

service in showing the dauntless spirit of the Christian army. But the same can hardly be said of the daring shown by the Emperor Maximilian when he displayed himself to the citizens of Ulm upon the topmost pinnacle of their cathedral spire; or of Alonso de Ojeda, who figured in like manner upon the tower of the Spanish cathedral. The same daring afterward carried him in the track of Columbus, and there he stained his name with the usual blots of rapacity.

A Golden Deed must be something more than mere display of fearlessness. Grave and resolute fulfilment of duty is required to give it the true weight. Such duty kept the sentinel at his post at the gate of Pompeii, even when the stifling dust of ashes came thicker and thicker from the volcano, and the liquid mud streamed down, and the people fled and struggled on, and still the sentry stood at his post, unflinching, till death had stiffened his limbs; and his bones, in their helmet and breastplate, with the hand still raised to keep the suffocating dust from mouth and nose, have remained even till our own times to show how a Roman soldier did his duty. One of the most remarkable characteristics of a Golden Deed is that the doer of it is certain to feel it merely a duty.

Such obedience at all costs and all risks is, however, the very essence of a soldier's life. An army could not exist without it, a ship could not sail without it, and millions upon millions of those whose 'bones are dust and good swords are rust' have shown such resolution. It is the solid material, but it has hardly the exceptional brightness, of a Golden Deed.

And yet, perhaps, it is one of the most remarkable characteristics of a Golden Deed that the doer of it is certain to feel it merely a duty: 'I have done that which it was my duty to do,' is the natural answer of those capable of such actions. They have been constrained to them by duty, or by pity; have never even deemed it possible to act otherwise, and did not once think of themselves in the matter at all.

For the true metal of a Golden Deed is self-devotion. Selfishness is the dross and alloy that gives the unsound ring to many an act that has been called glorious. And, on the other hand, it is not only the valor which meets a thousand enemies upon the battlefield, or scales the walls in a forlorn hope, that is of true gold. No, it is the spirit that gives itself for others—the temper that, for the sake of religion, of country, of duty, of kindred, of pity even to a stranger, will dare all things, risk all things, endure all things, meet death in one moment; or wear life away in slow, persevering tendance and suffering.

Japanese Courtesies.

George Kennan writes thus in the 'Outlook' of his experiences in Japan:

After a bath in the hot-springs of Dogo, we returned to our own apartment, just in time to receive the card of the mayor, who had come to call upon us and pay his respects. I was shocked at the idea of receiving, in a scant bath-gown that didn't decently cover my legs, a formal call from the mayor of the town; but my Japanese friend said, encouragingly: 'That's nothing! Do as you see me do, and it will be all right.' The mayor, a dark, keen-faced man of fifty, with intelligent eyes and closely cropped hair, presently came in, and immediately dropped on his hands and knees and lowered his head to the matting. Our Japanese mentor took a similar position, and we, of course, followed his example. After a brief interval of silence, the mayor raised his head and remarked, in substance, that the town of Dogo was greatly honored by our presence, and that he had called to pay his respects and offer his services. We ducked our heads in unison, and replied that we were greatly honored by a call from the municipal head of a town that was so well and so favorably known throughout Japan, and that we should remember his courtesies and condescension for ever. What was said after that I don't know; but we Outlookers remained on our hands and knees for at least five minutes, ducking our heads every time our mentor set us the example, and looking, I have no doubt, like children in night-gowns playing a game of bunt before going to bed.

When all the formalities of perfect courtesy had been duly observed, the mayor sat upon

his heels and we curled our legs under us on our cushions; holding ourselves in readiness, however, to take a crawling attitude at a moment's notice. We presented the mayor with our cards, and after some further conversation we all got down on our hands and knees again to exchange farewell compliments, and the mayor retired.

What the Moon Saw.

Introduction.

(By Hans C. Andersen. Translated by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D.)

It is a strange thing, that when I feel most fervently and most deeply, my hands and my tongue seem alike tied, so that I cannot rightly describe or accurately portray the thoughts that are rising within me; and yet I am a painter: my eye tells me as much as that, and all my friends who have seen my sketches and fancies say the same.

I am a poor lad, and live in one of the narrowest of lanes; but I do not want for light, as my room is high up in the house, with an extensive prospect over the neighboring roofs. During the first few days I went to live in the town, I felt low-spirited and solitary enough. Instead of the forest

me for a few moments. This promise he has faithfully kept. It is a pity that he can only stay such a short time when he comes. Whenever he appears, he tells me of one thing or another that he has seen on the previous night, or on that same evening. 'Just paint the scenes I describe to you'—this is what he said to me—and you will have a very pretty picture-book.' I have followed his injunction for many evenings. I could make up a new 'Thousand and One Nights,' in my own way, and out of these pictures, but the number might be too great, after all. The pictures I have here given have not been chosen at random, but follow in their proper order, just as they were described to me. Some great gifted painter, or some poet or musician, may make something more of them if he likes; what I have given here are only hasty sketches, hurriedly put upon the paper, with some of my own thoughts interspersed; for the Moon did not come to me every evening—a cloud sometimes hid his face from me.

FIRST EVENING.

'Last night'—I am quoting the Moon's own words—'last night I was gliding through the cloudless Indian sky. My face was mirrored in the waters of the Ganges, and my beams strove to pierce through the thick intertwining boughs of the bananas, arching beneath



MY POST OF OBSERVATION.

and the green hills of former days, I had here only a forest of chimney-pots to look out upon. And then I had not a single friend; not one familiar face greeted me.

So one evening I sat at the window, in a desponding mood; and presently I opened the casement and looked out. Oh, how my heart leaped up with joy! Here was a well-known face at last—a round, friendly countenance, the face of a good friend I had known at home. In fact it was the Moon that looked in upon me. He was quite unchanged, the dear old Moon, and had the same face exactly that he used to show when he peered down upon me through the willow trees on the moor. I kissed my hand to him over and over again, as he shone far into my little room; and he, for his part, promised me that every evening, when he came abroad, he would look in upon

me like the tortoise's shell. Forth from the thicket tripped a Hindoo maid, light as a gazelle, beautiful as Eve. Airy and ethereal as a vision, and yet sharply defined amid the surrounding shadows, stood this daughter of Hindostan: I could read on her delicate brow the thought that had brought her hither. The thorny creeping plants tore her sandals, but for all that she came rapidly forward. The deer that had come down to the river to quench their thirst, sprang by with a startled bound, for in her hand the maiden bore a lighted lamp. I could see the blood in her delicate finger tips, as she spread them for a screen before the dancing flame. She came down to the stream, and set the lamp upon the water, and let it float away. The flame flickered to and fro, and seemed ready to expire; but still the lamp burned on, and the