

An Hour with the Editor

TALES OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS

Psammetichus and His Daughter

Now as the reign of Assur-bani-pal drew to a close, the Assyrian power began to wane, and one of those instrumental in bringing about the decline of this empire was Psammetichus, King of Egypt.

Psammetichus was from his birth favored by the gods. He was handsome, stalwart and brave, and this is the old story of how he came to be made Pharaoh and rule over the valley of the Nile. It was about the fifth century B.C. when the whole of the delta had been divided into twelve petty dynasties, ruled over by twelve princes. An oracle had pronounced that the first among them to pour a libation to the god Pthah into a brazen cup, should eventually rule alone over the whole country. We can imagine how covertly the twelve rulers watched one another each time they went to the temple at Memphis to officiate at the sacrifice. One day it was found that the high priest had prepared only eleven golden cups, and Psammetichus was left without any. Being good-natured and quick-witted, and loath to delay the ceremony, he doffed his brazen helmet and made his libation in it. Immediately he had done so it was borne in upon them all, that he had fulfilled the first part of the oracle.

The other eleven princes were very angry. Of course there would have been eleven angry princes no matter who had been chosen. But they drove poor Psammetichus out of the country, and left him in the marshes along the sea-coast, forbidding him to quit that unpleasant and unhealthy place, on pain of instant and horrible death.

Psammetichus had no intention whatever of staying idly in a swamp. He consulted secretly with the oracle of Isis of Buto, and the goddess told him that on the day brazen soldiers were seen to emerge from the waters he might take his revenge on the eleven princes.

It was not very long after this, when Psammetichus was sitting disconsolately in his hut, that a messenger arrived, and running in at the door, and panting with fear, called out to him:

"A whole army of brazen men has arisen from the waves of the sea, and they are stalking through the country, and death and destruction is in their wake."

The "brazen men" were Ionian and Carian pirates clad in their coats of mail, and Psammetichus, remembering the words of the oracle, hurried forth to meet them, and won their friendship and enrolled them in his service, so that when he went to war against the eleven rival princes, he was able to win a great and glorious victory.

In the Thebaid, where the god Amon reigned, women occupied the highest position, and could alone transmit authority. The story goes that Psammetichus won this part of the country over to him without striking a single blow. It was the custom for "the divine female worshipper" of the Thebaid to adopt a princess of the dominant family, to bring up as her heiress, as the laws condemned her to celibacy. So Psammetichus sent word to Thebes that he would give them "his own beloved and beautiful daughter" to sit by the side of the aged Shapenuapet, and hold office after her.

A deputation of priests and nobles set out from Thebes to receive the princess at the hand of her father. "On the 28th of Tybi the princess left the harem, clothed in fine linen, and adorned with ornaments of malachite, and descended to the quay, accompanied by an immense throng, to set out for her new home. Relays stationed along the river at intervals made the voyage so expeditious that at the end of sixteen days the princess came in sight of Thebes. She disembarked amid the acclamations of the people: "She comes, the daughter of the King of the South, to the dwelling of Amon, that he may possess her and unite her to himself; she comes, the daughter of the King of the North; to the temple of Karnak, that the gods may there chant her praises." And gifts were showered upon her, vast tracts of land were given her, and rich temples, and palms. History tells us no more of Psammetichus' daughter, but we wonder what became of the little princess, who paid for all these great gifts with her happiness, her freedom and her youth.

THE STORY OF FRANCE

III

The curse of the Senate upon those who should cross the Alps with ideas of conquest had hardly been uttered when it was braved by the Romans themselves. In the obscurity of history it is not easy to determine who were the aggressors. Possibly the Gauls descended from the mountains to pillage the lowlands of northern Italy; perhaps the Roman colonists raided the villages of the mountaineers, but whatever was the cause, scarcely was peace proclaimed between the two peoples than it was violated. Seemingly the quarrels which arose would only have been local in their character, if Marselles had not sent to the city on the Tiber, to implore protection from the tribes that threatened her safety.

The trade of Marselles was of importance to Rome, and there was something in the nature of an alliance between the two cities. Indeed it was said that Euxenes, the Greek adventurer, whose romantic exploits were told of last week, had concluded a treaty with the Tarquin who at that time reigned in Rome, by which the two people agreed to assist each other in time of necessity. In the struggle be-

tween Rome and Carthage the Massilians had lived up to this real or implied obligation, and when a call for assistance came from them the Senate could not refuse to listen. Possibly there was no desire to abstain from activity in Gaul, for matters were none too satisfactory at home, and the Roman rulers were learning that a desire for conquest, if repressed, was likely to find expression in rebellion. To what extent the safety of Marselles was endangered by the Gauls is a matter of surmise. Possibly the danger was more imaginary than real; but be this as it may, the Romans sent a force to the assistance of the city, and for the next thirty years there was constant warfare in what is now southeastern France. The Gauls were stubborn foes, but were eventually driven into the mountains of Switzerland, and a very considerable area came under Roman dominion.

In 123 B. C. the Roman Consul, Caius Sextus Calvinus, determined to found a city in Gaul, and he chose for its site a place not far from Marselles, where there were hot springs. The city which he built had all the solidity of character of Roman construction. It is represented today by the town of Aix, in which name possibly one may be able to recognize a memory of that given to it by its founder, who called it Aquae Sextiae. The town speedily became a centre of intrigue, it being clearly the intention of Sextus to create a Roman province west of the Alps. A pretext for war was soon forthcoming. The Romans made a treaty with a Gallic tribe known as Aeduians, and forthwith gave notice to the Avernians and Allobrogi that they must respect the territory of their allies. The Avernian king was Bituitus, a very remarkable chieftain. Some idea may be formed of him and his people from the fact that he had in the mountains an enclosed space twelve furlongs, a mile and a half, square, and within this he was accustomed to entertain his people with feasts, in which huge cisterns of beer played an important part. Domitius was at that time Consul in Aquae Sextiae, and to him Bituitus sent an embassy seeking to reach an understanding as to territorial rights. According to the Roman account, and there is no other account of the transactions in Gaul in those days, the embassy was a splendid one, an imposing feature being a great troop of huge war hounds. Domitius was not impressed, and after the failure of the conference the Allobrogi attacked the Romans, only to meet with defeat. In the following year Bituitus entered the field with his Avernians. When he first saw the Roman legions he exclaimed with contempt that they would not make a meal for his hounds, but the ferocity of the beasts was of little avail against the elephants of the Roman army, and soldiers clad in mail. The battle which ensued was a terrible one and ended in the defeat of the Avernians with a loss, according to the Romans, of 120,000 men, a number that is greatly exaggerated. The result was that the whole region between the Rhone and the Alps became Roman territory, and was erected into a province. The southern part of this area is now called Provence, but whether this is a survival of the Roman title is uncertain. The establishment of Roman colonies followed as a matter of course.

A few years later, that is about 110 B. C., the Kymri and certain Teutonic tribes threatened the Roman frontiers. The danger was great, for these Barbarians were fearless and numerous. Marius, one of the most distinguished commanders that Rome ever produced, a man of humble origin, no education and of small means, was sent into the Gallic province to protect it from invasion. Realizing the serious nature of the problem before him, he delayed action until he felt certain of success. He proceeded to fit his soldiers for the most arduous campaign. He employed them in constructing fortifications, in digging a great canal, in making long marches through the wilderness, and generally in such tasks as would strengthen them physically and establish their discipline. After two years spent in such labors, Marius felt able to meet any enemy. Meanwhile the Kymrians, who had made a raiding expedition into Spain, returned to the north and, joining the Ambrons and the Teutons, approached the Roman frontier. The latter tribe came in a huge horde before the Roman camp. One of their chiefs sent a message to Marius challenging him to come out and settle the issue between them by single combat. Marius replied that if the Teuton leader was tired of life he could go, and hang himself. For six days the Barbarians marched past the Roman camp, reviling the men within, their favorite taunt being: "Have you any message for your wives for we will soon be with them," the meaning being that they would soon overrun Rome itself, their route being towards the Alps. Marius followed and overtook the enemy at Aix. The fight which ensued lasted two days. The enemy fought with the greatest valor; when the men fell, the women took their places, and when these were vanquished, the war hounds guarded the bodies of the dead and had to be exterminated. The Romans claim that 200,000 of the enemy were killed and 80,000 were taken prisoners, but the numbers are doubtless too large. Later Marius defeated the Kymrians, and the way was cleared for the Roman conquest of Gaul.

"NO SPECIAL RELIGION"

An English officer was once speaking of a Chinese mandarin, who had been at one time very friendly with him and at whose house he often visited. He described him as a gentleman of culture and refinement, well informed

on most subjects, and liberal in his views. One of those with whom he was conversing asked what the Mandarin's religion was, and the Englishman replied: "He was like any other man of the world. He had no special religion." Whether or not this did justice to the Chinaman may be an open question; the only interest attaching to the remark arising from the fact that to this cultured Englishman the ordinary man-of-the-world has "no special religion." Is this true? If it is true, why is it true? Is it a good thing if it may be true? These questions are important, for, although we may not be able to answer any one of them wholly to our satisfaction, they suggest lines of thought that may, perhaps, be profitably followed.

The history of ancient nations may be given a passing reference in this connection. As a matter of fact, it is worthy of deep study, if we modern peoples would avoid the pitfalls into which they plunged to destruction; but a passing allusion is all for which space can be found in this place. Readers of this page may recall the series of articles in which the leaders of Greek philosophy were dealt with. It may be remembered that we pointed out that their ethical teaching was as exalted as that of Christianity and that their conception of a Supreme Deity was far more noble than was that of the Jews. Grecian power perished. Grecian civilization only remains as an indistinct shadow. Grecian learning was forgotten by the world for centuries. We think it can be said of the ancient Greeks that, high as was their idea of Divinity and lofty as was their code of ethics, they had no "special religion." They were great intellectually; they were weak spiritually.

The Romans in the time of the Caesars made it their boast that all religions were the same to them. The worshipper of Jehovah, the worshipper of Jesus, the worshipper of Mithras were to the wealthy and refined citizens of Rome all on the same footing. There remained a vague survival of the ancient belief of the founders of the nation, but it could be said of the leaders of Roman public opinion in the first three centuries of our Era that they had "no special religion." Undoubtedly they were great politically; but, like the Greeks, they were weak spiritually.

We shall search the records of the past in vain if we seek to discover any encouragement for the future of a people with "no special religion." If history has any lesson for us at all on this point it is that, if "men of the world," that is men who claim to have reached the most desirable level of life in Christendom, are without any special religion, the story of the past warrants us in thinking that the nations are approaching very dangerous ground.

But other questions suggest themselves. Is it true that such men have no special religion? Are such men the real strength of modern civilization? Do they really form the backbone of the state? We must remember it is quite possible that behind an assumed indifference to religion of any kind there is in the minds of people, who really count for anything, the true spirit of Christianity. If it is right to judge a tree by its fruit, surely we cannot escape acknowledging that many persons, who make no religious pretence at all, act in accordance with the principles taught by Jesus of Nazareth. Therefore we must not be too sweeping in our judgment and conclude that because many men do not profess to have any special religion, they therefore have no religion at all. Because another may be unable to see with us on doctrinal points, or may not be able to see any value at all in such points, let us not be in haste to conclude that in all the essentials of a Christian life he may not be as well equipped as are those who are quite certain of their ability to read infallibly the mind of the Almighty.

But are the so-called men of the world the real leaders of humanity? When we look out to sea and watch the white-capped waves coming in, we might, if we did not know better, imagine that their foamy crests were drawing the billows toward the shore; but we do not have to be told that this is not the case. There is a vast difference between being conspicuous and being influential, and, if we would seek for the real foundation of society, the real factors in human progress, we must learn to distinguish between prominence and influence. There are millions of people to whom religion is a very real and very serious thing. In his assumed superiority, the man of the world may affect to a contemptuous pity for the individual who governs his actions by what he thinks would appear right in the sight of God; the woman of the world may smile at her earnest sister, who remembers that Jesus of Nazareth said of little children "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," and with all her powers strives to make her children worthy of such an exalted title; but down in their hearts they know that without God-fearing fathers and without mothers who breathe at night prayers over their sleeping little ones, modern society and all our boasted Twentieth Century civilization would not outlast a generation. In so far as our civilization is better than any which preceded it, in so far as our social organization is better than any that it has supplanted, in so far as the general tone of morality is higher than it was in the ancient world, in so far as all men have the same rights before the law, and liberty is anything more than a name, we must seek for the cause in the Christian religion. But when we say this we do not mean forms, ceremonies, regalia, or any thing like that. These

things are possibly useful enough in their place; they may be a help to some. We are all more or less children of a larger growth and are to a greater or less degree impressed by the spectacular. On the other hand, there is danger in laying too much stress upon outward symbols. This is a critical generation. The schoolmaster has been abroad in the land for many years. People no longer accept the unknown as magnificent. They want to know what is meant by things, and it is because they do not know what is meant by some of the things which ministers of the Gospel say and do, that so many right-acting men and women of the world have "no special religion."

NATURE STUDY

It is our intention from week to week, for a time at least, to devote a part of this page to the investigation of some features of the world round about us. We are encompassed with many wonderful things, which most of us pass by in our daily life without noticing them. We usually employ the word phenomenon to signify something unusual; its real meaning is that which is known, with a secondary meaning signifying something that is wonderful. Employing it in the latter sense, we may say that on every hand there are phenomena. These will repay our investigation, because not only is knowledge power, but it is a source of pleasure. The study of nature is like the opening of windows through which we can look out over new and marvellous landscapes. In order to make the proposed work successful we need the co-operation of readers, and shall be glad to have letters, not too long, making suggestions, asking questions or imparting information upon any subject that may be under consideration. Unless correspondents express a wish to the contrary, we shall print their names with their letters, but so far as this particular part of the paper is concerned the rule requiring the publication of actual signatures will not be insisted on. We shall begin by considering what is commonly called the Glacial Period or Ice Age.

The Glacial Period

The solid rock formation composing what is called the crust of the earth is supposed to be about twenty miles thick. This does not mean that below a distance of twenty miles from the surface the earth is liquid, because it probably is not, but only that the thickness of the various rocks that are super-imposed one above the other may be of about such a thickness. In many places the rocks are tilted up from what was their original position, and it is possible to measure across them as if we should cut through the skin of an orange and turn the edges of the cut upwards and ascertain the thickness of the skin by measuring across the edge so turned up. This is a branch of geology into which we shall not go just now, because to do so would be to get away from the special subject which we wish to discuss for a little while.

Overlying most of the rocks are quantities of loose material, consisting of soil, sand, gravel and clay, either alone or in combination. These are distributed very irregularly. Take clay as an example. In many places this comes to the surface; in many others it is covered with only a thin layer of soil. Its surface may be such that, if we could uncover it, it would be found to undulate something like the waves of the sea. There is a clay deposit in the valley of the St. John, which in some places is only a few feet in thickness and in others near at hand has been proven by borings to be several hundreds of feet thick. We all know how irregularly gravel is distributed. Some of the deposits are thin; others are of very great thickness. In the region out of which the Jordan River on Vancouver Island flows, gravel banks are found more than two thousand feet above the sea level, and no one can tell how thick they are. There is a very interesting deposit of loose material on the south side of Mount Douglas. Mount Tolmie presents another deposit near enough at hand to be easily reached and well worth examination by a student. Seattle stands upon a huge gravel deposit, and it was shown in the digging of sewers that more than a hundred feet below the plateau lying south of Queen Anne Hill there is a semi-fluid mass of sand containing numerous fragments of wood more or less petrified. As was mentioned last week in many places around Victoria in digging we come at a short distance from the surface, to what is called hard-pan, the till of the Scotch geologists. This consists of sand, clay and gravel so compact as to suggest that it has been subject to heavy pressure or to have been thrown upon the earth with enormous force. Excluding soil from consideration the other loose materials and the hard-pan are called by geologists "The Drift." Whence did the Drift come, and how was it formed? While no one claims to be able to answer all the objections that can be raised against it, the general opinion is that the Drift was due to the action of ice in the form of enormous glaciers, occurring in relatively recent geological periods, some of it being of comparatively modern formation, and some of it being in process of formation today.

Let us begin the consideration of the subject by some definitions, which are summarized from Dr. Wright's "Man and the Glacial Period."

A glacier is a mass of ice so situated and of such mass as to have a motion of itself.

A neve (navay) is the upper portion of a glacier which has little or no motion, corresponding to a lake out of which a river rises.

Glacial ice is not formed from the freezing of water in place, but from snow. If the snow-fall in any locality is in excess of the melting power of the Sun, its pressure upon the lower part of its mass converts it into ice, and thus a glacier is formed. Every boy, who has made a snowball hard by repeated pressure between his hands, knows how a glacier is formed.

Glacier veins are strata of ice of different color varying from white to deep blue. Blue ice is that from which all air has been excluded by pressure.

Fissures are fractures in the ice caused by slight obstacles to its motion. When the obstacles are great and the fissures are wide, the latter are called crevasses.

Moraines consist of the debris carried along by the glacier in its motion. When this is at the side of the glacier it is called a lateral moraine. When it is in front it is called a terminal moraine.

These are all the definitions that need be given at present. If as the inquiry proceeds others have to be used, they will be explained at the time.

It may be mentioned that all geologists do not use the same term to imply the Glacial Period. Some call this epoch in the history of the world the Post-Tertiary; others use the term Quaternary; others say Post-Pliocene, and others Pleistocene. It is only necessary to add that we are living in the Glacial Period, although it appears to be drawing towards its close.

A correspondent writes:

"After reading your article in today's Supplement entitled 'The Mineral Kingdom,' it occurred to me that you might be interested to know of a curious occurrence near here, that I am unable to account for.

"Where Admial's Road crosses the E. & N. Ry. line, you will notice a range of hills to the north extending from Whittier's farm-house towards the Gorge; a low-lying, long, grassy meadow fills the space between the road and the hills.

"These hills are of massive diabase, sloping gently to the north and broken in terraces on the south, having the appearance of superimposed beds of lava. Now the curiosity consists of several holes in this rock sunk like wells on the several terraces or ledges. They are from one foot to four feet in diameter, quite smooth, straight sides and exhibiting no tool marks, and appear to be from two feet to perhaps four feet deep, although this is uncertain, as they are partially filled with debris."

"We are obliged to our correspondent. These 'pot-holes,' to use the common name for them, have already been described on this page. They are exceedingly interesting. We may have something to say about them and other similar formations in subsequent articles. For the present, we will only add a quotation from the work above referred to: 'At Lucerne in Switzerland there is a remarkable exposure of pot-holes and a glaciated surface such as could be produced only by the combined action of moving ice and running water, thus furnishing to tourists an instructive object lesson.'"

The letter of the correspondent referred to last week as mislaid has since come to light. We subjoin an extract from it:

"Here where the ice-cap disgorged its load as it passed into the Straits of Juan de Fuca, we have splendid opportunities of observing the effects in such beautifully chiselled and polished rocks as those on the eastern side of Ross Bay and in the masses of gravel, sand, clay and boulders which have fortunately provided us here with both soil and building material. As to the origin of these boulders, not many hundreds of yards from the Dunsuir road corner, an erratic block of chloritic schist metamorphosed until almost beyond the power of a knife to scratch is, I am told at the Mineralogist Office, identical with schist at Mt. Sicker. I have been trying to interest some of our boys in the Scouts in this subject for some time, and I think not unsuccessfully. I wish your article might lead to the formation of an association to study the phenomena here, compare notes, and generally stimulate interest."

This is very interesting and the suggestion in the latter part of it is very valuable. The Natural History Society might, perhaps, feel disposed to take the lead in the formation of such an organization as our correspondent proposes.

Rebuked—"What dirty hands you have, Johnnie!" said his teacher. "What would you say if I came to school that way?"

"I wouldn't say nothin'," replied Johnnie. "I'd be too polite."—Delineator.

Psychology—Arthur—"Did you ever notice how one person always reminds you of another?"

Jim—"Well, I notice that whenever I see one of my creditors I always think of that cute little heiress I'm going to marry in June."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

The Last Word—The doctrine of purgatory was once disputed between the Bishop of Waterford and Father O'Leary. It is not likely that the former was convinced by the arguments of the latter, who, however, closed it very neatly by telling the bishop, "Your lordship may go farther and fare worse."—Christian Register.