

That greeted me. In a cloudless sky the moon shone  
calm and bright.  
Save that the night wind freshly blew to cool my  
throbbing brain,  
A sweet and solemn stillness seemed o'er all the world  
to reign.  
As entranced I gazed upon the scene, its influence o'er  
me stole  
Like healing balm diffused throughout my very inmost  
soul.  
The darkness brooding o'er my mind dispersed, and all  
was bright.  
Borne ever up, I seemed to reach the fountain-head of  
light.  
How sweet, methought, with heart and mind and spirit  
all in tune,  
Casting aside those dusty books, with Nature to com-  
mune,  
In beauty and in majesty to see her stand arrayed,  
With love and wonder growing as her marvels are  
displayed!  
Oh! surely in her fostering breast deep secrets she  
must hold,  
Which to the fond enthusiast she'll grudge not to un-  
fold.  
Strange, what I now so clearly see, not to have seen  
before!  
Volumes and volumes spread around full of mysterious  
lore  
Earth, ocean, sky, wood, hill, and dale, to you, behold!  
I turn.  
A scholar in your pleasing school I'll constant walk and  
learn—  
So cries my heart—more wisdom far than all these  
books contain,  
Without this heavy load to bear, this fever in my  
brain.  
Farewell, ye ponderous, crabbed tomes! henceforth be-  
side the brook  
In some lone wilderness I'll lie, and study Nature's book.  
I sought me out a shady dale, and tried the alluring  
plan,  
And quickly in its solitude became a wiser man,  
Informed beside the purling stream, amid the trees and  
rocks,  
How easily mosquitoes bite through stout merino  
socks.

A. B.

## A JOURNEY.

HEINRICH HEINE journeyed through orchards and vineyards on his way to see Goethe for the first time, and while he plucked and ate the luscious fruit, wondered to himself what he should say to Goethe when they met. At last he reached his house and found Goethe at home, to whom he said, "Saxon plums are good." A similar difficulty has confronted me, and Heine's remark has suggested that wayside thoughts may, perhaps, be most acceptable.

We set sail from New York on *S.S. Arizona*, early Tuesday morning, July 2nd, gladly exchanging the intense heat of the city for the refreshing breezes of the Atlantic. We encountered no storms and had several days of bright weather. The *Arizona* is one of the steadiest steamers that cross the Atlantic, and she

has not had an unevenful career either, having carried off a large portion of an iceberg with which she collided on one of her trips some years ago. Owing to the seamen's strike we had a prolonged voyage of nearly ten days. On the eighth day we sighted the dark outline of land, which, as distance diminished, melted under the genial sunlight into bald rock, green hill, and sloping valley. All the afternoon in peaceful sunshine this changing panorama passed before us, and at nightfall we reach Queenstown.

On landing at Liverpool our trunks were examined with a rapidity and method not excelled in any part of our travels. The following day we left Liverpool, calling at the city of Chester, so quaint with its ancient wall, antique buildings and venerable cathedrals. We also called at Oxford and other places of interest on our way to London. Here we remained two weeks, during which time I made very careful and exhaustive inquiries regarding the character, price, etc., of all kinds of scientific instruments. The result of these inquiries served to confirm my original intention to go farther afield in search of our special needs. The leading manufacturing firms had sent most of their best instruments to the Paris Exposition.

We left London for the continent, July 30th, remaining at Brighton one day—a most charming city, rendered famous by the gorgeous royal "Pavilion" erected by George IV. Then leaving the white cliffs of old England behind, we soon came in sight of the corresponding white cliffs which flank the shores of a foreign land, whose people speak a foreign tongue, except their compatriots in Canada—where it is to be hoped English will not become the foreign tongue. Fair France! What a burlesque on this thought met our eyes! Dirty little urchins follow the train as it leaves the dock and scramble in the coal dust for sous thrown out of the carriage windows by the passengers. At 6 o'clock p.m. we came in sight of the Eiffel tower, and arrived at Gare St. Lazare at dusk.

The Trocadero—the 1878 Exposition building—was one blaze of bewildering light. The Eiffel tower shot its many colored shafts of electric light through the darkling atmosphere upon the most enchanting fountains, which present an appearance of almost incredible beauty. The main building in the Champs de Mars, joined to the old Exposition grounds by the Pont d'Jena which spans the Seine, looked like a fairy palace, its vast dome most brilliantly adorned with circlet above circlet of incandescent lamps, and on its summit, bathed in a cone of electric light from the Eiffel tower stands the Statue of Liberty—the impersonation of the pet theory of the French people—Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.

Nearly every civilized nation was represented at the Exposition—the most notable exception being Germany—a suggestive indication of the uncomfortable relations which exist between these rival powers. The French elections were held the Sunday after our return to London, so that one can only imagine how they are conducted. The glad tidings that the majority of the French nation are still favorable to a peace policy have given a much needed security to unstable Europe. May America never establish lines of prejudice that shall breed into living, undying hatred.

After I had, under most exceptional advantages,