

should be done. Nothing in a book so dazes the average man as a pedantic statement in philosophy, couched in unknowable words, or, what is worse, in a dead language. Education, to be popular, must mean

science made as fascinating as fiction, history written like a romance, philosophy told as a tale, and religion explained in parables and symbols, such as the great Teacher himself used.—*The Chautauquan for November.*

AMSTERDAM.

AMSTERDAM is reached easily in 12 hours from London. A train leaves London at 8:30 every evening for Harwich; there a steamer is taken, and the Hook of Holland reached by five next morning; a train starts off at once, passing through Delft and then Scheidam, more famous in America for its production of "Schnapps" than anything else; in the production of its "Hollands" and "Geneva," over 200 distilleries are employed; this latter liquid is so called because the *Jenever* berry (the Juniper) is used to flavor it. A steam tram runs to Rotterdam in a half hour. We make a short stop in Schardam, and then go on to the Hague, the residence of the government, having 150,000 people; and then through Leyden, then to Haarlem, where the railroad turns to the east, and Amsterdam, the capital of the Netherlands, is reached about 8:30 a.m.

The city has over 400,000 inhabitants, and is full of commercial activity. There are numerous hotels. I chose the Hotel Suisse; it is well conducted, and the rates are moderate, for lodging and breakfast \$1.00; for dinner, 60 cents. English is spoken. The Calverstraat, where the hotel is situated, is one of the important streets, and yet it is so narrow that no vehicles are allowed in it in the busy part of the day; then the street as well as the sidewalks are filled with people.

Amsterdam seems to form a sort of semicircle, a half wheel; the railroad

station is at the hub; streets radiate like spokes from this point; around this, too, canals curve in a semicircle, growing larger and larger. On the canals there is a busy life; boats come in from the country on canals laden with produce from farms, and enter these canals, and unload at the markets; few horses are seen. In making excursions I was able to realize that the entire country is below sea level. All along the Zuider Zee are earthworks (dykes) to keep the sea off the land. In some places, as near Helder where the north end of the land which forms Holland is much exposed to the sea, the dyke is a massive work; it is protected by stones that descend into the sea 200 feet. I have stood on the flat meadow on the landward side of the dyke, and have heard the angry tide pound on the other side, knowing the water was fully twelve feet higher there than in the quiet canal where I was. Vast meadows stretched westward, level as a floor; on these the black and white Holstein cattle were peacefully grazing; houses dotted the landscape; churches and schools sent up their spires; around the whole was a wall to keep out the hungry sea. No roads exist, except those on the dykes; none are needed, for the produce goes by boats; the railroads, too, are on the dykes. Having built the dykes to keep out the sea, windmills are used to pump out the water that falls in showers. In many cases there