

crushes high thoughts and noble aspirations. The sensual Guinevere brings about the downfall of the kingdom of the soul. Apparently Arthur's toil and ambition have counted for nothing. After "that last weird battle in the west," obedient to a divine will, he passes away. But he is to come again. Evolution is only delayed. And what is the longest period of stagnation in the full complement of measureless aeons of ages.

Tennyson was an evolutionist to the last, in the poem "By an Evolutionist" summing up his theory in one trenchant line, "The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man." Again, in the same poem, he says:

"I have climbed to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the man is quiet at last
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height
that is higher."

In "The Making of Man" Tennyson proclaims his doctrine of eternal progress for the last time. He hears the echo of the words of his early manhood,—

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.
Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into a younger day."

Piercing with prophetic eye the veil of those far-off cycles
where perfection dwells, he exclaims in triumph,

"Hallelujah to the Maker. It is finished. Man is made."

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Concerning Belts.

OUR English "belt" comes from the Latin *baltus*, which Varro says is no Roman, but an Etruscan, word. This *baltus* was not a girdle, which the Romans called *cingulum*, but a baldric or cross belt hanging from the shoulder, as sword belts continued to hang till well on in the last century. They are worn differently now, but the body-belt or *cingulum* is as ancient as that which depended from the shoulder. Ladies now wear belts and they are occasionally seen on children. Among men, soldiers have almost a monopoly of them, save at sports and in holiday time. Then and there the amateur yachtsman, the lacrosse player, and the world of amusement generally, girds up its loins with a cincture of more or less elegance. From very ancient days great taste has been displayed in this article of attire. Hector and Ajax exchanged sword-belts before Troy. That of the Greek was of gorgeous purple, but Hector added to his a silver mounted sword and its sheath. The Greeks always seem to have got the advantage of the simple-hearted Trojans in the exchange of courtesies, as when foolish but magnanimous Glaucus gave to Diomedes golden arms for brazen.

The spectacle of the aboriginal American on the war-path doubtless aroused terrors sufficiently appalling, but to an unconcerned spectator it had its comic side. To see men advancing to war with both hands full, a rifle in one and a tomahawk in the other, must have appeared awkward at the least. Before the warrior could use the one, he had to drop the other; and to blow his nose, if Indians ever do such a thing, or to brush away hostile flies, he would have to deposit one or both. Looking at the copies of ancient paintings representing the march of Egyptian troops of old, one is struck with the same unsoldiery handling of many implements of war at once. Both hands are full, except those of captains and trumpeters, of sword and bow, lance and casse-tete, hatchet and javelins, so that the warriors look like travellers for hardware houses. Homer's *Iliad* makes it plain that the Greeks and Trojans did not carry all their paraphernalia of destruction in their fists: bows, arrows, javelins, swords, of course, and even shields, being suspended till required by belts and straps. The spear and the battle-axe were the only weapons that claimed the warrior's hand and shoulder. He thus had one hand free and available for any emergency that might arise.

The Egyptian and aboriginal American manual arsenals remind one of the fussy carpenter, who, with palms extended some three feet apart, tried to make his way along a crowded thoroughfare, at every step exclaiming, "Get out of my road; don't you see I've got the width of a door between my hands?" Both hands full was the cause of

MacKay's defeat at Killiecrankie, when the Highlanders with broadswords alone hewed down the poor wretches fumbling at their badly fitting bayonets. The same thing lost you something also when, with a parcel in one hand and an umbrella in the other, you fumbled and failed to take your hat off to Her Honour. Pockets, of course, will do a great deal, especially for the small boy, but even he wants his school-bag strapped knapsack-wise behind him. Fancy that poor child walking a mile and a half, twice or four times a day, with his two hands full of books! The Society for the Protection of Women and Children or the Children's Aid should look into such cases. A human being with both hands encumbered is at a bad disadvantage. Even if both hands hold pistols, he is sure to fire crooked. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, but a well-filled game-bag is worth more than the spoil borne by two hands. Even lawyers have sense enough to carry bags whether they be full or empty. A bag, however, is not a belt.

Some people wear belts simply as a matter of display, because they are ornamental. Even embroidered suspenders have a plebeian look over a flannel shirt. The tightened belt is supposed to help the figure and to be an antidote to obesity's tendencies. But, as a rule, the belt is meant for business, the holding in *retentis* what, at an appropriate moment, the hand will wield. To it are attached the sheaths, cases or boxes that contain the soldier's sword, bayonet, and cartridges, the man-of-war's man's cutlass, the frontiersman's bowie and pistols, the forester's hatchet. The common seaman, save in pirate scenes, fastens his knife about his waist with a bit of lanyard which answers the same purpose, and he who has to carry a gun far is wise in having a strap attached to it, such as that by which artillery and cavalry soldiers, *jagers*, and *gardes-forestiers* sling theirs over their backs. The feminine habit of carrying a purse at the belt was in ancient times almost universal among those who had money to carry. Even the scribe whom the prophet Ezekiel saw bore the inkhorn, not in his hand, but at his side.

Girdles figure largely in the Bible. They are first mentioned in connection with the dress of the high priest, unless, in opposition to the higher critics, we allow the Book of Job a superior antiquity to that of Exodus. Jonathan gave David his sword, his bow, and his girdle. Joab said to the man who told him that Absalom was hanging from an oak, "Why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver and a girdle." Elijah and John the Baptist were noted for their common leathern girdles. In figurative Hebrew phraseology the belt denoted preparedness and even strength, and the taking away a man's girdle was equivalent to rendering him helpless. Doubtless many an old soldier, like the aged Charlemagne, when commanded to take the cross against the Moslem, has pleaded long service and weariness of years as grounds for being loosed from harness and the belt. So, in the hymn on the glories and joys of Paradise, which constitutes the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Augustine's *Meditations*, the veteran in holy strife breathes the prayer:

"Christe, Palma Bellatorum,
Hoc in municipium
Introduc me, da soluto
Militare cingulum,
Fac consortem donativi
Beatorum Civium."

There is something very touching in the *da saluto* of the aged warrior, a time-expired man who awaits the discharge that shall loosen his belt forever.

The military belt is often taken off without any reference to peace or rest, but the very reverse. In garrison towns, where soldiers off duty are not allowed to carry their side arms, broils often happen. The weapon then employed is the belt, with its heavy brass buckle, which can break bones and take a piece clean out of a human body. Rudyard Kipling has immortalized "Belts" in his "Barrack-room Ballads." Whether borrowed from military life or not, a phrase is standard in the region of corporal punishment, which is germane to the subject, as the boy knows who has been threatened with "a good belting." There is hardly anything, however, on the face of the earth which cannot be misapplied into an instrument of torture, however sacred originally. Such was the Bible to Ruskin in childhood's years, and such very often are church pulpits and choirs to mature and devout people. A ripe strawberry is delightful, but not when violently propelled against your nose, and a