constantine utterly vanquished Licinius, who lost both his empire and his life. Constantine then became master of the whole Roman world, and Christianity ascended the throne. Constantine became a reader of the scriptures, and a zealous patron of everything connected with the Church. The people erected a statue for him at Rome, and into the hand of this statue, he ordered a cross to be placed. He built churches, and showed great beneficence to the poor. He encouraged the holding of synods by bishops, attended their meetings, presided at their debates, and lent himself to everything that tended to aggrandize the Church and depress paganism. In the midst of it all, he was more of a politician than a Christian. There is no evidence that he really loved the Gospel as a thing of divine power, or cared for the obedience of the commandments of Christ. To the last he refused to be baptised. Indeed, the whole aspect of things, as visible in the writings of the times, is of an unspiritual character. As Milner says:

“External piety flourished; monastic societies in particular extended and grew; but faith and love and heavenly mindedness appear rare. There was much outward religion. Indeed, nothing could be more splendid than the external appearance of Christianity at this time. An emperor, full of zeal for its propagation, restores to the church everything of which it had been deprived, indemnifies those who had suffered in the persecutions; erects churches exceedingly sumptuous and ornamental, with distinctions of parts corresponding in some measure to those in Solomon’s Temple; sets himself to find out with much diligence the sepulchre of Christ at Jerusalem, which he honours with a most expensive edifice erected over the site—real or otherwise—while his mother, Helena, vies with him in her generosity to the new religion of the State, and fills the world with her munificent acts.” With all this, there are deep shadows on the land from clouds in the sky. Constantine, as he grows older, grows domineering and even tyrannical. He becomes oppressive in his own family and oppressive in all the acts of his government, and at last despotic and overbearing in his management of church affairs.

The Bishop of Carthage dying, a council convened for the purpose, elected one Cæcilian in his place. To this election a great many bishops objected on various grounds—chiefly on account of the unfitness of his character. These bishops, headed by one Donatus, held an opposition council, and deposed Cæcilian, and elected one Majorinus. This caused a bitter schism which, though ostensibly turning on the election of a bishop, led to the separation of two parties—one loose and the other earnest and scrupulous. Constantine investigated the case, and decided against the opposition council and their supporters, who were called Dona-

tists, from the name of the leading spirit, Donatus. But the Donatists would not accept the decision, and Constantine, incensed against them, deprived them of their churches, and sent them into banishment. The situation was favourable for corruptness of doctrine, for the imperial favour was extended to those who flattered the emperor, and countenanced loose and worldly ways. False teaching began to flourish, and this re-acting on faithful men caused agitation, fermentation, and trouble. At this time, what is called the great Arian controversy took its rise—that term originating with the name of the ecclesiastic arms who took the leading part.

THE DIVINE UNITY.

Is there a God?—No. 23.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The reproductive faculty indicative of purpose (p. 14, vol. i.); 2. Every faculty proves the existence of its object, therefore God (p. 56); 3. The origin of the universe (p. 91); 4. The appearance of man upon the scene (p. 133); 5. The inconsistencies of the evolutionist view (p. 174); 6. The existence of sex a proof of God (p. 214); 7. Mechanism of the human frame (p. 251); 8. The construction of the eye (p. 292); 9. The seed of plant and animal (p. 333); 10. Human intelligence itself a proof of God (p. 371); 11. The self-action of the universe (p. 411); 12. The fool’s opinion (p. 451); 13. The great universe and small man (p. 10, vol. ii.); 14. Limited Knowledge (p. 51, vol. ii.); 15. Omnipotent control (p. 90); 16. The existence of evil (p. 131); 17. Looking too much at the creature (p. 171); 18. God’s Answer (p. 210); 19. Co-ordinate Truth (p. 251); 20. Man’s State and God’s Method (p. 291); 21. Human Clay and Divine Anger (p. 329); 22. The Position of Sacrifice (p. 371).

THE question of sacrifice we disposed of last month.

We considered it : it is not easily disposed of, do you think ?

Well, I do not say it is easily disposed of, for it rests upon very subtle considerations, which it is not easy to make palpable. But I think we disposed of it so far as the exhibition and application of these principles renders the subject intelligible.

I might be disposed to admit that. Still I wish the subject were plainer.

It will become plainer with familiarity.

I hope so.

You would not be inclined to insist on your objections ?

No : the whole subject of God and the subject of the Bible are so strongly supported by reason that I think myself bound to surrender all minor difficulties, especially when I think I see a sufficient glimmer of explanation as to make it probable that any difficulty I feel about them may be due to my own lack of understanding.

That is a reasonable attitude to take. It is the attitude belonging to all the points you have raised : the other points besides sacrifice I mean.

You have not yet gone over all the points.

Nearly, I think.

The greatest difficult to my way of thinking has not been touched.

What was that ?

The smallness and localness of the recorded manifestations of the Deity. The boundless magnitude of the universe seems inconsistent with the idea of God coming down to speak with Abraham, or dwelling in a temple, or taking Christ to His right hand. That was how I expressed it, and how it strikes me.

Oh yes, I remember. Well, that is how it may appear on the surface view, but you will admit that the surface view is not always the correct view.

Undoubtedly.

The surface view is that the stars are lamps hung out in the sky, as you expressed

it. They look like that, but you know the real fact is very different from that.

Quite so.

It is so in the subject of God's manifestation as recorded in the Bible. There is a very local and petty look I grant about God walking and talking with Abraham, and going down to see Sodom, and appearing in a flaming bush to Moses, and residing in a tabernacle, and afterwards in a temple in Israel's midst, and so on ; but we must look at these incidents in their connection with the whole conception of God presented to us in revelation. When we do this, they lose their pettiness and become features of a system of unutterable sublimity.

I shall be delighted to be made to see that.

You can do so by getting hold of and applying the first principles of the subject. There is no other method of understanding the details of any matter.

What would you call the first principles of the subject ?

Well, the primary and elementary truths concerning God as revealed. It is revealed that He is One, and that He is everywhere present. Realise these two points first.

It is rather difficult.

Not impossible. Unity and universality are conceivable ideas.

Conceivable but not realisable.

There may be a difficulty about the realisability, but that need not trouble you. There are many things that we know to be true that we cannot realise. The earth hanging on nothing, for example ; or the endlessness of time and space ; or the action of electricity on the telegraph ; or of gravitation in the movements of the heavenly bodies. Your inability to realise these things does not interfere with their receivability. You receive them trustfully and conceive of them in a certain way though unable to form what is called a mental concept of them.

Just allow yourself to be similarly exercised in this greater and far more important subject. Universality is a fact, and something fills that universality. Space is not empty space literally, for the whole universe is wrapped in one energy. I now speak of the aspect of things to the scientific mind, and as they must appear to even the common mind on reflection. There is something between star and star, system and system, that holds all together as one system. Scientists do not know what it is, and are at a loss for a term of definition. The latest conception is "ether," which they conceive of as something finer than electricity—finer than light. It is a mere speculation, but valuable as the recognition of a fact. Now this fact the Bible terms "Spirit." "Whither shall I flee from thy Spirit?" "Do not I fill heaven and earth?" "Can any hide himself from me?" Here is a first principle that we have nothing to do but just to receive with the docility of helpless reason.

But I understood you to speak of God; now you speak of Spirit.

The two terms are not separate, "God is Spirit." So Jesus told the woman at Jacob's well.

I do not quite follow you there. You seemed to introduce Spirit as the synonym of what I might call the passive force of the universe scientifically conceived of as ether. Am I to understand that this is the Bible idea of God?

Only in part: the Bible reveals what science could not know—that this universal force or spirit has nucleus in a personal Father who centres in Himself the power and faculty potentially latent in the Spirit everywhere. Conceive of this glowing Father-centre as a unit with the diffused power that fills the universe, and you have one God, the Bible idea of God, and the first principle essential to the understanding of those records of mani-

festations of Deity that trouble you. He is ONE GOD and One Spirit—not two. The One God is One Spirit in his totality of central Being and universal Spirit in diffusion.

The idea is difficult to grasp. What am I to understand by the One Father-centre being a unit with the diffused power that fills the universe?

The idea is that both form the One Being in whom no part can be separated from another part.

I do not follow you easily.

The idea can best be conveyed by illustration. Take the sun that shines in mid-day. He is one object: the light that streams from him seems to be another, yet the two are so indissolubly associated that you cannot separate them. When the sun sets, the light disappears with him. The sun and his light are one though apparently and in a sense really two. If I say that the sun is a unit with his diffused light, you will gather what is meant by the Father being a unit with his diffused power, energy of the Spirit filling the universe. One God thus filling immensity while dwelling in heaven: and in Him, all things live and move and have their being. This is the first principle which affords a key to the interpretation of what you have called the local and petty forms of Deity-manifestation.

It may be so: but at present it seems to me to increase the difficulty, for how can a great God embracing the universe have come down to earth and had dealings with men in the local way recorded?

We shall go into that if we are spared to meet again next month.

OUR deeds are like children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never; they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness.

ALEXANDER'S CAMPAIGNS.

The Greek Empire.—No. 2.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Babylon (p. 16, vol. 1); 2. Cyrus (p. 58); 3. Rise of Cyrus as a great general (p. 92); 4. Campaigns of Cyrus (p. 135); 5. The capture of Babylon (p. 175); 6. Cyrus as a conqueror (p. 216); 7. Cyrus and Daniel: reign and death of Cyrus (p. 253); 8. Cambysses, son of Cyrus (p. 294); 9. Darius, successor of Cyrus (p. 335); 10. Beginning of the war with Greece (p. 374); 11. The expedition of Xerxes (p. 413); 12. Failure of the expedition (p. 452); 13. The disasters of Xerxes in Greece (p. 12, vol. ii.); 14. The end of Xerxes and the extraordinary sequel (p. 54); 15. Persian declension and a Greek suicide (p. 92); 16. Persia struggles to retain ascendancy (p. 134); 17. Persian disintegration; 18. Greek prowess and Persian bribery (p. 213); 19. Civil war and family assassinations (p. 253); 20. Horrors and enormities (p. 293); 21. Impending Destruction (p. 332); G. I. Onrush of the Greek Goat (p. 374).

THE first result of the opening victory of Alexander was the surrender of Sardis, to whose inhabitants he granted favour and liberty to live under their own laws. Advancing from Sardis, he arrived at Ephesus, which also opened its gates to him. Here, in front of the Temple of Diana, he conducted a religious ceremonial of great pomp, in which his whole army were drawn up in battle array. He offered sacrifices and returned thanks to the goddess for his victory. The angels who had him in charge must have smiled at his misguided sincerity.

While waiting here, two neighbouring cities (Tralles and Magnesia) sent their submission. In a few days, he resumed his march, and stopped before Miletus, where Paul afterwards addressed the Ephesian elders (as reported in Acts xx.). Here he had a rebuff. Miletus is a seaport, and there was a powerful Persian fleet not far off, from which great things

were expected. The city, therefore, refused to open to him. Alexander immediately attacked it with a battering ram and scaling ladders. The place offered a stubborn defence; but Alexander kept up the attack with such pertinacity for several days (sending fresh troops to relieve each other without intermission), that the inhabitants saw there was no hope, and capitulated on favourable terms. In a few days, he marched into the province of Caria which was dominated by a powerfully-fortified city on the sea-coast named Halicarnassus, into which two of the best Greek generals in Persian pay had thrown themselves with a body of troops. The summons to surrender was answered with defiance, as there was really great doubt if Alexander could capture a place so difficult of access from its position and surrounded with such deep ditches. Alexander set his soldiers first of all to fill up the ditches with spade and barrow work, and then brought his machines near the walls, and was about to commence working them when the defenders of the place rushed out in great numbers and set the engines on fire. Alexander repulsing the attack, got other engines into play and succeeded in making a great breach in the walls, but before the breach was completed, the defenders had with incredible celerity built another wall a little way inside. Alexander was disappointed, but only increased the vigour of his efforts. Many of his men were killed by missiles from the walls: still he persevered, and for many days continued the siege when it was suddenly discovered that the place was empty. The garrison, foreseeing the success that must come of Alexander's untiring energy, had fled by sea. Alexander's troops then entered and razed the place to the ground, except the citadel. He remained a few days to rest his troops. While here, a neighbouring Queen, named

Ada, brought into Alexander's camp the keys of the only fortress left in her possession by the Persians, and as Alexander was a tall and beautiful young man, she declared that she adopted him as her son. Alexander was pleased with the compliment, and allowed her to continue in possession of her city, and afterwards restored to her the whole of the territory the Persians had taken from her. Several other monarchs came and paid their submission to Alexander after the fall of Halicarnassus. He then resolved to go into winter quarters, as the snow season was approaching, when it would be difficult to carry on operations. Before doing so, he issued an order giving permission to all newly-married men to go home to Greece and spend the winter with their wives, upon condition that they would return in the spring. The condition was eagerly accepted, and a great number joyfully set out. Alexander sent three officers with them to conduct them to Greece, and to bring them back again. Next year, they duly returned early in the season, and Alexander at once resumed operations. He marched towards Pamphylia, arriving in the neighbourhood of which, near the city of Phaseles, he found a certain defile by the sea shore, through which he was desirous of passing, covered with water. He might have waited till the tide went down: but his impetuous disposition could brook no delay, and he ordered his soldiers to traverse the defile at once. They entered the water and marched up to their waists nearly the whole of one day—most unwise from all hygienic points of view, but such considerations are thrown to the winds even in modern times when war is in the wind. Alexander's promptitude was his salvation. When they had got through the defile, they caught a Persian King's messenger, bearing a letter to one of his own generals—viz., the commander of the Thessalian cavalry—in answer to one which the

said general had first addressed to Darius, offering to kill Alexander for a sufficient consideration. The King's answer offered the traitor 1,000 talents of gold and the Kingdom of Macedonia—thinking no price too high to get rid of so formidable an enemy as Alexander. Had this answer got into the treacherous-general's hand, Alexander might have been arrested in his career; but his rapid movements had prevented this. The said general was confronted with the evidence of his treachery and executed on the spot. Resuming his way after this disagreeable episode, he halted before Celœnæ, a city in Phrygia, accounted impregnable from its position. He summoned the inhabitants to surrender, who, believing the city could not be taken, answered haughtily. Alexander commenced the attack at once, and with such terrible vigour that the inhabitants sent out to say that if he would give them a truce of 60 days and no aid arrived for them by the end of that time, they would open their gates to him. Alexander accepted the terms, and rested his army. At the end of 60 days, no aid arriving, the place surrendered on the day fixed.

THE RIGHT VIEW OF A BARGAIN.—

A suggestion was once made to the Duke of Wellington to purchase a farm in the neighbourhood of Strathfieldsaye, which lay contiguous to his estate, and was therefore a valuable acquisition, to which he assented. When the purchase was completed, his steward congratulated him upon having had such a bargain, as the seller was in difficulties and forced to part with it. "What do you mean by a bargain?" said the Duke. The other replied. "It was valued at £1,100, and we have got it for £800." "In that case," said the Duke, "you will please to carry the extra £300 to the late owner, and never talk to me of cheap land again."

COMETS AND METEOR SWARMS.

Out of Doors at Night.—No. 23.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—I.

Greatness of the starry universe (p. 19, vol. i.); 2. The earth a globe (p. 60); 3. Objections considered (p. 94); 4. The earth turning and travelling (p. 137); 5. The moon (p. 177); 6. Aspects of the moon (p. 218); 7. In the moon (p. 256); 8. The starry host: the planets: Mercury (p. 297); 9. Nearest the sun (p. 338); 10. Venus, the morning and evening star (p. 376); 11. Mars, the ruddy planet (p. 416); 12. The asteroids, the little planets of the solar system (p. 454); 13. The giant of the solar system (p. 14, vol. 2); 14. Our giant brother Jupiter (p. 55); 15. Jupiter and the shape of the earth (p. 94); 16. The splendid planet (p. 136); 17. A newly-discovered planet (p. 175); 18. The outpost of the solar system (p. 215); 19. The Lord of the Solar System (p. 255); 20. Celestial Visitors (p. 295); 21. The Celestial Visitors again (p. 334); 22. The meteoric showers (p. 377).

WE have already spoken of comets. They deserve another word in connection with the meteoric showers. There is no apparent connection between them. The comets are self-luminous, while the bodies forming the meteoric shoals only become luminous when they strike the atmosphere of the earth. Still there are singular tokens of connection.

In three cases it has been found that meteoric shoals and comets run in exactly the same path, and in such close proximity to each other that the meteors are either before or behind the comet. This is an extraordinary circumstance when it is considered. First the chances of two separate bodies moving in exactly the same path in free space are as one to a million. On a flat surface, it might easily happen (though not very easily then) that two loose bodies, sailing on water say, might strike the same path, if of about

the same size and exposed to the same breezes and other influences. One might conceivably follow the other. But when it is considered that in space, there is no flat surface but freedom to move in any direction, up or down, or slantways in a hundred inclinations, then it does seem a striking thing that two independent bodies should move in exactly the same path. It is not like a horse following a horse in the same racecourse, but like two atoms in dust-charged water, or in dust-charged sunbeams following each other in all the tortuosities of their course.

In several authenticated cases, the swarm of meteors follows or precedes the comet in exactly the same course at the same inclination towards the sun, and coming just the same distance near and going just the same distance away from him, and taking just the same time to do the journey. This is certainly suggestive of a connection between the two things. If we knew what comets were made of, and what swarms of meteors were made of, we might know and be certain of the connection; but this as yet is far from human knowledge. The meteorites that occasionally fall to the earth are not swarm meteors, and therefore we can argue nothing from them; and then there is the singular and inexplicable circumstance that whereas the substance of which comets are made is a shining substance, the swarm meteors are dead and dark, and only become luminous when they plunge into our atmosphere on their intersection with our earth's orbit. We see the approach of a comet millions and millions of miles off; but we only know of the approach of the meteor swarms by the arrival of the time for them to appear, when they duly become visible in the atmosphere. Is it possible that the comet has an advance-guard or a following of non-luminous particles which shoot before or trail behind it in space, and only become

visible when they strike our atmosphere? The whole subject is full of mystery at present, especially the question of what purpose they fulfil, and what makes them go, and how it is that they can sweep past all the planetary bodies if these are so attractive as assumed and make straight for the sun; and how it is that having gone to him, they don't go into him, but round behind him, and then come rushing back at the inconceivable rate of 1,200 miles in a minute.

Another curious thing seems to have been found out, and that is that the orbit or journey performed by the meteor-swarms is sometimes altered. It is not always the same; and when changed, does not appear to go back to the old course. In one case, while a swarm was rushing back into space from the sun, it had nearly cleared the solar system when it came into contact with Uranus, which happened to be just about there in its tremendous journey round the sun. It seems to have hugged Uranus for a time, and been dragged by it out of its course, and when liberated started out on a new course, returning in due time to the sun by one different from its usual road. All these inferences were made from the facts observed, and they appear to be justifiable. But they suggest curious thoughts as to the complicatedness of the celestial machinery, which, although in the main working in a fixed and stable way, is exposed to the apparent vagaries of light and intangible bodies rushing all about and between the solid parts of the machinery. If we knew the exact facts, we should doubtless discover that these comets and meteor swarms serve an important purpose in regulating, nourishing, and perhaps protecting, the whole. They appear to be the express trains of the universe. Are there no passengers? What things we may discover some day.

Something like a railway accident ap-

pears to have happened to one, according to observations reaching over an extended period of time. The comet known as Biela's comet was first observed in 1772, so far as any record was kept. It was not known at that time that it came once in seven years. It was seen again in 1805, and again in 1825, and again in 1832. It was now known to be a visitor once in seven years. Accordingly, after 1839, it was looked for in 1846. What was the surprise of astronomers in that year when it came in two pieces! It came back as two comets in 1852. No trace of it was seen in 1859, nor in 1866. At the beginning of 1873, when its return was again due, instead of the comet, there was a great shower of shooting stars, or swarm-meteors; so that it is evident there is a curious connection between comets and meteor swarms, and that strange changes befall these fantastic bodies as they career through the dizzy realms of space at a rate of speed mocking all the puny conceptions of man. O Lord, how wonderful are Thy mighty works! 455

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

Is the Bible True?—No. 22.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. A moot question with "yes" waiting (p. 18, vol. i.); 2. The Bible's own testimony: why should it be questioned? (p. 97); 3. Its historic backbone (p. 139); 4. Taking its history to pieces: Abraham (p. 179); 5. Truth necessitated by the nature of its narrative: Joseph (p. 219); 6. Ditto in the case of Moses: the exodus (p. 258); 7. The journey in the wilderness (p. 299); 8. Israel's chronic mutinies (p. 340); 9. What the record of the murmurings proves (p. 378); 10. The want of food in the wilderness; the manna supply (p. 418); 11. Failure of the water supply: the sin of Moses (p. 456); 12. The worship of the golden calf (p. 16, vol. ii.); 13. Struck dead on the spot

(p. 58) ; 14. A doomed generation (p. 96) ; 15. Envy at headquarters (p. 138) ; 16. Wholesale revolt (p. 177) ; 17. Distressed leader and plagued people (p. 217) ; 18. Balaam's journey (p. 257) ; 19. The Speeches of Moses (p. 298) ; 20. An Extraordinary National Anthem (p. 336) ; 21. A Repulsed Attack (p. 379).

MADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—
There are some other features of the Mosaic record that stand in the same category as those already passed under review: that is, as regards the impossibility of accounting rationally for their existence except on the principle of their being true. I pray you to excuse my prolixity in calling your attention to them. The day we live in is so distinguished by activity and diligence and ingenuity on the part of those who would undermine the truth of the Bible, that some counterming on the part of those who would defend it is both necessary and excusable.

I would ask you first of all to give a moment's reflection to the natural character of Joshua's campaigns from the fall of Jericho onwards. We have seen his repulsed attack with a small force on Ai. We next see him resort to strategy to draw out the defenders of Ai into the plain, where he overthrows them and takes possession of the city. Then we see Gibeon make alliance with him by means of a ruse (Josh. ix.), and five kings mustering to the siege of Gibeon for this piece of perfidy, attacked and routed by Joshua, and their capital cities captured afterwards by the Israelites in detail. Then we see a coalition formed against Joshua in the north of the land under the leadership of Jabin, king of Hazor, who summons to his aid the kings of Madon, Shimron, and Achshaph; also "the kings on the north of the mountains (of Lebanon), and of the plains south of Chinneroth, and in the valley and on the borders of Dor on the west, and the Canaanite in the east and west, and the Amorite and the

Hittite and Perizzite and the Jebusite in the mountains, and the Hivite under Hermon in the land of Mizpeh." Hearing of their mustering hosts, at the waters of Merom, Joshua makes a forced march, and attacks them unexpectedly, and defeats and disperses them with great slaughter, after which he invades and subdues the several countries of the allies, one after the other, until the whole land is in his possession.

It may seem strange to you at first that the natural character of these proceedings should be put forward as yielding any inference as to the truth of the supernatural operations with which they are associated. But consider for a moment; recall the nature of the supernatural operations in question; the passage of the Red Sea; the sustenance of the whole congregation in the wilderness for forty years with manna; the opening of the Jordan at the season of overflow to let Israel over into Canaan in the absence of boats or bridges of any kind, and the falling of the walls of Jericho by the children of Israel marching round the city once a day for six days, and seven times on the seventh. What has modern unbelief to say to these things? Oh, they never happened. What have they to say to the written account of them then? "Oh, they are the legends invented by a people vain of their history. They liked to represent God on their side so, of course, seas and rivers opened and cities fell down." Very well, if that is the true account of the matter, it would be natural to expect the whole narrative to be of that character. When romancing once gets to work, it goes ahead and does not stop. It would not open the Jordan miraculously and throw down the walls of Jericho by divine power, and then invent a defeat at Ai, happening because of sin, and a victory following by good generalship, and then a successful campaign of

sheer hard fighting for several years. We know what Jewish legend is when it gets to work, and if this history of the invasion of Canaan by Joshua had been an affair of Jewish legend, we should have had cities surrendering to one of Joshua's gloves, and armies dissolving into thin air at the sound of a Jewish trumpet, and whole districts bursting into flames at the flash of a Jewish soldier's sword. Instead of that, it is all hard military work, calling for incessant courage and skill, and sometimes striking fear into Joshua's heart, against which he had to be divinely supported (Josh. vii. 6 ; xi. 6).

How are we to account for this except on the principle that the whole is true? "Oh, very likely the prosaic part is true enough," says the objector. "It is not all legend; part is true enough. No doubt Joshua fought his way into Canaan in the ordinary manner." But, my good friend, if the prosaic part of the narrative is true, how can you object to the crossing of the Jordan, and the fall of Jericho's walls at the blowing of rams' horns? If miracle was falsely represented in connection with these events, would it not have been falsely represented throughout the campaign? "Perhaps not," says our clever quibbler. "The writer might put in a little bit of spice here and there without making it all spice." Upon which we turn upon our quibbler and ask, "Was the Bible written for spice, then? If so, why does it lower Israel on every page, and declare man to be worthless, and exalt the glory of God everywhere?" Our quibbler does not understand this argument, and turns it off with a listless "Oh, I don't know." But his escape is not so neat as he thinks. He unwittingly falls into a deep pit in admitting that the prosaic part of the history may be true, for then comes the question, Where did Israel come from? Where were they before their eruption on the Canaanites? What led

them to invade the land? and how came they to be so successful? The answer to these questions, in any serious and rational manner, brings before us Israel in the wilderness, Israel under Moses, Israel breaking the power of Egypt—as problems that are absolutely insoluble, apart from the divine element in the situation—granting which, all is intelligible.

Ladies and gentlemen, as you value light in the darkness, and sure guidance in a slippery way, I beseech you to address your minds earnestly to all these considerations which from time to time I have been permitted to press on your attention. They contain the clue that many of you must desire for some solid standing ground in the quagmire of public uncertainties. They lay hold of tangible fact. They are not in the nature of a guess theory, as Theosophy; or a phantom possibility like Spiritualism; or the fog-clouds of a vague sentimentality like poetry or orthodox religion. They put you in touch with the hither end of a chain of verity whose links go backwards, upwards and forwards in actual discoverable ramifications of knowledge and truth and hope. The Bible is an actual fact in your day. The fact earnestly looked into and logically estimated will not only enable but compel you to accept the joyful alternative of faith in God and confidence in the glorious work he is working out upon the earth.

THERE is a City pew-opener who—according to the *Daily News*—is said to keep her eye upon comely and well-attired visitors with a view to their decorative capabilities. One of these having the other day modestly dropped into an obscure place near the door, this pew-opener politely requested her to take a more prominent seat. She wanted, she whispered, "to dress the church."—*Sign of the Times*.

OUR "AT HOME."

NOTES BY A ROVING CORRESPONDENT AND
OCCASIONAL VISITOR.

Evenings in April, 1892.

"SCIENTIFIC DRESSMAKING" INDEED.

THERE is more scientific dressmaking in the world than everybody is aware of. Here is April come round again, busy with her new spring outfit—all Nature instinct with motion. The budding trees have strewn the ground with their little brown husks of winter protection with all the disdain of the damsel who throws aside her furry cloak for the airy robe of summer. We shall soon be seeing the waving boughs of the laburnum, drooping her feathers of gold in mock modesty before the straight-backed plumes of the lilac. The May blossom will fill all sorts of unpretentious nooks and corners, and we shall see the brilliant rhododendron, with crimson blisters, like a gory warrior on a battle field, or with floral bunches rivalling in purity last winter's snowflake.

It's the hardest thing in the world to make a choice among the spring flowers. Any other season may have a queen among her blossoms, but Spring presents a galaxy of queens, wreathing and girdling her garment like a floral milky way. Nature is very beautiful when she emerges sweet and fresh from the workroom, always in the latest fashion—quite up to date,—everything executed free of cost, with style and fit guaranteed. What graceful curves! What vigorous angles and harmony of tint! How flowing are the modulations of her garment, as with queenly dignity she folds her robe around her and invites your admiration.

But truth to tell, Springtide freshness is not strictly new, and if we peep into her workroom, we must confess that her art has been nearly all employed in using and

re-modelling last year's left-off clothes. Dame Nature is not a niggardly dressmaker, but she is very economical, and would put to the blush many an extravagant city modiste by the way she deftly uses the crude materials at her disposal. The art is all her own, for which she holds a royal charter. She permits no copyist, nor rival dressmaker, and she engages no assistants, but she will explain accurately the successive processes by which her several habiliments are turned out a perfect fit.

Here her mission ends. She discloses not the secret subtle power, the magic touch that transforms the cold grey sod into a world apparelled in splendour. Man calls this power "organic life," but that designation does not tell us the secret of the power. Only a Divine revelation does that. Natural science is but the guide to the varied manifestations of that power. Science can educate us in the appreciation of the wonderfulness of Nature's dress, but leaves us helpless to imitate. We can watch and be entranced as the tiny speck of protoplasm assumes its myriad forms and lives under the unerring law of organic life.

We may advance theories on the disease bacillus, or on the anthropoid ape. We may study the yeast globule under the microscope, or report on the size and density of an African jungle. We may describe the luscious fruits of California, or exhaust a whole vocabulary of adjectives over the merits of John Bull and his roast beef. We may rise to ecstasies and the highest flights of eloquence over the beauties of hill and dale, forest and flowers; but if we would know the starting point of all these things—I mean the point where organic life commences, the functions of growth—we should arrive at a tiny speck of gelatinous substance, in size, varying from one thirtieth to one four thousandth of an inch in diameter

which received the name of protoplasm in 1846. This is the beginning of Nature's art—the stuff on which she sets to work to robe the world.

This is Scientific Dressmaking indeed, and more than worthy of our notice. Just try to faintly imagine the capacity of an intelligence which endows this speck of protoplasm with power to start an energy capable of reproducing itself, and in its finality of encompassing nearly half the globe and making it a teeming ocean of life.

GETTING READY.

It always seems to me that in acquiring knowledge of God's handiwork, we are apprenticing ourselves to an employment that will be perfected in the Spirit state. *Good Company* is a wonderful help in introducing us to these things. It takes us into the vestibule of the Creator's temple, whence we can enjoy at a distance the wonderful works within. By and bye we hope to get inside, and in the glorious attainment of spirit nature be one with creation itself. Do you not think that our present prying into nature's ways will greatly enhance the charms of the perfect knowledge that we shall have in the immortal state? Even the angels shouted for joy on the completion of their six days' creation work. Shall not we be preparing ourselves for a similarly exultant song by getting ready beforehand an enquiring admiring wondering love for the power, beauty, and wisdom everywhere manifest? I feel as if such an appreciative mind would be a suitable background for that department of spirit joys. God's creative power is a part of His pleasure, and it ought to be a part of ours.

"MADE UP OF LITTLES."

The fact of everything being made up of littles strikes me as very interesting.

The infinitely little takes us at a leap to the infinitely great, because the holding together of atoms must mean ONE POWER, and the ultimate effect of everything is so remote from the cause that its progressive development must mean *one intelligence*. Of course, it is all evolution in a sense, but of what sort? If Darwin's theory were correct, how is it that where there is free agency or "chance," as in the case of men, everything goes wrong, while in insensible nature, everything goes right? If there is nothing but blind law that binds all in one harmonious whole, why do not the operations of the human race come under this blind law in mutual adaptability and agreeable combination? Ah well, we know where to find a solution of the difficulty. The harmonious working together of nature is an example of the variety, complexity, and harmony that will at last find its highest point of development in the redeemed sons and daughters of Adam's race.

KINDS OF THISTLEDOWN.

I was the other day thinking of Thistle-down. I do not know what brought it into my mind, for I am not a botanist, and know nothing of the classification of plants, and although horticulture is one of the proposed safety valves for the commercial instincts of the increasing population of women, I cannot give myself the credit of studying that question from the pessimistic side suggested by thorns and thistles. My thoughts were running in a less practical groove. I was in a sort of brown study over the thistle's cradleful of seedlings, and the fuss they make when they fly out because they are too large a bundle to keep in: off they go each ripened and equipped with a little coat of down of such feathery lightness as will secure a voyage through the air that will override obstacles and finally land

them in a spot where they can shoot up a new crop of thistles, and so on, and so on, for ever.

I began to ruminate on another kind of thistledown; on those evil thoughts of malice that sometimes threaten to fill our mental cradle to bursting point, and if allowed to ripen into words will choke the whole social atmosphere of our surroundings with fluff, floating hither and thither in quest of a home where a fresh progeny may be reared and the work of enmity continued. We cannot estimate the capacity for mischief that there is in a cradleful of thistledown ripe and ready for flight. Nor can we know the full extent of evil that follows words of malice. They are nearly sure to find a home somewhere in which to germinate, or if by any chance they drop into soil unsuited to their growth, there is an impression left: the *shape* of the seedling remains behind, just as a coin pressed into the hand leaves the sense of a coin being there after it is removed, and it takes a little while before we are sure that our sense is deceiving us. Or, suppose the fluffy enmity could float in a haphazard way through the moral atmosphere, where, on account of it being lighter than vanity, it found no centre of attraction where the laws of gravitation could be obeyed, it would still have power to make the air noxious and unwholesome.

If we would be quite on the safe side, we will take care never to furnish these seedlings of angry thoughts with coats of down that will make them ready for flight. Keep them inside: by so doing we nip them in the bud, and they are only born to die.

I remember a very old stanza my father used to be fond of repeating for our instruction, which we thought very gruesome and in itself malicious. I have changed my mind since then. I have never seen it in print, and I never even heard the author's name. But here it is, and you

can form your own opinion as to the justice of the author's conclusions:—

“There is a lust in man no tongue can tame

Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame,
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die.”

£2 TO £5 PER WEEK.

What a number of staple industries are in the world that escape our notice or knowledge. Did it ever occur to you that the making of fish-flies is quite a lucrative employment for ladies? A friend came to me the other day brim full of this piece of news, and told me that ladies could earn from £2 to £5 per week at the work, and that the demand was greater than the supply. I thought of the nine hundred thousand surplus population of women in Great Britain, and the idea of there being an active demand for anything *they* could do, was like putting them in exclusive possession of the philosopher's stone. I must say that at first I felt sceptical, for there are so many misleading advertisements nowadays, where women may, “at their own home,” turn fortune's wheel, and find an El Dorado without trouble or financial outlay, that an income of £5 per week for a lady to get by fish-flies seemed like romancing. It was a heavy draw on my credulity, but I tried to adjust my features to an expression of unsuspecting trust as well as I could on so short a notice, and I think I succeeded tolerably, for my friend proceeded to give the anatomy of fish-flies, and finished by suggesting that possibly some of our Good Company might be inclined to try their hands at the art.

The making of fish-flies for angling is pre-eminently for fingers of delicate touch. Women who do hard work are of no use in the trade, for the materials used are of such fine texture, and the demand is only

for quite superior kinds. Trout flies yield an income of from £2 to £3 per week, while salmon fly-making may bring from £4 to £5 weekly. A trout fly maker cannot make salmon flies, and *vice versa*: the manipulation of the one spoils the fingers for the others as much as organ practise disqualifies for piano playing. It seems that the art of tying is the chief thing. A really good tyer has the whole trade in her fingers, but so delicate is the work that prolonged application is most injurious to eyesight. The materials used are gossamer silk, tinsel, wire, fur and feathers, shreds of crewel wool and glue. There is also a little dyeing to do, as great correctness of shade is said to be necessary. Would you have thought that fish would be so particular to a shade or two? Evidently they are not colour blind, and they are epicures in their way—which is quite a little lesson in natural history. Very few tools are needed for fly making—two or three different size scissors, stilleto and pincers, and the cost of materials required is about one guinea for trout flies, and five pounds for salmon flies. Lessons are not very easy to obtain, probably because those who know the art do not care to risk competition, but full particulars may be had from the book on “Floating Flies and How to Dress Them,” price 15s. (Samson Low), and “A Book on Angling,” 6th edition, by F. Francis, 15s. (Longman).

A COMPLEX MACHINE.

I am so very much interested in the chapters on phrenology. What a wonderfully complex machine the brain is. I suppose the result of the interplay between the faculties is “free will,”—at least it appears so to me—as for instance, when large conscientiousness asserts itself over small approbateness, we prefer to follow the law of honour to the law of praise. This is free will of a sort

but on a very, very low level, and much more like spontaneous impulse, unguided and undirected by motive external to ourselves. We can no more take credit for yielding ourselves to the force of a certain mental drift than can a ship that sails into port under a favourable wind. But I think there is a higher form of free will than that of the mind which elects to yield to this or that impulse of its own nature. There is a free will which is the wealth of all the faculties, and which directs and controls them in obedience to a motive or impulse from without.

We are not responsible for our native character, nor for many of the conditions of life that give certain tendencies to our mind. We are simply responsible for the way we use those tendencies, and this is the region where free will performs its highest functions and creates neutral force. Our diversified phrenology by its very complexity becomes a power of free will to move us this way or that; but if our free will is left entirely to its own instincts, it is bound to degenerate. To prevent this, a lever or impulse from without is necessary to lift up the faculties, and impel them to a given point. Taking the divine word as intrinsically the richest in impulse and the strongest in leverage as well as being the only power external to ourselves, we saturate our faculties with it until it becomes a mental force which is *of our own creation but not of our own spontaneous action*. It is effort, and all effort is more or less attended with pain. It is, however, by this struggle that a machine becomes a man first and an angel afterwards. When we become “equal to the angels” we shall exercise our faculties just as we do now, only the mental force which we *created* in our mortal days and called “free will” will have become *spontaneous* impulse, and will be a delight instead of being a travail of soul.

Our editor gives beautiful suggestions as to our present mental endowments having their perfect gratification in the things God has provided for the rulers of "the world to come," and these delightful thoughts set me wondering how our faculties can be exalted to perfect harmony with God without interfering with one's present personality, or disturbing what we call "free will" and making us automaton. I think I see that in the spirit state, our free will may still result from the interplay of the same faculties, that when the old struggling lever from without becomes inherent force, it will not give a different personality, but only give rest instead of labour, sweetness instead of pain, joy instead of sorrow. The struggle need not continue, but the remembrance of it must.

MOVING FORWARD.

I do not know if any of you have ever experienced the feeling that as we grow older, the *age* of maturity and the *age* of infirmity in regard to ourselves and others seems to move forward. You may laugh at the old lady who is said to have remarked that there were not nearly as many old people in the world as there were when she was young; but there really is more truth in the sentiment than you may think. Whatever meaning may apply to years as years merely, the recognition of old age seems to be often overlooked by contemporary veterans, and its character passed by as belonging not yet to old age exactly. I remember the time when I fixed in my own mind the age of 25 as the commencement of the down grade, but somehow, as years go on, the down grade gets put off, and my friends are not and never will be old to me. I quite agree with a gentleman who once said, "A man's wife is never old to him," and

this reminds me that the other day I was in a fruiterer's shop, when an *old* lady (not of contemporaneous birth, you know and therefore old to me) came in to buy something, and asked whose business it was? A young assistant said, "Mrs.—she is a very old lady." "Oh, indeed, how old?" queried the customer. "Oh, well, let me see. I should think quite 70," innocently replied the assistant. "But," said the old lady, "that is not old. I am much older than that." The assistant, with a good share of business tact, said, "I mean old to be in business." I began to wonder why there should be any failure to recognise fulness of days. I suppose it arises from the fact that each is to himself an important factor in the history of his life at every stage of his existence, and as old age is generally associated with obsolescence, it is impossible that we can ever be out of date to ourselves, or that others of our own generation can be shuffled on to the list of "relics," whose experience is of identical measure with our own.

"FERMEZ LA PORTE."

If any of the ladies of our Good Company have had the misfortune to add to the revenue of street pickpockets, they will be glad to hear of a Ladies' Safety Pocket, patented by Mr. M. S. Gold, of Market Place, Warwick. It is in two compartments, the lower of which can only be got at through an orifice closed by an elastic ring. No thief could get a purse out of this without betraying himself. The upper division is intended for the handkerchief and light articles. The price is from fourpence to eightpence. I think I never heard of a better plan for excluding the pickpocket from his happy hunting ground—as ladies' dresses always are. Dresses from their make and cut cannot supply a secret place for a

purse, so that the only hope lies in the character of the pocket itself. The advantages of those little leather purse bags so much used are very doubtful. The hands are never free, except when the

bag is unconsciously left behind lying on the shop counter, and from all statistics that I have ever learned, it lends itself most readily to the handy ways of the light-fingered profession.

IN OPEN CONFERENCE WITH READERS.

* * * *In this Department, the questions and criticisms of correspondents will be attended to on all kinds of topics. Correspondents will oblige by writing "Open Conference" at the head of their communications.*

253. **The Cedar Tree.** (S. G.)—Cedar trees are not confined to Lebanon. Indeed there are now very few left of the noble trees that once crowned these magnificent heights. There is a range of Cedar mountains in Cape Colony, South Africa, so-called from the cedar trees which abound on their sides.

254. **Measuring Light.** (J. K.)—You will find the method by which light is measured in the answer to "G. M." appearing in *Good Company* for Oct., 1891, p. 149. No doubt your suggestion is correct. If a distant star were destroyed, it would continue to be seen by us just as long after its destruction as its light might take to travel to us, which in some cases is a prodigious period.

255. **The Houses of Parliament.** (E. R.)—The Houses of Parliament are not very old, though standing upon a site that has long been associated with the operations of Government. They were commenced in 1840, and took a good many years to finish. They cost about three millions sterling. A fire was the cause of their erection. The old Palace of Westminster was burnt down in 1835, and the necessity thus created was taken advantage of to put up the present magnificent structure. The clock tower is 320 feet high, and the Victoria tower,

which surmounts the royal entrance, rises to a height of 340 feet. There is a portion of the old building just under the central hall.

256. **Hydraulic Pressure.**—"*I have seen hydraulic machines and heard of hydraulic pressure. I know they have to do with water, but it puzzles me to know how water can give pressure. Nothing is more unsqueezable in my experience than water.*"—It is the difference between water loose and water confined. When water is confined and pressed, it sinks into a slightly smaller bulk—not much—just a little. But when in this compressed state, it is possessed of a terrible impulse to stretch itself into its proper bulk. This impulse properly applied becomes "pressure" which can do powerful work in various ways. It is more useful than steam power for slow and heavy operations.

257. **Layman.**—"*I am constantly hearing the word "layman" applied to people as distinct from clergymen. What is clergyman? What is layman? and what is the origin of the distinction?*" *Is there anything in the Bible to justify it?* (M. O. D.)—Both terms are the outgrowth of human custom in church matters, and have nothing scriptural in them at all. They are both from Greek words. A layman means one of the common people from

laos, the people : hence, also, the *laity*. A clergyman is from *kleros*, inheritance or portion, understood in the sense of the Lord's inheritance in his people. The clergy are supposed to be the Lord's inheritance, and the laity their constituency. There is nothing in the Bible to justify the division of the church into two classes in this way. It is the growth of false custom according to apostolic teaching. The whole body is the Lord's inheritance, and "they are all one in Christ." Their division into clergy and laity is one of many ecclesiastical corruptions which have prevailed for centuries.

258. **Caper Tea.** — "*What is caper tea? I have heard it said it is an artificial product, and not tea at all. Can you enlighten me?*" (E).—According to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, it is a commercial variety of green tea. It would appear that the varieties of tea are not due to varieties of the plants, but to times of picking and variations in the mode of drying. There is a variation arising from difference of district and country, of course, but both black and green teas are made indifferently from the same plant. The greenness of green tea is secured by rapidly drying the fresh leaves in such a way as to prevent all heating or fermentation. The difference of treatment not only secures a difference of colour, but of chemical quality. Besides difference of treatment, there is difference in the time of picking the plant; from the fine and delicate product of the young leaf-bud up to the hard and woody expanded and partly-grown leaf; these different pickings yield different teas of greatly varying values. One of them is the common caper which has an astringent and exciting quality not present in the black teas.

259. **The Cinque Ports.**—"*What are the Cinque Ports which are mentioned in the papers sometimes in connection with*

official appointments? It was stated that the late Mr. Smith was made Warden of the Cinque Ports? It has a French sound, and I have been wondering what it has to do with English matters." (M. D. C.)—The phrase has a French sound because it is of French origin, and is, in fact, French, going back at least to the time when the French or Franco-Norman William I. conquered England, and introduced the French language and French ways in many things. The Cinque Ports were the five ports of Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich, on the south coast of the England, which were confederated into a special jurisdiction, with special powers and responsibilities. Their Mayors and certain townsmen met periodically and formed a kind of Court, with power to administer the law and levy taxes. Their highest officer was called the Lord Warden, who was also governor of Dover Castle, by virtue of his office. Many places were added to them from time to time, but the name was always retained. Their duty was to provide for the defence of the southern sea-board at a time when England had no navy. In return for the taxing and judicial powers conferred on them, they had to furnish the Crown with nearly all the ships and men required by the State. This arrangement continued for a long time. Their powers were gradually absorbed by Parliament, and have now shrunk to a mere honorary shadow. It is a political sinecure. The gentleman appointed to be Lord Warden presides occasionally at the Court of Shepway and appoints local magistrates. He also acts nominally as governor of Dover Castle. It is a light post, and generally bestowed as a reward on men whose other occupations or whose health does not admit of their undertaking onerous duties.

260. **Sun Spots and the Weather.**

—“Do you think there is any ground for the idea that is coming into favour that sun spots cause bad weather?” (G. C. A.)—It would seem so. Those great rents in the glowing envelope of the sun would mean diminished heat or perhaps disturbed electrical equilibrium, both or either of which would be liable to affect atmospheric conditions on the earth. It is certainly remarkable that during the presence of the recent great spot on the sun (which could be seen by anyone looking at the sun through a smoked glass) the weather upon earth was of unusual severity. The *New York Herald* has the following remarks on the subject:—“The outburst of the great spot on the sun last week signalled some important events. Almost simultaneous with its discovery appeared a young terrestrial cyclone, crossing the Rocky Mountains and carving its way toward the Atlantic Ocean. On Friday the front of this cyclone assailed Nova Scotia with violent snow storms. At this time the sun spot was approaching its climax, and on Saturday evening the Western world was startled by one of the most brilliant and extensive auroras and magnetic storms of which any record is to be found. From our cable despatches it appears that the magnetic storm was felt over Western Europe, while, as if in sympathy with the solar eruption, Vesuvius itself began to belch forth its fiery masses.—The atmospheric storm which passed over America was quite moderate and harmless at first, but on Friday, as it entered the Western Atlantic, it rose almost to the majesty of a tropical hurricane, and in the “blizzard” gales and snowstorms which burst upon the English and French coasts Monday night, and which yesterday blockaded Paris with snow drifts.—The simultaneous occurrence of this gigantic cyclone with the late aurora and magnetic storm and the tremendous perturbation of the sun may be a mere coincidence. But it will

certainly be an excessively opaque and unscientific mind that can for a moment rest satisfied with such an interpretation of one of the most remarkable series of physical convulsions—solar and terrestrial—of which science has ever made note. The sun may have acted upon the earth, either by excessive radiations of heat or by electrical impulse. Beyond any reasonable doubt the immense eruption from the sun’s cyclopean furnaces is the primary cause of the earth’s extensive magnetic disturbance and the resulting auroral display which have just excited so much wonder.”

261. **The first writer against Christianity.**—“I saw the other day an allusion to ‘the first writer against Christianity,’ Celsus or Selsus or some such name. Can you tell me when he lived, and what led him to write against such a manifestly true thing, and what sort of thing he said?” (G. C.)—The writer in question was Celsus, who lived in the middle of the second century, and wrote in the reign of Hadrian. There is no certain date for his life or work. Indeed, neither he nor his book would have been known at all but for the fact that Origen wrote a reply to his attack, and in the course of his reply quoted the greater part of the arguments of Celsus. By this circumstance the writing of Celsus has been saved from oblivion. As for his motive in writing against Christianity, we may judge from the similar class of writers in our own day. Their bias is against the whole system of truth represented by Christ, and where a main bias is at work it is easy for the intellect to find justification for it, without any conscious dishonesty. Celsus was brought up as a philosopher, and therefore found it natural and easy to join in the Jewish rejection of Christ, of which he makes a good deal. His arguments are all very shallow, but of the plausible sort that tell with shallow minds. He asks, how Jesus could be born

without a father? Why he chose Judas as an apostle if he knew he would betray him? Why he chose such inferior men for apostles? Why the people did not believe if he wrought such miracles? Why he did not show himself to his persecutors after his resurrection? and so on through the whole ribald list. He admits that Jesus worked apparent miracles, but affirms, with the most reckless disregard for proof, that they were tricks which he learnt in Egypt when he went down there in needy circumstances. "Anyone," says he, "could see such miracles by paying a few obols to an Egyptian juggler." He admits also that "he was condemned publicly before the eyes of all." He says "no one could doubt this," which is an admission destructive of his whole argument, if he but knew it. (It had not occurred to the blasphemer in those days to doubt the historic reality of Christ's appearance and crucifixion.) The use he makes of the admission is to provide pushing ground for what he conceives to be the fatal thrust of the next question. "If he rose again, why did he not make his justification as public?" "Would he not have confronted his judge, his accusers, the general public, and given undubitable evidence that he was not a malefactor?" It all depends, Mr. Celsus.

All this is utterly puerile. So also are his philosophic cavils. The questions are susceptible of the clearest answer when the object of the work of Christ is understood, which is certainly not the case with Celsus, or the school he attacks. The notion that men are immortal, and that the work of God is a mere life-boat institution to save "immortal souls" from eternal damnation, makes all reasonable answer impossible. In fact, it is these heathen preversions of divine truth that have more than anything else laid the Bible open to the attacks of clever foes like Celsus. Take them away, and let it

be seen that man is a perishing race out of whom God will select such as are agreeable to Himself in the work of peopling the earth with tried men who will reflect his glory in the humility of docile reason, and that His whole work in Christ is with this object in view, and all the arrows of the foe fall powerless to the ground.

Celsus asks who saw Christ after he rose? He answers: "A half-insane woman and one or two followers who were in the very humour to trust to dreams." These revilers of truth cannot state the case truthfully. Celsus professes to answer from the record, of course; because personally he knew nothing of what had happened a hundred years before his time. If he had answered honestly from the record, he would have said that Jesus was seen by 500 in all at various times, and in various groups; and that the disciples, so far from being "in a humour to trust to dreams," were distrustful of the evidence of their senses, as is testified over and over again. Jesus "upbraided them for their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen" (Mark xvi. 14). A candid statement of the facts can never be worked into the asseverations of unbelief. The record is garbled: the facts misrepresented, and willing dupes deceived.

262. **Has he made himself immortal?** — *Is it true that Harris, Oliphant's deceiver, professes to have made himself immortal?* (M. O. S.)—It would seem so from what appears in the papers. The *British Weekly* publishes extracts from a manifesto from Harris, in which he claims that he has "attained the secret and entered upon the possession of bodily youth as well as spiritual perfection." "I discovered in early manhood the key to the harmonic law of Pythagoras," and finding it to be the same in another form with the law of Christ, he was taught to look

for miracle in nature, and 'the redemption of the flesh of man.' The final problem that faced me during the last two or three years was briefly this: By what process shall man overcome the universal racial tendency to physical deterioration and decease, and renew the outer structures of his person, and lead on a renaissance of the vitalities and vigours of the prime? How, in a word, without passing through physical decease, shall man practically embody and realise the resurrection?" And with him the question came, last year, to be critical and crucial. "I had elaborated theoretically the science of the process. I now applied that process to a final test in my organisation. I had determined never to publish another word respecting my discoveries unless I should pass safely through this final ordeal." In fact, he had no choice. Old age and decay were already laying hold on his frame. "The long-continued and intense concentration of the faculties in the persistence of my labours had so told upon the surface body that literary or any other effort would have been impossible. The alternative was, success or dissolution. . . . The final chord was not touched till the early days of the last autumn, and not until my own bodily structures were reduced to an appearance of frail, emaciated, and perishing age." But when success came, it came most suddenly—youth succeeded age in a few days. "Within a week after finding the touch of the last rhythmic chord that leads the harmonic vibrations into bodily renewal, the bent form stood upright; flesh grew upon the bones; the dim eyes found their sparkle; every bodily sense awoke reinvigorated; the fountains of the blood seemed to flow as by a vortical motion, rounding in each recuperative organ to grand consciousness to bodily grandeur, freedom, and, in a sense, of corporate immortality." He hopes to see this ex-

empified some time soon "in all our noblest men and women." But for himself, the thing is done. It was only after a "supreme agony." "I have passed through December, I am in the May-time; conscious that I hold in quickened mind and flesh the final secret. . . . No more an old man of nigh seventy, but now renewed in more than the physical and mental prowess of the early prime, my retirement is at an end." (We make bold to predict that in a short time, the announcement of Mr. Harris's death will confute this presumptuous and arrant nonsense.—CONDUCTOR.)

263. **Is a Pre-Adamite Race of Men Proved?**—Our roving correspondent doubts it, so far as the scientific evidence goes: justifies the doubt in these words:—"As far as my reading has taken me, I do not find positive evidence of primeval man further back than the divinely authenticated period of Adam's appearance. Geology is said to demand a remote antiquity for the traces of man found in the alluvial deposits of the Ice or Drift Age, and also by cavern excavations a little way down through the present earth's surface. As I understand, this Ice Age only affected a part of the Northern Hemisphere, and I do not see why it should not have been just passing away at the time of the Flood. The remains found in various deposits do not seem to require a greater antiquity. The antiquarian or geologist digs down a dozen or twenty feet and finds stone implements and human teeth, mixed with the remains of extinct animals, and buried under superincumbent layers of cave earth, charcoal, black band, and stalagmite. He supposes these superincumbent layers took many ages to form. This does not seem to be proved. The length of time these superincumbent layers took to form depends on the conditions. Measurements made in the Ingleborough Cavern showed that a

large stalagmite grew there at the rate of *a-third of an inch in a year*. Perhaps this is rapid, but allow ten times as long and you have a stalagmite more than *three feet thick in a thousand years*. As to accumulated layers of cave earth and charcoal, that also is a matter of conditions. I do not see that millenniums are necessary for such deposits to increase to thickness and solidity when generations of men and animals in their use of caverns as dwellings have added their quota to the deposits. Then again, there is the possibility of crumblings caused by moisture and earthquake. The caves of Perigord and Dordogne tell wonderful tales of early life, and some of our museums are said to possess rude engravings of an ox, a horse's head, a mammoth with spiral tusk and long mane. I have never heard that the British caves contain anything so artistic. The exploration of Kent's Cavern in Devonshire is supposed to give overwhelming evidence of the antiquity of man, where below stalagmite, black band, cave earth and stalagmite again, flint tools, bone pins, bone harpoons are found mixed with the remains of the cave lion, cave hyena, bear, mammoth, rhinoceros, &c. But the facts seem to me open to a different construction.

The human race in their march westward are said to have been driven on by advancing and increasing populations, the weakest always in the van, and giving place to superior strength and civilization. In this case we should find that the farther west we follow retreating man, the more crude, uncouth, and savage would be his mode of life, and this is exactly what diluvian deposit and cave exploration seem to show. In the British Islands traces of man are first found on the break-up of the Ice Age, when England at the south-east was joined to the Continent, and probably about the time of the migration of arctic animals and fish to

more northern climes. Man seems to have entered upon possession of the caves, as the mammoth and reindeer, &c., were vacating them, and he no doubt assisted their riddance by killing them and cooking them, leaving in the clay along with their remains his own flint knives and bone implements. Many reasons might be suggested for the vacation and re-occupation of these caves at great intervals, during each of which a layer of stalagmite and *debris* would accumulate, and each give marks of the presence of man."

264. **Photography as Applied to the Heavens.**—*"In 'GOOD COMPANY' for March there was mention of the use of photography in the study of astronomy. Can you tell us something about this? It seems difficult to imagine. The light of the stars is too faint to make a good picture or a picture at all; and then the steady motion of the heaven from east to west must interfere with that steadiness of object needful for a long exposure"* (S.S.F.E.)—Yes, there are two difficulties, which for a long time made it impossible to use the camera in photographing the stars. They have been overcome by the discovery of a more sensitive coating for the plates, rendering a long exposure unnecessary; and also by the use of clock work for adjusting the camera to the actual motion of the stars. The results are very valuable in the study of astronomy. You will be interested in the following remarks which we copy from the *San Francisco Examiner*:—

"It is found that the camera will record star impressions received through the telescope that the eye can never get a glimpse of with the same assistance. The retina of the eye wearies with prolonged use, and the duration of the image impressed therein only lasts about one-tenth of a second. That is, the eye of the observer will not acknowledge the impression of a distant star, the rays of light

from which are so exceedingly faint as not to produce any effect upon the optic nerve in less than one-tenth of a second; the effect of these rays upon the eye is not "cumulative." But when the photographic plate is exposed to the same rays for a number of hours, the effect of them is, as it were "piled up" images of the bright stars become larger and larger as the exposure is continued, and at the same time the number of the invisible stars collected upon the plate is continually increased. Indeed exposures have been carried through several nights with the most encouraging results. In the photograph of the great comet of 1882, taken by Dr. Gill at the Cape of Good Hope, not only is the broad mass of cometary matter, with all its varied structure, faithfully portrayed, but scattered all over the plate are vast numbers of stellar points which had never before been secured in such profusion. The stars in this picture are not sharp points of light, since the camera was kept accurately pointed upon the comet, and this body was changing its position among them. This feature is still better exhibited in Professor Barnard's photograph of the 1889 Davidson comet; here the comet, itself much more insignificant than the giant which appeared seven years previously, is shown as a hazy patch with the merest wisp of "tail"—but the stars, through which the stranger was rapidly moving, all show as sharp, clear *lines*, of all possible degrees of strength, representing their respective magnitudes. The reader must not confuse this relative motion with the *diurnal* movement of the heavens. The camera was fastened on an equatorial telescope, the driving clock of which kept the instrument pointed at the same spot in the sky; but every now and then the observer, in order to keep the comet's position on the plate from changing, had to give a little additional motion to the whole apparatus in "declination" as

well as "right ascension." As a result none of the stars are *points*, but well-defined *lines*, plainly indicating by their extent and direction the nature of the comet's actual motion.

"If the camera is pointed at a region of bright stars and left stationary (and not carried with the clock-work motion of the equatorial), we will have a series of "trails" on the plate. Any amateur photographer can make this experiment without the assistance of a telescope by simply mounting his camera on the usual tripod, and tilting the frame so as to point at some very bright star not too near the horizon—Sirius as a notable example. Focus accurately upon the star, which bring to one side of the center, so that the diurnal motion will carry it across the plate. Then leave the camera undisturbed. If the plate is duly sensitive, an exposure of an hour or so will upon development show a trail left by the star, which should be easily noticeable.

"I will give a single instance out of many to show how the sensitive plate of the photographer will accomplish in a few hours' time what years of faithful work by the older astronomers had failed to complete.

'Four years of labour were bestowed by the astronomer Wolf, then at the Paris Observatory, upon the enumeration and measurement of all those stars in the Pleiades cluster, which could be seen through his 12-inch telescope. In that time his exhaustive chart of the cluster contained 671 stars. He made a supplementary examination of the same region with the great 47-inch reflector of the Paris Observatory. To show how thorough had been his work, he gave it as a final statement that, in his belief, he had fathomed space itself in that direction, and had measured every star in the Pleiades.

"In 1883, at the same observatory, with only one hour's exposure, and with a tele-

scope of about the same size as that used by Wolf, the Henry Brothers photographed 1,420 stars, all in the same area. Later on, with four hours' exposure, they secured the impressions of 2,326 stars; all this, by the way, in a region exhibiting to the naked eye generally six, and at the most thirteen stars. Thus Wolf's incessant labour of more than four years, a piece of study which was indeed almost the principal life-work of that astronomer, was more than tripled by four hours' use of the sensitive dry plate! The same labour-saving device is now being employed in the work of forming a complete chart of the heavens—a work which all the astronomers the world has ever known have been engaged in, to a greater or lesser extent, from the time of Hipparchus to the present day. Two thousand years have not sufficed to give us maps of the whole heavens upon which every tenth-magnitude star can be identified with certainty. By the ordinary methods 500 years more would probably see such a task uncompleted. But the Astro-Photographic Conference, which meets at Paris, and held its first meeting in the year 1887, proposes, by co-operation of various observations, to give us within the next five or six years a series of plates, each covering about four square degrees, taking in the whole sky from the north to the south poles, and showing every star, nebula and cluster within reach of a telescope the size of Professor Davidson's ($6\frac{1}{2}$ inches aperture) and down to the fourteenth order of star magnitude. In other words, over 10,000 plates and over 20,000,000 objects. This work is now being actively prosecuted. From all the plates thus obtained catalogues may be formed, for on each plate will be found a certain number of "almanac stars," *i.e.*, those whose positions in the heavens are accurately established. Even without considering the catalogue, or its importance, it is evident that through this great work

a picture of the heavens as they to-day appear will be handed down to future generations of astronomers for direct comparison with the sky as it may then appear to them. Admiral Mouchez, Director of the Paris Observatory, who has directed the preliminary steps of this great work, clearly indicated his belief in its future value when he said that he envied those astronomers in generations yet to come the vast discoveries which must fall to them as a direct result of the chart of the sky now being formed. If we but had such a series of photographs taken, for example, in the time of Newton, many things in the laws of the universe, which we now see but dimly, would be as apparent as the sun itself!"

MY DAYS AND MY WAYS.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DR. THOMAS having taken his departure for America, after spending the best part of a year in Britain, the few brethren in Birmingham began to press me on the subject of removing to that place. They represented that many, having heard Dr. Thomas, were interested in the truth, and would be sure to attend the meetings if there was anyone able to present it to them, but that there was no one among them able to do so, and that if nothing were done, the interest would die away, and nothing come of it. Dr. Thomas had suggested to them the desirability of my settling among them, and therefore they felt the more bold in the matter. I replied in the way I had replied to Dr. Thomas—that I doubted if I could get suitable employment in Birmingham, seeing the Birmingham papers were daily papers, and that I must limit myself to weekly work if I was to be of

service to the truth. They answered that there were two weekly papers in Birmingham, which was true, but not in the sense of my requirements. The two weekly papers were connected with the two daily papers, and were a mere abridgment of the matter appearing in the dailies—an abridgment effected by the same staff. I could not get employment on the weeklies except by being on the dailies, which would be worse.

Well, they said they would try their best to get me in somewhere, and they truly and diligently did so, but of course without result, except in a very indirect way. A sister among them, housekeeper to a single retired and very retiring gentleman, who lived in the better part of Birmingham, took a very prominent part in this work of trying to open my way. She called at the newspaper offices and got all the information she could, and recommended me to their attention when a vacancy should occur, and kept sending me papers with likely advertisements through the post. Her diligence and pertinacity were great with this effect—(being backed up by the importunities of the others with whom she was in association)—that I made up my mind, if an opening should occur, to try the experiment of a situation on a daily paper. Having arrived at this decision, the sister in question—(with whom I was sorry afterwards to part on Dowite issues: how many heart-griefs of this kind there have been!)—suggested that I should come through to Birmingham and see the persons in authority at the newspaper offices. I acted on the suggestion, with the result that I had a promise of a situation on the *Gazette* on the occurrence of a vacancy which they expected in eight weeks' time (at the Christmas of 1863). On my return to Huddersfield, I informed my employer, and my employer, without any definite understanding on my part, took the information as notice, and made

arrangements with a gentleman to fill my place at Christmas. This I did not know till the time drew near. I supposed that if the Birmingham prospect should fall through, I would be at liberty to stay on in my Huddersfield place as a matter of course: otherwise, I would have kept my own counsel. In that case, things would in all probability have gone differently with me afterwards, and I might to this day have been in Yorkshire. However, it is not in man that liveth to direct his steps. He may think he is directing his own steps at the very moment that God has His hand on the helm, influencing the thoughts on which his steps depend, and of this influence he would not of course be aware. He would only feel that his thoughts were his thoughts, and his own thoughts. My employer's action was perfectly reasonable, especially as my heart was not sufficiently in newspaper work to give me that zeal which makes a servant valuable to an employer, and as he had his eye on an excellent man after his own heart in this respect, who remains with him I believe to this day. (April 12, 1892.) But though reasonable, it was a little upsetting when I was informed from Birmingham that the prospective vacancy would not occur and that I would not be wanted. It then became a pressing question, What was to be done? It became known that I was leaving the *Examiner*, and that a prospect on which I was relying had vanished. Following on this, I had four offers: I forget now from where. One I think was from Bradford, one from Leeds, one from Oldham—the other I don't remember. Here was an embarrassing situation for me and my partner to consider: leaving Huddersfield for the sake of the Truth in Birmingham: the Birmingham door closed and four others open. We pondered the matter for some time. On the face of it, it seemed as if the indications of Providence were all against Birmingham. But

the truth had been for years our first consideration; and we could not help feeling that, by this rule, the four open doors were not open doors. They seemed as things were at that time, to lead away from the field of operations. And besides, there were four of them. If there had been only one, it might have been easier to think the indication decisive. But there being four, choice was called for, and therefore we felt at liberty to look at Birmingham as well. There was no situation there, but there might be a livelihood in another way. Would there not be in so large a town a field for shorthand writing and general reporting? In Huddersfield I had been appointed Huddersfield correspondent for the *Leeds Mercury*, the *Halifax Courier*, the *Manchester Examiner*, and several other papers; and some of them were willing to take important news from me from Birmingham at a penny a line if I chose to go there. This would not mean much in the way of income; still, it would be a foundation upon which I might build a general local reporting business. After full consideration, we decided upon the experiment; and declining the four offers, began to arrange for a transfer to Birmingham to a house friends had engaged for us in Great Colmore Street. The transfer was not a delightful process. My sister and her family were living with us, and she was only just recovering from an illness, and had to go in blankets. But necessity knows no law. We were obliged to clear out on a certain date, and clear out we did, after packing and forwarding furniture by rail, and making up a confusing assortment of bundles to go with us. We were a melancholy company on the platform of the Huddersfield railway station while we waited in the midst of our nondescript packages for the Manchester train from Leeds. However, the agony was soon over; not, however, with-

out distracted hurrying to find seats in a usually well-filled train for a somewhat broken-down company of four adults and four children whom nobody wanted beside them, with their household bundles. Said bundles contained utensils most inconvenient to travel with, yet necessary on this occasion as we were going to an empty house—the furniture not having had time to arrive. I remember at the last moment, while hurrying with the last bundle from the platform, under the excited commands of the guard to be expeditious, a huge wash basin fell out of its wrappings, and smashed in a hundred pieces, to the merriment of the people in the train who are generally keen observers at that particular moment. Why mention it? Well, it was one of those trivial incidents that for no assignable reason stick out in a man's memory, and it was a dramatic illustration of the fate in store for the kingdoms of men under the figure which alleges that they will be broken to pieces "like a potter's vessel." I had of course to leave the annihilated ruined potter's vessel, and hurry in with the remains of the bundle. It was the dead of winter, and the coldest season known for years. The journey was, therefore, a taste of misery without much weakening in. But it was accomplished, and we found ourselves all at last in the empty house aforesaid, in which we made shake-downs, and made ourselves fairly comfortable for the night. My sister, in her weak state, had an unhappy time. Poor dear, her sorrows are all over long since—as it will be with all our sorrows in due course. In a day or two, the furniture arrived, and we gradually got into shape and settled in our new position, which we had now time to look fairly in the face, when the excitement and the confusion were all over.

We had burnt our boats, and there was nothing for it but to go forward. We

arrived in Birmingham with all expenses paid, but with nothing in hand. A tea meeting of the few friends of the truth was convened to welcome us to Birmingham. At the close of the tea drinking, I was called upon for my contribution to the expenses, and had to part with my last eighteen-pence for the honour of being present with my wife. This was the first of a series of pangs, which the hardness of the way inflicted during the first few months we spent in Birmingham.

To carry out the plan I had formed, it was necessary to engage an office; for we were a mile away from the centre of the town where the work was to be done. I looked round, and got one in Cannon Street (35, I think), a gloomy back room, which has often figured in my dreams since. There were plenty fine offices to be had, but the rents put them quite out of a poor man's reach. I had to put up with what I could afford, like thousands of unhappy mortals in this unhappy age, the root of whose unhappiness lies in the mismanagement of human affairs, which is inevitable with the human management of the present dispensation: the sure and certain hope of the abolition of which enabled me to be reconciled to the misery. After getting an office, the next thing was to get business, which is by no means so easy an affair. I got circulars printed and sent round, along with testimonials of fitness from various people, including John Bright, who headed the list. The circulars announced the opening of a general reporting and advertising agency, at the address given, and the preparedness of the issuer thereof to do any kind of reporting or to procure the insertion of advertisements in any paper; but the lines thus cast were unbaited, and the fish simply looked and passed on. I do not think I got a single advertisement, and as for reporting, one job I think was the only result—some case in a local court

having an interest for a small neighbouring town, the editor of the paper of which, having got one of my circulars, wrote to me to report for him. I tried to cultivate the penny-a-line business for distant papers; but the news was rarely interesting enough to be used and brought nothing. Once there was a murder, and this lugubrious item took me down into a grimy neighbourhood, which I have never since forgotten. I do not remember whether it brought any grist to the mill or not. I rather think I was forestalled by local men who had been in the habit of corresponding with other papers before I came. The man's name was Hall, I think. He had shot his sweetheart under provocation. He was sentenced to death, but had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life, in compliance with a numerously-signed petition. The other day, I noticed he had got out, and had an ovation among a certain sort on his arrival at the railway station. The penny-a-lining was proving a very meagre affair; and things were getting straitened at home. So I tried giving lessons in shorthand. I offered, in a newspaper advertisement, to teach shorthand in 13 lessons for 21s. I got a few pupils, which kept us going a few weeks, but gradually this died off, and our situation began to grow gloomy.

The Sunday business, which was the business we had come for, was prosperous enough, and cast its balm over the harrowing anxieties of the other days. Every Sunday morning we repaired to Ann Street Schoolroom (since pulled down and the name of the street changed to Colmore Row), and met a company of from 15 to 20 men and women to break bread, whom it became my duty to address regularly. At night I lectured to an audience of perhaps 50 or 75 on the things concerning the Kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ. This seemed the real and the congenial business of life. The pro-

vision of livelihood stared in upon us as an urgent necessity, which I attended to not without qualms. With a heavy heart I walked daily to the scantily-furnished office, often to do nothing, after which I dined on one bun and returned to dose the afternoon away. My partner's affliction at home added to mine: for in marriage, if joy is increased, so is sorrow, if sorrow is the portion. But light was at hand.

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FRAGMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE.

DAY and night are nearly equal all the year round at Panama. The place next to it in this respect is Calcutta.

The ocean is shallowest where it is most free from islands, as in the route from Newfoundland to Ireland.

The difference between salt and fresh water in point of weight is not so great as people imagine. Salt water has 64lbs. to a cubic foot and fresh water 62lbs.

A circular cistern, ten inches deep and *ten feet across*, would hold 489 gallons: how much would one of the same depth, measuring *twenty feet across*, hold? Just four times as much. How is this?

There are more than 20 degrees difference in average temperature between the northernmost and southernmost parts of the United States. The nearest approach to English temperature is appropriately enough in the New England States.

The greatest known depth of the ocean is near the Ladrone Islands in the Pacific, where soundings were made to the depth of 26,850ft., or a little over *five miles*. In the Atlantic the greatest depth found is just north of the West Indian Islands, which is 23,250ft.; or nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

A DESOLATE REGION.—In one of Sinbad's voyages, there is a description of a place where there was no water, no vegetation, no life—only mud and sulphur. It would seem there is such a region on the

face of the earth from the account just published in the *Japan Mail* of a visit to a sulphur mine in the main island. The works are situate in a gorge into which hot sulphur springs percolate from the surrounding high land. At the top of the gorge is the crater, to which there is a steep ascent of 720 feet. The ascent is neither safe nor easy. A miner went in front with a pick to cut steps, and the clouds were entered about half-way up. At the bottom of the crater are very rich mounds of sulphur ore in inexhaustible quantities. The workings give off fumes and gas, and great care is needed by the workmen. The place is dreary enough—only mud and sulphur. It is on record that 315 years ago the crater exploded and made a huge gap. The path down the gap then made in the crater is a difficult one, overhanging rocks threatening at every step, the path entirely obliterated, and the chasms left by the torrent being both steep and dangerous. In the sulphur regions, there is no sign of life, vegetable or animal, but the cone and descent are well wooded, and rare plants and flowers flourish in profusion. These, however, become stunted as one descends into the crater, and on the mud plain there is not a vestige of verdure. There are, of course, no fish in the rivers."

SUN SPOTS AND THE WEATHER.—The supposed connection between the recently-observed spots on the sun and simultaneous the atmospheric disturbances on the earth has created much interest among scientific men. Professor Edgar Frisby, the astronomer at the Naval Observatory, Washington, said an enormous collection of spots was observed, extending over 140,000 miles of surface. About the same time the magnetic needle was violently disturbed, and continued for thirty-six hours, after which it settled into its ordinary condition. During this time there was a fine display of the Aurora Borealis.

and terrible storms raged throughout the Northern States, while in Nova Scotia a perfect cyclone was experienced. It is considered beyond any reasonable doubt that an immense eruption in the sun is the primary cause of the extensive disturbances on the earth. It was during the great sun spot display in 1882 that the aurora was last seen and terrible storms occurred. Southern Italy and the shores of the Mediterranean Sea were then covered with snow. Storms and blizzards seldom fail to be experienced when great storms break out in the sun. They go hand in hand. A Reuter's telegram from Stockholm states that the telegraphic system in Sweden was considerably affected by the Aurora Borealis. The earth currents, which are the usual accompaniments of that phenomenon, seriously interfered with the working of the lines. Intelligence from Russia reports similar electrical disturbance from the same cause.

HARMS AND AILMENTS.

HOARSENESS.—If this appear in connection with a cold, there is nothing more effective, in a general way, than sucking a tabloid of borax, cocaine and chlorate of potash, while a few drops of vinegar of squills in half a tumbler of warm water, make a most excellent gargle.

SLEEP.—No amount of sleep during daylight is of the same benefit as a good night's rest. Seven or eight hours sound sleep is necessary. Some may require more and others less. In this, the feelings are the best guide. Each person will best judge of the sleep required. Luxury in sleeping accessories are not conducive to health. Hair or wool mattresses are infinitely more healthful than feather beds, and the lighter the bed clothing the better, so that sufficient warmth is secured.

THE BEST EXERCISE.—Of all exercise, walking is the best. A healthy person

should never walk less than five or six miles every day, unless means admit of horse exercise. Rowing, lawn tennis, cycling, and cricket are all beneficial and exhilarating, if not pushed beyond reasonable limits. Excessive and fatiguing exercise should be avoided. The great object of exercise is to equalise the circulation, thus preventing congestion. Sufficient exercise improves health and spirits. Too much is apt to injure.

CATARRH OF THE BACK NOSTRILS.—An excellent remedy for this disagreeable affection (which usually follows cold in the head) is chloride of ammonium. This is used as vapour, from a special inhaler, which, though it may cost a few shillings, really repays itself. A drop or two of oil of eucalyptus or of pinol can be added in the inhaler, and increases its efficacy. Chloride of ammonium seems to have the power of dissolving the mucus and clearing the nose in a way nothing else can. For huskiness of the voice, the inhaler is of great service.

HAS YOUR FRIEND BROKEN LEG OR ARM?—The first thing to be done is to keep the limb quite steady till the arrival of the surgeon. To manage this, place on each side of the broken limb whatever may be at hand, either slips of wood, or small pillows, or an umbrella, or the stock and barrel of a gun, or two walking sticks, or even firmly rolled straw, or pads of cotton wool, and retain them in position by one or two handkerchiefs not tied too tightly. Should the patient have to be carried home, take him laid flat on a shutter or a stretcher or a table, and not doubled up in a cab, as is too often done. From neglecting this simple rule broken bones are frequently made to protrude through the flesh, *simple* fractures being turned into far more serious *compound* ones.

TROUBLED WITH CHILBLAINS.—"Medica" writes thus to a Jersey paper:—"I

have found the following treatment of chilblains most effectual:—At bed time dip a small table napkin in cold water, wring it out well, fold it lengthwise three or four double, and bind it firmly round the affected foot. Then bind over it a folded soft Turkish or other towel, fasten the whole on securely with broad tape or safety pins, and let it remain on all night. After the momentary shock of the cold wet cloth on the hot inflamed skin, a soothing sense of relief is experienced, the foot is in a mild vapour bath all night, and by the morning all trace of redness and pain will have vanished, and with it the inflammation." Another correspondent says:—"Not only a remedy, but a preventative also, for chilblains, is sal ammoniac. Dissolve about a-quarter of a pound in one quart of boiling water, soak feet and hands before going to bed ten or twenty minutes. Same solution will do two or three times over by adding half fresh quantity each operation. You will have no more chilblains."

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

WHEN you want to take out a broken window pane, heat the poker, run it slowly along the old putty; and it will soon soften it, and loose the broken bits.

DIRTY LEAD PIPES.—The best way to clean out lead pipes, without the expensive aid of a plumber, is to pour down them a strong solution of lye. The lye will dissolve hair, lint, and indeed all animal and most vegetable matter, and so clear out obstructions.

MILK PAINT.—Mix lime water with skim milk to proper consistency, and it is ready for use. It will adhere well to wood, rough or smooth, to brick, mortar, or stone, where oil has not been used, and forms a very hard substance, as durable as the best oil paint. Any colour may be

had by adding colours dissolved in whiskey.

BAD SMELLS IN A HOUSE.—These do not always mean immediate danger, but always mean circumstances which may prove dangerous. To be safe, therefore, take timely warning. They are disagreeable, but are merciful warnings. They tell you to clean and disinfect your cellar or drain before they become the breeding place of diphtheria or typhus fever.

ECONOMISE THE COKE DUST.—In breaking up the coke, you will inevitably crush a portion into dust, but this should not be wasted. Sprinkle it with sufficient water to cause it to cling together. Every ounce of it will burn, and for "keeping in" a copper fire, or other furnace, or close stove, it will be found to cake and burn off steadier than large coke or coal. All the care wanted is that the fire should be burning briskly when the wetted coke is thrown on.

ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPING NOT STINGINESS.—Watching the leaks to see that there is no waste is a different thing from deliberately corking up the natural outflow of hospitality. Of course, the corking up is sometimes compulsory. In many families, the hospitable wishes of the members are necessarily restricted by the inevitable and often close combat with the regular recurring bills of the butcher and the baker; at the same time economy is not incompatible with a genuine freedom in hospitality. The best grace of hospitality is that which gives not only of its abundance but out of its lack.

"WITH SOME PEOPLE, IT IS SOAP."—So Mr. George Dawson used to say in deprecating extreme economy. At the same time, there is a time for taking care of the pieces of soap when they have become too small for convenient handling. Make a small flannel bag of suitable size; leave one end partly open, and put in the pieces as they collect; when it is full,

close up the opening, and it makes a nice bath tub arrangement. Another way is to add a little water, set them in a tin on the stove and let them simmer slowly. When cold, you have tolerably good soft soap, just the thing for putting in your wash boiler or washing tins with; or by evaporating part of the water, you may make the soap hard enough to be moulded into small cakes, which can be dried for use again.

REALLY GOOD GINGER BEER.—“I append a recipe for making really substantial and wholesome ginger beer. We made and sold several thousand dozens of bottles in one year, before the universal introduction of machine-made aerated waters. We used to treasure it as a secret, but now no longer use it:—To 9 gals. of water, add 7 ozs. of brown ordinary ginger, previously bruised. Boil for about one hour. Strain off into earthen vessel with a tap; or barrel with head off, containing 9 lbs. preserving sugar. When only *lukewarm*, add 3 ounces tartaric acid and 4 ozs. cream of tartar, previously dissolved in cold water; the juice of three lemons, or one ounce essence of lemon; and the white of three eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Stir well. Bottle or barrel airtight after 24 hours. It will be better for storing.”

THE SO-CALLED OFFAL.—The so-called offal of each bullock is sufficient to feed forty-four people. The head, when cleaned, is stewed, and the meat removed from the bones; the feet are scalded and the hairs scraped off, and then boiled for twelve hours to remove the oil. The meat is chopped up and added to the head meat, which, with some of the liver, is boiled in the first liquor until the whole jellies, when it is turned into moulds, and makes potted-head, and other locally-named but very savoury meat. The tail, cut into joints, makes the very finest soup, which, as ox-tail soup, should be far more

common on family tables than it is. It is very rich and glutinous, and the meat from the bones is remarkably good. The heart is an excellent roast, stuffed with force-meat or onions; the liver is good fried or broiled. The bladder should be saved for covering jelly-pots or filling with lard; the tongue salted and smoked is a delicacy; the paunch, properly cleaned, furnishes the most digestible and wholesome tripe—so that altogether there is little of the carcase to be cast away as useless.

PLEASING VARIETIES.

IF you are vexed in mind, go and do some hard work.

IF thou hast a loitering servant, send him on thy errand just before his dinner.

ENTRUST not thy secret to another, for he who entrusteth a secret hath lost it.

THE atmosphere of a crowd is always an unwholesome one, mentally as well as physically.

BETTER to be despised for too anxious apprehensions than ruined by two confident a security.

USE your memory: you will sensibly experience a gradual improvement, while you take care not to overload it.

OLD men like to give good advice as a consolation for not being longer in a condition to give a bad example.

A CONVENIENT BREEZE.—As Arlotto, the well-known Italian author, was once preparing to go on a journey, several of his friends requested him to make purchases for them in the town to which he was going, but all, except one, neglected to supply him with money for the purpose. He only executed the commission of this one; the others, upon his return, called upon him, and reproached him for his inattention to their wishes. “You must know, my friends,” said Arlotto, “that in the course of my journey, I came to the

side of a river, and there I took out the papers that contained your commissions to look them over; on a sudden a gust of wind arose, and carried all the papers down the stream, except one, which, as it had money in it, was too heavy to be blown away."

STARTING CHILDREN IN THE WORLD.—

Many a parent labours hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. It is a doubtful good. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; the chances are that he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education and you have done much for him. See to it that his morals are pure, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern men, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of.

THE TRUE GOOD WIFE.—The good wife is none of our dainty dames who love to appear in a variety of suits every day new; as if a good gown, like a stratagem in war, were to be used but once. But our good wife sets up a sail according to the keel of her husband's estate; and if of high parentage, she does not so remember what she was by birth, that she forgets what she is by match. The good wife commandeth her husband, in any equal matter, by constantly obeying him. It was always observed that what the English gained of the French in battle by valour, the French regained of the English in cunning by treaties. So if the husband should chance by his power or his passion to prejudice his wife's right, she wisely knoweth by compounding and complying to recover and rectify it again.—*Fuller*.

DON'T FRET.

Has a neighbour injured you?
Don't fret—

You will yet come off the best;
Treat it lightly, as a jest—
Never mind it—let it rest.

Don't fret.

Has a horrid lie been told?
Don't fret—

It will run itself to death,
As the ancient adage saith,
And will die for want of breath.

Don't fret.

Are your enemies at work?
Don't fret—

They can't injure you a whit;
If you heed them not one bit,
They will soon be glad to quit.

Don't fret.

Is adversity your lot?
Don't fret—

Fortune's wheel keeps turning round,
Every spoke will reach the ground,
And with you will upward bound.

Don't fret.

REMARKABLE WORKS OF HUMAN LABOUR.—Nineveh was 14 miles long, eight miles wide, and 46 miles round, with a wall 100ft. high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75ft. thick, and 100ft. high, with a hundred brazen gates. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus was 420ft. to the support of the roof; it was a hundred years in building. The largest of the Pyramids was 481ft. in height, and 953 on the sides; the base covers 11 acres; the stones are about 60 ft. in length, and the layers are 208; it employed 320,000 men in building. The Labyrinth in Egypt contained 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round, and 100 gates. Carthage was 20 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens, and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphus was so rich in donations that it was plundered of £10,000,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

A LONG SLEEP. — A peculiar case of prolonged sleep is at present occupying the attention of medical circles in Germany. A miner named Johann Latus is an inmate of the hospital at Myslowitz, in Silesia, where he was admitted four and a-half months ago, and since then all efforts to wake him have been fruitless. Dr. Albers, the doctor attending him, is of opinion that the apparent sleep is really a state of catalepsy, though medical science has on record no previous case of such a prolonged nature, all the limbs being absolutely rigid. The body lies quite still, the breathing is regular, and there is a healthy colour in the cheeks. In the last few days, the body has become much less rigid and the patient has even made some slight movement without, however, the eyes opening or the condition of apparent sleep being in any way disturbed. In the four and a-half months that the sleep has lasted, the hair has increased in length, but the beard has remained stationary. Nourishment, to the extent of two to three litres of milk, is administered daily by a tube inserted into the throat.

RACE WITH A TRAIN. — Many experiments have been made to test the speed of carrier pigeons. The results are often wonderful, but we are better able to appreciate the power of the bird when it is racing against a rapid train than when it flies simply against time. Such a race took place from Dover to London a few years ago. The race was between the Continental mail express train and a carrier pigeon conveying an urgent document for the French police. The rails, carriages, and engine of the express train were, as might be expected, of the best possible construction for power and speed. The pigeon, which was known as a "Belgian voyageur," was tossed through the railway carriage window by a French official as the train left the Admiralty Pier, the wind being west and the atmosphere hazy.

The train had made more than a mile before the bird decided which direction to take. It circled up in the air, rising all the time in wider rings, while the train which made no stop, was speeding along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and the railway officials were ready to lay any odds on it. But the race was not to the strong, for a telegram announced the arrival of the bird, twenty minutes before the train steamed in.

YOUTHFUL GENIUS. — The greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at 25. Extreme youth overthrew the Persian empire. Don John of Austria took Lepanto at 25. Gaston de Foix was only 22 at Ravenna. Condé was the same age at Rocroi. Gustavus Adolphus died at 38; his wonderful captain, the Duke of Weimar, at 36. Cortes was little more than 30 when he closed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at 32, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and profoundest statesmen of the age. There are Nelson and Clive; but these are warriors, and perhaps we may think there are greater things than war. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil-prudence. Innocent the Third, the greatest of the Popes, was the despot of Christendom at 37. John de Medici was the Cardinal at 15; and, according to Guicciardini, baffled with his statecraft Ferdinand of Arragon himself. He was Pope, as Leo X., at 37. Lutler robbed even him of his richest province at 35. Take Ignatius, Loyola, and Wesley; they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only 30 when he made his pilgrimage, and wrote the wonderful "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal wrote a great work at 16, and died at 37; but it is needless to multiply instances. The history of heroes is the history of youth.—*D'Israeli.*

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Vol. II.

REMARKABLE EPISODES IN HISTORY.—No. 23.

TAKING THE OATH TO THE POPE.

IT may serve to illustrate the position of the Pope in the European system in the middle of the fifteenth century if we glance at some incidents in the life of Frederick III., Emperor of the Romano-Germanic, or "the Holy Roman Empire." Shortly after he came to the throne (A.D. 1440) he attended a Council of the Church at Basil to put an end to the scandal which had been caused by the election of a rival Pope. This rival Pope—Amadeus Duke of Savoy—offered the Emperor his daughter, a young princess of exquisite beauty, and an immense sum as marriage dower, on condition that he would acknowledge his claims. "This man," said the Emperor to one of his courtiers, "would fain purchase 'Holiness' if he could find a seller." The Emperor refused to countenance the rival, who ultimately resigned on certain inducements, and the Papal chair was filled by the properly-elected Eugenius IV., who soon died and was succeeded by Nicholas V.

"The peace of the Church" being thus restored, the Emperor having ratified the Pontifical election now proposed to go to Rome to be crowned by the Pope, along with Eleanora, sister of the King of Por-

tugal, to whom he was contracted to be married. Crossing the Alps, the Emperor was received in great state by the chief cities of Italy, one after the other. He made a magnificent entrance into Venice. Hence, he repaired to Ferrara, Milan and Florence. From Florence, he went to Sienna, where he was joined by the Princess Eleanora, with whom he meditated an immediate movement towards Rome; but the Pope's messengers met him there and requested him to comply with the ancient custom which required the emperors to take an oath to the Pope before entering "the territories of St. Peter's patrimony." After talking the matter over with them, the Emperor, wishing no further trouble with the Pope, decided to comply and took the following oath:

"I, Frederick, King of the Romans, promise and swear, by the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, by the wood of the vivifying cross, and by these relics of saints that if, by the permission of the Lord, I shall come to Rome, I will exalt the holy Roman church, and His Holiness who presides over it to the utmost of my power. Neither shall he lose life, limb, or honour, by my counsel, consent, or exhortation. Nor will I in the city of Rome make any law or decree touching those things which belong to His Holiness or the Romans without the advice of our most holy Lord Nicholas.

"Whatever part of St. Peter's patrimony shall fall into our hands, we will restore it to His Holiness, and he to whom we shall commit the administration of our Kingdom of Italy shall swear to assist His Holiness in defending St. Peter's patrimony to the utmost of his power. So help me God and His holy evangelists."

Having signed the oath, he repaired to Rome, on the outskirts of which he was met by the whole college of cardinals, but another custom prevented his immediate entry into the city—a custom intended to signify the pre-eminence of the Pope as the dispenser of crowns. The custom was that when emperors went to be crowned, they stayed some time outside the walls, waiting the pleasure of the Pope. So Frederic ordered tents to be pitched outside Rome, but he passed only one night. He next day made his public entry, and was crowned King of Lombardy. Three days afterwards, he was married to Princess Eleanora, with whom he received at the Pope's hand the imperial crown of the Holy Roman Empire, after which he signed a concordat with the church, regulating the mutual rights of Pope and Emperor in the matter of distributing the temporalities of the church. The Emperor was a timid and slothful man, and throughout a long and inglorious reign could not be roused to undertake anything against the Turks, who were at that time threatening to bring the whole of Europe under the sway of the Crescent.

ON no consideration consent to falsehood.

A REMARKABLE diamond has been recently found on the Koffeyfontein Diamond Mining Company's ground in Australia, which appears to be of such value that even competent judges hesitate to name a price commensurate with its worth.

VACILLATION, PANIC, AND WAR.

The Most Wonderful Phase of Modern History.
No. 24.

THE SUBJECTS OF PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1.

France oppressed for centuries (p. 2, vol. i.); 2. States-General demanded and summoned (p. 43); 3. The election amid public excitement (p. 82); 4. Meeting of the States-General (p. 123); 5. Food scarcity and public riot; the soldiers mutinous (p. 163); 6. Attack on the Bastille Prison (p. 202); 7. Flight of the aristocracy; assassination of officials (p. 242); 8. Pillage of the country and burning of castles (p. 283); 9. The women march to Versailles (p. 323); 10. They invade the assembly sitting there (p. 362); 11. The palace forced by the mob (p. 403); 12. The King compelled to remove to Paris (p. 442); 13. Trouble and darkness in France (p. 2, vol. ii.); 14. A hubbub Parliament out of doors (p. 42); 15. The Jacobin's Club and the three weeks' swearing (p. 82); 16. Outburst of serious theatricals (p. 123); 18. After the feast (p. 202). 19. Underground rumblings (p. 243); 20. Death in the Senate and Perplexity in the Palace (p. 282); 21. The King's Flight (p. 322); 22. The King's Capture (p. 362); 23. Under the Constitution (p. 402).

FRANCE might have got on well enough under the new constitution if the King had been in hearty accord with it or had even possessed the most ordinary endowment of executive will. But he was a prey to helpless vacillation, except as to one point: he was determined to counterwork the constitution as far as the constitution allowed. The constitution allowed him a power of veto on all Acts of the Assembly; and this he used so freely that scarcely any of the really important decrees of the Assembly became law. It was an unwise use of his power—like a man sitting on the steam valve. But the King was not a wise man, or even a man of clear resolution in his own interests. He could scarcely come to a decision on any course to be adopted,

and when he came to it, he was liable to go away from it.

If the Queen—Maria Antoinette—had only been king, things must have had a different issue. But the purpose of God must be fulfilled. The actual King needed was there; a king confusing everything and leading everything on to ruin; "a king who cannot take the constitution nor reject the constitution; nor do anything at all, but miserably ask, "What shall I do?" Haughty remnants of the aristocracy advise one thing; friends of the constitution advise another. One set speak earnestly into this ear, another set speak earnestly into that; the poor royal head turns to the one side and to the other side, but can settle itself fixedly to no side. To thwart the constitution he has no objections, provided he can do so while appearing to be its friend. "He studies it, and executes it in the hope, mainly, that it will be found inexecutable," and that the nation will get disgusted with it and wish to return to the old order of things. Vain hope! It will get disgusted with the King first, and try to get on without a throne. Had it not been written—"The tenth part of the city fell?"

Though the King had failed to effect his escape, his heart was still outside France on the frontiers. He had not lost hope that Austria and her allies would come to his rescue. He writes to them secretly to this effect, so that they might not misinterpret his acceptance of the constitution. Meanwhile, he allows his friends to do the best they can in France to keep up appearances. He goes over now and then at suitable times to the senatorial chamber or upper house which the new constitution has established and delivers an encouraging royal speech, amid the cheers and almost the tears of the senators. Privately, he consents to the distribution of bribe money among the patriots in the Assembly, who accept

the sop, but remain friends of the people. He concurs also, in the spending of £10,000 per month in the hiring of paragraph-writers, placard journalists, to write in the King's interest, and also 280 applauders to pack the galleries of the Legislative Assembly, and influence the deliberations of the House by cheering pro-royal sentiments.

By similar influences, friends of the King are appointed as ministers, and show no zeal in carrying out the decisions of the House. The public service goes slack and waste. The King's ships lie rotting in the harbour, their officers gone; the armies grow disorganised; robbers scour the highways, and the roads are unrepaired. There is a general sense of things "going to the dogs." Rumour is preternaturally active. The King's palace is reputed a nest of anti-national intrigue—an Austrian committee, in fact, sitting invisible in the Tuilleries, and spinning a web whose threads go far and wide, even to the ends of the earth, and hatching danger for France. Over the frontiers at Coblenz are the nobility and upper ten who have left the country, numbering now many thousands, and organising and preparing to be useful in case the Austrian Emperor should decide in favour of rescue. Among all courts much correspondence is going on. It is privately agreed that the cause of French Royalty is "the common cause of kings." Gustav, King of Sweden, swears himself Knight of the Queen of France, and will dare for her deliverance. Austria and Prussia confer at Pilnitz; "All men intensely listening. Imperial rescripts have gone out from Turin; there will be secret convention at Vienna. Catherine of Russia beckons approvingly; even the Spanish Bourbon promises help." English Pitt looks out from his watch-tower in a suspicious manner.

Following upon which, are military

preparations in all directions: "sergeants rub-a-dubbing openly through all manner of German market towns collecting ragged valour." Arms are hammering at Liège, three thousand horses ambling hitherward from the fairs of Germany, cavalry enrolling, likewise foot soldiers, in blue coat, red waistcoat, and nankeen trousers. Deserters are spirited over from France by assiduous crimps; the Royal Allemand is gone almost wholly; manufacturers of false French money busy—all which is duly reported in France and Paris by friend and foe—on the walls and by the newspapers. The *Ami du Roi* goes so far as to name the exact contingents to be contributed by the various European Governments for the invasion of France, amounting to 419,000 troops of all arms, with 15,000 French emigrants, which latter are proud and high, full of bitter hate and menace for patriotism, comprising king's brothers, all princes of the blood, counts and aristocrats, whose castles have been burnt, generals and military men, who have been driven out of the country by mutiny of the army. In addition to these the newspapers report daily and hourly desertions still going on from France, whole companies, and even regiments, marching off with banners flying, to the cry of *Vive le Roi! Vive le Reine!*

Much of this is exaggeration: some of it mere invention: but it serves the purpose of diffusing fear and disorganising government. Of public official vigour there is none. Ministers are even casting a wishful eye towards the frontiers. The public service seems to be dead. The very tax gatherer seems smitten with paralysis, or retains what taxes he can gather for his own inevitable expenditures. There are three armies in the country near the frontiers, on which the country in ordinary circumstances might rely for defence, but they have shrunk to a nominal force.

They are comparable to "three flights of long-necked cranes in moulting time—wrecked, disobedient, disorganised: armies that never saw fire: the old generals and officers gone across the Rhine."

The Assembly asks what is to be done? Shall we draw sword at once and march in the face of the onrushing world; or shall we wait till our resources mature themselves a little? The Assembly is divided. Robespierre is in favour of delay. The other party think delay is against them, as their resources will not improve with time, but otherwise. They decide to send for Dumouriez, the one general left who showed any capacity, and to take his counsel. Dumouriez is in favour of negotiating with the foe. They appoint him War Minister. He opens communication with the Governments of Austria and Prussia, demands explanation of this, explanation of that, especially of the menacing assembly of emigrants at Coblenz. The answers were such as might have been expected, whereupon the king, on demand of the Assembly, steps over to the Hall of the Senators on April 20th, 1792, and with tears in his eyes, proposes that the Assembly do now decree war. The proposal is debated in due form, and war is decreed that night! A storm was let loose that raged with more or less intermission for twenty-four years, and changed the face of Europe.

BANK NOTES.—The Bank of England notes which are paid in five years would fill 13,400 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would (*Woman* assures us) reach over two miles. If the notes themselves were placed in a pile they would reach to a height of five miles, or, if joined end to end, would form a ribbon 1,200 miles long, or, if spread out, would nearly cover Hyde Park. They weigh ninety tons, and represent 1,750 millions sterling.

ROYALTY IN THE GUTTER.

THE day is coming when all majesties of the merely human era will be depressed from their high estate, and made to herd with the common people in the presence of the friends of God exalted from the dunghill to the throne of universal dominion—if indeed they are allowed to live at all. Meantime, it is the rule for royalty to remain secure in the elevation and splendour of inherited power. But there have been frequent exceptions in the course of history. Kings and queens have come down to the very gutter in the strange mutations of human experience.

Adelaide, Queen of Italy, one of the most beautiful women of her age, was successfully besieged in Pavia, and impertuned to a marriage to which she was averse, to escape which she fled in the company of an ecclesiastic, with whom she travelled on foot through the country at night, and concealed herself in the cornfields by day while her companion begged food in the villages.

The Emperor Henry IV. of Germany, being deposed and imprisoned by his son, escaped from prison, and became a vagrant on the road. He presented himself to the Bishop of Spire, and begged for an ecclesiastical office, which the bishop denied him. He afterwards died in poverty at Liege.

Mary of Medicis, the wife of the great Henry of France, mother of Louis XIII., the mother-in-law of three European sovereigns, and for a time supreme ruler of France in her capacity of Regent, was at last, in the vicissitudes of the times, compelled to flee from Paris, and lived in the utmost poverty in Cologne, where she was a virtual prisoner in the Chateau de Compiègne. She died in misery.

Antonio, King of Portugal, was twisted out of his position by the awkwardness of circumstances and became an exile at

Paris. He came to England and Elizabeth assisted him with troops, but to no purpose. He gradually sank in position until he became positively indigent. He died in 1595 in great poverty. He was attended to the last by one of his courtiers, who shared in all the king's misfortunes, and asked only to be buried at his feet.

The wife of Charles I., of England, was one of those who experienced the extreme reverse of fortune. As is well known, she was the daughter of the King of France. When her husband was executed, and Oliver Cromwell came to power, she found an asylum in France, and was allowed a small pension for her support, but it was so irregularly paid that she had often difficulty in obtaining necessaries, even on credit. One morning when a courtier called on her, she informed him that her daughter, the Princess Henrietta, was obliged to keep her bed in the cold weather for want of fuel to make a fire. A partizan of Charles published a book in her defence. Yet Charles' Queen had fallen so out of consideration that he omitted to send her a copy, for which he feared he would receive no payment.

The daughter of James I. married the Elector Palatine of Germany, and so impoverished herself by her attempt to get her husband crowned that she was at last reduced to the necessity of wandering frequently in disguise as a mere vagrant.

Charles VII. of France was brought so low that he was unable to pay for a pair of boots he had ordered. The shoemaker, having no faith in his prospects, refused to let him have them on trust.

It is a favourite anecdote in France that eight travellers who once met fortuitously at an obscure inn, and were unable to provide the money among them for a third-rate dinner, turned out to be eight kings who had lost their crowns.

In all countries that have been the subject of conquest, the scions of royalty

are frequently found among the dregs of the population, for, as a rule, no one is so little able to shift for himself as the man born for high estate.

Tears and blood have marked the fortunes of mankind for ages—not only in the form of fallen greatness, but in the strugglings and changes of the toiling afflicted millions. The day will come when it will be all past and forgotten like a nightmare. In those days, the rulers will have risen from the lowest state, never to fall or die. Their immortal hands will assuage the griefs of a hundred generations.

SENSITIVENESS TO THE OPINION OF OTHERS.

Is Phrenology True?—No. 24.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The brain the seat of the mind (p. 6, vol. i.); 2. The mind a cluster of separate powers (p. 49); 3. The powers in harmonious groups (p. 86); 4. The relation of power to size (p. 127); 5. Development subject to control (p. 167); 6. Action of the body on the brain (p. 207); 7. Influence of constitutional fibre (p. 247); 8. Phrenological bearing of the vital functions (p. 287); 9. Temperamental Development (p. 329); 10. The brain itself, and its subdivisions in man and beast (p. 367); 11. Surgical difficulties considered (p. 407); 12. The organs—amativeness (p. 446); 13. The Conubial element in love (p. 6, vol. ii.); 14. Love of offspring (p. 47); 15. Love of friends (p. 86); 16. Love of fixed habitation (p. 127); 17. The power of application (p. 167); 18. The love of life (p. 206); 19. The combative instinct (p. 247); 20. The executive faculty, alias destructiveness (p. 286); 21. Acquisitiveness (p. 326); 22. The Speech Regulator (p. 367); 23. The "take-care" faculty (p. 407).

WHAT human beings are sensitive to each other's opinion is a fact that requires no proving. There is no keener source of pleasure or cause of sharper pain.

Why it should be so, no man can tell. It is not an affair of reason: it is an affair of instinct, as we say. A part of the brain is organised to give this susceptibility. The susceptibility is there, and it is in the head, as the quick rush of the blood and the electric glance of the eye will show in others, or feelings indicate to one's own consciousness. Such a view does not suit the philosophy of the schools or the pride of science, but it is the simple truth lying at the door where docility will find and apply it. Nearly all truth is simple, but inscrutable. It is when men leave truth and seek its explanation that they lose themselves. True science is the search for facts: much of modern science loses itself in the attempt to theorise as to the ultimate cause of facts.

The existence of approbateness is an element of beauty in the human constitution. It imparts grace and adaptability, and contributes a powerful ingredient to the pleasures and advantages of society. How unattractive human beings would be to each other, and how ungainly in their mutual deportment if they were indifferent to each other's opinion. The existence of this faculty takes off the sluggishness of mere self-life, and imparts politeness and courtesy, and that refinement of manners which contrasts so charmingly to the boorishness of indifference. It gives spice to intercourse and acts as a stimulus to many healthful activities. It makes human beings important and valuable to each other, quite apart from the many other ties that underlie their constitution. In due development, it is absolutely essential to human symmetry of character and to human happiness. The man who "does not care a straw" what his neighbour thinks of him is a man of defective endowment.

Like all the other faculties, however, it requires to be carefully kept in its

place. It may become a source of much evil if allowed to exercise more than its proper share of influence. No faculty is, in fact, more prone to run into excess. It is a large ingredient in "the lust of the flesh and the pride of life" that John speaks of as characterising the world. Its action confers an immediate and easy gratification of a sweet and powerful kind, which may be one reason why it is apt to outstrip the higher faculties in their development. Its sweetness, though powerful and active, is apt to turn to gall in the results it evokes. It leads to self-praise and vain-glory: and what more odious in the eyes of others, who then evince a sentiment that will not only offend approbateness, but stir up resentments that lead to hatred and many other evil fruits. It requires to be completely subordinated to the claims of good breeding as formulated by the higher faculties. Approbateness should be enjoyed but never shown, otherwise its opportunities of gratification will be rare. Everybody understands and should avoid "fishing for praise" even in the remotest and most indirect form, if they desire the legitimate gratification of being esteemed.

The excessive action of approbateness will interfere with the action of the other faculties, and disqualify man or woman for true society. It is liable to make them ostentatious and vain, or to make them obsequious and fawning where courtesy and kindness are all that is called for. Even if they devote themselves to higher pursuits, it is apt to be done from the wrong motive, and therefore with an imperfect result. The love of knowledge should be the chief inspiration of study, but approbateness will supply the mere ambition to shine which imparts to intellectual attainment a sickly yellow light, and deprives it of that durable quality that will outlast the wear and tear of life, and make the man a useful man.

"The lips of the wise disperse knowledge," not that they may make a figure, but that they may convey instruction. Knowledge acquired under the influence of ambition is apt to be barren in the mind in this respect. Approbateness is a good auxiliary, but a poor main support. Its position in the head indicates its true position in the character. It is on the top sides of the back head. It is above and slightly behind cautiousness, which, as the fear of danger, shades off into fear of adverse opinion. When large, it gives breadth and fulness in the upper part of the back head, at the corners. When it is small, the head narrows off here. It is a pity when it is small, for a man is apt then to be a dry stick, neither caring to please his neighbour by his good opinion nor to enjoy the pleasure of his neighbour's good opinion. But in these things we have little choice. It is hard to say whether too large or too small a development of the faculty is the greater evil. The right quantity is the right thing. We cannot mend it much, but we can mend it a little. To cultivate is possible, and to restrain is possible. A year's cultivation or restraint makes a decided difference.

The French are distinguished by a great prominence of this faculty. Its influence is visible in their institutions, manners, and public utterances. They are always posing in the eyes of mankind. As has been remarked, "compliments and praises are the current coin of their conversation, and 'glory' the condiment of the feast of life." Probably in no other nation could there be such a traffic in badges of honour as caused the downfall of the late M. Grevy.

The Americans come next the French in the prominence and activity of approbateness, which is at the root of the brag and swagger so prevalent in certain sections. The Scotch are remarkable for the excess of the faculty, but its action in

their case is largely held down by large conscientiousness and self-esteem. The faculty is also usually more active in women than in men. It is part of their qualification, for the part they have to fulfil as the sweeteners and nourishers of life.

It is noteworthy that the scheme of divine wisdom as it affects the future makes express provision for the action of this faculty. While we are forbidden to parade our good deeds or to find our motives in the desire for honour at the hands of men, Christ invites us to "seek the honour that cometh from God only," which he says will be conferred by a public acknowledgment before men and angels. "Then," says Paul, "shall every man have praise of God." The verdict, "Well done, good and faithful servant," coming from the mouth of Christ, will confer the highest gratification it is possible for approbateness to receive. It will be a gratification without danger, because enjoyed under the ascendancy of everything that is holy and noble, and true and perfect.

THE TRINITARIAN CONVULSION.

*Christianity since the Ascension of
Christ.—No. 24.*

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Fate of the apostles and their fellow-labourers (p. 8, vol. i.); 2. Persecution in Domitian's reign (Clement) (p. 51); 3. Heresy at the end of the first century (p. 87); **BEGINNING OF THE SECOND CENTURY**—Pliny's letter (p. 129); 5. Persecutions by Antoninus (Ignatius) (p. 109); 6. Adrian's reign (Jews forbidden the Holy Land) (p. 209); 7. Persecution in the reign of Marcus Aurelius (Justin Martyr and Polycarp) (p. 248); 8. The Persecution continued—Letter of Irenæus (p. 289); 9. Spiritual declension through Alexandrian philosophy (p. 331); 10. **CLOSE OF THE SECOND CENTURY** (p. 370); 11. Tertullian at Carthage (p. 410);

12. Christianity at Alexandria (Beginning of the third century) (p. 448); 13. Persecution in the third century (p. 8, vol. ii.); 14. Origen's Baneful Influence on Christianity (p. 49); 15. Repose and Declension (p. 88); 16. Persecution and relapse (p. 129); 17. Schism, affliction, and exhortation; 18. Dissension stopped by persecution (p. 208); 19. Peace, prosperity, and decay (p. 249); 20. A tempest of persecution (p. 288); 21. A break in the clouds (p. 327); 22. Sunshine and favour (p. 369); 23. Clouds in the Sky (p. 409).

THE Arian controversy which convulsed the empire in the days of Constantine, and led to the celebrated Council of Nice and the Athanasian creed, began at Alexandria, and for a time was confined to that city. It originated with an ecclesiastic there of the name of Arius, who held a subordinate post, but possessed considerable understanding and capacity. Arius objected to the doctrine, which had become fashionable in the Church, of Christ's co-equality with the Father, and appears to have contended for views on the whole scriptural, though lacking in completeness on the side of God-manifestation. He maintained that there was only one God the Father, and that Christ was His begotten Son, and, therefore, had a beginning, and the capacity of choosing good or evil. He seems to have gone too far in the direction of mere-man-ism, and not sufficiently to have recognised the presence of the Father in the Son.

At all events, his views had a favourable reception at the hands of many. We read that "He preached diligently at his Church (in Alexandria), diffused his opinions in all companies, and gained over many of the common people." The Bishop of Alexandria was slow to move in the matter, but at last, yielding to agitation, he met Arius in controversy (without effect), and then convoked a synod of bishops to

consider what was to be done. About a hundred bishops came together, and decided that the doctrine of Arius was heretical, and that he must be expelled from the Church if he refused to abandon it. Arius refused to give up what he believed to be the truth, and was excommunicated with nine of his adherents. He then wrote to Eusebius, bishop of Nicomedia, to complain that they were persecuted "because we agree not with him who publicly says (of Christ), 'Always God, always the Son; at the same time the Father, at the same time the Son: the Son co-exists with God without being begotten: he is always begotten, yet unbegotten. God does not precede the Son in thought, not for a moment; always God, always the Son: the Son exists from God Himself.'"

The excommunication of Arius and his companions led to the extension of the controversy to every part of the empire. The views of Arius found many supporters. The Christian world became the scene of bitter wordy strife and animosity. The theme was very subtle and difficult to handle, and the arguments refined and metaphysical, and supported on each side with the zeal and vigour of partizans rather than the earnestness of modest defenders of truth and salvation. The real aim and character of the gospel were lost in the whirlwind of barren argumentation that arose, and in which love and hope and joy perished. The Pagans hailed the contest with glee, and in the theatres imitated and ridiculed the arguments of the Christians. The debate was reinforced by letters and appeals from the Bishop of Alexandria in support of the excommunication, while Arius busily laboured to strengthen his cause by alliance with dissentient bishops in various parts of the empire. He also sent a favourite bishop to intercede with them, but without effect.

Constantine was much scandalised at

the conflict that had arisen, and strove without effect to heal the breach. He wrote to Arius and he wrote to the Bishop of Alexandria, who had ex-communicated him. He blamed both of them, and implored them to come to agreement, but said nothing that could touch the root of the trouble. The two parties were formed, and both were equally determined and both equally swayed by motives which made compromise difficult.

When Constantine saw there was no hope of peace by private endeavour, he took the resolution of summoning a council of the whole church. He ordered Bishops and Presbyters from all parts of the world to assemble at Nice in Bithynia; and, in order that there might be no obstacle, he directed conveyances to be provided at his cost, and arrangements to be made for their free maintenance during their stay at Nice.

Under these circumstances, about 600 Bishops and Presbyters came together at Nice. Some Gentile philosophers also attended to enjoy the mutual contradictions of the Christians, and the sport of involving them in a cloud of verbal subtleties. The Emperor attended and presided at the meetings. At the opening both parties presented a list of mutual accusations which they had drawn up. Constantine refused to read them, and threw them into the fire, and implored them to discuss their matters face to face and forbear and forgive one another. The business of the council then proceeded. Extracts were read from the writings of Arius, and the subject of them argued with great vehemence. Little headway was made, because the disputants used similar terms with different meanings. "Did the Trinitarians assert that Christ was God? The Arians allowed it, but in the same sense as men and angels were styled gods in Scripture. Did they affirm that he was truly God? The others allowed it, but

contended that he was made so by God. Did they affirm that the Son was naturally of God? It was granted; for even we, said they, are of God, of whom are all things. Was it affirmed that the Son was the power, wisdom and image of the Father? We admit it, replied the other, for we also are said to be the image and glory of God."

Because of the impossibility of coming to a common understanding on the basis of general terms or the quotation of Scripture, it was decided that the contention of the Trinitarians should be reduced to explicit definition, and the others called upon to admit or reject it. The Arians also presented their confession of faith. The two were then thoroughly debated. The bishops spoke their sentiments without reserve. Constantine had no mind of his own one way or other. He was disposed to give his sanction to any creed that the majority should agree to adopt. His favourite bishop was Eusebius, of Nicomedia, the historian, who favoured the Arian cause; but he himself did not appear very zealous for anything except peace and uniformity.

After much debate, a vote was taken, when an overwhelming majority were found in favour of the Trinitarian creed; whereupon the Emperor ordered all to adopt and subscribe to it, on pain of banishment. The minority held out for a time. They objected to the term "consubstantial" as an unscriptural term in its application to Christ. Indeed, Eusebius, of Cæsarea, the historian, who was present, wrote afterwards to his church that all the mischief had arisen from the use of unscriptural terms. However, on the solicitation of Constantia, the Emperor's sister, who sympathised with their views, they decided to subscribe for the sake of peace, reserving, however, their own sense of the term employed in the creed, by inserting the single letter *i* in the copies signed by

them, changing the term *homoousios* to *homoiousios*—the first term meaning of *the same substance*, and the second, of *like substance*. Two refused to sign at all, thinking it dishonest to sign with a reservation. Arius was deposed, excommunicated and forbidden to enter Alexandria. He and his associates were banished into Illyricum.

Before it dispersed, some other things were enacted by the Council, which shewed its anti-Christian character. They passed a decree forbidding the clergy to marry, and indeed suggested that those who had wives should put them away. They also prescribed penances for apostates; and a time for observing "Easter." It is not likely that a body of men so distinctly fulfilling Paul's prediction of apostacy should have given to the world a scriptural conception of the mystery of godliness. Accordingly, the Athanasian creed remains the monument of its corruption and imbecility, and the badge of apostacy throughout the Christian world to the present day. At the same time, a sentiment of pity rises in the contemplation of men running into extremes in their zeal to defend a truth concerning Christ which there is always danger of missing and losing through the assertion of another truth—with which it is apparently, but not really, incompatible. The day of darkness will end and the day of light and healing come.

MONKEYS are fond of oysters.

THEORETICAL COOKERY. — Mistress—
 "Mercy on me, what a kitchen! Every pot, pan, and dish is dirty, the table is all of a heap, and—why, it will take you a week to get things cleaned up! What have you been doing?" Servant—
 "Indeed, mum, the young leddies has just been down here showin' me how they boil a potato at the cooking-school."

THE ANGELS.

Is there a God?—No. 24.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. The reproductive faculty indicative of purpose (p. 14, vol. i.); 2. Every faculty proves the existence of its object, therefore God (p. 56); 3. The origin of the universe (p. 91); 4. The appearance of man upon the scene (p. 133); 5. The inconsistencies of the evolutionist view (p. 174); 6. The existence of sex a proof of God (p. 214); 7. Mechanism of the human frame (p. 251); 8. The construction of the eye (p. 292); 9. The seed of plant and animal (p. 333); 10. Human intelligence itself a proof of God (p. 371); 11. The self-action of the universe (p. 411); 12. The fool's opinion (p. 451); 13. The great universe and small man (p. 10, vol. ii.); 14. Limited Knowledge (p. 51, vol. ii.); 15. Omnipotent control (p. 90); 16. The existence of evil (p. 131); 17. Looking too much at the creature (p. 171); 18. God's Answer (p. 210); 19. Co-ordinate Truth (p. 251); 20. Man's State and God's Method (p. 291); 21. Human Clay and Divine Anger (p. 329); 22. The Position of Sacrifice (p. 371); 23. The Divine Unity (p. 410).

WELL, what are we to say to my difficulty about Omnipotence coming down to the earth and walking and talking like a man?

It is the old question of Solomon, "But will God indeed dwell upon the earth? Behold the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee, how much less this house that I have built."

Yes, that seems to be the question. What is the answer?

The answer will be found in the existence and function of the angels.

The angels? Who are they?

You must of course have heard of them.

Yes, I have heard of them, but I imagined they were part of the pretty fable of pulpit theology, which I understand you have discarded.

We have discarded the fables, certainly, but not what may be true in orthodox religion.

What! Do you go in then for little chubby heads and winged seraphic spectres?

No, not that at all, but for the angels of the Bible, who are as real as men, though of higher nature.

This is new to me.

You will find it true. The subject of angels is interwoven with Bible history all the way down, from the appearance of two at Sodom the night before its destruction (Gen. xix. 1) to the appearance in Patmos to John of the angel that exhibited to him the scenes of the Apocalypse (Rev. i. 1; xxii. 6). If you will study the recorded cases of their appearance, you will find they are beings more real than man; for they not only can eat and drink but are immortal, and have control over the powers of nature.

That is an extraordinary idea.

Open your mind and you may see it but a higher form of truth than you have yet been accustomed to. You do not suppose man is the highest form of life in the universe?

Far be it from me to suppose such a thing; yet man is the highest form of life I have seen.

But not than you have heard of if you take the Bible into account?

(*Hesitatingly*), Well, no.

And you have admitted the argument for its truth?

Yes.

Realise for a moment, then, the Bible representation of the subject. It is not merely that the appearance of angels is recorded many times, but their existence is expressly recognised, as by David in Psa. ciii.: "Bless the Lord, ye His angels that excel in strength, that do His commandments, hearkening to the voice of His word. Bless the Lord, all ye His

hosts, and ye ministers of His that do His pleasure": or still more weightily by Christ in His most frequent allusions to them, as when He says, "The Son of man shall come in His glory and all the holy angels with Him" (Matt. xxv. 31).

I have no doubt it is so if you declare it to be so. I am not so well acquainted with the Bible as I should like to be. But what strikes me is the extraordinary character of the doctrine.

It all depends upon what you mean by extraordinary. If you mean out of the run of ordinary mortal experience, it is no doubt extraordinary, but a thing may be out of the run of ordinary mortal experience, and yet very true, such as the appearance of a double comet or the fall of red snow.

Granted.

The existence of angels may be extraordinary in the sense of being a thing of which the current generation has had no experience, but it is far from extraordinary in the sense of being improbable or anomalous. It seems to me in the highest degree intrinsically probable, and opens out a conception of the universe that is sublime. The universe subsists in God, whose one spirit embraces and covers all, but it is not manipulated in detail by Him. Having received a fixed constitution by His power and wisdom, though His discernment penetrates it everywhere, He does not interfere in its operations; it is allowed to work itself out by the laws and affinities imparted to it, subject to the supervision of the immortal class of agents revealed to us as the angels who receive His "charge" (Matt. iv. 6), and execute His decrees (Dan. ix. 23; Ex. xxiii. 20-23). This exhibits the universe as a much more interesting field of intelligence than if operated mechanically by a law of celestial instinct as we might say:—Just as the earth is much more interesting as the scene of human tillage than it would be as a seed-growing paradise in man's absence.

I might grant the beauty of the conceit if we were only permitted to have the same experience of the angelic management as we have of that of the horticulturists.

It is only a question of time, my friend, if you accept the teaching of Jesus. You may remember what he said to Nathaniel: "Ye shall see heaven open and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." The accomplished experience of the past is the guarantee of what is to come.

Well, I might concede all that, but I do not see how it bears upon the fact of God coming down, &c., which you introduced it to explain.

One fact more is necessary to make the explanation obvious. The angels bear the name of God, and what they do, God is said to do.

Angels bear the name of God!

Such is the fact, my friend, however it may shock you at first sight. A verbal illustration of it you have in what was said to Moses concerning the angel that should accompany the Israelitish host on their journey to the land of promise: "Behold, I send an angel before thee to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. Beware of him and obey his voice . . . for my name is in him" (Ex. xxiii. 30). Direct proof is to be found in the application of the name of God over and over again to the angels that appeared in various phases of the Divine work. Take two instances: "The *Angel of the Lord* appeared unto Moses in a flame of fire out of the midst of the bush. . . . Moreover he said, *I am the God of thy father*, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face: for he was *afraid to look upon God*" (Ex. iii. 2, 6). The other instance is when Moses led Israel out of Egypt. It is said (Ex. xiii. 18) that "God led the people," and that "the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a

cloud" (verse 21). This, in chap. xiv. 19, is declared to be "*the Angel of God* which went before the camp of Israel." This peculiarity you will find exemplified in Bible history over and over again.

It is an extraordinary peculiarity, I must say.

It may seem so, but it is the key to the difficulty you expressed in understanding what you described as the pettiness and localness of the recorded manifestations of the Deity. One God manifested in a plurality of subordinate agents is not an inconceivable idea, is it?

I must take time to think over it. I cannot say that it disposes of all my difficulty.

PERSIA'S ALARM.

The Greek Empire.—No. 3.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Babylon (p. 16, vol. 1); 2. Cyrus (p. 58); 3. Rise of Cyrus as a great general (p. 92); 4. Campaigns of Cyrus (p. 135); 5. The capture of Babylon (p. 175); 6. Cyrus as a conqueror (p. 216); 7. Cyrus and Daniel: reign and death of Cyrus (p. 253); 8. Cambyses, son of Cyrus (p. 294); 9. Darius, successor of Cyrus (p. 335); 10. Beginning of the war with Greece (p. 374); 11. The expedition of Xerxes (p. 413); 12. Failure of the expedition (p. 452); 13. The disasters of Xerxes in Greece (p. 12, vol. ii.); 14. The end of Xerxes and the extraordinary sequel (p. 54); 15. Persian declension and a Greek suicide (p. 92); 16. Persia struggles to retain ascendancy (p. 134); 17. Persian disintegration; 18. Greek prowess and Persian bribery (p. 213); 19. Civil war and family assassinations (p. 253); 20. Horrors and enormities (p. 293.); 21. Impending Destruction (p. 332); G 1. Onrush of the Greek Goat (p. 374); 2. Alexander's Campaigns (p. 413).

THE progress of Alexander greatly alarmed the court of Darius, who set to work to bring every engine of

defence into vigorous operation. Resources for this were yet very ample. Though the battle of Granicus, with which the campaign opened in Alexander's favour, was a great calamity to the Persian arms, it would not have been in the category of irreparable disasters had subsequent measures been successfully conducted on the Persian side. There was not wanting the necessary sagacity for the contriving of those measures, nor the needful instruments for carrying of them into execution; but they were thwarted by the class of circumstances that are beyond human control.

After the battle of Granicus, Memnon, the best general on the Persian side—(of Greek extraction)—assembled the scattered remains of the Persian army, and retired with them finally to the island of Cos, pending the consideration of the best method of checking Alexander's advance. He wrote to Darius, recommending him to send a military expedition by sea into Alexander's own country, Macedonia. This expedition, he was sure, would be supported by the Greeks of Lacedæmon and other Greek states who had no love for Alexander; and Alexander would be compelled to retire from Asia to defend his own country. Darius approved of this advice and sent back word to that effect, and appointing Memnon admiral of the fleet and captain-general of all the forces required for the expedition. Memnon at once proceeded to take his measures, and had conducted them prosperously up to a certain point, when he died. His death was the greatest misfortune that could have happened to Persia. There was no one capable of taking his place, and the only enterprise that could have saved the Persian Empire had to be abandoned. Darius now saw that his sole resource lay in the armies of the east; and he issued orders for their

general concentration at Babylon, and, distrusting all his generals, announced his intention of taking the command in person. The work of assembling the army from various parts of the Empire was a slow one: but when completed brought together a host of overwhelming numbers and magnificence. When preparations were complete, the immense force, with Darius at their head, moved northwards across the plains of Babylon to meet Alexander.

Meantime, Alexander was steadily working his way through the mountainous region in the south-east of Asia Minor. He had heard of Memnon's death and the abandonment of the Macedonian diversion in his rear, and had resolved on pushing on with the utmost speed. There were serious obstacles in his way, but they were overcome one by one. The pass of Cilicia, which is so narrow that four men could not walk abreast, and so overhung by high and protruding precipices that a very small defending force could have stopped and destroyed a whole army with stones hurled down, might have stopped him for a time, but it was deserted by its Persian garrison in panic as soon as they heard of Alexander's approach. When Alexander entered and inspected the pass, he could but exclaim at the good fortune which had released him from the necessity of fighting to overcome such a barrier. Alexander marched his whole army straight through to the city of Tarsus (whose name has since been carried through the world by a man of a very different stamp from Alexander, who came to light three or four centuries afterwards). Tarsus was at that time a city of great opulence, and the Persians had resolved to burn it to prevent it from falling into Alexander's hands: but they were just a little too late. They had set fire to it, but not before Alexander's cavalry had time to arrive and extinguish the flames.

While staying here, Alexander nearly lost his life. He indulged in the luxury of bathing in the river that runs through Tarsus, whose waters are clear and limpid, but exceedingly cold from the protected course pursued by the river among the mountains before reaching Tarsus. The weather at the time was excessively hot, and the shock to Alexander—who was over-heated when he entered the stream—was so great that he was seized with an uncontrollable fit of shivering of so severe a character that he fainted away and was carried to his tent in a dying state, as was supposed by all around him. He lay for some time in a state of complete unconsciousness. The news getting abroad, threw the whole army into a state of the utmost consternation, and evoked an extraordinary manifestation of feeling. Strong men all through the camp cried like children. Alexander had become the idol of the army, not only by his extraordinary ability as a commander and personal powers as a soldier, but by his personal kindness and condescension, which led him to dress like the common soldiers and to share in all their toils and dangers, and to familiarize himself with inferiors without abandoning his dignity as the prince. He was beloved and respected in the highest degree, and the idea that he was dying was an agony, which was intensely aggravated by the perils to which his death would expose them: for here they were in the heart of the enemy's country with an enormous army gathering in their front, and an impoverished country in their rear, through which retreat would be impossible in the face of famine.—In the depth of their grief, great joy was caused by the report that Alexander was beginning to come to himself. He began to recognise the persons standing about him. Slowly he became aware of his situation and his state. At last his mind woke entirely up, but he was

physically prostrate and unable to move and supposed he would not recover. He bewailed the prospect of dying obscurely in a tent, instead of meeting the advancing forces of Darius. He appealed to his physicians to get him better if they could, but it must be done quickly. "The present condition of my affairs," he said, "will not admit either of slow remedies or timid physicians. A speedy death is more eligible to me than a slow cure. In case the physicians think it is in their power to do me any good, let them know that I do not so much wish to live as to fight."

The physicians were afraid to use violent remedies in view of the importance of Alexander's life and the tremendous responsibility to which they would be held in case he should die in their hands, as it was well known through the army that Darius had published that he would reward with a thousand talents the man who should kill Alexander. One of them, however, Philip of Arcana, who had attended upon Alexander from his youth, resolved to brave the risk, and administer a powerful remedy which would operate quickly. He asked three days to get it ready. Everyone trembled at the experiment. While Philip was getting his medicine ready, Alexander received a letter from Parmenio, his most trusted lieutenant, whom he had left behind in Cappadocia, telling him to beware of Philip, whom Darius had bribed with the promise of 1,000 talents and the sister of Darius in marriage. The letter gave Alexander great uneasiness, but he had confidence in Philip and folded up the letter and put it under his bolster without acquainting anyone with its contents.

At the end of three days, Philip entered his tent with the medicine, which he poured into a cup. Alexander took the cup, and then handed the letter to Philip

to read. Philip read the letter, Alexander fixing his eyes on his face while he read. Discerning on Philip's countenance indignation rather than fear or surprise, Alexander without further hesitation drained off the potion. The medicine worked at first with alarming power, but ultimately produced a toning effect which enabled Alexander in a few days to show himself to the army. The revulsion of feeling was extreme. The joy was almost delirious. They could not feast their eyes enough on the convalescent whose restoration meant the preservation of their own lives; and no caresses were too much for the physician who had brought him round.

FAR AWAY FROM THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Out of Doors at Night.—No. 24.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. Greatness of the starry universe (p. 19. vol. i.); 2. The earth a globe (p. 60); 3. Objections considered (p. 94); 4. The earth turning and travelling (p. 137); 5. The moon (p. 177); 6. Aspects of the moon (p. 218); 7. In the moon (p. 256); 8. The starry host: the planets: Mercury (p. 297); 9. Nearest the sun (p. 338); 10. Venus, the morning and evening star (p. 376); 11. Mars, the ruddy planet (p. 416); 12. The asteroids, the little planets of the solar system (p. 454); 13. The giant of the solar system (p. 14, vol. 2); 14. Our giant brother Jupiter (p. 55); 15. Jupiter and the shape of the earth (p. 94); 16. The splendid planet (p. 136); 17. A newly-discovered planet (p. 175); 18. The outpost of the solar system (p. 215); 19. The Lord of the Solar System (p. 255); 20. Celestial Visitors (p. 295); 21. The Celestial Visitors again (p. 334); 22. The meteoric showers (p. 377); 23. Comets and meteor swarms (p. 415.)

IN the twenty-three brief chapters that have gone before, we have mostly been confined to the solar system. We have now to look far away from the solar

system. This way of putting it is a little perplexing at first. The solar system itself is of such staggering dimensions that the idea of looking far away from it seems out of the question and absurd, but the idea is simply part of sober truth.

The solar system or system of bodies going round our sun (or *sol*), though so vast as to stagger imagination, is but a small family amid countless myriads of similar family-systems hung in space. In looking from the solar system to the nearest of those other systems, we are looking over a gulf so stupendous that light itself, which travels at the rate of nine millions of miles in a minute, takes many, many years to make the journey. The distance between one system and another is so vast that the law of gravitation has no appreciable action between one and another. All this may appear fabulous, but it is truth to be seen by the eye in the heavens when the mind is trained to read the evidence.

When you look out of a carriage window in a railway train speeding along the line, trees and houses and chimney stacks move past you at a rate exactly in proportion to their distance. Those that are very near go past quickly, those that are very far off go past slowly, and those in the middle distances go middle pace. Suppose they were all in fog, you could tell by the pace at which they went past which of them were near and which were far off. On this simple principle, scientifically and accurately applied, the distances of the heavenly bodies are determinable.

The members of our own system are called planets, to distinguish them from the more distant stars of the sky. To the naked eye there is little difference between the stars and the planets, except that when watched long enough, the planets are seen to move among the stars, whereas the stars have fixed places from which they

never shift. But when looked at with a telescope, the difference is very great. The planets enlarge under the telescope, whereas the stars rather grow smaller and sharper when so examined. They are mere points of light with no magnitude.

The planets are comparatively few in number, whereas the stars are counted by millions. The milky way, which appears as a mere haze in the sky, has been discovered with enlarged telescopes to be stars clustered together so thickly as to form a glorious mass. Yet their massing together is a mere appearance to the human eye. The spaces between them are far greater than between the earth and the most distant planets. All these ideas at first sight seem fabulous; but it only requires a little study, even in a rough and common-sense way, to see that they are true. The magnitudes opened out to the imagination are stupefying to our little minds: but this effect is due to our smallness, and not to the subject itself, which is only in harmony with the revelation of the infinite power and glory of God. A smaller universe would be out of fitness with His infinite greatness.

What the stars are in themselves cannot be known in any accurate sense, but some things appear incontestible. They are self-luminous. They never come under eclipse as bodies do that derive their light from another. They are always visible, unlike the planets which cannot be seen in space unless the sun is shining on them. They shine for ever. Their visibility in this character and at such a distance suggests that they are suns, and if so, they probably have lesser bodies revolving round them as the planets round our sun, but they are not all exactly like our sun. There are some curious differences indeed. Some of them are in couples, going round each other like two girls with hands locked. Some go in triplets; some in quartets. And some,

extraordinary to consider, are periodical: that is, they come and go—appear and disappear—in a perfectly inexplicable way.

As regards the stars that work in sets as we may call them, the following remarks by R. Kalley Miller, M.A., of Cambridge, will be read with interest:—"But one of the most remarkable features about these multiple stars is that they are very frequently of different colours. In the case of the double stars, the two colours are usually complementary; colours, that is, which when mixed together in proper proportions produce white. Thus one will be green and the other red, or one orange and the other blue, or one violet and the other yellow. Similarly with the triple stars, we may have a blue, and a red, and a yellow, or a green, an orange, and a violet. In quadruple stars, we may have blue, green, orange and red, and so on, in endless combination.

"If there be any planets in attendance upon these multiple suns, the celestial phenomena visible from them will be of the most extraordinary character indeed.

. . . When the primary orb (the sun they are nearest to) sinks beneath the horizon, the secondary sun or suns will shine out in full splendour, much smaller and more distant than the primary, but yet far exceeding in brilliancy the borrowed light of the brightest of full moons. Take the case of a planet in a quadruple system at a time when it happens to be about equally distant from all its four suns. A green and a red sun are above the horizon, and when we look directly at either, its colour is clear, brilliant, and well defined. But their rays meet and mingle and unite into a dazzling snowy white, which imparts to the whole landscape the pure radiant look which seems to fill the firmament on a sunny day, when the ground is covered with snow. A light cloud-wreath steals over the green sun, and a faint rosy blush

overspreads the face of the sky. The cloud thickens, and the rosy hue deepens into a mellow crimson. Then the green sun sets and a blue one rises, changing the red light of the sky into a rich purple, veined here and there with pale amethyst, as a few rays from the green sun struggle through the clouds just as it sinks beneath the horizon. The purple changes into a deep gold as the blue sun is succeeded by an orange one, and the gold pales down as the red sun sinks to his rest in turn. The orange is left alone, and when it too sets, night comes on apace, and now the moons rise and shed their radiance on the scene. But how differently do they show from the pale uniform light that beams from our own plain satellite. Every colour of the rainbow glows from their faces. In belts, in spots, in launes, their chequered discs reflect every shade of hue that the artist's palette can produce. The parts illumined by one sun alone reflect more faintly than the rest the colours of their respective orbs. Those which come within the light of two or three of them will shine more brightly and with gayer combinations of colours, while on the parts on which all the four suns shine at once, we may find again the snowy white, so bright as to sparkle almost with the light of day."

ONLY one couple in 11,500 live to celebrate their diamond wedding.

THE smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which the Eddystone Lighthouse stands. At low water it is only thirty feet in diameter.

TOILET OF THE CAT.—Cats, large and small, make the most careful toilet of any class of animals, excepting some of the opossums. The lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner.

**THE EXTERMINATION OF THE
CANAANITES.**

Is the Bible True?—No. 23.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS ARTICLES.—1. A moot question with "yes" waiting (p. 18, vol. i.); 2. The Bible's own testimony: why should it be questioned? (p. 97); 3. Its historic backbone (p. 139); 4. Taking its history to pieces: Abraham (p. 179); 5. Truth necessitated by the nature of its narrative: Joseph (p. 219); 6. Ditto in the case of Moses: the exodus (p. 258); 7. The journey in the wilderness (p. 299); 8. Israel's chronic mutinies (p. 340); 9. What the record of the murmurings proves (p. 378); 10. The want of food in the wilderness; the manna supply (p. 418); 11. Failure of the water supply: the sin of Moses (p. 456); 12. The worship of the golden calf (p. 16, vol. ii.); 13. Struck dead on the spot (p. 58); 14. A doomed generation (p. 96); 15. Envy at headquarters (p. 138); 16. Wholesale revolt (p. 177); 17. Distressed leader and plagued people (p. 217); 18. Balaam's journey (p. 257); 19. The Speeches of Moses (p. 298); 20. An Extraordinary National Anthem (p. 336); 21. A Repulsed Attack (p. 379); 22. The Conquest of Canaan (p. 416).

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have been directing your attention to certain features of the history of the invasion of Canaan by Israel under Joshua by way of suggesting and contending that the history cannot but be a true one. Let me now ask you to take a larger view, and to realise two aspects of the matter which are absolutely irreconcilable one with the other if the story is fictitious, or if the enterprise it describes was a human one; but which are not only consistent, but the natural complements of each other, if the story is true and the work a divine one.

You are, of course, acquainted with the current, and as I might almost call it the fashionable view of the case, which I will submit is a most shadowy and untenable view. It is taken for granted that Israel did in some form undertake and perform the conquest of Canaan under Joshua,

but that the achievement was a purely human performance on their part, instigated by the desire to possess a good country, and carried out with the most reckless disregard to the rights of the original owners, whom they butchered in vast multitudes, and, in fact, exterminated from the face of the earth so far as it was in their power to do so, on the false plea of a divine authorization.

Ladies and gentlemen, if this is a true representation of the case, then Israel was an unprincipled body of marauding freebooters, influenced only by lust of plunder knowing no law but the might of their own right hands, which they were prepared to steep, and did steep, deeply in the blood of all who came between them and their objects, and that too on the most hypocritical pretences. That they did destroy whole communities of the Canaanites is granted. Their commission was to "leave nothing alive that breatheth, but to slay utterly old and young," and they acted liberally up to it throughout the length and breadth of the land. The question is, the origin and the meaning of this wholesale butchery. It may seem to you there ought to be no difficulty about this. It has of course been no uncommon thing in the course of history for one race to invade the country of another. We have all read of the Saxons and Danes coming over into England and exterminating the Britains; and if there was nothing else in the case of Israel's invasion of Canaan than the extermination of the Canaanites, it would be natural and easy to place it in the category of those dismal racial irruptions that have from time to time disfigured the history of mankind.

But there is much more than this in connection with it. We have a very full and precise account of the interior economy and animating principles of the Jewish system, and it is this aspect of the case that makes it impossible to class the

conquest of Canaan with the robber enterprises of other nations. If the Danes and Saxons laid waste the smiling counties of England east and south and destroyed the population that they had ostensibly come to befriend, we know that they acted in harmony with their own lawless character, which there was no pretence of concealing. But in the case of Israel we have a totally different state of things. They were organized on the basis of a law which imposed the utmost restraint on themselves and prescribed the utmost holiness and justice and kindness, not only in their own dealings, but in their dealings with the stranger. The authority of God was not only alleged for the invasion of Canaan and the destruction of the Canaanites, but for many other things which a rapacious and unprincipled people could not be conceived as enacting.

Take the obligation to observe the whole law of Moses: "It shall be when the Lord thy God shall have brought thee unto the land which He sware unto thy fathers . . . ye shall diligently keep the commandments of the Lord your God and his testimonies and his statutes which he hath commanded thee. And *thou shalt do that which is right and good in the sight of the Lord* that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest go in and possess the good land which the Lord sware unto thy fathers to cast out all thine enemies from before thee" (Deut. xi. 10, 17). "Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God, in not keeping his commandments and his judgments and his statutes, which I command thee this day. . . . Thou shalt consider in thine heart that as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God *chasteneth thee*" (viii. 11, 5).

Now, ladies and gentlemen, even if we did not know what the "Commandments and Statutes" were that are thus referred to, there would be something in this

injunction that would distinguish the people recognizing and placing themselves under it from ordinary invaders. It places them under a standard of action exterior to themselves and above their own devices. They were entering the land, that they might as a nation obey a divine system of law with the object of pleasing God and securing His blessing, and under a threat that if they were disobedient, they would perish from the land and become fugitives among the nations (Deut. xxviii. whole chapter). You cannot reconcile this with their being a nation of murderers and robbers.

When we come to consider the commandments themselves, the case becomes stronger and stronger. They were such as to mark off the Jewish law from all contemporary systems, and such indeed as to constitute it to this day the highest standard of justice and equity, and the highest form of spiritual life ever conceived among men. Take the very first commandment: Thou shalt *love the Lord thy God* with all thy heart and all thy soul and with all thy might." A nation of God-lovers would not be a nation of man-killers *per se*. It matters not to the argument that the nation were disobedient to their law. The law was the picture of what they were to be; and those who gave them the law were the directors of the conquest, and therefore the argument from the character of the law to the character of the invasion remains in full force. If a nation with such a law killed, it must have been for a reason compatible with the love of God, which it prescribed. The command of God to do it because of the unrighteousness of the people, would be such a reason. What was their first institution? Sacrifice. Sacrifice morning and evening by rote: sacrifice for every case of personal offence: a day of atonement by sacrifice once a year for the whole nation (Lev. xvi. 34; xxiii. 27-30). What

was the reason of this? A reason is given. Ponder it: "Ye shall be holy unto me: for I, the Lord, am holy and have severed you from other people that ye should be mine" (Lev. xx. 26). This also was given as a reason for scrupulosity as to sanitary arrangement and as to what they should eat. "The Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp: therefore shall thy camp be holy that he see no unclean thing in thee and turn away from thee" (Deut. xxiii. 14).

Then consider the laws regulating

1. *Their dealings*: "Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment, in meteyard, in weight or in measure. Just balances, just weights, a just ephah and a just hin shall ye have. I am the Lord your God which brought you up out of the land of Egypt" (Lev. xix. 35).

2. *Their attitude to the stranger*. "If a stranger sojourn with you in your land, ye shall not vex him. But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you; and thou shalt love him as myself (v. 33).

3. *Deportment to the aged*. "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honour the face of the old man and fear thy God: I am the Lord" (v. 32).

4. *Dealings with neighbours*. "Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbour, neither rob him; the wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning."

5. *As to property, veracity and law*. "Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, neither lie one to another. Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment. Thou shalt not respect the person of the poor nor honour the person of the mighty; but in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbour."

6. *Behaviour to the unfortunate*. "Thou shalt not curse the deaf nor put a stumbling block before the blind but shalt fear thy God: I am the Lord."

And so in many other matters, ladies and gentlemen, you must have all these things in view in judging of the conquest of Canaan. The question is how came a people animated by such principles to destroy and plunder their neighbour's property and take away their neighbour's lives? If you say it was merely from lust of spoil, you then have to ask how came a people animated by lust of spoil to have established among them such a merciful and just and holy and spiritual law? How came they to be so very particular about eating, about separateness, about cleansing the conscience by sacrifice in a hundred commonplace circumstances of life? If God spoke to them by Moses and gave them their law, you have a complete explanation both of the excellence of their law, and of their failure to keep it, and of their invasion of Canaan and the destruction of its inhabitants; for the same law that enjoins mercy on the stranger by God's command, enjoins also the slaughter of the Canaanites for their iniquity, by the same command. There is nothing inconsistent between one part of the law and another in that case, for the authority of God covers all and explains all. The Divine injunction to destroy the Canaanites for their wickedness would be an intelligible ground for such a procedure and a complete explanation of it. But if you take this away, you have an insoluble problem on hand. You cannot explain how a people acting under the most beneficial law the world has ever seen came to perpetrate the most shocking barbarity of which history has any record, against whole districts and entire multitudes of people who were civilized in their way, and numbered thousands of helpless children and infirm old men and women. The case stands square and solid on its own foundation. In no other way can you make it stand. Ladies and gentlemen, the Bible is true.

OUR "AT HOME."

NOTES BY A ROVING CORRESPONDENT AND
OCCASIONAL VISITOR.

Evenings in May, 1892.

THE FAILURE OF CIVILIZATION.

WHAT feverish restlessness there is all the world over! The passing events of the day bring vividly to mind that we have arrived at that epoch of "increase of knowledge and much running to and fro," which is the divine formula for the modern term "civilization." The prophetic word gives no clue as to the moral results of knowledge and travel, so that one feels inclined to inquire what civilization is, and what it does for those who live under its influence.

Civilization appears to me to be a process by which man becomes increasingly intimate with external objects that awaken within him every shade of interest, consciousness, sensations, and intelligence. It may be fittingly defined as the knowledge of a great number of wants. Man has acquired a familiarity with the uses to which nature can be applied, and the process has discovered in himself an implanted mental machinery, capable of innumerable needs, functions, and desires. We are now developed into a thousand capacities for enjoyment where we once only knew of one. In by-gone days a man's wants were fewer through his ignorance of external attractions, and people say that life was just as happy then as now, which no doubt it was, because, his ambition being lower, his discontent would be proportionally less. But it was the life of a simple animal organism, that lacks the power and beauty which belong to animals of more intricate structure. We do not desire the life of a cow, although it gets every claim satisfied. We prefer knowledge, for "wisdom

excelleth folly, as light excelleth darkness."

I do not, however, think that up to the present stage of civilization there is much room for boasting. There is no great merit in the discovery that we are endowed with enormous capacity for happiness, unless we also discover how the happiness is to be attained. (Hear, hear.) Socialism is I think the most intense expression of the failure of civilization to secure contentment. In Socialism's mad pursuit of the enjoyment for which civilization has prepared the race, we see that we are a long way off the goal of happiness, or even the mildest satisfaction.

The real merit will lie in the discovery of a way by which the greatest number of wants will have the highest form of satisfaction. This would be true civilization, but man must know what he wants before he can appreciate the value of him who is styled "the desire of all nations."

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

There is a good deal to be said on this question of happiness. It is made up of so many ingredients that it will never be decided until it is studied from a higher standpoint than the distracted opinions of men. Happiness and well-being must be recognised as belonging to a department of that inexorable law that governs the universe. A government that would secure universal prosperity and peace must not only distribute those things which gratify the senses, but must also have power to control the moral and mental activities of the social world. This idea is suggested by the fact that man himself must be an agent and do his part in the promotion of the general felicity. We are made to do, as well as to be, and it is no empty phrase that says "It is more blessed to give than to receive." If we are only passive recipients of bounty, we are worse than the gaping unfledged

nestlings with their great hungry disproportioned mouths and craning necks. The question is, how can we arrange social relations of life in a way that will secure the greatest happiness?—At present we look round on society and find it a wretched failure in this respect. Wherever people get into close associations, the social atmosphere is anything but healthy. Small towns and villages are proverbial for jealousy and ill-feeling, and people rush to large towns and cities with a feeling of relief at being rid of the close connection with their country neighbours. These things ought not to be, for we are morally constituted to be a comfort to each other, not necessarily a terror, and yet really well disposed people are often trials to each other. The fact is they do not recognise that communistic peace and happiness can only result from mutual obedience to moral law. (Loud cries of "Hear, hear.") People think that social happiness is a thing for individual determination and must be regulated by temperament rather than regarded as part of an economy under hard and fast rules. Good and evil are under fixed law. The wisdom that gave form to our mental mechanism, arranged its operations with the same accuracy as the laws that govern our physical economy.

"Civilization" is always interested in the art of preventing and healing disease of the body and in the study of its structure, and physicians of every age find that given causes bring certain results; but when people talk of our moral nature, they speak as it were an article of our own manufacture, whose management or mismanagement were entirely a matter of opinion. There is a good deal of philosophising and theorising; and books on the subject are legion. Some men of experience show how certain moral causes are followed by certain effects; but they do not carry their reasoning far enough to

cover the whole ground of moral science.

A BOOK OF DIVINE ETIQUETTE.

When Israel were safely settled in their own land under the government of a king, God evidently recognised the need of a code of maxims and warnings for the guidance of the people in their social and domestic intercourse that they might know what sort of behaviour to follow and what to avoid. God might have allowed them to grope their way as best they could into an experience of how human nature works under some of the aspects of life; but instead of this, He gave them a book that should treat fully the "morale" of man and He offered it to them as a chart for their guidance through their fluctuating mortal career. "The Proverbs," as this book is called, is addressed to "My Son" (Israel, my first-born), and therefore, presupposes a knowledge of the Father. It contains the etiquette of a divine kingdom and is altogether a wonderful book. It takes us all over the ground of our moral nature. It is full and complete and particularises the course of the mind upwards and downwards and gives the result. It shows the effect of (I think) every moral act, good and bad. It is a pharmacopœia which tells you how moral disease should be treated. It gives the origin of moral health, and tells you how to keep it. I never heard of anyone who disputed its maxims; and experience proves the correctness of every jot.

As far as its rules are observed, and acted upon, just so far does man have a chance of mortal and immortal happiness. Any departure from law works out its own punishment in things moral as well as physical; and no society can be successfully organised nor worked that has not the Proverbs of Solomon for its basis. (Loud cheers).

JOYLESSNESS.

MINE HOST.—Your remarks are excellent and true, beloved Rover. I was reading only the other day that the Americans are a joyless nation because they do not take life seriously.

VISITOR.—The Yankees will be down upon you for that remark, Mr. President.

MINE HOST.—I should be most reluctant to wound American sensibilities. Nothing could be further from my intentions. The noblest type of men I have seen are on American soil. But taking them as a nation, it seems to me that the remarks I refer to are true, viz., that humour is carried to such an excess in American life as to exclude the action of those faculties from which the highest form of human joy comes. Duty is extinguished where merriment is the monopoly; and without duty, the real joy of life is impossible. At least so it seems to me.

ROVER.—I quite endorse the sentiment. I have at hand a news-scrap by some one whose experience of the operation of human nature so thoroughly accords with the moral analysis set forth in Proverbs that I will give it just as it is. "There are people for ever in search of happiness who never find it. Happiness oftenest comes by indirection. You are intent on duty and are surprised to find you have stumbled on more than you sought. To make happiness the end of your seeking is an easy way not to find it. It is a coy blessing. Hovering about your path, it yet eludes your grasp. Attempt to put your hands upon it, and, like a wild gazelle upon the mountains, it bounds away. The search for happiness is like the search for the end of the rainbow; it recedes as you advance. You cannot capture it. After all your planning and your straining after happiness you will have to give up the pursuit, and content yourself with following the plain and plodding path of duty,

and to find your joy in fidelity to duty and obedience to the Divine will. In attaining this blessing, imitate the boatman who directs his prow above the point of destination and so makes sure of it. Aim at something higher than happiness, and the higher will be sure to include the lower.

THOUGHT-MANUFACTURE.

I do not know that anybody wants a recipe for the cultivation of ideas. Most people feel, I dare say, that they are quite equal to supply a good crop at any time, but there may be some who are not so fertile of original intelligent thought as they would like to be, and they do not care to always trade in second-hand wares. They would rather rise to the commercial dignity of a manufacturer on their own account. Well, nearly anything can be done by diligence, including thought-manufacturing. It is not everybody's lot to be a born genius, any more than to be born with the proverbial silver spoon. The thing in each case has oftenest to be earned. The recipe I offer for thought-making is for those who commence the business on small capital. Express your ideas on paper. One thought invariably brings another if written. Thought engenders thought, and a page soon gets filled; mental combustion re-furnishes itself in the effort.

You cannot fathom your mind; it is a well that has no bottom, because, as a friend recently remarked, ideas are for ever assuming fresh combinations if they are allowed to express themselves. The more water you draw from this well of thought, the more clear and beautiful it is. If you neglect to think for yourself, and use other people's thoughts, giving *their* utterance only, you will never know of what you are capable. If your ideas are at first expressed in shapeless lumps and tangled odds and ends, never mind,

just write them down, and perseveringly re-arrange them. You will then see the inside and the outside of the ideas, and probably in the act of re-arrangement they will assume aspects never dreamt of in the beginning. The exercise will teach you to think, too, and the more you think, the better you will express your ideas.

NISSLINGS UP TO DATE.

In these work-a-day times, everybody is so busy in supplying his own item to the world's co-operative store of labour, that each one has only time to know very little of his neighbour's share of work. We can only nibble a little bit of information here, and a pinch of knowledge there, so that any bird's-eye view of current events is acceptable. The following account, which I have copied from authority up to date, just gives a good idea of the events that led up to the British occupation of Egypt, and the Africa colonization fever. After stating that the head waters of the Niger and the Nile were for a long time the mainspring of African travel, often, no doubt, a cover for trading in slaves, gold, ivory, and dyewoods, the writer goes on to say: "It was directly due to these speculations (the source of the Nile) that the East African lakes were discovered, and the course of African exploration diverted from the north and west to that side of the continent. For the Nile lakes of Aristotle and Ptolemy were found in searching for a route more direct than that which followed the never-ending windings of the river of Egypt. These lakes having been discovered, and the populous native kingdoms on their banks brought to light, the ambition of Ismail Pasha to annex these regions was the beginning of a long train of miseries for Egypt, and a change in the fortunes of the Nile Valley, the end of which is not yet. Under the thin disguise of crushing

the Slave Trade, he established his officials far in the interior, and raised such animosities among the natives that the insurrection of the Mahdi following rapidly upon the mutiny of the army, due directly to discontent with the oppressive service entailed by these schemes of the Khedive, brought England into the Delta, and precipitated the lurid events that followed. To this far-reaching project of Ismail may be traced his own deposition, the death of Gordon, the loss of the Soudan, the occupation of Massowah by the Italians, and the Protectorate of Abyssinia by the same Power, the heroic stand of Emin Pasha, the trans-continental expedition of Stanley, which rescued him to so little purpose, and even the Anglo-German agreement, which resulted in Queen Victoria and Kaiser Wilhelm dividing up the greater part of Africa between them.

MY DAYS AND MY WAYS.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MUST before leaving Huddersfield, while attending a political meeting in my capacity as reporter, a young gentleman from Leeds, with whom I had no acquaintance, and whose name I have now forgotten, addressed himself to me with the remark that he had heard I was leaving Huddersfield and going to Birmingham; and if I liked he would give me a note of introduction to a friend he had there — Jack Lovell, of the *Birmingham Daily Post*. I thanked him, and accepted it, and put it in my pocket, not realising that it could be of any service to me. When I got to Birmingham, I carried it about in my pocket for some weeks, never thinking anything about it. At last one day, after walking

about with a feeling that I was absolutely outside of everything, though in the midst of a great and busy town, I was passing the *Daily Post* office, and suddenly I remembered my note of introduction. I thought it could be of no use to me, as I had nothing to be introduced for. It would be foolish to present a note of introduction, and then have no request to make or proposal to submit. Then I thought again, "It will do no harm; it may lead to something." I finally made up my mind to go in and ask for Mr. Lovell. I found he was the manager of the reporting staff, consisting of six members. He was a curly-headed, dark, rather boyish-looking young man, of exceedingly pleasant manners. He took my note and read it, and then asked me into his own room, and chatted freely with me about reporting and the particular prospects of my enterprise. He thought there was room for a general reporting agency, and if I was the man for the post no doubt I would succeed. He was particularly interested in the fact of my principal object in coming to Birmingham, being connected with Sunday work. I discovered afterwards that he was an Irvingite, and had had some ideas of becoming an Irvingite preacher. He looked at my testimonials, with which he was pleased, especially with the brief note from Mr. John Bright, who was member for Birmingham. He concluded by telling me that he had on hand a large reporting job, outside of his work on the *Daily Post*, and that I might help him in it, as he was finding it rather more than he could do with his own work. It was an investigation that was going on into the working of the Birmingham General Hospital. A committee sat once a week and took the evidence of professional gentlemen, which had to be taken down and written out, question and answer. Several meetings had taken place; but there was a

greater number yet to come, and if I felt myself equal to it, he would get me to do the remaining meetings on which he would be content with a royalty, leaving to me the bulk of the remuneration that would be paid. I was, of course, only too glad to fall in with such a handsome proposal, and expressed confidence in my ability to give satisfaction as regarded the execution of the work. His employer, the proprietor of the *Daily Post*, was a member of the committee; and it would be necessary to obtain his sanction before he could make any final arrangement: but if I would call again, he would let me know. I called again and was informed that Mr. Lovell's employer was willing that I should do one sitting of the Investigation Committee by way of trial. I duly attended said sitting, which was held in the board room of the General Hospital, Summer Lane, on a Wednesday afternoon (I think). Mr. Lovell's employer was present at the meeting. Without loss of time, I transcribed my notes, and delivered my manuscript to Mr. Lovell, who submitted the same to his employer; by whom they were inspected and declared to be satisfactory. Mr. Lovell informed me that I might go on with the rest of the meetings—which proved a very important event for us. It placed us above all anxiety for months to come: it introduced me to a certain far-off acquaintance with the leading men of the town, who were members of the committee, and who were examined as witnesses, and it ended with an offer from Mr. Lovell's employer of a place on the reporting staff of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, which I accepted.

Poor Mr. Lovell! I saw his death reported some time ago. He had risen to a position of public influence in Liverpool, where he was editor of the *Daily Mercury*, before which he had been successively manager of Cassel's Publishing

firm and of the London Press Agency. He was a genial and capable young man of the sort that was sure to rise: but there was a slight rot in the apple. He had a hankering after spiritual things, but was not strong enough to follow them in a decided way. I had a long conversation with him one night, in the days when I was one of his colleagues on the *Daily Post*. It was after midnight when work was done (for daily newspaper work is late work). He told me of his desires, and of prognostications that had been made at his birth, and of his indecisions and vacillations with regard to whether the pulpit or the press was the best sphere for the exercise of spiritual influence. I told him I thought neither one nor the other was the place where Christ could be served in any effectual way; and that as the world was in our day, the only way was to come out and operate individually and independently of both. He said things concerning my own course which it would sound egotistical in me to repeat; but said he hoped he might be able, without going so far as I went, to serve God acceptably in his day and generation. His own friends were pressing him to remain on the press, and he was inclined to take their advice. At the same time, it was manifest he was full of misgiving.

He tried to foster a close personal intimacy, and I was willing to encourage it: but the conditions for it did not exist, and it was a failure. He knew very little of the Bible and very much of Shakespeare, and he was full of pretty quotations from that epigrammatic writer and of humorous airy nothings in general. My preference for treating life rationally, and giving the Bible the serious place which his own admission of its character entitled it to, was distasteful to him. Consequently, we quietly dropped apart and went our several ways.

Getting the *Daily Post* appointment in

the way I did led to one convenient arrangement which was highly favourable to the objects with which I had come to Birmingham. In ordinary circumstances, a reporter of the *Daily Post* would have had to attend the office regularly and consort with the other reporters in the reporting room, which would have been highly distasteful and would have interfered with work in other directions. But having an office of my own—which, as it happened, was close to the *Daily Post* office—and the proprietor of the paper being aware of that circumstance and of the quasi-independent footing on which I had accepted staff employment, I was at liberty to use that office, and thus to promote spiritual enterprises during the intervals when I was not wanted for police court or public meeting work. This proved of the utmost value to me; for the publication of the penny numbers of the *Twelve Lectures* had put me into communication with many correspondents, and developed the existence of various matters in connection with the truth requiring attention. Among other things, the idea of starting a monthly magazine began to be agitated. Dr. Thomas had suspended the *Herald of the Kingdom* some two years previously; and there was nothing in the field in the way of an adequate periodical representation of the truth. There were two magazines, but they lacked vigour or certainty in the sound they gave out, and received but a very feeble attention. Dr. Thomas advised me to start a magazine, but said it was better there should be no magazine at all if there was to be nothing better than the twaddling incoherencies and feeble uncertainties that some professors of the truth were prepared to be content with. I shared the Doctor's feelings on this head, but doubted my own ability to provide what was needful after the clear-eyed and trenchant vigour to which Dr. Thomas's *Herald* had accustomed us

all. In the presence of this, I felt bloodless and tongue-tied in a literary sense. At the same time, I felt sure I would be able to improve upon the weak and adulterated article with which some were disposed to be content; so after a period of indecision, I decided to make a plunge, with this consolation ahead that if, as I verily believed, I should be pumped out at the end of twelve months, I could stop, seeing that nothing would depend on the continuance of a publication which I should supply to readers at the price charged by the printer.

After turning the matter over, I decided to call the new magazine *The Ambassador of the Coming Age*, which I now see was an absurdity; for an age cannot have an ambassador, still less an age not yet come. The idea was to have a name that was new and at the same time expressive of the character of the publication, and the strength of the desire somewhat blunted the discernment that might have detected the unfitness of the title. The next thing was to find a motto. One with the word "Ambassador" in it was a *sine qua non*. Proverbs supplied "A faithful ambassador is health." The very thing, thought I, and adopted the verse in which the words occurred, without noticing the first part of it, which declared that "a wicked messenger falleth into mischief." Now, the "messenger" was the name of one of the aforesaid weak and uncertain publications. The new motto was, therefore, an impeachment of the work already in the field, as well as an assertion of the character it was desirable to attain; but I did not observe this till the magazine actually appeared. The friends of the *Messenger* were of course quick to pounce down upon the motto. Some even declared their belief that I had adopted the name *Ambassador* because it fitted a verse in which the *Messenger* was condemned. This was as far from the truth as possible.

My eye was wholly filled with "faithful ambassador." The "wicked messenger" was invisible to me till the magazine was in the hands of readers.

Having decided upon a name and motto (in which I was heartily assisted by the priceless companion God had given me), I issued a prospectus. I intended inserting the prospectus here, but cannot at the moment find it. I may lay my hand on it in time for the next chapter.

FRAGMENTS OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE fall of rain to the depth of an inch gathered on any area, means a gallon to two square feet, or 100 tons to an acre.

Stockholm comes after St. Petersburg in having the shortest of short days (5 h. 54 m.) and the longest of long days (18½ hours) during the year. This is owing to its position on the globe.

The moon reflects a little heat from the sun, but stores none in itself. As soon as the sun's rays are cut off (as in an eclipse) all indications of heat vanish from the most sensitive of heat-measuring instruments.

THE RED SEA.—Vast quantities of reddish animalculæ float in the water and make the entire surface of a pinkish hue. The animalculæ are said to be peculiar to that sea, being found nowhere else. Attempts have been made, but without success, to propagate the animalculæ elsewhere.

A NEW WATERFALL.—Two American explorers (just arrived from Labrador) report that on the river falling into the head of Hamilton Inlet, there are some grand falls never seen by white men before. Their height is three hundred and sixteen feet, and there are three rapids above the falls, which make a descent of

five hundred feet. A huge body of water, two hundred feet broad, plunges over a granite ledge, and the roar of the falling torrent is heard twenty-five miles away.

LIME—An English authority on lime says: It contributes food essential for the perfect growth of plants, and improves the physical character of the soil and promotes healthy growth. It does this by reason of encouraging decomposition of organic matter, neutralising injurious acids, liberating alkaline matters, promoting the formation of double silicates, and favours the production of nitrate of potash. It may not be pleasant to the eye, but it has a wholesome place in the economy of things.

WEATHER IN BRITAIN.—Statistics show that December is the most sunless month of the year, and May the sunniest. June and July are by no means so sunny as most people would suppose. February and April are fairly well up, and August is a good month, except in the north-western parts of Ireland and Scotland. The sea coast is generally sunnier than inland, and the country is sunnier than large manufacturing towns. Jersey stands first for sunshine and London is at the bottom. In November, however, Jersey loses its pre-eminence. Ireland, during the late autumn months, receives more sunshine than most parts of England.

THE EAST WIND.—Dr. Richardson says "That all nervous conditions in which, for want of a more correct term, we say 'the nervous tone is lowered,' are much intensified by the east wind. Indeed, the special action of this peculiar wind is to produce 'want of tone' or debility. Under its influence almost all sick persons say they are depressed; they do not complain of reduced appetite, nor of pain intensified, but they declare that they are rendered prostrate, both in mind and body. That the presence of the east wind increases the mortality of those who

are suffering from diseases of debility of every kind is a fact that cannot be disputed. The physician during the prevalence of an east wind will find his patients complaining of not making satisfactory progress, and will see extreme cases rendered speedily hopeless—facts indicating the existence of a general and all-pervading influence in the atmospheric sea itself as the cause of the whole evil. What that influence is, how the air is modified, no one can say, for up to this time no chemical examination of the east wind has been made with the object of determining its special physical properties. We only know the effect of it, and we know no more.

THE DRAGON FLY.—A "strange career is his: a single month of summer is the whole span of higher life that is allotted to him. For 11 months he has lived at the bottom of the stream. Yesterday he was a fierce, rapacious tyrant of the water; now for a space he is the terror of the air. Yonder, still clinging to a reed stem rising from the water, is the empty, sombre-coloured husk that is the semblance of his older self. It is a marvellous transformation. A few days since, with the feeling on him of impending change, he climbed for the first time above the surface of his watery world, and, clasping the stalk of a tall sedge, awaited, motionless, the great event. The skin of its back split. Through the rent a creature made its way a different being altogether, with wings, small indeed, and weak and wrinkled, and useless as yet for flight, but with such possibilities of power that when air and sunshine have given them their finishing touches, they will enable their wearer to distance even the swallow in his swift career. The shell of his old condition, empty and lifeless, and yet strangely life-like, hanging there upon the reed, is hollow, every part of it, even to the legs, from which the new limbs have

been withdrawn. The perfect insects are intent already on the great business of their little lives. Yonder is one of them, a graceful demoiselle—not one of the burly dragon-flies that will seize and kill a butterfly, and whose strong jaws are no mean weapons in a fairer fight, but a mere red line, with four frail, gauzy wings. Now settling on a little patch of weed, and dipping her long slender body deep into the water, she bends it upward towards the plant, attaching to the under side of a leaf a few tiny eggs.”

HARMS AND AILMENTS.

ALCOHOLIC beverages are not fit for habitual use. They are true medicines, and should only be used like any other medicines—under the advice of a physician.

DIET.—Eat and drink what you desire as long as it agrees with you. Your stomach knows pretty well what it can digest. Plain, simple food is desirable, as a general thing, but the luxuries of the table, in moderation, will do no harm.

CURE FOR HICCUGHS.—Procure a glass of water and pour a little of it down the patient's throat. While he is drinking the water, he should press a finger on the orifice of each ear. By this method you open the glottis, and in five seconds the thing is done, provided the ears are closed before the act of swallowing.

MEAT.—Twice a day is quite often enough for a meat meal, and then it should not form more than one-fifth of the whole meal, once is enough for a person in full bodily vigour. Fresh fish is an excellent and wholesome substitute for meat, especially in the case of brain workers. So wisely observes some one in the *Abingdon Herald*.

NERVOUS HEADACHE.—Dr. Heinrich Weiss, a Vienna practitioner, found that if, for a comparatively short time, the sufferer presses his hand upon the stomach

and the umbo, so as to compress the aorta, the worst nervous headache will cease immediately. The fear of light also disappears as if by magic, and in the very worst cases the treatment has only to be repeated to make the symptoms vanish.

REMEDIES FOR CHILBLAINS.—1. Soak the hands and feet twice a week in hot water in which common salt has been dissolved, in the proportion of a half a pint of salt to a gallon and a half of water. 2. Cut up two turnips and put them into a cup with three large spoonfuls of best lard, then mash it through a sieve. Apply this ointment at night time spread on a piece of soft rag.

USE YOUR OWN JUDGMENT.—The application of the rules of health must be limited by the peculiarities of the individual. A man must find out what food, what drink, how much sleep and what modes of exercise are healthful for him, and act accordingly, even though he is thus compelled to differ widely from others. Any attempt to preserve health by the observance of set rules, irrespective of temperament, will be liable to failure.

RULES FOR BATHERS.—Avoid bathing immediately after a meal, or when exhausted by fatigue, or when the body is cooling after perspiration, or when a short time being in the water causes a sense of chilliness with numbness of the hands and feet. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing **UNDRESSED** on the banks or in the boats after having been in the water. Avoid remaining too long in the water. Leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach. The best bathing time for the young and those who are weak is from two to three hours after breakfast.

NEEDFUL SLEEP.—Those who think most require most sleep. Time “saved” from necessary sleep is not really saved.

You will lose it afterwards in its evil effects on mind and body. The only safe and sufficient rule for sleep is to go to bed at an early hour, and rise in the morning on awaking. As to how much sleep anyone requires, each must be a rule for himself. Nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep as soon as enough has been secured for the wants of the system. "Sleeping draughts" are only palliative. The only effectual cure for sleeplessness is in the detection and removal of the source of mischief, which is sometimes physical and sometimes mental. Fresh air and plenty of bodily exercise are the best remedies.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

BEFORE cooking sausages, prick lightly with a fork, then fry in dripping or butter, turning frequently till well cooked and brown.

DINNER LEMONADE.—Boil 1 lb. of sugar in one gallon of water, with the yellow rind of eight lemons grated for three or four hours. Then let it cool, and add the juice of the lemons.

SMALL quantities of butter can be made by stirring cream in a bowl with the hand. Some housekeepers, who prefer butter made of sweet cream, and are willing to incur the extra labour, do this daily.

PLAIN GINGER PUDDING.—Four ounces of flour, 4 oz. of suet, 1 tablespoonful of treacle, two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger, teacup of milk. Chop suet and mix well, boil for three hours in buttered basin.

BARLEY WATER.—Thoroughly wash two ounces of pearl barley, put it on the fire in two quarts of cold water, and boil it down to one quart; then strain and sweeten it to taste, and when cool it is ready to use.

A TASTY PIE.—Cut some cold roast or boiled mutton into small pieces, add some

gravy, hot sauce, and a little onion chopped finely. Put all into a pie-dish, and add more gravy to it. Cover with a layer of tomatoes cut in half, hidden in bread-crumbs, and bake half-an-hour.

TONGUE TOAST.—Take a cold tongue that has been boiled, mince it fine, and mix with cream and beaten yoke of an egg, and simmer on the stove. Having first cut off the crust, toast slices of bread and butter them a little, lay in a flat dish, and spread over them thickly the tongue while it is hot.

POTATO PUDDING.—Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of mealy potatoes (bruise them finely), 2 oz. of white sugar, 2 oz. of butter, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of milk, and the juice and rind of a lemon. Mince the rind very finely, and mix all together. Put the mixture into a well-buttered dish, and bake for half an hour. Sprinkle with white sugar.

MILK SOUP.—One cupful of mashed potatoes, seasoned with salt and pepper: the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, creamed with half-a-cupful of butter; one quart of milk, brought to the boiling-point (not boiled), into which has been stirred one tablespoonful of flour; stir well and strain. Heat the soup-bowls and serve hot.

VEGETARIAN SOUP.—Wash thoroughly and pick over one ounce each of haricot beans, dried peas, rice, pearl barley, and lentils, and soak all night in two quarts of water. In the morning slice two onions, two carrots, and two turnips, add to the other vegetables, and boil for five hours. Add half an ounce of butter, pepper and salt, and serve without mashing.

INDIAN SYRUP.—1 lb. of lump sugar, 1 oz. of citric acid powdered, one lemon cut in slices, one quart of boiling water; stir all together and bottle when cold. The addition of a little essence of cochineal will impart to it a nice rose colour. One or two tablespoonfuls, according to taste, to be put into a tumblerful of water. This will not keep more than a fortnight.

OATMEAL DRINK.—Put 3 tablespoons of coarse oatmeal into 3 quarts of cold water, and boil it for half an hour, while hot sweeten to taste with brown sugar. Most people prefer it strained. This is very good mixed with cocoa, about half of each, as a hot drink, or it can be flavoured with cloves and lemon peel boiled in it. If it is to be drunk cold, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of citric acid may be put to each two or three gallons.

THE VIRTUES OF WATERCRESS.—Very few people realise that watercress, besides being wholesome and nice to eat, acts on the system as a blood purifier. Folk who have travelled much, or who return from a long voyage, constantly ask for watercress, well knowing its value after a long sea journey. The watercress is a very hardy plant, and can be easily grown wherever there is running water. Many people have it planted round the garden pump, where the ground is constantly kept damp by the overflow.

STEWING is the most economical way of cooking meat, as it entails no waste. Joints and pieces over from steaks, &c., can be stewed with advantage. On the Continent vinegar is constantly added to stews, for it acts on the fibre and makes it soft, thereby rendering the meat more tender and digestible. No good stew can be made the day it is eaten, for it should after several hours' cooking be put away in an open vessel, and next day the fat should be removed before the meat is warmed for serving. For a stew the meat should, if possible, be fried to a brown colour first, for this prevents the juices from escaping and improves the flavour.

FOR THOSE WHO GROW THEIR OWN BACON.—Potatoes make excellent pig feed; in combination with skim milk, they produce excellent pork. The potato is rich in starch and sugar, two substances which go to form flesh and fat in a remarkable degree, and it has also high heat-

giving qualities. Skim milk is composed of 90 per cent. of water, but it has also 2·85 per cent. of casein, 4·63 per cent. of milk sugar, and 1 per cent. of albumen. This food for pigs makes a tender palatable meat, free from the grossness and ill-flavour of offal-fed pigs. Topped up with a little grain, potato, and milk feed, hams and bacon are excellent.

TO GROW AN ACORN OR A CHESTNUT IN WATER.—Acorns and chestnuts are to be had in the early autumn. Get a wide mouthed pickle-glass, and three-parts fill it with water. Lay a little piece of wood across the top of the glass, and from this suspend by means of two or three loops of cotton an acorn or a chestnut, hanging them in such a way that the tip of the fruit barely touches the water. The cup must be removed from the acorn, and it must be made to hang point downwards. The glass must be placed in the dark for awhile, and as soon as the sprouts appear, it may be put in the light. The miniature oak-tree and chestnut-tree which grow from these seeds cannot fail to be admired.

CARE IN LIGHTING THE GAS.—There is an unsuspected cause of dis-health in carelessness in the way of lighting the gas. It is very well known that gas is made up of a mixture of different gases, one of them being exceedingly poisonous in its nature, and giving rise to a peculiar feeling of heaviness and headache if present in the air in even very minute quantities. Now, sometimes the housemaid turns on the gas at the different burners of a chandelier before lighting any one of them. In this way, in an incredibly short space of time, a considerable quantity of unburned gas makes it way into the room, and vitiates the air in a manner and measure which can be thoroughly appreciated only by those who know how easily and quickly air may lose its life-giving strength. The gas should be lighted as soon as it is

turned on, and not allowed to escape even for a second.

GINGERBREAD AS A BAROMETER.—A clever Frenchman employs a particular kind of barometer. He buys the figure of a general made of gingerbread every year at the Place du Trone, takes it home, and hangs it by a string on a nail. Gingerbread, as everyone knows, is easily affected by changes in the atmosphere. The slightest moisture renders it soft; in dry weather, on the contrary, it grows hard and tough. Every morning, on going out, the Frenchman asks his servant: "What does the general say?" and the man applies his thumb to the gingerbread figure. Sometimes he replies: "The general feels flabby about the chest; he would advise your taking an umbrella." On the other hand, when the general's symptoms are "hard and unyielding," the Frenchman sallies forth arrayed in his best. He says the general has so far never proved unworthy of the confidence placed in his prognostications.

TABLE ETIQUETTE.—It is interesting to notice the changes which have taken place in the etiquette of the dinner-table. Eating and drinking go on, but no longer with the same ideas. In the days of our Saxon forefathers, it was accounted a disgraceful thing for a man to eat in private, instead of in his hall surrounded by his retainers. No longer do aristocratic diners toss their bones on to the floor and eat with their fingers, nor do queens, as a general rule, order dishes that please them to be put aside for their supper. "Laying the board" for an Anglo-Saxon banquet was something of a solemn function; the usual hour was noon, and after it was over, the tables were removed, and they went, as an old chronicler observes, "to their cups, to which the English were too much accustomed." Evidently the rule that guests were not to bring their arms into the hall, but leave them outside with the porter,

was no unnecessary one. The Saxon dinnerarrangements, however, were orderly, compared with those of the early Normans, when the halls and passages were frequently the scene of a free fight between the servants bringing in the food and crowds of hangers on endeavouring to snatch it from them. This nuisance became at length so intolerable that ushers of the hall and kitchen were established by William Rufus, to protect not only the cooks bringing in the dinner, but the guests arriving to partake of it. Upon the occasion of his great feast at Westminster, three hundred of these officers were on duty; some to guard the visitors as they ascended the steps and others to defend the threatened dishes.

PLEASING VARIETIES.

CONSIDER well, then decide positively.

NEVER try to appear what you are not.

MAN's life is a constant "trial" and all his neighbours are on the jury.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A GENTLEMAN.

"Define a gentleman," you say? Well, yes, I think I can;
He's as gentle as a woman and as manly as a man.

—*London Truth*.

THE first photographs produced in England were taken in 1802.

THE donkey is the longest lived amongst our domestic animals.

FIG trees and cedars are rarely struck by lightning.

"GANG WI' A SMILE."

They say that life's short, and they dinna say wrang,

For the langest that live can ne'er ca' it lang;
Then, since it is sae, make it pleasant the while,
If it gang by sae soon, let it gang wi' a smile.

HOME.

A man can build a mansion
And furnish it throughout ;
A man can build a palace
With lofty walls and stout ;
A man can build a temple,
With high and spacious dome ;
But no man in the world can build
That precious thing called Home.

So 'tis a happy faculty
Of women, far and wide,
To turn a cot or palace
Into something else beside,
Where brothers, sons, and husbands tired,
With willing footsteps come.
A place of rest, where love abounds,
A perfect kingdom—Home.

TONS OF SOOT.—A correspondent, writing to *Nature* on the darkness of London air, says :—“Londoners need not be surprised to find black fogs, when it is a fact that tons of soot float in the atmosphere every day. Hoping to get some fact on the subject, I collected a patch of snow, equal one square link, that had lain from November 27th to December 27th last, and from which I obtained two grains of soot. Now, supposing London to cover 110 square miles, it would produce 1,000 tons of soot. Imagine a month's allowance being drawn off in a line by 1,000 horses! The line would extend to about four miles in length.”

A PRETTY STORY, BUT PROBABLY NOT TRUE.—A man went to a certain railway station in America to buy a ticket for a small village named Morrow, where a station had been opened only a few days previously. “Does this train go to Morrow?” asked the man, coming up to the ticket office in a great hurry, and pointing to a train on the line, with steam up and every indication of speedy departure. “No; it goes to-day,” replied the clerk curtly. He thought the man was “trying to be funny,” as the saying goes. “But,” rejoined the man, who was in a great hurry, “does it go to Morrow to-day?” “No,

it goes yesterday, the week after next,” said the other, sarcastically. “You don't understand me,” cried the man getting very much excited, as the engine gave the warning toot; I want to go to Morrow.” “Well, then,” said the clerk sternly, “why don't you go to-morrow, and not come bothering here to-day? Step aside, please, and let that lady approach the window.” “But, my dear sir,” exclaimed the bewildered inquirer, “it is important I should be in Morrow to-day, and if the train stops there, or if there is no train to Morrow to-day——” At this critical juncture, when there was some danger that the misunderstanding would drive both men frantic, an old official happened to appear, and straightened matters in less than a minute. The clerk apologised, the man got his ticket, and the train started for Morrow that day.

GENTEEL AND NOT GENTEEL.

Genteel it is to have soft hands,
But not genteel to work on lands ;
Genteel it is to lie in bed,
But not genteel to earn your bread ;
Genteel it is to cringe and bow,
But not genteel to sow or plough ;
Genteel it is to play the beau,
But not genteel to reap or mow ;
Genteel it is to keep a gig,
But not genteel to hoe or dig ;
Genteel it is in trade to fail,
But not genteel to swing a flail ;
Genteel it is to play a fool,
But not genteel to keep a school ;
Genteel it is to cheat your tailor,
But not genteel to be a sailor ;
Genteel it is to fight a duel,
But not genteel to cut your fuel ;
Genteel it is to eat rich cake,
But not genteel to cook or bake ;
Genteel it is to have the blues,
But not genteel to wear thick shoes ;
Genteel it is to roll in wealth,
But not genteel to have good health ;
Genteel it is to “cut” a friend,
But not genteel your clothes to mend ;
Genteel it is to make a show,
But not genteel poor folks to know ;

Genteel it is to go away,
 But not genteel at home to stay;
 Genteel it is to smirk and smile,
 But not genteel to shun all guile;
 Genteel it is to be a knave,
 But not genteel your cash to save;
 Genteel it is to make a bet,
 But not genteel to pay a debt;
 Genteel it is to play at dice,
 But not genteel to take advice;
 Genteel it is to curse and swear,
 But not genteel old clothes to wear;
 Genteel it is to know a lord,
 But not genteel to pay your board;
 Genteel it is to skip and hop,
 But not genteel to keep a shop.

—*The Consumers' Journal.*

A GIANT MICROSCOPE.—The Munich Poeller Physical and Optical Institute has constructed for the forthcoming Chicago Exhibition, at a cost of £1,750, a monster microscope. It is intended for projecting images upon a screen, and electricity is used, not only for producing the necessary light, but for regulating the focus, centring the specimen to be examined, and cooling the apparatus. The heating of the instrument by the artificial light, which in this case is an arc of 11,000 candle power, sets up disturbing currents of air, damages the focus by expansion, and affects the objects unfavourably. A small copper cylinder, filled with liquid carbonic acid, under a pressure of about 350 pounds to the square inch, is connected with the microscope in such a way that the opening of a valve precipitates a drop of the acid in fine spray over the portions of the instrument most exposed to the heat. The liquid immediately evaporates, produces intense cold and reducing the metal with which it is in contact to the desired temperature. The instrument has, under ordinary conditions, a magnifying power of 11,000 linear perspective, but by immersing the lenses in vaseline oil, more powerful objectives can be used which will magnify 16,000 diameters. To give

an idea of this power, it may be said that the well-known vinegar eel, which is scarcely visible to the naked eye, would appear on the screen as a serpent more than 100 ft. in length; while the finest flour would look like a heap of rough stones.—*Iron.*

A PETRIFIED CORPSE.—The petrified body of Andrew Beck, once a well-known resident of Brooklyn, has just been interred in Cypress Hills Cemetery, beside the grave of his wife, reports the *New York Herald*. Beck's body, which had turned into stone, was exhumed from a graveyard at Kemble, Pike county, where it was buried in the summer of 1884. Beck for more than twenty-five years kept a little tavern near the rear entrance to Cypress Hills Cemetery. He retired from business eight years ago, and with his wife went to the Pennsylvania village where he died a year later. The sons, who had succeeded their father in business, had the body interred in the graveyard in the village where he had died. The widow returned to Brooklyn to live with her children, and last March she died and was buried in Cypress Hills Cemetery. John Beck; the eldest son, decided to have his father's remains disinterred and brought to Brooklyn for burial beside his mother. When the lid of the coffin was unscrewed, the people who gathered about it were surprised to find, instead of a skeleton, the full form of a dead man. The colour of the skin was a dark brown, and there was a damp deposit on the face. When this was brushed away with a cloth the features were found to be almost white, and as hard as a flint. The face was strikingly natural. The casket weighed between 500 and 600 lb., and it took five men to move it. The body was buried in a kind of limestone deposit in the Pennsylvania Cemetery. The most plausible explanation is that the filtration of water through the calcareous soil and

thence into the coffin, carrying with it the carbonate of lime, must have commenced immediately on the body being placed in the grave.

MARY ELLEN: A REMARKABLE GIRL.— Her full name is Mary Ellen Martin, or Egan, as she sometimes calls herself, and she is 18 years old and very small. She is in the hands of the New York police. Her strength is such that neither the penitentiary officials nor the authorities of the House of the Good Shepherd care to have her as an inmate. In the former institution she unloosened the screws that held fast the bars of the cell in which she was incarcerated and made her way out of her cell. In the other institution, it was an easy matter for her to gain her liberty at any time by forcing open the doors, no matter how heavily they were padlocked. In appearance the girl is repulsive. Her tiny eyes have a cunning look, and her black hair is thick and somewhat coarse. Her hands are very small; so are also her arms, and no special muscular development is visible when the arms are exposed. "She is not insane by any means," said the matron, "but everything she does is done out of pure devilry. She is not quite 18 years old, but from infancy she developed extraordinary strength, and I have seen three men at a time trying to quiet her when she became unruly. She told me it was an easy thing for her to lift almost any weight, and I have seen her bend the thick bars of a cell as easily as though they were of wire. She must be watched from day to day. No matter how solid the screws are in her cell door, she can unloosen them with her hand. Doctors have been here several times to examine her, but she is far from being insane. She possesses greater strength than a horse. I have seen her lift two heavy men as lightly as though they were made of paper, since she has been here, but she has been very good and given no one

any trouble." Whenever Mary Ellen is arrested two or three policemen are required to get her to the station house, although she is only four feet.

THE FUTURE OF ELECTRICITY.— The startling announcement has just been made (remarks the *Daily News*) that Mr. Edison is writing a romance on the future of electricity. It is to be a work of joint authorship, and Mr. G. P. Lathrop is the other gentleman engaged—probably for the sentiment. This terrible book will "forecast the future of invention in all departments of human activity," and depict the probable conditions of life in the twenty-fifth century. That is all we are told about it, and we are left to imagine the rest. It is but fair to assume that all the wonders of Mr. Edison's own invention in the nineteenth century will figure as commonplaces of domestic incident in the five-and-twentieth. With the help of his automatic telegraph, characters will talk whole dictionaries to one another almost as rapidly as we now send messages of a dozen words. Nobody will go anywhere on rainy nights. With the help of the kinetograph, the music and scenery, the figures and the gestures, as well as the words of the performers, will be turned on at will, like the gas, in every drawing-room. We shall have all the five-and-thirty patents in full operation, or the fifty perhaps, for it was only at the lower number in the last count. The lovers will, of course, send their letters by the machine, which transmits handwriting as well as words. Their sighs will be audible for miles with the help of the megaphone. All people will, of course, learn all languages with the greatest ease with the help of the inventor's new electrical analysis of the sounds of the human voice. You talk at what, perhaps, may be described as the "sound-prism," in any tongue you like, and the sound is analysed into its constituent.

elements in a trice. The children will play with an electrical doll—the Edison children, if there are any, may already do that now—which has a wheel in its diaphragm, and recites nursery rhymes, as that part of its system moves up and down. What a fascinating, what an awful romance it will be!

WHY IS IT THAT—

BEEs never store up honey where it is light?

The moth has a fur jacket and the butterfly none?

Leaves will attract dew when boards, sticks, and stones will not?

A horse always gets up foreparts first and a cow directly the opposite?

Corn on the ear is never found with an uneven number of rows?

Fish, flies, and caterpillars may be frozen solid and still retain life?

A squirrel comes down a tree head first and a cat tail first?

Electricity is never visible except when it comes in the form of zig-zag lightning?

A horsefly will live for hours after the head has been pinched off?

The dragon-fly can devour its own body and the head still live?

Some flies thrust their eggs into the bodies of caterpillars, but always in such parts of the body that when the larvæ are feeding on the flesh of the foster parent they will not eat into any vital part? Can this be explained? Does the fly reason?
—*St. Louis Republic.*

INCREASING YEARS.

As we advance in life, age hardens or softens, mellows or embitters, makes the sweet sweeter, or the bitter more bitter, giving, as the outcome of life, a sum total of the past—a footing up of the days and years of struggle and effort and discipline, or a certificate that in all these years there

has been neglect of opportunity, and that the tree instead of being pruned and so made fruit-bearing, is, by natural law, decayed and withered, and fit only to be cut down and cast into the fire. A loveless, selfish old age is the outcome of a loveless and selfish previous life. Age is a confirmer, not a converter. Let us remember that.—*Newspaper Clip.*

MYSTERIOUS, INDESCRIBABLE, INTANGIBLE ELECTRICITY.

No eye has seen it, save as in fitful flashes in the dark, when it demurs at defective conductivity; and yet this mystery is the potential thing in all organic life, the messenger of the brain, the fleeting thing that carries information along the network of nerves, the life of all vegetable forms, yea, all life of any form, the propelling force of every orb in space. We do not yet realise that we have laid our hands on the flaming mane of the fiery steed, whose life and strength are the light and motor of the universe.

It is now surprising man by its gentle docility in harness. No longer known only as the lightning-fingered painter of blinding glare on the sky and the author of deafening peals that inspire fear and terror, it presents itself unobtrusively as the carrier of messages across continents and under seas, girding the earth ere time can put on his boots, vehicle of the voice, the gruff pitch of command, the gentle tone of affection, the soft coo of the babe. But it does more than this. It takes the cruder forms of mechanical force, transforms them, transmutes them to its own invisible intangibility, conveys them, it may be leagues over hill and vale, to their destination, and there delivers them over to the thousands of forms of mechanical propulsion, and when the force is spent, what was it, why was it, and where has it gone? It is wonderful!—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*