

bitter ingratitude has made gaping wounds into which cankering distrust thrusts its corroding roots, that nothing narrows the soul more than prejudice, nought can warp its finer chords like envy, that no more awful picture than that of a human mind feeding on hatred's poisonous fruit glares from the canvas of Dante's "Inferno," or Milton's Hell. Stung into greater action by the words of that writer of a recent editorial in the *Secular Review* who, when asked what his creed would do for the degraded and the criminal, replied in the most barbarous and revolting language, "I would treat them as the foulest carrion; I would stamp them out of existence; I would curse those who would dare to utter a word in their behalf," let us teach with more intense earnestness than ever before that love of brother and love of God will regener-

ate and elevate the lowest and the vilest of all mankind. Quickened by gleams from those larger moments of our existence when the soul bursts the bounds of the finite and stands in the presence chamber of the Infinite, may we ever, by thought, word and deed, shed forth in our daily lives the light of this love of humanity, and hasten the time when the world will be so pregnant with the divine truth of universal brotherhood that all ranks of society, from the nobility to the mud-sill, will echo in one grand chorus through endless ages Robert Browning's fervent soul-stirring inspiration—

"Let throngs press them to me;
Up and down amid men heart by heart
fare we;
Welcome squalid vesture, harsh voice,
hateful face.
God is soul, souls I and thou,
With souls should souls have place!"

THE RELATIONS OF HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.

BY JAMES BRYCE, M.P.

I PASS to Greece. You all know how much the circumstance that the territory of Greece is cut up by the sea and mountains into small plains and valleys, into peninsulas and islands, has had to do with all the salient features of Greek history. Some minor points deserve notice. I mention one as an example of the new light to be got by actually seeing a thing, because I do not recollect it as referred to in any book, and yet it is the very first thing that impresses itself on you when you travel in Greece. From most parts of Greece you can see Mount Parnassus. I suppose no one ever realizes how small Greece and Palestine are unless he goes there. One is misled by the atlas, because in the same atlas we see Greece, Russia, France and

Palestine all as maps of the same size, each occupying a quarto or double-quarto page. It is hardly going too far to say you can see Parnassus from all the higher ground of eastern and central Greece. You can see it from all Bœotia, from the long valley of which it stands up as the church of St. Mary does when you look along the Strand. You can see it from many parts of Attica, from the Acropolis of Athens, for instance; you see it from Ægina, in the Saronic Gulf; you see it from most parts of Argolis; you see it from the northern coast of Achaia. Of course you do not see it in the middle of Arcadia or in Laconia; but when you go west to Ithaca to visit Ulysses in his home, you see Parnassus again stand up grand and gray on the eastern horizon.