

or well? In the very centre and chief garden of Europe, where the two forms of parent Christianity have had their fortresses, where the noble Catholics of the Forest Cantons and the noble Protestants of the Vaudois valleys have maintained for dateless ages their faiths and liberties, there the unchecked Alpine rivers yet run wild in devastation; and the marshes, which a few hundred men could redeem with a year's labor, still blast their helpless inhabitants into fevered idiotism. That is so in the centre of Europe! while on the near coast of Africa, once the Garden of the Hesperides, an Arab woman, but a few sunsets since, ate her child for famine. And with all the treasures of the East at our feet we, in our own dominion, could not find a few grains of rice for a people that asked of us no more; but stood by and saw five hundred thousand of them perish of hunger.

130. Then after agriculture, the art of kings, take the next head of human arts, weaving, the art of queens, honored of all noble heathen women in the person of their virgin goddess, honored of all Hebrew women by the word of their wisest king, "She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff; she stretcheth out her hand to the poor. She is not afraid of the snow for her