

I saw her torn dress and dishevelled hair, for I knew they had not seized her without a fight. I tried to rise and stop them but I could not. Then I tried to shout but I could not. I was in a frenzy of anger and helplessness. And as I lay I planned revenge, for I knew God would let me live to revenge myself; and a mad sort of exultation came over me. And then I thought of what she must suffer before I could save her. At the thought I shuddered, for I had heard their vile stories and their boasts—in the market place—of their ungodly deeds. And then I swore a solemn vow that if God would give me back my life, I would not rest an hour until I had visited with death the Turk who had seized her, a death far more cruel than he had ever dreamt of. God has granted my prayer. He has given me life, and I shall keep my vow."

Torkom was pale and trembling with excitement as he finished his tale. But it had been impossible to stop him and his eyes fascinated the Missionary. The mother sat in the corner, rocking from side to side and moaning. For a while all was still. The stillness was broken by the Missionary.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

"Yes. But we are the instruments to do God's will."

"True. But how does God mean to repay sin? Will he visit it with death? Will he not rather forgive and seek to lead the sinner back? You can do no good by killing the Turk. The harm will be done, and his death will not undo it. Forgiveness is the only true vengeance."

"Forgive!" and fine scorn was in Torkom's voice as he uttered the word. "Bodvelli, if you loved a girl whose face was as fair as a lily and her heart as white, and if you saw her in the power of a man who you knew had not a pure thought in his heart, and if you knew he was even now despoiling her whom you meant to make your wife, would you speak of forgiveness? By the cross and by all that is holy I swear," and he seemed to hiss out the words, "I will not rest until I know that he is dead." Then as he tried with lifeless arms to clutch the air in the intensity of his hate, he fell back exhausted to cry out, "O Lord, how long?"

The Department of Literature—Harvard.

IN deference to a wish expressed by certain correspondents, the writer forwards the following, conscious that a very brief sojourn alone, has justified him in going so disconnectly into the subject.

The Department of Literature at Harvard has been frequently quoted as the largest and most efficient that is at present in existence. Mere size and equipment, it is true, do not always postulate efficiency in any organization and as to the latter encomium the writer has not had the comparative experience for enabling him to judge. It is true, however, that the annals of the past show that the results of the work done in this department have been eminently gratifying. Indeed one could go farther and say that a stranger after a brief residence here might wonder greatly had the results been anything else.