

'whereas nature and heaven command you, at your peril, to discern worth from unworth in everything, and most of all in man. Your main problem is that ancient and trite one, "Who is best man?" and the Fates forgive much,—forgive the wildest, fiercest, cruellest experiments,—if fairly made for the determination of that. Theft and blood-guiltiness are not pleasing in their sight; yet the favoring powers of the spiritual and material world will confirm to you your stolen goods, and their noblest voices applaud the lifting of your spear, and rehearse the sculpture of your shield, if only your robbing and slaying have been in fair arbitrament of that question, "Who is best man?" But if you refuse such inquiry, and maintain every man for his neighbor's match,—if you give vote to the simple and liberty to the vile, the powers of those spiritual and material worlds in due time present you inevitably with the same problem, soluble now only wrong side upwards; and your robbing and slaying must be done them to find out, "Who is worst man?" Which, in so wide an order of merit, is, indeed, not easy; but a complete Tammany Ring, and lowest circle in the Inferno of Worst, you are sure to find and to be governed by.\*

All readers will admit that there was something naturally royal in these Haarfrag Kings. A wildy great kind of kindred; counts in it two heroes of a high, or almost highest type: the first two Olafs, Tryggveson and the Saint. And the view of them, withal, as we chance to have it, I have often thought, how essentially Homeric it was:—Indeed, what is 'Homer' himself but the *Rhapsody* of five centuries of Greek Skalds and wandering ballad-singers, done (*i. e.* 'stitched together') by somebody more musical than Snorri was? Olaf Tryggveson and Olaf Saint please me quite as well in their prosaic form; offering me the truth of them as if seen in their real lineaments by some marvellous opening (through the art of Snorri) across the black strata of the ages. Two high, almost among the highest sons of nature, seen as they veritably were; fairly comparable or superior to god-like Achilles, goddess-wounding Diomedes, much more to the two Atreidai, regulators of the peoples.

I have also thought often what a book might be made of Snorri, did there but arise a man furnished with due literary insight and indefatigable diligence; who, faithfully acquainting himself with the topography, the monumental relics and illustrative actualities of Norway, carefully scanning the best testimonies as to place and time which that country can still give him, carefully the best collateral records and chronologies of other countries, and who, himself possessing the highest faculty of a poet, could, abridging, arranging, elucidating, reduce Snorri to a polished cosmic state, unweariedly purging away his much chaotic matter! A modern 'highest kind of poet,' capable of unlimited slavish labor withal;—who, I fear, is

not soon to be expected in this world, or likely to find his task in the *Heimskringla* if he did appear here.

THE WATCH TOWER IN THE WILDERNESS. By Anna Shipton, Author of "Tell Jesus," &c. Willard Tract Repository, Boston.

"I will watch to see what He will say unto me" (Hab. ii. 1) is the motto of this book; which, like the other works of the same author, is a record of scenes from the life of one who strove to "walk with God" and follow His teaching in everything. The book is a small one, and we copy a few pages, which will give a very good idea of the whole.

#### TOO LATE BUT IN GOD'S TIME.

To live ever beneath Elim's pleasant shade would be to lose that prize for which we left the house of bondage. We must follow Him who alone can lead us in safety still. Why are we, like the Israelites, murmuring at every step we do not understand, or which is against some preconceived notion of what the way of the Lord should be? He has bade us go over to the other side, and we distrust Him that He can carry us there safely. When we see Him with us in our little ship, then we know it shall be well with us.

"Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee; I answered thee in the secret place of thunder: I proved thee at the waters of Meribah." (Ps. lxxxi. 7.)

One sultry evening in July, I was about leaving Zurich for Lucerne, when a stranger paid me a visit, which detained me a few minutes after the hour intended for my departure, and I beheld the train leaving the station soon after I entered it. After waiting for two hours, I took my seat in another train, and had proceeded part of the way, when the guard entered the carriage, and told me that the train would proceed no further than Zoug, where a great *fête* of the "Tire" of the four cantons was held, and that it would be impossible for me to procure lodgings or even a bed; and then left me to my meditations,

After a long summer's day of great fatigue, alone, and with this prospect before me, I had no hope but in God. I had the carriage to myself, and I praised Him for it, that I might seek His will without distraction. And I was able to spread before Him all my perplexity, which did not seem to Him light (Neh. ix. 32), asking Him to show me where to rest my weary head, and what to do. Before I arrived at the end of my journey, there came into my mind the name of a lady in whom some months ago I had

\* Forn Clavigera, Letter XIV., pp. 8-10.