

beget in his heart a feeling of tenderness and mercy.

The other traveller sees none of these things, nor feels any of such emotions. The flaming sun reminds him of the fierceness and strength of an avenging fury, and he hates its beams; the ocean, with its restless, tossing billows, speaks only of death, everywhere and all-devouring; in the paling orange of the sky, he sees the languor of disease and the symptoms of decay. He glances furtively around at the trees with their deepening shadows, and starts, for he thinks that they are officers of justice coming to hale him to judgment. The earth itself mocks and curses him. He reads from this page of Nature's book, hate, deformity, relentless justice, crime, remorse. The evils of his own heart and the baseness of his nature are so clearly written thereon, that, in horror at the sight, he would forever hide the record from his view; but like the blood-marks on Lady Macbeth's hand, the vision will not fade out till, in desperation, he puts an end to his life.

But not only do we all interpret differently that which touches our senses, but also the words and sayings of our fellow-men. No man can reveal all his thought to his fellow; for to do so he would have to become like him. "How wide is the moat that girds every human soul!" "Strangers yet!" is the cry, that in anguish is often wrung from us, when we are misunderstood by those whom we hold most dear. So it is with the books we read. No one can know the thoughts of the author in all fullness. All make translations which differ more or less from the original text. In fact, a great writer gives us only an imperfect copy of his own mind. Genius is ever in a region between darkness and light, in the realm of the vague and obscure, where it struggles to bring forth new thoughts and fashion new ideals for those who, blinded by the glare of opinion, are following the chariot-wheels of custom and habit. The interpreter of a book knows only so much of it as he is able to assimilate. You may teach a Hottentot to read and to understand Wordsworth in a certain way, but you can never make him know that

poet as Arnold did. Perhaps I cannot better illustrate this point than by referring to the great diversity of opinion that exists in regard to the interpretation of the Scriptures. To a Presbyterian the Bible conveys a very different meaning from what it does to an Episcopalian. If you have been carefully trained in the doctrines of the Scottish Church, while reading the New Testament you will translate it all into the thought and language of Presbyterianism. When you are perusing the letter that Paul wrote to the Romans, you will wonder how any person can believe that the great apostle did not teach the doctrine of predestination; and yet a Wesleyan can find no such teaching in the divine oracles, and he is astonished at what he believes to be your misinterpretation of them. We have only to hear the preachers in our own cities to perceive how differently they interpret the words and sayings of the apostles, and even of Jesus Himself. You will also observe that in their style of reading they differ one from another. When I listen to a Methodist divine expound the sacred volume, it seems to me that the apostles wrote and spoke with great fervency and while they were under strong emotion; when I hear a preacher of the Church of Scotland I think the early teachers of Christianity were well versed in ethics, severe moralists and great logicians; but when I am in an Episcopal place of worship, and a High Churchman officiates, the æsthetic element rules me, and a vision of flowers with music of singing birds comes to me, and I leave the service with the impression that the Beautiful and the Good are one. Thus, while the Wesleyan interprets the Bible emotionally, the Presbyterian does it ethically, and the Churchman æsthetically. And yet the Book is said to be so plain that he who runs may read. Yes, they read and run, but all in different directions toward the same goal, the great circumference of God's all-encircling love. So it is with all other books. No one can fully express their meaning in his own language.

If what I have said is true, it tends to prove that all we see and hear, or all the impressions we receive from the outward