

right to this field of research.' But not so Motley, who, regarding any other course as disloyal, went at once to Prescott, ready, should he show the slightest dissatisfaction, 'to abandon my plan altogether.'

If Motley's attitude was an honor to him, Prescott's was no less so. Instead of viewing the younger writer in the light of a possible and probable rival, he met him not only with the most generous interest and encouragement, but offered the assistance of his own library. After Prescott's death Motley wrote: 'Had the result of that interview been different—had he distinctly stated, or even vaguely hinted, that it would be as well if I should select some other topic, or had he only sprinkled me with the cold water of conventional and commonplace encouragement—I should have gone from him with a chill upon my mind, and no doubt have laid down the pen at once; for, as I have already said, it was not that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an inevitable impulse to write one particular history.'

When we read the work, then, let us not forget that one of its corner stones was unselfishness; while still others were a heartfelt interest, patience and industry—for no other man than Motley has better illustrated the truth, that 'genius is the ability to toil terribly.'

At the end of five years, however, finding that he could not write his history as he wished it written without the aid of material to be found only in the libraries and state archives of Europe, he left America, with his family, and, throwing aside all he had already done, began his task over again.

What Motley's life was in the five years that followed, divided as they were between the archives of Berlin, Dresden, the Hague, and Brussels, his letters best show. To his father he writes: 'I have written a volume since the thirteenth of July, this year. This labor includes, of course, the digging out of raw material from subterranean depths of black letter folios in half a dozen different languages, all of which works are as dark, grimy and cheerless as coal pits. . . . But I confess that I have not been working under ground for so long without hoping that I may make some few people in the world wiser and better by my labors. This must be the case wherever a man honestly "seeks the truth in ages past" to furnish light for the present and future track.'

It is of interest to know how William the Silent impressed the man who was delving so deeply into his life and times that he might make him known to the world. 'I flatter myself that I have found one great, virtuous and heroic character, William the First of Orange, founder of the Dutch Republic. This man, who did the work of a thousand men every year of his life, who was never inspired by any personal ambition, but who performed good and lofty actions because he was born to do them, deserves to be better understood than I believe him to have been by the world at large. He is one of the very few men who have a right to be mentioned in the same page with Washington.'

What infinite pains he gave to his task is shown by a letter written from Brussels to his friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes: 'My habits here for the present are very regular. I came here having, as I thought, finished my work, or, rather, the first part (something like three or four volumes octavo), but I find so much original matter here, and so many emendations to make,

that I am ready to despair. However, there is nothing for it but to Penelopeize, pull to pieces, and stitch away again. Whatever may be the result of my labors nobody can say that I have not worked like a brute beast; but I do not care for the result. The labor is in itself its own reward, and all I want.'

Of his habits of working, his daughter tells: 'His work, when not in his own library, was in the archives of the Netherlands, Brussels, the English State Paper Office, and the British Museum, where he made his own researches, patiently and laboriously consulting original manuscripts and reading masses of correspondence, from which he afterwards caused copies to be made, and where he worked for many consecutive hours a day. After his material had thus been toilsomely and painfully amassed, the writing of his own story was always done at home, and his mind having digested the necessary matter, always poured itself forth in writing so copious that his revision was chiefly devoted to reducing the over-abundance. He never shrank from any of the drudgery of preparation, but I think his own part of the work was a sheer pleasure to him.'

At last the labor of ten years was finished; labor for the most part unflagging, solitary—of Brussels he had written: 'I don't know a soul in it,'—and obscure; and now, with his bulky bundle of manuscript, he set out for London to seek a publisher. His previous failures had made his present expectation of success most moderate, and to his wife he writes: 'If Murray (the celebrated English publisher) declines, I shall doubt very much whether anybody will accept, because history is very much in his line, and I have been particularly recommended to him.'

Motley was correct in his doubt. Murray did decline, and as no one else was found willing to risk so large a work by an unknown author, the English edition was finally published at his own expense.

Nor was his feeling of fear for himself alone. Over the sea, as he well knew, were hearts that had followed his progress with deep interest and fond anticipation: 'I fear very much, however, that father and the rest are doomed to much disappointment in regard to its success. Macaulay's new volumes and Prescott's will entirely absorb the public attention.'

Again, a little later, to his father: 'I have heard nothing from Chapman (his London publisher) since the book was published, but I feel sure from his silence that very few copies have been sold; I shall be surprised if a hundred copies are sold at the end of the year.'

Failure, too, for Motley at this time meant more than ever before, not only because of the time and labor he had so far given, but because he had already in mind the volumes that were to follow, should public approval warrant them. Neither was this self-diffidence for this time alone; it was something that went with him all his life. Not because he had known the buffeting of fortune, for an atmosphere of luxury and of praise had surrounded him from childhood. Of his boyhood it is on record that he had everything to spoil him—beauty, precocious intelligence, and personal charm. One has said: 'It would seem difficult for a man so flattered as Motley from his earliest days to be modest in his self-estimate; but Motley was never satisfied with himself.' This was the secret, the high ideal that he constantly held in view.

It is pleasant to know that here his heroic

tenacity of purpose and endeavor, his work for very love of the work, did meet their deserved reward, though at first he seemed hardly able to comprehend it. On every hand 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic' was welcomed and applauded. Instead of a hundred copies, fifteen thousand were sold in London the first year. In America, the home land to which his love always turned, its popularity was the same. In the language of Holmes:

'Its author saw his name enrolled by common consent among those of the great writers of his time. Europe accepted him; his country was proud to claim him, scholarship set its jealously guarded seal upon the result of his labors, and the reading world, which had not cared greatly for his stories, hung in delight over a narrative more exciting than a romance; and the lonely student, who had almost forgotten the look of living men in the solitude of archives haunted by dead memories, found himself suddenly in the full blaze of a great reputation.'

A Good Answer.

At a deaf and dumb institution the scholars were undergoing their periodical examination by an inspector, who, amongst other questions, wrote this one upon the blackboard: 'What do you know of the Lord Jesus Christ?' The scholars were required to write their answer upon their slates, which were then passed up to the examiner to read. As the inspector read the replies to the question, he paused at that written by a little girl, and was so struck with the difference between it and those he had previously read, that he wrote upon the blackboard in view of all the scholars these words: 'Many of you have answered my question, "What do you know of the Lord Jesus Christ?" very correctly, as far as historical facts go, but the reply of one little girl I should like you all to read, and I will write it upon the blackboard.' The examiner then proceeded to write the little girl's answer to his question. It was the expression of a young heart that knew and loved the Lord Jesus—'He is my very own Saviour.'

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

Memories.

(By Rose E. H.)

'Twas only a tiny cottage by the side of a running stream,
Where the ripples danced and glistened, like gems with a golden gleam;
Where oft I romped and rollicked, when my heart was blithe and gay,—
And dreamed the dreams of childhood in the cottage far away.

There, from my little window, in the starlight, cold and dim,
I could see the gaunt trees standing like sentinels, dark and grim,
And, to my childish fancy, they always seemed to say
They guard the little cottage—the cottage so far away.

Only a tiny cottage, but a haven of sweetest rest,
For the love and peace within it made it most divinely blest.
Though years have glided onward, and my sunny locks are gray,
I find no place on earth so dear as the cottage far away.

As many men, so many minds. 'World Wide' reflects the thought of both hemispheres.