

ories. But the Pullman car is a refrigerator. In transporting fruit from California, the first condition is that there shall be coldness, and then—isolation. The nectarines must not touch each other. In like manner, as we multiply the luxuries of travel we multiply the barriers between the travellers. It is not merely that there are parlor cars; it is that in these, and in the ordinary American railway carriage, also, the first consideration comes, more and more, to be personal comfort, and not mutual consideration. The grudging answer, the reluctance to impart information, the almost brutal struggle for the best, which increasingly disregards weakness and age of woman—these are things which one sees now more frequently and unpleasantly than of old. We talk of the garrulous and interrogative American. But where is he? Vanished as utterly as the Massasoit Indians. An English gentleman, who lately traversed the continent, said that he had never travelled in a country in which his fellow-travellers were so reserved.

It is a mistake, if it is no more. There is no one whose horizon may not be widened if he will only avail himself of the wholesome education of the fellowships of travel. It is easy to be too much upon one's guard. All travellers are not swindlers, and courtesy is not necessarily familiarity. As it is, one is reminded of that countryman of ours who, having crossed the Atlantic with a room-mate who, from the beginning to the end of the voyage, had not addressed to him one word, parted from him, saying airily, "Well, good-bye! You will now proceed, I suppose, to your home at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum!"—*The Century*.

A RIDE IN THE SOUDAN

We encamped for the night at Beer Mahobé after three hours' march east-north-east from Berber. At this place there is a large well, riveted with stone. Here we took in a supply of water, for between this point and O-Bák there is not a drop. The next morning we entered the howling wilderness. Our way lay across a barren plain of reddish sand and grit the pale sickly yellowish grey weeds became more sparse and soon disappeared. These had been preceded by scanty patches of reed grass and occasional thorny mimosa. Now not a blade of vegetation was to be seen. We halted at a point where this plain merges into a bewildering maze of shifting sand-hills, utterly desolate. I was glad to quit my *angareeb* and the back of my camel, as I had been in torture the whole day, and the soft sand formed a delightful bed. So thankful was I to be rid of the nauseous jolting, that I looked with kindly eyes even on this unlovely spot—unlovely, perhaps, but sublime and impressive as stupendous loneliness and vast space could make it.

The sunsets of the African desert are never to be forgotten. I have seen the sun sink to rest in many latitudes and on most meridians, but have never been so awed by the grandeur of the sweet hour as in the silent solitude of the desert. It is more striking than a sunset at sea; the sense of loneliness is deeper, and the rich golden tones of the undulating plain of sand and the sullen glow and cool violet shadows of the wild gaunt mountains around are awe-inspiring.

The next morning we began the passage of the loose sand-dunes above mentioned, and the most painful and perilous portion of the two hundred and eighty miles of desert between Berber and the Red Sea. The camels laboured through the yielding sand sinking under their feet at every step. On this day the mirage was intensely real. Before me lay a lake, its blue waters laughing in the sun, studded with gem-

like islets clad with verdure, and bordered by castles, high turrets, and battlements, and again by gleaming villages and smiling hamlets—the whole scene fairy-like in its beauty, and a painful contrast to the arid sand and fierce heat and consuming thirst from which I was suffering. It is in vain that one rubs one's eyes and seeks to disabuse one's self of the illusion. The thing is there, undeniable, apparently solid and tangible; you know it is mocking you like an *ignis fatuus*, but the most accurate knowledge of the physical laws which govern the phenomenon will not brush it away from the retina. There is small wonder that the ignorant and inexperienced should have frequently yielded to the delusion. Life is the price paid for such a mistake. Some years ago a company of soldiers perished from thirst in this region. Disregarding the warning of their guides, the poor fellows, fresh from Egypt, and mad with thirst, broke from the ranks and rushed toward the seeming lakes of transparent water which was presented to their eyes on all sides. They pressed on eagerly towards the ever-receding phantasm, and one by one fell prostrate to leave their bones to bleach on the sand. On another occasion a detachment was sent across the desert to Berber on its way to Khartoum. The soldiers, refusing to be checked by the guides, consumed all their water when in sight of the mountains of El-Bok, confident of their ability to reach the well. The heat was intense. The men became prostrate, and in a few hours died one by one in horrible agony. The Arabs call the mirage *bahr esh-Shaytau*—"the devil's sea"

WORDSWORTH AND THE SACREDNESS OF CHILDHOOD.

Wordsworth, who was attracted by the simplest conditions of human existence, was irresistibly drawn to children; and in their little lives, so full of the natural simplicities of thought and feeling, he always found unending inspiration. Part of Wordsworth's interest in children was, of course, instinctive: he loved them, as other people love them, because it was his nature and he could not help it; but in addition to this, every child had for Wordsworth a special and peculiar interest, derived from his recognition in it of the promise of a human future and the dower of a divine past. To the former of these he refers in a poem which is short enough to be quoted:—

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

The narrative poem entitled, "We are Seven," is a striking example of Wordsworth's thought about children. The little cottage girl's persistent refusal to accept death as a destroyer of any real human relation, may of course be described as an incapacity; but Wordsworth makes us feel that it is a divine incapacity—an incapacity which most men and women have grown out of, but which they must grow into again if they would indeed become as the little ones of whom is the kingdom of heaven. The picture is all the more impressive because unaccompanied by interpretative comment. The last sound left in our ears is the confident declaration of the little maiden.

"How many are you, then," said I
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"O master! we are seven."
"But they are dead; these two are dead!
Their spirits are in the heaven!"

'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And say, "Nay, we are seven!"

Simple as it seems, this was an entirely new strain in poetry. The so-called ignorance of children concerning the great mysteries of existence was not, indeed a novel theme; the novelty was in the recognition of this seeming ignorance as a divine knowledge, as the very revelation of God to the heart of the child between whom and himself the world has not had time to draw its veil. Mrs. Browning, in one of her most pathetic poems, says of a little girl just dead—

She has seen the mystery hid
Under Egypt's pyramid:
By those eyelids pale and close
Now she knows what Rhamses knows.

But the knowledge which Wordsworth celebrates is a knowledge given, not by death, but by life; a knowledge, not of this or that single mystery, but of the great mystery of all, the Lord, and of those hidden dealings of his which secret of themen and women find it so hard to realize. Only when we see children as Wordsworth saw them, can we fully understand the divine declaration, that except we be converted and become as they, we cannot enter into the kingdom of sweet realities of faith and God and heaven to which they belong.

Missionary.

LORD LAWRENCE AND THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARY.

A small brotherhood of Moravian Missionaries had been stationed for some years past at Lahoul, on the borders of Thibet, and about 100 miles from Simla, where the Governor-General, Lord John Lawrence, was then residing.

Their isolated position, extreme poverty, and their self-denying labours among a semi-barbarous people were known only to a few, and when one of Lord Lawrence's staff told him how they were accustomed to work in the fields as common peasants, to manufacture their own paper, to make their own clothes, and expressed a wish that one of their body might be invited for a few days to Peterhoff, the Governor-General's house at Simla, a cordial assent was given and invitation sent out by a special messenger. The Missionary selected by the brethren walked the whole distance on foot. His dress was a coarse brown suit of camels' hair cloth, which had been woven in the village, and cut out and sewn by the brotherhood. He had no shoes, only sandals made of hemp and coarse string; and his whole luggage consisted of a portable coffee-pot in one pocket, and his Bible in the other. Dr. Farquhar, the surgeon of the Viceroy, an eminently kind-hearted man, supplied him on his arrival, as best he could, with the dress suit required for dinner, and attended to all his other wants. In the course of conversation, Sir John elicited that the greatest hardship the Missionaries had to endure next after the severe cold was the want of medicine and the inability to carry on the work of translating the Bible during the long six months of winter, since they had no lamps or candles. A stock of quinine and other medicines was at once obtained from the Government Dispensary, and a large quantity of half-burnt wax candles, amounting to several thousand pieces, which had been accumulating in the store-room of Government House, was ordered by the private secretary, with Lord Lawrence's permission, to be melted down in the bazaar, and formed into candles of conveni-