

stories connected with the church which were uncertain, and he would have no interest in concealing the doubtfulness of these.

In the choir the interspaces of the walls are said to be filled with the bones of the virgins who accompanied St. Ursula from her English home, and were afterward so cruelly martyred by the Huns. It seems reasonably sure that there was an English maiden of the name Ursula, who, intending to marry a Cologne prince, set out from England with a great many young women companions, about the middle of the 5th century. Further, that the marriage of Ursula was interfered with by the invasion of the Huns, seems probable enough; as does also the tradition that the maidens became the spoil of the barbarian conquerors who attempted to violate their chastity, but were refused, and in revenge, ruthlessly slaughtered the whole company of virgins. The bodies of these English martyrs were all buried in a place on which the present church was erected, and in which the bones now in the walls of the church were found.

Not far from the choir, in the north aisle, is the tomb of the saint, which stands over the spot where she was shot to death by the bowmen of the Huns, and where she was likewise buried. The tomb contains the original stone sarcophagus; but it is probable that the remains are for the most part on exhibition at the various sacred places of Europe. Many of them are shown in the Golden Chapel of this same church. At the other side of the choir, the removal of the stucco from the wall, has disclosed an old Latin inscription which tells that the church was restored in the year 462 A.D. This feature again staggered the common sense of our English companion, who charged severely against such trials of honest faith, not to use any more vigorous expression. Our guide, quite undisturbed by these irritating reflections upon the credit of the things which he was showing, remarked that there were probably many other inscriptions of a similar character under the plaster which covered the old stones. It was likely, he thought, that the old edifice of the restoration in 462 A.D., had been preserved as far as possible in the rebuilding of the structure during the middle ages; and that the covering of the inscriptions, not being thought to involve any serious consequences had been done to meet the architectural requirements of the new plans. In all there have been uncovered three of these old inscriptions, one other of which we saw; and it, in particular, has no semblance of a recent production. It reads, "In this tomb lies the young Ursula, aged eight years. She departed in the fulness of joy." It is, naturally, not claimed that this Ursula is the saint, but it is thought quite reasonable that children, in the time of the original church, should be called by the saint's name, and should be buried in the sanctuary consecrated to her memory. I would say only that I think it decidedly fortunate or unfortunate, that the two inscriptions which we saw should be of such interest in the history of the building.

But the Golden Chapel, or Treasury, is the place of marvels in the church. Here, again, one is walled in by saints, or all that earth knows of them at present; and, like the famous Light Brigade, finds himself sorely beset, behind, before, to right, to left, though in this instance with ghostly

relics, whose history, if the remains were not those of saints, would be, doubtless, strange and awful and, perhaps, heroic. But these being saints with whom we have to do, their history seems to excite, by reason of the fact alleged, a keener criticism, which blunts the edge of even decent reverence. The priests who are with us, however, with subdued interest, ask seriously concerning everything; and seem like men who have come solely to be informed, and not to judge or question what is told. They believe those are the arm, hand, skull and foot of Ursula, the saint, and that the arrow head close by is that which killed her. The remains at the other end of the chapel, too, are, many of them, from the days of the Roman persecutions, so the reverend fathers are constrained to believe. But the sacristan, who gives the history of these precious things, is moderate; the ghostly fathers may have their way with the relics shown thus far, but these shrines, of elaborate and beautiful workmanship, one reputed that of St. Hippolytus, and the other, that of the virgin saint herself, are, he tells us, not really such, but are, in fact, works of the Middle Ages, in which earlier materials have, perhaps, been utilized.

But that broken alabaster jar? Well, that was brought by a crusader from Palestine as one of the waterpots used by our Saviour in the miracle at Cana of Galilee. We are surely awake now. And does our guide really credit the tale? He would prefer not to be dogmatic about it; but of two things there can be no doubt in his mind, namely, that the jar has come down from the early Roman times, and that, judging from its material, it could have been used for no common purpose. That the jar could *not* have been used at Cana we feel no doubt, for it would not hold the quantity which our English account of the transaction would require. There are also hung on the chapel walls two rare old pieces of silk work coming down from the late times of the Roman Empire, which have an alleged connection with the martyr Hippolytus. These, whether we credit the tradition or not, are well worthy of notice from an æsthetic point of view.

This place, with its wonders, left our English sightseer quite overpowered by the audacity of the imposture, which he conceived to be practised under so sacred a guise. It left the ecclesiastical friends who were with us much impressed, and paying their vows before the chapel altar. It left us with the feeling that we had seen what was worthy of attention in the proper place and under the proper circumstances; and we felt, too, that the old church and its relics represented real history, which must, in truth, could the truth be clearly known, be grand, or tender, or beautiful, or all combined; but we mourned for the materialistic dependence on the sensuous, which marked the Christianity of St. Ursula's Church, as well as that of many other places; and hoped for the time to come, when the relics would all be in either mausoleums or museums, and Christianity, by whatever name called, would be in "the spirit and the truth."

There is no end of interesting places in Cologne—the English party of two saw them nearly all, they confidently told us—but we found the Cathedral and the Church of this English Virgin Saint the two most interesting of all.

WALTER M. PATTON.

DEMOS TYRANNUS.

Avaunt, thou monstrous product of the time.
Cruel, remorseless, shallow and untrue!
Vain charlatan that ever lead'st anew
The yearning world along the paths of crime,
Misusing science; thou that seekest to climb
To ruinous control with more ado
Than monarch to his throne—what meed is due
Thy horrid bent save scorn in prose or rhyme?
Art thou Democracy's incarnate dream?
Is thine the Gospel of its better day?
Wisdom, high mind, compassion, honour spurn
The foul imposture. No, a holier gleam—
The thought humane which leads, but not
astray,
Is still the light to which true spirits turn.

The thought of frail humanity; its tears,
Its plenitude of suffering and sin,
Its tender heart when shame first enters in,
That self-same heart grown callous with the
years—

Its visage hardened by the sounds it hears—
The moil of countless miseries, the din
Of wrangling schemes which end where they
begin—

Its mind so fit for joy, so worn with fears.
We stumble yet discern, Humanity!
These are the burdens which oppressed Christ's
soul

Wrought up to triumph, midst earth's vanity,
By self-effacement: this the aureole
Which yet shall crown thy brows with light
divine—

The emblem of His victory and thine!
Kelowna, B.C. C. MAIR.

SCIENTISTS, COOKS AND PUNSTERS IN POETRY.

A somewhat remarkable member of the vegetable kingdom came into being in a locality which was readily and not infrequently visited. But by good fortune no one interfered with it, until it had reached a somewhat prodigious growth. Then it was visited by a club composed of members of varied tastes and acquirements.

The president moralized upon the plant and wept internally and metaphorically over its impending state, when the thermometer would drop to some twenty degrees of Fahrenheit below the cipher.

The first vice-president cut sections out of its goodly form, and examined their structure through the microscope. The second vice-president turned some of it and mashed up a portion in a mortar, and mixed it with acids and alkalies till it was resolved into its original elements.

The treasurer tore off a number of its leaves and cooked and ate them. The secretary plucked its most beautiful blossom, placed it in a vial of water and aspired to live up to it. As for the rank and file of the club, each dealt with the plant in his or her peculiar way, no two of them doing alike. Some of its juice was converted into poison, other into a healing lotion. Its substance was converted into pill and poultice, electuary and confectionery. Its fibres were carefully separated and preserved by one, and chopped into minute particles by another. It was lacerated, macerated, pickled, smoked, dried, kiln dried, salted, masticated, chymified, chylified, putrefied, oxidized, liquefied, crystallized. Finally, as a well set up member of the vegetable kingdom, it was annihilated.

There is a tinge of pathos in this fable, but, in the history of the departed plant, we learn a lesson.

Each one of us, in dealing with a given object, does so with his or her peculiar inclination, predisposition and method, and influenced by his or her previous education