

along which the civilizing, refining influences of the East were transmitted. The East, at this time, was wealthier, more intelligent, more refined than the West. It was when Europe was passing through a night of moral and intellectual darkness, that Asia was basking beneath the sunlight of a gorgeous civilization, which then had reached its meridian height of splendour. Since that time, its brightness has suffered an eclipse, its glory has waned away. The Turk has become degenerate, effeminate, and weak, his very name a by-word of reproach, and the progress of events seems to indicate that the day is not far distant when he must leave forever the shores of Europe, and betake himself to a more congenial society. But at the time of which we speak, a bright halo of glory encircled the Turkish rule; all that was lofty in civilization and beautiful in art was warmly encouraged, and the wealth and refinement of the Saracen was proverbial. Now, the Crusaders, by their successive journeys to the East, opened up a channel through which this wealth and refinement flowed over into Europe. Books of science were in-

troduced, a spirit of scientific inquiry awakened; discoveries, long known to the East, were brought to the West, to the surprise and delight of the people; and before the rising sun of knowledge, the mists of superstition began to melt and roll away. But still further, an impetus was given to trade and commerce by the Crusades, which blossomed into blessed results. The rich products, the luscious fruits of the East, were wafted to the West. Towns and cities, where was heard the busy hum of manufactories and workshops, and where liberty found a welcome home, sprang up as if by magic. But not only by land, but by sea, was a new life enkindled in the commerce of the world. By the discovery of the mariner's compass—a discovery, too, which came from the East—a spirit of enterprise was infused, the wonders of the deep were explored. Ships began to sail to distant lands, and to return laden with the rich products of their soil; unknown seas were traversed, and unknown lands visited. Thus was the world awakened from its slumber and prepared for the coming glory.

—A wonderful thing is a seed,
 The one thing deathless forever!
 The one thing changeless,—utterly true,—
 Forever old and forever new,
 And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
 Plant hate, and hate will grow;
 You can sow to-day,—to-morrow shall bring
 The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
 Is the seed, the seed that you sow.