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THE GOOD SPIRIT OF THE QUEEN.

BY HON. SENATOR CHARLES A. BOULTON, RUSSELL, MAN.

THE reign of Victoria stands out prominent in the history of the world, and the drama of her life has not yet been finally played. The whole world has been brought nearer together by means of the scientific appliances which have attained perfection during her reign, utilizing electricity and steam; and the poorest subject of the Christian nations has the means of watching the daily progress of events in the world, which, in the nature of things, all tend to a definite end under divine guidance. The power, the influence, the moulding of that destiny rests with the venerated heads of the nations, among whom the Queen-Empress of the British Empire is peerless. The cast which has to be taken must be moulded by the nations.

To carry the memory back a few years, the cable news reminds us of a reception of royal personages by Her Majesty in her Highland fastness at Balmoral—the Czar, the Kaiser, and the Prince of Wales, with the Marquis of Salisbury; and the subsequent visit of the Prime Minister to M. Honataux in France, indicated a more than usually active plan of diplomatic action, the outcome of which time alone would develop. The important subsequent public events bearing upon that period are—the concert of nations during the Turco-Grecian imbroglio, the Czar's proposition for a peace conference, the Kaiser's visit to the Holy Land, and the subjugation of the Soudan by the Anglo-Egyptian forces. Incidents though they are in great national movements, their origin, if known, might be traced to the good spirit of the Queen. The royal heads of nations to-day are personally good in a Christian sense. They can impart their godness to the nations they rule over only by their example.

The movement making most directly in favor of peace (the germs of which might possibly, if all were known, be traced to the Queen's royal audiences referred to) is the Czar's manifesto calling for an international conference with a view to an agreement for general disarmament. The very fact that such a conference is to take place is an episode in the world's annals of the highest importance, and one which will undoubtedly be followed by momentous results. Peace may be said to be a thing of growth, not the result of sudden resolve. Human nature is stubborn, and has to be trained.

Many theoretical views of the world's destiny are advanced as the result of prophetic study. One, which has a practical ring, is the creation of an Inter-

national Government of the nations. Looked at from that point of view, the Czar's advocacy of peace would be merely the carrying out on a larger scale, among the nations, of practical experiments which have been eminently successful upon a smaller scale. Peace under the world's present condition can only be the result of international strength. It is not the lying down of the lion and the lamb, though peace prolonged over a long period will undoubtedly produce that result. What has introduced peace into the domestic concerns of the seventy millions of the United States? It is the development of national strength, which, while it was preceded by a civil war of very great magnitude, raised a national strength that will prevent its recurrence, if not altogether, at least for a sufficiently long time to prevent its repetition on such a gigantic scale. What is it that produced peace in the British Isles, after centuries of internal strife? It was national strength developed under the Union. Numerous other instances may be quoted where internal peace has been the direct result of the development of national strength.

In those countries where the national strength is not so highly developed, internal peace is not so well assured. What will tend to internal peace among the nations composing the British Empire? Imperial strength, based on just government. The world is divided into (1) the Christian nations, possessing in an eminent degree the governing power, and (2) the heathen nations, which gradually grade down from the Christian standard to that of the ignorant and benighted savage. Upon the Christian nations devolves the responsibility of placing the governing power of the world upon a higher pedestal, and from the attainment of that condition peace will gradually flow. How to bring about that result, and where to centralize the governing power, are among the difficulties that have to be solved.

It is generally accepted that the Christian nations are descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel intermingled with the native tribes of Europe, among whom the Jews from the two remaining tribes have throughout preserved their identity. The interest that the nations have taken in Palestine of late years points to that land, where the foundations of Christianity were laid, as the pivotal point. Three continents unite there. The maritime highways concentrate in the Suez Canal, and it is there where the electrical girdles of the earth can be most easily focussed.

Upon what conditions the nations can agree to unite to insure the peaceful progress of the world to a higher plane of civilization has yet to be discovered. Whether the Czar's peace propositions will result in an attempt to unravel that difficult question has also yet to be seen. If the nations were disarmed to-morrow, it would not produce peace; it would only mean that the evil forces of the world would have free play, unless present conditions were replaced by more powerful forces. Bring the nations to recognize that a government of the nations is necessary to keep the evil forces in check, if not altogether suppressed, and peace will dawn upon the world, that is to-day threatened with wars and rumors of wars.

It must be apparent to students of history that the world is governed by a process of evolution, which is only a scientific term for growth. That perfection is not a sudden transition, but a process to which nature is subjected;

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and to make a dash for the realization of an idea is most likely to lead to disappointment, and perhaps to abandonment.

The Czar has invited the nations to a congress, or, to speak more accurately, to a conference. Whether the lines are definitely or indefinitely laid down upon which the conference may proceed has probably yet to be determined. The establishment of an international force must precede, of necessity, any general disarmament of the nations, and the proportion that each nation can maintain as a guarantee against internal disorder has to be considered. The subjugation of the nations whose governing powers are weak, or who are as yet uncivilized, has yet to be determined upon, as well as the question, How and by what force?

It is probable that these considerations will not come up at the conference, but that it will be purely a preliminary meeting to formulate ideas, some of which the public opinion of the world can grasp at, with an armed armistice in the interim. His Imperial Highness the Czar of All the Russias has placed before the world a task the magnitude of which we can hardly grasp, but which should be taken up by the nations with the same pluck as that with which its royal author has brought it before the world.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY CHARLES CATTELL.

My first pamphlet, "The Dark Side of Christianity," was objected to as being one-sided and all dark, so I will now say a few words on the brighter side. Bi-polarity is an old theory—night and day, heat and cold, male and female—everything goes in pairs. It is well known that a true picture of anything requires attention to light and shade; but Christianity has now not only a light, but a lighter side—it has been reduced in weight. It has been described as going through the process of "unloading," like the clouds arising from the sea and ascending the high hills, and letting fall their contents in rain. An American writer some time ago told us that the important and painful question was, whether any part of Christianity would remain. It appears that "while lying peacefully over the low and warm Orient, it absorbed a strange burden." Our holy religion, like the atmosphere over the sea, is laden with moisture, and "it unloads that it may rise"—that is, so that it may get over "the heights of reason's mountains."

Pity to spoil the picture, but does not what rises in one form descend in another? Clouds which rise as mist come tumbling down the sides of the mountain, when they "unload." Getting over the heights after that would be only to assemble the empties. At the same time, we admit having met some whose Christianity had been resolved into a hazy sort of fog. If that illustration holds good, Christianity which rises in one form falls in another.

But, as a species of "remainder," it is urged that there "may be" an immortal life "apart from all physical function." If that turns out so, it will form a very small item of the "strange burden," and should prove light enough to rise over the heights of reason's mountains. At any rate, such a life is a long way above my reason.

"Faith and Criticism" is a collection of essays by well-known Nonconformists, and in that the old-fashioned Christianity becomes a classic myth. The late Bishop of Peterborough, in a famous magazine article, made the faith much lighter by recommending the Sermon on the Mount to be taken spiritually, not materially,—a sort of fiction, instead of reality, like cutting off an offending member with an imaginary chopper.

Christianity as expounded to-day appears to me much like the stories which, after all sorts of incidents and accidents, finally settles down the leading characters in a married state to be happy ever after. Perhaps, after all, that's right—Paul was to be ultimately a king—a crown was laid up for him—and all the twelve (including Judas?) were to be made judges sitting on thrones. What could be nicer than that?

Then again, distinguished persons hereafter, like "the powers that be" here, were to be "ordained of God." But, as though there might be some doubt, they are advised to make their calling and election sure.

As to future elections, there are two agents in our village, Roman and Anglican, both of which are sure of winning the elections. Byron once offered to enter the lists in this important profession. Some shameless bards are pleased to say that I have no devotion, but let them down with me to pray and I'll show 'em which has the properest notion of getting into heaven the shortest way. Nothing like competition at election times. Christian elections follow the earthly rule—there may be many candidates, but only a few chosen; still there are chances for some folks. The beauty of Christianity is the gratification it affords of getting to the top, and being able to look down on unbelievers in the pit, among the rich acquaintances of poor Mr. Lazarus. Investments in Christianity are always increasing in value, now in this time one hundred per cent., of which Mark furnishes a detailed account. No man who has parted with them "But he shall receive a hundredfold of houses, brethren, sisters, mothers, children and lands." It seems inexplicable why the Jews did not buy up the whole concern, and thus prevent it falling into the Gentile market. Every penny given to the Lord was to be returned at the resurrection of the just—so no losses could be feared. Dean Swift preached a charity sermon from "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and all he said was—"Come now, if you like the security, down with the dust."

The Jews, knowing Jesus as only the son of a carpenter, might have doubted if that 100 per cent. dividend would be paid. Historians, sacred and profane, have omitted to mention the annual meeting of investors and how pleased they were. One thing Christianity offers which is almost unique: the powers of faith by which believers can do "greater works" than Christ. They can feed more thousands on less loaves and fishes, and not only smooth the waters of the lake, but control the storms of the Atlantic. So I read the

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New Testament. But I fear that our modern Christians are above their work; they do not condescend to operate—half their powers they put not forth.

Paley, preaching before a Prime Minister having power of church preferments, took the loaves and fishes for his text, putting great emphasis on "but what are these among so many!" Promotions were not numerous enough for all the Fellows of his university.

But a new view of miracles has since been presented. They are not now contrary to nature, but only follow "a higher law." Huxley suggests that that means something like the law of a bishop over a rector being "higher" than that of the rector over the curate.

Then there are the beautiful texts about turning the other cheek, lending to all that ask, loving your enemies, etc., which Mill said Christians used only to pelt adversaries with.

"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," was well illustrated by a Bishop, who, being asked how much he would subscribe, replied: "What I give away is *nothing to nobody.*"

Then there is "Sell that thou hast and give to the poor," which looks simple and easy enough; but an old gentleman in our parish offended all his relations by doing that. Still, if all Christians did that, Freethinkers might have a good time and see its beauty in working order.

Lack of appreciation of Christianity often arises through its not being reduced to practice. Much of it belongs to the unrealized future. The time cometh, not is, when there shall be no more worship in the mountain nor yet at Jerusalem. In that day, "ministers of all denominations," as well as synagogues and cathedrals, will disappear, and both the dark and the light side of Christianity will fade like a vision—

"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples Shall dissolve ;
And like an insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

Until then, we may wish every one a happy New Year.

Pokesdown, Hants, England, Christmas, 1898.



PROTOPLASM, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY PROF. W. H. CONN.

THE present-day student has become so familiar with the term protoplasm that he has hardly any conception of the important part which this substance has played in the history of biological and philosophical science. It is now about forty years since the doctrine of protoplasm was formulated and thirty-five since Huxley devised the famous phrase, "Protoplasm, the physical basis of life." With the conception of protoplasm was inaugurated modern biology. At that time it was pointed out that the physical basis of all living things is always the same. Wherever there is life there is present a homogeneous jelly-like substance, chemically related to albumen. This substance, protoplasm, is indeed the only living substance, all parts of the animal or plant which are not protoplasm having been made by the protoplasm. Such a conception of course greatly simplified the study of living things, since it definitely pointed out the fundamental living substance to be studied.

But the real significance of the new era lay rather in a different direction. The fact was that the doctrine of protoplasm, as advanced by Huxley, gave to the scientist a promise of a speedy manufacture of living matter by artificial means. Protoplasm was described as a chemical compound related to albumen and composed of the same chemical elements, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen. It was said to be a very complex compound indeed, having many hundreds of atoms in its molecule; but nevertheless it was looked upon as a definite compound, or a simple mixture of such compounds. With this conception, life was simply a name given to the peculiar properties of the compound. Hydrogen is a gas with certain properties, and oxygen a second gas with properties of its own. If these two gases are brought

together they will unite by chemical affinity and form water (H_2O). Now, water is very different from oxygen or hydrogen. It has definite properties of its own, but no one ever thought of saying that it is endowed with a special force, "aquosity." Albumen is another compound with still more complex properties, but no one thinks of saying that these properties are due to a special force of "albumity." They are doubtless properties of the compound and explained by the properties of the chemical elements which make up the albumen. So, it was said, when these same elements unite to form the still more complex compound, protoplasm, with even more complex properties, there is no reason for saying it is due to any force of vitality. Vitality, in other words, it is said, is only a name given to the properties of a certain definite chemical compound.

But the significance of protoplasm was even deeper than this, for it appeared that it should be possible for chemists to manufacture this substance. Chemists have at their disposal the force of chemical affinity, and by using this force they can cause the simple elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, to unite to form simple compounds such as CO_2 , H_2O , NH_3 , etc. By combining these compounds again they can make more complex ones, and the more they experiment the more complex become the compounds which they succeed in making. By purely chemical means they find themselves beginning to climb a ladder of chemical compounds. At the bottom of the ladder are the simple chemical elements. The various rounds of the ladder are the organic compounds of increasing perplexity, such as alcohol, starch, sugar, etc. The upper rounds are such substances as albumen. Now, the doctrine of protoplasm told the chemists that at the top of this ladder stood proto-

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plasm, itself a chemical compound, greater in perplexity indeed than the others, but still related closely to the rest of the series. Life was one of its properties. Now since the chemist found himself easily climbing this ladder, round by round, he saw nothing in the way of the belief that some day he would reach the top. If he did reach the top, and make protoplasm, he would, in accordance with the doctrine of protoplasm, have succeeded in creating life. As a result of such ideas it began to be confidently predicted that at no distant day the chemist would climb to the summit of the ladder and thus make a real living thing. This prediction was not an unlikely one, for steadily, year by year, the chemist has continued to climb the ladder of organic compounds. Recently he has actually been able to make some organic proteids, which are among the very highest in the series, and stand close to protoplasm. The only question in regard to the fulfilment of the prophecy is whether, after mounting to the top, he will find protoplasm in the series. If this substance does stand in the series, then, beyond a doubt, its artificial manufacture would be a possibility and indeed a probability.

All of this has, however, now changed. The chemist is still climbing the ladder, and with ever accelerated speed. His confidence in reaching the top is greater than ever. But the studies of the last fifteen years have shown that he is no more likely to find protoplasm at the top of the ladder than he is to find a steam-engine.

So long as protoplasm could be regarded as a definite chemical compound, the belief in the possibility of its manufacture by chemical means was legitimate enough. But the modern microscope and microscopical methods have shown that the substance is not a chemical compound. It is rather to be looked upon as a very complex machine, with many integral parts, all adapted to each other to act in harmony. The limits of this article do not allow any very extended description of the

protoplasmic machine. Such a cell machine consists of many parts. There is a network of fibres, in whose meshes is a watery liquid. Intimately connected with the network are minute granules, which frequently move to and fro. In the middle of the machine is the so-called cell nucleus, which is in itself even more complicated. It is surrounded by a membrane, and contains a network and a liquid, similar to those in the cell body. In addition, it has an extraordinary material called chromatin, which is sometimes in the shape of a network, at other times forms a thread or a tube or a star. There is still another body in the cell, the centrosome, lying in a clear space, the centrosphere. When the cell is in action this centrosome sends out rods or fibres. These rods seize the bits of chromatin, pull them around into new positions, separating them from each other, and sometimes actually pushing them out of the cell for the purpose of getting rid of them. The centrosome acts like an engineer, and seems to be the controlling centre of the complex machine.

All of these parts are adjusted to each other and act in harmony, and the life activities are the resultant of the action of the machine. It is true that not all types of living matter are quite as complicated as the one figured, but in all there is found a complex machine, with part adjusted to part.

It is plain that protoplasm can no longer be looked upon as a chemical compound, the very essence of which is homogeneity. It is equally plain that chemical forces can no longer be looked upon as adequate to produce a bit of living matter. For this purpose would be needed some force capable of adapting part to part to form a harmoniously acting machine. The forces demanded for this are mechanical, not chemical, and all attempts to search after living substance by chemical means are doomed to failure. Not until we can find the forces which can produce the parts of such a machine, and then unite them into

a harmoniously acting unit, can we explain mechanically the origin of the simplest living thing.

Whether such forces can ever be discovered it would be hazardous to conjecture. Considering the minuteness of the machine and its intricacy, it is evident the problem is a difficult one, and in all probability it lies outside the reach of human ingenuity. We may hope to make chemical compounds ad libitum, but we cannot hope to be able to fashion such a machine. Certain it is that the scientist is at present

baffled in his search after this ignis fatuus we call life. Just as he thought he had almost reached it by chemical means, it has slipped from his grasp, and he finds that it is not a chemical problem at all. Where to turn his attention now he hardly knows. But science is never satisfied, and we may confidently expect that his probe will in time be turned in a new direction, and who can tell with what successes and with what disappointments?—*Popular Science.*

A NEW RACE DISCOVERED.

DURING his comprehensive explorations in Egypt, Prof. Flinders Petrie came upon an ancient cemetery of very large proportions, from which he unearthed a great number of skeletons belonging to a very ancient people that has since been termed "the new race."

A representative collection of these skeletons, carefully numbered, has now arrived at the Cambridge University from the spot near Thebes where they were found. Material was thus furnished for a study of variations in the human skeleton, and the series of minute measurements which have been made not only furnishes valuable statistics, but brings out several interesting features with regard to the original owners of the bodies.

The ancient people, according to the discoverer of their remains, constituted a "branch of the same Libyan race that formed the Ammonite power," and their date is put down by him as between 3000 and 4000 B.C.

The dimensions of the long bones point to a stature similar to that of the French; but while in France the women vary most, the opposite held good with the "new race." Taking everything into consideration, support is given by the investigations to a generalization in Prof. Pearson's forthcoming book on the "Chances of Death," that "the more primitive and savage a race, the less will be the variation of both sexes, and the greater will be the approach of equality of variation between them." That the early inhabitants of the country near Thebes followed the primitive custom of "squatting" is shown by the structure of the bones of the foot, which manifest the peculiarities found in modern tribes adopting that practice.

A simian character—the sacral notch in the base of the vertebral column—was looked for, and might have been expected in such an early race. It was, however, looked for in vain. In fact, in many characteristics, the skeletons are most modern, while in others they are the reverse. The men and women to whom they belonged may be summed up as a hardy, vigorous people, approaching to the negro in the proportion of their limbs, while the spine and shoulder-blades show a more determinable affinity to Europeans.—*Mail (Lon.).*

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JEWISH MESSIAHS OR MAHDIS.

BY MAJOR-GEN. J. G. R. FORLONG, F.R.S.E., F.R.A.S., ETC.

[Condensed from "Short Studies in the Science of Comparative Religions." By Major-General Forlong. London: Quaritch.]

WE have seen in the Eastern religious movements that Messiahs, Avatars or Incarnated Gods, Mahdis, and Imams are a prominent feature of faiths, and more especially when a people are oppressed and can find no arm of flesh to protect them. Then they turn to heaven and cry for a Savior; or, if the matter be purely one of faith, a "Buddha" or saint; and the demand creates the supply.

The Jews thought they had found a "Savior" in Cyrus, and again in Judas, the brave Maccabean, to whom, say some learned critics, most of the last sixty Psalms apply. When Judas failed them, many Messiahs or Mahdis appeared, especially up to the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion in 71-74 A.C. Indeed they continued to appear down to Barkobat, of 135 A.C., between whom and "Judas the Gaulonite" there arose in Palestine some fifty, and quite as many more in Christian Europe. (See Buck's Theol. Dict., pp. 590-5; McClintock & Strong's Cyclo., ii. 141-4.)

Our term Messiah is here very inappropriate, for it was applicable to any "Anointed One"—that is, to all Christians or persons admitted to a faith or sect by the "Chrism" rite—oiling—for which we have substituted water, perhaps as more cleanly.

Dr. Davidson, in his Revised Old Testament, says:

"Mashiê is never applied to a great Deliverer whom the prophets expected, though sometimes to heathen kings . . . even in Daniel 9: 25-26, 'The Messiah' cannot be intended, for there is no article."

Mah-di, a Guide or Divine Leader, is the proper term, especially as this is popularly understood as a Maha Deo, or Great

Lord, or God; one inspired, infallible, and in communion with Heaven, like Mahomet, the Khalifa of the Soudan, the Hindu Avatars, Rama, Krishna, etc.; the Babylonian Silik-Mulkhi, of 3,000 B.C.; the Sosisch of Nainans, of 2,500 B.C.; and our own distinguished Carpenter Messiah of the Punjab, who compelled us a quarter of a century ago to place an army of over ten thousand men in the field to suppress him and his. He began by working many miracles—some most interesting to our Engineers in the way of stretching beams to whatever length was required: but he ended in collecting rebellious multitudes, which cost many lives and required sharp and painful measures, resulting in the Carpenter returning to his trade—but within a prison. The rulers of the Jews were not so lenient, and we may here notice a few of their typical "Messiahs" of the first century.

JUDAS THE GAULONITE, a Messiah of B.C. 4 to A.C. 14.—According to Jewish history, this Galilean and one Sadoka, a Pharisee, raised the divine standard, saying "they would acknowledge no earthly rulers save of the Lord's people." Their rebellion came to an untimely end during the taxing of Cyrenius, Governor of Syria, 13 A.C., in the reign of Augustus. Discreet Jews, like Josephus, Philo, and all who knew the power of Rome, called such Messiahs "dangerous fanatics . . . poor deluded souls, who only led the multitude to their destruction." The historian even avoids calling attention to them, saying that to such foolish teaching and resistance was due the misfortunes which befel the city. Yet Judas was a good and pious man. "He lived frugally, despising all

delicacies in diet," etc. He upheld the ordinary Essenic doctrines common to the Pharisees, and had many followers. We hear of James and Simon as his leading disciples; that all believed in the inspiration of the Bible, the freedom of the will, and that men have divine and immortal souls, which will be hereafter rewarded or punished according to the deeds done in the body. These doctrines, we are assured, "were gladly received by the masses, for the teachers lived exemplary lives, urged prayer, worship and sacrifice, without, however, attaching as much value to these as to faith and doctrine."

THE GIRIZEM, Messiah of 14-33 A.C. This was another typical Mahdi, who unfurled his divine banner on Mount Girezem during the reign of Tiberias. He and Aratos gave Herod much trouble, but Pilate the Procurator finally dispersed the fanatics 30-33 A.C. (Jos. Antiq. 18-25).

THEUDAS, Messiah of 45-46 A.C. This Messiah arose during the Prefecture of Cuspius Fadus, in the reign of Claudius, 41-54 A.C. "He assembled great multitudes in the wilderness, and persuaded them to follow him to the Jordan with all their effects." (Ants., 20-5.) He said he was a Messiah and Prophet. Some accounts make him come out of Egypt, but the Procurator seized him, cut off his head, and hung it up in Jerusalem. The writer of Acts 5: 36-7, mentions this quasi-Christ but errs as to date and name, confusing the letters Th, J and I.

MESSIAHS of 53-68 A.C. During this period of Nero's reign, Josephus (Antiqs. 20-8) says there arose many quasi-Messiahs, whose custom it was "to raise the divine standard in the wilderness, perform miracles, and by the providence of God produce heavenly signs in proof of their calling. . . . but they brought untold misery on the people, to the destruction of the faith." The names of several were Jesus or Joshua, and some said that in fulfilment of prophecy they had come out of Egypt. One led a large following towards Olivet, saying that the city walls would fall

down and the believers could enter unscathed; but Felix attacked them and slew four hundred, when the Messiah disappeared.

JESUS OF TIBERIAS, 63 A.C. This Jesus, aided by two disciples, John and Simon, unfurled the sacred standard near Tiberias, and followed much the same course as Judas of Galilee, and was an equally good and pious fanatic. Jesus was a very common Messianic name.

JESUS, son of Amanus, 65 A.C. Josephus calls this Messiah "an obscure man sometimes possessed of a divine fury." He was scourged, yet opened not his mouth, neither shed tears nor supplicated for mercy. (Wars, 6: 5.) He cried out to the worshippers at Pentecost: "A voice from the east and the west, the north and the south, from the four winds, calls against Jerusalem and the Holy House, Woe, woe unto thee, O Jerusalem; thy brides and bridegrooms, yea, to thy whole people, and myself also," etc. The people thought him inspired, and the rulers were lenient, saying he was demented; but he became a source of danger when siege and famine excited the citizens, and had to be now and again suppressed, until a stone from the besiegers ended his messianic career. Thousands believed in him.

The history of the Messiahs shows them to have been, with rare exceptions, earnest, pious souls, ready, nay eager, like the early Christians, to die for their views, and if of the Essenic sects, they opened not their mouths in reply to either judges or accusers. Josephus says they were the "natural products of days of adversity," and were often helped in their dangerous mission by educated priests who fanned their zeal.

It is clear that during these two centuries, 100 B.C. to 100 A.C., all the Western world was looking for a Messiah or a new Faith; and Buddhism, which was firmly established from the Bay of Bengal to Kaspiana, had stirred to its centre every school of thought in Asia. Like Christianity, it was pessimistic in one of its

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phases, and more especially addressed itself to the "weary and heavy-laden;" though, as the Founder of Buddhism grew in stature and in wisdom, his religion

widened from Jaiuo-Bodhism into a religion of Work and Duty to his fellows, rather than of continual thought and care of self either in this or in any future life.

REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER CHRISTMAS DINNER TO THE LONDON SANDWICHMEN.

—O—
BY W. M. THOMPSON, EDITOR "REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER."
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[Written on the occasion of the Christmas dinner given to 950 London sandwichmen, for which funds were collected by *Reynolds's Newspaper*.]

PERHAPS the brightest spot in the recollection of the year which has just closed is the evidence of kindness displayed not only by so many of our readers, but by many others, in connection with the entertainment to the waifs and strays of society known as "sandwichmen." It is hardly necessary to repeat our thanks to all, high and low, rich and poor, for this splendid exhibition of goodwill towards their poorer fellow-creatures. And let us say that those for whom this has been done will not forget it. The example given of the principles of Christianity in practice, without identification with any particular church or form of political faith, will be a lesson not only to the sandwichmen themselves, but to that other thousand people who went to swell the numbers of the great assembly that met in the magnificent King's Rooms of the Holborn Restaurant.

And here let us thank the directors of the Holborn, and particularly the managing director, Mr. Hamp, for their unbounded and disinterested kindness in connection with this feast. They did not make it a matter of mere profit. Mr. Hamp and his assistants co-operated with and worked as hard as the most disinterested and energetic of the voluntary assistants, either as helpers or artists. And as to the latter, all praise that can be given is due. Their kindness and courtesy so these poor men are fully recognized in many letters we

have since privately received from the sandwichmen.

We hail this unqualified success as a bright omen for 1899. And may we add that it is important, as an influence on human nature, that the beginning of a new year should represent the beginning of new efforts and new aspirations. These milestones on the human road, marking not only the distance travelled, but the laps still to be covered, are gigantic reminders of life and destiny, standing Sphinx-like with solemn finger, recording the ebb of the little space of time allotted to the travellers who pass along the mysterious road leading to the Unknown.

It strikes us that one great lesson which at this time we should impress upon the people is this, that existence is a mingled affair, neither all work nor all play, nor yet all politics, or preaching, and that anyone who tries to monopolize his time in a particular narrow direction fails to extract from life all that it can yield even to the poorest. Our Sandwichmen's Festival is a case in point. Most of these men had been working during the day. They fed well afterwards; they enjoyed a variety of entertainment; they received a present. Now, they were perfectly happy with that division of the day. But it is possible for everybody's day to be more or less divided in that manner if people looked with a little kinder eyes on one another. Some hard, selfish, and self-righteous people, for

example, have been trying to stop Sunday concerts on Sundays, thereby taking away from the pure and divine enjoyment of rational human beings. Others oppose better education for women, and thus make the earliest tutors of the children of the nation incompetent to fulfill the most important of all their duties except those of maternity. Yet again we have those who insist upon children being taken from school before they have acquired even an elementary education. Hence we have a nation less fit for the battle of life, less capable of taking pleasure in the best things, less physically competent as units of the great Anglo-Celtic family who inhabit these islands. So, also, arise the gulfs that divide the various sections of society—the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated, the refined and the vulgar—making of this Britain of ours a people almost without a nationality.

For, depend upon it, mere coarse shoutings by the multitude of the victories of our arms over inferior races will never make a nation great, or keep it permanently so, or even evolve national spirit in its highest sense. In the truly great nations the ordinary people who do the rougher and possibly the more useful work of the world take a pride in their great artists and great writers. They love to make their towns beautiful, and to see that means are provided for the people at large to enjoy and be interested in the common happiness.

With us in these matters the nation is practically dead. We are suffering the aftermath of the ignorance, vileness and drunkenness of the period of the Georges. The sins of the fathers have descended upon the children, and our country presents a weary waste of stupidity, stolidity, and apathy, the bulk of the people taking no interest in anything worthy the attention of rational human beings. A black cloud of dullness and monotony has settled over the land. Our most numerous buildings are church-houses, work-houses, pawn-houses and public-houses. And the

people are asleep, hardly to be awakened even by the Trump of Doom.

Men will often feel in the course of their daily experience that employers and others are insolent and give themselves airs. But men and women must remember that if they want to be respected they must have qualities which entitle them to respect. And these can only come through the cultivation of the best that is in us. Take, again, the text of the little sermon we are preaching. The sandwichmen at the Holborn Restaurant were treated like gentlemen. Everybody displayed courtesy to them. They were not made to feel that there was the slightest social distinction between themselves and their hosts. And what was the result? Why, that no better behaved body of men ever assembled under any roof. And if such methods of treatment were continually followed, what a vast improvement there would be in the attitude of all classes of society in this country towards one another! The rude would be ashamed to display their vulgarity, and the force of public opinion would constrain them into more refined methods of conduct. The constant brutality of large sections of the middle classes of both sexes would receive scant toleration. We should have what this country lacks more than any other European nation—a standard of manners. In a word, it would not acquire riches in order to belong to "good society," for that would mean everybody.

If only we could persuade people that it is a crime to neglect the education of our women and children, how magnificent would be the gain to the national life in 1899. The elementary school age ought to be raised by at least a year. No girl should be allowed to leave school until she has obtained a certificate of efficiency in domestic economy—that is, in the little useful arts that distinguish a home from a wild beast's den. Men should respect women more and flatter them less; they should look upon themselves as trustees for the young. They should get out of their heads, too, the false and debasing

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notion that a great navy and brave soldiers excuse the existence of terrible poverty and ignorance at home, with our disgraceful workhouse system, and the hordes of semi-paupers who are subsisting on private charity. The criminals who are giving money for manufacturing hypocrites out of those who are falsely called the "poor

heathen" abroad, while neglecting the terrible barbarians at home, ought to be denounced as enemies of the State, as foes to the community among whom they dwell. These things done, and the close of 1899 will be the end of the worthiest year in the brilliant century which is now fast dying.

HEREDITY AND PROGRESS.

BY THE LATE J. M. WHEELER.

THE law of heredity in its wider aspects is hardly popular, although observed in all ages. As a scientific theory, it has the misfortune to come in conflict, not with facts, but with what are often more potent—namely, prejudices and dogmas. The *Catholic World*, reviewing Mr. Galton's work on "Hereditary Genius," declared the doctrine "is at variance with Christian theology, with the freedom of the human will and man's moral responsibility. It excludes all morality and all sin, and recognizes only physical good or evil." Without troubling to follow these charges, which have been reiterated *ad nauseam* whenever positive science has ventured on fields over which theology has vainly claimed jurisdiction, let us simply look at the facts.

The truth of the law of heredity cannot be denied. Were it not the primary fact that like produces like, there would be no constancy of species. No one doubts that the hard head of the Negro and the light foot of the Indian are inherited. Inheritance extends not simply to size, complexion and figure, but even to tricks of expression, handwriting, tastes, disposition, intellect—in short, to all that is summed up in the word "character." Anyone who considers the Jews will see at once that their characters, as much as their noses, are an inheritance. A Scotchman "caught young," as Johnson said, may lose some of the superficial characteristics, but will retain all the national peculiarities of his race; and so will the Irishman. The most noticeable qualifications of the law of heredity are those of sex and age. Various characteristics (as in the human family, teeth, beards, and various diseases) appear not at birth, but at the same age as in parents. Striking instances have been recorded of suicide, insanity, and special diseases, breaking out at the same age as in parents. It is even noticed that in men there are long-lived and short-lived stocks. The famous Turgots, of France, scarcely ever reached over half a century, while centenarians usually spring from a long-lived stock. Mr. Darwin noted that "on this principle of inheritance, at corresponding periods, we can understand how it is that most animals display from the germ to maturity such a marvellous succession of characters." He also considered this tendency of the utmost importance in determining the laws of embryology.

Theodule Ribot, the French writer on heredity, alleges two causes as among the chief in cases where the law does not obviously manifest itself. First, the disproportion of an initial force to the amount of energy it may liberate or direct. Each individual having two parents with the latent qualities of their ancestry, and being subject to new embryological conditions, is, however, slightly diverse from every other individual. As affecting this, the military excitement in which Mme. Buonaparte lived prior to Napoleon's birth has been instanced. The Greeks surrounded expectant mothers with beautiful works of art. The second cause is that characteristics are transmitted, which, though modified, are the same at root. Thus a consumptive father may have a child with rickets or rheumatics. An hysterical mother may give birth to a child afflicted with epilepsy. The children of drunkards are often imbecile or otherwise unhealthy, while those born previously to the parents taking to drink have been healthy.

What Mr. Darwin calls the "prepotency of one sex in the transmission of character" is also to be noted. In crosses, the most thoroughbred animal is usually prepotent in the offspring. Mr. G. B. Starkweather is even of opinion that the sex of human beings may be determined by a study of prepotency, or what he calls "superiority."

The seeming absence of certain elements in one generation, and their reappearance in the next or a later generation, is just what should be expected. A father may transmit certain qualities to his daughter which her sex will prevent being other than latent ones, but she in turn transmits them to a son, who thus inherits from his maternal grandfather. Readers of Darwin know the importance of *atavism*, or the reversion to an earlier type, in determining the stock whence an animal proceeds. Atavism is explained by the latency of traits which are kept in check by other circumstances, but which, upon a fitting opportunity, again take shape. Scratch a Russian, and you find a Tartar. Under the veneer of our civilization lies the disposition of an earlier savage life, ready to crop up in sport, Jingoism, or love of adventure. The momentum of ages is not to be stayed by the training of a single life. The man who fights his ancestry is often worsted in the last round, giving in in old age to what he has resisted in his boyhood. We are, for instance, all more superstitious than we know. Mme. de Stael spoke for many when she replied to the question, "Do you believe in ghosts?" by saying, "No; but I am afraid of them."

In addition to the tendency to transmit peculiarities to the same sex should be noted the more general, slowly acting, and weaker tendency of transmission to both sexes of qualities, or degrees of qualities, which originally appeared in one sex only. This tendency is shown in connection with the tendency to inherit acquired qualities at earlier and earlier ages, and therefore in a manner independent of adult sex development.

Those who accept the facts of biology will find no difficulty in Mr. Galton's contention that it would be quite practicable to produce a highly gifted race of men by judicious marriages during several generations. In the case of the Brahmans it has been done, although the adverse forces have been strengthened by the habits of superstition and the lack of education on

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the female side. Every stockbreeder knows the difficulty of keeping up the high character of any valuable variety. There is a steady tendency to revert to the average ancestral character which has to be guarded against by careful selection. With every race of animals, if unpruned for a single generation, the weaker varieties would survive, and the average quality of the race deteriorate. The usual question asked of the believer in inheritance is, How is it the breed falls off? Why was not Cromwell's son, or Milton's daughter, as superior to their parents as they were to theirs? A consideration of the laws already mentioned will, in part, supply the answer. The case of Cromwell also deserves some notice. His military and political genius may be said to have developed with his opportunity. Had Charles been a good king, Cromwell might only have been a self-willed yeoman and a leader of opinion among the Huntingdon gentry. He had come of good descent, and his high qualities appeared to some extent in his daughters.

(To be concluded.)

BRAINS OF CHILDREN.

How much happier the lives of the thousands of children entering school would be if only women—mothers and teachers—better understood the nature and limitations of their brain cells. Such knowledge is to be had, as very important experiments and deductions have been recently made by scientific investigators; but it always takes an unreasonable length of time for such knowledge to become general.

After 25,000 tests by the educators in America, it has been absolutely demonstrated, for instance, that the length of time a child six years of age can concentrate its mind does not exceed seven minutes; and that all efforts to confine its attention upon one subject beyond this limit are worse than useless. This power of concentration increases slowly; at the age of eight a child's attention may be easily held ten minutes. At the age of twelve his mind should not be riveted upon one subject longer than seventeen minutes. It is, therefore, a great mistake to keep a child of this age—say at the piano, more than fifteen minutes; after a change of occupation, another quarter of an hour's practice will be of incalculably more benefit than the attempt to continue work after brain and nerves have become fatigued.

Indeed, most of the inattention and restlessness of children may be explained upon the physical basis. A boy's brain, for example, undergoes a certain shrinkage at the age of fourteen or fifteen. It actually weighs less than at the age of twelve and thirteen. This fact explains the carelessness, laziness and general unreasonableness of boys of this age. Statistics show that a large proportion of boys leave school at about this time. It is altogether probable that if parents and teachers realized that the proverbial lawlessness of boys of fourteen merely evidenced a temporary condition of brain cells, more of them would be patiently guided through the period, to take up their studies a year or two later with renewed interest.

The same tests have conclusively proved that the brain of a child is always most active between 8.30 and 11.30 in the morning. All lessons, therefore, requiring the exercise of their reasoning power—such as arithmetic and grammar—should be at this hour. It has been further deduced that the average child, unhampered by grades and systems, may have easily mastered his arithmetic by the time he is twelve years old.

Scientists have also discovered that if the brain centres governing the motor nerves remain undeveloped until the age of sixteen, there is no chance whatever of any later development; which fact is a powerful argument in favor of manual training in the public schools. The majority of children are so active that they develop their own brains and nerves to a certain extent along these lines. Where they fail to do so, we get the tramp and the sloven. It is a physical impossibility to acquire skill and dexterity in any art unless the foundation has been laid in the formation of brain cells and the training of the motor nerves before the age of sixteen.

THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP.

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GIVE me the hand that is warm, kind, and ready ;
 Give me the hand that is calm, true, and steady ;
 Give me the hand that will never deceive me ;
 Give me the grasp that I may believe thee.

Soft is the hand of the delicate woman ;
 Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy ploughman ;
 Soft palm or hard hand—matters it never—
 Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

Give me the hand that is true to a brother ;
 Give me the hand that has harmed not another ;
 Give me the hand that has never forsworn it :
 Give me the hand that I may adore it.

Lovely the palm of the blue-veined maiden ;
 Ugly the hand of the workman o'erladen ;
 Lovely or ugly, matters it never—
 Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty—
 Free as the breeze and untrammelled by party ;
 Let friendship still give me the grasp that becomes her—
 Close as the twine of the vines of the summer.

Give me the hand that is true to a brother ;
 Give me the hand that has wronged not another ;
 Soft palm or hard hand—matters it never :
 Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.—*Anon.*

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THE PASSING OF CHRISTIANITY.

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BY J. SPENCER ELLIS.
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No greater set-back has been given to Christian pretensions during the present generation than that which was administered when Lord Kitchener of Khartoum announced that his great School for the Soudanese, for which he had just collected £100,000, was not to be either a nursing academy for Christian priests or an asylum for half-educated Christian missionaries, but was to be a real school, where scientific knowledge was to be imparted to young Mahomedans without any attempt to convert them to the Christian religion. A howl was set up, of which we shall hear more anon; but Lord Kitchener appears to be a man who knows what he means, and who will probably be able to carry out his intentions without allowing himself to be trifled with by a set of bigoted and mercenary ecclesiastics.

At first sight, it would appear to be the height of folly for these sectarians to oppose Lord Kitchener's design; for no unprejudiced person, we think, will question the statement that more Mahomedans will be converted at the Khartoum College in a year than at the missionaries' schools in a whole generation. Possibly the clergymen feel this to be true; and what they fear, and what will most probably be the fact, is, that these converts will abandon their own faith, not for the Christian faith, but for Freethought. Just as in India, where, while a few nominal converts to Christianity are being counted in the missions—a few "rice Christians," as they are aptly termed, taken from the lowest grade

of society—education is making hundreds of Freethinkers in the ranks of the better classes. It is, indeed, a fact worth recording—that the British Government has sanctioned the establishment of a school which will practically be carried on under Mahomedan auspices. And this is as it should be; for, as has been said on another occasion, there are more Mahomedans who acknowledge Queen Victoria's sway than live under the rule of the Sultan of Turkey, and no one but a narrow-minded bigot would wish to violate their prejudices in the interests of another religious body. It might suit the narrow and reckless prejudices of illiterate missionaries to use the power of a great empire in their proselytizing efforts; but such propagandism would certainly not be in the interests either of the stability of the empire or of the progress of religious truth, and no true statesman would sanction it.

The consideration of this matter leads us to again point out the essential weakness of the Christian arguments in discussing this and similar questions. The narrow provincialism which leads men, even great men like Gladstone, to regard their own religion as the supremely divine and only true religion, is a phase of thought which the late Parliament of Religions at Chicago and its results have done a great deal to dispel, even in the Church itself. Men are beginning to see that, in the region of theology, "the heathen" are just as likely to have true ideas—are just as likely to

have had a "divine revelation"—as Jews or Christians. And they are also becoming alive to the fact that Religion is in no way exempt from the operation of the universal law of Evolution; that changes in theology are just as inevitable, and just as rationally explicable, as changes in scientific hypotheses, philosophical theories and political ideals; and that only a progressive religion—one that gives to its votaries new and more exalted ideals of human life and human conduct, founded upon the advancing knowledge of our time, can hope to maintain its hold upon the intelligence of the age. And thus it comes about that, while the more "evangelical" churches still keep harping on the same old string, and join in chorus with the Church of Rome in proclaiming "the faith once delivered to the saints" to be one and unchangeable; the better educated and more broad-minded sections of the Church discuss with more or less reserve the true meaning of the new discoveries and the new criticism.

And nowhere is this more apparent than in those secular papers which occasionally leave the beaten track of their political or commercial journey, and attempt, with very uncertain and varying success, to throw some light across the dismal quagmire of theological disputes. We might expect, and doubtless it is the case, that these secular efforts to relieve the monotony of the pulpit wrangles and put some logic into them, reflect more or less accurately the struggles of the non-clerical mind to view from the standpoint of common sense the difficulties of the theological position. In the case of the Canadian newspapers, as we have often pointed out, we see a very clear indication that the lay

mind in Canada has hardly begun to awake to the fundamental problems involved. Most of the writers for these papers are still firmly convinced that the "verities" of the Christian faith are impregnable, and still profess to regard the doubter, the sceptic, the Agnostic, or the Atheist as a radically bad man, to follow whom would lead the nation into a Canadian edition of the French Revolution. One of the most typical examples of this class is the literary editor of the *Toronto Mail*, who, with a wide culture and a versatile pen, displays a vindictive and epiphenetic ferocity against all forms of heterodoxy. For men like him there is no good out of Nazareth, there can be no morality apart from the Bible and belief in the Trinity; and the keeping of the "Sabbath" as the priests ordain is the first essential for national greatness and for a surplus in the national exchequer and in the church funds.

In comparing the signs of intellectual progress among the English-speaking peoples, it can hardly be denied, we think, that the British people at the present time show the greatest advantage. Whether we seek signs of progress among the masses or among the more wealthy classes, in the labor organizations or in the secular press, the English and Scotch appear to be freeing themselves by far the most rapidly from clerical influences. While the State Church still has the nominal adherence of the upper classes, in reality it has little hold upon them except as a means of pensioning off relatives and *protégés* who may need financial assistance; and they only smile at the earnestness of a Gladstone or a Drummond. The workmen, too, have largely learnt the true value of priestly support, and

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repudiate the help of the preachers in their efforts at reform. They have to a great extent learnt the lesson of self-help, as is evidenced by the immense extent of the Co-operative movement both in England and Scotland. In Canada, however, the Church is still the great dominating power, especially in Quebec, among both the upper and the lower classes, the latter especially running after the clericals to help them, as if these had at any time shown an inclination to help any but themselves. A very similar state of things may be observed in the States, where plutocracy and ecclesiasticism hold both politicians and people under an almost undisputed sway, the large Catholic element aiding the evangelicals in bringing about the baleful result. In both Canada and the States, the ecclesiastics have made persistent efforts to encroach upon the liberties of the people, and not altogether without success; and were it not for other signs and portents, we might be inclined to think that Christianity was growing apace.

It is clear, however, from the rapid spread of such cults as those of Spiritualism, Christian Science, Faith Cure, Theosophy, etc., that the virus of supernaturalism and mysticism is still very strong; and it cannot surprise us to find that many minds are unable to free themselves from their mental shackles at a bound. It is a hopeful sign that some of the New York papers show great freedom in dealing with these questions, and a far keener appreciation of the fitness of things than those on this side of the border. Here is an editorial from the *New York Journal* of Dec. 4, '98, which may be taken as a fair sample.

"THE MUTABLE IN CHRISTIANITY.

"A recent article in the *Tribune* on the

work of Dr. Lyman Abbott arouses the Syracuse *Standard* to protest against the propriety of assisting people with religious doubts to 'reconcile the religion of their traditions with the secular thought of their time.' The *Standard* declares that so far as it has been able to judge the help so given 'consisted in abating the claims of religion until the desired reconciliation was complete,' and it says: 'Such assistance can hardly be very useful to a person who wishes to retain "the faith once delivered to the saints." If religion needs to be adjusted in every generation to the mutable fashion of secular thought, it can not be a thing of much value, or one that men will respect very long.'

"Now we should not wish to undermine the *Standard's* respect for the most conservative orthodoxy, nor do we wish to argue the comparative merits of what are commonly called the old and new theology. But we wish to point out that Dr. Abbott or any other clergyman who attempts to adjust religion to the mutable fashion of secular thought does nothing more than accept and cordially work in accord with an irresistible tendency which has operated in every age on every living religion. It may be an open question how far the custodians of religious truth should themselves join in the work of adjustment, and how far they should be conservative and yield to the inevitable change only by slow degrees. There is much to be said on both sides of that question. On the one hand there is the danger of keeping the Church a generation behind the thought of its most progressive members and so far weakening its influence for good. On the other, there is the danger of moving ahead so fast as to puzzle and disturb slower working minds and of letting the Church, as an institution, instead of merely making reasonable progress, get adrift and jeopardize its divine and immutable cargo. But, whatever be the golden mean of pilotage, the fact remains that *Christianity does change from age to age*, to suit the time and present its permanent body of truth in adjustment with the point

of view of succeeding generations and different races. *There is a transient element in Christianity which is inseparable from it as held by mundane beings, who grasp ideas only in concrete and partial form.* So much do men find their own mode of thought as conditioned by their time and surroundings to them a necessary part of the religious conception, that it is almost impossible for many of them to regard the man with a different fashion of thought about a particular truth as holding the same religion with themselves. This is what leads to sects and religious wars. The *divine truth* may be in each sect, but it is so identified with the various wrappings of human conception, that to each sect it seems hardly possible that it should really be in more than one.

"The Christianity of the first century in Palestine was very different from that found a few years later in Rome. The *central truth* was in both, but one was presented in the garb which suited Hebrew thought and the other in the fashion which the Romans could understand. The great successes of Christianity were in adjusting itself to the mutable fashion of secular thought, in being an oriental religion to Orientals, a Greek religion to Greeks, a Roman religion to Romans. It was only when it ceased to be so adaptable and insisted on crystallizing its philosophy, that it at times temporarily weakened its hold on the life of the people. Some of the wisest foreign missionaries now are frank to say that the greatest obstacle to Christianizing the East is the attempt to make Chinese and Japanese and Hindoos American and English Christians, with Western conceptions of philosophy and theology, instead of helping them to translate the *Christ idea* into Chinese, Japanese and Hindoo feeling, thought and character. The Church of Rome is often thought of as the type of the immutable in theology. But, as a matter of fact, Rome has been peculiarly given to adaptation. Her theology on many, to her, essential topics has changed

much even in four hundred years. Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility and Transubstantiation are illustrations of this. At one time Platonism and at another time Aristotelian philosophy has been the prevailing fashion of thought in the Church, and the resulting *structure of theology* built about an identical religious truth is something vastly different in the two cases. The most orthodox Congregational theology prevailing to-day would have many apologies to make to Cotton Mather or Jonathan Edwards. They saw religious truth with their secular minds, and men of this generation see it with minds trained in the fashion of to-day.

"The fact that the *same truth* can be so differently interpreted and still be of vital significance, is one of the most convincing revelations of its divinity. Living things change their bodily form and outward aspect. It is only dead things that are crystallized and immovable. Men respect Christianity, and it is of value to them because it can be adjusted to their changing ideas in spite of men like those who, having tied it up to the Ptolemaic conception of the universe, insisted that 'the faith once delivered to the saints' would be wrecked utterly if it was reconciled to the views of Copernicus. If Christianity were to-day what it was in the Middle Ages men would not respect it long. It is because it sets forth totally different conceptions of this world and the next from what the masses of that time could in the least have appreciated that it holds the respect and influences the lives of the men of this later day."

The clear recognition this article gives us of the great facts that religion is a changing and progressive thing, and that it can only be saved from entire disintegration by adapting itself to new ideas and new facts, is important, and will doubtless cause thousands of its readers to enter upon a new line of thought. It would be demanding too much from men just

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beginning to discern such a truth to say that they should at once carry it to its legitimate conclusion. The limitations of the human mind, inherited tendencies, and early training seldom permit sudden conversions, especially to unpalatable or unpopular truths. We must look upon it as a very acceptable "small mercy" when we see a long step taken towards the goal we all aim at—the clearing away of all obstructions to the perfectly free discussion of all subjects, the admission of the principle that no subject is too "sacred" to be freely discussed. We need not fear for the result when this is once an acknowledged principle. The editor of the *Tribune* will cease then to imagine that anything like a "divine and immutable cargo" can possibly be put in jeopardy because some Christians are mentally slower than others. He will see then that, if "Christianity does change from age to age," and if a more rapid rate of change causes a portion of its cargo to be jeopardized, it may only be a question of time as to when the whole cargo may be in peril. Then he may ask himself if he thinks it possible for any "divine and immutable" cargo to be jeopardized? and if he has not been guilty of a gross *petitio* in his assumption? It is possible that he has not yet very carefully examined the "divine and immutable cargo," and we strongly recommend him to do so; and then he may be able to expound unto us the meaning of those terms "divine truth" and "central truth" which he appears to think can be dissociated from the transient dogmas which have been built up into the "structure of theology" he speaks of. There is hope for him if he will do this thing, and his readers will benefit thereby.

Another New York paper, the *Times*, of Dec. 21, '98, contained the following article, which exhibits another phase of the same mental development. The writer is cautious and indefinite, but his words have a ring of sincerity that augurs well for him when he can place himself upon a broader philosophical platform:

"BIBLE CRITICISM.

"IF all men and all women had the contented, unquestioning faith of the Rev. Dr. A. J. F. Behrends there would be no scepticism in the world, there never would have been any Tubingen School, and Robertson Smith, Bruno Bauer, and Charles F. Briggs would have been celebrated only as pious men devoutly upholding the standards of supernaturalism and Scriptural inerrancy.

"Dr. Behrends is supposed to have had Dr. Lyman Abbott in mind when he made this profession of his beliefs at the Lenox Lyceum on Monday night:

"Now, my friends, let those critics who delve into the mysteries of the Bible do their abominable worst. They have been 225 years at it, and are now in a bigger muddle than ever before. I am going to be a prophet for once—just once. Let me tell you, my friends, the problems of modern Biblical criticism are insoluble. I won't bother my poor head about them any more. It has ached enough. I am going to follow in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus Christ. I will use the old book just as he used it. It is safe to use the Bible as he used it and to leave criticism alone. Criticisms are not religions. They are literary matters. They are modern fads. The essential truths have never lost their power; they are simple things."

"This short and easy way out of all trouble would make everybody as happy as Dr. Behrends if everybody would follow it. But some minds are by nature inquiring. They experience doubt, and sow its seeds in other minds—honest doubt, and all the harder to overcome because it is

honest. When Dr. Behrends tells the doubters not to bother their poor heads about the problems of the Bible, he does not satisfy the demands of their intelligence:

“ ‘The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.’

“To doubt unsatisfied there may succeed disbelief and indifference. These are enemies of the church. Dr. Behrends's comfortable formula is no defence against them. They enter in and raven the flock.

“What the doctor calls ‘essential truths’ can neither be true nor essential if they cannot pass the challenges of learned inquiry. A good many years ago there was a state of the public mind which men called the conflict between religion and science. Enlightened theologians began to perceive that it would not do to have a conflict between religion and science. This was pre-eminently a scientific age. Research was equipped with marvellous instruments of precision. It pushed its inquiries far and told the story of its discoveries in what some of the pillars of the old faith thought was dangerously popular language. It was honest and severe with itself. Sham science was mercilessly exposed. The people everywhere got new notions about the age of the earth, the origin of species, the antiquity of man, his early habits and probable ancestry. Then the work of reconciling the truths of religion with the truths of science began, and not too soon. On both sides there was a conscientious sifting of evidence. Guesswork was repudiated, parable was detached from history, and the spurious was separated from the genuine. To-day the wisest preachers of the gospel admit the existence of no conflict between the truths of religion and the truths of science.

“Neither can there be any lasting conflict between the truths of the Bible and the truths of scholarship. It is only the errors on both sides that are incompatible, and dogmatism is a noted breeder of errors. It is the aim of sound Bible criticism to

point out error. It certainly is not an ‘abominable’ work. A good many far-seeing and devout men believe it to be necessary as the friend and preserver of religious truth and faith.”

Just so. No honest and intelligent believer in religion would for a moment object to inquiries as to the ground of his belief were it not for the dishonest suggestions of his pastors and masters. Men of sense know that it is absurd to talk of the *truths* of the Bible or of religion being in conflict with the truths of science, or of any of these truths being endangered by discussion. It is not truth, or morality, or what may be termed “true religion,” that can be endangered by anything else that is true. What alone can be endangered is—Priestcraft—the Church, an institution that depends upon dogmas and myths and mysteries that are certain to be abolished when men set to work seriously to discover what truth there really is in them. And then, possibly, the *Times* writer will be able to see the folly of talking about “disbelief and indifference” entering the church and “ravening the flock” because doubts are unsatisfied. Doubts and indifference come to men when they see a mercenary, self-seeking clergy evading the honest discussion of their dogmas, and can only be overcome by an earnest endeavor on the part of the preachers, not only to place those dogmas in their true light, but to do some good in the world on the basis of advancing knowledge, instead of spending for the most part useless and idle lives in expounding doctrines and theories of life which are essentially immoral, and which they are afraid or incompetent to defend in face of the intelligence of the age.

In the same issue of the *N.Y. Times*

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from which we quote the above editorial appears this letter from a correspondent, "E. N. P.," whose description will fit that of probably a large majority of the Sunday performances at the orthodox churches, where the only gods really worshipped are the Trinity of Mammon, Comfort, and Mother Grundy:

"Yesterday I attended the morning service in one of your great city churches. Several clergymen were present, and there was a large congregation. The sermon was on the high calling of the Christian ministry. The clergyman must be an upright man. He has to deal with eternity. He represents God on earth and man in heaven. He must draw the line between justness and unjustness. The man who is called to the ministry of God is called to come up higher, etc. Admirable commonplace! No need to think or feel here.

"Innumerable prayers, long and short;

the Lord's Prayer twice. There was an alternation of many voices, among them one especially pleasant that intoned the Litany. Purple and fine linen, perfume, 'a dim, religious light,' five hundred persons well dressed and physically comfortable for two hours. But 'Oh, the pity of it, Iago!'

"The sound of music was as the trilling of nightingales and the gush of woodland streams to the weary traveller in the desert. Otherwise it was 'words, words, words.' Vain repetition. What solace to the perplexed heart and brain? No place for the God of love: all for the God of incense—the same God to whom the Romans sacrificed their bullocks.

"I believe in the eternal verities. I believe in the divinity of Christ. But with all my soul I disbelieve in a church that can substitute a perfect routine for an active, living, warning factor. Better a hundred times a moral theatre than a cut-and-dried, lifeless church."

TO THE SPIRIT OF PEACE: NEW YEAR'S EVE.

OH, come, gentle spirit! How long will you tarry?
Too fleet are your visits, too swift is your flight;
The moments are flying, the old year is dying—
Come, rest your white wings in my bosom to-night.

Oh, cast your bright robes round the flaw in each idol,
And let me behold but the semblance of clay;
To-night, in my dreaming, I would have the seeming
Of cankerless roses that fade not away!

To-night, I am tenderly, wistfully thinking
Of hearts heavy-laden with sorrow and care,
Of idols all shattered, of friendships all scattered,
Of bright hopes all ended in doubt and despair.

If my foot hath trespassed to sadden my neighbor,
To cause him a heart-ache, a sigh, or a tear,
Ere his heart may harden, I crave for his pardon—
God bless him, and send him a Happy New Year!

Oh, leave a white gleam from your wing in departing—
A leaf from the olive-branch-emblem so dear!
To brighten the dawning and gladden the morning—
To greet with a welcome the coming New Year!

—Boston Investigator.

E. E. CHEVELEY.

LOVE AND LABOR.

BY M. C. O'BYRNE, OF THE BAR OF ILLINOIS,

Author of "Upon This Rock," "Song of the Ages," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE English Channel in July, a light and fitful breeze at times sending a gentle ripple across the water, while ever and anon,—preceded by its shadow darkening the blue sea, for the sun has crossed the meridian two hours since,—there comes from the west some finely-rounded cloud, a silvern fleece torn from some huge death-dealing cumulus of thunderheads, it may be, thousands of miles away in the great plain region of North America. The coast here is deeply indented, and is bold and precipitous except where, almost at regular intervals, the line is broken by the coves which mark the sea limits of the beautiful and fertile valleys of Cornwall. Were it not for the grassy hummock which overlooks the sharp point away there to the right,—the west,—whose needle-like finger is ever pointing to that grim old castle-shaped rock the Gwineas, one might easily see the majestic Dodman looming in solitary grandeur over the sea. In solitary grandeur, for the lofty Dodman stands alone among the promontories of England as having neither reef nor rock between it and the deep water. What sailor or fisherman knows not that

"Off every point in England there lies a rock or stone
Except the Cornish Dodman, where
there's none."

Between us and the hummock-crowned point is St. Meva, the most important fishing town on the south-western coast,—*Meva manibus menis*, as the parson once humorously proposed should be its motto, "Meva walled with pilchards," or herrings, according to the season. Away on our left is the tall beacon-topped Gribben, from behind which in days gone by issued

the Gallants of Fowey, who, rather than unbonnet themselves to the mariners of Rye and Winchelsea, preferred to meet them in a pitched battle in which, of course, the Gallants were the victors, and who steered thirty-seven stout ships to the siege of Calais. Still farther east is Looe Island and the sweep of coast ending in Rame Head, outside of which, when the twilight deepens, we may see the Eddy-stone light twinkling like the evening star. Seen in the light of a glorious summer day, the prospect is most beautiful; but when the strong and steady east wind,—dreaded by fishermen on this coast for its violence and persistence,—turns sea and sky into a sort of leaden gray and sends huge white-horsed breakers foaming against beach and cliff it is, methinks, still more beautiful. St. Meva Bay, except during one of these spells of easterly gales, affords good anchorage, while the little haven, now transformed into a commodious "floating harbor," inside the bar affords shelter to scores of luggers and other kinds of fishing craft.

As I have said, the coast is indented with coves, some accessible by winding trails—they can hardly be called paths—from the tall cliffs above them, others only to be reached, except at low water, by boat. Famous places these for bathing, where the confident swimmer may, as he will, plunge at once into deep water from some elbow-like point, or where gently-sloping beaches of sand encourage the more timid and less skilful to disport themselves in safety.

The tide this afternoon is, as the fishermen say, nearly at half-ebb. Two young men, having, apparently with great effort, climbed the zig-zag path, have just thrown

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themselves down in the long, fragrant grass which grows up to the very edge of the cliffs. The fields here are in reality undulations of rich pasture land, divided, as is customary in Devon and Cornwall, into meadows by high, thick bank-hedges, grass-grown and fragrant with honey-suckle and sweet-briar, and brilliant with fox-glove, poppy, and dogrose. The beach below them is about half a mile long, and, being something more than that east of the town, is a favorite resort of those bathers who do not find the aforesaid path too much either for their limbs or their respiration. The younger of the two men, — a stalwart fellow of about nineteen or twenty, with an open, honest face, light gray eyes, and hair which is undeniably red,—looks somewhat dubiously at an adder which hangs, limp and lifeless, across his companion's walking-stick. Seeing the look, the other gave a quiet laugh.

"Tom," he said, "you sailors are funny fellows—funny, I mean, in your dislikes and superstitions. To think that you, Cœur de Lion as we used to call you, who thrashed the big butcher in a stand-up fight just after your first voyage, should be afraid of a little viper, and that a dead one! It is ridiculous."

"I suppose it is, Frank; but it is not fear, I think, so much as what you book-worms call antipathy. It was I who killed the thing, you know, when it crossed our path just now."

"Yes, you killed it, much after the manner of a first-rate man-o'-war bombarding a fortress: you hurled a stone at its head from a safe distance while I was considering how we might take it alive and uninjured."

"Alive and uninjured?" said the other. "What would you have done with the ugly thing? Did you want it for a pet or a plaything? or to practise snake-charming with a tin whistle, like those fellows out in Hindustan?"

"I do not agree with you that it is an ugly thing, Tom; quite the contrary. I would have kept it, however, and have

studied its nature and habits. I have to pick up my knowledge this way."

"You will become a great naturalist in time, Frank," said his friend. "Who taught you to make those things you showed me yesterday, especially the aquarium? I had no idea such things were worth studying; but, Frank, old fellow, you taught me yesterday that the commonest creatures are full of interest."

"Who taught me?" returned the other. "Well, I think I owe it all to Wood's little guides. They were introduced into our Sunday school library by the vicar some years ago. How it was I hardly remember, but I read them with delight, and subsequently procured copies for my own use from St. Austell. My aquarium, insect-house, and all the rest of it came from this. But see, your cruel stone has so mangled the viper's head that I can do nothing with it," and raising his stick, he shot the dead reptile down the cliff into a dense brake of brambles.

Frank Trevena was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Together they owned a general shop in St. Meva, and, for that part of the country, were fairly well to do. His education had been acquired at first in the church day-school, and subsequently in a small private school. He had scarcely entered his teens when, thanks to the attractive handbooks of the Rev. J. G. Wood, he became a student of nature, drawn thereunto, no doubt, by boyish curiosity to see for himself the wonders of whose existence he had previously suspected so little. As his knowledge and powers of observation developed, he grew more devoted to study, so that, almost without knowing it, Frank Trevena became a naturalist. I do not know whether or not he sometimes indulged in ambitious hopes, whether in his dreams he sometimes found himself posing as a great biologist laying down the law on protoplasm, crayfish, the Book of Genesis, and the authenticity of the writings ascribed to Moses; involving himself in an endless controversy with worn-out

statesmen who in their dotage might undertake to vindicate the ways of God to man; and proving with equal facility that all the philosophers from Thales to Hegel, and all the theologians from St. Paul to the last Bampton Lecturer were mad with logic, feeders on chimeras, and blind leaders of the blind. As a general observation, it may be said that specialists are not overburdened with modesty; up to the present, however, Frank Trevena had not shown a disposition to pose as Sir Oracle, and his good mother had no reason to complain that her son was slothful or negligent in business. In person he was about the middle height, with nothing particularly noteworthy about him, unless an unusually thick shock of short, dust-colored hair might be so considered.

Tom Scantlebury was nearly two years younger than Trevena. They had been schoolmates, but Tom had applied himself diligently to navigation, in due time being apprenticed on board an Indiaman. He was now a midshipman, a sailor full of promise, daring to a fault, a general favorite at sea or ashore. Tom had been home nearly a fortnight, and already, as his father—who was a wealthy draper—declared, was beginning to show that he felt like a fish out of water. Certainly, if an inclination to be from morning till night either on or in the water be characteristic of such a fish, there can be little question that Tom's feelings had been pretty accurately diagnosed by his parent. Since his arrival from London, the youngster had rescued two boys from drowning, capsized the harbor-master's sailing boat a mile or more from shore through the effectual operation of two half-hitches, the main sheet, a thwart, and a gust of wind on the beam, swum from the scene of this disaster a mile or more to Chapel Point, and roused half the fishermen of the town from their midnight slumber one Sunday night by a false "crying out" that vast "schools" of pilchards were close in shore vainly appealing to be seined without delay.

For some minutes after the disappearance of the adder the young men continued to lie on the grass in silence, watching in listless indolence the progress of the seine-boats as they changed their respective "turns" or stations along the coast. Perhaps it was in order to obtain a better view of these manœuvres that Scantlebury turned his face from his companion and shaded his eyes with his hand.

"Frank," he said, "was not that your cousin, Amy Varcoe, that went across the beach just as we were leaving the point?"

"She was with the party, I think," replied Trevena, "she and that new school-mistress from Leicestershire, and some others. A girls' picnic, I suppose; they will light a fire of driftwood in the cave at the further end of the beach where the waterfall is, put their kettle on to boil, and then proceed to bathe in something like six inches of water. Across the hedge there on our left I have no doubt one might see them—for the ground slopes very sharply there—wrapped in old print dresses, paddling about in the ooze. Why is there not a sensible bathing-dress for women, I wonder? I am sure it must be miserable to be in one of those loose, clinging gowns."

"There are such bathing dresses, Frank, but they have not yet come our way. When they do come, old fellow, I am afraid you will say that they run into the opposite extreme. But look, who is that on the cliff there, on the other side of the hedge? By heaven, he has a field-glass, and you see what he is up to, eh!"

The young sailor sprang to his feet in high displeasure at the stranger's conduct. Trevena also got up, but with more deliberation.

"Well, Tom," he said, "if it be as you think, and it does look that way a little, to be sure, what concern is that of ours? Hundreds do it every day; surely it is not illegal to watch a woman—"

Tom Scantlebury, however, did not wait for the end of Frank's speech. Striding hastily away, he climbed the hedge and

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approached the stranger, who, lowering his glass, turned somewhat curiously toward the newcomer.

"How dare you, sir," cried Tom, "use this position and your glass to so mean a purpose?"

"Sir," was the reply, spoken with a coolness in great contrast to Tom's address, "you have the advantage of me. How dare I what? I do not quite understand you."

"You know my meaning very well, sir," said Tom. "Your conduct is dishonorable, as you very well know."

The stranger pursed up his lips as if about to whistle, but instead he burst into a hearty laugh.

"So," he said, "here we have a sea-side Quixote—a Bayard. Well, my good fellow, as you say, there is a good view from this coign of vantage; but you are mistaken in one point. I was not watching the ladies bathing, for I came too late for that, but I plead guilty to having taken a passing interest in their transformation from sea-nymphs into passable daughters of Eve, whom, indeed, so far as I can judge, they for a time very much resembled."

"I understand you, sir," said Tom, just as Frank came up beside him; "you have played the part of a scoundrel."

"Do you really think so?" was the reply. "Well, my fine fellow, I am perfectly indifferent to your opinion on the subject." And the stranger returned the field-glass to the black leather case which hung from his shoulder.

"Indifferent you may be," answered the young sailor, stung to white heat by the other's tone of amused contempt, "but let me tell you that I could find it in my heart to give you a good thrashing."

An unmistakable sneer curled the stranger's lip at this intemperate speech, and Trevena, fearing his friend's rashness, laid his hand on Tom's arm.

"That will do, Tom," he said; "you have given him your mind; that will do. Anything more may lead to trouble."

"In your heart, eh?" laughed the stranger, showing his white, even teeth. "You could find it in your heart to give me a thrashing? But not in your hand, eh? You are held back by the thought that heart and hand are not in unison. Well, second thoughts are best, they say," and again laughing that provoking laugh, he turned as if to walk inland. As he did so, Scantlebury took a step forward and, raising his hand, struck the stranger's hat from his head. Lightning itself is scarcely quicker than the blow, straight from the shoulder, which, falling squarely on Tom's forehead, sent him to the ground. In a moment he was on his feet again and imitating the action of the stranger, who was divesting himself of coat and waistcoat. It was clearly a most difficult position for a peacemaker to be in, for hostilities were already begun, but Trevena did his best to expostulate with his hasty friend. Indeed, to say the truth, Frank was in no slight degree anxious respecting the issue of the conflict, for the stranger was a man of about twenty-two, and, though less stoutly built than Tom Scantlebury, he was much taller. Moreover, Frank had an uneasy sense that Tom had most unwisely picked a quarrel with one far above him in social standing—a consideration that set him thinking of various far-reaching possible complications. Thus moved, Trevena planted himself midway between the antagonists, resolved as far as lay in his power to prevent the fight. How far he would have succeeded in this direction it is hard to say, for Tom was, in the phraseology of the ring, "squaring off," while on his part the stranger, still with a smile on his face, stood waiting the attack.

While standing thus, Frank Trevena acknowledged that Tom's antagonist was a fine specimen of early manhood. As I have said, he was very tall and somewhat slenderly built, but the muscles of his bared arms were like many-plyed whipcord and his skin had a roseate tinge. His eyes and hair were of the hue of ripe Italian chestnuts, but his small moustache

and beard were much darker, indeed almost black. An Oxford shirt of gray woollen fitted him admirably, and instead of ordinary trousers he wore knickerbockers or knee-breeches and black stockings. Noting these things, Frank became convinced that no good could come from allowing the quarrel to proceed to extremity; if possible, he would prevent Tom's nearer approach, even at the risk of forfeiting his friendship. In their eagerness to test one another's manhood, the champions might have treated Frank's well-meant efforts in some such manner as the representatives of rival churches treat the sanguine putter-forth of an eirenicon; but the timely appearance of a fourth person rendered this less probable, and Trevena saw, to his great satisfaction, that the prospect seemed at once to become much more pacific. Tom Scantlebury's attitude grew less belligerent, and a slight shade of annoyance crept over the face of the other principal.

The newcomer strode rapidly towards the group, being evidently puzzled to account for what he saw.

"Why, Tom," he said, touching the midshipman on the shoulder, "what does this mean? Fighting, eh? And you, Gilbert—tell me, Queensberry rules or London prize-ring, which?"

Scantlebury, though confused, managed to raise his hand to his head, sailor-like, by way of salutation, and to say, "How do you do, Sir Guy?" Frank Trevena, by no means desirous of explaining, fell back a little, bowing as he did so to the gentleman whose coming was so opportune. As he did this, Frank heard the musical laugh of the tall stranger as his eyes met those of Sir Guy.

"Ha!" he said, "I see that you and Bayard are acquainted. Well, Bayard and I have had a little difference of opinion, which we were about to settle as we used to do at Rugby, that's all. Of course, now that we have a justice of the peace among us, the affair stands over, I suppose. Ta, ta, Bayard! If we should ever

again run across each other, and time and place be favorable, you will find me very willing."

In all probability the midshipman would have returned an angry defiance had not Sir Guy interposed.

"Tut, Gilbert," he said, "you must not talk quite so cavalierly. Cornish blood will not stand it, my fine fellow; and, besides, this is Tom Scantlebury, who swam out with the line to the French lugger three years ago, in that terrible storm I told you of the other day."

"Ah, I think I remember the story. Well, up to the present, Master Tom and I are quits. I owe him no grudge, I am sure," and the stranger held out his hand to Tom, who, instead of taking it, merely nodded, and forthwith proceeded to put on his coat and tie his neckerchief. Nothing daunted or abashed, Tom's late antagonist began to resume his outer garments, while Sir Guy exchanged a few words with Frank.

"I see you are a correspondent of some of the London papers, Mr. Trevena," he said. "Your last contribution to *Land and Water* gave rise to quite a discussion at The Place the other day. They tell me in St. Meva that you are the recognized authority among the fishermen. They ought to feel themselves honored at finding your evidence before the recent commission printed in full. Frank Buckland dined at The Place that day, and he spoke very kindly of you and of your reasons for opposing the trawlers."

The young naturalist's face shone with pleasure at this eulogy, and at the kindly grasp of the hand which accompanied it.

"Thank you, Sir Guy. Yes, I had a long talk with Mr. Buckland, who was very considerate. I showed him all my collections. I am glad you came in time to prevent mischief, Sir Guy. I fear I should have made a poor peacemaker."

"Now, Bodrigan, I am once more clothed and in my right mind," cried the tall young man; "come on, that's a good fellow, if the Gitana is to sail to-night."

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The *Gitana* was a large schooner yacht which had been at anchor in the bay two days, her owner being Gilbert Arderne, Esquire, of Withington Priory, Norfolk, a young gentleman who, having been bred for the Church, had, by the death of his uncle, fallen heir to eight thousand pounds a year just after taking the degree of B.A. at the ancient University of Oxford. He and Guy Bodrugan, of The Place, Bodrugan, Cornwall, had been chums both at Rugby and at Oxford, and the only reason for the appearance of the *Gitana* in St. Meva Bay was the determination of her owner to carry off the Cornish baronet to Gibraltar and the Mediterranean.

For some time these two friends walked on in silence toward the public road where Sir Guy's carriage was in waiting. The field was covered with fishing nets spread out to dry, and in order not to tread on these it was necessary to walk in single file. Just as the heads of the patient coachman and most impatient horses appeared above the high hedge between the field and the road, Gilbert Arderne turned on his heel, thereby bringing Bodrugan to a halt.

CHAPTER II.

THE *Gitana* did not leave the bay at the time specified for her departure. On returning to The Place, Sir Guy found a telegram awaiting him announcing the sudden illness of his uncle, the rector of Carduel, and he lost no time in posting off to his relative's sick bed. During the night the wind veered to the east, and in the morning Arderne sent for Cross, his sailing-master, and told him that the yacht would not sail until it was known whether or not Sir Guy would accompany them. Cross advised running to Falmouth for shelter, but when asked if it would be too risky to run the schooner into St. Meva at high water, replied that he was willing to do so under the guidance of a local pilot.

"I will go with you," said Arderne, "and will see how it is. I do not distrust your judgment, Cross, but I suppose you

"Guy," he said, "this foolish adventure has a serious side. There were half-a-dozen girls there on the beach coming in from the water just as I reached the cliff. I suppose one among the party belongs in some sort to the sailor."

"His sweetheart, I fancy," said Sir Guy; "but was this your only cause of quarrel?"

"Yes, and enough too, I suppose, from a lover's standpoint. Why do men do these things, Guy? Is it possible that a fellow has no choice in these matters, but that one becomes vicious as a duckling goes to the pond?"

"Nonsense, old fellow!" cried Sir Guy, "you are getting morbid. You have been living too much alone, that's all, but the Mediterranean will cure you. Vicious, indeed! that comes from studying theology, I suppose. For my part I am Pagan enough to prefer Venus, Diana, and all the rest of that lot to all the hooded and aureoled virgins that ever treasured their virginity until it became mildewed. Let's be off, old man."

yourself would like the responsibility to lie in the right place."

The smartest pacer in Bodrugan's stables, driven by Robins, the best whip in Cornwall, drew up at the door of the pilot thirty-five minutes after leaving The Place. Gilbert Arderne and Captain Cross were glad to find Joseph Lee, attired in huge sea-boots and sou'-wester, on the point of issuing forth.

"Why, this is lucky, Mr. Pilot," exclaimed Cross; "I was afraid you had gone out before this. This is Mr. Arderne, the owner of the *Gitana*, and he wants you to bring her inside the harbor this tide. What d'y'e say,—the sea runs high between those two pier-heads of yours?"

"Not so high as it will be by this time to-morrow, Cap'n," answered the pilot, "if

this wind holds. Yes, sir," he continued, addressing Gilbert, "we can bring her in all right at high water. Perhaps you will go off in the lugger, sir? She is as dry as a biscuit."

And so the Gitana was safely brought in and duly moored stem and stern behind the old stone wharf whose escarpment so solidly defied the furious breakers and caused them to froth with baffled fury after every impotent charge. Had her owner bethought him of the nature of an easterly gale in the Channel and its possible duration even in summer, the yacht would assuredly have gone to Falmouth, a noble harbor, easy of access and of egress in almost any weather. In that event, Gilbert Arderne's after-life would probably have been different to that which the reader will find it. On this subject, however, it is futile to theorize or speculate: the so-called Free Will controversy is a mere logomachy; we *feel* that we are free to choose or to act under given circumstances, and that is all we know about it, but we are utterly unable to determine the quantity of the forces which sway us when hereditary influences, temperament, and opportunity combine to pull in one direction.

Thinking it certain that the task of bringing in and mooring the yacht would extend far into the evening, Gilbert had dismissed Robins and the dog-cart soon after reaching the town. By five o'clock, however, the schooner was safely moored, and her owner found himself pacing the quarter-deck in solitary grandeur. Besides himself and Sir Guy, there were two other *voyageurs*, the one a politician and magazine editor, the other a scientific man whose reputation had travelled far beyond England. Both of these gentlemen, however, were at The Place, making themselves very much at home, and, sooth to say, by no means such enthusiastic lovers of the sea as to feel profoundly annoyed at their detention. Under this condition of affairs, Gilbert Arderne, throwing the end of his cigar over the rail, made up his

mind to walk back to Bodrugan. It was a fine evening and he was a good walker, so that it was not long before the young man had left the town behind him.

Passing the gray old towerless church, he went briskly along the beautiful lanes, vaulting lightly over the gates which at intervals of a few hundred yards kept the cattle from straying beyond their own proper pastures. On either hand were rich meadows fragrant with new-mown hay, and many a cheery salutation came from the workers therein as he went by. Half-way between the town and the village of Bodrugan he passed a comfortable farm-house. Arderne was about to turn aside here and ask for a drink of milk, but drawing nearer he was just in time to catch sight of the figure of another man who had entered the farm-yard presumably with a like intention. This man's back was turned towards Arderne, but the latter had no difficulty in recognizing the person of his adversary of the previous day, Master Tom Scantlebury. A look of aversion came over his features, and turning sharply to the left, Gilbert Arderne placed a high hedge crowned with hazel bushes between himself and the farm yard.

If anything, the road from this point to the village was even more beautiful. The fields on the right sloped upward into hills, many of them undulating seas of wheat and barley, with bright patches of wild poppy scattered here and there among them. On the left a narrow strip of velvet turf ended in a sparkling brook, whose water, having turned the huge wheel of the village mill, was somewhat prematurely rejoicing in its escape from bondage, all unwitting of the still larger wheel that stood between it and the sea. Across the brook was the New Plantation, a large addition to Bodrugan woods made fifteen or twenty years ago by Sir Guy's father, a wise forester, who knew well that the poorest land could and should be made to wear its primæval dress. Bodrugan village itself was a very small one, consisting of about a dozen whitewashed cottages, inha-

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bited by various gardeners, stablemen and other retainers of Sir Guy, with their respective families. To enter the village it was necessary to cross a simple plank bridge over another rivulet which here formed a junction with the mill-brook, and a person standing on the bridge was enabled to look behind the cottages into the beautiful orchards and kitchen gardens in the rear. Sauntering along, the open doors revealed white sanded floors and spotless kitchen tables, with the inevitable high dresser, well stored with cups and plates, with now and then a little cuckoo clock with its weights and pendulum. At the farther end of the village stood the mill, and this and the miller's cottage were the only buildings on the left hand. Here the road to The Place turned off sharply to the right, and became somewhat steep until the much more pretentious house of Sir Guy's steward, which overlooked the whole village, and indeed the whole valley, was passed, when it grew even again, and continued pretty level as far as the lodge.

Gilbert Arderne, having got as far as the mill, hesitated a moment at the foot of the hill. On his left hand was the wide gate of the Plantation, and although the way through the wood and across the park was at least twice as long, it was undeniably much more attractive. The dry east wind had left the road almost ankle deep in dust, and Gilbert much preferred to go through the Plantation. Having thus decided, he lit a cigar, and, walking somewhat more leisurely, took his way in among the young oaks and chestnut trees. In about ten minutes he came within sight of the ha-ha fence of the park, and stopped short in amused astonishment at the scene before him. A young woman, having evidently got over or under the railing, was looking ruefully at a huge dog which, with fore legs extended across a small bundle, was plainly putting his veto on its removal to the side upon which the lady stood. The dog Arderne at once recognized as belonging to the gamekeep-

er,—it was a large black, smooth-haired animal which Guy Bodrugan had some years ago picked up somewhere in the island of Sardinia. Seeing how matters stood, Gilbert hastened forward and called off the dog Bruno, however, at first manifested no disposition to obey, but a peremptory enforcement of the command in the shape of a stone in the ribs made the brute hurry off and gave Arderne opportunity to secure the bundle.

"I am afraid he terrified you very much," said the young man; "he is a vicious brute, and I will see that he is confined to the kennel in future. Here is your bundle, uninjured I hope."

The young woman's eyelashes were wet with tears as she looked into the face of her rescuer. Gilbert Arderne fairly started when their eyes met, for never before had he seen so beautiful a creature. She was about eighteen and of medium height, with a splendidly proportioned figure. A close-fitting bodice of white muslin barely reached up to her swan-like neck, which was as pure as the lily of the valley in color. Her features were faultless in their outline, the long straight nose and broad forehead being altogether beyond criticism. Withal, it was a face of power, the brow alone betokening intellect and lofty imagination. Her eyes, large and fringed with long lashes, were neither black, nor hazel, nor gray, but a sort of steely blending of all three. You could not look into their depths, for the simple reason that whoever tried to do so felt that his own measure was being taken, his own soul being examined, and before that guileless, albeit fascinating, look the most adventurous scoffer at maidenly virtue would have been subdued. A thousand rippling ringlets, that were not quite curls, of chestnut-colored hair partially concealed her forehead and temples, the rich brown mass being braided behind, the long plait ending in a knot of light-blue ribbon a foot or more below her waist. A broad-brimmed hat, of the straw known as Leghorn, hung loosely at her side, the

ribbons forming a sort of loose sash around the graceful curvature of her body, and pleasantly breaking the uniformity of the long white dress which fitted her so perfectly. While Gilbert was speaking she took the proffered bundle, and turning her eyes towards the ground she answered:

"Thank you very much, sir! I do not think he would have hurt me, but I was afraid he would run off with the things. They are not mine; they belong to Mrs. Hicks, at The Place."

"Mrs. Hicks, the housekeeper?" said Gilbert. "Are you a relative of hers, and do you live here in the village?"

"No sir; my name is Amy Varcoe, and I belong to St. Meva. I am a dress-maker, and I work for Mrs. Hicks, who is very kind to me," and with a graceful inclination of the body that would have become a princess, the maiden turned to go.

"Pray stop a moment," said Gilbert; "I beg your pardon, but I hope you will allow me to see you safely through the wood into the road. That wretched dog is probably not far away, and I really think you had better allow me to go with you to the gate."

At the suggestion of the dog being still in the neighborhood the maiden faltered and turned pale, and Arderne, waiting no further answer, at once placed himself at her side. For about a minute they went on in silence, until the young man, stooping a little, disengaged the bundle from her grasp. She tried to protest, and murmured something about its not being heavy, as indeed it was not.

"Not heavy?" he cried; "it's a shame that you should carry this to the town. Your arms will be almost paralyzed before you get half-way there, I know. I hate to carry things. One never recovers the use of his arms for hours after, and it unsteadies the nerves awfully."

A light, mischievous smile flitted across his companion's face, which Arderne, who had scarcely taken his eyes off her, observed at once.

"Ha!" he said; "you laugh at the notion, I see. This, I suspect, is the first time you ever carried a bundle so far. You will know what I mean by and by, when your hand shakes so that you cannot raise it to your head. Or," he continued, "perhaps you think that I am too lazy ever to carry such things, eh? Tell me, is that why you laugh?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied Amy. "I ought not to have done so, but I could not help thinking that gentlemen like you do not often carry burdens. But, indeed, this is not the first bundle I have carried through the Plantation, and I hope it will not be the last."

"I should think your employer might at least send a boy with you," began Gilbert, but his companion at this once inore raised her eyes to his, and with something like conscious pride said:

"I have no mistress, sir; I have been in business for myself more than a year now."

"In business for yourself?" returned Arderne; "is it possible? But you do not belong to St. Meva, indeed I think you are not Cornish? I mean," he added hastily, "you do not talk like the people of St. Meva. I hope I do not offend you."

"Yes," she said, "I am Cornish, altogether so. If I do not talk like the others it may be because my father was a Wesleyan minister and a schoolmaster. He died two years ago, and mother still keeps an infant school. I used to help her, until I learned dressmaking. I often wish she would give the school up, for I can now earn enough for us both. Our house is our own, so we have no rent to pay, and that, you know, relieves us from the greatest trouble that poor folks have to meet."

"You mean rent," he observed, "the tribute that poverty pays to idleness, the greatest iniquity of our civilization, however we may disguise it. And so your house is your own, and you by your labor can earn enough to support yourself and mother! And Mrs. Hicks is your good friend and patron, and—and,—tell me,

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child, are you contented with all these manifold blessings?"

There was a tinge of irony in the question, for Gilbert Arderne was greatly struck not only by the rare beauty of the girl but by her frankness of speech to him, a stranger and one of a class superior to her own. Can it be, he thought, that the possessor of so lovely a form has no ambition beyond the lowly sphere in which her lot has been thrown? is there no repining, no envying of those whose fortunes are better, who know not what it is to toil for the bread they eat?

Once again their eyes met, and Gilbert felt that she had divined the motives that prompted him to question her.

"Contented, sir?" she said; "would it be of any good for me to be discontented? Mr. Lear said, in his sermon last Sunday, that when we do our duty in that state of life to which we are called we ought always to be happy. If not quite all that I could wish, my life is not to be complained of. You see, sir, it is not all work with us — with mother and me. There are our books, and, in a small way, music, for Mr. Lear has promoted me to play the harmonium in church."

"Miss Varcoe," said Gilbert, "you positively make me ashamed of my own good-for-nothing way of living. Do you know that you are a heroine and that—?"

"A heroine?" and her glorious eyes shone with merriment as she answered him. "I did not know that a dressmaker could be anything so awful. But there is the gate: if you please, sir, I will take the bundle again, and I thank you very much for your kindness. A heroine, and afraid of a dog? how can that be?"

Gilbert Arderne saw there was no affectation or coquetry in the remark or in the laugh by which it was accompanied. The girl was as artless as she was undeniably beautiful, but such ingenuousness allied to such rare beauty, was, he thought, infinitely more dangerous than the most studied coquetry could be. They were now close to the gate of the Plantation,

and Gilbert, however much he would have liked to prolong the walk, was fain to restore Mrs. Hicks' treasures to their proper custodian. Having done this, he extended his hand and said:

"Goodbye, Miss Varcoe! I am happy to have rendered you this slight service." Retaining the little hand within his own, he bent his head with the courtesy due almost to a princess.

"Goodbye!" he said. "Yes, I think you are indeed a heroine in your devotion to duty. You make me ashamed of my own idle do-nothing existence. Yes, Miss Varcoe, you are a heroine, as good and true as you are beautiful, and you are the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

Raising his hat in salutation, Gilbert Arderne turned hastily away into the Plantation, not so hastily, however, that he did not observe the rush of color which his parting words brought into the maiden's cheeks. As for Amy Varcoe, I cannot say what she thought or felt, but she stood for a moment motionless at the unlooked-for compliment. The most beautiful woman he had ever met! where is the heart insensible to such flattery? She did not venture to look backward until she reached the gate, barely in time to catch sight of the tall, slender figure of her late companion as he strode on through the darkening woods. As she went slowly on through the village,—for, despite her previous disclaimer, Amy found the bundle somewhat of a burden,—her face was very serious, for she was recapitulating the incidents of this chance meeting in the plantation, and, strive as she would, Amy could not banish her recollections of the look, manner, and words of the courteous stranger. Something akin to annoyance crossed her features when she saw Tom Scantlebury seated on a stile on the other side of the plank bridge: though the bundle was heavy, Amy felt that she would have preferred to be alone with her own meditations some time longer. As soon as he caught sight of her, the young sailor leaped down from his seat and, with a playful

show of force, withdrew the bundle from Amy's fingers

"There," he said, "what would Mrs. Hicks say if she knew that her treasures were stolen, I wonder? But, Amy, do you know how late it is, nearly eight o'clock?"

"I did not think it was so late, Tom; it was not seven when I left The Place."

"Not seven! why, Amy, is it possible that you have taken an hour to come from the lodge to the mill! But I suppose the bundle here was the cause of it."

"No Tom," answered Amy, who abhorred stratagem and subterfuge, "I came through the park and the Plantation. The keeper's dog, Bruno, kept me from crossing back into the park some minutes. He looks so vicious, but he is to be locked up after this."

"But why did you want to go back into the park again?" asked Tom, "and who drove the dog away?"

"I had left the bundle on that side of the fence, and Bruno, coming up before I could draw it between the railings, stood guard over it much as though he considered me to be a trespasser and a thief. He really looked so ferocious that I dared not venture back to dispute the possession of the bundle. Yet I was sorry to see him struck by the stone: poor thing, how it must have hurt him!"

"Who drove him off, Amy?" inquired Tom with all a lover's solicitude, "was it the keeper?"

"The keeper? no, it was a gentleman; one of Sir Guy's friends from the yacht, I believe. He threw a large stone at Bruno, and afterwards saw me safely through the Plantation."

A frown darkened honest Tom's face when he heard these words, for they immediately brought to mind his encounter with the supercilious stranger on the preceding day, and the recollection was not altogether a pleasant one.

"One of Sir Guy's friends?" he said; "was he a tall, haughty-looking fellow who looked as though all England belonged to

him? a tall whipper-snapper with dark eyes and a small, pointed beard?"

"Why, you seem to know him, Tom!" cried Amy with some surprise; "yes, I think he was tall and nearly as you describe him. Have you met him? do you know his name?"

"Yes, I have met him I think," answered Scantlebury; "he is the owner of the fine yacht which you saw in the bay yesterday. He is one of your fancy sailors, a rich amateur. Instead of running for Falmouth, as he ought to have done when the wind came from the east, he has had the schooner brought into the harbor, where she will have to stay now until it chops round again. Amy, you did wrong to allow him to walk back with you."

Amy Varcoe's cheeks reddened and her eyes flashed at this unsolicited opinion, and Tom, had he been more wise and less jealous, would have done well to profit from the look she gave him.

"Did wrong!" she said. "For shame, Tom Scantlebury! your words imply a suspicion disgraceful to your manhood. But I forget, you are not yet a man, Tom; scarcely old enough perhaps to think before you speak."

They were now close to the high hedge which formed the boundary between Chesewarne,—the old farm-house which stood midway between Bodrugan and St. Meva,—and for all he knew some one of the farmer's household might be within hearing. Therefore, Master Tom judiciously suffered his voice to drop a tone lower as he said:

"Man or boy, Amy, it is all the same. I am, at any rate, older than you are; and I know enough of the world to know that this coxcomb, Arderne, though he may find pleasure in accompanying you through the woods, is too proud to be seen walking with you in the streets of St. Meva."

"By what right do you speak to me in this way, Tom Scantlebury?" said Amy. "I never heard this gentleman's name until now. He has behaved most kindly and respectfully, as a gentleman should do.

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You have no right to couple my name with his, and I must request you not to do so again."

"If I have vexed you, Amy, I beg your pardon. I suppose I am jealous if anyone even looks at you. As to my right, Amy, you know how dearly I love you, and that must be my excuse."

Not until they had passed the farm and entered upon the long stretch of meadow-bordered lanes fragrant with recently-mowed hay did Amy Varcoe return an answer to this impassioned declaration.

"Tom," she said, "this is not the first time that you have said you love me. I have tried to make allowance for your youth and well-known impulsiveness, but it seems to me, Tom, that the time has come when we ought to understand each other. It would be wrong to let you leave St. Meva without such an understanding. Tom, we have always been good friends, and I hope we shall always be; friends, Tom, but nothing more."

Dropping the bundle to the ground, the young man seized Amy's hands, and for a moment the two stood looking into each other's eyes. It was no place for heroics, for the summer gloaming had almost the clearness of day and at the further end of the meadow on the right hand a loaded

hay wagon was being drawn slowly toward the lane, for time was precious, as the next change of wind must inevitably bring rain. Something akin to pity was in the maiden's glance, but Tom's eyes fairly gleamed with resentment.

"Listen to me, Amy Varcoe," he said, still in a low tone. "You are beautiful as an angel, but as cold as a stone. Do you think I can be put off in this way, rejected like an old glove? No, Amy; no, by Heaven! for I swear that while I live no other man shall make you his wife! Perhaps you are ambitious,—a merchant sailor, even though a master, is not good enough for you. You have been educated above your station; but take care, for those who climb high sometimes only climb to fall the lower. There are those in higher places who may praise and flatter you to your own ruin. Let them beware, for I swear that no other man shall have you while I live!"

Without a word of reply Amy Varcoe made as if she would take up her bundle, but Tom prevented her. Not another word passed between them until they entered the village, when Tom surrendered his charge, and with a simple Good Night they parted.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT the time when Gilbert Arderne and Amy Varcoe were walking together in the Plantation, a gig containing two men, and drawn by a large bay horse, drew up at the door of the Ship Inn, the most pretentious hostelry in St. Meva. The landlady, Mrs. Rosevear, recognizing the vehicle and its driver as belonging to the Railway Hotel, St. Austell, at once concluded that the middle-aged traveller who sat beside the driver was one of those commercial gentlemen who from time to time took up their abode at her house while they busied themselves in displaying samples and booking orders among the shopkeepers of the town. Such guests as these were always welcome, for, though

they knew the value of money too well to be needlessly extravagant, they denied themselves nothing in reason, and always paid their bills without cavilling or criticizing the various items. Moreover, the day's work over, they were wont to take a seat in the bar parlor of an evening, adding thereby in no small measure to the attractions of the place; for, generally speaking, your commercial traveller is always ready to tell a good story or to sing a good song. Thus it was that, obedient to her summons, Job Maxom, stable-boy and factotum at the Ship, stood prepared to assist the stranger to descend from the gig, while Mrs. Rosevear herself, with snow-white apron and widow's cap, awaited his

coming just within the bar. Though a man of somewhat more than middle age, as his thin gray hair and wrinkled cheeks testified, the traveller was by no means rusty in the joints, for, a little to Job's discomfiture—your rustic is always struck dumb by the unexpected—he sprang lightly to the ground on the off side, showing clearly enough that he needed no assistance.

"Now, my lad," he cried in a sharp, peremptory voice that woke Job most effectually, "don't stand there looking at the gig, but carry my portmanteau into the house. Young man,"—this to the driver, who was adjusting the horse's nose-bag,—“here is a shilling for yourself, which makes exactly six shillings for a six-miles' ride, confoundedly dear travelling! Come into the bar directly and you shall have a pint of beer;” and, having thus rapidly settled his immediate business, the stranger entered the house.

“Good evening, ma'am!” he said to the landlady, lifting his hat as he spoke, “I suppose you can take me in for a day or two, eh?”

“Certainly, sir,” answered Mrs. Rosevear; “good evening, sir! you are very welcome. Is there anything you would like done at once, sir? Perhaps you would like to be shown to your room now?”

“Directly, ma'am, if you please, directly. Let the boy wait a moment and I will follow him up with the portmanteau. Here, ma'am, is twopence for a pint of your home-brewed for the driver. I wonder if I am in time for tea, ma'am? If not, I will go without; I don't want to trouble the kitchen-folk.”

“It would be no trouble, sir, no trouble at all,” said Mrs. Rosevear; “but you are in good time. Job, have you brought in the gentleman's samples?”

“Samples, ma'am?” inquired the stranger. “What the—but I beg pardon; I see how it is. I am not a drummer, ma'am, so you see there are no samples to bring in.”

“Not a drummer, sir?” echoed Mrs.

Rosevear in some bewilderment, for she saw no relevancy in the disclaimer, and was apprehensive of having given some unintended offence to her guest.

“Not a drummer, no ma'am; oh, confound it! I beg pardon, ma'am, I am not a commercial traveller. Merely a tourist, ma'am, a sightseer, that's all. And now, boy, come on with the portmanteau.”

Fifteen minutes or so afterwards the strange gentleman, at his own particular request, was drinking tea with Mrs. Rosevear at her own little table. How he managed it all so quickly the good landlady could hardly remember, for this man's actions were too expeditious for her mind to recall them at will, but he had told her that his name was J. U. Divilbiss, of the city of Chicago, in the United States of America, and that he was a lawyer enjoying his vacation, the first for the past ten years. He would, he said, certainly stay at the Ship a week, at least, and he had insisted that Mrs. Rosevear should accept in advance a sum of money, as nearly as she could estimate it equivalent to the charges her house would be at on his account. The good lady protested against this arrangement; it was not her custom, she said, it was wholly unnecessary, and her consent would justify the suspicion that she doubted the honor of her new guest. Mr. Divilbiss, however, was inflexible on this point.

“Look you, ma'am,” he said, “yesterday's *Morning News* contained a long account of a dead beat who worked the Albion in Plymouth for a week's board and lodging. I was in Plymouth yesterday, and I stopped a couple of days at the Albion. How do you know, what guarantee have you, that I am not that same dead beat, eh?”

“A dead beat, sir?” said Mrs. Rosevear, with a puzzled look.

“Yes, a dead beat,” said Mr. Divilbiss; “but I forget; you English don't half know your own language. A dead beat, ma'am, is a swindler, a cheat, a scoundrel, made out of whole cloth. How do I

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know but that I might be suspected of being this very rascal, and that some wise booby or other might take it into his head to spy into my movements? You see, I do this for my own comfort's sake. There, ma'am, breakfast, dinner, tea, and bed for seven days: name the amount, and we can settle for extras when the time is up."

Thus urged, Mrs. Rosevear had no alternative but to yield, for she saw clearly that Mr. Divilbiss, besides being an impulsive person, was also a resolute one; if he were crossed in his humor he might, who could say? order his portmanteau to be transferred to the Fountain—an inferior inn to the Ship, of course, but still in some degree a rival one. Though by no means avaricious—there was no kinder or more charitable heart in St. Meva—she knew that there might be many a less desirable guest than one who paid his shot before contracting it, and when this eccentric American expressed a wish to take tea at her own table, she at once consented. Sooth to say, Mr. Divilbiss lost nothing by indulging this whim, for even he—old stager and pilgrim from the land of pies and pastry—was astonished at the number, variety, and quality of the tarts and preparations laid before him. Mrs. Rosevear did the honors of the table most nobly, but her guest required no pressing. It was really worth going a long way to see the heroism displayed by Mr. Divilbiss in dealing with a certain black-currant turnover or pasty. Before tasting it, he looked with an artist's eye at the section before him, marvelling greatly at the beauty of the rich combination of lake and purple, white and gold. These last two tints were of the clotted cream—the angels' food of Cornwall and Devon, but better and more general in the former than in the latter county—and though he had travelled far and long, Mr. Divilbiss almost felt that he was now recompensed for all his trouble. Something like a sigh came from his bosom when this delectable compound touched his palate. It seemed to him that he had never known the taste of fruit until this

hour,—and, indeed, the small garden fruit of the United States is insipid and tasteless to a Cornishman, as it well may be, seeing that an almost tropical sun takes strict toll of its juices—and well did Mr. Divilbiss improve the opportunity. Even Mrs. Rosevear, anxious to please, was satisfied with her guest's devotion, which is saying a great deal, for the good lady was a thorough Cornishwoman in exhorting those who sat at her board to demean themselves bravely.

"Nothing more, I thank you, ma'am," cried Mr. Divilbiss. "I declare that I never made such a tea before, never in all my life. So that is clotted cream? the most delicious thing in the world without question."

Later on in the evening the American found his way to the cosy bar parlor, where it was not long before he was quite familiar with nearly all the company, especially with the old stagers who, year in and year out, were wont to smoke their evening pipe and take their evening glass at the Ship, as their fathers had done before them. Especially did he attach himself to the sailmaker, who, by virtue of his age, and perhaps because his sail-loft was the haunt of all the garrulous old merchant captains, mates, pilots and retired fishermen, was a recognized Nestor to whom all turned for information when any point of half-forgotten local history was in debate. Then it was, "Mr. Lelean can settle it; ask Mr. Lelean," and the old man's word was seldom called in question. Ere long Mr. Divilbiss discovered that Mr. Lelean had a weakness in the direction of hot gin-and-water, which he took by six-penn'orths at a time, and knowing this, Mr. Divilbiss knew that he had a key ready-made to the old gentleman's heart. Exerting himself to the utmost, the stranger soon made it appear that his social qualities were of the highest order, while in the matter of cigars of rare flavor and aroma his liberality was profuse. He could tell stories also, stories wholly unlike those of the most versatile commercial

traveller that ever patronized the Ship, stories of life in the far west, tales of adventure with bears and Indians, pictures of a life having little or nothing in common with the life of sunny, simple, sleepy Cornwall. His popularity was settled finally when, observing that the sailmaker's glass was empty, he asked to be allowed to order a bowl of punch, "for the benefit of the company," as he expressed it. By this time the room was empty of all save the old cronies who were wont to keep it up till closing time, and the proposition, indicative as it was of good feeling and *bonhomie*, was received with evident marks of approval. The sailmaker made room for Mr. Divilbiss at his own table, and, as is always the case under such circumstances, let the teetotalers say what they will,—an era of good fellowship was inaugurated.

"Here's my respects to you, sir," said Mr. Lelean; "I have not the pleasure of knowing your name, but my respects to you, sir."

"My name, sir, is Divilbiss,—J. U. Divilbiss, of the city of Chicago, United States. A peculiar name perhaps you think; well, sir, I think so too, but, as the poet says, 'What's in a name?'"

"Very true, Mr. Divilbiss. the name is nothing; for my part I think one name as good as another," said the sailmaker. "Yet I have heard some people say that some of our Cornish names are unlike any others in the world. 'By Tre, Pol, and Pen you may know the Cornishmen,' as poor Dick Varcoe used to say."

"Varcoe? Varcoe?" queried the American, "now that surely is a peculiar name. Where have I heard it before, I wonder?"

"Why, Varcoe is one of our old names, sir," continued the sailmaker. "Dick Varcoe was a schoolmaster and a local preacher,—a clever fellow, sir; he died two years ago. I wish you could have known him, Mr. Divilbiss; he used to write to the papers about the old Cornish families and so on. The vicar used to call him the Antiquarian."

"And well he might, Mr. Lelean," interposed a man whose coat plainly showed that he was a miller, "well he might, for Varcoe had collected a most amazing lot of old rubbish, antiq'ities he called 'em, besides a load of old books."

"And is this collection lost, gentlemen, dispersed? I know how it is when one of these bookworms dies, for I am a lawyer. They come under the hammer in most cases, going, going, gone!" and Mr. Divilbiss rapped his knuckles on the little table.

"Lost? Lord bless you! no," replied the sailmaker, "the antiq'ities is all right, the widow takes care of that."

"Oh! then there is a widow?" said Divilbiss.

"A widow and one child, a daughter, sir, the prettiest, best little woman in St. Meva," returned the sailmaker. "What do you say, Craggs? is there a better girl in the parish?"

"No, not in all the parishes in the hundred of Powder," said the miller; "Amy Varcoe is the loveliest girl in Cornwall, and as good as she is beautiful."

"In that case, gentlemen," said the American, "I hope to have the pleasure of seeing her before I leave St. Meva, for though I am an old, dried up, parchment-skinned fellow, I still like to look at a pretty girl. Come, gentlemen, we'll drink her health. Here's to the young lady you speak of; what's her name?"

"We will all drink that with pleasure," said the sailmaker; "Amy Varcoe's health, gentlemen!" and the toast was duly honored, in much the same manner as it would have been a hundred years before, in the good old days when an honest country parson could take a glass of honest beer in the parlor of a public house side by side with the working man, and perhaps like it quite as much as he did a glass of Madeira or old port at the squire's. In those days, before the Rev. John Wesley,—as his monument in the City Road Chapel formerly told his countrymen,—felt himself called upon to be-

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come "the founder of the order of lay preachers," an order which, despite Wesley's prohibition, has long since blossomed out into full reverends, claiming, like St. Ignatius of Antioch, to speak in the plenitude of the apostolical character,—in those days, we say, the country clergy were somewhat less particular and strait-laced than they now are, and the beer was undeniably better.

It may have been—doubtless it was—the punch which set Mr. Lelean's tongue in motion. Be this as it may, before the company broke up for the night Mr. Divilbiss had heard the whole story of Dick Varcoe's devotion to antiquarian research, of his sudden death, and of the daughter's heroic efforts in supporting herself and her mother in comfort.

"It might have been different with them, however," added the sailmaker, "if Dick's brother was alive, who can say?"

"Dick's brother?" inquired the American. "Oh! Dick had a brother? But he is dead too, eh? Very unfortunate, very."

"Yes," continued the sailmaker, "I remember the day he left us to go to London for a voyage to Australia. He was a passenger by a ship called the John Bull; you see, my memory is good, Mr. Divilbiss."

"You have a remarkable memory, my dear sir, a most remarkable memory," was the answer. "So the brother went to Australia and died there, I suppose."

"He was never again heard of after leaving Melbourne. Craggs, you remember Henry Varcoe, of course?"

The miller did remember him, and he also recollected a discourse he had once had with Dick, who said that his brother had probably died from fever at the diggings, or perhaps had met with violence at the hands of bushrangers. He was always a high-spirited fellow, just the sort of man to excite the enmity of such scoundrels as those who infested the diggings in those times.

Mr. Lelean's story must have made a

strong impression on the American's mind, for his last resolve upon retiring for the night was that he, J. U. Divilbiss, would make the acquaintance of these Varcoes, even though in order to do so he had to pretend to be an antiquarian desirous of viewing their cabinet. This notion caused Mr. Divilbiss to laugh outright, for he had, some years ago, narrowly escaped assault and battery in a certain western "city," where he had openly ridiculed the enthusiasm of a party of gentlemen who had travelled hundreds of miles to collect materials and inspiration for a subscription work (illustrated) on the Mound-Builders. Could it be that the American was attracted by what he had heard of Amy's beauty? Scarcely this, for men whose minds are occupied by such fancies seldom sleep so soundly as Mr. Divilbiss did that night.

The east wind continued to blow steadily, and as Joseph Lee had predicted, the sea was to-day running much higher than yesterday. Arderne, looking from his window at The Place this morning, saw as though in a picture the sea stretching between the lofty cliffs that bounded St. Meva harbor and bay. Situated at the very head of the coombe or valley, the house of the Bodrugans was between three and four miles from the sea, but even at this distance it was easy enough to see that the grey surface of the Channel was flecked with white, the snowy crests of the sea-horses whose champing and pawing made the steep shore resound. After breakfast Gilbert, who in Guy's absence foresaw nothing but ennui were he to stay at The Place one whole day, went in the dog-cart to St. Meva, where he found Captain Cross in a humor befitting his name at the prospect of being wind-bound in a place whose shore attractions were not such as seamen love.

"For all we can tell, Mr. Arderne," he said, "we may be lying here a week or even a fortnight. These west country fishermen have a saying that sometimes in spring an easterly gale lasts six long

weeks and the month of March,' which I take to be over two months, your honor. I don't suppose, at this time of year, it will blow so long as that, but it may last long enough for the men to eat their heads off and grow fat and lazy."

"No fear of that, Cross, I hope," returned Gilbert; "however, since we are here, you may just as well take the opportunity of filling up the lockers. There is no part of England where better vegetables or fruit can be had, and you had better make the most of the chance."

"Aye, aye, sir; never fear, I will see to that, and we will ship a spare spar or so while we are about it. There are a couple of good shipwrights' yards in this place, I will say that for it."

"There ought to be," returned Gilbert, "for their fishing luggers are the pride of the Channel. Look about you at these drift boats, and say what you think of them."

"Some of them are like yachts, sir, I must say," said the skipper, "and look at the canvas they spread. I do think that lugger over there at the jetty would out-reach us in a moderate breeze."

During the day numbers of the good people of the town braved the rough wind and the showers of fine spray and made their way on to the western wharf to see, and seeing to admire, the beautiful yacht. Among these was the vicar of the parish, the Rev. Tanaquil Lear. In person Mr. Lear was tall and somewhat stoutly built, his age being a little over fifty. His long brown beard was streaked here and there with silver, and he wore spectacles. Although this was the first time he and Gilbert had ever met, the men were hardly strangers, for Sir Guy Bodrugan was warmly attached to the clergyman, who, in the old days prior to Guy's going to Rugby, had been his tutor, and many a time had Arderne heard the parson's dicta quoted with the assurance of an infallibilist that they were not to be appealed from or disputed. Mr. Lear was shown all over the *Gitana* from stem to taffrail,

and even Gilbert found his habitual nonchalance disappear before the clergyman's glowing appreciation of the beautiful schooner. Finally, when, short of mounting the rigging, Mr. Lear had inspected the yacht most thoroughly, he insisted that her owner should lunch at the vicarage, a plain, comfortable house about a mile from the town. Skirting the churchyard, they ascended an unusually steep, rough road at right angles to that through the valley, a road ribbed and seamed by transverse beds of conglomerate rock. Halfway up this really formidable hill Gilbert took it into his head to dismiss Robins and the dogcart, for he saw—indeed he could not help seeing—that the man looked askance at the prospect before him; for if anything the hill above the schoolhouse was even more rugged and trying.

"That means that you will stay and dine with me," said Mr. Lear, highly pleased with the arrangement. "Pot luck and bachelor's commons, with evening prayer in the old church. But how will you get home afterwards? Would it not be wise to take up your quarters at the vicarage for to-night?"

"By no means," answered Gilbert. "I have walked to The Place once before, and I assure you that I shall enjoy doing so again."

"If you think so, all right," said the vicar; "but I hope you will do just as you like. You are welcome to stay with me a week if you like, and Sir Guy, if he should return, will know where you are."

"You have morning and evening services, then, on week days?" inquired Gilbert. "Are the services well attended?"

"Daily throughout the year," said Mr. Lear, replying to the first question. "Yes, I think so, considering that so many of the people are Dissenters, and that the church is so far from the town. I wish that it stood nearer the harbor, for in that case, as with good Bishop Wilson in the Isle of Man, our fishermen could have a special service every day before they

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went out. We should lose in picturesqueness, to be sure, but that would be a trifling matter."

The remainder of that afternoon Gilbert spent agreeably enough with the vicar. At evensong he took a seat immediately below the chancel, within a few feet of Amy Varcoe and the harmonium. Except for a slight rose flush in her cheek as she saw him enter with Mr. Lear, Amy seemed unconscious of his being so near. The congregation was a small one, not more than thirty persons, and Gilbert, albeit no egotist and with very little of the prig about him, was well aware that, under such circumstances, to an ordinary maiden he himself would be an object of interest. Was Amy Varcoe an ordinary maiden, however? He did not think she was, for while, during the recital of the creed, she stood with her profile so clearly outlined against the east window, he recognized that her beauty was something beyond the comparatively vulgar comeliness of rosy cheeks, coral lips, and star-like eyes. There could be no doubt that she was a superbly beautiful girl, a magnificent model for the *Pride of the Village* or the *Queen o' the May*. But what was her beauty to him? Pshaw! was he about to encourage that hereditary weakness of his, a weakness which, beginning with the worship of the *he kale*, as typifying and enshrining the *to kalon*, inevitably, as with Raffaele, Goethe, Byron, and Shelley, led the mind captive to the flesh and left it wallowing pruriently in the slough of sensuality? There were times when Gilbert Arderne was wont to call himself a misogynist, when with scornful lip he would quote Bacon's disdainful allusion to the enthrallment of love: "As if man, made for the contemplation of heaven and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself a subject, though not of the mouth (as beasts are), yet of the eye, which was given him for higher purposes."

On one occasion—it was while he was at the University—Gilbert had written an

essay against the master passion, which essay had been read before a select circle of intimates in his own room, Guy Bodrugan acting as tyler to keep the uninitiated outside the door. Yet here was he, the valiant declaimer against love and marriage as being the *Capua* wherein those who might have been world-conquerors allowed their arms to rust and themselves to grow effeminate, here was he lost in admiration at the sight of a simple country girl in a church. Was he, now that he had seen the world, its hollowness, shams, and hypocrisies, less of a philosopher than he had been while yet almost a fledgling? Moreover, was he not trebly armed against woman in knowing, as he had long known, that to him woman might be as *Siva the Destroyer*? Years ago, while yet a schoolboy, the knowledge of this (as he deemed it) hereditary bias or taint had come to him, and in this knowledge, unless man's nature was controlled by the blindest determinism, lay his surest guarantee against love. Yes, against love, for he saw, or thought he saw, that transcendental asexual eroticism is not possible to man, and he looked with horror and loathing at those grosser vices which enslave the mind to the flesh. For Gilbert Arderne was an English gentleman—not in the sense of having inherited houses and lands and an ancient name, but in the truer sense that *consciously* his sentiments and impulses were righteous.

While Mr. Lear was taking off his surplice Gilbert entered the vestry.

"I must say Good night! Mr. Lear," he said, "for I must make as much as I can of the twilight, you know."

"To be sure, to be sure," assented the vicar, "that is, if you will go to The Place to-night. Well, you will have a delightful walk to Bodrugan; there is nothing half so beautiful in Cornwall. Good night! I suppose, if this wind continues, we shall have you at church on Sunday."

Gilbert Arderne, however, did not go to The Place that evening. As he left the churchyard by the old stile, he met Amy

Varcoe, who, having come out by the little iron gate which opened on the vicarage road, had to follow the winding road by the churchyard hedge on her way back to St. Meva. The chapter of accidents is a funny thing. Gilbert had made up his mind to return to The Place, but the moment that Amy bowed to him he lost sight of this intention and almost involuntarily he, too, directed his steps towards the town.

"I hope," he said, "you were not seriously frightened by the bad conduct of Bruno, the keeper's dog, yesterday. You need not fear him any more, I will take care that he is kept out of the park after this."

No, she had not been seriously frightened, and she was glad to have this opportunity of thanking him for his kindness.

"Are you in a great hurry?" he inquired, seeing that she had begun to walk rather rapidly. "Do you know that these lanes are so pleasant it seems almost wrong to do anything but loiter along them? I am going down to the yacht, if you will allow me I should like to accompany you to the town. May I do so?"

"Thank you," said Amy, "but it is rather late for me."

"But not later than usual," he said, "if, as I suppose, you attend church every night."

"No, not later than usual," returned Amy, "but too late for me to loiter, I assure you."

"Well, then, Miss Varcoe," said he, "I will forego the temptation to loiter. See, if you please, I will accommodate my pace to yours," and he made a show of putting forth tremendous exertion,—a pretence which made Amy smile. As she did so, her walk became less determined, and as no further objection was made, the two went on together at a gentle walk.

For some minutes their discourse was commonplace enough, until at length Gilbert said:

"I beg pardon, Miss Varcoe, but did

you not say yesterday that your father was a Wesleyan minister? Yet you yourself are a churchwoman, are you not?"

"Yes," answered Amy, "but my father did not preach for some years before he died. He had a small annuity—some shares in the Quay Fund, something to do with the harbor I believe."

"And at his death you lost this, I suppose?" he asked with evident sympathy in his voice.

"They were to revert to his brother, my uncle, by their father's will," said Amy. "We do not know whether he is alive or not; he went to Australia and has not been heard of for many years. But the money is his by right, and my mother, even if she were able, would not touch it so long as she does not know that he is dead."

"I see," he observed; "yes, of course; I must apologize for my questions. No doubt you think me very impertinent."

"Not at all," she answered; "it all came up from your asking if I am a churchwoman. My father returned to the church when I was quite a little girl. I am most thankful that he did so, for I love our English church very dearly. And Mr. Lear, too, has been very kind to us; it was through him that I learned the little music that I know."

"He told me to-day of a Mr. Varcoe who was an enthusiastic student of Cornish customs and antiquities," said Gilbert, "was he your father, Miss Varcoe?"

"Yes, sir, that was my father; but I sometimes think that Mr. Lear is quite as much an enthusiast on the same subject."

Thus conversing, Gilbert Arderne found the road to St. Meva all too short. For some time before reaching the sexton's cottage—the nearest house to the church—their walk had become very slow indeed, so that the young man had ample opportunity of observing that his first impressions of Amy's character were more than justified. Her language was refined and graceful, and there was much to indicate that she was accustomed to read and

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think judiciously. As they, after climbing a steep little hill beyond the sexton's cottage, entered the main street of St. Meva, Amy stopped beside the gate of a small lawn enclosed by walls of gray limestone. This little lawn was a perfect square, one side of which was formed by the house, also of limestone, a comfortable residence, and, as the windows indicated, a roomy one for St. Meva.

"This is my mother's house," she said, with a bow that was almost a courtesy; "good evening, sir."

She was not quite at ease, as her heightened color testified, for besides the many young men and women who, as is customary in Cornwall, were taking their evening promenade,—and whose numbers were augmented by the ill wind which kept the fisher lads from the Channel, no doubt to their sweethearts' satisfaction, and also to verify the proverb anent ill winds in general,—there was a stranger, an elderly man in a loose, shiny black coat, standing just outside the threshold of her home, and she was vexedly conscious that many very inquisitive eyes were looking in her direction. Whether he saw all this or not,

Gilbert Arderne treated it with great unconcern. While Amy was speaking he took her hand in his and bowing took his leave of her.

"Good night, Miss Varcoe!" he said, and raising his hat from his head, he went on, now walking much faster, down the long and winding street. It is questionable if he saw, or, seeing, if he heeded, the many strolling lovers whom he met; for, sooth to say, the lovely eyes of Amy Varcoe went with him on his way and even accompanied him on board the Gitana.

Take care, Gilbert Arderne! When next you quote from him whom Ben Jonson revered "for the greatness that was only proper to himself," let it be the pregnant warning that "Love can find entrance not only into an open heart, but also into a heart well fortified, if watch be not well kept." Therefore, Gilbert, be thou on thy guard!

And Amy, what of her? Ah, gentle reader, what if, looking at her hand to-night, the memory of his pressure shall prompt her to echo the wish of the child of ancient Argos: "So mayst thou hold me evermore"?

CHAPTER IV.

THE rector of Carduel was better, and Sir Guy Brodrugan was back at The Place again. A week had now gone by since the yacht entered the harbor, and still the east wind continued to blow steadily and with undiminished force. The daily receipts at the bakehouses,—for in St. Meva there were few kitchen-ranges, so that most of the baking was done at three or four public ovens,—had begun to diminish, indicating to the proprietors of these establishments that the always thriftless families of the fisherfolk were beginning to suffer from the prolonged idleness of their heads. The day after his return, Guy accompanied Arderne on a visit to the Gitana, and during the afternoon the two friends, with Mr. Lear, went to inspect the museum, as it was popularly termed, of the widow Varcoe. Here they found a

stranger, an elderly gentleman from America, who was no other than the talkative Mr. Divilbiss, who, on the ground that he found the Ship too noisy, had taken up his lodgings with Mrs. Varcoe. It was Mr. Divilbiss whom Amy had seen at the door on her return from church. Provided with a strong recommendation from the landlady of the Ship, who, however much she may have regretted the loss of a good lodger, was glad to have the opportunity of doing the widow a favor, Mr. Divilbiss had taken an upper room for a fortnight, and he was listening with an air of deep interest to Mrs. Varcoe's description of the various objects collected by her husband when the clergyman knocked at the door. They were admitted by Amy, who had been working in a little room whose window overlooked the street. Mr. Lear,

whenever fortune sent him a visitor, was nearly certain to bring him to inspect the museum, if for no other reason yet because some years ago a number of curiously-carved oaken panels, relics of the fine old seats which in past ages occupied the nave and aisles of the parish church, before Georgian horse-boxes were invented, had been consigned to poor Dick Varcoe's care and had been reverently and tastefully arranged around the museum, there to remain until the *dies faustus et magnus* when the sacred edifice should be restored to something of its whilome beauty. From her seat at the little bow window Amy had seen the vicar and his companions while they were yet at some distance down the street, and anticipating their purpose she put aside her work. The best room of the house, the front parlor, had been taken for the museum, perhaps because it was also the largest room, and its door being open, Mrs. Varcoe soon became aware of the entrance of Mr. Lear and his friends. Apologizing to her guest, she stepped forward to meet them.

"How do you do, Mrs. Varcoe?" said the vicar. "Here is Sir Guy Bodrugan and a friend who would like to be allowed to go over the museum if you do not object. Mr. Arderne, Mrs. Varcoe; Mrs. Varcoe, Mr. Arderne."

The widow, a pleasant looking little woman, with an unusually fine forehead, long straight nose, and black hair, received her visitors with old-fashioned courtesies. She was only forty-six, and despite the suffering she had undergone in losing her husband, time had dealt very kindly with her. Her manner towards Sir Guy was almost reverential, for Mrs. Varcoe was by birth a Withell, and for unknown generations the Withells had been tenants of the Bodrugans, and during the great Rebellion, when, in 1643, the fiery Trevannion, flushed with the victory of Braddock Downs, came with his troopers from Saltash, determined on making an example of Sir Henry Bodrugan, who was a Parliamentarian and a bitter personal enemy of

the lord of Caerbays, it was a Withell who, disguised as his master, led the royalists a wild-goose chase and thus enabled Sir Henry to escape to the Gwineas, the castle-shaped rock outside Chapel Point. The cavaliers overtook the devoted yeoman somewhere in the woods beyond Probus, and there did him to death with their arquebuses; but his master was rescued by a rebel sloop and carried off safely to Plymouth. As they shook hands it is not improbable that the memory of this magnanimous sacrifice was uppermost in the minds of Sir Guy and the widow, and it was evident that the young baronet sincerely respected Mrs. Varcoe. Amy, at her mother's request, accompanied the party into the museum. Here Mr. Divilbiss was found kneeling on one knee the better to examine one of the aforesaid panels.

"Curious," he said, without turning his head to see who had entered, "It reminds me of a picture I saw in Florence. Three noses and mouths, and only four eyes to the lot, but the idea of three distinct faces is perfect."

"Hem, hem!" coughed the vicar, by way of introduction. "Excuse me, sir, I have not the pleasure of knowing you, but you have there, sir, a very fine example of thirteenth century carving. It came from our old parish church, and is an emblem of the Trinity."

"My name is Divilbiss—J. U. Divilbiss, at your service, sir," said the other, rising. "You are, I guess, the minister, the—ah—clergyman of this place; I have seen you before on the street, sir," and the American bowed to the other two gentlemen.

Mr. Divilbiss is an American tourist," said Mrs. Varcoe; "he is lodging in my house, and is pleased to take some interest in our antiquities."

"Great interest, madam, I assure you," said Mr. Divilbiss; "what I see almost makes me forget myself and carries me away back to a period when the land in which I was born was unknown. Only to

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think that the hands which carved those roses were laid to rest perhaps in your old churchyard, or it may be in the church, two hundred years before Christopher Columbus was born!"

"And they were pious, reverent, loving hands, too," said the vicar; "how else could the work be so well done that time, instead of obliterating, has but accentuated its beauty?"

"Well, sir," answered Mr. Divilbiss, shaking his head with a short, quick motion, "I don't quite know about that. While knocking about Europe I have seen some Madonnas and such like,—all very fine no doubt, and for all I know worth the princely fortunes at which they are estimated; but on inquiry I find that the best of the lot were painted by a young fellow who, if he were living out West, would certainly be tarred and feathered. It's the way too often with these geniuses, especially your poets and painters, who make ideals which they profess almost to worship out of those things which in actual life they corrupt and reduce to degradation. You must excuse me, sir, for talking like a plain old lawyer, but I have seen a lot of character, a lot of character in my time."

Something in Mr. Divilbiss's observations seemed to impress Mr. Lear.

"It is true," he said, "that the very loftiest natures are particularly liable to temptations like those which caused David to fall into sin; but the Church provides the means of grace to resist or repent of the evil. I see you are something of a philosopher in your method of studying character."

"A philosopher!" cried the American, with a ludicrous assumption of anxiety; "bless me, sir! I hope you do not think that of me, or I shall dream to night of a straight jacket and an asylum. It would ruin me professionally were such an idea suggested to my neighbors. I have met one or two of that sort in my time,—one of them was lynched at Nauvoo, Illinois, for horse-stealing, and he died with a

cigar in his mouth. The other I met at a country fair some ten years ago. He was a naturalized Frenchman and a professor in the State university. He was escorting a party of students through the fair, and there, outside a small tent, he saw these words on a placard: 'Come in and see a red bat ten inches long: admission half a dollar!' The philosopher went in, taking his pupils with him, and there, on a rough table, they beheld an ordinary brickbat. The showman grinned while the philosopher used bad language,—he was a singularly uneven tempered man,—just like an ordinary man might do who had just been cheated out of six dollars. No, no, sir; pray do not call me a philosopher."

Laughing a little over Mr. Divilbiss's story, Mr. Lear asked for the catalogue of the museum, which Amy produced from the drawer of a corner cabinet, and the whole collection, which was in admirable order, was forthwith inspected under the vicar's auspices. Sir Guy and the clergyman were delighted with the shrewd commonsense and quaint observations of the American, while at the same time they were surprised at the knowledge he displayed, especially on the subject of geology. Arderne and the ladies keeping somewhat apart from the others, were apparently less interested in these speculations and inquiries, although it is probable that Gilbert derived as much satisfaction from his method of looking over the collection as did his friend Sir Guy. Once or twice, when examining a coin or a shell,—for the museum was a sort of curiosity shop although systematically arranged,—the young man touched Amy's fingers, and the accidental contact sent a strange thrill through him. Without question, to Gilbert Arderne this lovely Cornish maiden was far more interesting than a thousand museums would be. He noted her every movement, every word with an eager sharpness which, had Amy been more self-conscious, she would surely have noticed. As it was,

however, she saw only that he was an attentive listener, and knowing the circumstances under which most of her father's treasures had been acquired she exerted herself to narrate them for his amusement. Listening to her low, sweet voice, that "excellent thing in woman," Gilbert found the afternoon pass too quickly, and indeed it was not without some show of reluctance that he responded to Guy's inquiry on the subject of his being ready to go.

"Miss Varcoe," he said, "I must thank you for your kindness in explaining everything, and ask you to pardon my dulness. I am not in the least scientific, you know, and not much of an antiquarian, but under your direction and with your explanations I have really, I hope, shown a little of the interest which I have felt."

Had he been insincere in this her large, penetrating eyes would have read the falsehood in his, in which event Gilbert Arderne well knew—for he was quite physiognomist enough to recognize that Amy Varcoe hated deceit and regarded the deceitful man as a coward—she would have scorned him in her heart. But Gilbert was sincere, at least in one point, and that to him the principal one,—namely, that he had taken an unusual interest in the museum, although it is not at all necessary for us to inquire why one who had gone through national museums unmoved should have been so delighted with this comparatively insignificant collection. There was, however, enough of compliment in his expression of thanks to bring a blush to Amy's face. She made no other reply than to say she was glad to know that what she had shown him had possessed some interest for him, but Gilbert thought she looked pleased at his words. In the meanwhile Sir Guy, to whom Mr. Divilbiss, with his quaint Americanisms and pithy observations, appeared a person worth knowing, after a brief colloquy with Mr. Lear extended a cordial invitation to the traveller to visit him at The Place.

"The Place, eh?" said Divilbiss,

"that's a rather funny name for a man's house, isn't it? Built probably in the good old days when every man's soul was the fee simple of his feudal lord, who took the firstfruits of field, orchard and fishing nets, and, sometimes even took a minotaur's interest in the nuptial festivities of his retainers. The Place, eh! no doubt because in those times it was the only place in the district at all fit for a Christian family to live in."

For a moment a sort of angry flush overspread Sir Guy's goodnatured face, while Mr. Lear undoubtedly showed his annoyance, but the unaffected baronet, quick to see that Mr. Divilbiss meant no discourtesy, and himself a lover of candor and straightforwardness in man and woman, at once recognized the lawyer's innocence of any thought of giving offence.

"No doubt," he replied, "it sounds rather vainglorious; I do not know but that I myself have thought so now and then. But I am not responsible for the name, I assure you, though, out of respect to those who have gone before, I would not change it. As to the good old days, Mr. Divilbiss, who shall say that in many respects they were not worthy of being so called? But good or bad, if you will come to my house I shall be glad to welcome you as the first of your countrymen, so far as I know, to stand under its roof-tree."

"You are very good, Sir Guy Bodrugan,"—Mr. Divilbiss seemed to delight in giving the baronet his full name and title—"and I accept your offer with pleasure."

"In that case, then," said Sir Guy, "dine with me to-morrow; Mr. Lear will be there, and it will probably be my last dinner at home for some time, for something tells me the wind is changing. If you will allow me, I will call for you in the afternoon,—say three o'clock,—for I shall be in town in the morning with Mr. Arderne."

Mr. Divilbiss having assented to this proposal, the vicar's party took their departure, leaving, it must be confessed,

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Mrs. Varcoe considerably impressed with the good qualities of her lodger and almost proud of his ability to ingratiate himself with the gentry. Who shall blame her daughter if perchance on resuming her

work by the window her ear retained an echo of Gilbert Arderne's voice? Not I, at least, dear reader, for I too have heard voices that thrilled my heart, voices whose echoes still abide with me.

(To be continued.)

SORRY PLIGHT OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD, QUINCY, ILL.

THE protests of Agoncillo, the agent of Aguinaldo, to our government have been moderate and reasonable, diplomatic in form, courteous in tone and convincing in argument. Agoncillo's statements are, in substance, such as our revolutionary forefathers made to the government of Great Britain.

However far the inhabitants of many of the islands of the Philippine archipelago are from the mental and moral condition necessary to self-government, the leaders of the Filipinos have shown patience and have manifested high appreciation of republican principles.

Agoncillo, in his protest against the United States forcing its undesired sovereignty upon the Filipinos, says:

"The Spanish government has ceased to hold any dominion by deed and by right, and the only authority which exists there and preserves order is that constituted by the Filipinos with the solemn sanction of their votes, the only legal fount of positive modern power. Under such conditions the Spanish commissioners in Paris have not been able, within the principles of the law of nations, to give up and transfer what, if they ever had, they had totally lost before the signing of the protocol of Washington and the arranging of the peace treaty in Paris."

Agoncillo urges that "it would not be noble now, after having used the alliance, to deny the courage, loyalty and nobility of the Filipino forces in fighting at the side of the American troops, lending them a decided support, both enthusiastic and efficacious. Without their co-operation and without the previous siege would the Americans have been able so easily to have gained possession of the walled city of Manila."

The reports of Dewey attest that Aguinaldo and his people aided in the victory over the Spanish fleet. They welcomed the Americans as friends. Can Americans now disregard the aspirations of the Filipinos and kill them like rats if they persist in efforts to realize their dream of an Oriental republic?

If the United States now insists upon the allegiance, the compulsory allegiance, of the people who have so bravely fought for their independence, what will be the impartial verdict of history?

Having used the insurgents of the Philippines to help conquer Spain, in a

war the avowed object of which was to secure Cuban independence, can we now disregard their wishes and ignore the object of their long struggle for freedom?

Dewey has said that the Filipinos are more capable of self-government than are the Cubans. Can the American republic, for mere commercial reasons, insist upon annexing the Philippine archipelago against the protests of the inhabitants?

American trusts and syndicates are using all their influence to make the Philippines American possessions and their inhabitants vassals of this country. The declaration of independence is lost sight of. Hanna and the American sharks represented by him want Oriental markets; they want franchises; they want new populations to tax and exploit; they want opportunities to make money in new fields of enterprise by exclusive grants and franchises. The design is to utilize the cheap labor of the tropics. The working men of the United States are not expected to take any part in this extension of American sovereignty. Their only part will be to pay taxes in order to keep a vast military establishment in the Philippines—an army of 50,000 and a strong navy—all for the benefit of the trusts and syndicates that aim to monopolize the business of Asiatic islands seven thousand miles from our own shores.

Will the American people submit to this scheme? If they do they will thereby demonstrate their own unfitness for republican government.

Macaulay says that the way to prepare a people for liberty is to give them liberty. The United States should encourage the Filipinos to maintain such a government as they want, instead of grabbing their islands and annexing them because it has the power to do so. If the American republic forces the Filipinos, against their will, to recognize American sovereignty in the Philippines, it will present to the world a sorry spectacle indeed. If wise counsels prevail, justice and honor in this matter will triumph over commercial greed, ambition for conquest, and a revived military spirit.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

A CLOWN in motley met a rich merchant.
 "God ild thee, fair merchant," quoth he;
 "an' thou be willing, I'll tell thy fortune
 for a penny."

But the merchant shrugged his shoulders
 and passed on.

Presently there came a solem-visaged
 man dressed in black.

"Be humble, O merchant," said he,
 "for I am the messenger of the gods;
 and, if haply thou hast wealth, I may
 e'en secure thee joy hereafter."

And the merchant, prostrating himself,
 poured his gold at the stranger's feet.

—*Freethinker.*

ELUCIDATION.

A THEOLOGIAN chanced on a Philosopher.
 "Thou dost not believe in miracles,"
 said he.

"Hardly," said the Philosopher.

And forthwith the Theologian with
 much gusto explained the bearings of cer-
 tain prodigies, to the end that they might
 seem reasonable and true.

"Tarry a moment," said the Philoso-
 pher. "Since thou canst show these things
 to be natural and in reason, prithee tell
 me wherein lies the miracle thereof."

And the Theologian wagged his head
 sadly, as if he would say, "This man hath
 no sweet reasonableness." E. R. W.