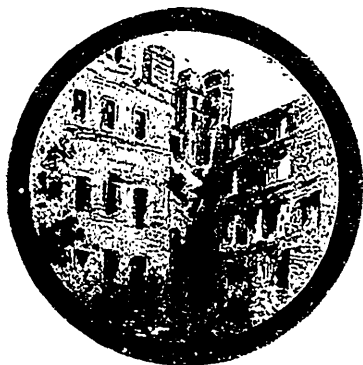


The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with Marah of
their tears.

"Anathema Maranatha ! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from
street to street ;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai !
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned
by Christian feet.



RUINS OF PRESBURG CASTLE, HUNGARY.

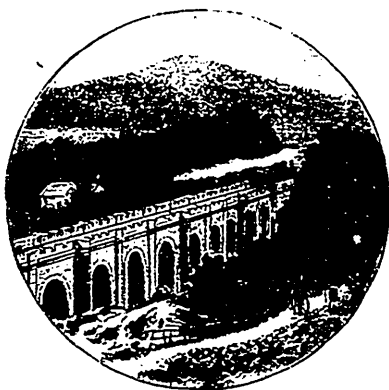
-- Pride and humiliation, hand in hand,
Walked with them through the world
where'er they went ;
Trampled and beaten were they as the
sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

-- For in the background figures vague and
vast
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sub-
lime,
And all the great traditions of the Past
They saw reflected in the coming time.

-- And thus forever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they
read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead."

I visited the site of Wallenstein's princely palace, and climbed the hill of the Hradschin with its stately cathedral of St. Vitus, unfinished after five hundred years. In the adjacent Burg, or imperial palace, with great stone courts dating from 1484, we see the windows from which Count Thurn caused the imperial counsellors to be thrown to the pavement. This act was the occasion of the Thirty Years' War, which devastated all Central Europe.

I sat down to rest in the quaint cloisters of the quaint Capuchin Monastery and listened to the silver chiming of the bells calling to prayer. On the highest site in the town is the wealthy Abbey of Strahow, with its splendid library of sixty thousand volumes. A tall monk, dressed in a long white garb, courteously exhibited its treasures. He spoke no language that I knew, nor I any that he could understand, except the universal language of the convent, Latin, in which we got along very well. I noticed on the ceiling a very appropriate fresco for a library—an old-fashioned printing-press, with the motto, in Latin, "I press, that I may spread abroad." Among other curious things the good monk showed me was a col-



THE RED BRIDGE, NEAR PRESBURG,
HUNGARY.

lection of book-shaped boxes representing the native woods of Bohemia, the back with the bark on, the sides of the polished wood, and within the nuts and leaves. The view from the windows over the many-towered city and winding valley of the Moldau was magnificent.

In the great tower of the Rathhaus, four hundred years old, is a quaint old clock with a procession of apostles and allegorical