

Stories of Hymns and Operas

THE APPRECIATION SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

Stories of Hymns and Operas

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Libraries of Hope

Stories of Hymns and Operas
Appreciation Series

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Stories of Hymns

Selected Authors

Introduction

Our Hymns—where did they come from? As you take your seat in your pew on the Sunday morning, and open your hymn book to find the hymn which the minister has just announced, does it ever occur to you to inquire, as you look at the hymn, "Who wrote this hymn? Why? And under what circumstances?" Your hymn book may perhaps of itself tell you the name of the author and the date of its composition—but that is very little information. Let us say, for example, that the hymn which the minister has announced is

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

Your hymn book may indeed tell you that this was written by one John Fawcett, in the year 1772. But these bare facts have very little interest for you. Who was John Fawcett, and why, and under what circumstances did he write this good old hymn? If we could only get at that, perhaps we should find a new interest and see a new meaning in this grand old song of Christian fellowship. If a person has not yet started such inquiries as these in his own mind in reference to at least some of the hymns we are accustomed to use in the service of the sanctuary, he has not a little yet to learn in connection with the general subject of singing in church. No one can understand a hymn, or at least appreciate it aright, or feel the full power of its meaning, unless he knows somewhat of the spirit which actuated its composer and the outward circumstances which called it forth.

Such historical knowledge of the hymns adds a new interest to them. It is true here as it is true generally—that our knowledge of the history of a thing is the measure of our interest in it. Whether it concern the earth which we inhabit, the language we use, the laws by which we are governed, or anything whatsoever with which we have to do, history is in all respects one of the noblest, most refining and

instructive branches of study. And everything has had a history. The mountains which rise towering toward the sky, and which seem to have been from everlasting, were not always where they are now. The rivers did not always flow in their present channels toward the sea. The continents were at one time at the bottom of the ocean. Earthquakes, volcanic action, changes of climate, and a thousand other influences have conspired to make the earth what it is. It has had a history. And it derives a new interest for us the moment we begin to read and study and examine into the manifold changes through which it has passed. Indeed, anything develops a new significance the moment you learn something of its past. The piece of coal which you unthinkingly toss into your stove becomes a something more when you learn that it is older than the family of man: that it once was a piece of wood and grew in a forest, the like of which is now nowhere to be found, and of which, if it only had a tongue, it could tell a most wonderful story. Now hold it in your hand, and turn it over, and look at it in wonder. So, too, the words which we daily use, have had, each and all of them, a history—often a very beautiful and instructive history; and when one once begins to go to his dictionary, and studies the origin of words and the changes through which they have passed, language ceases to be the dead thing it formerly was esteemed, and becomes living, interesting, instructive.

So it is with our hymns. We have been using many of them ever since we could sing; and we have sung them not knowing where they came from, by whom written, when or where or why; not knowing but they may have been dropped down from the skies; not knowing, even while we sang them, that each has had its lesson of instruction in the very circumstances which gave it birth. We were like our ancestors of an hundred years ago who roamed over the hills of central Pennsylvania never suspecting the vast mineral treasures which had been laid up in store beneath their feet.

A Mother Recognized by a Hymn

War was raging in Canada in 1754 between the French and English. The Indians took part with the French and came as far as Pennsylvania, where they burned the houses, and murdered the people.

In 1755 they reached the dwelling of a poor Christian family. The father and son were instantly killed. A little daughter, Regina, was taken, with many other children, into captivity.

They were led many miles through woods and thorny bushes, that nobody could follow them.

Regina and a little girl two years old were given to an old Indian widow. The poor children were forced to go into the forest to gather roots and other provisions for the old woman; and when they would not bring her enough, she would beat them in so cruel a manner that they were nearly killed.

Regina continually repeated the verses from the Bible, as well as the hymns which she had learned at home, and taught them to the little girl. And often would they retire to a tree and kneel down, when Regina would pray, and teach her little companion the way to Jesus. Often they cheered each other by the hymn,

> *"Alone, yet not alone am I,*
> *Though in the solitude so drear."*

In this sad state they remained nine long years, till Regina reached the age of nineteen, and her little companion eleven years.

In 1764 the providence of God brought the English Colonel Boquet to the place where they were in captivity. He conquered the Indians and forced them to ask for peace. The first condition he made was that they should restore all the prisoners they had taken.

Thus the two girls were released. More than four hundred captives were brought to Col. Boquet.

It was an affecting sight. The soldiers gave them food and clothing, took them to Carlisle, and published in the newspapers that all

parents who had lost their children might come and get them.

Regina's mother came; but, alas! her child had become a stranger to her. Regina had acquired the appearance and manners of the natives, and by no means could the mother discover her daughter. Seeing her weep in bitter disappointment, the colonel asked her if she could recollect nothing by which her poor girl might be known. She at length thought of, and began to sing, the hymn,

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this wilderness so drear;
I feel my Saviour always nigh,—
He comes the weary hours to cheer,
I am with him, and he with me;
Even here alone I cannot be."

Scarcely had the mother sung two lines of it when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy; and with her young companion, whose friends had not sought her, she went to her mother's house. Happily for herself, though Regina had not seen a book for nine years, she at once remembered how to read the Bible.

Singing the Heart Open

A Presbyterian minister, an American by birth, but of Scottish parentage, happening to be in New Orleans, was asked to visit an old Scottish soldier who had sickened, and was conveyed to the hospital.

On entering and announcing his errand, the Scotchman told him, in a surly tone, that he desired none of his visits—that he knew how to die without the aid of a priest. In vain he informed him that he was no priest, but a Presbyterian minister, come to read him a portion of the Word of God, and to speak to him about eternity. The Scotchman doggedly refused to hold any conversation with him, and he was obliged to take his leave.

Next day, however, he called again, thinking that the reflection of the man on his own rudeness, would prepare the way for a better reception. But his manner and tone were equally rude and repulsive; and at length he turned himself in bed, with his face to the wall, as if determined to hear nothing, and relent nothing.

The minister bethought himself, as a last resource, of the hymn well known in Scotland, the composition of David Dickerson, minister of Irvine, beginning, "O mother dear, Jerusalem, when shall I come to thee?" which his Scottish mother had taught him to sing to the tune of Dundee. He began to sing his mother's hymn.

The soldier listened for a few moments in silence, but gradually turning himself round, with a relaxed countenance, and a tear in his eye; inquired, "Who taught you that?" "My mother," replied the minister. "And so did mine," rejoined the now softened soldier, whose heart was opened by the recollections of infancy and of country; and he now gave a willing ear to the man that found the key to his heart.

A Prisoner Singing Himself Into Liberty

This was the case with Deacon Epa Norris during the war between Great Britain and the United States, in 1812. He lived in the Northern Neck, Va. Being captured and taken to a British vessel, they in vain sought to obtain from him the position and numbers of the American Army.

Dr. Belcher says: "The commandant of the ship gave a dinner to the officers of the fleet, and did Mr. Norris the honor to select him from the American prisoners of war to be a guest. The deacon, in his homespun attire, took his seat at the table with the aristocracy of the British navy. The company sat long at the feast: they drank toasts, told stories, laughed and sang songs. At length Mr. Norris was called on for a song. He desired to excuse himself, but in vain: he must sing. He possessed a fine, strong, musical voice. In an appropriate and beautiful air, he commenced singing: —

"'Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing.'

"Thoughts of home and of lost religious privileges, and of his cap-tivity, imparted an unusual pathos and power to his singing. One stanza of the excellent psalm must have seemed peculiarly pertinent to the occasion:—

"'Fools never raise their thoughts so high:
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.'

"When the singing ceased, a solemn silence ensued. At length the commandant broke it by saying: 'Mr. Norris, you are a good man, and shall return immediately to your family.' The commodore kept his word; for in a few days Mr. Norris was sent ashore in a barge, with a handsome present of salt—then more valuable in the country than gold."

First Song of One Who Had Been Speechless

In the institution for feebleminded children, formerly at Germantown, was placed a little child from Virginia, who had been speechless from her birth.

She was familiarly known as "Becca." Dr. Parrish, the superintendent, describes her as one afraid of every living thing. Blocks and sticks she would nurse, but if a nicely dressed doll were presented, she would scream with fear. She loved nobody, and seemed fond of hurting little children and destroying their playthings.

Little by little her antipathies and coldness of disposition gave way and she began to show affection for her matron. She soon began to love to sit in the school room with other children and listen to their little songs and hymns. In her eighth year she would steal away and make sounds when alone in some hiding place.

One summer evening her nurse had put her in her little bed early. The birds were singing in the trees by her window; the sun had just gone away and left his golden shadows on the western sky; and in this sweet evening hour of twilight the imprisoned soul of the little child broke its bands, her tongue was loosened, and she lifted her voice, and sung.

The nurse, hearing the sound, hastened up the stairway, and, listening outside the bed-room door, was rejoiced to hear Becca comingling her voice with the bird choir without, and as her first utterance the appropriate language of Charles Wesley's hymn, she had heard other children sing:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild
Look upon a little child!
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to thee."

An Impromptu Hymn and Tune

At the close of the thirty years' war in Germany, George Neumark found himself in want, as did many others. He was born at Thurigen, March 16, 1621, just two years after the commencement of the long strife.

Having studied law in the University of which Simon Dach, the eminent poet and musician, was President, he became like him, also distinguished for his poetical and musical ability.

Having suffered many privations while seeking employment at Dantzic and Thorn, he tried to improve his fortune, by going to Hamburg, in 1651. There he obtained a precarious subsistence by the use of his violoncello, a six-stringed instrument, in use in those days, upon which he played most charmingly.

But after a while he was taken sick, and could not gain a support by his musical tours. Not wishing to reveal his abject poverty, and as his last resort, he took his violin to a Jew, who loaned him a small sum with the understanding that if it was not redeemed within two weeks, he was to forfeit it.

As he reluctantly gave it to the Jew with tearful eyes, it seemed like the sundering of heart-strings.

Said he: "You know not how hard it is to part from that violin. For ten years it has been my companion and comforter. If I have nothing else, I have had it; at the worst, it spoke to me, and sung back all my courage and hope. Of all the sad hearts that have left your door, there has been none so sad as mine. Were it possible, I would ten times rather pawn to you my very heart's blood than this sweetner of my poverty. Believe me, Nathan, among all the unfortunate whom stern necessity has compelled to pawn to you their little all, I am the most so." Here his emotions choked his utterance. Seizing the instrument again, he played a sweet melody, while he sang two stanzas of his hymn:

I am weary, I am weary,

Take me, dearest Lord, away;
In this world so bleak and dreary,
I would fain no longer stay!
For my life is nought to me,
But one scene of misery!

Suddenly his melancholy and plaintive notes ceased, and he commenced in a cheerful strain to sing:—

Yet who knows, but all this sadness,
Will be made in joy to end;
And this heart be filled with gladness,
Which is now with sorrow rent.
For the pleasures here we gain,
Often cause eternal pain!

As he ceased, the tears were coursing down his cheeks and his voice trembled with the deep emotion within.

As he gave the instrument a sad adieu he meekly said, "As the Lord will I am still." Then, as with a heart swelling with sorrow, he rushed out of the door, he ran against some one who had been held spell-bound by his sweet music.

"Pardon me. Sir," said the stranger, "the hymn you have just sung has deeply affected me, where can I get a copy of it? I will amply pay you for it. It just meets my case."

"My good friend," said Neumark, "your wish shall be granted."

This listener was John Guteg, the servant of the Swedish ambassador, Baron Von Rosenkranz.

He gave the baron an account of this musical genius, of his poverty, of his pawning his favorite instrument as a last resort, and of the hymn he sang of which he had the copy. The story interested the ambassador, he sent for the sweet singer, and gave him at once a remunerative position as secretary.

Neumark was now enabled to reclaim his instrument.

Calling at the house of his landlady, who had sympathized with him in his misfortunes, he told her the good news. Soon the room was crowded with friends and neighbors to hear him sing and play again.

With a heart swelling with gratitude, in an impromptu manner, he sang, what has ever since been, one of the most popular German hymns:—

"Wer nur den lieben Gott læsst walten."

It has been translated as follows:—

"Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him, whate'er betide,
Thou'lt find him in the evil days,
Thine all-sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that ne'er can move."

Thus he offered his thanksgiving to Him who had helped him in this his time of need. To the inquiry as to whether he had composed the hymn himself, he meekly answered: "Well, yes, I am the instrument, but God swept the strings. All I knew was that these words, 'Who trusts in God's unchanging love,' lay like a soft burden upon my heart. I went over them again and again, and so they shaped themselves into song, how I cannot tell. I began to sing, and to pray for joy, and my soul blessed the Lord; and word followed word like water from a fountain."

After being employed for two years as the secretary, the noble Lord Von Rosenkrantz obtained for him the more lucrative situation as Keeper of the Archives, and Librarian at Weimar, where he died in 1688.

"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!" Among Savages

Rev. E. P. Scott, while laboring as a missionary in India, saw on the street one of the strangest looking heathen his eyes had ever lit upon. On inquiry he found that he was a representative of one of the inland tribes that lived away in the mountain districts, and which came down once a year to trade.

Upon further investigation he found that the gospel had never been preached to them, and that it was very hazardous to venture among them because of their murderous propensities. He was stirred with earnest desires to break unto them the bread of life. He went to his lodging-place, fell on his knees, and plead for divine direction. Arising from his knees, he packed his valise, took his violin, with which he was accustomed to sing, and his pilgrim staff, and started in the direction of the Macedonian cry.

As he bade his fellow missionaries farewell, they said: "We will never see you again. It is madness for you to go."

"But," said he, "I must carry Jesus to them."

For two days he travelled without scarcely meeting a human being, until at last he found himself in the mountains, and suddenly surrounded by a crowd of savages.

Every spear was instantly pointed at his heart. He expected that every moment would be his last. Not knowing of any other resource, he tried the power of singing the name of Jesus to them. Drawing forth his violin, he began with closed eyes to sing and play:—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

Being afraid to open his eyes, he sang on till the third verse, and while singing the stanza—

"Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all."

he opened his eyes to see what they were going to do, when lo! the spears had dropped from their hands, and the big tears were falling from their eyes.

They afterwards invited him to their homes. He spent two and a half years among them. His labors were so richly rewarded that when he was compelled to leave them because of impaired health and return to this country, they followed him between thirty and forty miles. "Oh! missionary," said they when parting, "come back to us again. There are tribes beyond us which never heard the glad tidings of salvation." He could not resist their entreaties. After visiting America he went back again to continue his labors, till he sank into the grave among them.

This interesting story of the happy effects of singing this good old hymn was related to William Reynolds Esq. of Peoria, Ill., by the missionary himself, while in this country trying to regain his health, and by Mr. Reynolds to the author of this volume.

"Other Refuge Have I None"

During the rebellion in Ireland in 1793, the rebels had long meditated an attack on the Moravian settlement at Grace-Hill. At length they put their threat in execution, and a large body of them marched to the town. When they arrived there, they saw no one in the street nor in the houses.

The brethren had long expected this attack, but true to their Christian profession, they would not have recourse to arms for their defence but assembled in their chapel, and in solemn prayer besought Him in whom they trusted, to be their shield in the hour of danger.

The ruffians, hitherto breathing nothing but destruction and slaughter, were struck with astonishment at this novel sight. Where they expected an armed hand, they saw it clasped in prayer. Where they expected weapon to weapon, and a body armed for the fight, they saw the bended knee. They heard the prayer for protection; they heard the intended victims asking mercy for their murderers; they heard the song of praise, and the hymn of confidence in the "sure promise of the Lord." So impressed were they by what they thus saw and heard, that they left the place without doing any harm. Others afterward fled to it as "the city of refuge."

Hymns of Jewish Origin

A thousand years before Christ was born David the shepherd boy was caring for his father's sheep and singing the songs that have suggested the finest hymns of succeeding ages. Shepherd, champion of Israel, court minstrel, beloved monarch of his people, David had the soul of a poet. His songs, accompanied by notes on the psaltery, or guitar, we call psalms. They have an immense range of subject, for David was emphatically a man, and "nothing of human interest was alien to him." He sang of sheep and pastures, trees and rivers, birds and beasts, war and slaughter of enemies, of love of country and the joys of family life, of his own longing for and delight in God, and of perfect joy and satisfaction in God's service. Never before had man so revelled in the presence of God. Fear, awe, obedience, loyalty—all these we think of as we remember the patriarchs and prophets; but fulness of joy, because God is, and because His loving kindness is better than life—this was a new thing on the earth.

Joy is infectious. Who does not smile when a gracious, smiling face greets us? No wonder that David the joyful singer was the favourite of his race. No wonder that his name connected with any object throws round it a halo. The city of David, the throne of David, the key of David—these words were as a talisman to his race. And after David's time, whenever fine songs were written by priest or prophet, if judged worthy they were added to the psalms of David. These songs were the joy and consolation of Israel in all circumstances, even when as captives they sat down by the rivers of Babylon and hung their harps on the willows, and refused to sing the Lord's songs in a strange land. The songs of Zion have been sung by scattered communities of Jews in almost every country under heaven.

During the Middle Ages to be a Jew meant to suffer insult and injury, to wear a badge, to be outside the protection of the law, to live only in the Jewish quarter, or Ghetto, or Jewry, to be locked up from sunset to sunrise, to be the victim of every superstitious panic which

might arise among the people with whom his lot was cast;—this was the fate of the Jew throughout Europe.

Shakespeare in *The Merchant of Venice* and Sir Walter Scott in *Ivanhoe* show us how Jews were regarded during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in Christian countries. Such to-day is the fate of the Jews in Russia. They crowd into London, or cross to America, to escape from the tyranny of the oppressor.

The psalms of David were sung in Hebrew in the synagogues of the Jewries when the enemy was hurling himself against the gates; when a massacre of Jews was in process, when the torturers believed they, were doing God's service, when the cries of the tormented ascended to the sky—these psalms mingled with them. Week by week they still are chanted in the synagogues of Europe and America. In New York, in Berlin, the Jews still praise God in the language of the shepherd of Bethlehem. And beyond the gates of the Ghetto, in the great Basilica, outside the Jewry in the Church, these same psalms are being sung in Latin by Christian congregations. Did the persecutors ever realise that the Christ was a Jew, and that the Virgin Mary was a Jewess?

The Jews do not use popular modern hymns in their ordinary synagogue worship. The thirteen articles of the Jewish creed as written out by Moses Maimonides in the Middle Ages are part of the morning service, and a poetic form of them is sung on the eves of Sabbath and festivals in all the synagogues of the British Empire. This creed was freely rendered into English in the hymn "The God of Abraham praise," by Thomas Olivers, one of the early Methodist preachers, who also got the tune from Leoni, the great chorister of the synagogue in Aldgate. So in singing this hymn we have the belief and sentiment of the Jews united with their familiar melody. Another hymn which is essentially Jewish in sentiment, "O come, O come, Immanuel," was written in Latin in the twelfth century; it shows the longing of the race for the Messiah, and is a poetical rendering of the twelfth article of the Jewish creed: "I believe with perfect faith in the coming of the Messiah; and though He tarry, I will wait daily for His coming."

The first Christian congregation was composed entirely of Jews; the men and women in the upper room at Jerusalem spoke in Aramaic. Years later, when the Church consisted largely of Greeks and

Romans, the Psalter, in common with other parts of Scripture, was translated into Greek and Latin, and gradually the Latin Psalter came to be the only one in use in the Churches of Western Europe.

In the early days of the Reformation not only were the Scriptures translated into the vernacular of each country, but metrical versions of the Psalms were written, that the whole nation might join in the praise of God. Scotland was the first country to adopt for public worship a metrical version of the Psalms, and now for nearly four hundred years, Sabbath by Sabbath, the old Jewish psalms in their quaint Scotch form are the channel for the deepest emotions of the soul. Modern hymns make small headway in Scotland; the rough, uncouth rhymes, grown venerable through long history and sacred associations, suffice for the religious expression of a reserved and unemotional people.

In France, early in the sixteenth century, Clement Marot, the first musician at the court of Francis I, translated fifty psalms into French rhyming verse, and dedicated them to the King and to the ladies of France. The first edition of ten thousand copies was speedily exhausted. Princes of the blood, the King's favourites, lords and ladies of the court, began to sing psalms to the ballad tunes of the times. Each one had a favourite out of the fifty which Marot composed. The Dauphin, as became a sportsman, chose "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks"; and Diana of Poictiers, the famous beauty, selected "Out of the depths have I cried."

In England, also, it was from the court that the first metrical version came. Thomas Sternhold, Groom of the Privy Chamber, turned some of the psalms into English metre. One day, while he was singing them to his organ in his apartment at Whitehall, and absorbed in his music, a delicate boy approached and listened with interest and delight. Such strains he had never heard before:

O God, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessitie.

The listening boy was Prince Edward, afterwards Edward VI, and he was the first to authorise a part of the metrical version for English

use. His sister, Queen Elizabeth, in the first year of her reign, commanded that a complete version should be prepared to be sung in the church. Sternhold and Hopkins contributed one hundred psalms to this collection. Queen Elizabeth was much interested in this version, for ten years before she became queen she herself had attempted two little anthems and the thirteenth psalm in metre. Sir Philip Sidney, soldier, hero, and poet, wrote a number; but they were not simple enough to be popular.

In the reign of Charles II another complete version was produced by Nahum Tate, the poet-laureate, and Nicholas Brady, Vicar of Richmond. Until the middle of the nineteenth century few hymns were sung by the Church of England; but the metrical versions of Sternhold and Hopkins and of Tate and Brady were as familiar as the liturgy in the parish churches of our land. The twenty-third psalm has fired the imagination of the poets of all ages; the heroic note of the fourth verse thrills the dying with courage. Of the Scotch version of this psalm Dr. John Ker says, "Every line of it, every word of it, has been engraven for generations on Scottish hearts, has accompanied them from childhood to age, from their homes to all the seas and lands where they have wandered, and has been to a multitude no man can number the Rod and Staff of which it speaks, to guide and guard in dark valleys, and at last through the darkest."

This psalm is the first taught to little children in Scotland, and the last murmured by dying lips. Scotch martyrs repeated it on the way to the gallows, and Christian writers of all times have caught inspiration from these Jewish green pastures and still waters.

A few of the finest of the paraphrases of the psalms are given here; but it must never be forgotten that the root of all these beautiful after-growths is Jewish.

TUNE—Leoni.

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love.
Jehovah! Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred name

For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
I all on earth forsake—
Its wisdom, fame, and power—
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

He by Himself hath sworn
I on His oath depend:
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light
For ever reigns.

He keeps His own secure,
He guards them by His side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and, is the same,

And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship Thee!"

—A free rendering of Jewish creed by Thomas Olivers, 18th century.

TUNE—Plain Song.

O come, O come, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

—Written in Latin, during 12th century.

TUNES—Dunfermline; Peterborough.

O God, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.

When I, beset with pain and grief,
Prayed to my God for grace,
Forwith my God heard my complaint
Out of His holy place.

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode;
And on wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.

He brought me forth in open place,
That so I might be free;
And kept me safe, because He had
A favour unto me.

Unspotted are the ways of God,
His word is truly tried;
He is sure defence to such
As in His ways abide.

—Thomas Sternhold,
Groom of the Privy Chamber;
Published 1549, in reign of Edward VI.

Hymns of the Eastern Church

The hymns here selected were written between fifteen hundred and twelve hundred years ago, in Greek, by men dwelling in Constantinople, then called Byzantium, in Crete, and on the shores of the Dead Sea. They have been, and still are, sung in the Greek islands of the Levant, along the banks of the Danube, and in the vast Russian Empire from the Vistula to Siberia. But Constantinople, the metropolis of the Eastern Church, was captured by the Ottoman Turks in 1453. Since then the Sultan of Turkey has crushed the Christian population of that part of Europe. No wonder one of the clauses in the Litany for centuries was, "From the fury of the Turks, good Lord, deliver us."

What had Christianity done for those people before the arrival of the Turks? Hospitals and orphanages had been founded, alms-houses for the aged and destitute were provided, also hospices at which strangers and travellers would pass a night. Slavery, which was an enormous factor in every civilised country, was discouraged; slaves found protection in the churches from their masters, and a humaner spirit was pervading society.

We must never forget that hospitals, asylums, and other benevolent institutions would never have existed but for Christ. The most highly civilised nations of the old and modern world have done little for suffering men and women until touched by Christ.

Anatolius

Anatolius, the Bishop of Constantinople, lived in very troublous times. Both outside and within the Church there were quarrels, fighting, and war. The bishop who preceded Anatolius at Constantinople died a violent and cruel death. His chief enemies were two other bishops, who stirred up the rough soldiers with slanderous tales; they entered the great church whilst the Easter service was proceeding, fell upon the bishop as he stood, clubbed and scourged him, and

dragged his body out of the church and through the streets, where it was torn limb from limb.

This was the barbarous and turbulent multitude whom Anatolius was chosen to govern. He was a man of great wisdom and courage, and immediately gained the confidence of the other bishops at the great Council of the Church held at Chalcedon, now called Scutari, where so many of our British soldiers were buried during the Crimean War.

While the Church was weakened by strife within, a terrible danger was approaching from the far East. Right up in the highland of Central Asia, near the Great Wall of China, there was a fierce and hideous people called Huns, who during the fourth and fifth centuries marched westward to Europe, bringing dismay and terror wherever they came. They conquered Persia and the adjacent countries; Russia, down to the Black Sea; the north as far as Denmark and Sweden; and then, under their great leader, Attila, came south to the Danube, where they founded a great city, Buda, to be their headquarters. By the titles which Attila assumed he sought to terrify the whole world. He called himself "Attila, Descendant of the Great Nimrod, King of the Huns, the Goths, the Danes, and the Medes, the Dread of the World." His sword was believed by his own soldiers to be magic. "It was said that a herdsman, who was following the track of a wounded heifer by the drops of blood, found the sword standing, fixed in the ground, as if it had been darted down from heaven." The herdsman gave it to Attila, who grasped it, and henceforth in battles this ancient sword was known as the "Spirit of Death."

The fear of the Huns fell upon all men; their appearance filled their enemies with horror. They were short, broad-shouldered, with small back eyes very deep set in the sockets, with flat noses and yellow, tawny complexions. Their enemies believed that they were not ordinary men, but that their fathers were hobgoblins and their mothers witches. Who could fight against such children of the evil one?

Attila, their king, took advantage of the superstition of the countries he came to conquer. He was a great and crafty military genius, and with his great iron sword knew how to work on the terrors of the people.

In one place an old Christian hermit left his cave, and went to

meet Attila, and said to him, "Thou art the scourge of God for the chastisement of Christians." Attila was delighted at this address, and at once took the title "The Scourge of God," by which he was known throughout the world.

He met the armies of the Roman Emperor in Germany and Hungary, and defeated them so that they had to pay tribute to him.

And now, in the time of Anatolius, Attila was marching southwards towards Constantinople, ruthlessly defacing and destroying its most fertile provinces. Before he reached the city, however, he was obliged to turn northwards, to suppress a revolt. Constantinople was saved, and Anatolius and the other citizens could breathe freely.

During the eight years of his office Anatolius preserved the Church at Constantinople in peace—no easy matter with so excitable and restless a population.

He wrote few hymns, but those that have come down to us give a faint echo of the turmoil of his life. "His evening hymn, 'The day is past and over,' is a great favourite in the Greek isles. It is to the scattered hamlets of Chios and Mitylene what Bishop Ken's evening hymn is to the villages of our own land."

TUNE—Anatolius.

The day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night!

The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:

O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
Lover of men! O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

Fierce was the billow wild;
Dark was the night;
Oars laboured heavily;
Foam glimmered white;
Trembled the mariners;
Peri was nigh:
Then said the God of God,
"Peace, it is I!"

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of the fiercest wind,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be;
Darkness must fly:
Then saith the Light of Light,
"Peace, it is I!"

Jesu, Deliverer!
Come Thou to me,
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea!
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth!
"Peace, it is I!"

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE

Andrew was born in the seventh century in the ancient city of Damascus, shortly before it was captured by the Saracens. His youth was spent in the lovely gardens on its river-banks. But Andrew was content to leave home and his lovely native city, to become a monk

at Jerusalem.

Why did good men in those days become hermits or monks? The reply to this is the condition of the world from which they fled. The whole civilised world, during the decay of the great Roman Empire, was growing more and more corrupt. The emperors of this period were brutal, cunning, and cruel. The judges and magistrates of the cities took bribes, so that justice was not to be had.

Torture was employed by the governors of the provinces, not only on the slaves, but on free men. Heavy taxes were levied on the exhausted populations, which were spent on wars with the Goths, or the Germans, and in court luxury. The land was cultivated by slaves and miserable peasants, and the rich were served by slaves in their own households. Oppression, greed, and cruelty had driven many a noble Roman in despair to escape by suicide a life which he knew to be degrading. Such were Seneca, the tutor of the Emperor Nero, and the poet Lucretius, who were content to die by their own hands, rather than live to witness the ever-increasing wickedness of Imperial Rome.

The Christian faith was reforming the lives of individuals who believed in God and sought to work righteousness; but these converts had no hope for society in this world, and looked forward to a kingdom of God after death. Despairing of society, they fled, men and women also, to live in deserts and caves of the earth. At the end of the fourth century Upper Egypt was fully peopled by hermits and monks. Marvellous stories were told of their courage, purity, helpfulness, and charity. This monastic movement was accepted and preached by all the great and good men of the time. Athanasius, Chrysostom, Augustine—all supported it. From Egypt right across Europe as far as Ireland and Cornwall the same ideal of Christian life is found; so that to "enter religion or to be converted in those days came to mean, to become a monk or a nun."

Andrew of Crete, like the best men in his century, entered a monastery. Whilst there, the abbot sent him on the business of the community to Constantinople, where he remained as Deacon of the great Church and Warden of the Orphanage, for even in those far-away days the Church took care of the fatherless children of its members. A few years later Andrew was made Archbishop of Crete, where

he was considered an eloquent preacher. Seventeen of his sermons were famous, and he wrote some lively hymns, one of which is given here.

He died at a small Greek island, near the shore of Asia Minor, in the year 730 A.D.

TUNES—St. Andrew of Crete; Caswall.

Christian! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Compass thee around?
Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the Holy Cross.

Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble,
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the conflict,
Watch and pray and fast.

Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! say but boldly,
"While I breathe I pray";
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day

Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE, OR JOHN OF DAMASCUS, AND STEPHEN THE SABAITE

Our story is of a man who takes his name from the oldest city in the world.

Damascus is still a great town, with caravans arriving and departing, though it is less prosperous than before the Suez Canal was opened. Long before Rome or Athens was founded, while Europe was only peopled by a few wandering tribes, Damascus was an old city. When Abraham, the founder of the Jewish race, first came into Palestine and lived in tents among the Canaanites, Damascus was already a walled town. It is built along seven miles of the banks of the ancient river Abana, of whose waters Naaman the Syrian leper was so proud. The river rises among the melting snows of Lebanon, and comes headlong down its slopes, bringing beauty and fertility as it travels. Here grew the sweet damask roses and the damson plums; the famous damascene swords of finest steel were made here.

It was just outside the walls of this city that St. Paul beheld the heavenly vision which changed his life; and here, a week later, he talked with the wandering and trembling brethren, who looked for a persecutor and found a comrade; and from these walls he escaped in a basket from his angry pursuers. In spite of persecution the faith of Christ spread, and Damascus continued a Christian city for six hundred years.

In this beautiful city, more than twelve hundred years ago, was born the hymn-writer known as John of Damascus. A hundred years earlier the city had been besieged by Arabs, and after a long and terrible struggle the invaders carried the assault, and entered the city in triumph. The Arabs at that time were fierce warriors, full of enthusiasm for Mahomet, ready to subdue the world in his name; but they knew nothing of the government of cities, and were glad to avail themselves of the help of some of the older inhabitants. They found John's father to be a good man, capable and honest, and they selected him to govern the country for them. Like Joseph in Egypt and Daniel in Babylon, this man was placed in a very high position by the conquering race, and proved himself worthy of their trust. Living under the control of foreigners and in the presence of Mahometan fanatics, this man continued an earnest Christian.

When John was born, his father insisted on having him baptized, though he knew that this public act of Christian faith might bring trouble with the Mahometan rulers. He adopted a poor boy, Cosmas by name, taking him into his own house as a companion for John, and brought up both boys together. His great wealth he devoted to the ransom of Christian slaves, who were brought by the Mahometans in great numbers to the slave-market of Damascus.

One day, as he was passing through the market, he saw an Italian captive whom all the other slaves seemed to reverence. The man seemed sad and hopeless. He said he had spent his life in learning the wisdom of the Greeks, and now, as a slave, he might be sold to a rough soldier or a camel-driver, and never again be able to teach or open a book. John's father thought this man, if he was so learned and respected, was just the right tutor for John and Cosmas. The Caliph of Damascus gave consent to this arrangement, and the Italian slave was set at liberty, and entered the household of his benefactor as tutor to the boys.

With him they studied mathematics, astronomy, and the philosophy of the Greeks. Both boys made such rapid progress that at length the tutor confessed that they had learned all that he could teach, and he begged to be allowed to leave them and to enter the monastery of St. Saba. John and Cosmas were now grown up; they had profited by a good education. Cosmas followed the tutor to St. Saba, where he became a monk, and years afterwards was appointed bishop to the south of Syria. Whilst in the monastery Cosmas wrote hymns which are still sung in the east of Europe.

John stayed in Damascus, and was so useful to the Government of the city that, after his father's death, the Arabs raised him to the office of Chief Councillor to the Caliph. Here he served as honestly as his father before him; but, as Daniel was not without enemies in Babylon, so John of Damascus was envied by Mahometans, who hated him for his position. They hatched a plot against him, accused him of betraying the Government by a forged letter; and so plausible were they that the Caliph deprived John of his position, and sentenced him to a cruel punishment.

Shortly afterwards the Caliph found that John had been in the right, and begged him to resume his old office. But John had deter-

mined to quit Damascus, and join his friends at the monastery of St. Saba. There, seven hundred feet above the Dead Sea, like the nest of an eagle on the precipitous crag, were built the cells of the monks who had fled from the world that they might serve God by prayer and fasting. There, in that solid wall of yellow rock, stood the monastery, an outpost of Eastern Christendom, even as it stands to-day. No grass or tree grows in that dreary region; no cheerful voices break the silence of the valley—only the howling of wolves and jackals, and the voracious starlings mar the stillness. The monks tame many of these birds and lavish much affection on them, feeding them daily from the refectory. The monks never tasted meat; they fasted, prayed, and laboured. None of them wanted to teach John of Damascus, as they feared so distinguished a novice; but at last an old monk took him in hand, and taught him that silence and obedience were the first duties of a monk.

John was ready to learn, and for months obeyed in silence. Then one of the brethren died, and John composed a funeral poem, set it to music, and sang it in his cell. The monks recognised his gift, set him free to write verses and tunes, and to preach on missions through Syria. His hymns are sung in Russia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and in Greece. A few years ago they were translated for us into English as we have them here.

He had a little nephew, Stephen, who came into the monastery when he was only ten years old, and stayed there all his life, dying at the age of seventy. It was this Stephen who wrote the well-known hymn "Art thou weary, art thou languid?"

So, in that lonely and desolate spot above the Dead Sea, twelve hundred years ago, there was a little group of men writing hymns to the praise of God, which ever since have formed part of the worship of the Christian Church.

TUNE—Damascus.

Those eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of God,—
Who may hope to gain them

After weary fight?
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white?

He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned";
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Clinging to the nation
Of the blest above.

Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Denizens of regions
Past imagining!
What I with pipe and tabor
Play away the light,
When He bids you labour,
When He tells you, Fight!

While I do my duty,
Struggling through the tide
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side.
What though sad the story
Of this life's distress,
Oh the future glory!
Oh the loveliness!

—St. John of Damascus, A.D. 780.

TUNE—St. John Damascene.

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesu's resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
Alleluia, with the Son
God the Father praising;
Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising.

—St. John of Damascus

TUNE—Stephanos.

Art thou weary, art thou languid?
Art thou sore distressed?

—Stephen the Sabaite,
nephew of St. John of Damascus.

ST. JOSEPH OF THE STADIUM

While Charlemagne was reigning over France, Germany, and Italy, at once the ruler of Europe and the champion of Christendom, the Mahometans were kept in check; but after his death, in A.D. 814,

they advanced up the Mediterranean, and seized and occupied Sicily. Wherever these fierce warriors became the rulers, the Christian population was harassed and persecuted, even as it is to-day in Armenia.

About the time of Charlemagne's death, Joseph was born of Christian parents in Sicily. After 830 he, with countless other Christians, fled before the victorious Mahometans, and took ship to Thessalonica, where he became a monk. Later, he went to Constantinople, to the great monastery of the Studium.

The head of this abbey, Theodore of the Studium, was a man of far-reaching influence in the Church of his day. He wrote a celebrated hymn on the Last Judgment, which is still used in the east of Europe; he did much to elevate the lives of the monks and to improve the condition of slaves. He wrote thus: "A monk ought not to possess a slave either for his own service, or for the service of his monastery, or for the culture of its lands; for a slave is a man, made after the image of God." When persecution again broke out, Theodore endured imprisonment and scourging, while Joseph again took ship and started for Rome.

In those days a sea voyage was long and tedious; the compass and charts by which great oceans are now safely navigated were not known till six hundred years later. The sailors of those days crept cautiously round the coasts, calculating time and distances by the position of the stars, the sun, and the moon. But when tempests arose, or fogs obscured the heavens, this reckoning was impossible. The wonder is that in their frail barques they dared to cross such perilous seas. In the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we have a most graphic description of a winter voyage, eight hundred years earlier, from the Levant to the Adriatic, where St. Paul, a prisoner on his way to Rome, was shipwrecked.

The monk Joseph, who twice fled from persecution, was not destined to pass his life without adventures; the vessel on which he had taken his passage to Rome, as she passed among the Greek isles, was seized by pirates, all on board being taken prisoners and conveyed to Crete, where they were made slaves.

Years rolled on, but Joseph's period of slavery was not a wasted time; by his life and by his teaching he converted many in Crete to the faith of Christ. Like St. Patrick in Ireland, the slave was a mission-

ary and an apostle.

At last Joseph regained his liberty and proceeded safely to Rome, where he was greatly esteemed by the bishop.

On returning to Constantinople, he lived quietly, and devoted the whole of his time to the composition of hymns, of which he wrote an immense number. But his retirement from the world was to be no protection from persecution. He died a martyr. The Russian Church still commemorates him every year on April 4.

It was during his life that the first Christian missionaries settled in Russia; they were sent from Constantinople, and their converts gradually changed Russia from heathenism to Christianity.

The hymn "Safe home, safe home in port," by Joseph of the Studium, becomes of special interest as we remember his escape from the Saracens in Sicily, his flight from Constantinople, his seizure by pirates from Crete, and his final martyrdom at Constantinople.

TUNE—St. Joseph Stadium.

Let our choir new anthems raise,
Wake the morn with gladness;
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness:
This the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
And put on the immortal.
Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim
Satan's best endeavour:
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.
Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Who will first begin it?

Who will seize the land of life?
Warriors, up and win it!

TUNES—Safe Home; Axbridge.

Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck:
But oh! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage—perils o'er!

The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on.

No more the foe can harm;
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp;
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home!
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts, and fears:
What matters now griefs darkest day?
The King has wiped those tears away.

St. Ambrose and St. Augustine

The most imposing figure in the history of the fourth century is Ambrose, Bishop of Milan. He dominates kings, and uses his great power for the highest ends.

Ambrose was born in A.D. 340. His father, Ambrosius, was a Roman governor or Lord-Lieutenant of France, Spain, Portugal, and Great Britain. His eldest child was Marcellina, a girl; Ambrose was his first son, and received a hearty welcome.

One day, as he was sleeping in his cradle in the open courtyard, for it was hot weather, a swarm of bees settled on his head. The nurse, greatly alarmed, wanted to drive them off, but his father, Ambrosius, stopped her. The bees, having satisfied themselves that the baby's head was not a flower, flew away.

The baby still slept, and his father exclaimed, "If the boy live, he will surely turn out something great." For Ambrosius, in common with his contemporaries, believed in omens: the bees flying from the baby's mouth meant a future of honeyed eloquence from his tongue.

Ambrose received a good education in reading, writing, arithmetic, the poet Virgil, the Greek grammar, and the Christian faith. On the death of his father the family went to live in Rome, where Ambrose and his brother studied law, while Marcellina entered a religious house.

Ambrose became a successful barrister, his eloquence attracted attention throughout Italy, and at the age of thirty the Government sent him to be supreme judge at Milan.

A few months later the Bishop of Milan died, and at the election of the new bishop Ambrose had to preside. The Emperor Valentinian was very anxious that a good appointment should be made. There was a great tumult and excitement among the bishops, which Ambrose quelled from the chair. Suddenly a voice in the crowd exclaimed, "Ambrose is Bishop!" This was echoed by all parties. Ambrose refused, and when they insisted he fled from Milan.

The position of bishop in Milan at that time was not attractive. The imperial rulers were despotic, paganism was still strong, the Goths were rampant on all the northern borders of the empire. The bishops and the Emperor being determined that Ambrose should be bishop, he was fetched back to Milan. He pleaded, "I am not fit; I am a sinful man." "Thy sin be upon us," they cried. At last he submitted, was baptized, and a week later he was consecrated Bishop of Milan.

Hurried as he was from the judge's bench to the bishop's see, Ambrose seized every minute to study the Bible and theology. He boldly rebuked sin, especially in magistrates when they failed to administer justice; so that not only Milan but all North Italy acknowledged Ambrose to be a great power in their midst.

About this time the Emperor Valentinian died of apoplexy, brought on by ungoverned temper, leaving his sons Gratian, aged seventeen, and Valentinian, aged four years, to the guardianship of Ambrose. Justina, the widow-empress, was jealous, and became a bitter and unrelenting foe. It was a time of special difficulty, for the fierce Huns were pressing westwards against the Goths, and the Goths, thus impelled, broke over into Italy, where famine quickly followed.

Meanwhile family trouble fell on Ambrose. His brother, going on business to Africa, was shipwrecked; and though he was rescued and returned safely to Milan, he was ill of a fever. Marcellina came from Rome to nurse him, but in vain; he died in the arms of Ambrose.

The young Emperor Gratian, realising that it was beyond his power to govern the empire alone, with the consent of Ambrose, invited Theodosius, a brave Spaniard, to share the duties and the title. He was brave and honest, and had led the army to victory when repelling the Goths. He was consecrated emperor, and swore to act fairly by Gratian and the young Valentinian. Gratian, however, did not live long to enjoy his friendship; for the unfortunate youth, after joining in a hunt, was found wounded to death—assassinated, as it was believed. His last words were a cry for his beloved Ambrose.

The Empress Justina had always hated Ambrose, and endeavoured to alienate Gratian and her little son Valentinian from him. She now made an alliance with the hostile Goths, who were to enter Milan, seize the churches, and kill Ambrose or drive him out of the

city. Ambrose thereupon assembled the Christians in the churches, where they remained day and night on guard. To prevent their being overpowered by sleep, and to cheer them during the night watches, Ambrose wrote hymns for them to sing. These hymns, of which twelve remain, became very popular, and were adopted all over Italy and the Western Empire.

In spite of the evil training by his mother Justina, the young Emperor Valentinian grew up to love goodness, and begged Ambrose to baptize him. Ambrose consented. A meeting was arranged for, when the palace officials were bribed by a man in the army who wanted to be emperor himself, and young Valentinian was found strangled in his bed. The body was taken to Milan for burial, and Ambrose preached on the occasion.

At last Justina ceased to oppose Ambrose. Like Jezebel of old, she had been the evil genius of her family and the opponent of all that was good. Disappointed in her schemes, she died in A.D. 388.

But if the empress had been the cause of the greatest troubles in the life of Ambrose, the Christian lady Monica brought him his greatest triumph, and that by which he is best remembered. Monica and her husband lived at Carthage, in North Africa, where their son Augustine was born. They brought him up in the Christian faith and gave him a good education; but from the first Augustine was set on evil. Disobedient and rebellious, he revelled in wrong-doing. Monica prayed for him day and night; and though Augustine went from bad to worse, choosing evil company and sinking into every form of vice, she never despaired of him.

He studied law with such success that he procured an appointment at Milan, in the north of Italy; upon which Monica wrote to Ambrose about him. On arriving at Milan, Augustine went to the church to hear the famous hymns, and also to amuse himself by studying the eloquence of Ambrose, whose fame had already spread to Africa. Then Ambrose and Augustine met, and at last the good seed fell into prepared soil. Augustine repented of his evil life, and one day, in a garden at Milan when in despair for his sins, he found God waiting to pardon. Then Ambrose baptized him, and he and Monica rejoiced together, for a great sinner was on the way to become a saint.

Monica was at this time on a visit to Milan. On her return journey

she died at Ostia, near Rome, in great happiness, for her eyes were opened to foresee Augustine the convert become the great, pious, and learned Father of the Church. Ambrose received the crowning joy of his life, for by the conversion of Augustine many were turned to righteousness.

The greatest Christian hymn still in use is the Te Deum. For ages it was believed to have been composed by St. Ambrose and St. Augustine by direct inspiration from God, immediately after the baptism of Augustine at Milan. Certainly it is a very ancient hymn, and some of the same expressions as those found in the Te Deum are also found in the writings of St. Augustine. Two ancient manuscripts of the Te Deum have been found, one from an old monastery in Ireland, and one from the Austrian Tyrol, which are entitled as the compositions of Ambrose and Augustine. Probably, however, the whole of it was not written at any one time. Ambrose and Augustine may have collected parts of it from the older liturgies of Jerusalem, Egypt, and Rome, and themselves have written other parts. The hymn as it stands now was in use early in the sixth century. It was chanted when Clovis was baptized by St. Remy at Rheims in A.D. 496, and it was sung at the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. It was in regular use as a Sunday morning hymn in the beginning of the sixth century. It was chanted at the coronation of the Czar Nicholas at Moscow. No other hymn of praise has been by such universal consent set apart as the supreme expression of the overflowing gratitude of the human heart. It has always been part of our coronation service; and whenever the national heart is stirred by some great deliverance, by hard-won victory on sea or land, or by the recovery of a beloved sovereign, there and then is the Te Deum sung.

But sterner duties awaited Ambrose. In A.D. 390 the Emperor Theodosius was the cause of a terrible massacre in Thessalonica. A charioteer in that city, much beloved of the people, had been guilty of a crime, and was imprisoned by order of the officer in charge of the garrison. The time of the great games in the circus drew near, and the town people clamoured that their favourite should be released to take part in the chariot race. The officer in charge refused; then the people broke into rebellion, seized the officers of the garrison and murdered them, dragging their bodies through the streets. On hearing of this

act of insubordination, the Emperor Theodosius was furious, and taking the advice of Rufinus, Steward of the Royal Household, he resolved to be revenged on the whole population of Thessalonica. Invitations in the name of the Emperor were sent to all the citizens to a great display at the circus. When the circus was packed with people, Gothic soldiers were sent in, and seven thousand men, women, and children were hacked to pieces.

Ambrose received this awful news from the old Bishop of Thessalonica, and was overwhelmed with horror. A few days later the Emperor Theodosius came to Milan and proceeded to the church as usual. Ambrose met him at the door, refused to admit him, and sternly sent him away. Theodosius then wrote a letter to Ambrose entreating him to visit him. Ambrose declined, and exhorted him to publicly confess his crime, refusing him the Holy Communion until he proved his penitence. Eight months passed by; Christmas was near. Theodosius looked forward to the festival in misery and tears. Then said Rufinus, "What ails you?" "Alas! the holy church is open to slaves and beggars, but it is shut to me," said Theodosius. "Let me run and persuade the bishop to release you," replied Rufinus, and departed. Confident of success, Rufinus boldly entered the bishop's presence.

"You are as impudent as a dog, Rufinus. You advised this horrible massacre, and yet you are shameless," said Ambrose. "I shall prevent the Emperor from entering the church, and will die by his hands rather than admit him."

When the Emperor heard of this, he said, "I will go and receive the chastisement I deserve." He went to a vestry by the church, and begged that Ambrose would come to him and forgive him. Then said Ambrose, "What penitence have you shown? What remedy have you applied?" The Emperor promised to do all that Ambrose should direct. Then Ambrose showed that he was a statesman and not a monk. He arranged that a law should at once be made that no execution should take place until thirty days after the sentence of death, so that any condemnation made in haste could be altered. The Emperor consented, signed the document, and was then admitted to the church, where, falling on his knees he groaned out the burden of his sins, and was readmitted to church communion. To the day of his death he

went softly, never forgetting his crime, or again allowing his temper to gain the upper hand. When dying, he committed his two little sons to Ambrose, and begged him to be a father to them as he had been to Gratian and the young Valentinian.

Ambrose, worn out by his twenty years as bishop, was already an old man, though not fifty-five years of age. He took no meal between breakfast and supper, except on festivals, and his work was excessive —not only as a statesman and councillor, but as a writer and teacher, he was incessantly employed. The great days of baptism, when large numbers came for immersion, demanded much time and strength, and Ambrose did not take life lightly—he poured out his soul in sympathy with those who came to be helped into the Christian life. On his death-bed he calmly advised as to his successor, and then said the Lord Jesus had come to his side and smiled on him. On Good Friday, April 3, he ceased to breathe. On Easter Day he was carried for burial into the church of St. Ambrogio. His funeral was attended by a vast number of Christians, Jews, and heathen, who all loved the great and holy man.

The greatest contemporary of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine was St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. The records of his life are meagre and confused; but this much seems certain, that he was a native of the north-west coast of Britain, that he was born during the last decade of the Roman occupation, that his father was a Christian deacon in a Roman colony. When the Goths were pouring through the north of Italy, and St. Ambrose was defending the church at Milan, St. Patrick, then a youth, was captured by Irish pirates and carried to Ireland, where his master employed him as a herder of sheep. Several years later he escaped, and after three days' voyage in an open boat on the Irish Sea he again landed in Britain, and after a toilsome journey found his way home. But the memories of heathen Ireland appealed to him in his dreams, and he knew it was God's will he should return there to preach the gospel. He was ordained a deacon, and later a bishop, and spent his life travelling as a pilgrim, preaching and teaching the people of Ireland, and there raising up a band of Christian men and women the fame of whose piety and learning spread across Europe.

The labours of St. Patrick made Ireland a land of saints and

missionaries, and a home of learning during the next four centuries. Some of his disciples evangelized Cornwall, Wales, and Brittany; and others founded a school for missionaries at Iona, and thence went forth and won Scotland and the north of England to Christ.

It is said that St. Patrick taught the wild Irish the doctrine of the Holy Trinity by showing them the shamrock, or small trefoil; and they still celebrate St. Patrick's Day by wearing this flower, now the national emblem.

The only hymn of St. Patrick which has survived is called "St. Patrick's Breastplate." It is a strange, wild appeal to the Holy Trinity to deliver men from harms, ghostly and bodily, an incantation rather than a hymn: he prays to be delivered "from the spells of women, smiths, and Druids." It is still sung in Ireland on St. Patrick's Day.

Free from foreign invasion, whilst all the rest of Europe was plunged in a struggle with Goths and northern pirates, Ireland became the refuge of learning and religion; and it is well for us to remember that the same age which gives us the hymns of St. Ambrose, the Te Deum, and the writings of St. Augustine, also sent forth the missionaries of St. Patrick to Cornwall and Scotland, Wales and Brittany.

TUNES—Dunfermline; Northrepps; Aristides

Once more the sun is beaming bright,
Once more to God we pray,
That His eternal light may guide
And cheer our souls this day.

Oh may no sin our hands defile
Or cause our minds to rove,
Upon our lips be simple truth,
And in our hearts be love!

Throughout the day, O Christ, in Thee
May ready help be found,
To save our souls from Satan's wiles,
Who still is hovering round.

Subservient to Thy daily praise
Our daily toil shall be;
So may our works, in Thee begun,

Be furthered, Lord, by Thee.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
Eternal glory be from man,
And from the angel host.

—St. Ambrose, A.D. 397

The famous song made by F. B. P. at the end of the sixteenth century begins:

Hierusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrowes have an end?
Thy ioys when shall I see?

There are twenty-six verses, some of them very quaint. The most popular modern version, given in the text, is believed to be by Montgomery.

TUNES—Beulah; Jerusalem; Sunninghill.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below

Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee!
Then shall my labours have end,
When I thy joys shall see.

—From St. Augustine's Meditations

St. Ambrose and St. Augustine:

The Te Deum—"We praise Thee, O God"

O Lord Most High, Eternal King.—St. Ambrose.

O God, who canst not change nor fail.—St. Ambrose.

The Mother of Augustine

Newton's history, and the far-reaching influence of his mother's prayers and tears, bear a striking resemblance to that of Augustine and his prayerful mother, Monica. Augustine was born at Tagasta, Africa, in the year 354. In early life he evinced genius and great aptitude for learning. This induced his pious parents to send him away to the best schools.

Surrounded with the allurements of vice, he was led astray, until he became infamous in iniquity. But amid all his wanderings, his mother's importunate prayers surrounded him. On his departure from home, she would stand on the sea-shore, and send after him her warmest supplications, and, with tearful anxiety, watch the vessel as it would slide out of sight in the distant horizon.

Monica's tears left an impress upon the pages of church history, that the lapse of fifteen centuries has not yet erased. In his "Confessions," Augustine tells how the new song of praise escaped his lips after his feet were taken from the pit. "How," says he, "did I weep, through Thy hymns and canticles, touched to the quick by the voice of Thy sweet attuned church! The voices sank into mine ears, and the truth distilled into mine heart, whence the affections of my devotions overflowed; tears ran down and happy was I therein."

During a season of danger and persecution, when Christians fled to the church for shelter, he says: "The devout people kept watch in the church, ready to die with their bishop, Thy servant. There my mother, Thy handmaid, bearing a chief part in those anxieties and watchings, lived for prayer.…Then it was instituted, that, after the manner of the Eastern churches, hymns and psalms should be sung, lest the people should wax faint through the tediousness of sorrow."

Latin Hymn-Writers of the Ninth Century—Charlemagne, Theodulph, and Notker

The eighth century, as it draws to a close, reveals to us a brilliant, commanding figure Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, or Carolus Magnus, as the Romans called him. He was the worthy grandson of Charles Martel, or Charles the Hammer, so called because he met the great Saracen force, which had conquered Spain and all the countries bordering the Mediterranean, and destroyed their power, and so delivered our ancestors of Britain and our neighbours of Gaul from the yoke of the Mahometans.

Charlemagne, the grandson of the Hammer, was a great and successful soldier. He raised armies, suppressed insurrections in Italy, subdued the wild Saxon tribes on both sides of the Elbe, drove the Saracens and Moors from the north of Spain to the south of the Ebre, and extended his empire from the Elbe and the Danube on the east to the Atlantic on the west.

Charlemagne was not a mere conqueror, though bloodshed and military campaigns occupied thirty years of his life, but other qualities demand our admiration. "In a life restlessly active, we see him reforming the coinage, gathering about him the learned of every country, founding schools and collecting libraries, interfering with the air of a king in religious controversies, moulding Roman laws and barbarian customs into a uniform system, and full of enterprise for the development of commerce."

Theodulph, afterwards Abbot of Fleury and Bishop of Orleans, was one of the twenty-seven learned men from different parts of Europe whom Charlemagne brought to live in his palace, as his advisers. These men of learning attended Charlemagne at his various residences, teaching him, his children, and courtiers, lessons in grammar, astronomy, theology, and music.

They were not employed as teachers only: sometimes Charlemagne sent them on political missions to negotiate with foreign

courts; at other times he sought their advice in problems of policy and religious difficulty. "Either in the lifetime of their royal patron or after his death, all these scholars became great dignitaries of the Church, or entered famous monasteries; but so long as they lived, they served Charlemagne and his sons, not only with the devotion of faithful advisers, but also as followers, proud of the master who honoured them by using them."

Theodulph, a native of Italy, was a poet and a theologian. Charlemagne brought him to the palace, then made him Abbot of Fleury, and afterwards Bishop of Orleans. Theodulph was a good and useful bishop: he restored and built beautiful churches which had been injured or destroyed during the wars; he encouraged skill and learning in the cloisters, and presented books to some of the churches near Fleury. When bishop, he did his best to improve the clergy and to provide education for the people. In Orleans he established a hospice, where travellers and the poor might be relieved by rest, food, drink, and gifts of clothing. He was the able and trusted counsellor in the court of Charlemagne; but after the death of that monarch his troubles began.

A conspiracy broke out in the north of Italy against the new Emperor Louis the Debonair. Theodulph was suspected of being in league with the conspirators; he was arrested, and thrown into the convent prison at Angers on the Loire. Theodulph was undoubtedly guiltless; but although he wrote many letters to the Emperor Louis, he failed to convince him of his innocence. At last Louis himself came to Angers, and being Palm Sunday he joined the church procession through the streets. As the King passed by the window of the cloister where Theodulph was imprisoned, Theodulph began to sing his Palm Sunday hymn, which he had composed for the occasion— "All glory, laud, and honour." The King stopped to listen to the voice which had been so familiar at the palace in his childhood, and, charmed by the sweet hymn, he gave orders that Theodulph should be set at liberty. But he did not live to return to his bishopric at Orleans, as he died a few days after his liberation.

Theodulph's hymn was adopted throughout Europe by the churches and cathedrals, and it was sung regularly every Palm Sunday by the children at the beginning of the service. At Salisbury Cathedral

(Old Sarum), it was sung by seven boys at the south door of the cathedral; at Hereford it was sung by seven boys at the gates of the city; at York Minster the choir-boys sang it in the gallery; in France, at Tours and at Rouen, it was sung at the gates of the city. There were many verses which the boys sang as they marched along, carrying the palm branches and banners. One verse is very quaint to modern ears:

Be Thou, O Lord, the Rider,
And we the little ass,
That to God's holy city
Together we may pass.

This verse was sung for eight hundred years, but has been omitted since the seventeenth century.

Charlemagne himself learnt Latin and understood Greek, and in intervals of leisure he wrote letters, hymns, and other compositions. In one of his documents addressed to abbots and bishops he directs that in the schools they should "take care to make no difference between the sons of serfs and of free men, so that they might come and sit n the same benches to study grammar, music, and arithmetic."

Charlemagne is believed to be the author of the hymn "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," which is used when clergy, ministers or bishops, are ordained. It has been sung since the latter part of the ninth century, but is never referred to before this time. Some people believe it was written earlier than this, by St. Ambrose or by Bishop Gregory the Great; but as no trace of it is found in the annals of those centuries, we may conclude that Charlemagne, or one of his school at the palace, wrote it. About sixty years after the death of Charlemagne it was in the possession of Charles the Fat, at the palace of Aix-la-Chapelle, a man of gross appetites, but greatly interested in Latin poetry. This emperor sent it to Notker, a monk at St. Gall, and a hymn-writer of great repute. And Notker, who was librarian of the monastery, caused the hymn to be copied and introduced widely into Church use. Throughout the Middle Ages it was sung in every church at Whitsuntide, and was a most important part of the service. Bells were rung, candles were lighted, incense was swung, and the priests put on their best vestments, and, so prepared, they sang this hymn to

the Holy Spirit.

We have two English translations of the hymn: the one in the Prayer-Book, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," was translated by Bishop Cosins in the seventeenth century for his own private prayers; the other version is by the poet Dryden, who lived in London in the latter part of the seventeenth century, writing plays and poems. Dryden died in 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

But to return to Notker, who first caused the hymn to circulate. He belonged to the famous Benedictine foundation—the monastery of St. Gall in Switzerland. St. Gall had been converted to Christ at the end of the sixth century by the preaching of St. Columb, a Cornish saint who went abroad to live among the heathen of Burgundy and the Vosges Mountains. The monastery was a large establishment, and many costly manuscripts were treasured there; kings and princes visited this cloister, and all were received with hospitality by the guestmaster.

Notker, who exchanged hymns and poems with the Emperor, was a poet as well as librarian and guestmaster to the monastery. When he first arrived at St. Gall, the other monks jeered at him, and tried to make him ridiculous, because he stammered, and they nicknamed him "Babulus," which means "Stammerer." But though this infirmity prevented Notker from becoming an eloquent preacher, it could not hinder his devotion to literature and his passion for poetry.

One night, as he lay awake in his bed in the dormitory, and the wind was howling over the mountains, and the water-wheel groaning as the swollen stream pressed on it, Notker could not sleep. The Church chants, which he found so difficult to remember, began to run through his head to the accompaniment of the waterwheel. Then he found how easy it would be to sing them in rhyme. In the morning, as soon as it was light, he hurried to the library, and wrote out the chants in the rhythm which had come to him in the night as he listened to the water-wheel. These rhymed chants were called Sequences, and were adopted by the churches and cloisters of Europe, and Notker, the poor, stammering monk, found himself a famous man.

His best-known hymn, still in use in Germany, begins, "In the midst of life death has girt us round." It was suggested to him as he

stood watching some labourers building a bridge at Martinsbruck, at the peril of their lives. Builders in those days had difficulties to contend with which modern machinery has greatly lessened, and an enormous loss of life was the necessary accompaniment of all great engineering works. This hymn of Notker's was set to music, and became very popular; indeed, it was used as a battle-song for centuries, but at last was discontinued, because the soldiers looked upon it as an incantation or charm. It has been used at funerals in Germany since the thirteenth century, and in its prose translation forms a part of our English Burial Service.

Notker's most famous contemporary was our Alfred the Great. While Notker was writing Latin hymns, copying manuscripts, and receiving guests at St. Gall, Alfred was subduing the Danes, legislating for England, and providing education and books for his people. If he did not visit St. Gall himself, he would most probably send there for supplies of literature, or for teachers for his schools, and the famous hymns of Charlemagne and Theodulph given here were becoming familiar to the English before the death of King Alfred.

TUNE—Wrestling Jacob.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart;
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes; give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
This, this may be our endless song,—
All praise to Thy eternal merit,
O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!

—Probably by Charlemagne, A.D. 810,
Translated by Bishop Cousins, 17th Cent.

TUNES—St. Theodulph.

All glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed One.
All glory, etc.

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, etc.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

—Bishop Theodulph of Orleans, A.D. 820.

Robert II of France

Monarchs have seldom been writers; the life of courts, with its endless round of public duties, rigid etiquette, or military pomp, is not compatible with the leisure and repose of mind necessary for authorship.

In barbaric times the sword, and not the pen, was deemed appropriate to kings. It is true that Marcus Aurelius, on the throne of the Caesars, wrote his lofty philosophy, and our own Alfred the Great was at once an author, a warrior, and a far-seeing statesman; but they are notable exceptions.

Robert the Hymn-writer, who came to the throne of France about one hundred years after the death of our King Alfred, was neither statesman nor warrior. The misfortune of his life was that he inherited a throne; in the comfortable obscurity of private life, or as a monk, Robert would have been happy enough. Physically and morally, he was well endowed; the Archbishop of Bruges tells us "he had a lofty figure, hair smooth and well arranged, modest eyes, pleasant and gentle mouth, and a tolerably well-furnished beard…. He was versed in all the sciences, philosopher enough, and an excellent musician, and so devoted to sacred literature that he never passed a day without reading the psalter and praying to the Most High God." He wrote Latin poems and set them to music, and when at Rome on a pilgrimage he laid on the altar of St. Peter a volume of his own hymns, together with their tunes. He often went to the church of St. Denis, clad in his royal robes, and with his crown on his head, and he there conducted the singing at the three daily services, chanting with the monks, and himself calling upon them to sing.

When twenty-five years of age he married the Princess Bertha, daughter of the Emperor Conrad, to whom he was devoted. She was his fourth cousin, and the Pope declared the marriage unlawful, and commanded Robert to give up Bertha on pain of excommunication. Robert refused to part with his beloved wife and queen, and the

terrible sentence was passed. The Pope, then head of the Church and master of the world, declared Robert and Bertha to be outside the communion of all good Christian people. They were outcasts, their servants fled from them; and not only was the palace deserted, but Paris and the whole kingdom was laid under an interdict. The church bells were silent, neither weddings nor funerals were sanctified by prayer, the churches were closed, the pictures and images were draped with black, and the priests dared not minister, even to the dying. In the palace two slaves alone remained to cook and wait on the royal pair, and they were so much afraid of any contact with these excommunicated persons that, in bringing the food to table, they trembled so exceedingly that they dropped the dishes, and rather than share the meat they threw what remained after the meal into the fire.

The unhappy Queen Bertha at this time became a mother, and her little infant died as soon as it was born. The priests assured her that it was the wrath of God—that her infant had been no ordinary child, but an imp of the evil one, with the head of a goose and the tail of a serpent. Bertha, overcome with horror on hearing these cruel lies, consented to leave her husband and enter a convent. Robert was forced to submit, and his beloved wife spent the rest of her life at the convent of Chelles. He would gladly have renounced his throne, and entered St. Denis, but this was not practicable. He was the King of France, descendant of a great dynasty, and had no heir. To please his subjects he married Constance, daughter of the Count of Toulouse, a loud and fashionable woman with a headstrong temper, who cared not a jot for anyone but herself. She made the court at Paris the centre of gay and corrupt society, and was excessively annoyed at her husband's devotion to the Church and his pious habits. Of her three sons, she loved only the youngest, and even for him she would not control her temper. So from this household of strife and hatred each son departed as he came to manhood; and though King Robert did his best to restore peace, he did not succeed in maintaining it. A dinner of herbs with the brotherhood at St. Denis was better to him than a feast in the queen's company. Instead of facing the situation and maintaining his authority in court and kingdom, he tried to shut his ears to the discords of earth whilst listening for the harmonies of

heaven.

While the French king was king in little more than name, his vassals, the nobles, were accumulating wealth and power in their hands. The Dukes or Counts of Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, and Flanders were the real rulers. They built huge castles with donjons and turrets, where they could safely defy the King, intimidate the peasantry, and imprison those from whom they hoped to extort money.

The miseries of the peasants under the tyranny of the nobles stirred them to rebellion. They bound themselves to support one another in resisting the encroachments of the nobles, as says their chronicler: "The lords do us nought but ill, every day for us is a day of suffering, toil and weariness every day; we have our cattle taken from us for road work and forced service; there are so many provosts, bailiffs, and Serjeants that we have not one hour's peace; day by day they run us down, seize our movables, and drive us from our lands. Let us learn to fight with club, boar-spear, with arrow, with axe, and even with stones, and we shall be free to hunt, fish, and cut down trees in our own fashion." These poor peasants were soon put down by the regular troops of the Duke of Normandy; numbers of them had their hands and feet cut off as a warning to the whole population.

It was generally believed that in the year A.D. 1000 the world would come to an end; this conviction drove crowds of penitents to the churches, to seek forgiveness and to make reparation; others, who were determined to enjoy the few remaining months, gave themselves up to vice and every kind of licence. Neither the religious nor the worldly believed that the world would continue beyond the year, so they neglected their lands, sowed no seed, and reaped no harvest. An exceedingly rainy season followed, and then came famine, and so great was the distress that bodies were no sooner buried than they were dug up and eaten; travellers were murdered, and children decoyed from their parents to furnish food. A butcher at Tournay was condemned to be burnt at the stake for exposing human bodies as meat in his shop.

In the midst of suffering France King Robert always showed himself on the side of the weak and the oppressed. Not only did he protect them against the powerful, but took pains to conceal their faults;

and in church and at table he suffered himself to be robbed rather than denounce them and punish the robbers. At one time he had as many as three hundred beggars in the palace, much to the indignation of the queen, with whom, on this occasion, one may well sympathise. Whenever the King gave an alms to any of his servants, he used to say, "Take care that Constance knows nought about it."

The poor of Paris lived on the King's charity, and at his death "there was great mourning and intolerable grief, a countless number of widows and orphans beat their breasts and went to and from his tomb, crying, 'May the soul of that pious father be blest and saved; may it mount up and dwell for ever with Jesus Christ, the King of kings.'"

Robert's hymns were written in Latin and sung in the churches and convents throughout Europe. How pathetic they appear as we think of the cruelties of his lot, the separation from the beloved Bertha, and the fate of his hapless babe!

TUNE—Stabat Mater.

Holy Ghost! my Comforter!
Now from highest heaven appear,
Shed Thy gracious radiance here.

Come to them who suffer dearth,
With Thy gifts of priceless worth,
Lighten all who dwell on earth.

Thou, the heart's most precious Guest,
Thou, of comforters the best,
Give to us, the o'er-laden, rest.

Come! in Thee our toil is sweet,
Shelter from the noonday heat,
From whom sorrow flieth fleet.

Blessed Sun of grace! o'er all
Faithful hearts who on Thee call
Let Thy light and solace fall.

What without Thy aid is wrought,
Skilful deed or wisest thought,
God will count but vain and nought.

Cleanse us, Lord, from sinful stain,
O'er the parched heart, O rain!
Heal the wounded of its pain.

Bend the stubborn will to Thine,
Melt the cold with fire divine,
Erring hearts to right incline.

Grant us, Lord, who cry to Thee,
Steadfast in the faith to be,
Give Thy gift of charity.

May we live in holiness,
And in death find happiness,
And abide with Thee in bliss!

The Bernards of Clairvaux and Cluny

St. Bernard of Clairvaux

St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux and author of some of the most celebrated hymns of the Middle Ages, was the leading figure in Europe during the first half of the twelfth century. Of him Luther wrote, three hundred years later, "St. Bernard was the best monk that ever was, whom I love beyond all the rest put together." In him we see the monastic life at its best, its advantages and perils.

Bernard was born at the end of the eleventh century in Burgundy, a country of high mountains and thick forests. His father, Tecelin, was a noble knight of stainless honour, his mother, Alith, a most devout lady. She had six sons and one daughter, and secretly vowed all of them to God. She herself taught them, and never let the occupations and pastimes of fashionable life come between herself and her children. They grew up in her gracious presence, loving the service of God better than all else.

In death as in life the Lady Alith was Christ's, and her last words were His praises. Like the mother of the Wesleys, six hundred years later, her prayers for her children were all answered.

Bernard, the third son, was a handsome youth with pleasant manners and a most winning smile. He refused to go to court, or to seek honours in the Church, but inquired for the poorest, obscurest, and most severe monastery. He heard of Citeaux, a small community founded by Stephen Harding, an Englishman, who, as a child, had been dedicated to God at Sherborne, in Dorset. Citeaux was in a desert place on the borders of Champagne and Burgundy. It was dismal and desolate, and so all the more attractive to Bernard, who measured holiness by suffering—"the more remote from man, the nearer to God." Pain, hardships, and prayer were to fill the monk's whole life. But Bernard did not enter Citeaux alone, for thirty companions, animated by his example, sought entrance to the little community. They were followed by two of his brothers and an uncle, then

by another brother. At last all had come but the youngest, Nivard, to whom the eldest said, "To you remains the whole patrimony of our house." "Earth to me and heaven to you, that is no fair partition," said the boy. A little while he lingered on at home with his aged father, Tecelin, but eventually both of them followed Bernard, and old Tecelin died in his arms, a monk of Clairvaux.

The little community of Citeaux was quite unable to contain the numbers who followed Bernard, and it was necessary to found a new colony. Bernard was chosen to lead it. There was a valley near the River Aube of very evil name; it was notorious as a den of robbers. Bernard resolved to turn it into a temple of God, and there he and his most adventurous companions settled in huts, and founded the abbey of Clairvaux. At first they were nearly starved, being reduced to eat beech leaves to support life, until the surrounding peasantry, respecting their courage and piety, brought them bread. Under the oaks and beeches Bernard studied the Scriptures. He also worked with the labouring monks to drain the wild, marshy land and make it as a garden of the Lord.

One day Bernard's sister, Humbeline, who was married to a noble, came to visit her brothers at Clairvaux. She came attended by a great retinue, splendidly dressed in all the fashions of the day. At the gate of Clairvaux she sent in her name, but none of her brothers would come out to her, and she was bidden to go away. Then she entreated, "If I am a sinner, I am one of those for whom Christ died, and have the greater need of my brothers' kindly counsel." Bernard, much moved at this message, came to her, and asked her to give up all fashionable living, and to follow Christ. Humbeline obeyed; she prayed and fasted, and her last years were spent in a convent.

Many were his letters of faithful counsel, and everywhere his pathway was thronged with friends. The Abbot Suger, Prime Minister of France, was glad to be guided by Bernard; he treasured his letters, and when on his deathbed longed only to see Bernard's face once more and then to die. William, Abbot of St. Thierry, used to say that "could he have chosen his lot among all the world had to offer, he would have desired nothing else than to remain always with this man of God as his servant." Peter the Venerable, Abbot of the rival monastery of Cluny, declared he had rather "pass his life with Bernard

than enjoy all the kingdoms of the world"; and Hildebert, Archbishop of Treves, journeyed to Rome "to entreat the Pope to relieve him from his charge that he might spend the rest of his days at Clairvaux."

But dearest of all friends to Bernard was his own brother Gerard, whom he loved tenderly and whose death was the most terrible sorrow of his private life. During his illness Bernard watched, wept, and prayed. But Gerard died. Bernard controlled his grief, and saw his brother buried without a tear, monks wondered at his firmness; he ascended the pulpit and endeavoured to continue his course of instruction; but old recollections overpowered him, his voice was lost in sobs, and at last he poured forth his grief and entreated their sympathy, saying, "Who could ever have loved me as he did? He was a brother by blood, but far more by religion…. Thou hast angels for thy companions but what have I to fill up the void thou hast left? For of a surety thou hast joined those whom in thy last night below thou didst invite to praise God…. At that moment, O my brother, the day dawned on thee, though it was night to us…. Just as I reached his side I heard him utter, 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit,' and, smiling, said, 'Oh, how gracious of God to be the Father of men, and what an honour for men to be His children!' And so he died, and so, dying, well-nigh changed my grief into rejoicing, so completely did the sight of his happiness overpower the recollection of my own misery. And now my tears put an end to my words, I pray thee teach me to put an end to my tears."

Bernard's fame as a preacher or persuader of men spread across Europe; again and again he was offered bishoprics and might have become pope. He refused all, preferring to remain Abbot of Clairvaux.

Through his eloquence thousands of men entered the monasteries. Clairvaux was too small, and sent out branch colonies through France, Italy, Germany, to England and Spain.

In the midst of his busy life Bernard wrote hymns in Latin, at that day the only language of the Church in Western Europe. His hymn "O sacred Head, surrounded" has been sung for seven hundred years in the three tongues, Latin, German, and English.

Bernard's other most famous hymn, "Jesu, the very thought of Thee," is even more popular, and is found in almost every collection,

English and American. Many others he wrote, one of which has fifty verses.

Bernard was born to be a statesman; his tact, judgment, and wisdom were so great that he was constantly called on to arbitrate between those who disagreed. He was so persuasive that all were convinced of the justice of his verdicts. He became the adviser of the Pope; and when rival popes claimed the headship of the Church, it was Bernard who persuaded the Emperor to support Innocent II at the cost of a war against the King of Sicily.

There were heavier tasks for Bernard than deciding between rival popes. In Paris Abelard, the eloquent lecturer, was attracting students from all parts of Europe; and in the north of Italy Arnold of Brescia was preaching Socialism. Both Abelard and Arnold, had they lived nowadays, would have been free to teach and write; but liberty of thought was unknown in those days, and the Pope, fearing the influence of these two powerful men, looked to Bernard to deal with them.

In 1145 the Christians in Palestine were faring ill. The Turks had retaken several cities from them, and were threatening Jerusalem. Then Bernard preached the second crusade, travelling across Europe and enlisting men alike from castle and cottage. King Louis of France, kneeling before Bernard, received from his hands the cross; the Queen Eleanor assumed it like her husband. Nearly all the barons present followed their example. Bernard tore up his garments into crosses for distribution. "The villages and castles are deserted," he wrote to the Pope; "there is none to be seen but women and children."

In Germany he preached the crusade all along the Rhine. The Emperor Conrad III hesitated, knowing how sorely he was needed at home. Then Bernard held a great service at Spires in the presence of the Emperor, and described the Last Judgment. Conrad was deeply moved, and interrupted the sermon by shouting, "I know what I owe to Jesus Christ, and I swear to go whither it pleaseth Him to call me."

The King of France and the Emperor of Germany each led one hundred thousand men to the East; but the crusade ended in disaster, and Bernard was overwhelmed with disappointment and grief. His vehement preaching of the crusade had brought disaster to the fairest

homes in Europe.

That St. Bernard was a great and good man none can doubt, but no man is fit for absolute power. St. Bernard had been a happier man had he been no statesman directing the fate of nations. The failure of the crusade broke his heart. He lingered a while, attended by his devoted followers. As he lay dying, he said, "I have lived wickedly, Thou loving Lord Jesus Christ, but Thou hast purchased heaven with Thy suffering and death. Thou hast unlocked heaven and presented it to me; … in this I have joy and comfort."

Throughout his life St. Bernard had not used his influence for his own personal advantage. He had striven for the Church, for his monks, and for what he held to be the welfare of mankind. He fell into many and grievous mistakes, but he always fell with his face Zionwards, and when the end came he was ready.

TUNES—St. Agnes; Beatitudo.

Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!
O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

TUNE—Passion Chorale.

O Sacred Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O Bleeding Head, so wounded,

Reviled, and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays;
Yet angel hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.
I see Thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving Thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy face on me.
In this Thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

O Jesus, King most wonderful.

BERNARD OF CLUNY

There were two monks called Bernard, both of whom lived in France in the twelfth century, and both wrote hymns which are loved the world over.

Bernard of Cluny (less known than his famous contemporary St. Bernard of Clairvaux) was born of English parents at Morlaix, in Brittany, the northwest corner of France. Brittany together with Normandy were part of the English possessions in France in the twelfth century. In that day men from all parts of Europe were starting eastwards to the crusades. To fall wounded whilst fighting the Saracens was deemed an ample atonement for a life of crime. Others sought forgiveness from God by building great abbeys, minsters, and cathedrals. Most of these magnificent buildings in England and France were erected during the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The nave of Westminster Abbey dates from that time.

Bernard of Cluny did not concern himself actively in the politics of his day; he took no part in the crusades; he entered the Abbey of Cluny, in Burgundy, the most famous and richest monastery of the age. It had been founded two hundred years earlier on a desolate spot. The labours of the monks had cleared the forests, drained the marshes, and turned the wild moor into rich pastures, stocked with cattle. These lands were let to tenants who paid rent to the abbey. The money thus acquired was spent in building grand stone abbeys and cloisters, also in acquiring books and founding libraries and schools.

The monks in those days provided hospitably for travellers and strangers, relieved the poor, and educated the young in the abbey buildings.

The head of the monastery, Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Cluny, was far famed for his gentleness and learning, and the perplexed and the persecuted took refuge with him, sure of his sympathy. In the age of crusading armies and fiery denunciations of Turks and infidels, "the Abbot Peter caused the Koran to be translated, that Mahometanism might be understood and refuted, and the Moslem converted rather than slain. He received the excommunicated Abelard to his monastery, watched over him, and finally accomplished a reconciliation between him and St. Bernard of Clairvaux."

Peter was also a poet, and wrote a joyful hymn on the resurrection which begins, "Mortis portis fractis fortis." The English translation, being in an unusual metre, is not easy to sing, and so is not given here.

There in Burgundy, surrounded by harvest-fields and vineyards, pasturelands and woods, in the great monastic library, we can picture the Abbot Peter and the monk Bernard writing and comparing their hymns, studying the rhythm and polishing the verses. Under the rule of the gentle Peter, Bernard of Cluny found a happy spot from whose calm retreat he could safely survey the world in its strife and turmoil. Here, peacefully enough, he wrote a satire of three thousand lines on the follies and wickedness of the world, and contrasted its passing fashions and furies with the halls of heaven and the horrors of hell.

The well-known hymns selected below are parts of that same satire, and are still sung in Europe and America alike by Catholic and Protestant.

TUNE—Ewing.

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

TUNES—Rutherford; Day of Rest.

For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;

For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

TUNE—St. Alphege.

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

German Hymns

The Reformation in the sixteenth century gave an immense impetus to literature amongst devout Germans. Their hymns chiefly date from that time. They had always been a music-loving race; the songs of their bards or minstrels were treasured up and repeated from one generation to another.

About A.D. 800, when Charlemagne was emperor, he determined to introduce the Church music of the Roman choirs into Germany, Austria, and France. Trained singers were sent from Rome to the chief cities on the Rhine, and were not a little shocked at the task they had to undertake. One Italian monk despairingly wrote, "Those gigantic bodies, whose voices roar like thunder, cannot imitate our sweet tones, for their barbarous and ever-thirsty throats can only produce sounds as harsh as those of a loaded waggon passing over a rough road."

Nevertheless, the Germans proved apt pupils. In A.D. 1221 St. Francis of Assisi, in the north of Italy, held them up as patterns to his disciples. "There is a certain country called Germany, wherein dwell Christians, and, of a truth, very pious ones, who, as you know, often come as pilgrims into our land, with their long staves and great boots, and amid the most sultry heat and bathed in sweat, yet visit all the thresholds of the holy shrines, and sing hymns of praise to God and all His saints."

Before the Reformation in the sixteenth century hundreds of popular German songs had been written—crusading songs, which were sung by pilgrims on their long journeys; ballads to the praise of the Virgin, to the month of May, and to their own lady-loves; also to the heroes of King Arthur's Round Table, such as Sir Percival. These last were not of German origin, but were introduced from France. Walter Von der Vogelweide was the most celebrated of these knightly singers. He was the favourite of his time, a welcome guest at every court, a great traveller, but always loving Germany best, a fighting

crusader, and a devout Christian. His songs are lovely, and warm the heart. The following verses are from his crusading hymn:

Now, at last, is life worth living,
Since my sinful eyes behold
This pure land, where One, forgiving,
Wrought such mighty deeds of old.
What I prayed for, now I have!
I behold the soil, the grave,
Where God dwelt, as man, to save.

Lovely land! so rich in story,
Far above all I have seen,
Dost thou bear the palm of glory?
Ah, what wonders here have been!
That a virgin bare a child—
Lord of angels, yet so mild—
Sounds it not a wonder wild?

In the middle of the fourteenth century another hymn-writer arose, who was also a kind of forerunner of Luther. This was Tauler, the Dominican monk, who disregarded the interdict which the Pope had laid on German territory, and laboured in the great cities on the Rhine, preaching to crowds in the open air in Cologne and in Strasburg. When the black death was raging, he stood by the people, and helped them by his example, his words, and his hymns, to face that greatest scourge of the age. His hymns are sweet and tender, his Christmas carols quaint and picturesque.

Luther greatly valued Tauler's writings; but it was to Luther himself, his contemporaries, and his followers, that the world is indebted for the great German hymns. All countries use them; "the hymn-books of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland, and in part those of Holland, consist to a large extent of hymns of German origin." John and Charles Wesley introduced them into England, where they now are popular in every branch of the Church.

MARTIN LUTHER

The end of the Middle Ages had come, the gross darkness which had so long covered the earth was dispersing. The invention of printing, the revival of learning, the circumnavigation of the world,

together with the discovery of America—all these events ushered in a new era.

Martin Luther was born in this new time, when old things were passing away, and all things were becoming new. Germany, under the Emperor throughout the Middle Ages, had been the hereditary foe of the Pope. Truces there had been, of course. All Europe sided with Emperor or with Pope. The Italian States, Austria, Venice, and other powers each joined whichever party promised most for the moment, so that the battle-cries of the imperial and papal parties rent Europe. But this opposition to the Pope by the German-speaking peoples of the empire had been almost entirely political, and not religious. That the Pope was the Vicar of Christ, that he possessed the keys of heaven and supreme power over the destiny of every individual man, was the creed of Germany, as well as of the rest of Christendom. This was the faith of Luther's parents, and of himself until he was nearly thirty years of age.

So we see Europe as it was at the close of the fifteenth century—invention, discovery, and adventures filling the air, but the authority of the Pope still dominating all men.

Martin Luther was born at Eisleben, in 1483; his parents were poor peasants who knew the value of education, and sent their children to school at great cost to themselves. His father was a miner, and Martin's early childhood was passed among the mines of Saxony, where copper is fused and silver smelted in the clearings of the pine forests. The miners were a strong and hardy race, fond of singing bold songs, telling wild stories, and treasuring up the legends and traditions of their native land.

Martin's father worked early and late for his children. His mother often had to carry home bundles of wood from the forest. Both parents brought up their children in the fear of God.

But the childhood of Luther was not altogether happy. His father and mother, though good people, were very severe. Once poor Martin was chastised fourteen times in one day; food was not abundant; and worse than all else were his terrors of the unseen world.

The miners all believed that ugly little hobgoblins, full of spite and malice, lived in the mines, on the hills, and in the forests; and every time a misfortune happened, they thought wicked fairies, or

cruel witches, or the devil himself, had caused it. The world is a very terrible place to those who do not know that the good God is over us all, and that the government is upon His shoulder.

When Luther was thirteen years old his parents sent him away to school, but were too poor to pay his fees, so he went through the streets to sing from door to door. Some people gave him pieces of bread and meat; others drove him away with harsh words. One day his clear, sweet singing and honest bearing attracted the attention of a good-hearted woman in Eisenach. She invited him into the house, and liked him so well that she arranged to let him live there during the four years of his schooling. The exceeding kindness of this lady was never forgotten by Luther, and her good words of advice he treasured up.

From school he went to the university of Erfurt, where he took a degree, and then began to study law, by the wish of his parents. One day, whilst on a journey through a forest with a fellow-student, a terrible thunderstorm came on; the lightning blazed around, and struck his companion dead. Luther, much terrified, vowed to give himself to God if his life was spared, and become a monk.

A few weeks later, after a merry evening of music and singing amongst his college friends, Martin Luther left the university and entered the monastery.

His parents were very angry; they hoped Martin would have been a great lawyer and helped his family, and now in a monastery he was lost to them.

The monks sent him out to beg alms from door to door, but forbade him to talk with any of his old friends. Day after day Luther obeyed them; and he was most careful in saying his prayers seven times in the twenty-four hours, and in attending to all his duties in the monastery; but he seemed to get no nearer to God, and fell into great misery.

His happiest hours were spent in the great library, where he found not only the learning of the Greeks, of the Romans, and of the Christian fathers, but a Latin copy of the Bible itself. Luther was twenty years old, and this was the first time he had seen a Bible. With delight he read the stories of the Old Testament. His wonder and joy knew no bounds when, in reading the New Testament, he discovered

that God is a loving Father, and that Jesus Christ is His express image. To Luther this was a profound discovery. A right life here on earth, and heaven itself was to be attained by believing and obeying God. Penances, pilgrimages, the use of the relics of the saints, solitude, and the life of hermits and monks were not ordained by God nor taught by Christ.

Daily Luther came to the library to study this wonderful Book which made life so simple and beautiful.

Two years later he took priest's orders, and was sent to the University of Wittenberg to lecture on Divinity, for his learning and eloquence were already making him famous. Here he studied Greek and Hebrew, so as to understand the Bible as it was first written. He gave lectures on the Psalms and the New Testament, so fresh and wonderful, that students came to learn of him from all parts of Europe.

In 1512 Luther was sent on business to Rome. The months spent in Italy by this pious, simple-hearted German opened his eyes to much evil within the Church. Ten years elapsed from the time when he first saw the Bible in the monastery to the time when he first attempted to reform the Church. During those ten years he got to know the word of God and what the Church ought to be; and he also learned in Italy how the Pope and cardinals had wandered from the footsteps of Christ and His disciples.

In 1517 John Tetzel, a Dominican friar sent by Pope Leo X, was travelling through Germany, to sell indulgences, or forgiveness of sins, to those willing to pay. This money went to Rome, to help to pay for the building of the great Cathedral of St. Peter, and the Pope promised forgiveness for all kinds of sins and crimes if people would contribute largely to this fund.

Luther determined to publicly oppose this trade in indulgences; and on All Hallows Eve he fastened upon the church door, where all could read it, a paper, in which he declared all these indulgences to be useless, and the Pope unable to forgive sins.

The university men were delighted at Luther's action; but the rest of Europe were aghast at his boldness.

The Pope was told of Luther's act, and summoned him to Rome to be tried for heresy. The Elector of Saxony, a German prince, protected Luther, and begged that the trial might take place in Germany.

Meanwhile, all the German universities took Luther's side; his books were carried all over Europe, and men of learning turned to him. Neither Pope nor cardinals succeeded in getting hold of Luther, but they condemned him as a heretic, to whom no one was to listen, and demanded that he should be given up to them.

Neither the Elector nor the university would agree to this, and at last it was settled that Luther should go to Worms, on the Rhine, to be tried by the papal authorities in the presence of the Emperor. Luther's friends tried to dissuade him from going, to which he replied, "If there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs, I would still go." For his eyes were open to see God's protecting care. His foes disagreed; and while they were looking for an opportunity of seizing him by force to put him to death, his friend the Elector sent a band of horsemen, who carried him away to the Wartberg, in the forests of Thuringia, and there shut him up far from his enemies.

He lived in that lonely fortress for a whole year, and there he did the great work of his life: he translated the Bible into German, so that it could be read by men and women all through the land.

At the end of a year, when his enemies had given up searching for him, he was allowed to return to the University of Wittenberg.

All the north of Germany, Holland, and parts of Belgium and England, now read Luther's books; many monks and nuns left their convents and returned to their families; priests also married, and Luther himself married Catherine von Bora, an escaped nun of noble family. Six children were born, and the old monastic building became now a family home, and resounded with children's voices. For them Luther wrote hymns, fables, and stories; with his lute he led them in singing, for this greatest of the sons of Germany shared the national taste for music. It would have been hard to find a happier home than this of Luther's, for, though outside his enemies were numerous and powerful, and as champion of the reformed faith he was never able to lay down his arms, yet within doors all was tenderness and consideration for wife, children, and servants. He writes thus in one of his letters:

"To the gracious Lady Catherine Luther, my dear wife, who vexes herself overmuch.

"Dear Catherine, you should read St. John, and what is said in

the catechism, of confidence in God. Indeed, you torment yourself, as though He were not Almighty, and could not produce new Doctors Martin by the score, if the old doctor should get drowned in the Saal. There is One who watches over me more effectually than thou canst, or than all the angels. He sits at the right hand of the Father Almighty. Therefore, be calm."

And again, writing to his wife about an old servant, he says:

"We must dismiss old John with honour. We know that he has always served us faithfully, and we will not be niggardly to so worthy a servant. You need not remind me that we are not rich. I would gladly give him ten florins if I had them, but do not let it be less than five. He is not able to do much for himself. Pray help him any other way you can. Think how this money can be raised. There is a silver cup which might be pawned. Sure I am that God will not desert us. Adieu."

Luther's pleasures were simple. He greatly admired the paintings and carvings of Albert Dürer, and his own books were almost the first to be ornamented by the engraver. He enjoyed a game of skittles and chess, sang with his lute, loved animals and birds, which he used to watch at their nest-building. Of one he writes, "That little fellow has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God to think for him."

To his little son Hans he wrote this pretty letter:

> Grace and peace in Christ to my heartily dear little son. I see gladly that thou learnest well, and prayest earnestly. Do thus, my little son, and go on. When I come home I will bring thee a beautiful fairing. I know a pleasant garden, wherein many children walk. They have little golden coats, and pick up beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, and plums. They dance and are merry, and have also beautiful little ponies, with golden reins and silver saddles. Then I asked whose children those were. The man said, 'These are the children who love to pray, who learn their lessons, and are good.' Then I said, 'Dear man, I also have a little son. He is called Hans Luther. Might he not also come into the garden, that he might eat such apples and pears, and ride on such beautiful little ponies, and play with these children?' Then the man said, 'If he loves to pray, learns

> his lessons, and is good, he also shall come into the garden. Lippus and Jost also, and when they all come together they also shall have pipes, drums, lutes, and all kinds of music, and shall dance and shoot with little bows and arrows.' And he showed me there a fair meadow in the garden, prepared for dancing. But it was still early in the day; I could not wait for the dancing, and said to the man, 'Ah! dear sir, I will go away at once, and write all this to my little son Hans, that he may be sure to pray and to learn well, and be good, that he also may come into this garden. But he has a dear aunt Lena. He must bring her with him.' Then said the man, 'Let it be so. Go and write him thus.' Therefore, my dear little son Hans, learn thy lessons and pray with a cheerful heart, and tell all this to Lippus and Justus too, that they also may learn their lessons and pray. So shall you all come together into this garden. Herewith I commend you to the Almighty God. Greet Aunt Lena, and give her a kiss from me, thy dear father,
>
> Martin Luther.

His later years were saddened by the Civil War which broke out in Germany, when the peasants rose in revolt. The nobles accused Luther of being the author of this calamity, and the peasants appealed to him, knowing his sympathy for the poor and oppressed. Worn out by his incessant labours, many disappointments, and the fatigue of travelling, he died, at the age of sixty-three, whilst on a journey.

His body was carried to Wittenberg, where, followed by the princes of Germany and the learned and the good from many countries, he was interred.

His hymns spread all over Germany; he composed tunes, and also adopted popular songs so as to form a collection of hymns for the Protestants of Germany. Many of these have been translated into English.

"In the years when Luther was composing most of his hymns, four printers in Erfurt alone were entirely occupied in printing and publishing them…. They were carried over the country by wandering peasants and pedlars. The whole people," writes a Romanist of that day, "is singing itself into this Lutheran doctrine."

The other chief contributors to Luther's Hymn-Book were his friends Melanchthon, Justus Jonas, and Paul Eber. Part of its preface, written by Luther in 1543, runs thus:

Where friends and comrades sing in tune
All evil passions vanish soon;
Hate, anger, envy cannot stay,
All gloom and heartache melt away,
The lust of wealth—the cares that cling—
Are all forgotten, while we sing.

Freely we take our joys herein,
For this sweet pleasure is no sin,
But pleaseth God far more, we know,
Than any joys the world can show.
The devil's work it doth impede,
And hinders many a deadly deed.
So fared it with King Saul of old,
When David struck his harp of gold,
So sweet and clear its tones rang out,
Saul's murdering thoughts were put to rout.

The best time of the year is mine,
When all the little birds combine
To sing, until the earth and air
Are rilled with sweet sounds everywhere.
And most the tender nightingale
Makes joyful every wood and dale,
Singing her love song o'er and o'er,
For which we thank her more and more.
But still more thanks are due from us
To the dear Lord who made her thus.
To God she sings by night and day,
Unwearied, praising Him alway.
Him I, too, laud in every song,
To whom all thanks and praise belong.

PART I

From heaven above to earth I come,
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing:

To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little child, of lowly birth,

Shall be the joy of all your earth.

'Tis Christ, our God, who far on high
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;
Himself will your salvation be,
Himself from sin will make you free.

He brings those blessings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below;
Henceforth His kingdom open stands
To you, as to the angel bands.

These are the tokens ye shall mark,
The swaddling clothes and manger dark;
There shall ye find the young child laid,
By whom the heavens and earth were made.

Now let us all with gladsome cheer
Follow the shepherds, and draw near
To see this wondrous gift of God,
Who hath His only Son bestowed.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this child so young and fair?
The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

PART II

Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,
Through whom even wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee?

Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,
That Thou must choose Thy infant bed
Where ass and ox but lately fed?

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rave,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

For velvets soft and silken stuff

Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
Whereon, Thou King, so rich and great,
As 'twere Thy heaven, art throned in state.

Ah! dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap;
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle song,—

Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given!
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad new year to all the earth.

—Martin Luther, written for his little son Hans, 1540.

TUNE—Festus.

O let us all be glad to-day.—Luther.

TUNE—Toronto.

In the bonds of death he lay.—Luther.

TUNE—Ein' feste Burg.

A safe stronghold our God is still.—Luther.
Great God, what do I see and hear?—Ringwaldt, contemp. of Luther.

TUNE—Frankfort.

As a bird in meadows far
Or in lonely forest sings,
Till it fills the summer air
And the greenwood sweetly rings,

So my heart to Thee would raise,
O my God, its song of praise
That the gloom of night is o'er,
And I see the sun once more.

If Thou, Sun of Love, arise,
All my heart with joy is stirred,
And to greet Thee upward flies
Gladsome as yon little bird.
Shine Thou in me clear and bright
Till I learn to praise Thee right;
Guide me in the narrow way,
Let me ne'er in darkness stray.

Bless to-day whate'er I do,
Bless whate'er I have and love;
From the paths of virtue true
Let me never, never rove;
By Thy Spirit strengthen me
In the faith that leads to Thee,
Then an heir of life on high
Fearless I may live and die.

—German, Anon., 1580.

Martin Rinkart

Martin Rinkart was one of the bravest heroes of history. No one of whom we have ever heard was braver than he. The hymn "Now thank we all our God," which he wrote, is to-day sung throughout all Germany by rejoicing families at festivals (the school-children all learn it); in war-time the bands play it after every victory; and the Kaiser himself and his family all join in singing this hymn which the brave Rinkart wrote in the midst of trouble.

Martin's father was a poor coppersmith in Saxony. This country is a fertile province of the great German Empire, with great rivers and beautiful mountains. Deep in these mountains silver and lead and copper ores are dug out, all mixed with the soil. Martin's father worked at separating the copper from the rock and stones, and smelting it in a furnace, to get the metal pure. In those days wages were poor, and the hours men worked were long. There were few holidays; but still the people had warm clothing, good food, and comfortable cottages to live in until the great war began.

Martin Rinkart went to school in the days before the war; he loved books, and best of all his studies he loved music. He sang the school songs and hymns in a fine, clear voice; he worked hard at his sums and his Latin, and soon his father and mother hoped that, instead of being a poor smith, working among furnaces all his days, he might become a scholar, and perhaps a clergyman.

So after a few years at the school Martin Rinkart said good-bye to his old home at Eilenburg, put his books and clothes into a bundle, cut down a thick stick for his journey, and started for the town and university of Leipzig. Here he arrived, tired, dusty, and footsore, but full of hopes. He sang so beautifully that he was soon employed to lead one of the Church choirs, and so he got enough to live on, whilst he continued his education, learning Greek and Latin and studying the Bible. He had to work very hard, and his food was not very luxurious; but he was always very happy with his beloved music, and

forgot cold and hunger and weariness when he heard the sweet notes of the organ.

Leipzig was a large city with great workshops. Three fairs were held there every year. At these fairs books from all parts of the world and in all languages are bought and sold, and here young Rinkart saw more books than he knew were in the world. He saved up his pence and bought both music and books. Whilst still young he passed all his examinations, and became a clergyman. He still sang so beautifully that he was appointed precentor, as well as clergyman, to the little church of Eisleben, the town so famous right through Germany as being the birthplace of Martin Luther. Here, one hundred years after Luther's death, Martin Rinkart came to live. He worked hard, and so successfully that in a few years' time, when he was just over thirty years of age, he was appointed archdeacon to the parish of Eilenburg, his native town.

He had left the place a poor scholar, with his few possessions in a bundle; he came back a much-respected clergyman, to live in the parsonage house. This was in the year 1618, the dreadful year when the peace and prosperity of Germany came to an end, and war broke out which lasted for thirty years.

Rinkart's church and people were right in the midst of the district ravaged by this great war. All those thirty years he stayed there and faced the troubles, and helped the people. The German States, Protestant and Roman Catholic, fought against one another, and other countries joined in the struggle, notably Sweden and Spain. Great armies kept crossing the land and eating up all the food, pillaging the shops, the farms, and houses, leaving ruin, want, and desolation in their track. They came to Eilenburg, and stayed for a long time. Rough soldiers were quartered on the villagers, some of them came to Rinkart's house, and carried away his linen, his bedding, and his cooking utensils, and even his little store of grain. No sooner had this great army marched away from Eilenburg, than a still more terrible blow fell upon the town. The plague broke out, and the people, already worn out, suffered terribly. You have heard that in 1665 this same disease broke out in London and half the population died, though it was not a time of war and famine there. But in Eilenburg the people were already weary, sad, and worn, and they could not

hold out against the malady. The town was crowded with poor folk who had fled from the ravages of the brutal soldiery; they crept into barns, out-houses, or any poor lodging they could find—their little village homes having been destroyed—and threw themselves for protection on the citizens of Eilenburg.

And now, to add to their miseries, this awful visitation of the plague fell upon the town. A few black spots and swollen glands announced the presence of the disease, and in a few hours the victim died. In some towns the clergy, doctors, and every able-bodied person ran away; in others the prisons were opened, and the criminals were allowed to collect the dead in carts and carry away the corpses to be buried in great pits, with no prayers or religious service. But this was not the case at Eilenburg. There were two clergymen besides Rinkart. They both died; and he remained in the city and carried on both their work and his own. All the members of the Town Council died, except three; the poor little school-children died in hundreds. All day long Rinkart went from bed to bed, nursing the sick, cheering and praying for the dying. All through that year he had the same terrible occupation, for eight thousand people died of plague in that town alone. And Rinkart remained in that death-laden atmosphere, at the bedside of the sufferers and in the cemeteries, where he led the service at the burial of four thousand people. In that year of awful distress no seed was sown, no farming carried on; and when the plague ceased from the midst of Eilenburg, famine followed. The bakers' shops were empty, the windmills and watermills stood motionless and silent; the market-place, usually full of stalls, heaped with vegetables and fruits, etc., was now empty and deserted; and those who had survived the plague wandered from street to street searching for a morsel of food. Forty people fought for a dead cat or a dead crow, and lived on carrion, like wild beasts. Outside Rinkart's house stood a crowd of people, weeping and beseeching his help. All that he had he gave them; his own poor children could get no new clothes, and not enough good food, on account of that poor, pitiful crowd outside the door. The mayor of the town and one of the citizens helped Rinkart to send for food from outside the town, and to supply it to the various families. Rinkart's own salary was all used up, and he promised the income of future years in order to get supplies of food for the starving people.

At last the famine year passed, and the people were hoping to sow their seeds and repair their farm buildings, when another great army of soldiers arrived, led by a Swedish general. They stopped at Eilenburg, and refused to move away unless a tribute of 30,000 dollars were paid to them. The people wept and wrung their hands, and Rinkart promised to go and entreat the general to have pity on them. Followed by a number of citizens, Rinkart went up to the camp, and begged for mercy for the poor, afflicted town. The general refused, and insisted on the 30,000 dollars. Then Rinkart, seeing that it was no use to say more to him, came out from the camp, and joined the waiting crowds outside.

"Come, my children," he cried, "we can find no hearing—no mercy with men. Let us take refuge with God."

They all kneeled down and asked for help from God. The Swedish general then relented, and said he would accept 2,000 florins, instead of the 30,000 dollars which he had demanded. This sum was raised with infinite difficulty, and for a time the town was free from soldiers.

In all these troubles and afflictions Rinkart kept a brave heart and a cheerful spirit; his fine courage kept the people from despair.

Whenever a breathing-space occurred in this long war of thirty years, Rinkart was ready with a song to inspire his flock with fresh hope and trust in God. Like Job of old, Rinkart could say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

And this grand hymn which Rinkart wrote in the latter years of the war is the signal of rejoicing and trust all through Germany, and is always sung at festivals.

A year after the war came to an end, Rinkart died. His work was well and faithfully done; he passed to that country where war and pestilence and famine are unknown, and God wipes away tears from off all faces.

TUNE—Nun Danket.

Now thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;

Who from our mothers' arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us,
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,
The one Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

"Now Thank We All Our God"

Writer: Martin Rinkart

It is perhaps advisable to remind you at this stage that quite a considerable number of our great hymns come from abroad, particularly from Germany and Austria. Any student of music will tell you of the different styles which obtain on the continent of Europe, and although many of the countries are joined together geographically, they have retained their own customs and styles of writing and composing music throughout the ages. The French and Italian races, i.e., the Latin people, are a light-hearted excitable type, and their temperament is fully brought out in the bright and happy songs they sing. The Germans, described as a Teutonic race are of a different temperament. They are noted for their stolid, ponderous ways and whilst similar to the British in character perhaps they could be described as a little "heavier"—that is to say a little less light hearted. This fact is easily recognisable in their music. They excel in the majestic, powerful, choral type, and if any of you have ever heard any pieces composed by Bach and Wagner you will know right away what kind of music we have in mind.

One of the best-known writers of German hymns was Martin Luther, whose "Away in a Manger" is a household name amongst most children. However, at the moment we are not concerned with Luther, but with another fellow German by the name of Martin Rinkart who lived from 1586 to 1649. He wrote the hymn we now have in mind, and which is typically German—slow, heavy and majestic.

"Now thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices," etc.

We go back in history now to the Thirty Years War (1620-1648) during which one of the storm centres was the little town of Eilenburg in Saxony—a province of Germany from whence some of our early

forefathers, the Saxons originated. There were many fierce battles in this area, during which the Austrians sacked the town once, and the Swedes twice, so that conditions must have been very difficult indeed for the population who in those days did not have the facilities of easy transport and good sanitary arrangements as we know them today.

You can well imagine how refugees from the surrounding countryside would flee in terror when conflicts took place near their homes, and naturally the only place for them to seek refuge would be in the town itself where they would hope to find protection, food and shelter. Unfortunately hostilities were so long drawn out, that the little town became hopelessly overcrowded, and eventually terrible plagues struck the population, bringing death to thousands. Only one minister survived through this period in Eilenburg, the man named Martin Rinkart. You can grasp some idea of the situation when it is reported that he often took upwards of 50 funerals in a single day!

Towards the end of the war, out of a total of about 1,000 houses which comprised the town, almost 800 were destroyed, whilst the final blow came in the form of acute famine which made an already disastrous situation just about hopeless.

However, as in all things, the end did come, and the Peace of Westphalia was signed bringing intense relief to a battle-scarred country.

In spite of all the privations they had suffered the people generally were still of a religious turn of mind. When the last shot had been fired they were eager to come together and offer thanks to God for the hard won peace that had come to them. It speaks volumes for their staunch faith in their religious beliefs that although they had suffered war, famine and plague, whilst so many of them had lost nearly all they possessed, including loved ones and homes, yet they were prepared to carry on with their worship. This is the sort of thing we call real courage.

So great was the clamour for some form of recognition of peace, that the Elector of Saxony announced that a general Thanksgiving Service would be held in every church throughout the country. He also chose a suitable text from which each minister should build his sermon.

Just study this quotation for a minute or two and you will see how

suitable it was for the occasion. This was the thought that also struck Martin Rinkart as he thought and pondered, his shrewd mind slowly moulded the words of the text into the form of a hymn which he would of course use at his own Thanksgiving Service. Just turn for a moment to the first verse of "Now thank we all our God" which we have given earlier in this story, and you will see for yourselves how this was done. The hymn, by the way, is sung in Churches and Sunday Schools all over the Christian world—in other words it is universally known, and when you are singing it yourselves, try to recapture some of the glorious feeling which must have accompanied the hymn in those days long ago when its notes of gladness told the long-suffering people that war was over, and peace was with them. We couldn't close our little story of course without reminding ourselves that the music for the hymn was composed by another German named J. Grüger and he called it "Nun Danket." Perhaps we should also give some thanks to the lady who translated the hymn from German into English for us. Her name was Miss C. Winkworth.

Paul Gerhardt

The most popular hymns in the German language, next to Luther's, are those of Paul Gerhardt. They were written during the terrible Thirty Years' War.

Paul Gerhardt was born in 1606, in Saxony. His father was a burgomaster, and from the time that Paul was twelve years of age his home was in the midst of contending armies. Burgomasters, or mayors, in those days had a very difficult position. They were responsible for the safety and welfare of the towns; in times of war, of pestilence, and of famine, the inhabitants all appealed to their burgomaster for protection and for food; he and the town council had to defend them and share with them all the fatigue of sieges and other perils.

Many a time Paul Gerhardt used to wake with the tocsin sounding in his ears, bidding every burgher rise and defend the city; and at the dead of night messengers arrived to take orders how best to repel the enemy. All business and trade were interrupted; all schools were closed; wounds, sickness, famine, misery, and death were all familiar sights to Paul Gerhardt.

During those years in his father's house he wrote many hymns, which he could not hope to publish during the war. When he was forty years of age he secured a situation as private tutor in the family of an advocate, Berthold, at Berlin. Whilst he was there he fell in love with his master's daughter, Anna Maria Berthold; but as he had no home to which to take her, they had to wait for years.

Meanwhile, Gerhardt became a clergyman. He was tall, fair, and full of dignity; and although so poor himself, he could never refuse to give something to a beggar. The towns were full of beggars, for the foreign soldiery had burned down the cottages of the country people, and they had flocked into the towns, begging their bread from door to door.

When forty-six years of age Paul Gerhardt was presented with a little parish in the forest. He now married, and five or six happy years

were spent in the quiet country place, where he published his hymns, which were immediately taken up throughout Germany with the greatest enthusiasm.

We British can scarcely understand the popular excitement in German towns when a new song or tune was introduced. In New Brandenburg a baker's boy sang a lovely new hymn which he had learned; the people crowded round the bake-house, and all were eager to learn it. Similar enthusiasm was seen in Italy five centuries ago, when the artist Cimabue painted a picture of the Baby Jesus in the arms of His Mother. The whole city of Florence was stirred; crowds gathered round the painter's house, and followed the picture as it was carried through the streets to the church. The Florentines were so pleased with and proud of their fellow-townsman and his picture that they formed a procession through the streets, with music playing, and the magistrates in their robes of office leading the way, to see the picture finally established on the church wall, whilst all the people in the streets shouted for joy. As painting in Italy, so was music in Germany—a popular passion.

Paul Gerhardt's hymns made him famous, and he was invited to become the pastor of the great Church of St. Nicholas, at Berlin.

The happy, quiet years of the forest were over. He settled in the big city, and immediately became popular. Crowds attended St. Nicholas', when he preached, and numbers came to consult him and to get his advice.

In his prosperity Gerhardt was still eager to help the poor. He took several orphan children and their widowed mothers into his family, and supported them entirely. Family sorrows now fell upon him. Three of his children died; only two remained—his daughter and a little delicate boy.

Paul Gerhardt had a warm heart and a tender conscience, and thus was bound to suffer in those rough, cruel times. In Berlin, as in other places, the Lutherans and the Calvinists were condemning each other; instead of helping men to find God and to live right lives, they obscured the right way by their controversies. Frederick William I, the Grand Elector of Prussia, determined to stop this strife, and required the pastors throughout Prussia to sign a document, promising to abstain from all controversy, on pain of being turned out of their

parishes. The Elector of Prussia was a good man and meant well, for if he could have stopped the bitterness within the Church, he would have advanced the coming of God's kingdom; but high-handed measures, however well intended, seldom do the Church any good.

The Berlin pastors met around Gerhardt's bed, for he was ill, and there solemnly insisted on perfect liberty of preaching. As a result, Gerhardt and his friends all received notice to quit.

The people of Berlin were very angry at losing their favourite preacher; but as Paul Gerhardt could agree to no compromise, he was forced to leave.

He went forth homeless, accompanied by his family. At the little country inn which they reached in the evening, Gerhardt left his wife and children, and went into the woods to pray. Here he remembered the text, "Commit thy way unto the Lord—trust also in Him." So comforted was he that there, out under the trees, he composed this hymn, "Give to the winds thy fears."

On coming in, he repeated it to his wife. A few moments later a loud knock was heard at the door. It was a messenger on horseback from Duke Christian of Merseburg, carrying a letter. Gerhardt opened it, and found an invitation to "Church, people, home, livelihood, and liberty to preach the gospel as your heart may prompt you."

Thankful to God and man, Gerhardt journeyed forward to Lübben, where he became archdeacon.

Here the last seven years of his life were spent, and here his wife died, after a long and painful illness. His tenderest and most pathetic poem is on the death of his little son.

To the end of his life Gerhardt was able to comfort the sorrowful and inspire with courage those who were suffering for the sake of liberty and truth. His "Song of Joy" at Christmas dawn is "the most comforting carol ever written," and is the product of a life of suffering. As he lay dying at Lübben, the last words he was heard to say were, "Us, no Death hath power to kill…"

TUNE—Hull.

Go forth, my heart, and seek delight
In all the gifts of God's great might,
These pleasant summer hours:

Look how the plains for thee and me
Have decked themselves most fair to see,
All bright and sweet with flowers.

The trees stand thick and dark with leaves,
And earth o'er all her dust now weaves
A robe of living green;
Nor silks of Solomon compare
With glories that the tulips wear,
Or lilies' spotless sheen.

The lark soars singing into space,
The dove forsakes her hiding place,
And coos the woods among;
The richly gifted nightingale
Pours forth her voice o'er hill and dale,
And floods the fields with song.

Here with her brood the hen doth walk,
There builds and guards his nest the stork,
The fleet-winged swallows pass;
The swift stag leaves his rocky home,
And down the light deer bounding come
To taste the long rich grass.

Thy mighty working, mighty God,
Wakes all my powers; I look abroad,
And can no longer rest:
I, too, must sing when all things sing,
And from my heart the praises ring,
The highest loveth best.

The brooks rush gurgling through the sand,
And from the trees on either hand,
Cool shadows o'er them fall;
The meadows at their side are glad
With herds; and hark! the shepherd-lad
Sends forth his mirthful call.

What thrilling joy when on our sight
Christ's garden beams in cloudless light,
Where all the air is sweet,
Still laden with the unwearied hymn,
From all the thousand seraphim

Who God's high praise repeat!

O set me, Lord, in paradise
When I have bloomed beneath these skies
Till my last leaf is flown;
Thus let me serve Thee here in time,
And after, in that happier clime,
And Thee, my God, alone!

Song of Joy at Christmas Dawn.
TUNE—All my heart.
J.G. Ebeling, 1620-1672.

All my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
Christ is born, their choirs are singing,
Till the air Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.
Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, Doth entreat,
Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come from all doth grieve you;
You are freed; All you need,
I will surely give you.
Come, then, let us hasten yonder:
Here let all, Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the star, That from far
Bright with hope is burning.
Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more, For the door
Now is found of gladness.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross, Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.
Hither come, ye heavy-hearted,
Who for sin, Deep within,
Long and sore have smarted;

For the poisoned wounds you're feeling,
Help is near, One is here,
Mighty for their healing!
Hither come, ye poor and wretched,
Know His will, Is to fill
Every hand outstretched;
Here are riches without measure,
Here forget All regret,
Fill you hearts with treasure.
Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, And with Thee,
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high, In the joy
That can alter never.

Commit thou all thy griefs.
Give to the winds thy fears
Cometh sunshine after rain
Gerhardt

Gerhard Tersteegen, the Weaver

Hymn-writers have belonged to all classes: princesses, dukes, bishops, doctors, monks, and shoemakers—all have contributed their best thoughts to the praise of God.

In 1697 was born the poet Gerhard Tersteegen, the son of a tradesman, in a small town near the Rhine. His family were all tradesfolk and shopkeepers, and they intended to put him into their business. He was sent to a grammar school for a while, and then apprenticed to his elder brother, a prosperous shopkeeper at Mülheim, another town near the Rhine.

Young Tersteegen was a delicate, scrupulous, conscientious boy. While an apprentice at his brother's shop, he got to know a tradesman, a serious, good man, who studied the Bible and loved God. On Sundays, and occasionally on holidays, he and his friend got together and talked of the things of God, and Tersteegen then found out God's love to him, and determined to spend his life in His service.

The hours of apprenticeship were long; the boys rose early in the morning, and it was late before they could put up the shutters and close the premises, and get to their own quarters. Tersteegen served his brother faithfully during the day; at night he often stayed praying till very late, his heart was so full of love and the desire to serve God.

When his time was up as an apprentice, he determined not to be a shopkeeper, but to leave the family business, and to earn his living as a silk-weaver, in a little cottage outside the town, in order that he might have a quiet life, and serve God in his own way, writing hymns and studying.

Weaving nowadays is done in large factories by huge machinery; but in those days linen and silk were woven on hand-looms in cottages, and many men spent a solitary existence bending over their machines.

Shopkeepers disliked, and stout country folk despised, the weavers. They were pallid, undersized men, with bent shoulders from

constant stooping over their work; the village dogs barked as they passed with heavy bags slung over their shoulders. Ignorant villagers thought them queer and uncanny; they were not able to join in the sports at fairs, and, living thus apart from others, their manners became strange and eccentric.

The Tersteegen family were angry at Gerhard's deciding to be a weaver, and warned him that, if he persisted, they would never visit him, nor own him as their relative. He held to his decision, however, and took a small cottage, with a loom, outside the town of Mülheim; and though his health was very infirm, and he often suffered much, and needed nursing, neither sister nor brother would come near him to do anything for him. He had to work at the loom ten hours a day in order to earn a living. Two hours he spent in prayer. His food was milk, water, and oatmeal. He paid a little girl to come each morning to wind off his silk; but except for this child, he saw no one all day.

Such a life is not healthy. We all feel the need of fresh breezes and cheerful intercourse with other people to keep us strong and sane. God never meant us to live alone. Still, Tersteegen was contented with his life, and happy in its quiet, until a great affliction came upon him. Though still well enough to weave silk and attend on himself, he lost all happiness, and his mind was darkened and full of misery and doubt; this terrible trial, which was worse to bear than a broken limb, or, indeed, any bodily ailment, lasted for five years, during which time poor Tersteegen could not receive God's comfort, but drearily looked up, exclaiming, "Is there any God?"

Great and good men in all ages have been liable to such suffering. Elijah the prophet was weary of his life, after being hunted from place to place by Queen Jezebel, and lay in despair by the juniper-tree. John the Baptist, in Herod's dungeon, shut out from the light and work and cheerful, inspiring life on Jordan's bank, was attacked by doubt. Luther and many others have suffered in a similar manner.

But at last, after five years, as Tersteegen was making a journey to another town, to sell his wares and renew his supply of silk, this terrible darkness left him, and rolled away. He knew Christ his Saviour, and such a flood of joy and blessedness flowed through his mind that he was ready to sing.

He now altered somewhat his way of living. Henry Somner,

another weaver, came to live with him. Together they worked hard, and now Tersteegen found that he could help the poor and perplexed as never before. Crowds of persons came to see him, to be advised in all sorts of difficulties; sick folk came, and as Tersteegen had been gathering herbs as he walked with the bag on his shoulders, he began to doctor the sick people with simple medicines. But it was to the people who were distressed in mind that he was the most useful. He always understood them, and had marvellous power of just saying the right thing.

Some rich friends then visited him, and begged him to leave off spinning and give all his time to the poor. He could not agree to this at first, as he did not wish to be dependent. But after a while he consented to this arrangement. His rich friends gave him a small income, and he devoted the whole of his time to the afflicted. He turned his cottage into a dispensary, and mixed drugs. He engaged an assistant to help him, and held meetings for those who cared to come. His visitors travelled immense distances—Dutch, Swedes, Swiss, and even English people came to get his advice. Twenty or thirty persons were nearly always outside his cottage, waiting for an interview.

This was, indeed, a changed life for the man who chose to be a weaver that he might live alone. This public life was not to his taste; but, knowing it to be his duty, he used to say, "I love most to be with the Father, but I am glad to be with the children."

The clergy thought him queer and dangerous; but after coming to see him they never interfered with, or said a word against, him, seeing the work he was doing.

In this life of doctoring men's bodies and souls he continued until he was sixty-one years old, when he had such a severe illness that he was unable to travel or to visit the sick in their own homes, or even to speak at a meeting.

But still he wrote hymns and letters, and was able to see people one by one in his cottage. Thus he continued till his death, which occurred thirteen years later.

During his lifetime his hymns became very popular in Germany, and they were afterwards translated into English by Wesley and others.

No man ever lived more entirely "for the glory of God and the

relief of man's estate" than did Tersteegen, the weaver and hymn-writer.

TUNES—Luther's Chant; Melcombe.

Dear soul, couldst thou become a child
While yet on earth, meek, undefiled,
Then God Himself were ever near,
And paradise around thee here.

No questions dark his spirit vex,
No faithless doubts his soul perplex,
Simply from day to day he lives,
Content with what the present gives.

Spirit of childhood! Loved of God,
By Jesu's Spirit now bestowed;
How often have I longed for Thee!
O Jesus, form Thyself in me!

And help me to become a child
While yet on earth, meek, undefiled,
That I may find God always near,
And paradise around me here.

TUNES—Angelus; Rivaulx.

O Jesus, Lord of majesty!
O glorious King, eternal Son!
In mercy bend Thou down to me,
As now I cast me at Thy throne.

How oft my heart against my will
Is torn, and, tossing to and fro,
I cannot, as I would, fulfil
The good that yet I love and know.

I practise me in self-control,
Yet rest and calm in vain pursue;
Self-will is rooted in my soul,
And thwarts me still, whate'er I do

Oh, take this heart, that I would give

For ever to be all Thine own;
I to myself no more would live;
Come, Lord, be Thou my King alone.

Yes, take my heart and in it rule,
Direct it as it pleases Thee;
I will be silent in Thy school,
And learn whate'er Thou teachest me.

And then within the heart abide
That Thou hast cleansed to be Thy throne;
A look from Thee shall be my guide,
I watch but till Thy will is known.

Yes, make me Thine,—though I am weak,
Thy service makes us strong and free;
My Lord and King, Thy face I seek,
For ever keep me true to Thee.

Come, children, let us go.
Thou fairest Child divine.

The Wesley Family

England at the beginning of the eighteenth century is a dreary picture. Political stagnation and the decay of all belief in goodness were characteristic of the leaders of society.

"In Walpole's day the English clergy were the idlest and most lifeless in the world—the most remiss in their labours, and the least severe in their lives." The bishops (with one or two notable exceptions) spent their time in London, attending levees, while their dioceses were utterly neglected. One bishop confessed he had only seen his bishopric once, and preferred to live in the Lake district.

Drunkenness and foul talk distinguished all men of fashion. The famous Montesquieu, on his visit to England, wrote, "In the higher circles everyone laughs if one talks of religion." The novels and plays of the period reveal a grossness of manners and morals almost incredible in our day.

The population of the towns had immensely increased, through the introduction of manufactures; but no new parishes had been formed, no new churches built, schools did not exist, except those founded by Edward VI and Queen Elizabeth.

Amongst the working classes degradation reigned supreme. They were ignorant and brutal; their only amusements were derived from the torture of animals—bull-baiting, bear-baiting, and cock-shying (on Shrove Tuesdays cocks were tied to a stake and battered to death, as now on Bank Holidays people play for cocoanuts). On holidays Cockneys were permitted, on paying twopence, to go through Bethlehem Hospital, and amuse themselves at the expense of the lunatics.

In the country villages reading and writing were rare accomplishments. "We saw only one Bible in the parish of Cheddar," said Hannah More, many years later, "and that was used to prop a flowerpot!"

In the towns the old watchmen who preceded the police could not cope with mobs, who burned property and flung open prisons.

Highwaymen, professional thieves, and cut-purses abounded on Blackheath, Stoke Newington, and all other open spaces round large towns. In the streets of London ginshops invited every passer-by to get "drunk for a penny, or dead drunk for twopence."

Society, in terror of the criminal classes, made cruel penal laws. Hanging was the punishment even for trivial offences, such as robbing hen-roosts, writing threatening letters, and stealing property to the value of five shillings. There was always a crop for the gallows in every assize town, and twenty young thieves were strung up of a morning in front of Newgate!

In the middle classes there was still much good—many persons of unobtrusive piety walked in the fear of the Lord; but these quiet, devout people made no headway in stopping the torrent of ungodliness.

Such was the England in which the Wesley family shone as a light in a dark place. At the beginning of the century, at Epworth Rectory, in the Lincolnshire Fens, the Reverend Samuel Wesley and his wife, Susanna, were training up, on slender resources, a large family of boys and girls. The father was a man of earnest piety and commonsense, the mother a woman of strong character, orderly and methodical in all her ways, conscientious, devout, and careless of the opinion of the unworthy.

Her married life was full of anxieties. She knew poverty, and had a great family to feed and educate; yet if ever a woman may rejoice because she has brought sons into the world, that woman is Susanna Wesley!

Her sons John and Charles changed the face of England. They were the channel through which flowed a quickening, purifying influence to the ends of the earth. In 1791, at John Wesley's death, the Methodists numbered a hundred thousand members; but the best results lay beyond Methodism—the Church was vitalised, and begot in the nation a new enthusiasm for the service of suffering humanity. Hospitals, churches, the visitation of criminals, missions to the heathen, and the abolition of the slave-trade—all these blessed aftergrowths developed from the seed sown by Susanna Wesley in the hearts of her children at Epworth.

Each evening in the week she had "serious" conversation with

one child. On Thursday "I talk with Jacky, and on Saturday with Charles." These interviews were not resented; they were prized.

From their mother they learned, while quite little children, habits of self-control, endurance of hardship, unselfishness, reverence for God, and devotion to the poor and ignorant.

Their childhood past, they took scholarships to the great London schools—Samuel, the eldest, and Charles, the youngest, to Westminster, and John to Charterhouse. At school, and later at the University, their mother's letters followed them, full of wise advice in small matters and in great.

The Wesleys were a musical family. All had a taste for poetry; the father occasionally wrote hymns, so did Samuel and John. But the sweet singer of the family was Charles. His writings inspired a passion for hymn-singing, and gradually introduced a warmth and tenderness into English public worship.

Charles Wesley was King's Scholar at Westminster, and thence passed to Christ Church, Oxford. Whilst he and his brother John were members of the university, they and a few other young men met together every week, to study the Greek Testament, to pray, to exhort one another to frequent communion, to plain living and high thinking, and to a life of devotion to God. They also developed practical Christianity—visiting the poor, the sick, and the felons in the jail. They were nicknamed "The Holy Club," and "Methodists," because they were so precise and methodical in all their dealings.

In 1726 John was elected to a Fellowship of Lincoln College; and his father writes, "What will be my own fate before the summer is over, God knows; but whatever I am, my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln."

From Oxford Charles returned to visit his father on his dying-bed, and writes thus: "You had reason to envy us who could attend my father. The few words he could utter, I saved—'The weaker I am in body, the more strong and sensible support I feel from God.' He often laid his hand upon my head, and said, 'Be steady. The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you shall see it, though I shall not.' On my asking if he felt worse, he replied, 'Oh, my Charles, I feel a great deal! God chastens me with strong pain; but I praise Him for it I—thank Him for it—I love Him for it! And the inward witness, son —the inward witness—that is the strongest proof of Christianity.'"

The same year John and Charles Wesley sailed for Georgia, hoping to be missionaries to the Indians. They acted as parish clergymen to the settlers and missionaries to the negroes on the plantations. On the voyage out many of the passengers were German Moravian emigrants. A great storm arose, seas continually broke over the ship; the English were full of fear, the Moravians calm and helpful to their sick and distressed fellow-passengers. John Wesley, much impressed, questioned the Germans, "Were you not afraid?" "I thank God, no." "But were not your women and children afraid?" "No. Our women and children are not afraid to die." John Wesley, still more impressed, concluded, "These people have something to which I have not yet attained."

On their return to England the Wesleys associated themselves with the Moravians, and in particular with Peter Boehler, who expounded the way of God more perfectly, and religion became to both of them a matter of personal peace and joy—not merely an exact fulfilment of every duty.

In 1738 most of the pulpits within the Church were closed to the Wesleys. Their moral and spiritual enthusiasm, their plain words against sin and vice, alarmed those Churchmen whose only idea was to avoid excess of zeal, to use moderation in all things.

Thus driven from the pulpits of the Church, the Wesleys preached in the fields, the streets, and the jails; they went to those who needed them most. The sermons of John and the hymns of Charles brought tears to the eyes of the colliers of Bristol and Northumberland, the miners and smugglers of Cornwall, and to the London rabble.

And Charles's hymns penetrated to homes where John's teaching was not tolerated. Charles also preached in Cornwall, Bristol, Sheffield, London, and elsewhere. He was gentler and more sympathetic, but less powerful than his brother John. Where John was fearless, Charles was timid; but with both the things unseen and eternal were the real things. Charles was full of affection; parents, brothers (especially John), wife, and children, were dear to him, and his happiness was largely dependent on his relations with his fellows. He loved individuals, was full of tender humanities, and clung tenaciously to the Church of England. In his later years he travelled less, and took the chief oversight of the society in London and Bristol.

He was less strong physically than his brother, and knew the meaning of suffering. His hymns are full of deep feeling and sympathy. The 335th in the Wesleyan book, "Cast on the fidelity," was written to cheer his wife in depression and suffering. "Jesu, Lover of my soul," is of worldwide fame. It is whispered by the dying, it is sung wherever men are facing deadly peril; perhaps it is the most helpful hymn that was ever written.

"Come, O Thou Traveller unknown" is Charles Wesley's finest poem. Dr. Watts said that he would willingly sacrifice all his writings if he might have written that one hymn. The late Dean of Westminster quoted it most touchingly, a few weeks after the death of Lady Augusta Stanley, at the unveiling of the Wesleyan Memorial in Westminster Abbey.

The hymns selected here are a few of the most popular, and are found in most English and American collections.

The hymns of John Wesley differ from those of Charles; they are Miltonic in style, the products of a strong masculine mind, and lack the tender human touches and depth of feeling which distinguish those of Charles's more composite nature. And most of them are translations from the German. When the Wesleys became acquainted with Count Zinzendorf and the Moravian Brethren, they were introduced to the beautiful hymns of Gerhardt, Angelus, Tersteegen, etc. John Wesley translated them into English.

John almost lived on horseback, travelling usually forty miles a day, rising at four in the morning, and preaching daily. He lived a hard, abstemious life. The saddle, the inn, the market-place, the moors—in all these places he was a familiar figure; the home fireside knew him not. He visited Cornwall thirty-one times, and every part of the kingdom is described in his Journal.

John Wesley, though strongly conservative in early life, stood erect and independent; the approbation or disapproval of others did not weigh with him. He was God's prophet, and was always ready, on every occasion, to declare the whole counsel of God. Clear, strong, logical, and emphatic, his sermons were not without deep emotion, or they would have been powerless to alter the lives of men, for "it is not with a heart of stone that the dead are raised"; but his tenderness and compassion were for the multitude of wretched, miserable, sin-

stricken people, while individual ties were less to him. It is true that he revered his mother, that her words, as long as she lived, were of more weight with him than those of any other; apart from her, he was singularly detached from most human relationships. Yet, as he grew old, and his adherents numerous, he stood in the relation of a father to them. "Our Father Wesley" he was termed by those who loved him, and they were a vast multitude. As St. Francis was to Europe in the thirteenth century, so was John Wesley to the English of the eighteenth century.

TUNES—Wrestling Jacob; Saints of God.

Come, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there!
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold!
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long;
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with God man prevail.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;

Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer!
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name is Love.

'Tis love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love Thou art!
To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love!

—Charles Wesley.

TUNE—St. Ann.

Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul," He cries:
See where He bows His sacred head!
He bows His head, and dies!

But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like Thine?

—Rev. Sam Wesley, Senior,
father of Samuel, John and Charles

Rev. John Newton

Perhaps no hymn-writer in any age was ever less prepared by his previous life to sing the praises of the High and Holy One. And yet this very blackness of the early life of Newton enhances the value of the moral miracle when the slave-trader was brought to sing the praises of Him who had brought him out of darkness into marvellous light.

In 1736 the sailor-lad John Newton, then eleven years old, went to sea with his father, a master mariner and captain of the vessel. His mother had died when he was only seven years of age. She had been a good woman, had prayed with and for her son, and taught him to read the Bible. He had been fortunate in his schoolmaster, from whose lips and vigorous right arm he had received other and more severe lessons which he never entirely forgot, for thus were Euclid and the Latin writers fixed indelibly in his mind. He went several voyages with his father to the West Indies, and a plan was formed to place him in charge of a plantation in Jamaica when he was about seventeen.

But this opening in life was destroyed by the boy himself. On his way through Kent to join his ship, Newton met Mary Catlett, a girl of fourteen, for whom he felt a great admiration, and near whom he lingered so long that the ship sailed, and he was left behind. Between each of his early voyages, if unable to visit her, he walked from the docks as far as the top of Shooters Hill, that he might gaze on the district where she lived.

After his last visit to her home, where he again lingered too long, disaster befell him; for having lost his own ship, the press-gang men fell upon him, and seized him to serve in the navy. Finding him well read and capable, he was appointed to the rank of midshipman, and might have done well; but as he ran away from the ship, hoping once more to visit Mary, on his recapture he was degraded to the rank of ordinary seaman. Miserable and rebellious against the discipline of

the ship, Newton abandoned himself to despair and wickedness, and the officers on board were so glad to be rid of him that they allowed him to exchange on to a merchant ship at Madeira on her way to West Africa.

Arriving at the Gold Coast, Newton was employed by the overseer of the slave factory at the mouth of one of the West African rivers. He was completely at the mercy of his master, who refused him wages, gave him neither food nor clothing, and left him for days together without shelter during the rainy season. He lived on fish, which he caught at great peril to himself, and of which he could make no wholesome meal. Sick and despised, this was the most miserable time of his whole life. The late Miss Mary Kingsley in her books on West Africa gives us a picture of these river mouths with their swarming crocodiles, rotting vegetation, evil odours, malarious mosquitoes, and never-absent fever. No wonder that Newton, although he had "nerves of brass and sinews of iron," was sick body and soul, and rapidly degenerated morally in the deplorable society into which he was cast. His book of Euclid which he had by him probably preserved his mind in these adverse circumstances; for when tracing mathematical figures with a stick in the sand, and solving problems, he was for the time being unconscious of all else.

After many months he was transferred to another district, where he had profits in a slave factory. Here he was fed and clothed, and was only too content to settle down in the slave business. An English ship, however, came to anchor off the coast. Inquiries had been set on foot by Newton's friends, who were anxious to rescue him. He returned to Liverpool, where a friend entrusted him with the command of a ship to carry slaves from West Africa to the American plantations. Sober and honest he had been even in his worst days, but profane, impure, and degraded in his conversation and habits.

From this time, however, his character began to improve. At the end of the first of these voyages as captain he married Mary Catlett, whose image he had cherished during seven years of absence. He took the Bible to sea with him and studied it in his cabin. He even had prayers with the ship's company, but as yet his moral sense was obtuse. The poor, stifling negroes chained in gangs down in the ship's hold did not move his compassion. He was but a rough sailor, and,

like the average seaman of his day, he looked upon the negroes as little better than cattle. But he had already started on the upward path, and gradually his conscience awoke, and he saw many things to be wrong which he had hitherto thought harmless.

After four voyages to the American plantation Newton gave up sea-faring, and took a situation in the customs at Liverpool. Here, during intervals of leisure, he studied Hebrew and Greek until he could read the Bible in the original tongues.

He had slowly and deliberately entered on the service of God, and now he wanted to preach. In his thirty-ninth year he entered the Church of England as a curate at Olney, in Buckinghamshire. Here he remained for sixteen years, labouring in the parish, the friend of the poet Cowper and other literary and devout persons.

He now wrote hymns, and together with Cowper and others brought out the Olney Hymn-Book. He was greatly influenced by Cowper, who exercised a refining influence on his writings, and to whom he was a robust protector in times of mental affliction.

Finally he became the Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, in the city of London, where he continued twenty-six years, until his death in 1807. His preaching in London was attended by large crowds. No London clergyman of that day had so large a following or so great an influence. The whole aim of his life, words, and writings was to show what Christ had done for him and what He could do for other men. Newton was never tired of telling the story of his life, and the crowds who came to hear went away convinced that God, who had changed Newton from an evil life, could also change them.

His hymn "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds" was even in his lifetime sung by thousands.

As he grew old his eyes were fully opened to the wickedness of that trade in which he had so long engaged, and, anxious to make what amends lay in his power, he gave evidence against the slave trade to a committee of the House of Lords.

TUNES—Spanish Chant; Glastonbury.

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart:
Make me teachable and mild,

Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

TUNES—St. Peter; St. Agnes.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, mine End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;

But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Glorious things of Thee are spoken.

John Newton's Awakening

"Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.

"In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear."

These two hymns of John Newton, issued in 1779, were photographs of his past experience.

He was born in London on the 24th of July, 1725. His father had charge of a ship engaged in the Mediterranean trade.

When a young man he gave himself up to a sea-faring life, and, being impressed, was put on board the Harwick man-of-war, where he gave vent to all his corrupt passions, and yielded himself to the influence of the baldest infidelity. While the boat lay at Plymouth he deserted, was caught, brought back and kept in irons, then publicly stripped and whipped, after which he was degraded from the office of midshipman, and his companions forbidden to show him the least favor or even to speak to him. He was thus brought down to a level with the lowest and exposed to the insults of all.

During the following five years he got leave to be exchanged and entered a vessel bound for the African coast. Here he became the servant of a slave trader, who with his wife treated him with savage cruelty. For fifteen months he lived in the most abject bondage.

Writing to his father, arrangements were made for a vessel to call for him and to bring him home.

While on the voyage home he found on the boat a copy of Stanhope's Thomas à Kempis, that he read to pass away the time. While perusing it, the thought flashed across his mind: "*What if these things should be true*."

The following night a fearful storm arose. A friend, who took his place for a moment, was swept overboard.

For a time it seemed as if the boat would be shivered to atoms. During the calm that followed, a tempest of sin arose within his

bosom. His crimes, infidel scoffings, and many narrow escapes from sudden death, passed before his mind in dark array.

Then says he: "I began to pray; I could not utter the prayer of faith, I could not draw near to a reconciled God, and call him Father: my prayer was like the cry of the ravens, which yet the Lord does not disdain to hear. I now began to think of the Jesus whom I had so often offended. I recollected the particulars of his life and death; a death for sins not his own, but for those, who, in their distress, should put their trust in him…. In perusing the New Testament, I was struck with several passages, particularly the prodigal—a case that had never been so nearly exemplified, as by myself—and then the goodness of the father in receiving, nay, in running to meet such a son, and this intended only to illustrate the Lord's goodness to returning sinners this gained upon me." Thus he became, as he says, "a new man."

In after years he brought out his experience in verse, on this wise:—

I hear the tempest's awful sound,
I feel the vessels quick rebound:
And fear might now my bosom fill,
But Jesus tells me, "Peace! Be still!"

In this dread hour I cling to Thee,
My Saviour crucified for me.
If that I perish be Thy will,
In death, Lord, whisper, "Peace! Be still!"

Hark! He has listened while I prayed,
Slowly the tempest's rage is stayed;
The yielding waves obey His will,
Jesus hath bid them, "Peace! Be still!"

Mrs. Alexander

The author of so many popular modern hymns, Mrs. Alexander, was born in Ireland. Her father, Major Humphreys, served in the Royal Marines. Later in life Major Humphreys settled down with his family in the north of Ireland, as he owned land in Wicklow and Tyrone. Here his daughter, Cecil Frances, began, while yet a child, to write verses both comic and serious. History, legend, the romantic stories of folklore—all helped to furnish incident for a fertile imagination, and the Bible narratives proved a storehouse rich in suggestion for hymns and poems.

Surrounded from her earliest years by fine scenery, loving friends, and congenial society, possessing imagination and a keen sympathy, it was her delight to write ballads and verses on many subjects.

Her holy mother, her good friends—amongst whom she counted Dean Hook, the famous Vicar of Leeds, and Mr. Keble, author of The Christian Year—all encouraged her to write. Thus influenced, she brought out a book, Verses for Holy Seasons, and afterwards Hymns for Little Children. But other tasks than those of the pen awaited her. In 1850 she married William Alexander, afterwards Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, and now Archbishop of Armagh. At the time of their marriage he was rector of a wide country parish in County Tyrone, where the population was scattered over miles of mountains and bogs. Here Mrs. Alexander arrived as a bride, and here, during five years, she got through a vast amount of work.

In those days district nurses were unknown, parish doctors were scarce, yet poverty and sickness had to be met. Day after day, in that remote parish, Mrs. Alexander might be seen crossing the wet moorland in all weathers, carrying nourishing food, or warm clothing, or medical comforts, to the poor and helpless.

One day she found a poor paralysed woman shivering with cold, for the bedclothes were scanty; and, unwilling to leave her thus, Mrs. Alexander took off her outer wrap, and folded it round the limbs of

the poor sufferer.

In another cottage she found a woman in great pain from a bad wound, untended, and altogether without medical aid. For six weeks every day Mrs. Alexander came to this woman, and herself washed and dressed the wound, until healing set in and she recovered her health.

No severe weather, or long distance, or the demands of society were allowed to interfere with these duties to the helpless and suffering.

In this parish her eldest child was born, and here, in happy hours of leisure, she wrote some of her finest poems.

Five years later the family removed to another parish, on the shores of Lough Swilly, where the lovely scenery acted as a stimulant to her poetic mind. She was never tired of watching the lovely surface of the lake, and the floating clouds above it; yet she was intensely practical, and applied herself to the details of garden and farm management. Her husband writes: "How often have I said, on returning late of an afternoon, something of this sort: 'Have you sold the cow? Have you shown the gardener how to prune the roses? Have you given orders to feed the pigs properly? Have you finished that poem? Yes? Then let us come into the study, and I will criticise it ferociously!'"

In this parish five happy years passed. She was not without family anxieties. The health of her two boys was so uncertain, that one time she had to leave her home and all its duties, and take them to the south of France.

In 1867 her husband was appointed bishop, and now her circle widened, and her duties included the entertainment of many distinguished men who visited Ireland to get information about the country and its needs, political and religious.

Mrs. Alexander took delight in the company of such men as Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, Mr. Lecky, Bishop Wilberforce, and Bishop Wordsworth. But congenial society did not hinder her from the service of the poor. As in the country parishes, so in Londonderry, her figure was a familiar sight, as she visited the homes in the back streets, or the Institute of District Nurses, and daily she attended the morning service at the cathedral, nor was absent from the weekly

Communion. And she had that rare charm of humility. Literary people are seldom humble; they have an exaggerated idea of the value of their own writings, and they are hungry of approbation and sensitive to censure. But Mrs. Alexander was singularly humble. When she heard that her hymns or poems had comforted sad souls, or quickened into life those hitherto dead in worldliness, then indeed she was thankful, but to applause as such she was practically deaf.

As life went on, and she came into contact with all sorts and conditions of men, her sympathies widened, and she was drawn to all who loved righteousness, whether within or without the pale of the Church. For she was getting ready to join the great multitude which no man can number, clothed in white raiment. After forty-five years of loving work in the north of Ireland, she went to her rest.

At her funeral crowds of people, English, Irish, Catholics, and Protestants, mingled their tears; for all loved her, and felt that a saint had gone from their midst.

The best known of her hymns is probably "There is a green hill far away."

During the Franco-German War of 1870, Gounod, with his family, left Paris and sought refuge in England. For some months he resided at Blackheath, and sent his little daughter Jeanne to attend a school there. The child knew no English, but soon picked up easy little words, and one of the elder girls taught her to repeat the hymn "There is a green hill." When it was learned, Jeanne went proudly and said it to her father. Gounod was delighted with the hymn from the lips of his little daughter, set it to music, and it has been sung throughout the kingdom to audiences of all classes. More than one, to whom religion had been a thing of naught, heard that song, and went away a new creature, to live a life of faith in the power of the Son of God.

TUNE—Irby.

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed;
Mary was that mother mild,

Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern:
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless;
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult

We are but little children weak.

"There is a Green Hill Far Away"

Writer: Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

This was just one of the many hundreds of hymns written by that most prolific and talented of writers, Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander. She specialised particularly in hymns for young people, and in addition to the one above, we still have with us today such favourites as "All things bright and beautiful," "Once in Royal David's City," and "We are but little children weak."

It is a known fact that her little godsons were instrumental in making her realise how difficult it was for young people to understand the Creed, and so she hit upon the idea of illustrating each principal

fact by means of a hymn. "There is a green hill far away" is a good illustration of this, for it represents the part "Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried." However, we shall refer again to this hymn a little later on. Another well known one "All things bright and beautiful," has a definite link with "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth," whilst the Christmas favourite "Once in Royal David's City" was based on "And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost," etc. She carried this idea out in several other hymns which were all built up round passages from the Bible.

Cecil Frances Humphreys as she was named before her marriage, was the daughter of a soldier. Born in 1823, she very quickly showed great talent in writing poetry and verse, and at the age of 20 years she wrote the wonderful hymn we all associate with Easter "There is a Green Hill far away, without a city wall." At this juncture it is perhaps advisable to stress the fact that the words "without a city wall" are often misinterpreted by young people as "a hill not having a city wall," which of course, is rather nonsensical. The true meaning of the word "without" in this case is "outside." It is supposed to be an established fact that the green hill in question was located on the outskirts of the town of Londonderry in Northern Ireland and Miss Humphreys often drove past it on her way to the City. She always said it reminded her of Calvary, and no doubt this touch of imagination gave her the necessary stimulus to write the hymn.

Three years later, when 23, she married the Rev. William Alexander, who afterwards became Archbishop of Armagh, Northern Ireland.

It was automatically a very happy marriage, both parties were devoted to each other, and their tastes in life common.

It is often quoted that one can judge a person's character by the things he or she writes, and this was certainly true in the case of Mrs. Alexander. She was a most humble soul, generous and kind and a great amount of the money she gained from the publications of her works were passed over to charity.

Her death in 1895 at the age of 72 was much mourned by the local population and indeed by most Christian people everywhere.

Surely you must agree that our collection of hymns and the

pleasure they give us would be far less had it not been for the genius of this fine woman.

"A Mighty Fortress is Our God"

Martin Luther

Martin Luther was born in Eisleben, Germany, in 1483, a poor miner's son. His heart was full of music when he was a boy, and he used to sing from door to door. After he became a man, and had led in the great revolt from the superstitions, sins, and injustices of the Roman Catholic Church, he did two things that more than all others established Protestantism firmly—he translated the Bible into the language of the common people, and he wrote hymns also in their every-day language, to be sung to attractive, familiar tunes.

The first printed hymn-book was published at Wittenberg in 1524—eight hymns with tunes, and four of them by Luther. Since that beginning it is said that Germans have written more than 100,000 hymns, and the greatest of all is this hymn of Luther's. Luther wrote some thirty-six hymns in all, but this is his noblest. Some say that the strong tune to which the hymn is always sung was composed by Luther, but he probably merely adapted a tune already in existence.

The hymn was written about 1528, and though many attempts have been made to associate it with various stirring events in the life of the great reformer, it is not known what occasion prompted it. He based it on the Forty-sixth Psalm, but it does not follow the course of the psalm; it merely catches up and carries on the psalm's leading thought.

Whatever its origin, "Ein' Feste Burg ist Unser Gott" had an immediate influence in Germany, and became for the Reformation what the great French hymn, La Marseillaise, became to France. It is now the national hymn of the Fatherland.

Says Dr. Benson:

> It was sung at Augsburg during the Diet, and in all the churches of Saxony, often against the protest of the priest. It was sung in the streets; and, so heard, comforted the hearts of Melanchthon, Jonas, and Cruciger, as they entered Weimar, when

banished from Wittenberg in 1547.

It was sung by poor Protestant emigrants on their way into exile, and by martyrs at their death. It is woven into the web of history of Reformation times, and it became the true national hymn of Protestant Germany.

Gustavus Adolphus ordered it sung by his army before the battle of Leipzig, in 1631, and on the field of that battle it was repeated, more than two centuries afterward, by the throng assembled at the jubilee of the Gustavus Adolphus Association. Again it was the battle hymn of his army at Lützen, in 1632, in which the king was slain, but his army won the victory.

It has had a part in countless celebrations commemorating the men and events of the Reformation; and its first line is engraved on the base of Luther's monument at Wittenberg.

Luther comforted his own heart with the hymn, and when his great cause seemed almost lost he would turn to his friend Melanchthon and say, "Come, Philip, let us sing the Forty-sixth Psalm."

There is a story of the use of it by the German troops lodged in a church after the battle of Sedan. They were too excited to sleep. At last some one began to play Luther's hymn upon the organ. The soldiers united in a splendid outburst of song, after which they fell into peaceful slumber.

The hymn has been translated into English more than eighty times, but only twice with such success that the result has won popular favor. In England, they sing the translation made by Thomas Carlyle, who was the one that introduced the hymn in that land, in 1831. His first stanza is:

A sure stronghold our God is He,
A trusty shield and weapon;
Our help He'll be, and set us free
From every ill can happen.
That old malicious foe
Intends us deadly woe;
Armed with might from hell
And deepest craft as well,
On earth is not his fellow.

Our favorite American version is that by Rev. Frederic Henry Hedge, a great German scholar, himself a poet of no mean ability,

whose translation appeared in 1852. Longfellow has a version in his "Golden Legend," and one of Whittier's war poems is in Luther's metre, and is called, "Ein' Feste Burg ist Unser Gott." Here is Dr. Hedge's translation:

A mighty Fortress is our God,
A Bulwark never failing;
Our Helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing:
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim,—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:

God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

God, a Mighty Fortress

Born, as this hymn was, in time of storm, it has graced many a stormy scene, not only in Germany, but in other lands. When the struggle for Protestantism was transferred to the hands of the great king, Gustavus Adolphus, that heroic Swede found comfort and inspiration in Luther's immortal hymn, and commanded it to be sung on the day of his death, at the battlefield of Lutzen. On the morning of his last battle, when the armies of Gustavus and Wallenstein were drawn up, waiting till the morning mist dispersed to commence the attack, the king commanded this hymn to be sung, accompanied by the drums and trumpets of the whole army. Immediately afterwards, the mist broke, and the sunshine burst on the two armies. For a moment Gustavus Adolphus knelt beside his horse, in face of his soldiers, and repeated his usual battle prayer: "O Lord Jesus Christ! bless our arms, and this day's battle, for the glory of thy holy name!" Then passing along the lines, with a few brief words of encouragement, he gave the battle cry, "God with us!"—the same with which he had conquered at Leipzig. Thus began the day which laid him low amidst the thickest of the fight, with those three sentences on his dying lips, noble and Christian as any that ever fell from the lips of dying man since the days of the last martyr: "I seal with my blood the liberty and religion of the German nation!" "My God, my God!"—and the last that were heard, "Alas! my poor queen!"

Luther's splendid hymn has received many a baptism of fire like that. It is related that on the Sabbath afternoon before the overthrow of the French army in the last Franco-Prussian war, the second Napoleon, then in the shadow of his swiftly-coming doom, rode out to review his troops. In doing so he came near enough to the German camps to hear them singing, and he inquired what it was they sang. He was informed that it was Luther's hymn—

"A mighty fortress is our God."

It is said that the fated emperor went away sadly, remarking that it was impossible to fight against soldiers who went into battle with hymns like that upon their lips.

This hymn is suggestive of the source of Martin Luther's invincible courage and strength. To him God was ever present, as the source of all blessing. At one time, looking out from his window, he saw a little bird which had just alighted on the bough of a pear tree that grew in his garden. Luther looked upon it and said: "That little bird, how it covers its head with its wings, and will sleep there, so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite starry spaces and the great blue depths of immensity. Yet it fears not: it is at home. The God that made it, too, is there."

Once on coming home from Leipzig in the autumn season, he burst forth in loving wonder at the fields of corn. "How it stands there," he says, "erect on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its beautiful golden head with bread in it—the bread of man sent to him another year."

Thomas Carlyle, who could be bitter enough in his criticism where there was the least shadow of lack of genuineness in a man or his utterances, quotes these passages of Luther's and says: "Such thoughts as these are as little windows through which we gaze into the interior of the depths of Martin Luther's soul, and see visible, across its tempests and clouds, a whole heaven of light and love. He might have painted, he might have sung; could have been beautiful like Raphael, great like Michael Angelo."

The first line of this national hymn of Protestant Germany is very fittingly inscribed on the tomb of the great reformer at Wittenberg, and has been read with tearful eyes by many a Protestant pilgrim to that historic spot.

"O Little Town of Bethlehem"

Bishop Brooks

When Phillips Brooks, the beloved and great preacher, was a boy, his parents had him and his brothers learn hymns. They used to enjoy reciting them on Sunday evenings, and when Phillips went to college he could repeat some two hundred of them. He never forgot them, and they often came up in his wonderful sermons.

It is not at all surprising, then, that Phillips Brooks began to write hymns himself. He often composed poems, and some of his poems have become very dear to all Christians. One of the best of these is the beautiful Christmas hymn that we are to commit to memory this month.

It is not at all surprising, either, that the great preacher should write poems for children. He loved all children, and liked nothing better, giant of a man as he was, than to get down on the floor and romp with them. He often wrote letters to his child friends, and these letters are among the most delightful bits of his writing.

Mr. Brooks preached in Philadelphia first, and then in Boston. Our hymn was written when he was rector of the Holy Trinity Church of Philadelphia, and for his Sunday-school. It was used by the children at their Christmas service in the year 1868. How little they understood what a famous song they were singing for the first time!

The lovely tune, "St. Louis," to which the hymn is usually sung, was written for it at that time by Mr. Lewis H. Redner, the organist of the church, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and teacher of one of the classes. It was in the middle of the night before that Christmas service that Mr. Redner woke up suddenly with angelic strains ringing in his ears. He took a piece of music-paper and jotted down the melody of the tune; then the next morning, before going to church, he filled in the harmony. So little did he, too, understand what a great thing he was doing.

It was a long time before the churches realized the beauty of the

song. Not until 1892 was the hymn admitted to the hymnal of Bishop Brooks's own denomination.

Here is the Christmas carol, as Phillips Brooks wrote it. The fourth stanza is unfamiliar, because the writer himself left it out of the later copies of the poem; but you will want to see it, and probably to learn it with the others.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous Gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed Child,
Where misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the Mother mild;
Where Charity stands watching,
And Faith holds wide the Door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

"O Little Town of Bethlehem"

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

"From Greenland's Icy Mountains"

Bishop Heber

One of the greatest and noblest of all hymn-writers is Reginald Heber. He was born April 21, 1783, at Malpas, Cheshire, England. His father gave him every advantage, and he made the best use of his opportunities. He became a distinguished poet when a young man at Oxford. The first year after entering, when only seventeen years old, he took a prize for a Latin poem, and two years afterward he won a prize by a remarkable poem on Palestine, which was received with such applause as had never before been heard in that sedate gathering. After this success his parents found him on his knees in grateful prayer.

He became a minister of the Church of England, and began to write hymns. It was just becoming the custom to use hymns in Episcopal churches, and there were no hymn-books.

The Christians of England were aroused at that time to the great call of foreign missions, and a collection was ordered to be taken for that object in all the churches.

On Saturday, May 29, 1819, young Heber happened to be visiting his father-in-law, in whose church he was to preach the next day. This collection was to be taken, and a suitable hymn was wanted. They asked Heber to write one.

He retired to another part of the room, and in a short time read the first three stanzas of his famous hymn.

"There! That will do very well," they told him.

"No, no, the sense is not complete," answered Heber; so he added the splendid fourth stanza, the entire hymn being as follows, according to the poet's own manuscript, which has fortunately been preserved for us (bringing $210 when sold—a sum larger than the missionary collection received when it was first sung):—

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,

Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden strand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

The beautiful and stirring tune to which the hymn is always sung was written as rapidly as the hymn itself.

A printed copy of the poem reached Miss Mary W. Howard, of Savannah, Ga. She admired it greatly, and wanted a tune for it. The metre was a new one at that time. So Miss Howard sent the poem to Lowell Mason, then a young bank clerk and singing-teacher in Savannah. In half an hour he sent back the "Missionary Hymn" tune that is universally used.

When Heber was forty years old, he became first bishop of Calcutta. He refused the appointment twice, for he dearly loved his quiet home and church, but his sense of duty finally compelled him to accept. As he went out to the India of which he had sung, he had an opportunity to breathe the "spicy breezes" that "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle," and that carry the fragrance of the aromatic forests far out to sea.

His duties and authority extended all over India, Ceylon, Mauritius, and Australasia. He entered upon his work with great energy. It was he who ordained the first native minister, Christian David. He traveled far and wide, but the climate and the heavy tasks quite wore him out. In less than three years, on April 3, 1826, the good bishop suddenly died.

Heber was greatly beloved. Thackeray called him "one of the best of English gentlemen." He wrote fifty-seven hymns, which were published after his death in one book. It is said that every one of these hymns is in use—an honor paid to no other hymn-writer that ever lived.

His missionary hymn is his most famous production, and some one has ventured to say that it has accomplished as much for foreign missions as all the missionary sermons ever preached—a statement he would be the first to rebuke.

But Heber wrote other great hymns, the greatest being the noblest hymn of adoration in the language, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!" Tennyson pronounced this the finest hymn ever written in any language.

He also wrote the noblest warrior hymn ever composed: "The Son of God goes forth to war." Another favorite is his "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning." Still others are: "By cool Siloam's shady rill," "Lord of mercy and of might," and "Bread of the world in mercy broken."

Altogether, though not the greatest of English hymn-writers, Heber may fairly be called the most poetical of them all; and his beautiful personal character, when one knows about it, adds a new beauty to his lovely hymns.

"How Firm a Foundation"

Probably by Robert Keene

Our modern hymn books give but six of the seven original stanzas of the hymn, "How firm a foundation." We give here the entire hymn. Those that prefer may, of course, learn it in the modern form.

It first appeared in a book entitled "A Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors," published in 1787 by a Baptist minister of London, Dr. John Rippon, who, though an ardent admirer of Watts, desired to have some hymns in addition to those by the great hymn writer. Many of the hymns in his collection were there gathered for the first time, and have been in use ever since.

SCRIPTURE PROMISES

Exceeding great and precious Promises, 2 Pet. iii. 4

1 *How firm a Foundation, ye Saints of the Lord,*
Is laid for your Faith in his excellent Word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said?
You, who unto Jesus for Refuge have fled.

2 *In every Condition, in Sickness, in Health,*
In Poverty's Vale, or abounding in Wealth;
At Home and Abroad, on the Land, on the Sea,
"As thy Days may demand, shall thy Strength ever be.

3 *"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,*
"I, I am thy God, and will still give thee Aid;
"I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
"Upheld by my righteous omnipotent Hand.

4 *"When thro' the deep Waters I call thee to go,*
"The Rivers of Woe shall not thee overflow;
"For I will be with thee, thy Troubles to bless,
"And sanctify to thee, thy deepest Distress.

5 *"When thro' fiery Trials thy Pathway shall lie,*

"My Grace all sufficient shall be thy Supply;
"The Flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
"Thy Dross to consume, and thy Gold to refine.

6 *"Even down to old Age, all my People shall prove*
"My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable Love;
"And when hoary Hairs shall their Temples adorn,
"Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 *"The Soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for Repose,*
"I will not, I will not desert to his Foes;
"That Soul, tho' all Hell should endeavor to shake,
"Til never—no never—no never forsake."

—Agreeable to Dr. Doddridge's Translation of Heb. xiii 5.

We sing the hymn to the tune called "Portuguese Hymn," because some one heard it in the chapel of the Portuguese Embassy in London, and jumped to the conclusion that it was Portuguese in its origin. It is not, however, but is the music of a Latin Christmas hymn, "Adeste Fideles"—the hymn which we have translated in the familiar "O come, all ye faithful." "John Reading" is falsely given by many books as the composer of this tune.

General Curtis Guild, Jr., has told in *The Sunday-School Times* how this hymn, "How firm a foundation," thus wedded to a Christmas tune, was sung on a famous Christmas morning. The Seventh Army Corps was encamped on the hills above Havana, Cuba, on Christmas Eve of 1898—a beautiful tropical night. Suddenly a sentinel from the camp of the Forty-ninth Iowa called, "Number ten; twelve o'clock, and all's well!" A strong voice raised the chorus, and many manly voices joined in until the whole regiment was singing. Then the Sixth Missouri added its voices, and the Fourth Virginia, and all the rest, till there, as General Guild said, "on the long ridges above the great city whence Spanish tyranny once went forth to enslave the New World, a whole American army corps was singing:

'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.'

"The Northern soldier knew the hymn as one he had learned

beside his mother's knee. To the Southern soldier it was that and something more; it was the favorite hymn of General Robert E. Lee, and was sung at that great commander's funeral.

"Protestant and Catholic, South and North, singing together on Christmas day in the morning—that's an American army!"

Notice the Scripture reference that follows the title, "Exceeding great and precious Promises." Look it up, and note its appropriateness.

Notice also the second stanza, omitted from many modern hymnals. Would you willingly lose it? When it is omitted, the real beginning of the Scripture quotation which answers the question, "What more can He say?" is left out. After the first seven lines, the rest of the hymn is all Bible.

Notice, too, the last line, with its footnote referring to Doddridge's translation of Heb. 13:5. This translation brings out more clearly than our Revised or Authorized versions the multiplied negatives of the original Greek: "I will not, I will not leave thee, I will never, never, never forsake thee."

The story is told of the venerable Dr. Charles Hodge, so greatly honored and beloved at Princeton, that one evening, when conducting prayers, the old man was reading this hymn, but was so overcome by its exalted sentiments, especially in view of his own close approach to the better land, that he had no voice for the last line, but could only indicate it by gestures, beating out the rhythm of the words.

Andrew Jackson, after retiring from the Presidency, became a devout member of the Presbyterian church. One day in his old age a company of visitors was with him, when General Jackson said, "There is a beautiful hymn on the subject of the exceeding great and precious promises of God to His people. It was a favorite hymn with my dear wife till the day of her death. It begins thus: 'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.' I wish you would sing it now." So the company did what was asked by the old hero.

Miss Willard wrote once: "Mother says that at family prayers in her home they were wont to sing together, 'How firm a foundation'; and her parents used to say it would never wear out, because it was so full of Scripture. When mother came back to us after being confined to her room six weeks, we sang that hymn for her, and she broke

in at the verse about 'hoary hairs' and said: 'How I enjoyed that for my old grandmother who lived to be ninety-seven, and I enjoyed it for my dear father who was eighty-six when he passed away; and now my daughter enjoys it for me, who am eighty-four, and perhaps she will live on to be as old as I, when I feel sure she will have friends who will enjoy it just as tenderly for her.'"

A beautiful story is told of that noble woman, Fidelia Fisk, the devoted missionary to the women of Persia. One time when she was worn out with her heavy and difficult labors, she was attending a meeting. Her weary body greatly needed rest. Of a sudden a native woman came behind her as she sat on a mat, and whispered, "Lean on me." Miss Fisk heard, but scarcely heeded. Then again came the whisper, "Lean on me." Miss Fisk then leaned gently on her unknown friend. But again came the whisper, "If you love me, lean hard." The worn-out missionary took the words as a message from her Father in heaven, urging her, if she loved Him, to lean hard upon Him.

At one time a pastor told this touching story to his people in a Kansas village. They were greatly discouraged because of the failure of their crops. As soon as the story was finished, the minister sat down and let the people make their own application. At once a voice struck up our hymn, and one after another joined in until the little company had begun once more to "lean for repose" on the never-failing Arms:

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee"

Sarah Flower Adams

This is the greatest hymn ever written by a woman. Its author was the daughter of Benjamin Flower, an Englishman whose liberal views on politics caused his imprisonment in the Newgate Prison, London, for six months. While there, he was visited by Miss Eliza Gould, whose views were like his. After his release she married him, and they had two daughters, Eliza and Sarah.

It was Sarah who wrote the great hymn. She was born at Harlow, February 22, 1805. The mother died five years later of consumption, and both girls inherited her delicate constitution. Eliza was musical, and often wrote music for her sister's songs. Sarah, beautiful and vivacious, was fond of acting, and had an idea that the drama could be made to teach great truths as well as the pulpit. Fortunately, however, her frail body compelled her to give up the actor's career.

Miss Flower married, in 1834, a civil engineer, John Brydges Adams, and they made their home in London. Her beauty, her gay manners, her bright conversation, and her exalted character, made a deep impression upon many.

Eliza, the elder sister, became weakened in caring for Sarah through a long illness, and Sarah's death, in turn, was hastened, doubtless, by her care for Eliza in her last sickness. The two passed away within a short interval, the elder in December, 1846, and Sarah on August 14, 1848. The hymns sung at both funerals were by Sarah, with music by Eliza.

The great hymn was written in 1840, and was first published the following year in a book, "Hymns and Anthems," prepared by Mrs. Adams's pastor, Rev. William Johnson Fox, for the use of his congregation. In 1844 Rev. James Freeman Clarke introduced the hymn in America, but it did not gain genuine popularity until, in 1856, there was published the beautiful tune, "Bethany," which Lowell Mason wrote for it. In the Boston Peace Jubilee of 1872 the hymn

was sung to this tune by nearly fifty thousand voices, and the venerable composer himself was in the audience.

Many changes have been made in the immortal hymn by the editors of hymn-books, but it is best to learn it and use it just as Mrs. Adams wrote it, which is as follows:—

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,

"Nearer, My God, to Thee"

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Some interesting incidents are connected with this hymn. In 1871, three eminent theologians, Professors Hitchcock, Smith, and Park, were traveling in Palestine, when they heard the strains of "Bethany." Drawing near, to their amazement they saw fifty Syrian students standing under some trees in a circle, and singing in Arabic "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Professor Hitchcock, speaking afterward of the event, said that the singing of that Christian hymn by those Syrian youths moved him to tears, and affected him more than any singing he had ever heard before.

During the Johnstown flood, May 31, 1889, a railroad train rushed into the swirling waters. One car was turned on end, and in it was imprisoned, beyond the hope of rescue, a woman on her way to be a missionary in the far East.

She spoke to the awe-struck multitude, gazing helpless at the tragedy. Then she prayed, and finally she sung "Nearer, my God, to Thee," in which she was joined by the sorrowing, sympathizing throng. As she sung, she passed away, coming nearer indeed to the God of her worship.

But the most inspiring of all the associations of this hymn is that connected with the death of the martyred McKinley. Dr. M. D. Mann, the physician, heard him murmur among his last words, "'Nearer, my God, to Thee, E'en though it be a cross,' has been my constant prayer." On the day of his burial, Thursday, September 19, 1901, at half-past three, in all our cities and villages and wherever the daily press made way, by previous arrangement the people paused in their occupations. Trolley cars stopped. The streets were hushed. Men stood with bared heads. There were five minutes of silence over the land. In Union and Madison Squares, New York City, following this impressive silence, bands played "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and the same hymn was used in countless churches at memorial services. Among others, it was used in Westminster Abbey, at the memorial service celebrated by command of King Edward.

This hymn is such a universal favorite that there are many incidents telling of the good cheer and comfort it has brought in times of trial. Bishop Marvin relates that during the War of the Rebellion he

was once traveling in a wild region in Arkansas. He had been driven from his home by the Union troops, and was greatly depressed. But as he drew near a dilapidated log cabin he heard some one singing, "Nearer, my God, to thee." He got down from his horse and entered the house. There he found an old widow woman singing in the midst of such poverty as he had never before seen. His fears and despondency vanished and he went on his way, happy and trustful because of the faith which he had beheld and the hymn which he had heard.

After the battle of Fort Donelson, as the hospital corps went over the field searching for the wounded, they discovered a little drummer-boy, one of the many lads who ought to have been at home with their mothers, but who in those awful days of carnage found their way in scores and hundreds to the front. He had been fearfully wounded, one arm having been entirely carried away by a cannon ball. The brave boy died before they could carry him off the field, but he kept up a cheerful heart and comforted himself by singing Mrs. Adams' precious hymn. Up from the blood-stained battle-field, and through the murky clouds of powder-smoke, rang the half-childish voice, as he sang—

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

This hymn is always sung by caravans of pilgrims from Christian lands when, in making the tour of Palestine, they camp at Bethel. It is surely a sweet immortality for this Christian woman that her song should thus linger about the Holy Land, the stories of which were so dear to her, and continue to interpret the worshipful thoughts of Christian travelers long after she has gone to her reward.

The author died young, and the prayer of her hymn was answered, in that she passed away from earth with trustful song upon her lips, thus fulfilling the glad expectation of the last verse of her noblest poem—

Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,—
Still all my song shall be.
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

"Nearer, My God, to Thee"
"Abide With Me"
"Lead, Kindly Light"

Trial, trouble, affliction, sorrow—out of these have come our sweetest songs of Zion. Who is there but knows that the most beautiful and touching of the Psalms were written at times when their authors were in the depths of distress and anguish? So true is the general principle that Sorrow and Song go hand in hand, like twin sisters, that a careful analysis of our hymnbooks will show that those hymns which are most endeared to us all were composed at times when their authors were in the greatest possible trouble of mind and heart. At this we need not be at all surprised as though it were something strange or unusual; for it seems to be a general law, prevailing in the world of nature, even, and much more in the world of mind, that low things are the necessary antecedents of high things. In God's creation chaos goes before cosmos, always, and the night before the morning. As the lark that soars the highest builds her nest the lowest; as the nightingale that sings so sweetly, sings, not under the noonday sun, but in the shade where all things rest—and sings best, too, when a needle is thrust through her eye; as the branches that are most laden with ripe fruit bend the lowest; as the lowly valleys are fruitful while the lofty mountains are barren, and the most fragrant spices will not yield their most precious perfumes until they are crushed and bruised —even so it seems with the human soul. This, too, like the olive, must be crushed ere it yield its fruit, and, like the nightingale sings its sweetest songs only when suffering the keenest anguish. The lives of the song-writers of Zion show, as few other lives show, that "through much tribulation must we enter into the kingdom of God." For, the Latin word, "tribulum," (from which the English word "tribulation" has evidently been derived,) was the name for a flail. And so, what are "tribulations" but the blows of the heavenly husbandman's flail, threshings, as it were, of our inner spiritual man, whereby whatever

is light, trivial, and poor in us is separated from what is solid and true, the chaff from the wheat? As a quaint old poem saith—

Till from the straw the flail the corn doth beat,
Until the chaff be purged from the wheat,
Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,
The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
So, till men's persons great afflictions touch,
If worth be formed, their worth is not so much;
Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
That value which in threshing they may get.
For, till the bruising flails of God's corrections
Have threshed out of us our vain affections;
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
Are, by the Sacred Spirit, winnowed from us;
Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,
Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures.
Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,
To thresh the husk of this our flesh away,
And leave the soul uncovered: nay, yet more—
Till God shall make our very spirit poor,
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire:
But then we shall—and that is my desire!

Through such threshings of God's hand, through such uncovering of the soul and making poor of the very spirit of man, our sweetest song-writers evidently passed at the time when they composed these immortal hymns, which will never cease to be sung until God's children sing the new song in heaven.

One remarkable illustration of this we have already noticed in connection with the distressing circumstances in which Charles Wesley wrote the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Closely allied to this, both in its substance and in the nature of the circumstances in which it originated, is that other beautiful hymn so dear to every believer's heart, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." This was composed in the sick room. The author of it was Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, who for many weary months watched and waited by the bedside of a sister dying with consumption, until she was so enfeebled by a disease which she thus contracted, that she herself, shortly after the death of her sister, died, and so passed into that nearer relation to God for

which she in her beautiful song so ardently longed. As one reads over the touching words of this undying song of the dying, as it may well be called, the image of the patient watcher, pale and haggard, rises to the view. Perhaps it was in some lone night watch, when weary and faint, while all the house was hushed and all the world was still, she sat and wept, that that sweet song burst forth from her overburdened soul—

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone—
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

The writer once heard this hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," sung under very remarkable circumstances. It was during the Civil War. On June 18th, 1864, in one of our terrible battles in front of Petersburg, Va., one of my company fell. A ball had shattered his leg. Two of us picked him up and carried him on a stretcher to the Field Hospital in the rear. There were many wounded men there, all waiting their turn at the amputating table, and the surgeons were busy. When his turn came, we lifted him up on the table, and the surgeon said, "Sorry, my boy, but your leg must come off, for the bone is all shattered by the ball." "All right," said the comrade. The chloroform was about to be administered when the boy said, "Wait a moment. Doctor, I want to pray." "Yes," was the answer, "but be quick about it, for others are waiting." The boy covered his face with his two hands for a few moments, and then said, "Now, I'm ready. Go ahead."

Quickly sinking into merciful unconsciousness he lay under the knife, and with the first thrust of the long knife through his leg the

patient broke into singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." He sang with a clear voice and an apparently unerring memory, missing none of the stanzas and singing the hymn through to the end. The surgeon worked swiftly and surely, and with the skill of a hand long used to the terrible work, pausing only twice during the operation to wipe the gathering mist from his eyes, for while he worked the boy sang on. When the operation was concluded, tears were on many a cheek weather-beaten and bronzed in long and hard service, and the surgeon said, "I venture to say that that boy comes from a Christian home somewhere away up North—and may God bless him."

Akin to the general tenor of the hymn mentioned above, is that ever beautiful even-song which is almost without a rival amongst our sacred melodies—

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!

For this truly splendid and classical composition the Christian world is under lasting obligations to the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, who was born at Kelso, Scotland, June 1, 1793, and died at Nice, 1847. Liberally educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he entered the service of the Master as a curate in the Church of England. In the earlier part of his ministry he settled in a dreary Irish parish, where he had many struggles with poverty. He seems, at this time, to have had but little hearty interest in his labors, and acknowledged afterward that he went through with the functions of his sacred office in a merely mechanical and lifeless way. But God took good care to arouse Henry Francis Lyte to a warmer zeal, for He had a grand work for him to do for the Church. For, about this time, that is while he was yet a curate in an obscure parish in Ireland, being called one day to the bedside of a neighboring clergyman who was dying, and had sent for Lyte in great agony, "because he was unpardoned and unprepared to die," this sad scene left so deep an impression on Lyte's mind that he says "I was deeply affected and brought to look at life and its issues with a different eye than before; and I began to study my Bible, and to preach in another manner than I had formerly done." It was to this revival in the heart and mind of this gifted man that we are indebted for the well-known hymn—

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken—
Thou from hence my all shalt be.

Compelled at length by ill health to resign his charge, he settled at Brixham, a seaport town in the county of Devon, having probably chosen this location for the advantage which the sea air, as it was hoped, would afford him. The population was largely composed of rough, but warm-hearted fishermen, amongst whom he spent the remainder of his days, in many and sore struggles with poverty. Here he "made hymns for his little ones, hymns for his hardy fishermen, and hymns for sufferers like himself." It was here too, that he wrote "Abide with me," which was the last, as it was also the finest hymn which he ever composed.

The story of the composition of it is truly touching, and sheds great light upon its meaning. He had been in ill health a long time—scarcely able any more to preach to his dear people. But though, as he says, "I was scarcely able to crawl, I made one more effort to preach and administer the Holy Communion." As his people surrounded the table of the Lord, they were all made to feel, both by the deep solemnity of his manner and by the earnest words with which he addressed them, that their pastor was amongst them for the last time. Many tearful eyes witnessed the distribution of the sacred elements as given out by one who already stood on the borders of the blessed land beyond. Having with his dying breath given a last adieu to his sorrowing flock, he retired to his chamber fully aware of the near approach of the end; and shortly afterward, as his sun was drawing near to his setting, he handed to a friend this immortal hymn, which, accompanied by music which his own hand had prepared, is indeed like the song of the swan, his sweetest as it was also his last—

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord! with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless! Oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day.
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;

"Nearer, My God, to Thee"

Oh Thou who changest not, abide with me!

* * * * *

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks and Earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

To the end of all time, or certainly until the English language shall cease to be spoken, this unparalleled version of Christ's twilight walk with the two disciples to Emmaus will be sung. It will be the favorite even-song of worshiping congregations, and will never cease to cheer the souls of believers as they come, at last, to walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

We turn attention to one more masterpiece of sacred song, which, like the one above, was inspired by sickness, suffering and unutterable weariness of soul. This is—

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.

To one who has watched the setting sun, as it goes down amid a flood of crimson and gold, bathing the clouds in splendor, and opening up vistas of beauty unsuspected in the garish light of noon-day, there is something in this grand close of the day infinitely suggestive of the glories of heaven. It may be but a few moments ere this swiftly vanishing vision of heaven's pearly gates and jasper walls and golden streets will pass away, but evanescent though it be, it is, to every pious and thoughtful soul, a standing and oft repeated promise of the glories which await the faithful in the better land beyond.

It was the sight of the setting sun that suggested the hymn we are presently considering. It was written by John Henry Newman. In 1833, while recovering from a severe illness, he was upon the Mediterranean for his health. One evening when the warmth had died out of the air, he sat upon the deck of the vessel wrapped in a shawl, weak and homesick, watching the sun descend through the Italian sky, and sink into the sea. As the last traces of light faded away in the west, the memory of home and of the past came strongly upon him. Retiring to his cabin, he at once composed the splendid hymn—

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene: one step enough for me.

How much the Church of all ages has been, and ever to the end will be, dependent on the sufferings of her people for her purest and sweetest songs of praise, no one can tell. We only know that such is the case. It is in accordance with God's law everywhere manifest, that the sorrow must go before the song, as the darkness goes before the day, and the cross before the crown. Even in heaven, when God's people sing the new song which none save the redeemed of all ages can sing, it will, no doubt, be the preceding sorrows and sufferings endured on earth which alone will properly fit that mighty host to swell "the song of them that triumph and the shout of them that feast."

"Rock of Ages"

Augustus M. Toplady

"Rock of Ages" and "Jesus, Lover of my soul," are the two favorite hymns of most Christians.

The author of "Rock of Ages," Augustus Montague Toplady, was an Englishman, and was born November 4, 1740. His father, Major Toplady, died in the siege of Cartagena in Colombia, South America, while his boy was only a few months old. Young Toplady was converted when on a visit to Ireland by an ignorant Methodist preacher, a layman, who was preaching in a barn.

His mind was vigorous, but his body was weak, and soon consumption seized upon him. He fought it for two years before it conquered, and it was during this period that he wrote his immortal hymn. It appeared first in the Gospel Magazine for March, 1776—a magazine of which he was the editor. It was in the midst of an article in which he tried to figure out the number of a man's sins, and then broke into this hymn, which sets forth our only remedy for sin:—

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyestrings break in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Toplady's title for the hymn was "A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world." The title fitly expressed the triumphant faith in which he himself passed away on August 11, 1778, saying, "My prayers are all converted into praise." He was only thirty-eight years old. The hymn was actually used as a dying prayer by Prince Albert, the beloved husband of Queen Victoria. It was sung in Constantinople by the Armenians during the fearful massacre. When the steamship London went down in the Bay of Biscay in 1866, the last man to escape from the ill-fated vessel heard the remaining passengers singing this hymn:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

The hymn was an especial favorite with Gladstone, who was often heard humming it in the House of Commons, and who translated it into Latin, Greek, and Italian. His Latin translation is one of great beauty. Major-General Stuart, the famous Confederate cavalry officer, sung this hymn as he lay dying after the Battle of the Wilderness. Of many other death-beds this hymn has been the solace and the crown.

The story is told of a Chinese woman who, for the purpose of "making merit" for herself with her heathen gods, had dug a well twenty-five feet deep and fifteen in diameter. She was converted, and a traveller speaks of meeting her when she had reached the age of eighty. She was bent with age, but she stretched out her crippled hands toward her visitor, and began to sing:

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

The noblest incident connected with this hymn is related of the celebration of the fiftieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria. On this occasion there came an embassy from Queen Ranavalona III, of Madagascar, and in the company was a venerable Hova, who expressed the desires of his people for the prosperity of the Queen, and then asked permission to sing. It was expected that he would render some heathen song, but to every one's amazement he burst forth with

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

It was a striking proof of the power of Christian missions.

"Rock of Ages" was often sung by the Armenians at Constantinople during the terrible massacres.

The hymn is given as Toplady wrote it, and it will be seen that it is often mutilated in our hymn-books. The second line of the last stanza is generally written:

When my eyelids close in death.

Toplady's line refers to an old belief that, when a person dies, the "eyestrings" snap.

As to the thought of "Rock of Ages," it probably sprung from the marginal translation of Isa. 26: 4: "In the Lord Jehovah is the rock of ages," but Toplady doubtless combined that with such passages as "I will put thee in a cleft of the rock" (Exod. 33: 22), "Enter into the rock" (Isa. 2: 10), and "They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ" (1 Cor. 10: 4).

Toplady wrote 133 poems and hymns, but nearly all are forgotten except this. One other, however, is a hymn of great beauty, and is cherished by many Christians:—

Inspirer and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign;
If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

"God Be With You Till We Meet Again"

J.E. Rankin

This beautiful benediction hymn is known all the world around. It has closed, with its sweet strains of Christian farewell, Endeavor meetings beyond number. It is always the conclusion of our great Christian Endeavor Conventions.

The hymn was written in 1882 by Rev. Jeremiah Eames Rankin, D. D., LL. D., who was at that time pastor of the First Congregational Church of Washington, D.C. It was written to interpret the familiar words, "good-by," which are merely a contraction of the sentence, "God be with you," and it was composed as a Christian benediction hymn, without being intended for any special occasion. Here is the poem entire. The first, second, fourth, and seventh stanzas are all that are commonly sung:

God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you;
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you;
Daily manna still divide you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
With the oil of joy anoint you;
Sacred ministries appoint you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,

Of His promises remind you;
For life's upper garner bind you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
Sicknesses and sorrows taking,
Never leaving nor forsaking;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again.
Ended when for you earth's story,
Israel's chariot sweep to glory;
God be with you till we meet again.

Chorus:

Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
God be with you till we meet again.

I copy the poem from Dr. Rankin's own book, giving the form he preferred. He objected very strongly, and quite properly, to the changes introduced by the hymn-tinkers, such as, "Put His loving arms around you," "Daily manna still provide you," and the repetition in the chorus, "Till we meet again." These changes transformed the thought, and are certainly the reverse of an improvement.

Wherever Christian Endeavor has gone this hymn has been adopted, and it has been translated into many tongues. Not only have Christian Endeavorers come to love the song, but it has been adopted by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union as the benediction song of that organization also. It has been sung on many other farewell occasions, as, for example, in Memphis three years ago, when a company of three thousand persons, bidding farewell to President Roosevelt, broke out spontaneously with the familiar "God be with you till we meet again."

The music for this famous hymn was composed, at Dr. Rankin's request, by William Gould Tomer, at that time a schoolteacher in Carpentersville, N.J. Mr. Tomer's music was slightly revised by Dr. J.

W. Bischoff, the blind organist of Dr. Rankin's church. It was sung in that church for the first time. It is an interesting fact that Mr. Tomer was a Methodist, and that the Methodists at Ocean Grove first made the hymn popular.

Dr. Rankin was descended from the Scotch Covenanters. He was the cousin of Melinda Rankin, the stout-hearted pioneer missionary to Mexico. He was born at Thornton, N.H., January 2, 1828, and died at Cleveland, O., November, 28, 1904, aged nearly seventy-seven years. His long and useful life included about thirty-five years as a pastor, and about seven years as professor and president at Howard University, that noble institution for colored people, situated in Washington.

Dr. Rankin wrote many poems, and published a volume of hymns. Among his hymns that have become especially famous is,

Out of my darkness into Thy light,
Out of my weakness into Thy might,
Jesus, I come; Jesus, I come.

The well-known Christian Endeavor hymn, "Keep Your Colors Flying," was written for the Fifth International Christian Endeavor Convention, at Saratoga, where it was first sung. Dr. Rankin was one of the speakers at that convention, and was from the start deeply interested in Christian Endeavor. Writing concerning his famous benediction hymn, he once said: "It has had no sweeter recognition than that given it by its adoption by the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. Long, long, may they sing it!"

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul"

The story of the very favorite and beautiful hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," has often been told, but as it will bear frequent repetition, we venture to tell it once again. Your hymn book will probably tell you that it was written by Charles Wesley in the year 1740, but it will not tell you the circumstances of trouble and danger by which it was wrung out of his heart, a knowledge of which alone will enable one to grasp the full meaning and power of this deathless hymn.

The story runs that Charles Wesley and his brother John were one evening holding an open air meeting on the common. It was during the rise of Methodism in England, and the preachers of the new denomination were frequently assailed by the mob and pelted with stones. In the midst of the services the mob came down on the preachers and dispersed the meeting, compelling the Wesley brothers to flee for their lives. They at first took refuge behind a hedge where they protected themselves as well as they could against the shower of stones rattling around them, and shortly after, in the gathering darkness, found a safe retreat in a certain spring-house. Here they struck a light with flint and tinder, dusted their clothes and bathed their bruises in the water of a spring which there bubbled forth in a refreshing stream. This done, they sat there listening and waiting for a safe time to go to their homes; and while thus at leisure, Charles Wesley pounded a piece of lead into a rude pencil and wrote on a scrap of paper his immortal hymn,

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

If the hymn be read carefully, it will be observed how the circumstances of danger and trial under which it was composed have been, as by a masterly inspiration, woven into its very warp and woof. The angry mob furnished the conception of the "nearer waters," "the tempest," and "the storm." With reference to their having sheltered their

heads behind the hedge, he wrote"

Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

The spring-house and the hedge suggested the line, "Safe into the haven guide," and the cool waters of the spring became a type of Him who is the "Fountain opened in Israel for sin and uncleanness," of whose waters if a man drink he shall never thirst again, and of whom the poet wrote those words which will never cease to be sung until we all drink of the waters of the "River of Life" in Heaven—

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my hear
Rise to all eternity.

This hymn, especially when sung with some knowledge of its his-torical origin, is the prayer of the persecuted believer fleeing to Christ for protection and help. To the true believer the world often appears not only a desert, but a desert swept by a continual storm. It is only in Christ that we find refreshment and safety. "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

A War Incident

A party of Northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman, who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song, had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian heart, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for some

seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with, "Beg pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously; "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed am quite sure, I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was very much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken, you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in hand. The shadows hid me. Your beat led you into the clear light. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then, out upon the night rang the words—

Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made on your camp that night. I felt sure, when I heard you sing this evening, that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said, with much emotion: "I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that He has created came to me with peculiar force. If He so cares for the sparrow, how much more for man created in His own image? And I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. My heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of His goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of

eternity! 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' has been a favorite hymn to me; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

The incident given in the above sketch is a true one, and was related by a lady who was one of the party on the steamer.

Among the interesting stories which show the striking circumstances in which this hymn has given comfort, is this: On the rocky coast of Wales a company on shore were watching a ship going to pieces on the rocks. At last they descried, still clinging to the broken vessel, a single sailor. There was no chance to save him, as no boat could live in the rough sea. They brought a speaking-trumpet, hoping to convey to him some message. They handed it to the old village preacher. He wondered what to say. He thought over his sermons, but could think of only one thing appropriate—but one thing that he dared to utter at such a time. Raising the trumpet to his lips, he shouted, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?" And back came the faint answer, almost drowned by the noise of the winds and waves, "Aye! aye! sir." Then, as they watched and listened, some one exclaimed, "He is singing!" And to their strained ears there came over the waves the murmur of the lines—

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

And it thrilled them as again faintly they heard—

While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh!

Then, fainter still—

Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

Fainter yet came the opening of the next verse—

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!

Then his frail hold on the broken wreck gave way, and the singer dropped into the sea; while on shore they said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

Hymns of Isaac Watts

Nowhere, perhaps, is the feeling of fellowship and communion with all of God's people everywhere so prominent as in the hymns we sing. It has often been remarked that a true hymn must not express what is peculiar to the individual who composes it, nor even to the class or community to which he may chance to belong. It must breathe a broad and truly catholic spirit. It must give expression to feelings or sentiments which are common to all Christians. It must give voice to the conscious faith of the whole church. Such a hymn will live: and if you will look into the matter carefully, you will find, too, that only such do live. A distinctively Methodist hymn, for example, is doomed to an early death. A strongly Presbyterian hymn will never live to be twenty-one years old. But a truly catholic hymn, that is, one that breathes a broad and liberal Christian spirit, and expresses feelings, hopes, fears, confessions, such as are common to all Christian people, will live forever. Charles Wesley wrote "Jesus, lover of my soul," but there is nothing said in it about the peculiar tenets of the Methodist denomination. Sarah Flower Adams wrote "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and she was a Unitarian, but we fail to find any traces of Unitarianism in her beautiful hymn. Denominationalism seems to be very good and proper in the catechism or in the confession of faith, but it seems quite out of place in the hymn book. If there is one point where people of different church relations do meet on common ground, and hold sweet communion and fellowship with one another, it is in the hymn book. All Christian people seem to have vested rights in the songs of Zion, for they have all contributed their portion to the general collection. Here Luther's hymn "A mighty fortress is our God," stands side by side with the beautiful songs of the middle-age monks, as

Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast,

and

Jerusalem, the golden,
With milk and honey blest.

Here the author of "Nearer, my God, to Thee" stands side by side with the author of "I love Thy kingdom, Lord." Here the Baptist sings "Blest be the tie that binds," and the Methodist "All hail the power of Jesus' name." We are different in our ways of worshiping and in our theology, but we hold to the same Bible and use essentially the same hymns of praise.

A very large proportion of our best hymns we owe to the remarkable genius of the Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts. He was born in England, 1674, and was a minister of the Gospel in what was known in those days as the "Independent Church"—a body of believers which arose in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and which was distinguished from Episcopacy on the one hand and Presbytery on the other. From his earliest years he was noted for his piety as well as the remarkable brilliancy of his mind. Like Zaccheus of old, he was a very small man physically, being both short of stature and slender in form. It is related that on one occasion, when he was stopping over night at a hotel, some curious stranger, on ascertaining who the little man was, exclaimed, in a somewhat louder tone than he had intended, "What! is that great Dr. Watts!" It was not designed that this should be overheard; but the little man had very sharp ears, and at once turned toward his critic and replied:

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean in my span,
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind's the measure of the man.

Watts is only one example out of many of the general truth that it hath pleased the good Lord to make use of the weak things of this world to accomplish His wonderful purposes. Like many other great and useful preachers, Watts was very weak physically, being in fact an invalid; and yet he served his church faithfully for a period of fifty years. After preaching he was frequently so much exhausted as to be obliged to go directly to his house and retire at once to bed, having his room closed in darkness and silence. Yet, though physically small

to insignificance, and often sick and weak to utter prostration, he placed the Church of Christ, in all lands and in every age, under lasting obligations for the most excellent hymns which came from his pen. He wrote a great many hymns, of which some, of course, are of inferior merit; but at the same time it is calculated that "more hymns which approach to a very high standard of excellence may be found in his works than in those of any other English writer." Among these may be mentioned,"

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride."

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her king.
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing."

"My soul repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great:
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate."

"Oh God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and He destroy."

Concerning the last example here given, which the reader will recognize as Watts' version of the One Hundredth Psalm, it may be

well to remark that the first stanza is Wesley's, not Watts'. As originally written by Watts, the Psalm read,

"Sing to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let every land His name adore:
The British Isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore."

The second stanza ran—

"Nations attend before His throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy."

The Church in all lands is under lasting obligations to Wesley for having swept all this away, and for substituting in its stead that truly grand and thrilling first verse, "Before Jehovah's awful throne."

The hymn, "There is a land of pure delight," also comes from the pen of Dr. Watts. He was sitting one evening looking out of a window over the river Itchen in Southampton, and in full view of the beautiful Isle of Wight, when he composed it. The scenery which there greets the eye of the beholder, it is said, is indeed a type of that Paradise of which the poet sang. The country beyond the river rises from the margin of the flood, and swells into a boundless prospect, all mantled in the richest verdure of summer, checkered with forest-growth and fruitful fields under the highest cultivation, and gardens and villas, and every adornment which the hand of man, in a series of ages, could create on such susceptible ground.

As the poet looked upon the scenery thus presented to view, he was inspired to sing of the fairer prospect of that blessed and beautiful Canaan which to the eye of the believer, rises beyond the swelling flood of the Jordan of Death, and where—

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews, old Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between.

God Moves in a Mysterious Way

From hymns written by a man who was feeble physically let us pass to those of a man who was feeble mentally. The poet William Cowper was born 1731. He was the son of an English clergyman. From childhood he was shy, nervous, and physically feeble. At the age of eighteen he began the study of law, but did not well succeed. He gradually became melancholy, and made several attempts at suicide. Twenty times he put a bottle containing poison to his lips, but did not drink. Then he attempted to drown himself, and at last he tried hanging himself by a rope at the top of his door; but the rope broke, and other means failing he was forced to live on in spite of himself, for God had work for William Cowper to do. At length his friends placed him in an insane asylum, where after a period of two years he was restored mentally, and saved spiritually. Before his days ended, however, his malady returned, and he died insane.

And yet, to this poor mentally deranged man are we indebted for such masterpieces of hymnology as "God moves in a mysterious way," "There is a fountain filled with blood," and "Oh, for a closer walk with God."

The first of these, strange as it may seem, was composed while the author was under a cloud of temporary insanity. It is related that "when under the influence of the fits of mental derangement to which he was subject, he most unhappily but firmly believed that the divine will was that he should drown himself in a particular part of the river Ouse, some two or three miles from his residence at Olney. One evening he called for a post-chaise from one of the hotels in the town, and ordered the driver to take him to that spot, which he readily undertook to do as he well knew the place. On this occasion, however, several hours were consumed in seeking it, and utterly in vain. The man was at length reluctantly compelled to acknowledge that he had entirely lost the way." Cowper returned to his house, and was so impressed with the strange providence which had frustrated his design

and prevented his rash intention, that he immediately sat down and wrote the hymn so admirably descriptive of God's mysterious providence. Considered by itself, and quite independently of the circumstances in which it was written, this hymn of Cowper's must always rank among the masterpieces of sacred poetry. Grand in conception and chaste in diction, each stanza presenting a new and striking image, and every line forcibly developing the underlying thought of the whole composition, it cannot fail to be regarded as a perfect gem of sacred song. God's planting His footsteps in the sea and riding upon the storm—treasuring up His bright designs deep in unfathomable mines—the dark and dreadful clouds of affliction big with mercy, and ready to break in blessing on the heads of God's people—the hiding of God's smiling face behind a frowning providence—it is not often one finds such exquisitely expressive and brilliant imagery as this woven into the warp and woof of sacred song, and with such consummate skill.

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

We have seen that many of our best hymns were originally suggested by the peculiar circumstances or special experiences of the persons who composed them. This seems to have been the case with the hymn, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah." It was written by the Rev. Dr. William Williams, who was an itinerant Methodist minister in the time of Whitefield during the eighteenth century. He was born in the year 1717 in Wales, was well educated, became a poet of no little celebrity, studied medicine, was converted during the Methodist movement then prevailing, and at length devoted himself to the work of the ministry. He labored diligently for over half a century in the service of the Master, traveling on an average nearly twenty-five hundred miles a year for more than forty years. His numerous and extended journeys were generally made either on foot or on horseback, for in those days there were no railroads, and in the country in which he labored there were few stagecoaches. There can be little doubt that his long and solitary journeys among the hills and over the moors, where he frequently lost his way and was forced to spend the night, in cold and hunger, under the open sky, suggested that ever beautiful song of the Christian pilgrim—

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of Heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

This may well be called the prayer of the Christian pilgrim. God's children in every age are "strangers and pilgrims." They are aliens in the world. They seek a country which lieth afar, and a "city whose builder and maker is God." They often lose their way, and fall into many misfortunes on their journey, and well may they daily pray and sing, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!"

It may be here well worthy of remark that this hymn is usually sung to the good old tune of "Autumn," and that this was the tune played by the heroic band of musicians standing in water up to their waists on the deck of the ill-fated steamer, "The Titanic," as she was sinking to her grave in the ocean, Sunday night, April 14-15, 1912, carrying with her 1635 men, women and children. What a pathetic appeal was not that playing of "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah"—a prayerful petition to the great and almighty God who "holds the winds in His fist, and the seas in the hollow of His hand."

An additional very significant incident in connection with this greatest of all marine disasters may here be very appropriately recorded. The incident is narrated in several newspapers of Philadelphia, by Mr. Laurence Beasley, of New York City, a survivor. Mr. Beasley says:

"One incident has occurred to me during the week that has elapsed since we landed in New York, that may be of interest especially to those who had friends on board. Among the passengers were the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Carter, who were on their way to Canada. Mr. Carter was instrumental in arranging on the Sunday evening, a few hours before we struck, what he called 'a hymn sing-song.'

"There was no evening service, and he invited to the saloon such passengers as cared to come to sing hymns. Anyone was allowed to choose a hymn, and as many were present and were thoroughly enjoying the quite informal gathering, the singing went on to a quite late hour.

"Mr. Carter was apparently well acquainted with the history of many of the hymns, their authors, where they were written and in what circumstances, and he interested all present with his remarks on each hymn before it was sung. I recollect that many chose hymns dealing with safety at sea. 'For those in peril on the sea' was sung by all with no hint of the peril that lay but a very few miles ahead.

"Mr. Carter closed with a few words of thanks to the Purser for

allowing him to use the saloon, made a few remarks as to the happy voyage we had had on a maiden trip and the safety there was in this vessel, and then the meeting closed with an impromptu prayer by him. This cannot have been more than two hours before the Titanic struck. My motive in mentioning this is that some of those who have lost relatives may like to know that their friends must have been helped and cheered at the last by the words they had sung but a short time before; the sound of singing voices must have been still a conscious one to many as they stood on the deck faced with the 'Peril on the Sea.'"

Home Sweet Home

What strange contradictions, what veritable ironies there are in this mysterious life of ours. Here is the hymn or song—call it what you please—"Home, Sweet Home." The author was John Howard Payne, an American dramatist and actor, born in New York, 1792, died at Tunis, Africa, 1852. He had no home of his own and died in a foreign land, being U. S. Consul to Tunis. There his body was buried and for many long years lay in a grave unmarked by a tombstone. "How often," said he, "have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin or London or some other city, and heard persons playing or singing 'Home, Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy the next meal or a place to lay my head. The world has sung my song till every heart is familiar with its melody, yet I have been a poor wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me from office, and in old age I have to submit to humiliation for my daily bread." And yet, before he died he had one high and memorable tribute paid to him, as the following will show:

The First Singing of "Home, Sweet Home"

Perhaps the most thrilling quarter of an hour of John Howard Payne's life was that when Jenny Lind sang "Home, Sweet Home" to him. The occasion was the Jenny Lind concert in Washington, the night of December 17, 1850. The assembly was, perhaps, the most distinguished ever seen in this country. The immense National Hall, hastily constructed for the occasion on the ruins of the burned National Theatre, was filled to overflowing. Among the notables present and occupying front seats were President Fillmore, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, General Scott and John Howard Payne.

Jenny Lind opened with the "Casta Diva," and followed with the "Flute Song" (in which her voice contested rivalry for purity and sweetness with a flute in the duet), then the famous "Bird Song" and next on her programme the "Greeting to America." All the selections

were applauded apparently to the full capacity of an enthusiastic audience and Mr. Webster, who was in his most genial after-dinner mood, emphasized the plaudit by rising from his seat and making Jenny a profound bow, as if responding for the country to her "Greeting." But when the "Swedish Nightingale" answered the encore by turning in the direction of John Howard Payne and giving "Home, Sweet Home," with all the wonderful tenderness, purity and simplicity fitting both the words and the air of the immortal song, the difference was at once seen between the mechanical applause called out by a display of fine vocalization and that elicited by the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." Before the first line of the song was completed, the audience was fairly off its feet and could scarcely wait for a pause to give expression to its enthusiasm. People ordinarily of the undemonstrative sort clapped, stamped and shouted as if they were mad, and it seemed as if there would be no end to the uproar. Meantime all eyes were turned upon Payne, a small-sized, elegantly-molded, gray-haired gentleman, who blushed violently at finding himself the center of so many glances.

Nearer Home

Writer: Phoebe Cary

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er.
I am nearer home to-day,
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through shades of night,
Is the silent unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm,
Closer death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet,
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be that I'm nearer home,
Even to-day than I think.

Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of living faith.

—Phoebe Cary.

Phoebe Cary wrote this beautiful lyric, which will probably outlive all her other poems, when she was only a girl, seventeen years of age. It was on the Sabbath. She had attended church in the morning, and on coming home to a friend's house, her heart stirred with emotion by the services in which she had but just taken part, she retired to her room and wrote this hymn. Metrical versions have been made by many compilers, and the poem is now found in nearly all the hymn books of the English tongue.

After both she and her hymn had become famous, this friend wrote to her, inquiring about the hymn and its story. In answering her friend's letter she says: "I enclose the hymn for you. It was written eighteen years ago (1842) in your own house. I composed it in the little back third-story bedroom, one Sunday morning, after coming from church; and it makes me very happy to think that any word I could say has done any good in the world."

Dr. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, relates a very beautiful and interesting incident connected with the singing of this hymn. Dr. Conwell was traveling in China and had occasion one day to enter a gambling house in a Chinese city. Among those present were two Americans, one a young man and the other older. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the elder one giving utterance continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of liquor, had just begun, and the young man sat lazily back in his chair while his companion shuffled the cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards, and the young man, looking carelessly about the room, began to hum a tune and finally to sing, in a low tone and quite unconsciously, this hymn—

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I am nearer home to-day,
Than I ever have been before.

But while the young man sang, his more mature and more depraved companion stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment, and then, throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed—

"Harry, where did you learn that tune?"

"What tune?"

"Why, the one you have been singing."

The young man said he did not know what he had been singing.

The other repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the younger man said he had learned them in a Sunday-school in America.

"Come," said the elder gambler, getting up; "come, Harry; here's what I have won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business."

This story gave the greatest happiness to Miss Cary when she heard it. After her death, Dr. Conwell received a letter from the older man referred to in the story, in which he declared that he had become a "hard-working Christian," and that "Harry" had utterly renounced gambling and kindred vices.

Miss Cary did not set a very high value upon this poem when it was written, and was surprised in later years to find that it outran in popularity other poems to whose composition she had given much more thought and time. It doubtless owes its universal success to the fact that it was born out of her own heart experience, and because of that has touched the hearts of readers everywhere.

Phoebe Cary died at the age of forty-seven, and found at the last that the prayer of the closing verse of her hymn was answered—

Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of living faith.

"I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old"

Writer: Jemima Thompson

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold:
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home:
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Many years ago in the year 1841 to be precise, a young school teacher, 28 years of age was teaching a class of tiny children attending the local Infants' School, Grays Inn Road, London. Her name was Miss Jemima Thompson, and she had made what was at that time a very costly journey to London in order to improve herself at her profession and obtain any new ideas to take back with her.

An alert woman with religious turn of mind, she had a great love

for music and some of her time was consequently devoted to teaching marching songs to the younger ones which naturally were greatly appreciated by them (how many children don't like marching to music?)

One day she came across a Greek tune which particularly fascinated her. It had a most unusual rhythm. As both teachers and scholars loved it so much, she decided that it would make a wonderful tune for a children's hymn if suitable words could be found. This however was rather unlikely, in view of its strange and irregular beat.

The answer came to her one day in rather unusual circumstances. Shortly after her training period in London had ended, she was invited to attend some missionary meeting at a little town called Wellington. It was about an hour's journey from her own little village —where she had been engaged as a teacher in the local children's school.

In those days, of course, the main form of road transport was by stagecoach, a most pleasing method on a beautiful Spring morning, especially when no other passenger was in the coach, and one could be alone with one's thoughts.

Her spirits were high, and as often occurs with people who love music, she started singing, and suddenly realised that the tune was none other than the old Greek marching song she had picked up in London.

It was as though some strange power had come over her, for taking a piece of paper from her pocket, she scribbled down in pencil two verses of one of the most wonderful hymns ever composed for children—an immortal. It was her intention to use the words solely for the benefit of her own children in the village school. Later, under pressure of many requests, she wrote a third verse of a missionary character, so that the hymn eventually found its way abroad, where it has flourished ever since.

Probably this wonderful hymn would have remained practically unknown had it not been for the efforts of Mr. Thompson, her father, who at that time was the Superintendent of the village Sunday School.

It was his custom each Sunday to let the children choose the first hymn of the Service themselves. One day, however, much to his surprise, they all clamoured for the one "teacher has taught us."

Although the tune and words were completely unknown to him, he gave them their wish and was so impressed by the result that he made it his business to obtain a copy right away. This he sent on to the "Sunday School Teachers' Magazine," and it is safe to assume that but for this action it would never have appeared in print.

This hymn was a perfect example of inspiration being delivered to a person on the spur of the moment. In her own words "it was a little inspiration from above," she said, and "not in me."

It seems strange indeed that this talented young woman, who at the early age of 13 had articles published in the Juvenile Magazine, never composed another hymn. Although she had many contributions published these must have been the result of hard work—the hymn, the result of a touch of genius.

"Master, the Tempest is Raging"

Writer: Miss Mary A. Baker

Master, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is overshadowed with blackness
No shelter or help is nigh:
"Carest Thou not that we perish?"—
How canst Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threatening
A grave in the angry deep?

"The winds and the waves shall obey My will,
Peace … be still! …
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,
No water can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies:
They all shall sweetly obey My will; Peace,
Peace, be still!"

Master, with anguish of spirit
I bow in my grief to-day;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled;
Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
And I perish! dear Master:
Oh, hasten, and take control.

Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast;
Linger, O blessed Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbour,

And rest on the blissful shore.

We have to thank the combination of effort of two people for this very popular hymn—the actual composer Miss Mary A. Baker, and the driving force behind the scenes—a Dr. H. R. Palmer. The latter was largely instrumental in persuading Miss Baker to rally round the Christian cause again at a time when a certain tragic event threatened to turn her completely away from her faith.

Miss Baker was a mid-West American, born at Chicago, Illinois, and brought up from childhood as a Baptist. In her youth she was a great temperance worker, openly and fervently expressing her views on the evils of strong drink, and eventually composing a number of hymns on the subject.

About this time, her brother, to whom she was closely attached, was stricken by serious illness, and was advised by his doctors to take a few months holiday in the Southern States where it was hoped the gentler, warmer climate would restore him to health and vigour. Unfortunately their prediction proved to be wrong. Her brother's condition rapidly deteriorated, and after a few days of agony and pain he passed away.

Miss Baker was temporarily stunned by the severe shock of it all. Her reaction was a complete surprise to all her associates, although perhaps understandable at the time. She turned away from the beliefs and faith of her youth. Her whole attitude was cynical and rebellious towards the God she had previously worshipped and adored. It was hard for her to associate God's love and care with the painful death of her brother, and it seemed at this stage that Christianity would lose one of its staunchest supporters. However, this was not to be as we shall soon see.

A certain Dr. H. R. Palmer—composer of many of Sanky & Moody's hymn tunes and writer of the famous hymn "Yield not to temptation" was engaged at this time in writing hymns for a series of Sunday School lessons. One of the themes involved was Christ stilling the storm, and he asked Miss Baker to contribute something towards his work. This theme suited her mood at the time and she embodied in the beautiful hymn "Master the tempest is raging," both the theme of the lesson and her own sad and bitter experiences.

The hymn was an immediate success and after Dr. Palmer had

composed the music became a great favourite all over the Christian world. Altogether a great triumph for the forces of good.

"Sweet Hour of Prayer, Sweet Hour of Prayer"

This much-loved hymn appeared in an English hymn-book of 1849. It was written by Rev. Mr. Walford, a blind preacher, who was supposed to have first composed it about 1846. The tune, "Sweet hour," to which it has become closely wedded, was written for it by William Bradbury. As originally printed, it had four verses, of which the following was the second. As it is generally omitted we insert it herewith:—

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desire for thy return,
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Saviour, shows his face.
And gladly take my station there,
To wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

The Star-Spangled Banner

"Poetry and music," says Sir John Lubbock, "unite in song. From the earliest ages song has been the sweet companion of labor. The rude chant of the boatman floats upon the water, the shepherd sings upon the hill, the milkmaid in the dairy, the plowman in the field. Every trade, every occupation, every act and scene of life, has long had its own especial music. The bride went to her marriage, the laborer to his work, the old man to his last long rest, each with appropriate and immemorial music."

It is strange that Lubbock did not mention specifically the power of music in inspiring the soldier as he marches to the defense of his country, or in arousing the spirit of patriotism and kindling the love of country, whether in peace or war, in every bosom. "Let me make the songs of a country," Fletcher of Saltoun has well said, "and I care not who makes its laws."

Not to know the words and the air of the national anthem or chief patriotic songs of one's country is considered little less than a disgrace. To know something of their authors and the occasion which inspired them, or the conditions under which they were composed, gives additional interest to the songs themselves.

Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-spangled Banner," one of the, if not the most, popular of our national songs, was born in Frederick County, Maryland, on August 1, 1779. He was the son of John Ross Key, an officer in the Revolutionary army.

Young Key's early education was carried on under the direction of his father. Later he became a student in St. John's College, from which institution he was graduated in his nineteenth year. Immediately after his graduation he began to study law under his uncle, Philip Barton Key, one of the ablest lawyers of his time. He was admitted to the bar in 1801, and commenced to practice in Fredericktown, Maryland, where he won the reputation of an eloquent advocate. After a few years' practice in Fredericktown, he removed to

Washington, where he was appointed district attorney for the District of Columbia.

Young Key was as widely known and admired as a writer of hymns and ballads as he was as a lawyer of promise. But the production of the popular national anthem which crowned him with immortality has so overshadowed the rest of his life work that we remember him only as its author.

The occasion which inspired "The Star-spangled Banner" must always be memorable in the annals of our country. The war with the British had been about two years in progress, when, in August, 1814, a British fleet arrived in the Chesapeake, and an army under General Ross landed about forty miles from the city of Washington.

The army took possession of Washington, burnt the capitol, the President's residence, and other public buildings, and then sailed around by the sea to attack Baltimore. The fleet was to bombard Fort McHenry, while the land forces were to attack the city.

The commanding officers of the fleet and land army, Admiral Cockburn and General Ross, made their headquarters in Upper Marlboro, Maryland, at the house of Dr. William Beanes, whom they held as their prisoner.

Francis Scott Key, who was a warm friend of Dr. Beanes, went to President Madison in order to enlist his aid in securing the release of Beanes. The president furnished Key with a vessel, and instructed John L. Skinner, agent for the exchange of prisoners, to accompany him under a flag of truce to the British fleet.

The British commander agreed to release Dr. Beanes, but would not permit Key and his party to return then, lest they should carry back important information to the American side. He boastingly declared, however, that the defense could hold out only a few hours, and that Baltimore would then be in the hands of the British.

Skinner and Key were sent on board the *Surprise*, which was under the command of Admiral Cockburn's son. But after a short time they were allowed to return to their own vessel, and from its deck they saw the American flag waving over Fort McHenry and witnessed the bombardment.

All through the night the furious attack of the British continued. The roar of cannon and the bursting of shells was incessant. It is said

that as many as fifteen hundred shells were hurled at the fort.

Shortly before daybreak the firing ceased. Key and his companions waited in painful suspense to know the result. In the intense silence that followed the cannonading, each one asked himself if the flag of his country was still waving on high, or if it had been hauled down to give place to that of England. They strained their eyes in the direction of Baltimore, but the darkness revealed nothing.

At last day dawned, and to their delight the little party saw the American flag still floating over Fort McHenry. Keys heart was stirred to its depths, and in a glow of patriotic enthusiasm he immediately wrote down a rough draft of "The Star-spangled Banner."

On his arrival in Baltimore he perfected the first copy of the song, and gave it to Captain Benjamin Eades, of the 27th Baltimore Regiment, saying that he wished it to be sung to the air of "Anacreon in Heaven." Eades had it put in type, and took the first proof to a famous old tavern near the Holliday Street Theater, a favorite resort of actors and literary people of that day. The verses were read to the company assembled there, and Frederick Durang, an actor, was asked to sing them to the air designated by the author. Durang, mounting a chair, sang as requested. The song was enthusiastically received. From that moment it became the great popular favorite that it has ever since been, and that it will continue to be as long as the American republic exists.

Key died in Baltimore on January 11, 1843. A monument was erected to his memory by the munificence of James Lick, a Californian millionaire. The sculptor to whom the work was intrusted was the celebrated W. W. Story, who completed it in 1887. The monument, which is fifty-one feet high, stands in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. It is built of travertine, in the form of a double arch, under which a bronze statue of Key is seated. A bronze figure, representing America with an unfolded flag, supports the arch.

On the occasion of the unveiling of this statue, the New York Home Journal contained an appreciative criticism of Key as a poet, and the following estimate of his greatest production.

"The poetry of the 'Star-spangled Banner' has touches of delicacy for which one looks in vain in most national odes, and is as near a true poem as any national ode ever was. The picture of the 'dawn's

early light' and the tricolor, half concealed, half disclosed, amid the mists that wreathed the battle-sounding Patapsco, is a true poetic concept.

"The 'Star-spangled Banner' has the peculiar merit of not being a tocsin song, like the 'Marseillaise.' Indeed, there is not a restful, soothing, or even humane sentiment in all that stormy shout. It is the scream of oppressed humanity against its oppressor, presaging a more than *quid pro quo*; and it fitly prefigured the sight of that long file of tumbrils bearing to the Place de la Revolution the fairest scions of French aristocracy. On the other hand, 'God Save the King,' in its original, has one or two lines as grotesque as 'Yankee Doodle' itself; yet we have paraphrased it in 'America,' and made it a hymn meet for all our churches. But the 'Star-spangled Banner' combines dignity and beauty, and it would be hard to find a line of it that could be improved upon."

Over the simple grave of Francis Scott Key, in Frederick, Maryland, there is no other monument than the "star-spangled banner." In storm and in sunshine, in summer and in winter, its folds ever float over the resting place of the man who has immortalized it in verse. No other memorial could so fitly commemorate the life and death of this simple, dignified, patriotic American.

"A sweet, noble life," says a recent writer, "was that of the author of our favorite national hymn—a life of ideal refinement, piety, scholarly gentleness. Little did he think that his voice would be the storm song, the victor shout, of conquering America to resound down and down the ages!"

The Star-spangled Banner

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the rampart we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
Tis the star-spangled banner! oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of death and the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that has made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

America

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith!
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, "My Country of Thee."

In these lines of his famous Reunion Poem, "The Boys," Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes commemorated his old friend and collegemate, Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, author of "America."

Samuel Francis Smith was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on October 21, 1808. He attended the Latin School in his native city, and it is said that when only twelve years old he could "talk Latin." He entered Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1825, and graduated in the famous class of 1829, of which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Freeman Clarke, William E. Channing, and other celebrated Americans were members.

Dr. Smith, like so many other noted men, "worked his way through college." He did this principally by coaching other students, and by making translations from the German "Conversations Lexicon" for the "American Cyclopedia."

After graduating from Harvard, he immediately entered Andover Theological Seminary. Three years later, in 1832, he wrote, among others, his most famous hymn, "America," of which the "National Cyclopedia of American Biography" says, "It has found its way wherever an American heart beats or the English language is spoken, and has probably proved useful in stirring the patriotic spirit of the American people."

Dr. Smith himself often said that he had heard "America" sung "halfway round the world, under the earth in the caverns of Manitou, Colorado, and almost above the earth near the top of Pike's Peak."

The hymn, as every child knows, is sung to the air of the national anthem of England—"God Save the King." The author came upon it in a book of German music, and by it was inspired to write the words

of "America," a work which he accomplished in half an hour. Many years after, referring to its impromptu composition, he wrote: "If I had anticipated the future of it, doubtless I should have taken more pains with it. Such as it is, I am glad to have contributed this mite to the cause of American freedom."

In a magazine article, written several years ago, Mr. Herbert Heywood gave an interesting account of an interview with Dr. Smith, who told him the story of the writing of the hymn himself.

"'I wrote *America*,' he said, 'when I was a theological student at Andover, during my last year there. In February, 1832, I was poring over a German book of patriotic songs which Lowell Mason, of Boston, had sent me to translate, when I came upon one with a tune of great majesty. I hummed it over, and was struck with the ease with which the accompanying German words fell into the music. I saw it was a patriotic song, and while I was thinking of translating it, I felt an impulse to write an American patriotic hymn. I reached my hand for a bit of waste paper, and, taking my quill pen, wrote the four verses in half an hour. I sent it with some translations of the German songs to Lowell Mason, and the next thing I knew of it I was told it had been sung by the Sunday-school children at Park Street Church, Boston, at the following Fourth of July celebration. The house where I was living at the time was on the Andover turnpike, a little north of the seminary building. I have been in the house since I left it in September, 1832, but never went into my old room.'" This room is now visited by patriotic Americans from every part of the country.

Two years after "America" was written, Dr. Smith became pastor of the First Baptist Church in Waterville, Maine, and also professor of modern languages in Waterville College, which is now known as Colby University. His great industry and zeal, both as a clergyman and student and teacher of languages, enabled him to perform the duties of both positions successfully. He was a noted linguist, and could read books in fifteen different languages. He could converse in most of the modern European tongues, and at eighty-six was engaged in studying Russian.

In 1842 Dr. Smith was made pastor of the First Baptist Church, Newton Center, Massachusetts, where he made his home for the rest of his life.

"When he died, in November, 1895," says Mr. Heywood, "he was living in the old brown framehouse at Newton Center, Massachusetts, which had been his home for over fifty years. It stood back from the street, on the brow of a hill sloping gently to a valley on the north. Pine trees were in the front and rear, and the sun, from his rising to his setting, smiled upon that abode of simple greatness. The house was faded and worn by wind and weather, and was in perfect harmony with its surroundings—the brown grass sod that peeped from under the snow, the dull-colored, leafless elms, and the gray, worn stone steps leading up from the street.

"An air of gentle refinement pervaded the interior, and every room spoke of its inmate. But perhaps the library was best loved of all by Dr. Smith, for here it was that his work went on. Here, beside a sunny bay window, stood his work table, and his high-backed, old-fashioned chair, with black, rounded arms. All about the room were ranged his bookcases, and an old, tall clock marked the flight of time that was so kind to the old man. His figure was short, his shoulders slightly bowed, and around his full, ruddy face, that beamed with kindness, was a fringe of white hair and beard."

Dr. Smith resigned his pastorate of the Newton church in 1854, and became editorial secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union. In 1875 he went abroad for the first time, and spent a year in European travel. Five years later he went to India and the Burmese empire. During his travels he visited Christian missionary stations in France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Turkey, Greece, Sweden, Denmark, Burmah, India, and Ceylon.

The latter years of his life were devoted almost entirely to literary work. He wrote numerous poems which were published in magazines and newspapers, but never collected in book form. His hymns, numbering over one hundred, are sung by various Christian denominations. "The Morning Light is Breaking" is a popular favorite. Among his other published works are "Missionary Sketches," "Rambles in Mission Fields," a "History of Newton," and a "Life of Rev. Joseph Grafton." Besides his original hymns, he translated many from other languages, and wrote numerous magazine articles and sketches during his long and busy life.

Dr. Smith's vitality and enthusiasm remained with him to the last.

A great-grandfather when he died in his eighty-seventh year, he was an inspiration to the younger generations growing up around him. He was at work almost to the moment of his death, and still actively planning for the future.

His great national hymn, if he had left nothing else, will keep his memory green forever in the hearts of his countrymen. It is even more popular to-day, after seventy-one years have elapsed, than it was when first sung in Park Street Church by the Sunday-school children of Boston. Its patriotic ring, rather than its literary merit, renders it sweet to the ear of every American. Wherever it is sung, the feeble treble of age will join as enthusiastically as the joyous note of youth in rendering the inspiring strains of:

America

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,—
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light—
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

The Battle Hymn of the Republic

"No single influence," says United States Senator George F. Hoar of Massachusetts, "has had so much to do with shaping the destiny of a nation—as nothing more surely expresses national character—than what is known as the national anthem."

There is some difference of opinion as to which of our patriotic hymns or songs is distinctively the national anthem of America. Senator Hoar seems to have made up his mind in favor of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Writing of its author, Julia Ward Howe, in 1903, he said: "We waited eighty years for our American national anthem. At last God inspired an illustrious and noble woman to utter in undying verse the thought which we hope is forever to animate the soldier of the republic:—

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is as widely known for her learning and literary and poetic achievements as she is for her work as a philanthropist and reformer.

She was born in New York City, in a stately mansion near the Bowling Green, on May 27, 1819. From her birth she was fortunate in possessing the advantages that wealth and high social position bestow. Her father, Samuel Ward, the descendant of an old colonial family, was a member of a leading banking firm of New York. Her mother, Julia Cutter Ward, was a most charming and accomplished woman. She died very young, however, while her little daughter Julia was still a child. Mr. Ward was a man of advanced ideas, and was determined that his daughters should have, as far as possible, the same educational advantages as his sons.

Of course, in those early days there were no separate colleges for women, and they would not be admitted to men's colleges. It was

impossible for Mr. Ward to overcome these difficulties wholly, but he did the next best thing he could for his girls. He, engaged as their tutor the learned Dr. Joseph Green Cogswell, and instructed him to put them through the full curriculum of Harvard College.

On her entrance into society the "little Miss Ward," as Julia had been called from her childhood, at once became a leader of the cultured and fashionable circle in which she moved. In her father's home she met the most distinguished American men of letters of that time. The liberal education which she had received made the young girl feel perfectly at her ease in such society. In addition to other accomplishments, she was mistress of several ancient and modern languages, and a musical amateur of great promise.

In 1843 Miss Ward was married to Dr. Samuel G. Howe director of the Institute for the Blind in South Boston, Massachusetts. Immediately after their marriage Dr. and Mrs. Howe went to Europe, where they traveled for some time. The home which they established in Boston on their return became a center for the refined and literary society of Boston and its environment. Mrs. Howe's grace, learning, and accomplishments made her a charming hostess and fit mistress of such a home.

Her literary talent was developed at a very early age. One of her friends has humorously said that "Mrs. Howe wrote leading articles from her cradle." However this may be, it is undoubtedly true that at seventeen she contributed valuable articles to a leading New York magazine. In 1854 she published her first volume of poems, "Passion Flowers." Other volumes, including collections of her later poems, books of travel, and a biography of Margaret Fuller, were afterward published. For more than half a century she has been a constant contributor to the leading magazines of the country.

Since 1869 Mrs. Howe has been a leader in the movement for woman's suffrage, and both by lecturing and writing has supported every effort put forth for the educational and general advancement of her sex.

Although in her eightieth year when the writer conversed with her a few years ago, Mrs. Howe was then full of youthful enthusiasm, and her interest in the great movements of the world was as keen as ever. Age had in no way lessened her intellectual vigor. Surrounded

by her children and grandchildren, and one great-grandchild, she recently celebrated her eighty-fourth birthday.

The story of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" has been left to the last, not because it is the least important, but, on the contrary, because it is one of the most important works of her life. Certain it is that the "Battle Hymn" will live and thrill the hearts of Americans centuries after its author has passed on to the other life.

The hymn was written in Washington, in November, 1861, the first year of our Civil War. Dr. and Mrs. Howe were visiting friends in that city. During their stay, they went one day with a party to see a review of Union troops. The review, however, was interrupted by a movement of the Confederate forces which were besieging the city. On their return, the carriage in which Mrs. Howe and her friends were seated was surrounded by soldiers. Stirred by the scene and the occasion, she began to sing "John Brown," to the delight of the soldiers, who heartily joined in the refrain.

At the close of the song Mrs. Howe expressed to her friends the strong desire she felt to write some words which might be sung to this stirring tune. But she added that she feared she would never be able to do so.

"That night," says her daughter, Maude Howe Eliot, "she went to sleep full of thoughts of battle, and awoke before dawn the next morning to find the desired verses immediately present to her mind. She sprang from her bed, and in the dim gray light found a pen and paper, whereon she wrote, scarcely seeing them, the lines of the poem. Returning to her couch, she was soon asleep, but not until she had said to herself, 'I like this better than anything I have ever written before.'"

The Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
Oh I be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Conclusion

In conclusion—it is well worthy of our thankful observation that the hymns of Christendom present an array of piety and scholarship truly admirable. They were written by some of the wisest and best men that ever lived; by writers of the highest literary qualification, by theologians of the profoundest ability, by College presidents and by University graduates. In the olden time God required of the Jews that they should bring only "beaten oil" for the light of His sanctuary and He still cares that the best talent and the most unquestioned piety should be employed in His Church, while at the same time He has not failed to set the seal of His approval to the fervid tributes of song offered by some who were ignorant and illiterate in the things of man but wise in the things of God. For it must be conceded by every thoughtful and reverent person, that the hymns of the Church, whether written by men of culture or by men of no education, have ever been under the direction of divine providence. As some one has said —"Men may discuss the nature and the scope of the inspiration of the scriptures, but of the inspiration of the hymn book I, for one, am fully persuaded. Here, surely, as well as in the scriptures, 'Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.'"

But, how strange it seems that of all the exquisite hymns known and loved by the Church of the present day, not one was known to the Church of the first century of the Christian era. Even St. Paul never heard nor used any of our hymns. Not even the long-meter doxology was sung in his day. In the Philippian jail "at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises to God," and it is a matter of regret that "Jesus, lover of my soul" was not known to them—it would have been so strangely fitting.

Moreover, unknown as all of our hymns were to the early Church, equally unknown will they be to the Church in Heaven. They are our Pilgrim songs in our journey through the wilderness of this world, but not one of them will serve when we have at last crossed the Jordan

and have laid the pilgrim's staff aside forever.

The hymn that will there be sung—"the shout of them that triumph, and the song of them that feast"—will be a song that has never yet been written, at least by mortal man. As is said in the Book of Revelation, it will be "A New Song" that the redeemed will sing.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll—

that will no longer do; for there the raging billows will no longer roll, in that blessed haven of eternal rest. And—

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me—

this will no longer serve in that land where the cross will be forever exchanged for the crown of everlasting rejoicing. Nor will it fare any better with—

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near—

for "There will be no night there." No, no. It will be a new song the redeemed will sing, and it will be "written in heaven." "And no man could learn that song but they that are redeemed."

"And I heard as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying—Alleluiah: for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

Amen!

Introduction to Opera

From *Operas Every Child Should Know*

Introduction

Opera is the most superficial thing in the world, even if it appears the most beautiful to the senses, if not to the intelligence. We go to opera not specially to understand the story, but to hear music and to see beautiful scenic effects. It is necessary, however, to know enough of the story to appreciate the cause of the movement upon the stage, and without some acquaintance of it beforehand one gets but a very imperfect knowledge of an opera story from hearing it once.

A very great deal is said of music-motif and music-illustration, and it has been demonstrated again and again that this is largely the effort of the ultra-artistic to discover what is not there. At best, music is a "concord of sweet sounds"—heroic, tender, exciting, etc.; but the elemental passions and emotions are almost all it can define, or even suggest. Certain music is called "characteristic"—anvil choruses, for example, where hammers or triangles or tin whistles are used, but that is not music in its best estate, and musical purpose is best understood after a composer has labelled it, whether the ultra-artistic are ready to admit it or not.

The opera is never more enjoyed than by a music lover who is incapable of criticism from lack of musical knowledge: music being first and last an emotional art; and as our emotions are refined it requires compositions of a more and more elevated character to appeal to them. Thus, we range from the bathos and vulgarity of the music hall to the glories of grand opera!

The history of opera should be known and composers classified, just as it is desirable to know and to classify authors, painters, sculptors, and actors.

Music is first of all something to be felt, and it is one of the arts which does not always explain itself.

Haensel and Gretel

Part I

Long ago, in half-forgotten days, a little hut stood at the edge of a great forest. It was rather a meek, shamefaced little hut, for the forest was great and beautiful, and the hut was small and ugly. Still, it had a glowing fireplace inside, and a brick chimney on top, and it was somebody's home, which—after all—is the principal thing.

A broom-maker named Peter lived there with his wife Gertrude and their two children, Haensel and Gretel. The broom-maker was poor, oh, very, very poor, and that is why his home was not beautiful to see. But he was an honest, upright man who loved his family, and had he been able, I am sure, he would have housed them in a marble palace. Unfortunately, however, the broom-making business had been unusually poor that year.

Indeed, on the very day that our story begins, Peter and his wife were both away from home in quest of work, and only Haensel and Gretel were to be seen inside the hut.

Lest you should not know, it might be well to mention that Haensel was the boy. He was busily engaged—or, at least, he was supposed to be—in making brooms, while Gretel, the girl, had her knitting in hand. But it was extremely difficult to keep their thoughts or their eyes, either, upon such stupid work. Each breeze that blew in through the open window brought an invitation from the fascinatingly sunlit grassy spot before the door. Even the trees in the forest beyond beckoned to them with their tall branches.

Besides, there was another cause for rebellion on that particular afternoon. To tell the truth, the children were hungry. Moreover, since there seemed to be absolutely nothing in the house to eat, it was quite likely that they would remain hungry, which was the worst part of all.

Haensel, after the manner of boys, threw his work into the farthest corner of the room and fairly shouted:

"I just wish Mother would come home! I'm hungry, that's what I

am. For a week I've eaten nothing but bread, and little of that. Oh, Gret, it would be such a treat if we had something good to eat!"

Now Gretel, as it happened, was every bit as hungry as he, but, after the manner of girls, she sought to comfort him.

"Don't be an old crosspatch," she said. "If you'll stop complaining, I'll tell you a secret. But you must smile first!"

Haensel smiled.

She went on:

"Do you see that jug over there on the table? Well—it's full of milk. Somebody left it here. And if you're good, Mother will stew rice in it when she comes home."

Haensel had heard such stories before.

"Don't believe it," said he. "It's too good to be true."

Nevertheless he went to see. And when his eyes assured him that what was in the jug really looked like milk, he was overcome with the temptation to find out whether it tasted like milk, also. First he gave a sly glance at Gretel and then down went his forefinger into the jug!

"Haensel! aren't you ashamed, you greedy boy? Out with your finger!" For Gretel had caught him in the act.

"Get back to your work in a hurry, for you know if Mother comes before we've finished, there'll be trouble."

Haensel, however, was not inclined toward work that afternoon. In fact, he was in a very rebellious mood, altogether.

"Don't let's work," suggested he. "Let's dance."

Now you must remember that Gretel was only a little girl with twinkling feet that loved to dance and a merry voice that loved to sing. So do not judge her too harshly, even though she quickly dropped her tiresome knitting.

Their wooden shoes—for they were the style in those days—clattered over the board floor; they clapped their hands, their childish voices rang out, and they had, all in all, a most beautiful time. They forgot their empty stomachs; they forgot their aching fingers. Gretel, who was clever in such things, taught Haensel some new steps. And he, less awkward than usual, learned them so quickly that Gretel praised him for his aptness. Her words made him as proud as a peacock. He seized her hands in both of his own. Round and round they whirled, faster and faster, until suddenly, losing their balance, they

fell, laughing loudly, in one heap on the floor.

And then—the door opened.

"Gracious goodness!" they cried. "It's Mother!" And up they jumped in double-quick time.

Yes, it was Mother, and an angry Mother at that.

"What does this mean?" she exclaimed, "all the noise and clatter? Where is your work, you good-for-nothing children?"

The children, half penitent, wholly frightened, looked at each other. Haensel blamed Gretel, Gretel blamed Haensel.

The Mother blamed them both. She scolded, she raged, she brandished a stick, and I confess I am afraid to think of what her anger might have led her to do next. But just at that moment, in her excitement, she gave the milk jug a push, and down it went, breaking into a thousand pieces, with the precious milk running in little streams all over the floor. That was the last straw! What was there left to be cooked for supper?

The furious woman snatched a basket from a nail on the wall. She thrust it into Gretel's hand.

"Off with you both to the wood!" she cried, "And hurry up, too! Pick strawberries for supper! If the basket isn't full, you'll get a whipping. Yes, that's what you'll get." She shook her fist to make the admonition more impressive.

Scarcely had they gone, however, when the woman, completely exhausted, sat down by the table and began to weep and moan. You see, she was really not an ill-natured woman at all. Poverty had embittered her, and the mere thought that her children might be starving, caused her to lose entire control of her feelings. It had been a long, wearisome, and disappointing day, and now, even at its end, her own irritability had caused another calamity. Angry with herself, the world, and everything, she rested her head on her arms and sobbed herself to sleep.

Do you know the old verse, "It is always darkest just before dawn"? Now, if the mother had been patient only a little longer, all would have been well. But then there would have been no story to tell.

The mother was still sleeping when the father came home. He was singing joyfully, and he awoke her with a kiss.

"See," he cried happily, "my brooms are all sold. There was a

festival in the town today, and every one must needs be clean. Such a sweeping and a dusting and a cleaning! I drove a roaring trade, I tell you. So, here's butter and eggs and ham and sausage. And tea, too. Hurry up, good wife, and get supper ready!"

The mother packed away the things. She lighted the fire. She hustled and bustled about. Suddenly the father, missing the children, inquired:

"Where are Haensel and Gretel?" He went to the door to call.

"Don't call," answered the mother. "They were naughty, and I sent them to the woods in disgrace."

"The woods!" exclaimed the father, and his voice was full of horror.

"It is growing dark," he said, "and my children are in those gloomy woods without stars or moon to guide them! Don't you know that there is enchantment in those woods? Don't you know that the Witch walks there?" His voice sank to a whisper.

"Which witch?" asked the woman, thoroughly alarmed.

"The Crust Witch, the gobbling Witch! She who rides on a broomstick at the midnight hour, when no one is abroad, over hill and vale, over moor and dale!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh! but what does she gobble?"

"Have you never heard? All day long, she stalks around, with a crinching, crunching, munching sound and lures little children with gingerbread sweet. She lures little children, the poor little things, into her oven, all red-hot; then she shuts the lid down, pop, pop!—until they're done brown."

"Oh, horror!" cried the mother, wringing her hands, "Oh, what shall we do?"

"Go seek them!" said the father.

And in another moment without hats, shawl, anything, they had run out of the hut.

Part II

The sunset glow lighted the forest. It bathed the stately trees in rose and gold. It shone on the cool carpet of leaves and wild flowers, and played with the garlands of bright-colored vines.

But the purple mist of twilight that hung over the distant fir-colored hill sent gray shadows down. They crept behind the hedges and bushes, warning the birds, the bees, and the flowers that night was drawing nigh.

One lingering ray of sunshine lit the mossy rock upon which Gretel sat. She was weaving a wreath of wild flowers and singing a little song, while Haensel ran hither and thither, filling his basket with red strawberries.

So, if you have imagined that they were at all unhappy, you see you were quite mistaken. Indeed, they were entirely, wonderfully, breathlessly happy. I doubt if they gave their mother's scolding a single thought. As for their home, they had quite forgotten all about it, which, for aught I know, may have been part of the enchantment. At any rate, they had never had a better time.

When Haensel's basket was full, Gretel's wreath was finished. So they played at being king and queen of the wood, and Gretel wore the wreath, and Haensel knelt in homage before her, presenting her with the basket of berries. Whereupon, as a reward, she gave him some of the ripest ones to taste. Soon tiring of this they went on to another game. A cuckoo called from a tree near by, and they imitated his call, seeking each other behind tall tree trunks. But saddest of all to tell, they ate the strawberries while they played—yes, every single one.

When they attempted to find fresh ones, they discovered that it had grown too dark. There were black shadows under the hedges and bushes now. A gray blanket of clouds was spread over the sky.

Then fear came. For they could not find their way. Gretel saw strange figures glimmering behind the birches. She saw strange faces

grinning at her from every mossy tree stump. Now it was Haensel who sought to comfort her. A mist arose and shut them in. Advancing dimly through it, they spied a lantern. Haensel said it was a will-o'-the-wisp. They heard a call. He said it was the echo.

When Gretel began to whimper and cry, Haensel held her fast in his arms. But the shadows of strange things continued to nod and beckon. One shadow grew and grew and grew. It moved toward them, and both children cowered down in fear. Their eyes never left it.

Suddenly the shadow took shape, and there stood an odd little gray man. He had a long white beard. He leaned on a staff, and he carried a sack on his back. Strange to say, the moment that the children saw his calm smile and his friendly gestures they were not afraid any more. He came toward them, chanting a quiet song about restful sleep and happy dreams. Before they knew what he was about, he had sprinkled sand into their tired eyes. Then Haensel and Gretel folded their hands and sleepily whispered their evening prayer. With their arms about each other's necks they sank slowly into the soft moss and soon were fast asleep.

The little man disappeared as he had come, into the mist. But the mist became roseate. It rolled itself into a fleecy cloud, which mounted higher and higher until it touched the sky. What magic was this? It changed again into a marvelous golden stairway! And down the stairway floated beautiful guardian angels with dazzling wings and golden wands. They grouped themselves about the sleeping children, at their heads, at their feet, all about them. Waving their golden wands, they sent down showers of wonderful dreams. Oh, such gleaming, glistening, unutterable dreams!

Part III

Scarcely had the sun peeped over the eastern horizon than the Dew Fairy came fluttering into the woodland. Her wings were tinged with the first blush of dawn and her garments were tipped with rosy light. She carried armfuls of bluebells, and as she flitted lightly about, sweet music rippled on the air. How she smiled when she saw Haensel and Gretel asleep under the tall fir tree!

"Up, ye sleepers! Awake! Awake!" she sang. Then, sprinkling dew from the bluebells into their eyes, she vanished into the sunlit air.

Gretel rubbed her eyes sleepily and raised herself from the moss. Was she still in the beautiful greenwood? Ah, yes, she must be there. For birds were merrily chirping overhead. There were glimpses of bright blue sky between the leaf-laden branches.

"Wake up, lazy bones!" she called to Haensel.

He jumped up with a start, stretched himself, yawned once or twice, looked about. Oh, the wonderful, wonderful forest!

The sun had mounted higher in the sky. The woods were filled with a mellow radiance. The morning mists had cleared away. And, most astonishing of all, on the very hill so lately hidden by dark trees and fleecy clouds, they beheld a most entrancing sight.

A house stood there. But such a house! It was as beautiful—as beautiful—in short, I am afraid to tell you how undescribably beautiful it was. The walls were of sweetest sugar candy, glistening like diamonds in the sun; the roof was of chocolate cake, all soft and creamy; and the gables were ornamented with raisins, like little eyes. On one side there was a strange-looking cage; on the other, a huge, strange-looking oven; and both were joined to the house by a fence made of the daintiest gingerbread figures imaginable.

"Oh," cried Haensel, "did you ever see anything so wonderful?"

"No, I never did," answered Gretel. "A princess must live in that."

They stared and stared, while their mouths watered and their

fingers itched prodigiously.

Haensel wished to go boldly inside, but the mere thought of doing anything so rash frightened Gretel.

"Well, the angels led us here," reflected Haensel.

"Ye-es, that's true, they did," conceded Gretel.

"Come on. Let's just nibble a little bit," tempted Haensel.

And so, hand in hand, they hopped along, like two little mice, toward the magic house. Then they stole cautiously forward on tiptoe, until, at length, they were within reaching distance. Haensel's hand went out. He broke off a bit.

Quick as lightning came a squeaking voice from the inside:

Nibble, nibble, mousekin,
Who's nibbling at my housekin?

Haensel started back in fear.

"'Twas only the wind," said Gretel. "Let's taste it."

They did. Since it tasted better than anything they had ever eaten before, they feasted merrily for a while, never heeding the voice of the Witch or her ugly form, either, which, a little later, appeared at the door. I have no doubt that they would be feasting yet, if the Witch had not then and there stealthily stolen upon them. With a deft movement she threw a rope about Haensel's neck and held him fast.

The children's delight turned to terror. For she was a loathsome sight to see. Bent, toothless, with unkempt hair and clawlike hands, she looked the picture of a Witch indeed.

In spite of her appearance, however, she spoke to them in a very kindly manner. She called them pretty names, told them that they were nice and plump, and that they would make excellent gingerbread. She even caressed Haensel, which made him very angry. Wriggling and squirming, he managed to loosen the rope and seizing Gretel by the hand, ran—alas! only a short distance. For the Witch, holding aloft a juniper branch, circled it in the air, repeating these strange words:

Hocus, pocus, witch's charm,
Move not, as you fear my arm!

The children stood stock-still. They were stiff from head to toe.

Fortunately, by this time they had undergone so many strange adventures that they had learned fairly well how to conduct themselves.

"Watch carefully all she does!" whispered Haensel, as the Witch led him away to the cage and gave him nuts and raisins to fatten him.

"I will," said Gretel.

Therefore, when, a few moments later, the Witch disenchanted her in order that she might prepare the table, Gretel listened attentively to the words:

Hocus, pocus, elder bush,
Rigid body, loosen hush!

No sooner had Gretel run into the house than the Witch was seized with a fit of wild joy. She thrust more fagots into the fire, laughing wickedly when the flames flared higher and higher. She mounted her broomstick and rode about, shouting a weird song.

Gretel watched her from the doorway. That broomstick ride gave her an opportunity. She stole to the cage, and, whispering,

Hocus, pocus, elder bush,
Rigid body, loosen hush!

she set Haensel free. But he did not move. No, not yet.

For the Witch had come back. She was rubbing her hands with glee. Her face wore an evil smile. Oh, the fine meal she would have! Haensel was not plump enough. Gretel must be eaten first. So, opening the oven door, she called Gretel and told her to look inside. But clever Gretel pretended not to understand. Would not the Witch show her how? Angry, impatient, muttering to herself, the Witch crept nearer to the oven, and when she was about to bend over it, Haensel and Gretel gave her one good, hard push from behind. She toppled over and fell in. Bang! bang! went the door. She was safe inside.

How the fire crackled and roared. A moment later there was a great crash and the oven fell to pieces. Haensel and Gretel, much terrified, started to run away, but found themselves, to their great surprise, entirely surrounded by a troop of little children.

"It's the fence," exclaimed Haensel, "the gingerbread fence!"

And so it was. The gingerbread had fallen off, and real children

stood there, motionless, with closed eyes, murmuring softly:

Oh, touch us, we pray,
That we may all awake!

"Pooh! if that's all they want!" said Gretel, proudly, and she repeated:

Hocus, pocus, elder bush,
Rigid body, loosen hush!

Instantly life came back to the whole troop. They hurried toward Haensel and Gretel from all sides. They danced, they sang! Two boys ran to the oven and dragged out the Witch in the form of a big gingerbread cake. Then the merrymaking began in earnest. They made a big circle, and round and round it they danced. Last but not least, they ate up the candy house. At any rate, that is what they were doing when their mothers and fathers found them there that afternoon.

Lohengrin, the Knight of the Swan

Part I

Long years ago a maiden, fair as the morning itself, wandered through a lonely greenwood in the Duchy of Brabant. She was Elsa, only daughter of the late Duke of Brabant, who had died but a short time before this story begins.

Although Elsa was the rightful owner of all the wooded lands and fertile fields for miles and miles around, she was far from happy. Although summer lay warm and fragrant over those lands, and flowers blossomed along her pathway, yet Elsa's heart was heavy within her. She was full of sorrow. For, not long before, while walking in those selfsame woods, her brother Godfrey had suddenly and unaccountably disappeared from her side.

Elsa had searched and searched. She had wept, she had prayed, but all in vain. No trace of him had she found anywhere. Spent with grief and anxiety, she had run to her guardian, Frederick of Telramund, and told him the story. But Frederick had repulsed her with unkind glances and cruel words. He had even accused her of doing away with her poor brother, that she might claim the entire Duchy of Brabant for herself.

This guardian, Frederick of Telramund, knew well enough that Elsa was incapable of so foul a deed. He knew that she had loved her brother Godfrey far too well to do him harm. But Frederick had coveted the rich lands and vast possessions of Brabant for many a year. And he was determined to get them now by fair means or foul. Moreover, he had married the pagan princess Ortrud, who was every whit as evil-minded and ambitious as he. Ortrud's father, a heathen prince, had once owned part of Brabant, and they were confident that, with Godfrey and Elsa out of the way, they could lay claim to the whole Duchy. How they plotted and schemed together against poor Elsa!

Do you wonder, then, that Elsa walked through the forest on that morning long ago, with downcast eyes, oblivious to all save her own sad thoughts? Her father was dead, her brother was gone, her

guardian had proved false. To whom should she turn for guidance? Weary and perplexed, she sank down beneath the sheltering branches of a friendly tree near by. All was calm and still. Her tired eyes rested upon the deep blue dome of the sky, and thoughts of God, the All-Father, filled her mind. Ah, she could put her trust in Him. And a prayer for help arose from her heart. Perhaps it was the answer to her prayer, perhaps it was only a dream, but then and there Elsa saw a marvelous vision. The heavens opened, and disclosed a noble knight. Enveloped in heavenly light, this knight descended to earth, and stood before Elsa. He smiled upon her, and, like a miracle, she became tranquil and unafraid. He was so strong, so stalwart, so brave! His shining white armor glittered in the sunlight. A glistening sword hung by his side, a golden horn from his shoulder. His eyes were kind. There was comfort in his voice.

"Arise!" spoke he, "and go your way. Be of good cheer, and fear not, for when your need is sorest, I will come to defend you."

Then he vanished. Elsa was alone in the greenwood.

Part II

Just at this time the King of all Germany came down to Brabant. With pomp and ceremony he came, bringing rough knights from Saxony and brave nobles from Thuringia, all good men and true, to bear him company.

Henry the First was he, a wise king and a just. People called him Henry the Fowler because he was so fond of hunting. It may be, however, that it was not the hunt that he loved so much as the great out-of-doors, the wide plains, the wild forests, the winding rivers. Whenever he summoned his faithful subjects to discuss affairs of peace or war, he chose some meeting place under the blue sky, in God's temple, where men breathe deeply, think clearly, and judge rightly.

So, when at Brabant King Henry found no duke to greet him; when, instead, he heard of strife, of discord, and of strange whispers, he sat himself down beneath a giant oak on the bank of the winding river Scheldt. And the trumpeters blew a great blast, the herald proclaimed the King's presence, the trusty men who had come to bear him company stood at arms, while the Brabantians gathered from north and south, from east and west, of the Duchy to hearken to the King's word.

"I had come here, my good people," began the King, "to ask the aid of your forces in subduing the wild Hungarian foe. Full well do I know that as loyal German subjects you are ready to answer your country's call. But I find discord in your midst, strife and confusion. Therefore have I called you together to learn the causes thereof and to deal justly with the offenders, be it possible."

The people of Brabant were pleased with the King's words and looked to Frederick of Telramund to make answer. Frederick arose. Behind him stood his wife, the dark-haired princess Ortrud, ready to prompt him should he hesitate.

But false Frederick did not hesitate. His voice did not tremble, although he spoke with much show of grief. He made a low obeisance

to the King and besought sympathy for the sad tale he was about to tell. He told how the dying Duke had intrusted Elsa and Godfrey to his care, how tenderly he had reared them, how devotedly he had loved them, and how sorely the mysterious disappearance of Godfrey had grieved him. And then, he continued, he had been forced to believe that Elsa had murdered her brother in order to claim the whole Duchy for herself—or mayhap—for some secret lover. Therefore he, Frederick of Telramund, and his wife Ortrud, by right of inheritance, besought the King to make them Duke and Duchess of Brabant.

"An astounding story indeed!" The freemen muttered to each other. The nobles looked at Frederick and shook their heads. "The man must be sure of his proof to make such an accusation," said they, as they turned toward the King.

King Henry sat with bowed head, in deep thought. He ran his hand over his forehead, pondered a moment, and then murmured:

"So foul a deed!"

Aloud he said:

"I would see this maid. I would look upon her face. I would hear her tale. And may God guide my judgment aright."

Hanging his shield on the giant oak behind him, King Henry swore never to wear it again until justice had been done. And all the German nobles drew their swords and thrust them, points down, into the ground, swearing never to wear them again until justice had been done. And the men of Brabant laid their swords at their feet, swearing the same. Then the herald summoned Elsa.

She came, the fair-haired Elsa, clad all in white, with her train of ladies, all in white, behind her. They paused, and she, with hands clasped and eyes cast down, advanced timidly, slowly, alone, until she stood before the King. Her golden hair, unbound, hung a cloud of glory about her. How young she was! How lovely! The rough knights gazed upon her, and their eyes filled with tears. Surely no maiden with such a face could be guilty of such a crime.

The King spoke very gently. Was she Elsa of Brabant? She bowed her head. Did she know the heavy charge that had been brought against her? She bowed again. Was she willing that he, King Henry, should judge her? Once more her head was bowed in assent. And it

was only when the King asked whether she was guilty of this murder that Elsa found voice. She wrung her hands piteously, and exclaimed, "Oh, my poor, poor brother!"

A dreamy look was upon Elsa's face as she told her story. Her voice trembled, and her eyes strayed over the distant hills. It was as though she saw it all again.

She told of that day in the woods, her sad walk alone, her deep grief, her utter weariness. She told of her rest beneath the friendly tree and of the blue heaven overhead. But when she told of her prayer to God for guidance in her distress, her faltering voice grew stronger, braver. Rapturously, she told of her dream, and of the noble knight whose white armor had glittered in the sunlight, of his sword, his horn, and, last, of his promise.

"Him will I trust!" she cried. "He shall my Champion be!"

The knights, the nobles, the King, were startled. But Frederick of Telramund cried out.

"Such words do not mislead me. See! does she not speak of a secret lover? What further proof do you need? Here stand I, and here's my sword, both ready to fight for my honor."

Now since King Henry believed that God in His wisdom would surely give might to the hands that fought for Right, he asked Frederick if he were ready to fight for life or death to uphold this charge that he had brought.

Frederick answered, "Yes."

Then the King turned to Elsa, and asked her if she were willing to have her champion fight for life or death to prove her blameless.

Elsa answered, "Yes," and, to the great astonishment of all, named her unknown knight as her champion.

"None other will I have," she said. "He will come to defend me, and upon him will I bestow my father's lands. Aye, should he deign to wed me, I will be his bride."

"Then cry but the summons," ordered the King.

The herald stepped forth with his trumpeters four. Placing one to the east and one to the west, one to the north, and one to the south, he bade them blow a great blast.

"Let him who dares to fight for Elsa of Brabant come forth!"

The trumpet's call, the herald's words, fell on the clear air. The

echo sounded and resounded. There was a long pause. All was still.

The dark-haired Ortrud curled her lips scornfully, and an evil smile lit the face of Frederick of Telramund.

"Once more, O King!" implored Elsa, "once more let the summons be sounded!" and she fell upon her knees at his feet.

The King nodded. The trumpeters blew another blast. Again the herald cried out:

"Let him who dares to fight for Elsa of Brabant come forth!"

Again the notes died away on the clear air. Again the echo sounded, resounded. Another long pause. All was as still as before. Only the voice of Elsa in prayer was heard. Oh, how she prayed! Her need was great. Surely the noble knight of her dream would not fail her. God had sent him to her in the greenwood. He would send him now. She would put her trust in Him. And she bowed her head in her hands.

Suddenly the men on the river bank were seen peering eagerly into the distance. They beckoned, they waved, they whispered. Others ran to join them. And they, too, gazed, then pointed excitedly down the river. What strange sight was there? What was it that glittered, glistened from afar? Its brightness dazzled the eyes. Ah! it was lost to view behind the curving shore. No, it appeared again. Behold a wonder! A swan, a snow-white swan was gliding gracefully toward them. It drew a boat, a silver boat. And in the boat, erect, his bright armor glittering in the sun, stood a knight. He leaned upon his sword. A helmet was on his head, a shield on his shoulder, a horn by his side. The swan drew him nearer. He approached the very bank. Oh, wondrous sight! A gallant knight had been sent by Heaven to defend the fair-haired maiden. Might had come to fight for Right.

The men were awestruck. In silence, entranced, they gazed at the swan, the boat, the Heaven-appointed knight. The King, from his seat beneath the giant oak, surveyed the scene in bewilderment. Elsa felt the excitement, heard the murmurs, still dared not lift her head. But the face of Frederick was dark and gloomy to see, and Ortrud cowered down in terror and shuddered strangely when she beheld the snow-white swan.

The noble knight had stepped to the shore. Casting a loving look at his dear swan, he bade it a tender farewell, and watched it sadly as

it glided away, over the water, around the curve, out of sight.

Then he turned. Elsa, rising, uttered a cry of joy when she saw his face. It was he! The noble knight of her dream! So strong, so stalwart, so brave! He had come. There was naught to fear.

Solemnly, with long strides, armor glistening, sword clanking, helmet in hand, the Swan Knight advanced and stood before the King. He made a low obeisance, then announced that he had come to champion a guiltless maid who had been falsely accused of a woeful crime. He looked at Elsa.

"Elsa," he said, "do you choose me as your defender?"

"Yes," she cried.

"And if I prove victorious, will you be my bride?"

"Yes."

Surely there was little that she would not promise this noble knight who had come from afar to defend her. And Elsa threw herself at his feet, vowing to give him all she had, even her life, if need be. But the Swan Knight raised her and, looking into her eyes, asked but one promise, a strange one. If he was to defend her; if he was to be her husband, she must trust him utterly. She must never ask his name. No, she must not even think of it, or who he was, or from whence he came.

At that moment it seemed very easy for Elsa to promise so simple a thing. But the Swan Knight was very solemn, and he repeated the words slowly, saying—

Mark this well, Elsa.
These questions ask me never,
Nor think upon them ever,
From whence I hither came,
What is my rank or name.

She listened carefully, then promised gladly never to doubt him, always to obey him. It was such a little thing, and was he not her shield, her angel, her preserver?

So the King arranged the fight. Three Saxons advanced for the Swan Knight, three men of Brabant for Frederick of Telramund. With three solemn paces they measured the ground. The King struck his sword three times against his shield, and the battle was on.

Oh, let the arm of Right be strong,
And feeble be the arm of Wrong,

sang the men.

And it was so. God gave Might to the arm of the Knight. But a few passes and falsehood and deceit were vanquished. Frederick the Traitor lay prostrate on the ground with the sword of the Swan Knight pointed at his throat. Still the Knight spared his life. He bade him go his way and sin no more.

Justice had been done. King Henry took his shield from the tree behind him. The Saxons, the Thuringians, the Brabantians, resumed their swords. God had been with them that day under the blue sky, and so amid great rejoicing they bore Elsa and her Swan Knight from the field.

Part III

Night hung over the palace. Sounds of revelry, a trumpet's blast, burst from the gayly illuminated abode of the knights. But within the apartments of the Duchess Elsa all was dark and still.

Opposite stood the cathedral wherein, on the morrow, Elsa would become the Swan Knight's bride. Though the delicate spires of the cathedral pointed to a starry sky, dark shadows lurked about the portico. And in the gloom of these shadows, two figures sat, two abject, miserable figures—Frederick of Telramund and Ortrud his wife. Despoiled of their rich garments and shunned by all, they knew not which way to turn. Since the Stranger Knight was now Guardian of Brabant, banishment was their fate, poverty their portion.

After the manner of evildoers, each charged the other with their misfortune. False Frederick, who had been willing enough to listen to the promptings of his witch-wife, now upraided her for having used sorcery to accomplish her wicked ends. It was she who had urged him to falsehood, he said; she who had induced him to turn traitor; she who had blackened his ancient name and besmirched his honor. Stung to fury by the recital of his woes, he called her evil names. He even wished for his sword in order to strike her dead.

But Ortrud was not a sorceress for nothing. She knew how to cool his wrath. She taunted him, in turn, for showing cowardice in the fight. She called him weak of heart and feeble of purpose. She spoke thus: "Who is this Swan Knight who has vanquished the once powerful Frederick? From whence has he come? And what is his power? Only witchcraft has brought him, witchcraft and magic. And magic will take him away. If but one small point of his body can be injured, he will be helpless and at our mercy." Frederick took heart when he heard these words. Perhaps all was not over yet. Perhaps Ortrud's black magic and his strength could be used to some purpose before the marriage day dawned. If doubt could be instilled into the mind of Elsa, if she could be made to forget her promise, the spell would be

broken. Or, if the Swan Knight could be weakened, they would regain their lost power over Brabant. So they plotted and planned, heads close together, as the night wore away.

Toward morning a light glimmered in the apartments of the lovely Elsa. Soon she appeared on the balcony singing a little song.

Ortrud crept near and called to her. She called in a piteous tone, her voice full of misery. She wept loudly and begged meekly for forgiveness. She pretended a repentance for all her former misdeeds that she was far from feeling.

Elsa looked down and listened. When she beheld the once haughty Ortrud clad in rags, on her knees, her heart melted. She held out her hands in pity. That was just what the wicked Ortrud was waiting for. The rest was easy. A few more tears, a little more make-believe penitence, and she knew she would be forgiven. And sad to tell, it was so. Elsa, full of love and new-found happiness, took Ortrud into her abode. She gave her a splendid gown and allowed her to assist in the marriage preparations. And the wicked Ortrud improved her opportunities. Artfully, she turned the conversation to the approaching wedding, to the Stranger Knight who had come by magic. Was not Elsa afraid that he would just as magically disappear? But Elsa need not fear. Ortrud would always be her friend.

Elsa tried to shake off the disquiet that Ortrud's words caused. But the seed of suspicion was planted in her mind, and it grew, just as the wicked Ortrud meant that it should.

Meanwhile from his place behind the dark pillars of the cathedral, Frederick had seen the first rosy streaks of dawn appear in the East. He had heard the watchman in the tower give the signal of the new day, and he had seen the answer flash from the distant turret. Rage overwhelmed him. For he knew that Elsa's marriage morn had come.

The sleeping palace awoke to life and activity. Servants hurried to and fro preparing for the festival. The herald stepped forth followed by his trumpeters four. They summoned the people, who came in gala array from all sides. Groups of richly clad nobles walked proudly down the palace steps and stood before the cathedral, waiting. All eyes were fixed upon the balcony before the abode of the Duchess Elsa.

All at once, a number of pages appeared there. They descended,

two by two, clearing the way to the cathedral steps and crying aloud:

Make way, make way,
Our Lady Elsa comes!

The crowd, hushed and expectant, fell back. Then, down the stairway, across the balcony, came a long train of fair ladies. Their satin dresses swept the ground. Bright jewels sparkled and flashed as they advanced slowly toward the cathedral steps. There they halted, ranging themselves on each side to allow the Duchess Elsa to pass between them. She, the fairest of them all, walked alone.

Her dress of richest brocade trailed its heavy folds behind her. Ropes of pearls were about her neck, and bound her golden hair. Her head was held high, and her face was more beautiful than anything else in the world. For joy illumined it and made it shine like a star. Was she not going to meet her Knight, him whom God had sent to defend her?

Her foot was upon the lowest step. She was about to ascend to the cathedral when she was rudely pushed aside. Ortrud had sprung forward, crying—

"Get back! I'll go first. My rank is higher than yours, and I shall not walk behind you!"

Elsa turned in astonishment. Was this the meek Ortrud who had come to her begging forgiveness, pleading repentance?

The people cried out in anger. But Ortrud, unheeding, went on:

"My husband may be in disgrace, but he is greater than you all. He will rule you yet. As for the husband you are to marry—" and she looked at the frightened Elsa—"who is he? What is his rank? You dare not even ask his name!"

Poor Elsa protested. She tried to say that she did not care to know her Swan Knight's name. Heaven had sent him, and she was content. His face bore the stamp of noble birth, and she would always trust him. But her voice faltered as she spoke. The seed of suspicion had taken root, and dark doubts arose to torment her.

At that moment, when the consternation was greatest, the King appeared on the palace steps. With him, in proud array, were the good men and true who had come to bear him company. And following them all was the Swan Knight. His bearing seemed nobler than

ever, as he trod proudly forward to claim his bride.

But when he saw the wicked Ortrud and the false Frederick, who by this time had joined in denouncing him and questioning his name, his face clouded. King Henry, also, seeing the strife, pressed forward through the crowd, giving orders to push aside the wicked couple.

The Swan Knight took Elsa tenderly into his arms for a moment, looking deep into her eyes. Then, led by the King, the marriage procession proceeded into the cathedral.

Part IV

The wedding festival was over. With flaming torches held aloft and joyous voices raised in song, the procession of ladies and nobles led the bride and bridegroom to their flower-bedecked chamber. Then, showering blessings upon them, they departed. The torchlights faded in the distance; the sound of march and song grew faint. It died away. Elsa and her Swan Knight were alone.

There was a brief silence while they gazed at each other in rapture. She, so lovely, was his inmost heart's desire. He, so brave, was the beloved Knight of her dream. Their voices grew soft with happiness, and on their faces was the glow of a deep joy.

Too soon, however, at the sound of her name on her lover's lips, a shade stole over Elsa's bright face. "Ah!" thought she, "I can never call him by his name, for I shall never know what it is." Then, like a flash, all of Ortrud's taunts came to her mind. And following them, all the dark doubts, the vague suspicions, arose again to torment her.

First she sat in moody silence. But soon a strange curiosity showed itself in her speech. Would the fetters that bound the Swan Knight's lips ne'er be loosened? Must she, his wife, always remain in ignorance? If he loved her truly, he would surely whisper his secret ever so softly into her ear. No one should ever know. She would guard the secret well, locking it within her very heart.

Thus she pleaded and begged, but the Swan Knight pretended not to hear her. He spoke of other things, striving to distract her mind.

But Elsa would not be put off. Her eyes were fixed upon the Knight, and her face, but lately aglow with wonder and delight, was clouded with unbelief and suspicion.

The Knight was distressed by this sudden change. He reminded her gently of the confidence that he had placed in her promise. He warned her tenderly of the sorrows that would befall if she did not cease her questioning. He had given up so much honor, yes, and glory

besides, to stay by her side. Would she not trust him utterly?

Scarcely had Elsa heard the words "glory and honor" than a horrible fear seized her. "He had come by magic," Ortrud had said, "and by magic he would go." Now she knew how it would befall. Soon he would tire of her and would return to the honor and glory from which he had come. Stricken with terror, she fancied that she already heard the Swan coming to carry him away. It was too much to bear! Cost what it might, she must learn who he was.

"Where do you come from?" she cried. "Who are you?"

"Ah, Elsa!" answered the Knight, sadly, "what have you done?"

But before he could utter another word, Frederick of Telramund burst into the room with drawn sword in hand.

Elsa saw him first. She forgot her doubt. She forgot her question. She thought only that the Swan Knight, her lover, was in danger.

"Save yourself!" she shrieked. "Your sword, your sword!" She thrust it into his hand.

He drew it quickly. There was a short parry, one blow; and base Frederick lay dead at the Swan Knight's feet.

Then the Swan Knight turned to Elsa. His eyes were tender, but, oh, how pitying! Their glance pierced Elsa's heart, and filled her with despair for what she had done. His voice was sad as he bade her clothe herself in bridal raiment and go before the King.

There, on the morrow, he would make fitting answer and tell her the rank he bore. And so saying, he walked sorrowfully out of the flower-bedecked room.

The next day dawned bright and clear. As was his wont, King Henry the Fowler sat beneath the giant oak on the bank of the winding river Scheldt. By his side stood the nobles from Saxony and Thuringia who had come to bear him company. And before him were assembled the men of Brabant, from north and south, from east and west, of the Duchy.

Slowly, with measured strides, four men walked into their midst. They bore the body of Frederick of Telramund on a bier, which they placed before the King.

The nobles looked anxiously at one another. What strange happening was this? For, closely following, tottering feebly, came the Duchess Elsa and her train of ladies. Solemnly they marched with

eyes downcast, while she, who but lately had been radiant with happiness, was sad and pale. Her eyes, unseeing, stared in anguish straight ahead!

The King stepped quickly forward. He looked inquiringly into her face as he led her to a seat beside him. Elsa could not meet his eyes. She moistened her lips twice, thrice, but no sound came.

Just then a shout arose from the men:

Hail, all hail,
The hero of Brabant!

they cried.

The Swan Knight entered. His armor glittered in the sunlight. A sword hung at his side, a horn from his shoulder. How strong he was! How brave! But how strangely sad was his face. He advanced, helmet in hand, and stood before the King. Making a low obeisance, he strode toward the bier of the dead Frederick. He uncovered the body, and then solemnly asked the King's pardon for having killed this man who had stolen by stealth upon him.

"Nay, ask not our pardon!" spoke the just King. "We approve your deed!"

And all the men of Brabant nodded in assent.

But that was not all the Swan Knight had to tell. His wife, Elsa of Brabant, had broken her promise. She had asked his name. And since it was a law of the Order to which he belonged, he would make public answer to her question. But then he must depart to the distant land from which he had come.

Astonishment spread like wildfire among the people. As for Elsa, she sat like a creature of stone. Only Ortrud, who had crept near to listen, smiled in ill-concealed triumph.

The Swan Knight's face was suffused with holy light. The eyes of his soul seemed to be peering far, far away into the distance beyond the winding river, beyond the gray hills, perhaps to the very gates of heaven itself.

He told the tale of a marvelous Temple rising from the heights of Mount Salvat, wherein, upon a mystic shrine, rested the sacred chalice called the Holy Grail. He told of the few chosen knights who guarded the wondrous Grail, and who, by its Heaven-given powers,

were protected from baneful harm and endowed with supernatural might. Whenever an innocent cause needed a champion, whenever a grievous wrong had been done, one of the knights sallied forth and defended the one who had been falsely accused. But it was a law that no one might know from whence he came or by what name he was called. For if once the truth were revealed, his power was gone; the knight must hasten back to the Temple of the Grail.

The Swan Knight's voice rose higher. Like some rare, sweet strain of music, it fell upon the air:

The Grail obeying, here to you I came;
My father Parsifal, a crown he weareth,
His Knight am I and Lohengrin my name!

The shadow of a great awe crept into the eyes of all who heard. They stared at Lohengrin in silence.

Only Elsa sank moaning to the ground. Lohengrin caught her in his arms.

"Oh, Elsa, dear one," he cried, "why did you strive to learn my secret? Now I must leave you forever. Had you but remained faithful to your promise for one year, even your brother Godfrey would have come back to you. Here is my sword, my horn, my ring. Should he ever return, give them to him. The sword will help him in battle, the horn will give him aid in an hour of need, and the ring will remind him of Lohengrin, who defended you. Now farewell! The Grail calls me. My swan is here."

While he had been speaking, the snow-white swan, drawing the empty boat, had glided quietly up the winding river. It stood at the shore. The people gazed at it mournfully. Even Lohengrin greeted it in sadness.

Suddenly the dark-haired Ortrud, who had been watching, approached the shore. She leaned over the snow-white swan, and when she saw the golden circlet about its neck, she laughed fiendishly.

"It is he!" she cried. "It is Godfrey! My magic changed him into a swan, and a swan he shall remain!" and she grinned exultingly at Elsa.

Lohengrin, about to enter the boat, stopped at the sound of Ortrud's voice. He listened a moment. Then he fell upon his knees and prayed, while all the people waited breathlessly.

His prayer was lifted up in silence and borne, who shall say where —to what High and Holy presence? For as he prayed a white dove descended and hovered over the boat.

Seeing that his prayer was answered, Lohengrin rose to his feet enraptured. He took the chain from the neck of the swan. The swan sank into the water. And where it had been stood Godfrey, the rightful Duke of Brabant.

Elsa fell into her brother's arms with a glad cry. Then together they watched Lohengrin enter his boat which, drawn by the dove, glided slowly down the winding river, and out of mortal sight forevermore.

The Flying Dutchman

Part I

A storm on the ocean is a fearful thing to see. It roars, it flashes, it races huge waves mountain-high one after the other, it dashes them furiously against the sharp rocks, it howls, it blows, and it tosses great ships about as though they were tiny toys.

Once, long, long ago there was just such a storm as this off the Cape of Good Hope, that most southern point of Africa. For the Evil Spirit who ruled the seas in those days, and who had many servants to do his bidding, had ordered one of them, the Wind Storm, to sweep over the waters far and wide. Perhaps the Evil Spirit wanted to add to the treasures that he had gathered from all the ships he had wrecked—treasures that he kept far beneath the water.

At any rate, the Wind Storm did as he was told. He lashed the mighty waves into anger, so that they crashed against the jagged rocks of the Cape, and all the ships that were abroad scudded swiftly along before him in fear.

"Go home," whistled the Wind Storm through the sails. "Go back to your safe harbors. There is no room for you on this sea. I need it all—all—all."

And the ships scurried into their harbors—all but one. The captain of that ship was not afraid of the Wind Storm nor of the Evil Spirit, either, for that matter. His ship was strong, and so was his will. He was determined to go around the Cape. He stood at the prow while the ship rocked violently to and fro. The salt spray dashed over him, but still he defied the Wind Storm.

"I will not go back," he cried, and he swore a mighty oath. "I'll sail on and round that Cape if I sail forever."

Now the Evil Spirit happened to be lurking beneath the angry waters, and he heard the oath.

"Very well," cried he. "Sail on forever and ever, then! Sail on until you find a maiden fair who will be willing to die for love of you!"

And so it came to pass. Through all the long years that followed,

the ship sailed on and on. In fair or foul weather, over smooth or stormy seas, under blue or gray skies, the strange voyage continued year after year.

Sometimes the captain in his despair would steer straight for the craggy rocks, hoping to be dashed to pieces, but the rocks would not harm his ship. He steered in the path of terrible pirates, but when the pirates saw the ship, they crossed themselves and hurried away. The blustering tempest would not harm it, nor the eddying whirlpool. It just sailed on and on.

The sailors, who had been young and lively, grew old and silent. Their hearts were as gray as their heads, for though the days grew into weeks, the weeks into years, the years into centuries, still there was no rest for them. Their faces became as white as ghosts, and some say that the blood left their bodies and crept into the sails. At any rate, the strong, white ship turned black and weather-beaten, and the strong, white sails, red, red as blood.

Only the captain remained forever young and handsome, and each seven years as the ship sailed into some harbor, he was allowed to go on shore to seek the maiden fair who would deliver him and his crew from their fate and set them at rest. But alas! no such maiden had he ever found. Many maidens had he met and loved, and many had loved him, too, but to be true to him forever and to die for him—that was quite another matter.

And so each time "The Flying Dutchman" had gone on again, until once at the end of a seven years' period he came to the coast of Norway.

Part II

Heigho, heigho! sang the sailors of a gay Norwegian bark as they cast anchor in a sheltered bay on the coast of Norway to escape the tempest, which had been tossing them about on the open sea. What though the south wind had driven them a few miles out of their course? The sunrise of another day would find them safe at home after their long voyage. In fancy, they could already see the dear ones on the shore, waving, smiling, welcoming! So "heigho, heigho for tomorrow!" sang they.

Only Daland, the captain, was full of gloom. Impatient was he, also, for had he not expected to spend that very night by his own fireside with his daughter Senta? And now to wait here, so near and yet so far, with a raging sea between him and his peaceful home, was an ordeal, indeed. To battle with those angry waves had been no easy task, either. A little sleep would not harm him, thought he.

Now you must know that in those days the seas were full of dread pirates and bold robbers who prowled about seeking plunder, and so, before Daland lay down to sleep, he called his steersman and bade him keep sharp watch. The steersman did—for a little while. But he, too, was tired. First he sang right lustily a merry song about the distant climes where he had traveled, and of the kind winds that would send him back to his sweetheart. Soon, however, his voice faltered; it grew fainter and fainter. His head nodded once, twice. He, too, was asleep.

Then, while no one watched, slowly, quietly, out of the west, came an old weather-beaten vessel with red, red sails, straight into that very bay. Only you and I know whence it came, and how endless had been its wanderings. So silently did it sail, so ghostly were its movements, that no one on all Daland's boat heard a single sound. No one heard the noiseless dropping of the anchor, the lowering of those red, red sails. Nor did any one hear the sigh of relief with which the worn sailors crept away to their berths, nor see the hope and longing that lit their pale faces as they saw their captain spring eagerly to

the shore.

Perhaps the captain stamped too heavily up and down on the wet sand, glad to feel the solid earth under his feet once more. Perhaps he raised his arms to heaven and cried aloud to God to help him now find the maiden fair who would love him truly forever. Why, I do not know, but just then Daland awoke with a start.

A strange vessel alongside! How he chided the drowsy steersman! A strange captain on the shore! Quickly he leaped to the sand to greet him!

"Whence come you?" asked Daland, "and whither are you going?"

The Dutchman replied but little. "Holland," he said, "and a wanderer seeking shelter for his vessel from the storm." Home he had none, nor wife, nor child, and gladly would he pay of his treasures for one night at somebody's hospitable hearth.

And while Daland was marveling at this strange tale, and had begun to tell of his own home so near and yet so far away, the stranger, at a sign, had received a huge chest from his ship and was opening it before Daland's eyes.

If "all the wild flowers of the forest, all the lilies of the prairie," all the glorious colors of sunrise and sunset, if the rainbow itself, had been packed away in a chest to be suddenly opened before you, perhaps you would have been surprised, too. Gold was there, and silver was there, and the white sheen of pearls, and the bright sparkle of diamonds, and the deep glow of rubies, all there dancing, glittering, in Daland's astonished eyes. Was this some marvelous dream? When he found that the treasure was real, he remembered Senta, and offered the Dutchman his home for the night, telling him that his daughter….

The Dutchman caught the word "daughter." Had Daland a daughter? Would he give her to him for a wife? And Daland, who had been thinking what a fine husband such a man, with a ship full of treasures, would be for his daughter, lost no time, and said yes.

Then hope came again to the heart of the Dutchman. He was impatient to see this maiden who, he silently prayed, might be the one to deliver him from his fate. And while he prayed, the wind changed, the clouds broke, a ray of sunshine peeped through, the sea

became smooth as glass.

"You'll see her this day," said Daland.

And so, bidding the sailors raise anchor, Daland went aboard his boat, the Dutchman aboard his, and with a heigho, heigho, they sailed out of the bay.

Part III

Daland's home stood, as a sailor's home should, near the sea. Through its white-curtained windows one could see far out over the blue water, to the broad horizon, where ships hovered like white birds against the sky.

Inside the house all was as sweet and clean as the willing hands of old Marie, the housekeeper, could make it. The walls, rough and unpainted, were almost covered with flat blue maps and sailor's charts, save where, over the wide doorway, a single picture hung.

It was the picture of a man; a man with a pale face, a long, black beard, and strange, foreign-looking clothes. But I do not need to tell you who he was. You know the story behind those melancholy eyes that looked out so sadly from the picture. You have heard it this very day.

Had you entered that sunny room on a certain afternoon long, long ago, you would have seen a group of happy girls, under the direction of Marie, all diligently spinning. And, had you stopped to listen, you would have heard merry chatter and light-hearted snatches of song mingled with the *whir-r, whir-r, whir-r-r* of those quick-turning wheels. How they joked, and laughed, and sang, those girls of long ago!

Did I say all? No, not all. For there was one who sat quite apart, her idle hands in her lap, her young face uplifted, and her dreaming eyes fixed on the portrait over the door. She was Senta, the daughter of Daland.

Once, when Senta was very young, old Marie had told her the history of that pale man in the picture, and the sadness of his fate, and that of his unhappy crew, had touched her tender heart. And, because she was an imaginative girl, who fancied strange things, the picture of the Flying Dutchman, wandering over unknown seas, came back to her mind again and again. She thought of him by day; she dreamed of him by night. She even began to imagine that God had

destined her to be that maiden fair whose love would deliver him from his mournful roaming. But certainly she never breathed such a strange thought to a single soul.

Until that day! Then, as all the busy girls laughingly teased her for her idleness, and twitted her for being in love with a mere shadow instead of with the real, strong, young hunter Eric, who wanted to marry her, she grew impatient. To still their chatter, she cried out fretfully:

"Oh, girls, cease your foolish songs and your spinning! I am tired of all the humming and buzzing. Do you want me to join you? Listen, and I'll sing the ballad of the Flying Dutchman. Then you'll know why his sad fate touches my heart."

Senta began her singing. The girls stopped their wheels to listen, and as they listened, their eyes grew round with wonder. They, too, pitied the poor captain and his unhappy crew. But when Senta described these aimless wanderings that nothing could change except that maiden fair who would be willing to die for love, the girls interrupted her.

"Oh!" cried they. "Where in all the world is there such a maiden?"

"Here!" answered Senta, and she sang:

Angel above, oh! bring to me
The pale man sailing o'er the sea!

Do you wonder that all the girls, even Marie, started up in alarm when they heard that strange prayer? No doubt they thought Senta had gone out of her mind. Loudly they called, until Eric the hunter came running into the room. He reasoned, he pleaded with Senta, but all in vain. She could think of nothing but the story of the man whose picture hung on the wall.

Just when the excitement was greatest, a cry from without told of the approach of Daland's boat. There was no time for foolish thoughts, then. A meal must be prepared, the table set, the glasses filled! Away hurried the girls and old Marie.

In a moment Daland was at the door. Who was that pale visitor, so strangely like the picture above his head, entering behind him? Senta stared from one to the other. She could scarcely greet her

father. She knew at once who this stranger was, just as you know and as I know. But Daland knew not.

He, proud and happy, thinking of that ship full of treasures, lost no time in telling Senta that this was the man he had chosen to be her husband on the morrow, if she were willing.

Senta was quite willing, for had she not loved this stranger for a long, long time? As for the Flying Dutchman, he gazed into those trusting eyes, and was filled with a great joy and a greater hope. Often when tossed about on the cruel waves had he dreamed of a maiden just as fair, just as pure as this one who now stood before him. If she would but be constant, all would be well, thought he. And, as he gazed, he heard her sweet voice saying,

Whoever thou art, whatever thy fate,
I will be thy love, I will be thy mate.

Part IV

The marriage feast was quickly prepared. The jolly sailor boys, the pretty peasant girls, all lent helping hands, and soon the merrymaking on board the gayly lighted ship began. Only on the black ship with the red sails was there darkness and silence.

Suddenly a young girl walked hastily down to the shore. It was Senta, the daughter of Daland, and closely following her, came Eric the hunter. He begged her to hearken to his wooing once more. He pleaded with her to give up that mysterious stranger who had come between them. Had she forgotten all her promises? Must her father's rash command be obeyed?

Because Eric was an old friend, and because Senta was a kind-hearted girl, she listened patiently to all that he had to say. Not that a single word could have altered her determination to live and to die, if need be, for the Flying Dutchman. She loved him too well for that.

Even while she listened to Eric, she thought tenderly of her new lover and of how good God had been to allow her to be the maiden fair who would relieve his endless suffering.

Perhaps it was just that tender thought showing in her face that the Dutchman mistook for regret. For, at that very moment, when Eric was pleading so earnestly, and Senta was listening so patiently, the Dutchman came down to the shore.

He looked first at Eric, then at Senta, and like a flash came the thought that here was another girl who would not keep her promise. There had been so many like that. He did not stop to ask or to reason. Frantic with disappointment and despair, he rushed blindly over the rocks toward his ship.

"To sea! To sea forevermore!" cried he.

Now, you know Senta had not ceased loving him at all. So, although Eric tried to detain her, she ran swiftly after the Dutchman. She clung to him, crying out her love, and vowing eternal faithfulness again and again. So loudly did she cry, that Daland and Marie came

hurrying, too.

The Dutchman managed to loosen her arms, to free himself. He waved her back, and a great change came over his face. Gone were all thoughts of himself and of his sad fate. He thought only of this pure maiden who was willing to die for his sake. He knew now that he loved her too well to let her pay such an awful price. Rather would he sail on and on forever.

Warning her not to come nearer, he leaped into his boat. Then, as the gray sailors unfurled the red, red sails and the black ship plunged forward, he stretched out his arms and told who he was. "The Flying Dutchman am I, the Scourge of the Sea," he shouted.

Daland, Marie, Eric, crossed themselves and looked after him in horror. Not so, Senta. She had always known who he was. She would save him. She would be faithful until death. With a glad cry, she leaped forward and cast herself into the seething sea.

The waves closed over her. And as they closed a strange thing happened. At the very same moment, the black ship, the red sails, the sailors, all disappeared. Only a rosy light lay over the water where they had been. And in that rosy light, which ascended from the blue water to the blue sky, were seen, in close embrace, the angel forms of the Flying Dutchman and his maiden fair, floating onward and upward, toward their eternal rest.

Tannhäuser, the Minstrel Knight

Part I

This is a tale of long ago. It is a tale of the days of knighthood and minstrelsy; of the days when field and forest rang with the clash of arms, and baronial halls echoed with the sound of harp and voice; when brave knights vied with one another not only in jousts and tourneys at arms, but in tournaments of song as well.

In those strange days a majestic castle, called the Wartburg, stood on a lofty peak overlooking the green and peaceful valleys of Thuringia. The Landgrave Herman and his niece, the beautiful Princess Elizabeth, lived there, and they were attended by a splendid court of nobles, knights, and fair ladies.

The Wartburg was the scene of many gay festivals. Time and again the good people of Thuringia would gather from near and far to watch gallant, armor-clad knights ride out with lance and spear to mimic warfare. But more often they would gather within the great castle hall to listen to the melodies of well-tuned harps and sweet-voiced singers in tournaments of song.

The white hand of the beautiful Princess placed the laurel wreath of victory most often upon the brow of one bold young Minstrel Knight, Tannhäuser by name. His was the rarest gift of poetry, his the sweetest voice. Nor was any one more beloved than he. His prowess in battle, his skill with lance and spear, his fearless eye, had made him a favorite of the Landgrave; while his noble bearing, the light touch of his fingers upon the harp strings, and his clear young voice had won the heart of the proud Princess.

But Tannhäuser, unmindful of these great gifts of fortune, had, in a rash moment, quarreled with his companions. Angry beyond reason, forgetful of both friendship and love, he had cast himself away from the Wartburg, and had sought the solace of solitude.

Opposite the Wartburg, black and foreboding against the blue of the sky, like a giant of old, towered a mountain, the Horselburg. And thither, sad to relate, the footsteps of the errant Minstrel Knight led

the way.

Now, it seems that when Venus, the Goddess of Love, was banished from the earth, she hid herself away from the eyes of all righteous men, deep within the heart of that very mountain, the Horselburg. Brooding over her fancied wrongs, she lived there and plotted evil against mankind. Her domain was a wonderful cave, all shadows and mystery; and her subjects were strange creatures of the underworld. And, the story went, from a couch of gold where she sat arrayed in richest garments, she lured guileless wanderers through an unseen portal in the mountain side, straight into her kingdom. And while her siren voice cast its spell, while her fatal beauty wove its charm, the poor wanderer was powerless. He followed, and followed, forever and a day, and knew not where. But the face of the earth saw him no more.

Do you wonder, with such a story abroad, that the Horselburg was shunned by old and young? But what cared the bold Minstrel Knight for strange goddesses or their powers? Tannhäuser was clad in all the trappings of knighthood; he had his armor, his lance; the harp of his minstrelsy hung by his side. So he came to the foot of the Horselburg, dreamily, heedlessly, but unafraid.

Still, as he paused to rest beneath an overhanging rock at the mouth of a cave, he fancied that he heard the sound of rushing water. He started, looking both to the right and to the left. There was no water to be seen. A moment later the faint tinkle of bells fell upon his ear; then the echo of a distant melody followed. He arose and peered into the cave. His venturesome spirit prompted him to take one step forward—then another. Through the shadows he detected the glimmer of many lights, now red, now violet, now blue. What was the rosy haze that enveloped him? And the faint music that drew him on and on? A delicate odor assailed his nostrils. A delicious languor overcame him. "Where am I?" he called. But the only answer was the clang as of a closing door, and the sound of a rippling laugh. A moment later, led by unseen magic, blinded by light and overpowered by sound, he stumbled into a region of enchantment, into the presence of Venus herself.

A fascinating, bewitching goddess was Venus, and Tannhäuser lingered at her feet for a long time. Her magic drew a veil before his

eyes, which blinded and enthralled him. And he mistook the mocking cruelty of her face for beauty and the lure of her glance for kindness and love. So he played upon his harp and sang marvelous new songs to her and knelt before her to pay her homage. He forgot all about the past, his knighthood, his minstrelsy, his home, his friends. He even forgot his God.

Nymphs danced before him, elfin creatures made music for him, strange flowers delighted his eyes, and all was an unceasing round of pleasure day after day. There was no sun to shine, no moon, no stars. Spring never came, nor winter. It was all as though the world had never been.

Still there came a day at last when Tannhäuser awoke. He awoke as if from a dream. For a sound had pierced the very rocks and reached his ears. It was the chime of distant church bells.

Tannhäuser ran his hand across his forehead and staggered to his feet. He remembered.

With the remembrance came a loathing and a longing that were pain. He hated the perfume-laden mists about him, the strange flowers, and the nymphs with their songs and endless whirling dances. He longed for a breath of pure woodland air, for the sight of rain-freshened grass, for the sound of the lark's song at dawn.

So he seized his harp and sang to Venus and begged her to let him go back to earth.

"Oh, goddess," he implored, "let me go."

But Venus only smiled a dreamy smile and spoke in soft whispers of the charm of her domain. And the dancers circled about in a maddening whirl, ever faster and faster. The odor of the strange flowers became still heavier. Sparkling points of light gleamed among the shadows. A mysterious blue lake appeared in the hazy distance, and misty clouds of rose and gold floated in the air.

But Tannhäuser still remembered. He loathed the never-ending delights; the ceaseless ease and rest; the songs, the odors, the mist. Ah! for but a sight of Heaven's clear blue, its clouds and sun of noonday, its moon and stars of night; the changing round of seasons, seed time and harvest; the mingled joys and pains; and work, thrice-blessed work!

Tannhäuser took up his harp and sang to Venus once more. The

strings rang with the vigor of his touch; his voice soared high in heart-stirring refrain. He promised that as long as he had life he would sing the praises of Venus. Wherever he might roam, her name—and hers alone—would bring a song to his lips. As her champion would he fare forth upon the earth again. All this he promised, if she would only set him free.

Anger overwhelmed the goddess—but she hesitated no longer. Let him spread her fame and name through the upper world that had banished her! With one sweep of her arms she broke the chains of enchantment that bound Tannhäuser fast. Crying—

"If all hope is lost, return to me!" she bade him depart.

At that moment a terrific crash rent the air. It seemed as though the earth had been burst asunder. The mists, the gleaming figures, the cave, disappeared; and—

Tannhäuser found himself lying on a grassy knoll in a sunlit valley. On one side was the black and gloomy Horselburg; on the other a lofty peak crowned by the Wartburg, stately, grand, majestic, as of yore.

Flowers bloomed all about; the sky was serene and beautiful; birds sang; a gentle breeze swayed the trees.

From the cliff above came the sound of a pipe. A young shepherd was watching his flock there, and he sang a tender little song, all sweetness and melody. The simple beauty of it, the purity, touched Tannhäuser's heart, and as he listened his eyes filled with tears.

Suddenly the sonorous tones of men's voices filled the air. Then down the winding pathway and through the valley came the *tramp, tramp, tramp*, of many feet. And to the solemn strains of a song of prayer a band of pilgrims passed slowly by on the way to Rome to seek pardon for their sins. The little shepherd bared his head until the last pilgrim had passed him by. Then, waving his cap, he shouted:

"God speed, God speed! Say one prayer for me!"

But Tannhäuser sat as one spellbound, until all at once, deeply overcome, he fell upon his knees. Ah, where could he look for pardon for his sins? The memory of all that ill-spent time in the Venusburg rushed upon him. Could he pray to the God whom he had forgotten? Tears choked his voice, and although a prayer arose from his heart it found no utterance. He lay prone upon the ground, weeping bitterly.

The song of the pilgrims, the measured tread of their feet, grew faint and still fainter. It died away in the distance. Quiet ruled the peaceful valley again, for even the shepherd boy had gathered his flock and gone silently away.

Soon, however, the cheery sound of hunters' horns and the answering bay of dogs broke the silence. A moment later, a pack of dogs ran down the forest path from the Wartburg, followed by the Landgrave Herman and his Knights, all clad in hunting dress.

Seeing the figure of a knight lying upon the ground, their curiosity was at once aroused. One of the party, Sir Wolfram, ran hastily forward. A single glance was enough.

"Tannhäuser!" he cried. "Is it you?"

Tannhäuser arose hastily, striving to control his emotion and bowed mutely to the Landgrave.

At first the Knights were uncertain whether he had come back as friend or foe. But his humble, downcast looks soon spoke for him. So they welcomed him gladly into their midst.

But Tannhäuser was loath to stay. He knew that if once the Knights learned where he had been, they would shrink from him in horror. Looking into their friendly faces, he was overwhelmed with disgust for all that wicked time in the Venusburg. He longed to fly from their sight.

Since he would not listen to the entreaties of the Landgrave and his Knights, Sir Wolfram, Tannhäuser's old friend, added his plea:

"Have you forgotten Elizabeth?" he asked.

"Elizabeth!" Tannhäuser exclaimed in a tone of awe—Elizabeth, the beautiful Princess, whose name he had forgotten—what of her?

Then Wolfram, speaking softly—for he loved the beautiful princess also—told Tannhäuser all. He told of that rare prize—the Princess's love—which had remained constant during Tannhäuser's long absence. Many Knights had striven to win her, but she had remained true to the one who had gone away.

While Tannhäuser had strayed in distant lands, she had stayed in her bower saddened and alone, never gracing the tournaments with her presence, never coming forth to witness joust or tourney. Would he forsake a love like that?

Deeply touched, Tannhäuser listened until the end. Then the

light of a great joy and a great hope illumined his face. If Elizabeth, the proud Princess, had not forgotten him, perhaps he might still continue as a Minstrel Knight in the Wartburg. "Lead me to her," he cried—"to her." So the Landgrave sounded his horn, and to the lively baying of the dogs and the joyous song of the Knights the whole party proceeded to the Wartburg.

Part II

When the news of Tannhäuser's return spread through the Wartburg, there was great rejoicing. Smiles of gladness appeared on every face. Tall knights held out hands of welcome; small pages hastened to do him honor. Him whom they should have loathed, they greeted as a comrade, hailed as a hero. For they knew not where he had been.

And the joy of the Princess Elizabeth surpassed that of all the rest. Misery vanished from her face. Delight took, its place. All her years of sadness were forgotten, and as she entered the Hall of the Minstrels, a song of joy sprang unbidden from her lips. Had not the knight to whom she had given her heart returned from his wanderings in foreign lands? And would he not take his place among the minstrels as of old in a Tournament of Song on that very day? His melodious harp and his rich voice would ring out once again, and hers would be the hand to crown him with the wreath of victory.

The Princess smiled happily as she walked through the great hall and joined her uncle, the Landgrave, upon the throne. The Landgrave watched her approach, and his face beamed with pride. Was there ever a more beautiful Princess? Her lovely face was aglow. Her eyes shone with a luster as deep as that of the jewels about her neck. Her skin was fairer than the lilies that she held in her hand. From the shining tresses of her hair where a little golden crown sent out glittering sparks of light to the last heavy fold of silvery satin that trailed behind her, she was a creature to be honored, to be reverenced, to be loved.

"How glad I am to have you at my side once more!" whispered the Landgrave as they made ready to receive the nobles and fair ladies who had been bidden to the contest. For already the measured tread of many feet was heard in the distance.

Presently through the pillared doorway, to the sound of martial music and the fluttering of flags, the guests entered the hall, and in stately procession approached the throne.

Then, after a bow from the Landgrave and a word of greeting from the Princess, the pages led each to a place in the huge semicircle of seats that half filled the hall.

When all had arrived, the Landgrave arose, and, turning first to his guests and then to the Minstrels who were seated on low benches facing them all, made his address of greeting. He told of the many song festivals that had been held within the ancient hall, and how each had added to the fair fame of the nation. Many deeds, many emotions, had been celebrated in song, said he, but the sweetest of all—Love—remained—and would be the theme of that day's contest.

The minstrel who could sing most worthily about love would receive love's prize as a reward—the hand of Elizabeth, the Princess.

"Up then, arouse ye! sing, O gallant minstrels! attune your harps to love! Great is the prize."

A great shout of approval marked the end of the Landgrave's speech.

"Hail, all hail, Lord of Thuringia!" cried hundreds of voices.

When all was still, two little pages carried a golden cup containing the names of the singers to the Princess. She drew one folded paper and handed it to the pages. They read the name and then advanced to the middle of the hall. In high, clear voices they called out—

"Sir Wolfram von Eschenbach, begin!"

There was a short pause while Sir Wolfram rose to his feet. Tannhäuser sat, as if in a dream, leaning upon his harp. His eyes strayed through the open doorway far across the peaceful valley to the dark and gloomy mountain beyond. And though an inner voice whispered: "Turn away your eyes, Sir Knight! 'Tis the abode of evil to which your thoughts are wandering. Have a care, or magic power will rule you again!" he heeded it not.

But the eyes of Wolfram sought the pure face of the Princess on the throne. His hands evoked a tender, rippling strain from the harp—and he began to sing.

He sang a quiet song of unselfish love, pure love, which doubts not and trusts ever; which gives more than it seeks.

He sang of a love, half sacrifice, wholly devotion—which asks nothing, wants nothing, but gives, always gives. His song fell like a

gentle prayer upon the ears of his listeners.

"Bravo!" they cried, when he had finished. "You have done well. Sir Wolfram. Bravo!"

And they clapped their hands and nodded in approval, whispering and smiling at one another. All but Tannhäuser. His face had changed. It had become angry, impatient, defiant. This gentle strain that spoke of endless devotion and sacrifice; was that love? No, no. He arose abruptly. He seemed to be looking beyond the familiar hall and the well-known faces, to some unseen vision of delight. An uncanny smile played about his lips. He touched the harp strings, and they jangled with strange harmonies. The people were startled, alarmed. They half rose from their seats. Was it madness that inspired the knight? Ah! if they but knew.

Tannhäuser, heeding naught, lifted his voice and sang. And while he sang, the spell of enchantment enmeshed him again. Rose-colored mists swam before his eyes and blinded him. He heard the far-off strains of music, he saw the dancing figures, and a siren voice urged him on. He thought of endless pleasure, ceaseless delight. Again he forgot work, thrice-blessed work. He forgot the ancient hall; he forgot the pure presence of Elizabeth; he forgot his God. He sang a wicked song, an evil song, a song of sinful pleasure, a song of Venus. He had vowed that he would sing her praises forevermore. Now he would keep his word. His voice soared high in a wild hymn of praise.

"Would you know love?" he cried, flinging aside his harp and stretching out his arms:

"Fly to Venus. She can teach you!"

His words struck the people like a thunderbolt and left them stunned, horrified. Suddenly, like a wave of anger, arose the tumult of cries.

"Listen! Hear him! Oh! Most horrible! He has been in the Venusburg."

The ladies hurried in consternation and affright from the hall. Only Elizabeth stood, pale and trembling, leaning against the throne. All her delight was turned to misery once more.

The Landgrave, the minstrels, the nobles, gathered together and gazed with horror upon Tannhäuser, who, oblivious of all save the evil vision, gazed enraptured, straight ahead.

The horror of the men soon gave way to indignation, the indignation in turn to fury and hatred. As from one throat, a mighty shout went up—

"Kill him!"

And with one accord they drew their swords and pressed upon Tannhäuser to slay him. But at that instant a white figure with trailing draperies rushed toward them. She threw herself before Tannhäuser, shielding him with her body. It was Elizabeth, the Princess.

"Stop," she cried. "Stay your hands!"

The men fell back in amazement as she fell upon her knees before them. She, the proud Princess, most cruelly wronged, would she shield one who had fallen so low?

Yes, she would shield him, even with her life. He had sinned. Ah, how he had sinned! But he had sinned against God, and God must be his judge. Who were they to judge him and deny him the opportunity to repent? Would they rob his soul of its eternal peace? Thus she pleaded and begged for Tannhäuser's life, while tears rained down her white cheeks.

The men were touched. Anger slowly gave way to calm. One by one they sheathed their swords and turned toward the Landgrave.

Meanwhile Tannhäuser, at the sound of Elizabeth's pleading voice, turned his head. As though just awakened from an evil dream, he stared at her kneeling figure, the drawn swords, the horror-stricken faces. Suddenly he remembered all that he had said, all that he had done. The enormity of his sin rushed upon him. He realized how he had outraged friendship, love, religion, all that was holy, pure, and good. In fearful contrition he fell upon the floor, sobbing and crying out in his misery and distress. Where could he look for pardon now?

Suddenly, through the open doorway, there came the sound of the song of the pilgrim band on its way to Rome. It was a song of prayer and praise, a song of repentance and confession, a song of peace with God. It brought hope and a promise of comfort.

Silence filled the great hall as the notes died away in the distance. Only Elizabeth's face, white and pleading, was lifted toward the Landgrave's in silent prayer.

The Landgrave, gazed at Tannhäuser's bent figure, and feelings of pity mingled with the loathing he felt. Advancing solemnly toward

Tannhäuser, he bade him arise and join the band of pilgrims now on its way to Rome. No other way was open to one who had sinned as he had sinned. And, if after confession, he was pardoned for his grievous wrong, he might return to the Wartburg. Otherwise they never wished to see him again.

At these words Tannhäuser sprang to his feet. The echo of the pilgrim's voice still lingered in the air. He listened a moment while a ray of hope illumined his anguish-stricken face. Then with a cry, "To Rome! To Rome!" he hastened from the room.

Part III

The road to Rome was rough and thorny, beset with hardship, fraught with suffering. But Tannhäuser, full of new-found hope, wholly repentant, longing for pardon, pushed eagerly onward. No pilgrim was of humbler mien, nor was any of more contrite spirit. The thought of Elizabeth's devotion and her prayers dispelled all his former pride of sin, and made the hardships of the journey seem all too light for his remorseful soul. When other pilgrims sought smooth pathways through meadow and valley, he trod unshod amid rocks and thorns. When they refreshed their lips at cool mountain springs, he continued hungry and thirsty on his way. Snow and ice did not daunt him, nor the scorching rays of the sun, nor the tempest's roar. He gave of his life blood freely and faltered not. The other pilgrims found shelter and rest in hospices high up among the mountains. He made his bed in the drifting snow, the ice, the cold. Lest the beauty of Italy delight his eyes, he went blindfolded over its vine-clad hills, through its blooming meadows. For his heart burned with penitence, and his soul ached for pardon.

Thus the weeks lengthened into months, and a long year went by. At last the chime of bells was heard in the distance; the white towers of Rome were outlined against the blue Italian sky.

Weary and footsore, the pilgrims crept one by one to the holy shrine, and, one by one, each was told that his sins would be forgiven and was bidden to go rejoicing on his way and sin no more.

Finally Tannhäuser's time came. With a cry of relief he prostrated himself before the throne and confessed his awful sin, his wasted years, his deep repentance. He had dwelt in an unholy place, he had been the slave of sinful pleasure, he had blasphemed his God—but awakening had come at last. Was there pardon for such as he?

The first solemn words of answer with their accents of horror brought Tannhäuser to his feet in terror. As in a dream he listened. No. There could be no pardon for such a sin. He was pronounced

accursed forevermore.

The judgment continued:

As this barren staff I hold
Ne'er will put forth a flower or a leaf
Thus shalt thou never more behold
Salvation or thy sins relief.

Tannhäuser heard no more. Hopeless and despairing, he staggered wildly from the room and away into the darkness. What mattered it which way he wandered—now, since he was an outcast and accursed forever? Ah, to find a path that would lead to forgetfulness!

The pilgrims had already gone on their way homeward to Thuringia. From out of the distance, their joyous song of praise fell upon the air. Tannhäuser took up his staff and followed in their wake, hopeless and alone.

Meanwhile throughout the long year the Princess Elizabeth had waited and prayed day after day. And Sir Wolfram, watching her devotion from afar, had grieved to see her body become weak with pain, and her face white and drawn with sorrow and suffering.

At last there came a day when, kneeling at her shrine on the forest path, the sound of the pilgrims' return broke in upon her prayers.

"They have come back!" she whispered as she rose to her feet.

The song, the steady tramp of feet, grew louder and louder. On and on came the pilgrims. And, singing of God's goodness and His divine grace, they passed Elizabeth and Wolfram, one by one. But he for whom she had prayed was not among them. He had not returned. He had not been forgiven. Her prayers had been in vain. All her strength was gone. With a last look at the valley lying peaceful, in the glow of early eventide, and with a farewell glance at Sir Wolfram, she passed wearily upward toward the castle.

Night fell. The sky grew dark with clouds save where, over the Wartburg, a single star hung. Suddenly, through the gloom, a dejected and footsore wanderer made his way. It was Tannhäuser.

As his eyes fell upon the familiar scene, and upon Sir Wolfram, in knightly array, all his misery rushed upon him anew. Oh, if he could but find the path that led to forgetfulness, the path of pleasure, the path to Venus! In the days of his care-free youth, it had been but

a step, but now, laden with sin, weighted with the knowledge of evil, bowed with repentance and suffering, his feet would not lead him there. With a loud cry he stretched forth his arms and called—

"Venus, goddess, do you hear my call?"

Suddenly the roseate light, the same alluring sounds of music, the same sweet odors, enthralled him again. Venus, reclining upon her couch, appeared amid the rosy clouds.

"Take me!" cried Tannhäuser, rushing forward to throw himself beside her.

At that moment, the slow and solemn chant of a funeral dirge sounded from afar. Tannhäuser started. His arms fell by his side. He turned his head. Down the path from the Wartburg, the Knights were bearing a bier. Lighted torches were at the head, the foot. A bell was tolling. Voices were singing in praise of Elizabeth, the beautiful Princess, who had gone to join the angel band, the fairest angel of all the host.

"Ah! Elizabeth!" exclaimed Tannhäuser. With a despairing cry, he staggered toward the bier. Ah, yes, it was she, she who had prayed for him, she who had loved him more than he knew. Better death beside her than life in sin! Bending over Elizabeth's body, he sank slowly to the ground, and God took him home.

For it is said that not long afterward the barren staff of the head of the church blossomed and put forth leaves of green. And thus the Lord in His mercy forgave Tannhäuser, the sinner, and entered him into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Introduction to Wagner's Operas

Introduction

Stories hold the same relative position in the development of children that literature does in the life of the adult. They give to the child a broader glimpse of life than his own little world can afford him. They bring to him richer and more varied experiences than it is possible for him to pass through personally. In the right kind of stories are made possible all those splendid "might he's" which like giants battle down the prison walls of fear and give to the soul the courage to bring to light its fair ideals and beautiful dreams and thus change life from dull prose to glorious poetry. One does not need a lengthy conversation with a man or woman to discover whether his or her childhood has been passed in the commonplace details of every day life, or to feel that he or she, in childhood, became familiar with prophets and psalmists, with king's and queens, with genii and giant. In the latter case there is a lightness of touch, a quickness of intellect and intuitive perception of the courtesy due the occasion and which is recognized although it remains an indescribable something. In the one case the imagination has been rightly cultivated and in the other case it has been neglected. And yet there is scarcely any part of education that is as misunderstood as the wise selection of stories for children.

There still lingers in the minds of some good people a prejudice against the retelling to children, of the great myths of the race, simplified of course as to complexity of detail and motive. As well might we refuse to let them listen to the best music, or to look at the world's best pictures. There is even a closer relationship between the childish mind and the mythical story than there is between it and sublime music or great pictures. In the myth the child-race embodied its deepest spiritual experiences in simple childlike forms. It had no other way of leaving a record of its "far-off calling after God." It was a necessary stage of race-development and is an equally necessary stage of child-development. Myths and the right kinds of fairy-tales are truth put

into embodied form, without comment or moral appendix. How much of our comprehension of the teachings of Jesus Christ would have been lacking if we had not the parables of the sower, the house on the sand, the prodigal son, and all the rest of those beautiful mythical stories with which He taught the multitude?

I know of no finer illustration of how to handle the great myth-treasures of the race than that shown by Miss Barber in the following simple retelling of some of the old legends, told and retold by generations of mothers to their listening children, and which finally culminated by setting the soul of Richard Wagner on fire. They have interpreted the meaning of music to the childish heart as I have seldom seen it interpreted. What was too complex is left out. What was sweet and true and strong has been retained, and all has been rewoven with a daintiness of touch that belongs to the true artist which in this case is but another name for the true story teller.

The Rhine-Gold

All is quiet, beautiful, and peaceful in our world now, but it has not always been so.

Thousands of years ago it was very different. Great earthquakes shook the foundations of the earth. Sharp lightning kept the sky on fire and deep thunder rolled. Great giants lived on mountains so high that their peaks were partly hidden by the clouds. Black and ugly dwarfs lived under the earth and worked with all kinds of metals, while on the earth's surface lived the common race of men.

Great were the struggles of these early days and many were the lessons learned. So wonderful was the story of those faraway ages that it has been told again and again. Men whose souls seem to have been on fire have written books telling this story. Others have shown it in pictures great and beautiful, but the most wonderful way it has ever been told is by the greatest musician of the world. In grand and sublime music he has told of the mighty conflicts, the battles lost, the victories won, and the peace which came at last. So wonderful is this story as he told it that the greatest singers of the world sing it over and over again so that all people may learn its great lesson and be filled with a love stronger than the giants themselves.

Perhaps as you read this story, or when you are men and women and you hear it sung, your hearts, too, will respond again to the struggles of those mighty heroes of long ago.

Far away over the ocean in Germany, there is a very beautiful river which is called the Rhine. People go hundreds and thousands of miles to ride upon its waters. From its banks rise many hills. Some of them are very high, while others are lower and less steep. On these hills are quaint old castles which for centuries were the homes of brave, true knights. But the story is not about the Rhine as it is now, but as it was thousands of years ago.

At that time ever so many strange, unearthly creatures lived in the beautiful Rhine river. They had long, golden hair and very happy

faces, for they had never known sorrow. The queer thing bout these maidens was that they could never be seen out of the river. They ate, slept and played in its depths. Their father who had left them many years ago, had called them the Rhine Daughters, after their river home.

In this river were many rocks. Some were very high and others so low that they could scarcely be seen. These were playmates for the Rhine Daughters. They could jump from one rock to another as lightly as a squirrel can spring from tree to tree.

On the highest rock of all was what all this story is about—a lump of pure, solid gold, more bright than anything imaginable. This gold had belonged to the river Rhine as long as anyone then living could remember, and it, too, was named after the river. So its name was the Rhine-Gold.

When the father of the maidens left them he told them that whatever else they did, they must be sure to watch and guard this Rhine-Gold. Never for one instant were they to leave it alone lest some one might come and steal it away. One morning they were unusually happy as they danced from one rock to another, and no wonder; for the Rhine-Gold looked more beautiful than ever as the sun came up and shone upon it. It looked then as if hundreds of sunbeams were hidden within it.

The Rhine Daughters noticed how beautiful it was, and taking hold of hands they danced around it. As they danced they began to sing in fresh, glad tones, a beautiful song.

Scarcely had the last notes died away when they heard a voice. They turned quickly to see whence it came, but no one was there. Presently they heard the voice again, and looking down they saw many little ripples on the surface of the river. The voice seemed to be coming nearer and nearer.

In a moment, up out of the river came the ugliest little dwarf you can imagine. He was very small, and instead of standing up straight as a knight or brave man would stand, he was bent away over. His face was dark and hideous, and his coal black hair as matted as if it had never been combed.

He was so different from any one the Rhine Daughters had ever seen that at first they were frightened.

"Good morning to you," said the dwarf.

"Good morning, sir," said the Rhine Daughters. "Who are you and where did you come from?"

"I am Alberich, King of the Nibelungs, and I came from my home under the earth."

"You do not live under the earth where there is no sunshine, do you?" asked one of the maidens.

"Sunshine!" said Alberich, squinting his eyes, "I do not like sunshine. It hurts my eyes."

"Are the Nibelungs all black and ugly like you?" asked another Rhine Daughter.

"Yes, they are all dark, but if you will come back with me I will make you my queen and then you will not think us ugly."

"What! leave the sunshine and our Rhine-Gold? Never! Not even to be a queen would I do that!"

"Gold," said Alberich, "where is it?"

"Come up here and you will see it," called the Rhine Daughters.

Alberich tried to climb up, but the rocks were so slippery that it took him a long time, for at every other step he slipped back. Finally he got high enough to see the gold, and it almost blinded him, for the sun was shining directly upon it, and then, too, you know, his eyes were not used to the sunlight.

"Tell me about this gold," said Alberich.

"Oh yes! We never tire of telling the story of Rhine-Gold—that is, as much as we know of it.

"Many, many years ago, when our father left us, he told us to watch and guard the gold; then he told us the secret of its power: Whoever can gain possession of the gold can make it into a magic ring, and that ring will make him master of all earthly powers except love."

"Love! What do I care for love if I can have magic power?" cried the dwarf.

"Oh, but love is all that makes the world beautiful. 'Tis love that sends the sunshine and the flowers," said one of the Rhine Daughters.

"Love is nothing to me," said Alberich, and before they knew it he had stolen the gold and was fast disappearing beneath the river.

"Oh! Our Rhine-Gold! Our Rhine-Gold is gone!" cried the

maidens. They called loudly to Alberich, but it was too late; for already he had vanished, and they could see nothing but the ripples on the surface of the river. They sprang into the water, but only to see him sink down, down, down to his deep, dark home, and they could hear him say, "Now the earth is mine!"

"Ah," said the sorrowful Rhine Daughters, as they came up to their rocks again, "he thinks he has the whole world, but it will be nothing to him if he has not love. Our gold! Our beautiful gold! Why did Alberich steal it!" And they sadly mourned.

After that the Rhine Daughters rarely played on the rocks, but whenever they were seen there they could be heard singing of their Rhine-Gold. But how changed was their song! Instead of being full of joy, it was sorrowful and sad, for the beautiful lump of gold which had always been theirs had been stolen.

High up on top of a mountain lived some very wise giants. The wisest one was the king, and his name was Wotan.

For a long time Wotan had wanted a palace large enough for all the giants to live in, but he could find no one stalwart and strong enough to build it, so they had to live out of doors on the mountain.

One morning they were all awakened very early by a queer, rumbling sound.

"What is that noise?" said Wotan's sister.

"I do not know. It sounds like an earthquake," answered he.

"Listen! It seems to come nearer! It looks as if a great mountain were moving toward us."

Nearer and nearer came the sound, and nearer came what they thought was a mountain.

"It is a man!" cried Wotan, "but he is ten times larger than any of us. I must go to meet him."

"Ho there!" cried Wotan, "what do you want?"

"I have come to build you a palace," thundered the big giant.

"First tell me who you are," said Wotan.

"I am Fafner, the frost giant, and I am so strong I could lift this mountain if I chose."

"How long will it take you, and how much will you charge for building me a palace? It must be so large that it will cover the whole top of yonder mountain."

"I will build the palace tonight so that you can move in tomorrow at sunrise, but for pay you must give me your beautiful sister."

Wotan's thoughts were only of the palace, so without thinking, he promised to give his sister to Fafner as soon as the palace was finished.

All that day Wotan and his comrades feasted and danced and had a very happy time for they were all thinking of the beautiful palace which was to be theirs in the morning.

At night all but Fafner lay down on the mountain-side to sleep. The full moon shone as bright as day and gave light to Fafner for his work.

With one step he crossed over to the mountain where the palace was to be, and quickly went to work. Such stones as he brought! Some were as large as an ordinary house, some smaller, and some even larger. At midnight the outside of the palace was completed, and Fafner went inside to finish putting in the windows and doors.

After a while the moon and stars began to grow dim, and the great giant came outside to look at his work.

"All finished," he said, "and before sunrise, too. I will step back to the other mountain and wait for the giants to awaken."

Very soon it began to grow light. The sun came up and shone on the beautiful white marble palace. Fafner sat down and waited, but it was not long before he heard Wotan's wife calling him to awake and see the beautiful palace. Wotan and the other giants arose quickly and looked across to the mountain on which stood their new home.

"How beautiful! How beautiful!" they cried.

"Now you must give me your sister," said Fafner, "for I must go back at once to the frost country."

"You must think of some other way for me to pay you, for I cannot let my sister go. Every morning she feeds us with golden apples and that keeps us always young."

"Very well," said Fafner, and the whole mountain shook as he spoke, for he was more than angry. "I will tear the palace down quicker than I built it."

"No, no, do not do that," cried Wotan. "Give me just one hour in which to talk to my brother about it."

"One hour only," said Fafner.

Wotan soon found his brother, and told him they had but one hour in which to save their sister. Then he told him how he had promised to give his sister in payment for the palace.

"That was a very foolish thing to do," said his brother, "but perhaps we can think of something else which will answer."

"This morning when I was walking down beside the Rhine I saw Black Alberich steal the Rhine-Gold, and I also heard the Rhine Daughters tell him that a ring could be made of it, and the ring would give him a magic secret, so he could possess all earthly power save love."

"Perhaps Fafner would take the gold instead of our sister," continued the brother, "Let us go and ask him."

They hurried back to Fafner and asked him if he would take the gold instead of their sister.

"Yes, I will, but until you have the gold I will keep your sister. When you bring the gold here, I will bring your sister back to you."

Then lifting the beautiful maiden in his arms, Fafner hurried away, and instantly the giants began to grow old. Clouds came across the sky. The sun was hidden.

"Quick, brother, let us go at once!" cried Wotan.

They started immediately and went down, down, down. As they neared Alberich's kingdom such a noise as greeted their ears! It was just like ever so many hundreds of people pounding on anvils.

"Here we are," said Wotan. "I wonder where Alberich is! When he comes what shall I say to him?"

"Leave that to me," said his brother. Wotan's brother was the most cunning and sly one of all the family of giants.

Running back and forth in every direction were queer little people, all black and bent like Alberich, and each one carrying gold, silver or precious stones.

"Mime, bring me that magic helmet at once or I will give you a good beating," called Alberich to his brother.

"I cannot make it," whined Mime.

"You have it in your hand. I am king here, and I want you to understand that what you make belongs to me, and not to you!" cried Alberich.

"Take it then," said Mime, throwing it at him.

At that moment Alberich noticed Wotan and his brother.

"What are you here for, and what do you want," he asked.

"Oh, we just came to see you," said Wotan's brother. "What use is that magic helmet?"

"With that I can change myself into anything I wish," answered Alberich.

"Change into a dragon," said Wotan.

Alberich slipped the helmet over his head and instantly he disappeared, and a huge dragon lay squirming before them, and then, just as quickly the dragon vanished and Alberich appeared.

"That is all very easy," said Wotan's brother, "but I don't believe you can change into anything as small as a toad, can you?"

This made Alberich angry and he put on the helmet and in a moment a toad hopped at their feet.

"Step on him quick, Wotan," said his brother.

Wotan put his great foot upon the little toad, but instantly the toad was gone and there was Alberich struggling to get from under the giant's foot.

"Let me go! you are crushing me!" screamed Alberich.

"Not until you give me every bit of your gold, the helmet and the ring," said Wotan.

"You may have all but the ring. That I will keep," said Alberich.

"Then I will crush you," said the King of the Giants.

"Take it all, then, and let me go," cried the dwarf.

Wotan lifted his foot and Alberich got up and commanded the gold to be brought. Without delay Wotan and his brother gathered it up and put it into large sacks. Then, turning to Alberich, Wotan demanded the helmet which he unwillingly gave.

"Now the magic ring."

Alberich's face grew blacker and blacker as he handed the ring to Wotan.

"Listen well to what I say," he shouted. "Cursed is that ring. It will bring only sorrow and unhappiness to anyone who may possess it."

But Wotan and his brother paid no attention to the curse. They picked up the gold and hurried back to the mountain. As they neared it they heard again the rumbling sound, and looking to the east they

saw the Frost Giant, with the sister in his arms, coming over the mountain.

"Here is the gold! Now give us our sister that we may be young again," said Wotan.

"Make a pile of it as high as your sister is tall," said Fafner, "but if there is one little hole in it through which I can see the light, I will not give her back."

Wotan and the rest of the wise giants soon had the gold piled up, but they were careful not to put either the helmet or the magic ring upon it.

"I see a crack! Put on that helmet!" shouted Fafner.

Seeing that it was no use to refuse, Wotan threw the helmet on the pile.

Fafner walked around the great heap of gold and looked closely at it.

"Here is just one more little crack. You must put the ring here or I will take your sister away again."

"No, I must keep the ring," said Wotan.

"Very well. I was afraid you would not give me enough gold," and taking the sister up in his arms, Fafner started off.

"Give him the ring! Give him the ring!" cried all the giants, "or we shall soon grow so old that we cannot walk nor even see."

"Stop, Fafner," called Wotan. "Leave our beautiful sister. Here is the ring, but I warn you that a curse goes with it."

"What do I care for a curse! I do not need love and happiness if I have gold," and Fafner gathered up the shining heap, the helmet and the ring. With one step he disappeared. But he had left the beautiful maiden, and in less than no time a change came over all the giants. They were young once more!

But although Wotan had regained his youth, he had such a queer, heavy feeling in his heart. Again and again he thought he heard a voice say, "Cursed is the Ring! It will bring only sorrow and unhappiness to whoever possesses it!"

"I shall never, never be really and truly happy again because I did not give the ring back to the Rhine Daughters. It has taken happiness away from me. Whom next will it curse? Oh, if I had but given it back I could have brought happiness instead of unhappiness to many."

As he sat thinking, many black clouds appeared in the sky. Fierce lightning flashed. The thunder shook the whole earth. The rain poured down.

It was a wild and terrible storm, but it lasted only a few moments. Again the sun shone out. Wotan called all the giants about him, and looking up they saw a rainbow bridge stretching from the mountain on which they were, away over to the one where the splendid palace stood in all its beauty.

"Let us go over to our Walhalla," said Wotan, "for that shall be the name of our new home."

One by one they stepped upon the bridge, and walked slowly over, and all the time the Walhalla music could be heard.

Wotan was the last one to step upon the bridge. Very slowly he walked. Suddenly he stopped.

"What do I hear?" said he to himself. "Oh, it is the Rhine Daughters singing of their lost gold, and I might have given it back to them if I had only been brave enough. It will take some one who is braver and more of a hero than I to give it back," he added as he walked slowly on. "How different everything might have been if I had given it back. Then I would not feel this sadness. And now, to think that everyone who has the ring must be unhappy because I did not give it back and break the curse!

"How beautiful Walhalla is," said Wotan as he stepped into the palace, "but how dearly have I paid for it!"

Die Walküre, or the Story of Brunhilde

Wotan and the other giants lived for a time very happily in the splendid Walhalla.

The palace was very beautiful. The windows were so large that they seemed to let almost all the sunshine in the sky into the halls. The floors were of polished silver, and the walls were of solid gold, set with rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds.

The grounds which surrounded Walhalla were even more beautiful than the palace itself. There were trees so tall that it seemed as if the branches must almost touch the sky; and their trunks were so large that it took Wotan and six other giants, all taking hold of hands, to reach around one of them.

Besides these wonderful shade trees, which had been growing for hundreds of years, there were great trees which bore delicious fruit all the year round.

Then, too, there were large, cool lakes, and the queerest boats, in which the giants would often ride.

With these beautiful surroundings the giants were very happy. All except Wotan. Every night they would sit out under the trees and listen to sweet music and feast upon the golden apples given them by the sister. These golden apples, you know, kept them always young.

Very often the giants would ask their king why he was so sad.

"Alas, I am afraid I have paid too dearly for Walhalla," was the mournful reply.

"Do not think so much about that but enjoy its beauties," said his brother.

But Wotan would not be comforted, for it seemed to him as if a voice was always whispering to him: "Cursed is the gold! Only sorrow will follow him who possesses it."

"Unhappiness and sorrow are sure to come to our home," thought he, "so I must prepare for it. I must find a means of defense or some

day Walhalla and all its beauties will be destroyed. I will take my magic spear and go to find protection, even though I have to travel around the whole world."

Therefore, one dark night, taking with him his magic spear, Wotan left Walhalla.

This spear was very wonderful, for with it Wotan ruled the whole world. It was a magician's spear, and with it in his hands he had but to command and the whole earth obeyed. Should this spear be broken Wotan could no longer rule the world. Many swords had battled with it, but only to be shattered and broken, while the spear had not even a scratch upon it.

There was great excitement among the giants the next morning when they found their king had left them. All that day they searched for him, but in vain. He was nowhere to be found. Night came, and still there was no trace of him.

"Look and see if he has taken the magic spear," said one of the giants.

They looked, and it was gone!

"We need not expect him home for weeks, even months, and perhaps years," said his wife, "for when Wotan goes away and takes his spear, it means that he has started on a long journey."

And sure enough! The days grew into weeks, and the weeks into months. Still Wotan did not return. The months grew slowly into years, and years passed by. Still the king came not to Walhalla!

Many of the giants began to think he would never return. But the years to them did not mean what a year means to us. They could live for hundreds of years, and so long as they had the golden apples to feast upon, they never grew old. Still, the time seemed very long to them while their king stayed away.

"Walhalla seems very gloomy now," said one of the giants as he laid down to sleep one night. "I wonder what Wotan will bring with him when he returns. He never wanders upon the earth for so long a time, leaving us lonely here upon the mountain, without bringing back something which adds much to our comfort," said another giant.

In a short time all was quiet and peaceful in the palace. The moon kept watch while the giants slept. But about midnight they were awakened by some marvelous singing.

The giants started up.

"That must be Wotan!" they said. "Listen, it seems to come nearer."

"No, no, that is not his song!"

"Who can it be!"

"Hark! Hark! how different it sounds from our music!"

All the giants sprang to their feet and stood breathless, listening.

Nearer and nearer came the music, and clearer and clearer rang out the song. Soon the giants could see their king. But he is not alone! He has people with him! And they have horses, and look! look! the horses have wings and are flying!

See, there are nine horses, and on each horse is seated a beautiful maiden!

By this time Wotan and nine maidens dashed up to the palace steps, and sprang from their horses.

Each maiden was dressed in silver armour which glistened and sparkled in the moonlight; each held a large glittering shield, while on their heads were bright shining helmets, on each of which were two golden wings.

"Why did you bring all these maidens to Walhalla?" demanded Wotan's wife.

"These are the great War-Maidens. Mounted on their winged horses they are to go to the places where wars are waging. They will ride into the thick of the battles, and bring the bravest of all the heroes here. Then we shall be protected, and our palace free from harm."

As Wotan said this the War-Maidens sprang on their horses and rode round and round Walhalla, singing their song all the while.

The horses' feet never touched the ground, but with their powerful wings they flew more swiftly than eagles.

Each one of these War-Maidens had a name, but this story is about one of them only, and her name was Brunhilde. They were all very dear to Wotan, but he felt a more tender love for Brunhilde than for any of the others. She was the most beautiful because she was braver and stronger than any of her sisters.

Not a day passed but some of the maidens rode into a battle and brought back a brave hero, and quite often all went, so that before

long Walhalla was filled with the bravest heroes of the earth. Brunhilde and her sisters were always allowed to choose for themselves the hero whom they would bring, and they had never made a mistake. No one had ever been brought, over whom Wotan did not rejoice.

Now there were so many brave warriors about the king that he had less fear of Alberich's curse. Still he never quite forgot it.

Wotan had many friends upon the earth and he often sent Brunhilde to bring one to Walhalla. Fricka, his wife, also had friends upon the earth, but her friends were not always among the most truthful men. One friend in particular was very dear to her, and she often begged her husband to have him brought to the palace, but Wotan always had some reason for not sending for him.

By and by a great quarrel arose between Fricka's friend and a brave friend of Wotan's. This gave the king much unhappiness. Fricka came to him and again demanded to have her friend brought.

"Do you not know, Wotan," she said, "that your friend has not been true to all the laws, and could you, knowing that, have him brought to Walhalla?"

Wotan, after a hard struggle with himself told her that in that respect she was right, and he would give the victory to her friend.

King Wotan was now very unhappy. Nevertheless he called Brunhilde to him and told her all about this terrible quarrel—a quarrel which had resulted in a battle so fierce that thousands had taken sides in it and were now fighting.

"Now, my brave War-Maiden, mount your horse! Fly at once to the battle and bring to our palace my wife's friend."

"But, Wotan, what troubles you? I never saw you look so sad when sending me for a hero," said Brunhilde.

"I never loved another as I love my friend and it makes me sad indeed to feel that I cannot have him brought here to live in our beautiful Walhalla."

"Let me bring your friend, father, since you love him so dearly," said Brunhilde.

"No, he has sinned, and I have made the promise to my wife. Go at once, and before sunset bring my wife's friend."

Brunhilde mounted her winged horse and was out of sight in a moment. They flew through the air, over mountain after mountain.

Soon she heard the clashing of swords.

"Stop, my horse! Down here is the battle," said she.

Then the horse flew straight to the earth.

Brunhilde had never before seen such a terrible battle. It seemed to her as if Wotan's friend was by far the bravest and truest hero that she had ever seen. For one instant she hesitated and then with a cry sprang forward to give the victory to him. Suddenly a cloud as red as fire appeared, with Wotan and his spear in the middle of it.

Wotan sprang in front of Brunhilde and stretched out his terrible spear. His friend at that moment had raised his sword to strike the enemy. Crash went the sword, broken in two pieces, for it had hit Wotan's mighty spear.

So the battle was over and the victory lost.

Wotan was so furious that the whole earth shook with his angry words. Brunhilde was terrified, but she could not resist picking up the broken sword. As she did so a mysterious voice whispered to her, "Nothung is the name of the sword. It is to be given to the hero who knows no fear."

"Brunhilde," shouted Wotan, "go at once to Walhalla and await me there."

She mounted her horse and was soon back at the palace. Her sisters were waiting for her.

"Quick! sisters! take this broken sword and give it to the hero who knows no fear."

Again the sky was ablaze as with a great fire. Then Wotan appeared, bringing Fricka's friend to Walhalla.

"Come hither, Brunhilde!" thundered Wotan. "With your horse and your shield follow me to the side of the mountain."

Much frightened, she obeyed.

"Leave your horse, lay down your shield and stand before me."

"Father, father, what have I done?"

"You have dared to disobey the king of all giants, Wotan the Mighty, who rules the earth, and you must be punished for it."

"But Wotan, I tried to save the one you love," cried Brunhilde, kneeling at his feet.

"Oh! my friend, my friend," mourned Wotan, and he bowed his head in his hands.

Thus he sat a long time, and neither he nor Brunhilde moved or spoke. After a time he raised his head. The anger was all gone from his face and his voice was gentle as he said sadly to the maiden:

"Brunhilde, my best beloved, most beautiful War-Maiden, I must punish you. Look up into my face while I tell you what your punishment must be. You have disobeyed me so I must send you from Walhalla. You can be a War-Maiden no longer. Yesterday you brought your last brave hero to our palace. Now you will have to live like any other woman upon the earth."

"Oh father, father, anything but that! Do not make me leave Walhalla!"

"Yes, my Brunhilde, it must be so. I shall put you to sleep and the first one who kisses you will awaken you, and you will come to Walhalla no more."

"One thing I ask, my father! Will you not place me in some spot where none but a hero can reach me? Surely you will not deny me this," pleaded Brunhilde.

"No, my War-Maiden," answered he sadly. "I will not deny your request. I will place you where only the hero who knows no fear can awaken you."

And as he spoke Wotan lifted Brunhilde in his strong arms, picked up the shield, and telling her horse to follow, he carried her, his beautiful War-Maiden, to a large smooth rock and laid her upon it.

"Here, Brunhilde, on the top of this lofty mountain, you are to await the hero who knows no fear. Sit up and look for the last time at Walhalla. Think of what it has cost me. All my happiness! Promise me, my daughter, after the hero awakens you, you will ever be brave and true. If you are, your life will be filled with a happiness which far exceeds anything I have ever known, living in yonder marble halls."

"Yes, my father, I promise. I will be brave and true," and Brunhilde for the last time gazed upon the towers and turrets of the beautiful white marble palace.

"Wotan, may my brave horse stay with me?" said she, as she laid down.

"Yes, your horse, the trees, the grass, and the flowers which surround you shall sleep. It will be very hard for anyone to reach you, my

daughter, for I shall call on the fire to come and encircle this spot. Goodbye, my brave War-Maiden," and as he said this he stooped and kissed her. Instantly she fell asleep as did her winged steed, the trees, and the flowers. At that moment the sweetest slumber music could be heard. Softer and sweeter it grew as she slept. A sweet smile spread over her face. She had done what she thought was right, and though she was no more a War-Maiden, she still was and will always be the heroic Brunhilde.

Wotan took his spear and with it marked a magic circle about the sleeping one. Then lifting it high in the air he called upon the fire. Instantly it came and surrounded his beloved companion and daughter. Great red flames shot up almost to the sky. The fire crackled and roared, but Brunhilde still slumbered.

Wotan walked slowly and sadly back to Walhalla, and again he heard the curse, "Only sorrow and unhappiness shall follow him who possesses the ring."

Day after day, week after week, and year after year rolled by. Still Brunhilde slept, awaiting the hero who knew no fear who was to come and waken her.

Siegfried I

Long, long, indeed, seemed the days to Wotan. Again and again did his thoughts carry him back to the day when Walhalla first stood before him in all its splendid beauty. Many were the times when in his memory the great frost giant, Fafner, stood before him demanding all the gold, even the ring. Is it any wonder that the days seemed long to him?

But everything was different with Fafner, for he now had what he had always desired—a great pile of gold and magic power. He very seldom thought of Walhalla. His thoughts were of nothing but the gold.

First he carried his treasure—the gold, the magic helmet, and the fated ring—far away to his own country. But hardly had he reached his home when he realized that the gold would not be safe, for at any moment some one might come and steal it away.

Again he gathered up his treasure and started to look over all the world to find the best and safest place for it. The journey would have seemed very long to us, but to him it was the work of only three or four days, for with a single step he could cover miles of distance.

River after river he crossed, stepping over many a high mountain, speeding across far reaching plains and deserts, till at last he came to a great dark forest. The forest was dark because the trees grew so close to one another that their branches overlapped and kept out the sunlight. In some places, however, the trees were not so close, and there the sun shone warm and bright all the day.

This forest was the home of many fierce wild animals, especially of bears.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed Fafner, as he looked about him. "Here I can live with my gold. No one will be apt to come into this wild place."

So he pushed his way into the dark forest until he came to a deep, black cave. All the time he held close to him the bags which contained his treasure.

"Just the place!" said he, as he peered into the cave. "Here I will stay day and night with my gold. In this doorway I will sit forever to guard my hoard."

As he sat there he heard the lions roaring, the bears growling and the leaves rustling as they talked to the wind. Fafner's face looked more like shadow than sunlight as he crouched near his gold.

"Some wanderer might possibly pass by my cave," thought he, "and in some way discover my gold and steal it. What can I do to make it more safe."

Suddenly his face changed. Jumping up he grasped the magic helmet.

"I know what I will do. I will put this helmet on my head and change into a dragon, so great and fierce and ugly that no one will dare come near me."

And all for the sake of the gold, he put on the magic helmet and the change came. He was no longer the great frost giant, but a fierce and terrible dragon. He did not stand erect and mighty like the great giant that he had been, but lay squirming and twisting—a huge, awful serpent.

He was more terrible than you can imagine. His body was somewhat like that of a whale, while his skin was covered with slimy green scales. His tail was long and pointed, and in the end was a sting of deadly poison.

His teeth were sharp like a saw, and he breathed out fiery smoke so hot and poisonous that should it touch anyone it would kill him instantly.

This was what the frost giant, the mighty Fafner, changed himself into for a pile of gold!

Meantime, Alberich and all the other Nibelungs were having a very uncomfortable, unhappy time, for each one was trying to think how he could manage to get possession of the gold again. Alberich's face seemed to grow blacker and blacker each day, and he was so cross and ugly that no one dared to go near him.

Mime, Alberich's brother, was also plotting and planning how he could steal away the gold.

The Nibelungs in one way were not so afraid of Mime as they were of Alberich for he did not frighten them with such terrible

threats. But he was very sly and untruthful, so they could never believe anything he said. One day there was great excitement in this underground kingdom, for Mime was missing. They searched in every place, but nowhere was he to be found. Then Alberich was still uglier for he felt sure Mime was in some way going to find the gold, and he wanted to get it for himself.

The night before, when all were asleep, Mime had silently stolen away from his underground home. He had taken with him a number of his tools that he might still forge chains and swords and many other things which a blacksmith makes.

These ugly little Nibelungs had a queer, sly way of finding out all sorts of things which were not meant for them to know. No one ever knew how they learned these things, strange, sly little dwarfs that they were. It was not to be wondered at that they heard strange earth voices speaking to them when no one else could hear. It must have been in some such way as this that Mime found out about the fated gold, because, although he did not know just where it was, he did know that in a dark forest somewhere Fafner, in the shape of a huge dragon, was guarding it. And so, in hopes of stealing the gold, Mime came from his dark, dreary home to live above the earth.

He wandered many days before he could find any trace of the dragon. It was in the Springtime, and the earth was just budding into new beauty. The flowers were in bloom and giving out their sweetest perfume. The trees had just put out new leaves, while hidden in their branches were many little nests in which sat mother birds upon the eggs, soon to tell their secret.

The whole earth rang with the glad, joyous song of Springtime. But Mime did not notice any of these beauties, for there was no Springtime in his heart. All his thoughts were of the gold and the magic

At last he succeeded in finding the cave in which lived the fearful dragon guarding the fated gold. Mime often crouched for hours in some dark part of the forest, trying to plan some way to gain possession of the gold and the ring. But he knew, deep down in his heart, that he, himself, could never kill the dragon, for he was a coward, and one must be without fear to dare face such a monster.

At last Mime's plans were completed. He had decided to find a

cave in another part of the forest and there spend his days forging a sword strong enough to slay the dragon.

"But I will not dare go near enough to kill him even though I may forge a sword stout enough to pierce his heart," thought he. "Ah! now I have it! There in my cave I will work day and night until a sword shall be made which no human power can break. Then I will wait until a hero, strong and brave, shall come through the forest. I will deceive him so that he will kill for me the dragon, and then—then I will destroy the hero, and the gold shall be mine!"

As Mime said this his face looked blacker and more repulsive than before. Very little time was lost before he was settled in a cave in another part of the forest. Here he heaped a pile of stones, and on them placed his anvil, while near by he made a forge of large, rough rocks which were near at hand.

Many days and nights the queer little Nibelung spent trying to forge the sword of which he had dreamed, but it was in vain, for when he struck the sword upon a stone, it would break into pieces. Often tired and almost discouraged with his wicked work, Mime would walk sometimes far into the forest, but this he never enjoyed, for the growling of the bears, and the roaring of the lions struck terror to his cowardly heart.

However, one morning he ventured a little farther than usual into the woods, hoping he might in some way learn how to make the sword. Suddenly he stopped, for he heard a cry like that of a little baby. He listened, and again the same cry was heard. His first thought was to run back to his cave. Then he decided to find whence came the cry. He did not have to go far, for almost at his feet lay a little baby boy, hardly more than a day old.

There was something in the child's face which made Mime know that when he was grown to manhood he would be one of earth's bravest heroes. Stooping to look more closely at the baby, Mime's eyes caught sight of a broken sword, and he knew at once that this sword, when mended, would be the weapon of his dreams, for it was large and sharp and made of the strongest steel in the world.

He thought for a moment, then said "I will take the baby, bring him up to be a strong man and then have him, with this sword, slay the dragon. Afterwards I can in some way rid myself of him, and the

gold and the ring will be mine!"

So he lifted the beautiful baby boy in his arms, picked up the broken sword, and was about to start for his cave when he heard a mysterious voice say, "Siegfried is the name of the child, and Nothung the name of the magic sword, and only he who knows no fear can weld it together."

Mime looked all about him to see whence came the voice, but no one could be seen. Again it was heard, fainter and farther away this time, "Siegfried is the name of the child, and Nothung the name of the magic sword, and only he who knows no fear can weld it together."

"Aha!" laughed Mime, "whoever it is that spoke, does not know of my cunning work. I can easily mend the sword! Magic, magic," he chuckled as he turned away with the baby and the sword in his arms. "Magic! So much the better! All the more confident now, am I, that when mended it will pierce the heart of the dragon."

The first thing Mime did on reaching the cave was to hide the sword where he was quite sure it would never be discovered. Next he brought skins and placed them on a huge, hollow log. This was the baby's bed.

"I will be as good as I can to the child, and give him the right kind of food, so that he may grow up to be of use to me," thought the dwarf.

How different this baby's life was from the lives of our babies! He had no loving mother to sing him to sleep at night and to comfort him when he felt unhappy over some little sorrow, and above all, to tell him strange, wonderful stories of brave heroes who had given their lives to protect weaker ones.

He never saw anyone but Mime—never knew that anyone else lived but the strange little Nibelung.

Mime, however, was as kind to the baby, in his rough way, as he knew how to be. Every morning when the sun was shining he would carry him out of the cave and place him under the trees that he might lie and kick out his little limbs and, breathing in the fresh forest air, listen to the merry songs of the birds as they flew through the blue sky far above the tops of the trees.

Mime now very seldom left his cave, and day after day could be

heard his strange, unhappy song.

He had but one thought now, and that was of the baby growing to a strong man that he might kill the dragon. So he watched with great interest the growth of the child. Each day little Siegfried grew stronger and stronger so that before long he could walk. Then came very happy days for him.

He would wander into the forests quite away from the cave and sit and listen to the wind as it whispered to the trees. Often a little baby bear would come up to him and play with him for hours at a time. Sometimes the mother bear would come and lie on the grass nearby, watching the young child playing with her baby, but she never thought of doing him any harm.

Day by day Siegfried grew more beautiful. His little arms and legs grew stronger, his body more erect, and his golden hair fell like sunbeams about his baby face which each day had more strength in it.

He was clothed in real forest dress, consisting of a little fur shirt, and skin sandals on his feet. Mime had made for him a silver horn which he wore swung over his shoulders. With this horn he could call the birds and play to the bears which were his constant companions. Often would that part of the forest ring with the glad, happy notes of his silver horn.

Not only did the birds and bears respond to the call, but the mother foxes would come with their little ones, and the wolves with their cubs. They would nestle close to the young boy while he played on his horn for them. They felt his courage and loved him for it.

Happy, indeed, were these days to the young Siegfried.

Is it to be wondered at that he grew up to be all that even the grasping Mime could desire? Never was such a hero seen before. One bright sunny morning, triumphant in the strength of his young manhood, Siegfried stood before Mime, demanding a sword so strong that he could not break it.

Mime was such a cowardly dwarf that the brave youth could not do otherwise than despise him, and he very seldom stayed in the cave. This was the reason he demanded a strong sword, for he was planning to leave Mime and the forest and see something of the world, but he would not go without some means of defense.

"The sword must be made by the time I return," said the youth as

he disappeared in the forest.

"Now is my time! At last, at last, the gold will be mine!" cried Mime.

Cautiously he crept to the place where the broken sword had been laid away for so many years. Again he heard the words, "It is a magic sword, and only he who knows no fear can weld it together."

"That voice does not know of my cunning as a smith," laughed Mime, as he hastened to the bellows.

He blew the fire to a white heat and plunged the sword in, and made ready his hammer and anvil. Then drawing the sword from the fire he pounded it as he had never pounded before, trying to wield it together. But to his horror he could make no impression upon it. Again the voice, "Only he who knows no fear can weld it together."

"Alas, alas!" cried Mime, "I can never do it. Whom now can I get to mend me the sword?"

Again and again did he try, but it was of no use.

Meanwhile Siegfried had gone far into the forest and thrown himself upon the ground. Putting his horn to his lips he called to his friends, the forest beasts and birds. Soon he was answered by singing birds, huge bears, cunning foxes, and wolves. Each mother that day had brought her babies with her. Siegfried said very little to them, for he was thinking strange sweet thoughts.

"How kind all the forest beasts are to their little ones, and the babies look just like their mother and father. Who is my mother?" cried Siegfried.

With this he sprang up and ran to a stream close by and looked in. There he saw his own image reflected. Large, strong, and erect was his body; pure, true, and brave was his face. Long he stood gazing at his reflection in the water and thinking, "Why should not I look like my mother and father? All the forest creatures do. I am no longer a boy. I am a man, and this very day I will make Mime tell me who I am, and who my parents are. He cannot be my father, for I do not look at all like him. Mime is cowardly and sly, but the sight of a bear will frighten him so that he will not dare tell me anything but the truth."

Again he blew his horn and a great black bear came running up to him. Siegfried fastened a rope about the bear's neck, and together

they started for the cave in which dwelt the cowardly Mime, who would so soon have to tell Siegfried who he was and why he was living in the forests with a little ugly sly dwarf, when he himself was so brave and true.

Siegfried II

Siegfried, leading the bear, soon reached the cave of the dwarf.

"Mime," he called, "Where are you? Why do you not come from your hiding place? I know you are somewhere in the cave. Come and see what a nice playfellow I have brought from the forest."

Mime, who had crouched with fear behind the forge, lifted his head, but at the sight of the bear standing with Siegfried at the entrance of the cave, he again shrank behind the forge.

"Come out at once, you sly little dwarf. I have many questions I wish to ask you," said Siegfried.

"Let the bear go. Then I will come."

With this the bear only growled the louder, and that frightened the Nibelung even more.

"Let the bear go," he cried, "and I will answer every question you ask."

"If you were not such a coward, the bear would not growl at you," replied Siegfried. "Still, if you will not come until I let him go, I will send him away. But before I do that you must promise to answer every question I ask."

"Yes, yes, all shall be answered."

Siegfried let go the rope which held the bear, and the beast ran back into the forest. Mime then crept cautiously from behind the forge, looking in every direction to be sure the bear was no longer near.

"Come closer," demanded Siegfried, "What a coward you are!"

The dwarf crept nearer. He seemed more cowardly than ever as he approached the youth. Siegfried was brave and fearless, and his young face shone with a new light as he looked down upon the crouching figure of the Nibelung.

"Mime, today I have been watching the forest beasts with their little ones. The baby birds are like the mother and father bird. The young bear resembles its parents, and the wolf cubs bear likeness to

the older ones. The time has come now when you must tell me who I am. I know you cannot be my father for there is no resemblance between us."

"What difference does it make to you who your parents are so long as I love you," said Mime.

"You do not truly love me. You are sly and cowardly and untruthful. Tell me who I am!" and with flashing eyes and his powerful arms uplifted he sprang toward Mime.

"Stop! Stop!" cried the dwarf, shielding his head with his arm, "I will tell you all."

Then in low, sullen tones he told Siegfried how he had found him, a tiny baby, in the forest, and how, as he lifted him from the ground a voice had said, "Siegfried is the name of the child," but Mime was very careful not to say one word about the sword.

"How do I know you are telling me the truth," said Siegfried angrily. "I must have some proof. Show me something that will prove to me what you say is true."

Mime knew by Siegfried's tone that it would be dangerous to refuse, so he crept behind the forge and brought out the broken sword, Nothung.

"Here is the proof. This broken sword lay by your side when I found you."

"Broken," said Siegfried, as he examined it closely, "but it is made of the best steel. How it shines! How strong it will be when mended! Mend it for me, Mime. This is what I have waited and longed to possess. As soon as the sword is mended I will leave this hated cave forever and go forth into the world to see what it is like."

Turning his face which was now white with fear, toward Siegfried, Mime said, "Alas, Alas! I cannot mend the sword!"

"You have boasted long of your cunning as a smith. Why can you not do what I ask? If you are skillful enough with your tools to make a silver horn you ought surely to be able to mend a sword," replied Siegfried impatiently.

"Listen to me," said the dwarf, cowering and cringing from head to foot. "The voice which told me your name in the forest so many years ago also told me this: 'Nothung is the name of the sword. It is a magic sword and only he who knows no fear can weld it together.'"

"I do not wonder, then," thundered Siegfried, "that you could do nothing with it. Give me the sword and I will weld it together."

He seized the broken sword and impatiently strode toward a huge file which was fastened to the forge and began to file it to dust which fell into a small basin.

"You are spoiling the sword!" screamed Mime.

"On no, I am not," laughed Siegfried as he filed the faster.

Soon the sword, all but the handle, was changed into sparkling dust. He then took the basin which held the powder and placed it on the forge. Reaching up he grasped the bellows and worked it until the fire had melted the powder into a glowing liquid. Close at hand was the mold, and into it he poured the glowing mass.

For one moment he stood with beating heart, wondering if Nothung would be all he expected when he opened the mold. Carefully he lifted the cover, and there lay the perfect sword. Quickly seizing it with a huge pair of pinchers, Siegfried hurried to the forge and plunged the sword into the fire which was kept at a white heat by the bellows. Allowing it to remain for a moment only in the fierce fire, he grasped it again with the pinchers and laid it, red hot, upon the anvil. Seizing his huge hammer, with heavy strokes he pounded it until the edges were sharp and thin. Then, again heating it, he fastened it to the handle.

At last it was finished, and Siegfried held it up and felt the edges. They must be even sharper for so trusty a sword. For the last time he placed it in the fire, and blew the bellows even faster than before. Once more it was red hot. As he laid it on the anvil and pounded it, the sparks flew in very direction, and Siegfried, filled with joy, sang of the sword and the work it would one day do. Faster and faster fell the mighty hammer. Thinner and sharper grew the keen edges until the young hero threw aside the hammer, and flourishing the sword in all its new glory above his head, burst into a new, glad, triumphant sword song:

> Nothung, Nothung! Wonderful sword!
> Thy life again have I given!

With one powerful blow of the sword, the anvil fell in pieces. How the cave rang with the sword of Nothung, and right with it came the

music of Siegfried the Fearless.

Mime, terrified at the light which shone from the sparks as they flew about, and also at Siegfried's strength, had fallen upon the ground in another part of the cave. There he lay on his face until Siegfried called to him.

"Now that I have such a trusty sword, I will leave the cave forever. All over the world will I seek for new tests of my strength, and never again will I come back to you, Mime. Is there anything you wish to say to me before I start?"

"Yes, I have much to say," answered the dwarf as he slowly raised his body. "Sit down and I will tell you.

"You are a strong youth, and brave as well, but one thing you do not know."

"Tell me what that one thing is," said the impatient youth.

"It is fear," said Mime.

"Fear," said Siegfried. "What is fear?"

"Have you never felt your whole body tremble and your heart beat fast and loud when the wild beasts were growling near you? Have you never run to escape them?"

"No, never, Mime. You have taught me many things. Now teach me fear. Take me to the place where I shall know what you mean by fear."

"Very well," said the sly Mime. "Far distant in the forest is Hate Cavern, the home of the terrible dragon, Fafner. I will take you there, and you will learn fear at once."

"A dragon—what is a dragon?" asked Siegfried.

"A dragon is the animal of all animals which most terrifies man, and this one is the most dangerous of them all. The cavern where he dwells has never been approached by mortal since he took up his abode there.

"He is like a huge, awful worm. He does not walk, but twists and turns his slimy body as he crawls in the dust. His tail has a fatal sting and is long and pointed. No one dares approach him, for if he tries to come from the back, the dragon will be sure to sting him, and if he comes near his head or sides, the poisonous breath will bring instant death."

"Oh, that is nothing of which to be afraid," laughed Siegfried. "He

will make me a nice playfellow. But come, let us be off. I am anxious to see this dragon and know if he can teach me fear."

Mime strapped his drinking horn to his belt, and going to an inner part of the cave, filled it with some mysterious liquid. Then turning to Siegfried he said, "I am ready."

All that night they traveled silently through the forest. Each was busy with his own thoughts, so neither spoke. As the sun was rising Mime said, "Let us stop here. Straight ahead, at some distance, is the cavern where Fafner dwells. I will wait for you here. Now go, and learn well your lesson."

Siegfried was only too glad to get away from the cowardly dwarf. How free and happy he felt as he walked on with Nothung in his hand.

"There is the cave. I will lie down here in the sunshine and wait for the dragon," said he, half aloud, as he threw himself upon a huge log.

The bright morning sun shone on his golden hair, and there was a new light in his eyes as he looked up at the trees. Soon he heard the beautiful song of a forest bird. It was like the music above.

So sweet was the song that he scarcely moved.

"The bird is certainly singing to me. Why can I not understand her?" thought he. "I will make a whistle from a reed and see if I can answer her."

Springing up, he seized a reed. The whistle was soon made and he tried to answer the bird. But he did not succeed for the bird would not listen.

"I will try my horn," thought he, and putting the horn to his lips he blew it loud and clear. But instead of the bird song, he heard something else.

"Oh ho! That must be the dragon!" Again he heard the noise, and, sure enough, the squirming, crawling body of the awful monster appeared, coming nearer and nearer to him.

"Who are you?" growled the dragon.

"I am Siegfried, and Mime said you would teach me what fear is."

"I will eat you!"

The dragon ground his teeth together and thrust out his long, red tongue. His ugly face grew darker and darker.

"Oh, but you are much mistaken," laughed the youth.

This infuriated the dragon, and as he snorted there poured forth fiery smoke that was deadly poison. Siegfried, however, was wise enough to keep out of the reach of the poisonous smoke, and it did not harm him.

"Come nearer to me if you know no fear," sneered the dragon.

"Yes, that I will," said Siegfried.

With these words he sprang forward and plunged into the heart of the dragon Nothung, the mighty sword.

"Cursed is the Ring and only sorrow and unhappiness will follow him who possesses it," gasped the dragon as he fell over dead.

Siegfried drew his dripping sword from the body of the monster. As he did so one drop of the dragon's blood fell upon his hand. It burned as if a coal of fire had touched his hand and instinctively he thrust it into his mouth to stop the pain. A sudden change came over him. He stood spell-bound, and listened amazed, for he heard the bird notes as words:

"Mime is wicked and cowardly. He loves no one. Everyone who comes near him he harms. He is at this moment making poison with which to kill you. So, brave youth, you must kill him before he does anyone else harm," sang the bird.

Siegfried entered the cave where the dragon for so many years had lived with the gold. He took the Ring and the magic Helmet, but left the bags of gold. He put the Ring on his finger and carried the Helmet in his hand. In this way he left the cave and met Mime approaching, carrying very carefully the drinking horn.

"Here is a nice cool drink for you, my boy, after your hard work."

Eyeing him sternly, Siegfried said, "That is poison. I will not touch it." With that he hurled the horn from Mime's trembling hand, and with Nothung, killed the cowardly, wicked Nibelung.

Once more Seigfried threw himself on the log, but this time his thoughts were different.

"I am lonely. Would that my mother were here."

Again the birds sang:

"I will tell you of someone who will love you—love you better than all the world. High on yonder mountain, surrounded by fire, sleeps a beautiful maiden, awaiting the hero who knows no fear to

awaken her. Follow me and I will show you the way."

Filled with joy, Siegfried sprang to his feet and followed the little singer. It was a weary way, but the longing for love made it seem short. Suddenly the bird disappeared, and Siegfried came face to face with the mighty Wotan.

Wotan, king of all the giants, was much larger than Siegfried, and in his hand he carried the mighty spear with which he ruled the world.

"Where are you going, young man?" asked Wotan.

"Yonder on the mountain, upon a rock surrounded by fire, sleeps a beautiful maiden, who, when I shall awaken her, will always love me."

"Dare you face the fire?" Wotan spoke slowly.

"I am not afraid! Do not delay me!" and Siegfried attempted to pass.

"Stop!" commanded the giant king.

"I will not!" replied the fearless hero.

"Stand back, you shall not go," thundered the giant. "My all-powerful, mighty spear shall prevent you. Do you think, brave as you are, that you can shatter the spear which for hundreds of years has ruled the world?"

Siegfried answered not a word, but raising Nothung high in the air, and with more than giant strength brought it down upon the mighty spear. A great crash was heard as the spear fell in two pieces at the feet of the king.

"Go forward," said Wotan, slowly bowing his head, "I can no longer prevent you. Some power stronger than giant power must rule the world," and turning he went silently to Walhalla.

Siegfried, filled with hope, began to ascend the mountain. He had not climbed far when he noticed the increased heat in the air.

"I must be near the circle of fire," thought he, and sure enough, as he looked he saw the bright red flames shooting almost up to the sky. Nearer and nearer he came, and hotter and hotter grew the flames. Soon he stood before the fire.

"Only the fire between me and the one I am to love—the one who is to love me," cried he, and with a leap he sprang into the fire.

Unharmed, and without one touch of the fire Siegfried stood

before the sleeping one. Somewhat confused, he looked about him.

"All the trees are sleeping; so are the flowers, and a horse lies asleep under the tree, and there rests a beautiful young knight. I will go nearer and remove the shield."

Slowly he crept nearer the sleeping figure and took away the shield, but under that was a coat of mail.

"This coat I must also remove, but it is fastened with steel rings. Come, Nothung, and cut them."

Very carefully he cut the rings, and the coat of mail fell jingling to the ground.

"Now I will lift the helmet," said he.

Tenderly Siegfried lifted the helmet, and Brunhilde's golden hair fell in long curls over her.

"Oh! It is not a man!" cried Siegfried as he sprang back.

His whole body was trembling and his heart beat fast and loud.

"Now I know what fear is," said he, "A beautiful maiden! Can she love me? Why does she not waken?"

Several times he called, but she still slept on.

Tremblingly he approached, and stood long, gazing thoughtfully upon her. Then he bent and tenderly kissed her, and instantly she awoke, as did all about her.

Slowly she raised herself and looked all around her. Long she gazed at her horse; then, lifting her eyes, she beheld the sunshine, and all the sunshine in her responded in a song.

"Hail, Thou Sunshine!"

These were her first words on awakening from her long, long slumber. Then she noticed Siegfried.

"You are Siegfried the Fearless. You are the hero who dared come through the fire to rescue me!"

"Yes, the bird sang to me of you and of the love which would be mine, could I but waken you."

"You are my brave hero, and I will love you always, yes, love you more than the whole world. And as a pledge of my love I will give you my brave winged horse. He it was who carried the brave heroes to Walhalla. Although the power of his wings is gone, he is still the swiftest horse on all the earth. He shall be no more Brunhilde's, but Siegfried's horse.

"Brunhilde, my pledge of love to you shall be this ring. What joy it is to have someone to love!" and not heeding the warning of the dragon, Siegfried placed the ring on Brunhilde's finger.

Long they sat talking together. Sometimes their joy would burst forth into song.

Brunhilde sang of her life in the beautiful Palace of Walhalla and Siegfried of his free forest life. Brunhilde sang of the War Maidens, Siegfried of his sword, Nothung, and of the dragon he had slain, also of the magic fire and the slumbering maiden, but the music which told of their love was sweeter than all the rest.

Brunhilde thought no more of Walhalla. Siegfried no more of Mime. So filled with love were they that the whole world seemed to have gained new glory for them.

Die Götterdämmerung

After Siegfried had cut the spear in pieces with Nothung, Wotan returned sadly to Walhalla. Eager for news all the giants gathered around him, but they were slow to speak when they noticed the broken spear. At last one of them said:

"Wotan, what is troubling you? You do not look as happy as you did when you went away."

"No! No! No! I am not happy! Happiness will never again be ours. While walking upon the earth I met Siegfried, the fearless hero. He was then on his way up the mountain to awaken the sleeping Brunhilde. I tried to detain him with my spear which hitherto has conquered all things, but love was in his heart, and with one blow of his trusty sword he cut the spear in two pieces. Now I know that our giant power will no longer rule the world, but something stronger will soon reign in its place. Alas! Alas! Alberich's curse is coming true."

As Wotan was speaking, a cloud crept slowly over the sky.

Siegfried and Brunhilde, meantime, were spending the hours happily together. One day Brunhilde called Siegfried to her.

"Siegfried, you were indeed brave to kill the dragon. Braver still were you to come through the fire. Are you brave enough now to leave me for a time?

"If you are a true hero you must go and do more brave deeds. To remain always by my side would be to forget all else. Your trusty sword would rust in its sheath were it never used. And I, too, must learn new courage, for if I truly love you, as I do, I must send you away from me that you may gain new strength."

Siegfried listened intently while Brunhilde was speaking.

"You are right, Brunhilde. I will go, but you will always be in my thoughts. I shall not stay away long, but I shall not return until I have done some brave deed worthy of your praise."

So Siegfried, the Hero, dressed in full armor, and riding Brunhilde's war horse, left the mountain and rode through the fire into

what was to him a new world. His journey was long, but the war horse traveled so swiftly that they passed over hundreds of miles in the time it would take us to travel one.

Finally he neared the Rhine, and seeing a boat, he sprang in, and called to his horse to follow. He pushed the boat far into the river and sped on. At last he neared a large palace.

In this palace there lived a very wicked man who was a friend of Alberich's, and his name was Hagen. Alberich had talked much of the gold, and they had many times discussed the power of the magic helmet and the ring.

Hagen was also anxious to gain the ring and the gold. He, like Alberich, cared nothing for love. All his time was spent in thinking how he could get possession of the ring, yet he knew that Brunhilde had it, and that Siegfried had given it to her. He knew also that she lived on the mountain top, and was surrounded by fire. Again and again did Hagen say, "No one but Siegfried the hero can go through the fire. If I could only lay a plan to capture this youth, and make him forget Brunhilde, I could then force him to get the ring for me."

One day he sat in the palace door thinking the same wicked thoughts when the sound of a horn reach his ears.

"It is someone coming up the river," cried he, springing to his feet, "Come, let us go and see who it is!" he called to his friends.

All hurried down to the river bank and there they saw a wonderful sight. Siegfried in full armor stood in the bow of the boat. One hand rested on his war horse, while with the other he paddled the boat against the swift current.

Hagen and all his friends stood, spellbound, hardly daring to move, for such strength as Siegfried possessed had never been seen by them.

"It can be no other than Siegfried, the hero," Hagen said at last. "Such strength belongs to no one else. See, he paddles with one hand against the current. Surely that is Siegfried."

Swiftly the boat glided to the shore, and Siegfried sprang out.

"Are you not Siegfried?" asked Hagen.

"Yes, and I have come from a beautiful mountain to seek new adventures."

"Stay with us for a time," said Hagen. "There are many wild

animals here which ought to be slain, but no one is strong enough to do it. You may hunt all day and then when night falls amuse yourself by listening to fine music and interesting stories."

"You are most kind to me," replied Siegfried, not dreaming Hagen was such a wicked man. "I will accept your generous hospitality."

So the boat was drawn up on the shore, and the war horse stepped proudly out, pawing the ground impatiently.

"What a superb horse!" exclaimed Hagen, "and it has wings."

"Yes," said Siegfried, and his eyes shone with a glad light. "He is the swiftest horse in the world, and is very dear to me."

"Can he fly?"

"Not now. Long, long years ago he had power in his wings, but that was taken away by Wotan before he was given to me."

"But come," said Hagen, "let us go in and refresh ourselves with cooling drinks and some food."

He led the way and they entered a bright, sunny room in the palace. There they ate and drank and talked of the country round about and the wild animals that Siegfried would slay.

"I am eager to be off to the hunt," said Siegfried as they finished their repast.

"I will have some of my servants show you the way at once," replied Hagen, "if you are anxious to go."

Hagen then called his servants and told them to show Siegfried the path to the forest where the ferocious animals lived. Joyfully the brave Siegfried mounted his horse and rode away. Hagen watched him until he had ridden far out of sight. Then, with a scornful leer he went into a dark room and seated himself in a corner.

"Now I can think better, here in the dark," muttered he to himself.

It is no wonder he chose a dark room, for his thoughts were darker than the blackest night.

"This youth is certainly the bravest hero in the world. How can I surely make him get the ring for me?"

Just then he heard something and right before him stood Alberich.

"Ah, Alberich, you here! Hateful creature! How I loathe you! Why do you not stay where you belong, down in your foul and

miserable kingdom?"

"Bah! Have I not a right to come into the upper air?" and a look of hateful cunning came into his eyes. "I am here because of the ring. Why do you not get this Siegfried to get it from Brunhilde?"

"How can I do that when Siegfried all the time thinks of no one but her?"

"Listen—I am afraid to say it very loud—the only way to do is to give him a magic drink which will make him forget her."

"How can I do that?"

"I will mix such a liquid, and when he comes in tired and warm from the hunt you can say to him, 'Here, brave Siegfried, is a cooling drink which will refresh you.' Do you understand?"

"Yes, but how will I get the ring from Brunhilde?"

"Leave that to me and all will be well. After he has swallowed the magic potion we will make him take the ring from Brunhilde," and with these words Alberich vanished. But on the table near where he had been standing was a drinking horn in which was the magic liquid.

"Aha!" exclaimed the wicked Hagen, "the ring will soon be mine, mine, mine! Alberich thinks I will give it to him, but he is greatly mistaken," and he laughed loudly.

Just then Siegfried's silver horn could be heard clear and sweet in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came, and Hagen seizing the drinking horn, went out to meet him.

"I have slain one of the wild animals," said Siegfried as Hagen approached him. "Then we have much for which to thank you," said Hagen, smiling and bowing in seeming politeness, "but before you do anything else refresh yourself with this cool drink."

"Thank you," returned Siegfried. "This is very pleasant country about here. I think I will remain for a while."

His thoughts then for the first time were more of his own pleasure than of his beloved Brunhilde, so, carelessly, he put the horn to his lips and drank the magic potion. Instantly Brunhilde was forgotten.

After this a change came over Siegfried. He went no more to the hunt, but staid in the palace and did nothing but feast and have a good time. As the days went by he seemed more and more intent upon enjoying himself. So eager was he for his own pleasure that he forgot even his trusty Nothung, and the sword which could do so

much hung unused upon the wall of the palace. Strange that he could have forgotten that day in the forest when he forged Nothung anew. But everything was forgotten save his own pleasure.

High up on the mountain, surrounded by the magic fire, waited Brunhilde.

"Why does not my Siegfried come back to me. The days are long and dreary. The air is close and heavy. Darkness is spreading over the earth. Some evil must have befallen my hero, for he said he would return to me soon, and it has been many long weeks since he went away. I feel that he needs me. I will go to him. Yes, I will go at once," and Brunhilde sprang up. "I will start this very moment." And as the night was falling over the earth, guided by love, Brunhilde walked through the fire to find her Siegfried.

Long was her journey. Day and night she traveled, but she never grew weary for always she heard the voice telling her that Siegfried was in need of her.

Early one morning she heard singing and stopped for a moment to listen.

Before her was the River Rhine, and there were the Rhine Daughters singing of their lost gold and the ring and the curse upon it.

"Why does not some one give the ring back and break the curse," thought Brunhilde as she stood gazing at the scene before her.

Hagen, in the meantime, began to think it was about time for Siegfried to get the ring for him.

"I will insist upon having it today! It is early morning now. Before night the ring shall be mine."

So he blew his horn, called his men to him and sent them in search of Siegfried.

In the meantime, however, Siegfried had risen early and wandered about the palace, seeking for some new pleasure. Suddenly his eye caught sight of the forgotten Nothung hanging on the wall.

"A hunt will be the best enjoyment for me this morning," said he, as he buckled on the sword.

With these thoughts he mounted his horse and rode away, but the horse seemed not to travel so swiftly as it once did. Many times he stopped and dismounted when he heard the noise of an animal, but could get none of them. Finally he stopped the horse and threw

himself down on the grass. All at once he heard a bird singing.

"I was in a forest, too. That was a long time ago. Yes, and it was at that time I forged my Nothung anew and gave it new life," and Siegfried's face became lighter as memory became clearer. "Yes, and I killed the dragon.

"Mime's heart also was pierced with Nothung. I also tasted the dragon's blood, and Oh, yes, yes, it was then I understood the bird, and she sang of a magic fire—of a sleeping maiden.

"Yes, and I went through the fire and—"

Suddenly he stopped and sprang up, for he heard something sweeter and dearer to him than all else in the world.

His memory had returned to him and he gave a glad cry.

Brunhilde stood before him!

"I knew you needed me so I came to you, my Siegfried," said she.

Again he was the brave hero of the other days, even braver than before, for had he not overcome the power of the magic drink?

Hagen came suddenly upon them!

"The ring, the ring," he shouted. "Give me the magic ring or you shall both die! Come men, and take the ring!"

Noble indeed then was Brunhilde, as, drawing her majestic body to its queenly height, with one sweep of her arm she commanded the army of men to stand back.

Slowly she drew the ring from her finger and clasped it in her hand. Raising it high above her head, she told all to listen to what she was about to say. Clear and ringing was her voice as she spoke.

She told them the sad history of the ring. How Alberich had stolen the gold from the Rhine Daughters—its rightful owners, and by giving up love had been able to make a magic ring of it. This ring had cursed all who possessed it.

Fafner, the mighty frost giant, and even Wotan, king of all giants and ruler of the world, had felt its curse. She told them that giant power was about to vanish forever from the earth that it might give place to love. That in their thirst for gold they had given up all that made the world beautiful, for all was useless without love.

No one moved while she was speaking.

"The transformation is coming!" she cried.

A new light shone in her eyes, and with a glad triumphant shout

she flung the ring back to the Rhine Daughters.

Instantly darkness settled over the earth. All was hushed and silent, for everything was changing. For days and days the sun did not shine.

At last the morning broke! The sun shone brighter than ever before, and told his message of love so plainly that no one misunderstood.

The birds awoke and caroled glad songs of love, and every mother gathered her little children around her and told them that Walhalla and the giants were no more; that within each heart was a power stronger and purer in its strength than all the giants of Walhalla, and that was the power which would rule forever and ever.

And that power, strong and mighty, was love!

Parsifal I

How everything changed after love had again come into the world! Again and again did the children ask to be told of Walhalla and Siegfried and about the heroic Brunhilde who had been brave enough to give the ring back to the Rhine Daughters that love might again come to rule.

It seemed as if everyone felt the change for they were kinder and nobler than they had ever been. Each person tried to do what he thought would make some one else happy; and if they loved each other so dearly, how much more did they love the kind Heavenly Father who sent the birds to sing and the sun to tell the story of His love.

So great was their love for Him that they built beautiful churches in which to worship Him and talk to each other about how they would make the world more beautiful and men's hearts happier.

The great musician who told the story of the Rhine-Gold, told another story, though it was much shorter. Indeed, it was the last story he told before the Father called him home that his great soul might respond in triumphant heavenly music to the angels' song.

This story you also are to hear. Although the hero killed no dragons and went through no fires, he was even braver than Siegfried; for when the whole world—as it seemed to him—was calling him to forsake the right and good, his heart was strong and brave, and he turned away, saying he could never do as they wished because his heart told him it was not right.

In the days when this story was first heard there was something which every one longed with all his soul to possess for his very own. It was the most beautiful and holy thing in all the world and it was called the Holy Grail. Everyone who had ever possessed it was made nobler and kinder than ever before, so it is no wonder that all people wished for it.

No one knew just where to find it, and what was so very strange about it was that it was found in so many different places. Some found

it right in their own homes, while others had to wander over the whole world before they could possess it, and many never found it at all for they were not ready for it. No one could find this Holy Grail and have it for his own unless he were so pure and loving that he could harbor no evil thought or be unkind.

Once a company of strong, true knights started in search of the Holy Grail. They were so brave that just to look at them gave one new courage, for the glad light of an unselfish life shone in their faces. They were dressed in armour, but had no horses to ride, so they had to travel slowly, and often they would get very tired.

Sometimes their way led them over stony paths, and again over hot, sandy deserts, and often before them would be seen a high, steep mountain. Sometimes they would travel all night, but oftener they would stop and rest while it was dark. At such times, after their evening prayers had been said they would throw themselves upon the ground and sleep so as to be able to travel the faster when the morning came.

How many stories the stars and the moon could tell if we could but understand! The same stars and moon that shine in the sky tonight kept watch while these weary knights of long ago slept and dreamed of the Holy Grail.

When morning broke these brave knights would arise, and after the morning prayer of thanksgiving, would again press on. They did not stop for breakfast, but ate their simple food while they were on their way.

Early one morning they came to a great forest. Tired, and almost disheartened, they stopped.

"We must not remain here," said their leader, whose name was Amfortas. "When you are tired think of the joy that awaits us when we have found the Holy Grail. A little weariness must not be thought of now."

Encouraged by his words the knights entered the dark forest. On and on they traveled, and strange as it may seem, the farther into the forest they went, the less weary they grew. It was no wonder, for though they did not know it, they were coming nearer the Holy Grail.

"Let us stop here, comrades," said Amfortas, "and again thank our Heavenly Father for bringing us thus far."

So once more they knelt and prayed, thanking the Great Father for His goodness, and asking Him if they might not this day find the Holy Grail.

As they knelt in prayer a great light filled the forest above their heads. They rose to their feet. Not a knight spoke, for it seemed as if the Father must be with them. With faces upturned they listened, and a voice coming from the very center of the light spoke to them saying, "Here you have found the Holy Grail. Build here a beautiful church in which to worship by prayer and song your Heavenly Father, but should any one need you, go to him at once though it be thousands of miles away. From this time on you shall be called the Knights of the Holy Grail, and Amfortas shall be your king."

The voice ceased. Again the knights fell on their knees and worshiped God. When they arose the great light had vanished, but in the face of each brave knight shone a new, peaceful light, for they knew that at last they had found what they had been for so many years striving to gain.

It always happened that whenever anyone found the Holy Grail the light came and the voice spoke, although the messages were always different. It did not tell everyone to build churches, but it told these knights to do so.

They lost no time in obeying, and soon in the midst of the forest stood the most beautiful church in the world—the Church of the Holy Grail. It was indeed beautiful with its great stained glass windows through which the light shone in many rich colors, but the most wonderful thing about it was the music which told always of the Holy Grail.

Each day the knights went into the church to pray, for if they were always to be brave and pure their needs must have daily help from Heaven.

Far distant in this same forest was an enchanted palace in which lived a very wicked man. So wicked was he that his life was given up to doing harmful deeds. Surrounding this palace was a garden of enchanted flowers. They were large, bright-colored blossoms, and gave none of the sweet perfume of the pure white lily of the valley or of the deep blue violet.

The wicked man who was known as a magician, had magic power

and he did many harmful things. One of his most wicked deeds was to keep a very beautiful woman under his spell. He commanded her to sing in this garden when brave knights were passing by that she might entice them to come in. If once they entered they were also bound by this wicked man's power. Not only did this woman sing, but all the flowers sang with her, so that it took a knight even braver than Siegfried to resist going into the garden.

Amfortas and all of his knights knew of this palace, and it gave them much uneasiness for they knew the harm its master could do. At last Amfortas decided to go with his knights to that part of the forest and break the power of the magician's spell by destroying the palace.

As they started Amfortas warned them not to stop for a moment to listen to the music as they passed by the garden. In his hand he carried a holy spear which he had once captured from a Christian pilgrim. So holy and wonderful was this spear that were it used in the right way it could destroy all evil and bring joy and happiness.

As the knights journeyed through the forest they sang of their holy church and the joy that would be theirs when the magic palace should be destroyed.

Nearer and nearer they came. At first they could hear only a faint sound, but soon they heard the fatal singing. All stood more erect than before as if to resist the temptation. As they approached the garden all the bright flowers could be seen, and they sang louder and louder as the knights advanced.

Slowly and manfully the knights walked by—all but Amfortas, their king, who was riding behind the others. As he approached, carrying his spear, the song of the flowers became louder than ever, and the beautiful woman appeared and sang to him. So enticing was her charm under the magician's spell that Amfortas, King of the Holy Grail, forgot all else, entered the garden, laid down his holy spear, and approached her whose singing had tempted him until he yielded.

Instantly the wicked man appeared, and grasping the spear he pierced Amfortas' side.

With a cry of agony Amfortas fell to the ground. The palace and the garden he now forgot and remembered only the Holy Grail.

The knights, hearing the cry, hurried back to the garden, and ten-

derly lifting their wounded king, carried him back to their home. Before they started they tried to find the spear, but the wicked magician had vanished with it. When they reached home with their king they very carefully bound up his wounded side with a healing medicine which always before had cured the deepest wounds.

How Amfortas suffered day and night! The fever burned, and it seemed to him that his body was on fire. For weeks and weeks he lay in his bed hardly able to move, so great was the pain. All the medicine the kind knights gave him and all their tender nursing seemed to do him no good. The wound in his side remained the same as it was the day the spear pierced it.

Months went by. Often the knights would carry their king down to the lake close at hand and bathe him in its cool waters, but even that did not ease his suffering.

Every day, as was their custom, the knights would enter the church and listen to the music.

Sometimes they would carry Amfortas there, thinking that it might ease his terrible suffering, but it did not help him. They brought medicine from all parts of the earth, but it could not heal the wound.

One day the bell in the church rang out and in deep, solemn tones called the knights to enter the church. Slowly they approached, carrying, very tenderly, their king. As they entered the music began. Carefully laying Amfortas down they knelt and prayed that their king might very soon be well.

As they rose from their knees Amfortas sat up and spoke to them again of the Holy Grail, telling them that if they always kept their lives pure and unselfish they would always have the Holy Grail with them. As he finished speaking he fell back exhausted, and the pain in his side seemed almost greater than ever.

For a moment there was silence. Then a faint voice was heard which seemed to come direct from Heaven. Slowly and softly it spoke:

"Wait for him whose life is filled with love and pity. He will go all around the world and bring back the holy spear with which he will touch the side of Amfortas, and it will be healed."

What joy shone in the faces of the knights as they left the church, for the prophecy had been given of the end of the sufferings of Amfortas!

Parsifal II

Happy indeed were the knights that the promise of the healing of Amfortas had been given, but they had to wait so long that at times they wondered if they could have mistaken the voice.

"No, that could not be," said the oldest among them, "for did not the voice come from above, and does that Divine Love ever fail?"

So, by the trusting faith of the old knight was the courage of all kept up. The days truly seemed very long, but faith and trust were in their hearts. Amfortas bore his suffering like the brave king that he was, and when the wound pained him most, he repeated to himself what the voice had said—"Wait for the one whose life is filled with love and pity."

One day the white-haired old knight was walking with his hands folded behind him, as if in deep meditation. His face, though thoughtful, was quiet and calm, for all the hard battles of life were over for him. To be sure, wrinkles could be seen on his brow, but they only told of the sacrifices which had been lovingly made. They were the handwriting on his face. Suddenly he stopped walking, and looking up to Heaven asked if the one who was to heal Amfortas would not soon come. Hardly had he finished speaking when a youth in forest dress, with a bow and arrow in his hand, bounded in front of him. The old knight was first to speak:

"My brave youth, who are you, and whence do you come?"

"I am Parsifal."

The youth continued to speak.

"I was very happy in the forest, living quietly with my mother. Very few people passed that way, but, alas, one day some gallant knights in full armour rode by. After that I was not contented. My heart burned like a living coal. Over and over again I told myself I ought to be a knight. At last I could contain myself no longer. I bade my dear mother good-by and started in search of knighthood."

"My young friend, do you know what true knighthood means?"

asked the old knight.

"Alas! I only know that the men I saw looked brave and true," replied the youth.

"To be a knight means even more than that. Years ago in my youth I also left home to become a knight, and it has taken me a whole lifetime to realize true knighthood."

"Everything is so peaceful here. To what place have I come?" asked the youth looking wonderingly about him.

"This is the domain of the Knights of the Holy Grail, and yonder stands the church on the very spot where we found the Grail."

While the old knight was speaking the bell began to peal, and the procession of knights, bearing Amfortas, could be seen entering the church with slow and solemn steps.

"Let us go into the church. There you will hear music like unto the songs of the angels," said the old knight.

"Shall I find the Holy Grail there within the church?" eagerly asked Parsifal.

"That no earthly knowledge can reveal," replied his companion, and they entered the church together.

With folded hands Parsifal stood spellbound just within the door. The old knight took his place among the others.

It would be hard to tell the feelings of the young Parsifal as he listened to the music. He had never before been in a church, and the music seemed indeed like an angel's song to him. As it ceased the knights knelt in prayer, after which they tenderly raised their king that he might speak to them. His strength was so nearly exhausted that he could scarcely speak, but Parsifal heard these word:

"Always be faithful to the Holy Grail."

Again the music burst forth and the procession of knights, moving slowly down the long aisle, left the church.

Parsifal stood, apparently transfixed, until the old knight approached and said softly to him, "Come with me, and I will tell you all."

The youth whose life was just begun and the old knight who before many years would enter a new life, passed on slowly. Beside the calm waters of the lake they stopped and the knight told the whole sad story of Amfortas to the young Parsifal. He told him also of the

voice which said, "Wait for the one whose life is filled with love and pity."

"One must touch again the wound with the Holy Spear if our king lives," continued the knight, "and that is in the possession of the wicked magician. But I must leave you now for I have duties to perform." So, bidding the youth good-by, he returned to the house.

Parsifal watched him until he disappeared. Then, with a heart filled with love and pity he turned in the direction of the magician's palace. His mind was filled with thoughts of the church and of Amfortas, King of the Grail. As he walked on, a great desire came to him to possess the Holy Grail, and now and then he stopped to see if he could not hear the voice telling him he had found it. But no voice spoke.

"I must press on so that I may recover the Holy Spear of Amfortas. That, and that alone, the old knight told me, could cure the wounded side."

The air seemed somewhat heavier as the youth hurried on, and it seemed more difficult for him to breathe than it did in the knights' domain. But he did not stop. Although he knew it not he was approaching the wicked magician's palace. So wicked was the magician that his power seemed to affect the very atmosphere.

Soon Parsifal stopped and listened, for he heard music.

"I must hasten on," thought he, "for that music comes from the garden of the magician's palace."

Louder grew the song as he neared the garden.

"Strange," said he to himself, "this music makes me think only of myself, while the Holy Grail music made me think of my Heavenly Father. It is so different."

Just then he came to the garden. Big, bright colored flowers were before him. Each flower was singing to him to enter, but he stood unmoved.

"Those flowers, though so highly colored, are poisonous, and they have none of the sweet perfume of my forest blossoms."

Louder and louder sang the flowers. In their midst stood a woman dressed in bright and glittering garments. Soon she too began to sing.

Parsifal listened as in strains of wonderful music she coaxed him to come into the garden where he could have everything that he

wished to eat and drink and wear. Here he could listen to entrancing music all the day long, and have for companions the gay flowers.

"Come, only come," sang the woman.

Parsifal hesitatingly lingered and listened. So enticing was the song of the woman that it seemed to the youth as if the whole world were calling him. Suddenly he put his hand on his side as if in great pain.

"Now I know what Amfortas suffers," cried he. "No, I will not come into the garden. Is it not enough that you have caused Amfortas to suffer as he does?"

"Come, come, only come! We will make you forget all else," sang the woman.

"Never!" cried Parsifal.

Then the woman called aloud to the magician, for she knew her power was gone. As she screamed the magician appeared with Amfortas's Holy Spear. Looking for one moment at the youth he said angrily:

"I will wound you as I did Amfortas," and with that he threw the spear straight at Parsifal.

But strange as it may seem, instead of touching the youth, the spear hung poised in the air above his head. Surely some great love stayed it there. Filled with hope, Parsifal reached up and took the Holy Spear in his hand.

Just as he touched it a mighty crash came and the magician's palace and all its inmates, the gorgeous flowers and sparkling fountains, all disappeared. In its place stood wide-spreading shade trees.

Parsifal looked in amazement at the sudden change. Then he said, "I must hasten back to the knights, for now it will be but a few hours before Amfortas will be made well."

He looked in front of him; then turned and looked the other way, but alas, he knew not whether to turn to the right or to the left. He was lost!

Standing alone in the forest he prayed to the Heavenly Father that he might find the Holy Grail, and also that he might find his way back to the knights and to Amfortas. The thought of what the old knight told him came again to his mind—"Some people have to travel all around the world before they find the Holy Grail."

"Perhaps I may be one who has to travel far to find it, but I will press on, and when my life is pure enough and my heart filled with love, then I, too, may possess it."

Long and hard was the journey of the young Parsifal. For days and days he traveled without rest, and when at last he did lie down to sleep, in his dreams he traveled on, and even reached the end of his journey. But when he awoke he heard a voice say:

"Travel on. Love leads the way to the place where you will find the Holy Grail."

Often he would be obliged to go over rough and thorny paths. At other times high, jagged mountains loomed up before him, but hardest of all was the slimy, muddy slough which he had to wade through. His feet were bruised and sore and many times his throat was parched and thirsty, but still he kept on, and never for a moment did he let go of the Holy Spear.

At times in his long journey he met people who needed his help. A poor, tired mother carrying a heavy baby would be going his way, and being young and strong he would take the baby in his arms and carry it for the mother; and at times an old man needed to be helped over a rough place.

One day as he was hurrying on he heard a faint moan, and looking down he saw a little white lamb that seemed to have lost its way. Very tenderly did he lift the little lamb in his arms and hold it close to his heart. It seemed as if in some way it gave new warmth to him, and again he thought of the sweet story his mother used to tell him of the dear Savior who carried the lambs in his bosom. Parsifal's heart was so peaceful as he walked on. Soon he came to the shepherd and his herd of sheep, and placing the little lamb near its mother he passed on.

"You are coming nearer the Holy Grail," said the voice.

It was night time now, and as Parsifal walked on he looked up into the sky studded with twinkling stars. Far in the east the moon rose into the heavens and shed its beams on all the sleeping earth.

"How beautiful our world is!" thought Parsifal.

All that night he traveled. Presently the stars, one by one, disappeared, and as the earth awoke the moon gave place to the sun that it might do its work. Straight ahead of the youth was a forest. As

he entered it his heart gave a glad leap, for it seemed to him as if he had been there some time long before. With bowed head he walked on. Suddenly he stopped for he heard a voice say:

"Will not the one whose life is filled with love and pity soon come! The suffering of Amfortas increases day by day."

There through the trees Parsifal saw the old knight walking by the lake, and near him was the woman who had sung to him in the garden of the magician's palace. She looked very different now from what she did when she had tried to tempt him. Now her face was indeed beautiful, for a change had taken place within her heart. For years she had been under the spell of the magician, for in her youth she had done a wrong thing, and that was her punishment. The spell the magician held over her could not be broken until some one would be strong enough to resist all temptation. This Parsifal had done, so the spell was broken when the palace disappeared, and the magician's power over her was gone. Now her life was given up to doing good that she, too, might find the Holy Grail.

With the spear in his hand, and a heart filled with love and pity, Parsifal approached them. The knight and the woman stood silent, for Parsifal's face shone like the sun, and in his hand they recognized the Holy Spear.

Parsifal spoke:

"I have traveled all around the world, and hard indeed has been the way, but love always whispered that at last I should find the church and Amfortas again."

And as he was speaking a great light shone above his head, and a voice, coming from the very center of the light, said:

"Here you have found the Holy Grail. Ever after this you are to be King of the Grail," and to the woman the voice said, "You have also found the Holy Grail. Be true to it always."

The voice ceased, and Parsifal placing the Holy Spear in the sand said, "Let us offer a prayer of thanksgiving."

Long they talked with the Heavenly Father, thanking him for all he had given to them, and asking him to always keep their lives pure and loving that the Holy Grail might remain with them forever. As they rose, the dust-worn clothes of Parsifal fell to the ground, and he stood before them robed in pure white garments.

The bells in the church pealed forth in sweeter and more solemn tones than ever before, for it was Good Friday, the Friday before Easter. Once again the knights could be seen carrying Amfortas into the church. Taking the spear in his hand Parsifal said:

"Let us also go into the church."

All was silent as they entered. Parsifal walked slowly to the suffering Amfortas, and gently uncovered the wounded side. Then, lifting the Holy Spear on high, he touched the wound.

Instantly the pain ceased, and for the first time since he had gone into the enchanted garden, Amfortas stood before them. Great indeed was their amazement, but greater still was their gratitude as they thanked the Father.

The great light shone again, and from the light came a pure white dove. It flew direct to Parsifal and alighted on his shoulder. Then all knew that he was King of the Holy Grail.

Again the music burst forth and told its story of the joy of unselfish love. It was more beautiful than ever, for it not only told of the Holy Grail, but it told the story of Good Friday and of the glorious Easter day which followed so that the whole earth would know that the Divine Love which made the Easter Tide, like the sun, shines on forever.

H.M.S. Pinafore

By Sir W.S. Gilbert

To My Young Readers

I have been asked to explain to you how it comes to pass that this, the story of a well-known Play, is now placed before you in the form of a Tale. In the first place, many very young ladies and gentlemen are never taken to the Theatre at all. It is supposed by certain careful Papas and Mamas that very young ladies and gentlemen should go to bed at an early hour, and that it is very bad for them to sit up as late as half past eleven or twelve o'clock at night. Of course, this difficulty could be overcome by taking them to Morning Performances, which are so called because they invariably take place in the afternoon; but there are drawbacks even to Morning Performances. Unless you are seated in the front row of the stalls (where the band is sure to be too loud), or in the front row of the dress circle (which is a long way off), the enjoyment of very young ladies and gentlemen is pretty nearly sure to be interfered with by the gigantic cart-wheel hats, decorated with huge bunches of wobbling feathers that ill-bred and selfish ladies clap upon their heads, nowadays, whenever they go to a theatre in the daytime. A third reason (and perhaps the best of them all) is that very young ladies and gentlemen find it rather difficult to follow the story of a play, much of which is told in songs set to beautiful music, and all of which is written in language which is better suited to their Papas and Mamas than to themselves. A fourth reason (but this is not such a good one as the other three) is that the Opera upon which this book is founded is, unhappily, not played in every town every night of the year. It should be, of course, but it is not, and it may very well happen that some poor people have to go so long as two or three years without having any opportunity of improving their minds by seeing it performed. When we get a National Theatre, at which all the best plays will be produced at the expense of the Public (who will also enjoy the privilege of paying to see the Plays after they have defrayed the cost of producing them), "Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore" will, no doubt, be played once or twice in every fortnight for ever; but

as some years must elapse before this happy state of things can come to pass, and as those who are very young ladies and gentlemen now may be very middle-aged ladies and gentlemen then, it was thought that it would be a kind and considerate action to supply them at once with a story of the Play, so as not to subject them to the tantalizing annoyance of having to wait (possibly) many years before they have an opportunity of learning what it is all about.

As I would not for the world deceive my young readers, I think it right to state that this story is entirely imaginary. It might very well have happened but, in point of fact, it never did.

Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore

I

Great Britain is (at present) the most powerful maritime country in the world; she possesses a magnificent Fleet, superb officers and splendid seamen, and one and all are actuated by an intense desire to maintain their country's reputation in its highest glory.

One of the finest and most perfectly manned ships in that magnificent Fleet was Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore, and I call the ship "Her Majesty's" because she belonged to good Queen Victoria's time, when men-of-war were beautiful objects to look at, with tall tapering masts, broad white sails, and gracefully designed hulls; and not huge slate-coloured iron tanks without masts and sails as they are to-day. She was commanded by Captain Corcoran, R.N., a very humane, gallant, and distinguished officer, who did everything in his power to make his crew happy and comfortable. He had a sweet light baritone voice, and an excellent ear for music, of which he was extremely fond, and this led him to sing to his crew pretty songs of his own composition, and to teach them to sing to him. To encourage this taste among his crew, he made it a rule on board that nobody should ever say anything to him that could possibly be sung—a rule that was only relaxed when a heavy gale was blowing, or when he had a bilious headache. Harmless improving books were provided for the crew to read, and vanilla ices, sugar-plums, hardbake and raspberry jam were served out every day with a liberal hand. In short, he did everything possible (consistently with his duty to Her Majesty) to make everybody on board thoroughly ill and happy.

Captain Corcoran was a widower with one daughter, named Josephine, a beautiful young lady with whom every single gentleman who saw her fell head-over-ears in love. She was tall, exquisitely graceful, with the loveliest blue eyes and barley-sugar coloured hair ever seen out of a Pantomime, but her most attractive feature was, perhaps, her nose, which was neither too long nor too short, nor too narrow nor

too broad, nor too straight. It had the slightest possible touch of sauciness in it, but only just enough to let people know that though she could be funny if she pleased, her fun was always gentle and refined, and never under any circumstances tended in the direction of unfeeling practical jokes. It was such a maddening little nose, and had so extraordinary an effect on the world at large that, whenever she went into Society, she found it necessary to wear a large pasteboard artificial nose of so unbecoming and ridiculous a description that people passed her without taking the smallest notice of her. This alone is enough to show what a kind-hearted and self-sacrificing girl was the beautiful Josephine Corcoran.

One of the smartest sailors on board Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore was a young fellow called Ralph Rackstraw, though, as will be seen presently, that was not his real name. He was extremely good-looking, and, considering that he had had very little education, remarkably well-spoken. Unhappily he had got it into his silly head that a British man-of-war's man was a much finer fellow than he really is. He is, no doubt, a very fine fellow indeed, but perhaps not quite so fine a fellow as Ralph Rackstraw thought he was. He had heard a great many songs and sentiments in which a British Tar was described as a person who possessed every good quality that could be packed into one individual, whereas there is generally room for a great many more good qualities than are usually found inside any sailor. A good packer never packs anything too tight; it is always judicious to leave room for unexpected odds and ends, and British Tars are very good packers and leave plenty of room for any newly acquired virtues that may be coming along. So, although Ralph had gathered up many excellent qualities, there were still some that he had not yet added to his collection, and among these was a proper appreciation of the fact that he hadn't got them all. In short, his only fault was a belief that he hadn't any.

Ralph Rackstraw was one of the many who loved Josephine to distraction. Nearly all the unmarried members of the crew also loved Josephine, but they were older and more sensible than Ralph, and clearly understood that they could never be accepted as suitable husbands for a beautiful young lady of position, who was, moreover, their own Captain's daughter. They knew that their manners were quite

unsuited to polite dining and drawing-rooms, and indeed they would have been very uncomfortable if they had been required to sit at table with gentlemen in gold epaulettes, and ladies in feathers and long trains; so they very wisely reasoned themselves into a conviction that the sooner they put Josephine out of their heads the better it would be for their peace of mind.

There is a time, between four and six in the afternoon, when the men-of-war sailors are allowed to cease their work and amuse themselves with cheerful songs and rational conversation. It is called the "dog-watch" (why, I can't imagine), and at that time all who are not engaged upon any special duty meet on the forecastle (which is the front part of the upper deck) to sing pretty songs and tell each other those harmless but surprising anecdotes which are known in the Royal Navy as "yarns." One of the most popular subjects of conversation during the dog-watch on board the Pinafore was the kindness and consideration shown by their good Captain Corcoran towards the men under his command, and another was the agreeable fact that the Pinafore was one of those jolly ships that never pitched and rolled, and consequently never made any of the sailors sea-sick. The crew, who had been carefully trained by Captain Corcoran to sing more or less in tune, always opened the dog-watch with this chorus:

We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty!
We're sober men and true
And attentive to our duty.
When the balls whistle free o'er the bright blue sea,
We stand to our guns all day;
When at anchor we ride on the Portsmouth tide
We've plenty of time to play!

This they used to sing as they sipped their ices, and ate their rout-cakes and almond toffee. The song might strike you at first as rather too complimentary to themselves, but it was not really so, as each man who sang it was alluding to all the others, and left himself out of the question, and so it came to pass that every man paid a pretty compliment to his neighbours, and received one in return, which was quite fair and led to no quarrelling.

As the sailors sat and talked they were joined by a rather stout

but very interesting elderly woman of striking personal appearance. She was what is called a "bum-boat woman," that is to say, a person who supplied the officers and crew with little luxuries not included in the ship's bill of fare. Her real name was Poll Pineapple, but the crew nick-named her "Little Buttercup," partly because it is a pretty name, but principally because she was not at all like a buttercup, or indeed anything else than a stout, quick-tempered, and rather mysterious lady, with a red face and black eyebrows like leeches, and who seemed to know something unpleasant about everybody on board. She had a habit of making quite nice people uncomfortable by hinting things in a vague way, and at the same time with so much meaning (by skilful use of her heavy black eyebrows), that they began to wonder whether they hadn't done something dreadful, at some time or other, and forgotten all about it. So Little Buttercup was not really popular with the crew, but they were much too kind-hearted to let her know it.

Little Buttercup had a song of her own which she always sang when she came on board. Here it is:

I'm called Little Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,
Though I could never tell why,
But still I'm called Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup, I.
I've snuff and tobaccy and excellent "jacky,"
I've scissors and watches and knives,
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.
I've treacle and toffee and very good coffee,
"Soft Tommy" and nice mutton chops,
I've chickens and conies and dainty polonies
And excellent peppermint drops.
Then buy of your Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,
Sailors should never be shy
So, buy of your Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup—
Come, of your Buttercup buy!

"Thank goodness, that's over!" whispered the sailors to each other with an air of relief. You see, Little Buttercup always sang that song whenever she came on board, and after a few months people got

tired of it. Besides not being really popular on account of her aggravating tongue, she sold for the most part things that the liberal Captain provided freely for his crew out of his own pocket-money. They had soup, fish, an entrée, a joint, an apple pudding, or a jam tart every day, besides eggs and ham for breakfast, muffins for tea, and as many scissors, pocket-knives, and cigars as they chose to ask for. So Little Buttercup was not even useful to them, and they only tolerated her because they were gallant British Tars who couldn't be rude to a lady if they tried. In point of fact they had tried on several occasions to say rude and unpleasant things to ladies, but as they had invariably failed in the attempt they at last gave it up as hopeless, and determined to be quietly polite under all possible circumstances. So they asked her to sit down, and take a strawberry ice and a wafer, which she did rather sulkily as no one seemed to want any of the things she had to sell.

"Tell us a story, Little Buttercup," said Bill Bobstay. Bill was a boatswain's mate, who, besides being busily occupied in embroidering his name in red worsted on a canvas "nighty case," generally took the lead in all the amusements of the dog-watch. "You can if you try, I'm sure, Miss."

"You're quite right," said Little Buttercup; "I could tell you stories about yourselves which would make you all wish you had never been born. I know who takes sugar-plums to bed with him" (looking at one), "and who doesn't say his prayers" (looking at another), "and who sucks his thumb in his hammock" (looking at the third), "and who makes ugly faces at his Captain when his back's turned" (looking at a fourth), "and who does his front hair with patent curlers" (looking at a fifth), "and who puts raspberry jam into his messmates' boots" (looking at a sixth).

All the sailors referred to looked very hot and uncomfortable, for their consciences told them that Little Buttercup had hit off their various weaknesses with surprising accuracy.

"Let's change the subject," said Bill Bobstay (he was the one who ate sugar-plums in bed), "we all have our faults. But, after all, we're not so bad as poor Dick Deadeye—that's one comfort!"

Now this was very unjust on the part of Mr. Bobstay. Dick Deadeye, who sat apart from the others, busy manicuring his nails, was one

of the ugliest persons who ever entered the Navy. His face had been so knocked about and burnt and scarred in various battles and from falling down from aloft, that not one feature was in its proper place. The wags among the crew pretended that his two eyes, his nose, and his mouth, had been playing "Puss in the Corner," and that his left eye, having been unable to find a corner that was unoccupied, was consequently left in the middle. Of course this was only their nonsense, but it shows what a very plain man he must have been. He was hump-backed, and bandy-legged, and round-shouldered, and hollow-chested, and severely pitted with small-pox marks. He had broken both his arms, both his legs, his two collar-bones, and all his ribs, and looked just as if he had been crumpled up in the hand of some enormous giant. He ought properly to have been made a Greenwich Pensioner long ago, but Captain Corcoran was too kind-hearted to hint that Dick Deadeye was deformed, and so he was allowed to continue to serve his country as a man-o'-war's man as best he could. Now Dick Deadeye was generally disliked because he was so unpleasant to look at, but he was really one of the best and kindest and most sensible men on board the Pinafore, and this shows how wrong and unjust it is to judge unfavourably of a man because he is ugly and deformed. I myself am one of the plainest men I have ever met, and at the same time I don't know a more agreeable old gentleman. But so strong was the prejudice against poor Dick Deadeye, that nothing he could say or do appeared to be right. The worst construction was placed upon his most innocent remarks, and his noblest sentiments were always attributed to some unworthy motive. They had no idea what the motive was, but they felt sure there was a motive, and that he ought to be ashamed of it.

Dick Deadeye sighed sadly when Mr. Bobstay spoke so disparagingly of him. He wiped a tear from his eye (as soon as he had found that organ), and then continued to manicure his poor old cracked and broken nails in silence.

"What's the matter with the man?" said Little Buttercup; "isn't he well?"

"Aye, aye, lady," said Dick, "I'm as well as ever I shall be. But I am ugly, ain't I?"

"Well," said little Buttercup, "you are certainly plain."

"And I'm three-cornered, ain't I?" said he.

"You are rather triangular."

"Ha! ha!" said Dick, laughing bitterly. "That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me for it!"

Bill Bobstay was sorry he had spoken so unkindly.

"Well, Dick," said he, putting down his embroidery, "we wouldn't go to hurt any fellow creature's feelings, but, setting personal appearance on one side, you can't expect a person with such a name as 'Dick Deadeye' to be a popular character now, can you?"

"No," said Dick, sadly, "it's asking too much. It's human nature, and I don't complain!"

At this moment, a beautiful tenor voice was heard singing up in the rigging:

The Nightingale
Loved the pale moon's bright ray
And told his tale
In his own melodious way,
He sang, "Ah, Well-a-day!"

The lowly vale
For the mountain vainly sighed;
To his humble wail
The echoing hills replied,
They sang, "Ah, Well-a-day!"

"Who is the silly cuckoo who is tweetling up aloft?" asked Little Buttercup, rather rudely, as she scooped up the last drops of her ice.

"That?" said Bobstay, "Why, that's only poor Ralph Rackstraw who's in love with Miss Josephine."

"Ralph Rackstraw!" exclaimed little Buttercup, "Ha! I could tell you a good deal about him if I chose. But I won't—not yet!"

At this point Ralph descended the rigging and joined his messmates on deck.

"Ah, my lad," said one of them, "you're quite right to come down—for you've climbed too high. Our worthy Captain's child won't have nothing to say to a poor chap like you."

All the sailors said, "Hear, hear," and nodded their heads simultaneously, like so many china mandarins in a tea-shop.

"No, no," said Dick Deadeye, "Captains' daughters don't marry common sailors."

Now this was a very sensible remark, but coming from ugly Dick Deadeye it was considered to be in the worst possible taste. All the sailors muttered, "Shame, shame!"

"Dick Deadeye," said Bobstay, "those sentiments of yours are a disgrace to our common nature."

Dick shrugged his left eyebrow. He would have shrugged his shoulders if he could, but they wouldn't work that way; so, always anxious to please, he did the best he could with his left eyebrow, but even that didn't succeed in conciliating his messmates.

"It's very strange," said Ralph, "that the daughter of a man who hails from the quarter deck may not love another who lays out on the fore-yard arm. For a man is but a man, whether he hoists his flag at the main-truck, or his slacks on the main deck."

This speech of Ralph's calls for a little explanation, for he expressed himself in terms which an ordinary landsman would not understand. The quarter deck is the part of the ship reserved for officers, and the fore-yard arm is a horizontal spar with a sail attached to it, and which crosses the front mast of a ship, and sailors are said to "lay out" on it when they get on to it for the purpose of increasing or reducing sail. Then again, the main-truck is the very highest point of the middle mast, and it is from that point that the Captain flies his flag, while a sailor is said to "hoist his slacks" when he hitches up the waist-band of his trousers to keep them in their proper place. Now you know all about that.

"Ah," said Dick Deadeye, "it's a queer world!"

"Dick Deadeye," said Mr. Bobstay, "I have no desire to press hardly on any human being, but such a wicked sentiment is enough to make an honest sailor shudder."

And all his messmates began to shudder violently to show what honest sailors they were and how truly Bobstay had spoken; but at that moment the ship's bell sounding four strokes gave them notice that the dog-watch had come to an end. So the crew put away their manicure boxes and embroidered "nighty cases" and dispersed to their several duties.

II

One of the most important personages in the Government of that day was Sir Joseph Porter, the First Lord of the Admiralty. You would naturally think that the person who commanded the entire Navy would be the most accomplished sailor who could be found, but that is not the way in which such things are managed in England. Sir Joseph Porter, who had risen from a very humble position to be a lawyer and then a Member of Parliament, was, I believe, the only man in England who knew nothing whatever about ships. Now, as England is a great maritime country, it is very important that all Englishmen should understand something about men-of-war. So as soon as it was discovered that his ignorance of a ship was so complete that he didn't know one end of it from the other, some important person said, "Let us set this poor ignorant gentleman to command the British Fleet, and by that means give him an opportunity of ascertaining what a ship really is." This was considered to be a most wise and sensible suggestion, and so Sir Joseph Porter was at once appointed "First Lord of the Admiralty of Great Britain and Ireland." I daresay you think I am joking, but indeed I am quite serious. That is the way in which things are managed in this great and happy country.

Now Sir Joseph Porter was one of the many people who, having accidentally seen her without her nose, had fallen a victim to the extraordinary beauty of Miss Josephine Corcoran. He quite recognized the fact that his position as First Lord of the Admiralty of this mighty country rendered it undesirable that he should marry so obscure a lady as the daughter of a mere captain in the Navy, but Josephine's charm was so overpowering that he determined to put his pride in his pocket and condescend to bestow his hand upon her. So one day he announced to Captain Corcoran that it was his intention to visit Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore in order to propose for his daughter's hand.

Now most people would think that Josephine would have gladly accepted so great a man as Sir Joseph, but it so happened that that young lady was not at all impressed by the honour which he proposed to confer upon her. She did not object to him personally (indeed she had never seen him) but she was a girl of spirit with a will of her own, and had no idea of being handed over, without her consent, to any

gentleman, however important a person he might be. Moreover (and this was a profound secret) she had been greatly struck with the many good qualities of Ralph Rackstraw, who never lost a chance of distinguishing himself in her eyes. Whenever he saw her looking in his direction, he assumed a series of the most graceful and captivating attitudes ever seen, and Josephine was never tired of watching him as he gradually moved from one beautiful pose to another—each more graceful and more truly artistic than the last. His lovely tenor voice also charmed her greatly, and his performances on a penny jews' harp appeared to her to excel any music that the most expensive instruments could produce. At the same time, she was much too proud and too well-behaved to allow Ralph to know that she admired him. So it was a secret between her and herself, and neither was so dishonourable as to violate the other's confidence.

On the eventful morning of Sir Joseph's intended visit, Captain Corcoran came on deck as soon as he had finished his breakfast. Captain Corcoran had arranged a pretty little musical method of greeting his crew, and the crew practised it with him until they were perfect. This was how he greeted his crew every day:

My gallant crew, good morning!

And they would reply:

Sir, good morning!

Then he would say:

I hope you're all quite well!

And they would answer:

Quite well, and you, Sir?

And he would reply:

I am in reasonable health, and happy
To see you all once more.

And they would sing:

You do us proud, Sir!

Of course, when he was not quite well he would alter the words to

suit his condition, like this:

I have a dreadful toothache, yet I'm happy
To see you all once more!

Or,

I have a housemaid's knee, yet I am happy
To see you all once more!

And so forth, for Captain Corcoran never intentionally said anything that was not strictly true.

After this introduction he used to tell them something about himself:

THE CAPTAIN. *I am the captain of the Pinafore!*

THE CREW. *And a right good captain too!*

THE CAPTAIN. (*politely*).

You're very, very good,
And be it understood,
I command a right good crew!

THE CREW. (*to each other*).

We're very, very good,
And be it understood,
He commands a right good crew!

THE CAPTAIN. *Though related to a peer*
I can hand, reef, and steer,
And ship a selvagee.
I am never known to quail
At the fury of a gale,
And I'm never, never sick at sea!

THE CREW. (*who know better*). *What, never?*

THE CAPTAIN. (*mere forgetfulness*). *No, never!*

THE CREW. (*who remember one instance*). *What, never?*

THE CAPTAIN. (*who now recollects the occasion they are referring to*). *Hardly ever!*

THE CREW. (*delighted at having caught him tripping*).
He's hardly ever sick at sea!
Then give three cheers and one cheer more
For the hardy Captain of the Pinafore!

THE CAPTAIN. *I do my best to satisfy you all!*

THE CREW. *And with you we're quite content.*

THE CAPTAIN. *You're exceedingly polite,*
And I think it only right,
To return the compliment!

THE CREW. (*to each other*).
We're exceedingly polite
And he thinks it only right
To return the compliment!

THE CAPTAIN. *Bad language or abuse*
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
"How tiresome!" I may
Occasionally say,
But I never use a big, big B!

THE CREW. (*who remember a certain occasion*). *What, never?*

THE CAPTAIN. (*the circumstance had slipped his memory*). *No, never!*

THE CREW. (*who don't mean to let him off*). *What, never?*

THE CAPTAIN. (*the incident suddenly occurring to him*). *Hardly ever!*

THE CREW. (*who have scored*).
Hardly ever says a big, big B!
Then give three cheers and one cheer more
For the well-bred Captain of the Pinafore!

And they gave three of the heartiest cheers you ever heard. After this pretty little ceremony (which might with advantage be more

generally adopted throughout the Navy), the officers and sailors employed themselves with a variety of easy little tasks suited to rather lazy people on a very fine warm day. Captain Corcoran (who was never idle) was about to retire to his cabin to arrange the figures of a minuet which he intended to teach his men to dance, when his attention was arrested by Josephine, who at that moment came on deck. The poor young lady was very sad, and sang a remarkably beautiful song of her own composition.

It ran like this:

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,
Sad are the sighs that own the spell
Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly!
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When Love is alive and Hope is dead!

The good Captain was distressed to see his dear daughter in this bilious frame of mind.

"My child," said he, "I grieve to see that you are a prey to melancholy."

"There's another verse, Papa," said Josephine, who rather resented interruption.

"Don't sing it, my child; your music depresses us both. I want you to look your best to-day, for Sir Joseph Porter will arrive presently to claim your promised hand."

"Nay, father," said Josephine, "I can esteem, reverence, even venerate Sir Joseph, for I shouldn't be surprised if he is a great and good man, but I cannot love him, for, alas! my heart is given!"

"Given!" exclaimed her father, "and to whom? Not to some gilded lordling?"

"No, Papa," said she, "the object of my affection is no lordling. Oh, pity me, for he is but a humble sailor on board your own ship!"

"Impossible!" said Captain Corcoran.

"Yet it is true," replied Josephine, "too true!"

"A common sailor!" exclaimed the Captain, "oh, fie!"

"I quite feel the 'fie,'" said she, "but he's anything but common."

"Come, my child," said her father, "let us talk this over. In a matter of the heart I would not control my daughter. I attach little value

to rank or wealth, but the line must be drawn somewhere. A man in that lowly station may be brave and worthy, but at every step he would make dreadful blunders that Society would never pardon. He would drop his h's, and eat peas with his knife."

Captain Corcoran's sentiments upon this point were so right and just that one is more sorry than ever that he should have boasted, in his song, of being related to a peer. It is just one of those unfortunate little slips that one never can quite get out of one's mind. Personally, I hope he did it only because he wanted a rhyme to "steer," but, after all, that's a very poor excuse.

"All that you say is true," replied Josephine, "but fear not, Papa; I have a heart, and therefore I love; but I am your daughter, and therefore I am proud. Though I carry my love with me to the tomb he shall never, never know it!"

Poor girl, she thought so at the time, but as the result will show, she sadly over-estimated her strength of mind, and the consequence was a pretty kettle of fish, I promise you!

At this point a message was brought to the Captain by Lieutenant Hatchway, that the ship's barge was approaching with Sir Joseph on board, accompanied by his two plain sisters, his three ugly aunts, and ever so many pretty cousins, their daughters. Sir Joseph was a gentleman of great refinement, who was very easily shocked, and as he knew that the society of charming ladies had the effect of making everybody polite and considerate, he never travelled any great distance without them.

"Pipe the side and man ship," said the Captain, which meant that he wished all the officers to stand in a row to salute the First Lord, and all the crew to stand upright on the various spars that crossed the three masts, which is the way in which superior persons were always received on a man-of-war. The Captain of Marines (who are a kind of military sailors or nautical soldiers) brought up his men that they might "present arms" with their rifles at the word of command, and the ship's band were ready with all their instruments to play "God save the Queen" at the proper moment.

All these preparations were ready by the time the ship's barge (which is a very large and handsome boat rowed by twelve sailors, seated two and two) was alongside, and in a few moments Sir Joseph

Porter and his female relations stepped on board. The Officers saluted, the Marines presented arms, the drums rattled, the band struck up the National Anthem, and nine-pounder guns were fired from the middle deck.

Sir Joseph, who was quite as fond of music as Captain Corcoran, had composed these remarkable verses which he always sang whenever he went on board a man-of-war.

SIR JOSEPH.

I'm the monarch of the sea,
The ruler of the Queen's Navee,
Whose praise Great Britain loudly chaunts!

And the Ladies sang:

And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

SIR JOSEPH.

When at anchor here I ride
My bosom swells with pride,
And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts!

ALL THE LADIES.

And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

SIR JOSEPH.

But when the breezes blow
I generally go below,
And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants!

ALL THE LADIES.

And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts.
His sisters and his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
And his aunts!

Then Sir Joseph (who was proud of his lowly origin, and who thought that a short sketch of his career would afford a useful example to ambitious persons in a humble rank of life) was so good as to sing the following song:

When I was a lad I served a term

As office-boy in an attorney's firm;
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished up that handle so successfullee
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee.

As office-boy I made such a mark
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk;
I served the writs with a smile so bland,
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand.
I copied all the letters in a hand so free
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee.

In serving writs I made such a name,
That an articled clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a bran-new suit
For the pass-examination at the Institute.
That pass-examination did so well for me
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee.

That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee.
Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip,
That they took me into partnership,
And that junior partnership I ween
Was the only ship that I had ever seen.
But that same ship so suited me
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee.

I grew so rich that I was sent
To the House as a Member of Parliament,
I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
I thought so little they rewarded me
By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee.

Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree
If your soul isn't fettered to an office-stool
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule
Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee.

(Between ourselves, I think this last suggestion was rather silly,

for he was addressing people who had already gone to sea, and consequently could not possibly act on his advice. But I'm afraid that Sir Joseph, though a very distinguished man, was, like a good many other very distinguished men, a bit of a goose.)

"You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran," said Sir Joseph when he had finished his song, and was quite sure that they didn't want him to sing it again.

"It *is* a fine crew," said Captain Corcoran.

"I hope you treat them kindly, Captain Corcoran?"

"Indeed, I hope so, Sir Joseph."

"No bullying, I trust; no strong language of any kind?"

"Oh never, Sir Joseph!"

"What, *never*?" said Sir Joseph, who had heard rumours to the contrary.

The Captain's eye met those of some of his crew, who shook their fingers significantly at him.

"Well, hardly ever," said the Captain, "they are an excellent crew, and do their work thoroughly without it."

Sir Joseph was one of those people whom it is extremely difficult to satisfy, for you never quite knew whether what you said would please him or make him angry, and it generally did the latter. He was very fond of popularity, and as there were five hundred sailors on board the Pinafore, and only one Captain, he thought it a good plan to snub the Captain in order to make friends of the crew. It is true that he was in love with the Captain's daughter, but he felt sure that the Captain was so anxious to have such a great and powerful man as the First Lord of the Admiralty for a son-in-law, that a few snubs more or less might be safely indulged in. So when Captain Corcoran praised his crew so highly, Sir Joseph Porter said to him, very angrily:

"Don't patronize them, sir. That you are their Captain is a mere accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble fellows to be patronized because an accident of birth has placed you above them, and them below you."

Poor Captain Corcoran turned very red and felt extremely tingly down the back at being so publicly rebuked. It is always a mistake to rebuke people in the presence of those who have to obey them, if it can possibly be avoided.

"I am the last person to insult a British sailor, Sir Joseph," said he.

"You are the last person who did," said Sir Joseph, snappishly.

I feel quite sorry for Captain Corcoran, who really meant as well as possible. He was a much truer gentleman than Sir Joseph, though I can't quite forget that unfortunate remark of his about being related to a Peer.

During this conversation, Ralph Rackstraw had assumed in succession several of his choicest attitudes, and these naturally attracted Sir Joseph's attention.

"Captain Corcoran," said he, "desire that splendid seaman to step forward."

"Rackstraw," said the Captain, "three paces to the front, march!"

Sir Joseph pretended to be greatly shocked at this abrupt command.

"If what?" said Sir Joseph very sternly.

The Captain was puzzled.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "I don't quite understand."

"If you *please*," said Sir Joseph, with a very strong emphasis on the "please."

Now it is not usual in the Navy to say "if you please" whenever you give an order. It would take up too much time. But Captain Corcoran was bound to obey the great man, though you will observe that the great man never said "if you please" when he addressed Captain Corcoran.

The Captain, looking as if he had just bitten a pill, said, "Oh yes, of course. If you *please*."

And accordingly, Ralph Rackstraw took three paces to the front, and if ever a Captain in the Navy said "Bother" under his breath, Captain Corcoran was that man.

"You're a remarkably fine fellow," said Sir Joseph, addressing Ralph.

"Yes, your honour," replied Ralph, who was too well acquainted with his duty to presume to differ from the First Lord of the Admiralty.

"And a first-rate seaman, I'll be bound."

"There's not a smarter sailor in the Navy, your honour," said Ralph, "though I say it who shouldn't."

This sounds rather conceited of Ralph, but he had learnt from Captain Corcoran to speak the exact truth on all occasions. Besides, he wanted to convince Sir Joseph how right he was in the opinion he had formed.

"Now tell me, Ralph—don't be afraid—how does your Captain treat you?"

"A better Captain don't walk the deck, your honour!"

And all the rest of the crew said, "Hear, hear!"

This was not quite what Sir Joseph wanted. He would rather that Ralph had said, "Well, he does his best, poor chap," or something of that half complimentary kind. However, he managed to conceal his disappointment.

"Good," said he, "I like to hear you speak well of your commanding officer. I dare say he doesn't deserve it, but it does you credit. Now, Captain Corcoran, a word with you in private."

"Certainly, Sir Joseph," replied the Captain, "Boatswain," said he, turning towards Mr. Bobstay, "in commemoration of Sir Joseph's visit, see that an extra tub of raspberry jam is served out to the ship's company."

"Beg pardon," said Mr. Bobstay, who hadn't forgotten Sir Joseph's lesson in politeness, "if *what*, your honour?"

Captain Corcoran could scarcely believe his ears.

"'If what?'" said he, "I don't—I really don't think I understand you!"

"If you *please*, your honour!"

The Captain looked thunderstruck, when Sir Joseph interposed.

"The gentleman is quite right. If you *please*."

The Captain had almost let out another "Bother!" but he gulped it down with a great effort.

"If you *please*!" said he, and Sir Joseph entered the cabin with Captain Corcoran, followed by his two plain sisters, his three ugly aunts, and all his pretty cousins. Refreshments had thoughtfully been provided for them in the ward-room, (which is the apartment assigned to the lieutenants on board a man-o'-war), and they enjoyed a delightful luncheon in the agreeable society of the junior officers in gilt buttons and gold epaulettes, who paid even more attention to Sir Joseph's plain sisters and ugly aunts than they did to his younger and

more attractive relations; which shows what thoroughly well-bred gentlemen British naval officers are. Plain elderly people are just as hungry as young and pretty ones; and nobody ought to make any distinction between them. While Sir Joseph communicated his matrimonial intentions at great length to Captain Corcoran in his private cabin, the crew broke up and withdrew to the forecastle to discuss the events of the morning.

"Ah!" said Mr. Bobstay, "Sir Joseph's a true gentleman; courteous and considerate to the very humblest."

"Well spoke! Well spoke!" they all cried. (They should have said "spoken," and would have done so if their education had been properly attended to.)

You see, these poor ignorant sailors were not shrewd enough to understand that Sir Joseph had his reasons for flattering them so outrageously. He longed for "popularity," and determined to acquire it at any price, and it is quite clear that, as far as the crew of the Pinafore was concerned, he had fully achieved his object.

"Hold hard!" said another of the crew, Bill Bowling by name, "we are not as humble as all that. Sir Joseph has explained our true position to us, and if he says that a British sailor is any man's equal, why it's our duty to believe him!"

"That's right enough!" muttered all the sailors, except Dick Deadeye, who knew better.

"You're on the wrong tack," said he, "and so's Sir Joseph. He means well, but he don't know. When people have to obey other people's orders, equality's out of the question."

I really believe that if the crew had not been restrained by humane consideration, they would have pulled Dick Deadeye's hair.

"Dick Deadeye," said Mr. Bobstay, "if you go for to infuriate this here ship's crew too far, I won't answer for being able to hold them in. I'm shocked, that's what I am, shocked."

"Messmates," said Ralph, who had been greatly impressed by what Sir Joseph had said, "my mind's made up. I'll speak to the Captain's daughter, and tell her, like an honest man, of the honest love I have for her!"

The crew cheered loudly.

"Is not my love as good as another's?" continued Ralph, "Is not

my heart as true as another's? Have I not hands and eyes and ears and limbs like another?"

"You've got as pretty an outfit of them useful articles as any man on board," said Mr. Bobstay.

"True," said Ralph, rather despondently, "I lack birth."

Here Bill Bowling interfered with a rather silly joke.

"Not a bit of it," said Bill, "you've got a berth on board this very ship!"

"Well said," replied Ralph, who, sailor-like, jumped at any argument, however ridiculous, that he thought would help his case, "I had forgotten that. Messmates, don't you approve my determination?"

There was a general murmur of "Aye, aye," "we do," and "right you are."

"I don't—no, I do *not*!"

Of course it was Dick Deadeye who said this. Bill Bobstay was in despair.

"What is to be done with this here hopeless chap?" said he. "Suppose we sing him the official Admiralty song that Sir Joseph wrote and caused to be distributed through the Fleet? It may bring this here miserable creetur to a proper state of mind!"

Ralph gave the key-note on his jews' harp, and they all struck up in chorus. Notwithstanding Ralph's thoughtful precaution, they began on seven different notes, but by the time they had finished the third line they had wobbled into something like an agreement as to the key in which it was to be sung:

A British Tar is a soaring soul
As free as a mountain bird;
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word.

His nose should pant and his lip should curl,
His cheeks should flame and his brow should furl,
His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,
His brow with scorn be wrung;
He never should bow down to a domineering frown
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.

His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl,
His eyes should flash and his chest protrude,
And this should be his customary attitude.

And as they sang the last line, they all, except Ralph, assumed fighting attitudes as if they were inviting the whole world to "come on." Ralph stood apart in the pose of Ajax defying the lightning, for it was his strict rule to assume classical attitudes only.

III

The ward-room lunch was finished, and all the ladies were playing "Bridge" for nuts with the officers, except Josephine, whose thoughts were too much occupied with other and more important matters. So she came on deck to indulge in a *réverie* all alone.

"It is useless," said she to herself; "Sir Joseph's attentions disgust me. I know that he is a truly great and good man, for he told me so himself, and of course he would know; but to me he seems tedious, fretful, and dictatorial. Yet his must be a mind of no common order, or he would not dare to teach my dear Father to dance a hornpipe on the cabin table."

It was Sir Joseph's firm belief that if Great Britain were to retain her proud position as the most powerful naval country in the world, it was essential that all her sailors should learn to dance hornpipes. It was all he knew about the Navy, and he had been three years learning that.

As Josephine soliloquized, she saw Ralph Rackstraw advancing towards her with an undulating swan-like motion that teemed with unspeakable grace.

"Ralph Rackstraw!" she exclaimed, withdrawing from her pocket the false nose which she always put on when she thought she was going to be too much admired.

"Nay, lady," said he, "put away yon pasteboard mockery. The matchless beauty of the real one is so deeply graven in my memory that I can see it even through that hollow absurdity."

"In that case," said she, "it is of course useless to wear it, for it is uncomfortable wear on a warm day." And she returned it to her pocket.

"Lady," said Ralph, "I have long wished to meet you alone."

"That's nonsense," she replied, "you can't be alone if I am here, you know."

"An unworthy quibble," said he. "You know perfectly well what I mean. It is unladylike to sneer at a poor sailor-man because his education has been neglected."

"It is true," she replied. "I beg your pardon."

"Granted," said he, with the ready urbanity of one of Nature's noblemen.

Poor Josephine was much touched by this generous and freely accorded forgiveness, and the affection that she had long entertained for him struggled with her sense that it would never do to unite herself with a humble and illiterate sailor. Moreover, she had promised her papa that no consideration should induce her to let Ralph Rackstraw know her real sentiments towards him, so she drew a "Diabolo" from her pocket and pretended to be wholly absorbed in the game. She usually played it with great skill, throwing the Diabolo as high as the mast head and catching it on the string with her eyes shut; but so great was her agitation that she missed it every time, to the serious damage of her renowned nose.

"Nay, lady," said Ralph, "I see that my presence has unsettled you—I will withdraw."

"No, Ralph, you may remain," she said. She did not like him to go away with the impression that she was but a clumsy player after all. And again she tossed the "Diabolo" high into the air, and again it came down on her beautiful little nose.

"Lady," said he, "put aside that silly toy and listen. I am a poor uneducated fellow who has dared to love you, but before you dismiss me with contempt, do not forget that I am a British sailor. It is important to bear that in mind."

Josephine was much moved, and though she was a girl of great strength of mind she would not trust herself to speak. So she merely exclaimed, "Pooh!" and again threw up the toy, with the same painful results.

"Nay, lady," said he, "I feel that this indifference is assumed. I distinctly see a tear trembling in your left eye."

"It—it was the Diabolo," she said (not quite truthfully), "it hurt."

"Then—you reject me?" said he.

"Sir," said she, "you forget the disparity in our ranks."

"I forget nothing, haughty girl," said Ralph. "Give me hope, and what I lack in education and polite accomplishments, I will endeavour to acquire. Drive me to despair, and in death alone I shall look for consolation. I am proud, and cannot stoop to implore. I have spoken and I await your word."

As he finished, he assumed an attitude of such extraordinary dignity that Josephine was on the point of saying, "Take me and be happy," but the noble girl called all her resolution to her aid, and haughtily replied:

"You shall not wait long—your proffered love I contemptuously reject. Go, sir, and learn to cast your eyes on some village maiden in your own poor rank—they should be lowered before your Captain's daughter!"

And so saying, with the tell-tale tears streaming down her face, she strode magnificently to her cabin, where she almost sobbed her little heart out. Poor Josephine!

Ralph Rackstraw was furious. In defiance of all ship-rules he loudly summoned all the crew to the quarter deck.

"Why! what's all this?" said Mr. Bobstay. "Is the ship on fire, or have they made you Port Admiral?"

"Neither," gasped Ralph. "I have told Josephine of my love, and she has scornfully rejected me!"

"Ah! what did I tell you!" said the crew, as one man.

"Well, Ralph," said Bobstay, "I was afraid you were over sanguine."

"Aye, aye," said Dick Deadeye, "it was too much to expect."

"Will somebody, please, take this chap away and put his head in the flour-bin," said Mr. Bobstay. "His sentiments are simply disgraceful."

And two brawny sailors took poor Dick away (kicking meekly) and dipped his head into the flour-bin until he assured them that he would behave better in future.

"Life is no longer worth living," said Ralph. "Has anybody got such a thing as a pistol handy?"

Mr. Bobstay was overcome with emotion, for he loved Ralph

rather better than his own mother; and the crew, quite unmanned, sobbed on each other's shoulders.

"Come," says Ralph, "a pistol!"

Mr. Bobstay, who was one of the most tender-hearted creatures living, could never refuse anything to the friend of his heart. So the good fellow reluctantly produced a full-sized horse-pistol and proceeded to load it as quickly as his hiccupping sobs would allow him, while Ralph was taking an affectionate leave of his beloved shipmates.

"Here you are, Ralph," he said, handing him the loaded pistol. "Bless you, my boy. Be cool and aim straight. It—it'll be soon over!"

And the brawny seaman fairly sobbed like a girl.

"My friends," said Ralph, "for the last time, farewell! And when I am dead convey my respectful compliments to Miss Josephine and tell her that she's done it and I hope she likes it."

So saying, he placed the pistol to his head while all the crew stopped their ears, for if there was one thing they hated more than another, it was the bang of an exploding fire-arm.

But you will be surprised to hear that Ralph was not to die just then. Josephine, who had been watching all this through her cabin window (which looked on to the quarter deck), couldn't stand it any longer. Forgetting her family pride, her brilliant prospects, and even her promise to her papa, she rushed out and flung herself into Ralph's arms with a shriek in which devoted love, acute anguish, humbled pride, wild determination, and maidenly reserve were perceptibly blended. She had often practised this shriek, so as to have it ready for emergencies, and it was much admired by her family and friends.

Ralph, visibly moved, flung away the pistol, which exploded as it fell, making all the crew jump and cutting off poor Deadeye's only remaining little toe. Ralph embraced Josephine rapturously as the crew danced, shouted, and flung up their caps for very joy. It was arranged that the happy pair, accompanied by the ship's company, should steal away that very night at twelve, in order to be married without a moment's delay, and as they all knew a chorus which happened to fit the situation exactly, they sung it as loud as they could:

Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride,
Who casts all thoughts of rank aside,

Who gives up home and fortune too,
For the honest love of a sailor true!

All this time Sir Joseph, in the Captain's cabin, was so busily occupied in explaining to Captain Corcoran, at great length, how tremendous a sacrifice he was making in condescending to marry Josephine, and the Captain was listening to him so attentively, that neither of them heard anything of the noisy rejoicings I have just described.

IV

It was night, and a beautiful crescent moon was shining over the placid blue waters of Portsmouth Harbour. All the hammocks had been taken from the receptacles on deck called hammock-nettings in which they were kept during the day, carried below, and hung up from hooks in the beams of the lower decks. The sailors who were not required on deck were supposed to be fast asleep in them, but I'm afraid they slept with one eye open, because it would soon be time for them to escape secretly from the ship in order to accompany Ralph Rackstraw and the beautiful Josephine to Portsmouth Town to be married. Josephine did not go to bed at all, but was busily occupied in packing up a few indispensable necessaries (not forgetting her paste-board nose) in a small handbag, and in writing an affectionate farewell letter to her kind Papa. Now I want it to be distinctly understood that Josephine was very much to be blamed for the step she was about to take. In the first place, a young lady should, under no circumstances, fall in love with a young man greatly beneath her in social rank, and in the second place, no young lady should ever take such an important step as getting married without her Papa's express approval. In this case, Josephine had distinctly promised her Papa that she would never, under any circumstances, let Ralph Rackstraw know even that she had fallen in love with him, whereas here she was, actually preparing to leave the ship with him secretly in order that they might be married! It is true that it is some excuse for her that she revealed her affection for Ralph as the only means of preventing him from killing himself, but, having done that, she should have gone to her Papa without a moment's delay, and explained to him the dreadful circumstances under which she had felt bound to

disclose her secret. Captain Corcoran had shown himself to be a most affectionate and sympathetic father, and he would, no doubt, have made every allowance for the distressing situation in which she found herself. He might even have gone so far (and I think he would) as to have provided masters for Ralph who would have taught him to spell and dance, drink soup without gobbling, eat peas with a fork, play bridge, and, in short, make him fit to take his place creditably among ladies and gentlemen.

Poor Captain Corcoran had also been greatly worried by the events of the day. He had been severely rebuked by Sir Joseph, in the presence of his crew, for not having said "if you *please*" when he gave them an order; he had been greatly upset by his daughter's determination to decline Sir Joseph's handsome offer (and also by her short and snappish replies to Sir Joseph's pretty speeches at dinner that evening) and, to crown everything, Sir Joseph had threatened to have him placed under arrest and tried by Court Martial because he did not rebuke Josephine for her rudeness to him at dinner. Of course, if the First Lord of the Admiralty had known anything whatever about the Navy, he would have been aware that no Court Martial would have punished Captain Corcoran for his daughter's rudeness; but he knew nothing at all about the Navy, having, as we know, been brought up in a solicitor's office.

So instead of going to bed at his usual hour Captain Corcoran brought his banjo on deck and began to sing to the moon, as sentimental people will do who find themselves in such low spirits that they cannot sleep. He had written and composed the song in his cabin (after Sir Joseph had retired to rest) and when he had practised it until he knew it by heart, he came up on deck to sing it. The moon was behind a cloud at the time but as soon as she became aware that a gentleman was going to sing to her, she politely blew the cloud aside and listened to hear what he had to say. This was the pretty song that he sang:

Fair moon, to thee I sing
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?
I have lived hitherto

Free from the breath of slander,
Beloved by all my crew—
A really popular commander.
But now my kindly crew rebel,
My daughter to a Tar is partial,
Sir Joseph storms, and, sad to tell,
He threatens a Court Martial!
Fair moon, to thee I sing,
Bright regent of the heavens,
Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?

The moon not being in the position to give him the required information, withdrew behind her cloud, and was seen no more.

Captain Corcoran had no idea that anyone except the moon was listening to him, as he sang, but in point of fact, Little Buttercup, who was concealed by the mizen-mast, had heard his beautiful light-baritone voice, and her attention was arrested by the charm of the dainty melody.

Now I must tell you something about Little Buttercup, who had had a very adventurous career. At the time of my story, she was a buxom, well-preserved person, about sixty-five years of age. She had known Captain Corcoran all his life, and when he was a handsome young lieutenant of twenty-five I am sorry to say she fell hopelessly in love with him, although the old goose was at least twenty years older than he. Lieutenant Corcoran (as he was then) commanded a little gun-boat called the Hot Cross Bun, and I should explain that a gun-boat, in those days, was a very small vessel, rigged something like a miniature ship, and was armed with one, two, or three big guns. Lieutenant Corcoran was then in the very flower of manly beauty, and all the young ladies of Portsmouth were quite as much in love with him as Little Buttercup was. Of course, Lieutenant Corcoran scarcely noticed Little Buttercup—she used to wash for the ship, and he only saw her now and then, when she brought his linen aboard. At length the Hot Cross Bun was ordered to make ready to go to sea, and Little Buttercup, who couldn't bear the thought that she might never see him again, dressed herself in sailor's clothes, and presented herself on board, as a (not very) young man who wanted to go to sea. Captain Corcoran, who, as a matter of course, did not recognize her in this

disguise, accepted her as a member of his crew, and when the Hot Cross Bun sailed Little Buttercup sailed with it. She was extremely clumsy as a sailor, but the kind-hearted Lieutenant, who couldn't bear to hurt anybody's feelings, overlooked her awkwardness in consideration of the eager alacrity with which she endeavoured, however unsuccessfully, to obey all his commands. Indeed the crew, generally, were much more remarkable for gentle politeness and cheerful goodwill than for mere pulling and hauling. They were, without exception, most amiable and well-behaved young persons, with beautiful complexions, very dainty white hands, small delicate waists, and a great quantity of carefully dressed back-hair. Lieutenant Corcoran was bound to admit that as sailormen they were not everything that could be desired, (being all very sea-sick when it was not quite calm), but, in his opinion, they more than compensated for this drawback by their singularly polite and refined demeanour when they were quite well.

One day (and it was a terrible day for Little Buttercup) he went on shore for a couple of hours, and returned with a beautiful young lady, whom he presented to his crew as his newly-wedded wife; upon which, to his intense discomfiture, all the crew gave a gurgle, and fell down in so many separate fainting fits, and he then discovered that, without a single exception, they were Portsmouth maidens who had dearly loved him and who had taken the very steps that Little Buttercup herself had taken, in order that they might not be separated from their adored Lieutenant! Of course they were all discharged at once (his bride insisted on that), and Little Buttercup did not see him again for twenty long years. By this time he had been promoted to be Captain of the Pinafore; his wife had died, and he was left a widower with one daughter, the beautiful Josephine, who is the heroine of my story.

From the moment that Little Buttercup learnt that Lieutenant Corcoran was a married man she determined, as a matter of course, to think of him no more, and, by a tremendous effort, she succeeded in banishing him altogether from her mind; but, now that he was a widower and again free to marry, all her old affection revived. By this time, as you know, she was a bum-boat woman, and in that capacity she enjoyed many opportunities of seeing and talking to Captain Corcoran, who hadn't the remotest idea that she had formerly been one

of the lady-like crew of the Hot Cross Bun, and Little Buttercup never mentioned the circumstance, as, to tell the plain truth, she was not particularly proud of it.

As the Captain sang his song, Little Buttercup wondered what was the matter with him.

"How sweetly he carols forth his melody to the listening moon," said she to herself. "Of whom is he thinking? Of some high-born beauty? It may be! Who is poor Little Buttercup that she should expect his thoughts to dwell on one so lonely?"

"Ah, Little Buttercup," said Captain Corcoran, as he caught sight of her, "still on board? That is not quite right, little one—all ladies are requested to go on shore at dusk."

"True, dear Captain," she replied, "I tried to go, but the recollection of your pale and sad face seemed to chain me to the ship. I would fain see you smile before I leave."

"I will try," said he.

He endeavoured to smile, but it was little more than a creaky mechanical grin.

"Not good enough, Captain," replied Little Buttercup, "don't be faint-hearted; try again, because I want to go home."

Again he tried to smile, but without success.

"Ah, Little Buttercup," said he, "I fear it will be long before I recover my accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me, and all my old friends seem to have turned against me!"

"Do not say 'all,' dear Captain," exclaimed Little Buttercup. "That were unjust to one, at least!"

"True," said Captain Corcoran, "for you are staunch to me. Good old Buttercup!"

At this point poor Little Buttercup's resolution gave way. With a bitter cry she knelt at his feet, and sobbed loudly as she kissed his hand.

"Little Buttercup," said Captain Corcoran, "it would be affectation to pretend that I do not understand your meaning. I am touched to the heart by your innocent regard for me, and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. As it is, I regret to say that I can be nothing to you but a friend."

Little Buttercup, who always knew more about people than

anybody else, knew a good deal of Captain Corcoran's history, as will presently appear. *He was not really Captain Corcoran*, and she knew it. More than that, she knew who he really was, but it did not suit her to tell him just then. I believe that this mysterious Little Buttercup was able to prove, from the hidden depths of her miscellaneous information, that every human being alive was somebody else, and that no human being alive was what people really supposed him to be. Fortunately, she only revealed her knowledge bit by bit as it suited her, but it is terrible to think what an amount of confusion she might have created in highly respectable families if she had chosen to disclose all she knew at once.

Knowing who Captain Corcoran was, and how little reason he really had to plume himself on his superior position as a Captain in the Navy, Little Buttercup's naturally hasty temper began to simmer. The gipsy blood that ran in her veins gave her a curious power of prophesying backwards. I mean that she could foretell what you were, and remember what you will be, which is quite unlike the usual kind of fortune-telling that comes of crossing a gipsy's hand with a sixpence. She also possessed a remarkable power of expressing herself in rhyme without ever having to hunt for the last words of her lines, which gave a peculiar force and emphasis to her words, and convinced everybody that what she said was supernatural, and consequently true.

So, getting gradually more and more angry with Captain Corcoran for despising her, as she called it (though he was the last person in the world to despise anybody) she summoned her remarkable rhyming ability to her aid in the following utterances:

Things are seldom what they seem (said she)
Skim-milk masquerades as cream;
High-lows pass as patent leathers;
Jackdaws strut in peacocks' feathers.

Rhyming is rather infectious, so Captain Corcoran, catching the disease, replied (rather puzzled)

Very true,
So they do!

(It was an easy rhyme, suited to a mere beginner.)

Black sheep dwell in every fold; (said she)
All that glitters is not gold;
Storks turn out to be but logs;
Bulls are but inflated frogs.

The captain thought he could do as well as this, but he considered that it was best to confine himself at present to quite easy rhymes, so he said:

So they be
Frequentlee.

Buttercup resumed:

Drops the wind and stops the mill;
Turbot is ambitious brill;
Gild the farthing if you will,
But it is a farthing still.

The Captain replied:

Yes, I know
That is so.

Then, beginning to feel his feet, as the saying is, he ventured into deeper water:

Though to catch your drift I'm striving,
It is shady—it is shady.

(He repeated "it is shady" to give him time to think of the next rhyme, though he pretended that the repetition was part of the structure of the verse.)

I don't see at what you're driving,
Mystic lady—mystic lady!

Having discovered that this sort of rhyming was much easier than it appeared at first sight to be, he determined to show her that other people were just as smart as she was, and (if you come to that) even a little bit smarter.

So he began:

Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like that for ever.
Once a cat was killed with care:
Only brave deserve the fair.

Very true,
So they do.

said Little Buttercup (mimicking his own way of replying to her). The Captain continued:

Wink is often good as nod;
Spoils the child who spares the rod;
Thirsty lambs run foxy dangers;
Dogs are found in many mangers.

Here he paused to consider what he should say next, and Little Buttercup (to give him time) said, just as before:

Frequentlee,
I agree.

By this time the Captain had thought of something more:

Paw of cat the chestnut snatches;
Worn-out garments show new patches;
Men are grown-up "catchy-catches."

Yes (said Little Buttercup) I know
That is so.

Then she sang, under her breath, so that nobody at all should hear her.

Though to catch my drift he's striving,
I'll dissemble—I'll dissemble—
When he sees at what I'm driving
Let him tremble—let him tremble!

and, muttering to herself in a fashion which might be described, musically, as a triumph of pianissimo, she disappeared mysteriously into the forward part of the ship.

Captain Corcoran—though very uneasy at her portentous utterances—was rather disposed to pat himself on the back for having

tackled her on her own ground in the matter of stringing rhymes, and (as he thought) beaten her at it. But in this he was wrong, for if you compare her lines with his, you will see that whereas her lines dealt exclusively with people and things who were not so important as they thought themselves to be, his lines were merely chopped-up proverbs that had nothing to do with each other or with anything else. Still it wasn't bad for a first attempt, and although we must give her the prize, I think he deserves a "highly commended."

Now although Sir Joseph had gone to bed, he was so worried about Josephine that he couldn't get a wink of sleep. So as it was a beautiful warm night, and everybody (as he supposed) asleep, he thought he would go on deck in his pyjamas, and console himself with a cigar. Accordingly he went on deck, but finding that the Captain was in close conversation with a lady, he very properly retired to his cabin to put on the beautiful and expensive uniform of a Cabinet Minister which he had worn during the day, and which were the only clothes he had brought with him. He had completed his toilet and returned to the deck just as Captain Corcoran was endeavouring to pat himself on the back for his cleverness in stringing rhymes with Little Buttercup.

"What are you trying to do?" said Sir Joseph, as he noticed that the Captain had some difficulty in reaching the exact part of the back which he wished to pat. "Can I help you?"

"Thank you, Sir Joseph," replied the Captain, "I have a particular reason for wishing to pat myself between the two shoulder blades, and it's not easy to get at."

"Allow me, Captain Corcoran," and he obligingly patted him on the very spot.

"Thank you, Sir Joseph, that is capital," said Captain Corcoran, much relieved, "but I am sorry to see your Lordship out of bed at this hour. I hope your crib is comfortable."

"Pretty well," said Sir Joseph, who made it a rule never quite to approve of anything that was done for him, "the fact is I am worried about your daughter. I am disappointed with her. To tell the plain truth, I don't think she'll do."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Sir Joseph," replied the Captain, "Josephine is, I am sure, sensible of your condescension."

"She naturally would be," said Sir Joseph, who was really too conceited for words.

"Perhaps your exalted rank dazzles her," remarked Captain Corcoran.

Here again we become conscious of that nasty irritating little blot on the good Captain's character. He attached so much importance to mere rank that I am afraid we must put him down as just a teeny-weeny-wee bit of a sn-b.

"Do you really think it does?" asked Sir Joseph.

"Well, she is a modest girl, and, of course, her social position is far below that of a Cabinet Minister. Possibly she feels that she is not worthy of you."

Captain Corcoran knew better than that, but his natural kindness of heart would not allow him to tell Sir Joseph the plain truth—that Josephine looked upon him as a conceited donkey, because he was afraid that, being a touchy old gentleman, he might not like that.

"That is really a very sensible suggestion," said Sir Joseph.

"See," said the Captain, "here she comes. If you would kindly reason with her and assure her officially, that it is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels all ranks, her respect for an official utterance might induce her to look upon your offer in its proper light."

"It is not unlikely," said Sir Joseph, "and I am glad I am not wearing my pyjamas. Let us withdraw and watch our opportunity."

So they withdrew behind the mast, as Josephine stepped upon deck.

Poor Josephine was very uneasy and conscience-stricken at the unjustifiable step she was going to take that night. As the moment for her flight approached, she became more and more uncomfortable; and as her cabin was hot, and the night lovely, she thought she would wait more comfortably on deck until the fatal moment for her departure.

Naturally a good and honourable young lady, she felt that she was doing an unpardonable thing in leaving her good Papa secretly in order to marry a man of whom she knew that he disapproved. In common fairness, however, it should be explained that it was the first time she had ever left her father in order to be secretly married to anybody, and she resolved that, after this once, nothing on earth should ever

induce her to do so again.

Josephine had a neat literary turn, and it was her practice to express, in poetical form, the various arguments for and against any important step that she contemplated taking. She had amassed quite a large amount of these effusions, which she was in the habit of singing, on appropriate occasions, to any airs that would fit them. So, finding herself quite alone (as she supposed) it occurred to her to sing, in subdued tones, a composition which had direct reference to her misguided affection for Ralph.

This was the song:

The hours creep on apace,
My guilty heart is quaking;
Oh, that I might retrace
The step that I am taking!
Its folly it were easy to be showing;
What am I giving up, and whither going?

On the one hand, papa's luxurious home,
Hung with ancestral armour and old brasses,
Carved oak, and tapestry from distant Rome,
Rare "blue and white," Venetian finger glasses,
Rich oriental rugs and sofa pillows,
And everything that isn't old, from Gillows.

And, on the other, a dark dingy room
In some back street, with stuffy children crying,
Where organs yell and clacking housewives fume,
And clothes are hanging out all day a-drying:
With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in,
And dinner served up in a pudding basin.

Oh, god of Love and god of Reason—say
Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey?

But the two potentates, so pathetically appealed to, declined to undertake the responsibility of advising her. I expect they both thought that she was quite old enough to judge for herself.

Poor Josephine was greatly distracted at the ugly prospect of love in a back street that she had conjured up for herself, and her resolution began to waver. The social difference between her and her

chosen husband was so enormous, and the discomforts that she would be obliged to endure in the humble surroundings that awaited her presented themselves to her mind so vividly, that she had almost resolved that instead of eloping with Ralph, she would unpack her dressing-bag, put her hair up in Hinde's curlers, and go to bed like a good girl. I regret to think that, in contemplating this step, she was influenced solely by the fact that if she married Ralph she would have to surrender all the luxuries she was accustomed to, and that remorse for being about to break the heart of her affectionate and indulgent father did not appear to influence her in the least. I am very partial to Josephine, but I cannot regard her in the light of a thoroughly estimable young lady.

Sir Joseph endeavoured in vain to catch the words of Josephine's song, but she had been taught the Italian method of singing, which consists in "la-la-ing" all the vowels and allowing the consonants to take care of themselves, and consequently the words of her song were quite unintelligible to him—indeed they might have been Hebrew for anything he could tell. So when she had finished, he and Captain Corcoran approached her.

"Madam," said he, "it has been represented to me that you are appalled by my exalted rank. I desire to convey to you, officially, my deliberate assurance that if your hesitation is attributable to that circumstance, it is unequivocally uncalled for."

It is a rule at the Admiralty that when a person in authority has to make an announcement he is bound to use all the longest words he can find that will express his meaning.

"Oh, indeed," replied Josephine; "then your Lordship is of opinion that married happiness is not inconsistent with discrepancy in rank?"

This was artful on Josephine's part, for if Sir Joseph agreed, he would practically be admitting that there was no reason why Josephine should not condescend to marry a common sailor if she had a mind to do so.

"Madam," said Sir Joseph, loftily, "I am officially of that opinion," and he took a pinch of snuff with an air that suggested that he had finally settled the question once for all.

"I thank you, Sir Joseph," she replied, with a low curtsey. "I *did*

hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer." And with another curtsey she retired to her own cabin, muttering to herself, "He little thinks how successfully he has pleaded his rival's cause!"

The Captain, who shared Sir Joseph's impression that Josephine had made up her mind to accept him, was over-joyed.

"Sir Joseph," said he, "I cannot express to you my joy at the happy result of your eloquence. Your argument was unanswerable."

"Captain Corcoran," replied Sir Joseph, "it is one of the happiest characteristics of this inexpressibly fortunate country that official replies to respectfully uttered interrogatories are invariably regarded as unanswerable."

And Sir Joseph, having discharged this mouthful of long words, withdrew to complete his night's rest.

Captain Corcoran could not conceal his exultation. Indeed, there was no reason why he should as he was entirely alone. He clasped his hands, smiled broadly, took a long breath of relief and had just begun to dance the hornpipe that Sir Joseph had taught him (to see if he remembered the steps) when he was interrupted by the unexpected appearance of poor deformed Dick Deadeye, who approached him with the irregular jerky action of a triangle that is being trundled like a hoop.

"Captain," whispered he, "I want a word with you!" And he placed his hand impressively on the Captain's wrist.

"Deadeye!" said he, "*you* here? Don't!"

"Ah, don't shrink from me, Captain!" replied Deadeye. "I'm unpleasant to look at and my name's agin me, but I ain't as bad as I look!"

"What do you want with me at this time of night?" said Captain Corcoran.

Deadeye looked round mysteriously to make quite sure that they were unobserved.

"I've come," said he, "to give you warning!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Captain, who was delighted to think that there was a chance of getting rid of Deadeye without hurting his feelings. "Do you propose to leave the Navy, then?"

"No, no," said Deadeye, "I don't mean that. Listen!"

The Captain was disappointed, but he listened, nevertheless.

And in accordance with the standing rule that no one was ever to say anything to the Captain that could be sung, Dick Deadeye struck up as follows:

Kind Captain, I've important information
(Sing hey, the kind Commander that you are),
About a certain intimate relation
(Sing hey, the Merry Maiden and the Tar!).

The Captain, who had his book of rhymes handy, consulted it for a moment and then replied:

Good fellow, in conundrums you are speaking
(Sing hey, the mystic sailor that you are),
The answer to them vainly I am seeking
(Sing hey, the Merry Maiden and the Tar!).

Of course the Captain was completely puzzled, having no idea what Deadeye was alluding to. So Dick explained:

Kind Captain, your young lady is a sighing
(Sing hey, the simple Captain that you are),
This very night with Rackstraw to be flying
(Sing hey, the Merry Maiden and the Tar!).

Captain Corcoran was dreadfully distressed at this piece of information, but he pulled himself together with an effort and replied (after a moment with his rhyming dictionary):

Good fellow, you have given timely warning
(Sing hey, the thoughtful sailor that you are),
I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the morning!
(Sing hey, the cat-o'-nine-tails and the Tar!)

And, so singing, Captain Corcoran produced from his pocket a beautifully inlaid little presentation "cat-o'-nine-tails," and, as he flourished it, he brought it down accidentally (but heavily) on poor Dick's back. Dick, grateful for any attention, pulled his fore-lock respectfully and trundled off into the fore-part of the ship.

I ought to explain that the cat-o'-nine-tails is a cruel kind of whip with nine thongs, which was, at that time, commonly used in the Navy to punish badly behaved seamen, but Captain Corcoran was

much too humane a man to use it. It happened to be in his pocket because it was a present from his dear old white-haired apple-cheeked grandmama which had only arrived that day.

Dick Deadeye had warned the Captain just in time; for as Dick crept off, the Captain saw a large body of the crew, with Ralph among them, advancing on tip-toe towards the boats which were hanging from irons, called davits, in the ship's side, and at the same time Josephine came out of her cabin with her hand-bag in her hand, and crept silently to where Ralph was standing. It was more than flesh and blood could stand, and, in the anger of the moment, the Captain exclaimed "Bother!" and brought the cat-o'-nine-tails down on the breach of a gun which happened to be handy.

All the crew were dreadfully startled.

"Why! what was that?" said Bob Buntline, one of the sailors who had not yet spoken.

"It was only the cat," said Bill Boom.

Bill Boom was perfectly right. It *was* the "cat."

As Josephine met Ralph, and while the crew were mustering on the quarter-deck, the Captain glanced hastily through his rhyming dictionary, and, having found what he wanted, revealed himself, exclaiming, "Hold!"

Much alarmed and greatly astonished to find their Captain among them, they all held.

Captain Corcoran advanced and seizing his daughter by the hand twirled her away from Ralph Rackstraw, who looked like the Apollo Belvedere struck stupid.

Naughty daughter of mine (sang the Captain)
I insist upon knowing
Where you may be going
With these sons of the brine?
For my excellent crew,
Though foes they could thump any,
Are scarcely company
For a lady like you!

Ralph wasn't going to stand this. He had been taught by the First Lord of the Admiralty that a British sailor is the finest fellow in the world, and if you can't believe a First Lord, whom can you believe?

So, pulling himself together he began:

"Haughty Sir, when you address—"

"Poetry, please," said Captain Corcoran, "I allow no sailor to address me in prose."

Ralph thought for a moment, and then declaimed (in the key of G):

Proud officer, that haughty lip uncurl! (the Captain
uncurled his haughty upper lip as desired)
Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer!
(he suppressed it at once)

For I have dared to love your matchless girl—
A fact well known to all my mess-mates here!
I, humble, poor, and lowly born,
The meanest in the port division—
The butt of epauletted Scorn—
The mark of quarter-deck derision—
Have dared to raise my wormy eyes
Above the dust to which you'd mould me;
In manhood's glorious pride to rise,
I am an Englishman—behold me!

And at once all the crew, carried off their feet with enthusiasm, shouted their own domestic National Anthem, led by the energetic Mr. Bobstay:

He is an Englishman!
For he himself hath said it,
And it's greatly to his credit
That he is an Englishman!
For he might have been a Rooshian
A French, or Turk, or Prooshian,
Or perhaps I-tal-i-an!
But, in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman!

And when they had finished, all the crew wiped their eyes (which were full of manly tears), and shook hands with each other until their emotion had in some degree subsided. Indeed three or four of them

were carried off in hysterics, and had to be revived with eau-de-Cologne, a tub of which always stood on the forecastle. Speaking for myself, I do not quite see that Ralph Rackstraw deserved so very much credit for remaining an Englishman, considering that no one seems ever to have proposed to him that he should be anything else, but the crew thought otherwise and I daresay they were right.

Captain Corcoran hardly knew how to act, for he so seldom got into a tearing rage that he didn't know what it was considered usual for a man in tearing rage to do. He was anxious not to overdo it, and at the same time he felt that it was necessary to let them know that a tearing rage was what he was in. After some reflection, and a glance at his dictionary, he concluded that the best way was to depart from his usual calm correct way of speaking, and horrify them by introducing some really unpardonable language. So he exclaimed:

In uttering a reprobation
To any British Tar,
I try to speak with moderation,
But you have gone too far.
I'm very sorry to disparage
A humble foremast lad,
But to seek your Captain's child in marriage,
Why, hang it, it's too bad!
Yes, hang it, it's too bad!
(I don't care, I will say it, and risk the consequences)—
Yes, hang it, it's too bad!

The crew were awestruck, for they had never, in all their experience of Captain Corcoran, known him to forget himself as far as to use an expression of this description. Three times too not once, but three times, as if he revelled in his wickedness! And what made the circumstance more impressive was that as their amazement and agitation subsided, they saw the First Lord of the Admiralty standing, apparently thunder-struck, in their midst!

"I am appalled," said Sir Joseph, as soon as he could control his tongue. "Simply appalled!"

There was no mistake about it—he was quite white with the shock that the Captain's language had given him. He was no longer a First Lord—he was a Monument of Pathetic Imbecility.

"To your cabin, Sir," said he, trembling with emotion, "and consider yourself under the strictest arrest."

"Sir Joseph," said Captain Corcoran, "pray hear me—"

"To your cabin, Sir!"

And a couple of marines marched him off under the command of the smallest midshipman in the ship.

Sir Joseph had by this time somewhat recovered his composure.

"Now tell me, my fine fellow," said he, addressing Ralph Rackshaw, "How came your Captain so far to forget himself?"

"Please your honour," said Ralph, pulling respectfully at his forelock, "it was thus wise. You see I'm only a topman—a mere fore-mast hand—"

"Don't be ashamed of that," said Sir Joseph, "a topman is necessarily at the top of everything."

This, of course, was not the case, but Sir Joseph, having been a solicitor, did not know any better.

"Well, your honour," said Ralph, "love burns as brightly on the forecastle as it does on the quarter-deck, and Josephine is the fairest bud that ever blossomed on the tree of a poor fellow's wildest hopes!"

Sir Joseph could scarcely believe his ears.

"Are you referring to—er—Miss Josephine Corcoran?" gasped Sir Joseph.

"That's the lady, Sir," said Ralph, "in fact here she is, bless her little heart!"

And Josephine rushed into Ralph's outstretched arms.

"She's the figure-head of my ship of life—the bright beacon that guides me into the port of happiness—the rarest, the purest gem that ever sparkled on a poor but worthy fellow's trusting brow."

The crew burst into tears at this lovely speech and sobbed heavily. It had quite a different effect on Sir Joseph who, forgetting all his dignity, danced about the deck in a blind fury.

"You—you impertilent presumtiful, disgracious, audastical sommon cailor," exclaimed Sir Joseph, chopping up and transposing his letters and syllables in a perfectly ridiculous manner, "*I'll* teach you to lall in fove with your daptain's caughter! Away with him to the barkest bungeon on doard!" Of course he meant to say "the darkest dungeon on board" and *would* have said it if he had had his temper

under proper control.

Josephine clung to Ralph and declared that as he was to be shut up in a cell, she would go with him, but they were violently torn asunder, and, a pair of handcuffs having been placed on Ralph's wrists by the serjeant of the marines, he was taken away in custody. At this point Sir Joseph became calm and coherent again.

"And as for you, Miss Corcoran—" he began, but before he could say what he was going to say (whatever it was) Little Buttercup came forward, and exclaimed "Hold!"

"Why?" Sir Joseph asked, not unnaturally.

"Because I have a tale to unfold," she replied.

"We are all attention," said Sir Joseph. "Proceed."

And Little Buttercup proceeded thus:

A many years ago,
When I was young and charming,
As some of you may know,
I practised baby-farming.

The crew were most interested in this piece of news, and, expecting that she was about to reveal something that would entirely alter the aspect of affairs, they muttered to each other:

Now this is most alarming—
When she was young and charming
She practised baby-farming
A many years ago!

Little Buttercup continued:

Two tender babes I nussed,
One was of low condition,
The other "upper crust,"
A regular patrician!

Again the crew said to each other, by way of explaining how the case stood:

Now this is the position—
One was of low condition,
The other a patrician,
A many years ago!

This having been made quite clear to them, Little Buttercup continued the story:

Oh, bitter is my cup,
However could I do it?
I mixed those children up,
And not a creature knew it!

This was quite an inexcusable piece of carelessness on the part of Little Buttercup. If she had any doubt which was which, she could so easily have tied a bit of blue ribbon round the neck of one, and a luggage-label round the neck of the other. The sailors were surprised at this culpable neglect of duty and replied:

However could you do it?
Some day no doubt you'll rue it,
Although no creature knew it
So many years ago!

Little Buttercup, not heeding their interruption, concluded her confession thus:

In time each little waif
Forsook his foster-mother,
The well-born babe was Ralph—
Your Captain was the other!!!

Again the crew explained the situation to each other, that there might be no mistake about it:

They left their foster-mother;
The one was Ralph, our brother,
Our Captain was the other,
A many years ago!!!

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! Ralph was, properly speaking, a Captain in the Navy, and Captain Corcoran was only a common sailor!

"Am I really to understand," said Sir Joseph, "that during all these years, each has been occupying the other's position?"

"That," said Little Buttercup, "is the idea I intended to convey."

"And you've done it very well," said Sir Joseph, and all the crew applauded so vigorously that Little Buttercup thought they wished to

hear it all over again, and had actually got so far as "A many years ago," when Sir Joseph interrupted her:

"Let them both appear before me at once," said he.

And immediately Ralph appeared dressed in Captain Corcoran's uniform as a captain in the navy, and Captain Corcoran in Ralph's uniform as a man-o'-war's man!

This had been carefully arranged by Little Buttercup herself. Knowing that the time had come when it would be necessary that she should reveal her secret, she had previously caused one of Captain Corcoran's uniforms to be conveyed to Ralph's quarters, and one of Ralph's uniforms to be placed in Captain Corcoran's cabin, with a note, pinned to each bundle, explaining the condition of affairs. Now we see what Little Buttercup meant when she sang those mysterious lines to Captain Corcoran about things being seldom what they seem, skim-milk masquerading as cream, and so forth. Oh, she was a knowing one, I can tell you, was Little Buttercup!

As Corcoran (no longer a captain) stepped forward, Josephine rushed to him in amazement.

"My father a common sailor!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said Corcoran, "it is hard, is it not, my dear?"

During this time Ralph was too much occupied in trying to catch sight of the two epaulettes which glistened on his shoulders, to attend to anything else.

"This," said Sir Joseph, "is a very singular occurrence, and, as far as I know, nothing of the kind has ever happened before. I congratulate you both."

Then, turning towards Captain Rackstraw, as we must now call him, he said (indicating Corcoran), "Desire that remarkably fine seaman to step forward."

"Corcoran," said Captain Rackstraw, "three paces to the front—march!" just as Corcoran, when he was a captain, had said to Ralph.

Corcoran, however, knew his rights, and wasn't going to stand being spoken to in this abrupt fashion.

"If *what*?" said Corcoran, touching his cap.

"I don't understand you," said Captain Rackstraw haughtily.

"If you *please*," said Corcoran, with a strong emphasis on the "please."

"Perfectly right," said Sir Joseph, "if you *please*."

"Oh, of course," said Captain Rackstraw, "if you *please*."

And Corcoran stepped forward and saluted, like the smart man-o'-war's man that he was.

"You're an extremely fine fellow," said Sir Joseph, turning him round as he inspected him.

"Yes, your Honour," said Corcoran, who was still too good a judge to contradict a First Lord of the Admiralty.

"So," observed Sir Joseph, "it seems that you were Ralph and Ralph was you."

"So it seems, your Honour," said Corcoran, with a respectful pull at his forelock.

"Well," said Sir Joseph, "I need not tell you that, after this change in your condition, a marriage with your daughter will be out of the question."

"Don't say that, your Honour," replied Corcoran, "Love levels all ranks, you know!"

Sir Joseph was rather taken aback by being confronted with his own words. But, having been a solicitor, he was equal to the occasion.

"It does to a considerable extent," said Sir Joseph, "but it does not level them as much as that. It does not annihilate the difference between a First Lord of the Admiralty and a common sailor, though it may very well do so between a common sailor and his Captain, you know."

"I see," said Corcoran; "that had not occurred to me."

"Captain Rackstraw," said Sir Joseph, "what is your opinion on that point?"

"I entirely agree with your Lordship," said Ralph, whose love for Josephine overcame all other considerations. "If your Lordship doesn't want her, I'll take her with pleasure."

He said this because, fine fellow as he was, and deeply as he loved Josephine, he considered that it was his duty, as an officer in the Navy, to give Sir Joseph the first choice.

"Then take her, sir, and mind you make her happy."

And Captain Rackstraw arranged with Josephine that they would go on shore at once and be married at once. Fortunately the clergyman was still waiting for them, although he had become rather

impatient at the delay.

During this conversation, Corcoran had a word or two with Buttercup, who took that opportunity of revealing herself to him as one of the maidenly crew of the Hot Cross Bun of twenty years ago. He was greatly touched at the story of her faithful devotion to him, and determined to repay it.

"My Lord," said he to Sir Joseph, "I shall be quite alone when Josephine marries, and I should like a nice little wife to sew buttons on my shirt and mend my socks."

"By all means," said Sir Joseph. "Can you suggest anybody?"

Corcoran presented blushing Little Buttercup to Sir Joseph, who gave her sixpence on the spot as a wedding present. Little Buttercup was so touched by Sir Joseph's liberality that she burst into tears.

Corcoran, overjoyed, at once broke into song, adapting, on the spur of the moment, the well-known and familiar words with which he used to greet his crew every morning, thus:

I was the Captain of the Pinafore!

And all the crew chorused:

And a right good Captain too!

CORCORAN. *And though before my fall*
I commanded of you all,
I'm a member of the crew!
I shall marry with a wife
In my humble rank of life,
And you, my own, are she!
[Indicating LITTLE BUTTERCUP.
I must wander to and fro,
But, wherever I may go,
I shall never be unkind to thee!

And the crew sang, rather slyly:

What, never?

Replied he:

No, never!

The crew, more slyly still:

What, never?

And the Captain, whose experience of his former wife had taught him that even the most amiable married people will fall out occasionally, replied:

Hardly ever!
Hardly ever be unkind to thee!

And they all sang:

Then give three cheers and one cheer more
For the hardy seamen of the Pinafore!
For he is an Englishman,
And he himself hath said it,
And it's greatly to his credit
That he is an Englishman!
For he might have been a Rooshian,
A French, or Turk, or Prooshian,
Or perhaps I-tal-i-an!
But, in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman!

In short, there were general rejoicings all round. Lemon ice, shoulders of mutton, ginger-beer and meringues-à-la-crème were served out in profusion, and Sir Joseph, who happened to know a number of surprising conjuring tricks, brought a rabbit smothered in onions out of his left boot, to the intense delight of the crew. All the sisters and cousins and aunts of Sir Joseph tumbled out of bed as soon as they heard the news, and came on deck after a hasty toilette. A general dance followed in which Ralph and Josephine particularly distinguished themselves, and then they all went on shore that the clergyman (who had nearly grown tired of waiting and wanted to go home to his breakfast bacon) might join the happy couple in matrimony. Corcoran was married at the same time to Little Buttercup, and Captain Rackstraw most kindly gave him a week's leave that he and his wife might go and enjoy some sea-bathing at Ventnor.

Captain Rackstraw proved to be a most excellent Commander, and was just as much beloved as Captain Corcoran had been, while Corcoran took up Ralph's duties with enthusiasm, and became one of the smartest top-men on board. It is an excellent test of a man's character when he resigns himself with cheerfulness to a sudden change from dignified affluence to obscure penury, and I can't help thinking that, on the whole, he was a very fine fellow.

But still I do wish he had not made that very unfortunate remark about being related to a peer.

The Magic Flute

The Magic Flute

CHARACTERS OF THE OPERA

Queen of the Night.
Pamina (Queen's daughter).
Papagena.
Three ladies of the Queen's Court.
Three Genii of the Temple.
Tamino, an Egyptian Prince.
Monostatos, a Moor in the service of Sarastro.
Sarastro, High Priest of the Temple.
Papageno, Tamino's servant.
Speaker of the Temple.
Two priests.
Two armed men.
Chorus of priests of the Temple, slaves, and attendants.

The scene is near the Temple of Isis, in Egypt.
Composer: Mozart.

ACT I, SCENE I

Once upon a time an adventurous Egyptian youth found himself near to the Temple of Isis. He had wandered far, had clothed himself in another habit than that worn by his people, and by the time he reached the temple he had spent his arrows, and had nothing but his useless bow left. In this predicament, he saw a monstrous serpent who made after him, and he fled. He had nothing to fight with, and was about to be caught in the serpent's fearful coils when the doors of the temple opened and three ladies ran out, each armed with a fine silver spear.

They had heard the youth's cries of distress, and had rushed out to assist him. Immediately they attacked the monster and killed it, while Tamino lay panting upon the ground. When they went to him

they found him unconscious. He seemed to be a very noble and beautiful youth, whose appearance was both heroic and gentle, and they were inspired with confidence in him.

"May not this youth be able, in return for our services to him, to help us in our own troubles?" they inquired of each other; for they belonged to the court of the Queen of the Night, and that sovereign was in great sorrow. Her beautiful daughter, Pamina, had been carried away, and none had been able to discover where she was hidden. There was no one in the court who was adventurous enough to search in certain forbidden and perilous places for her.

As Tamino lay exhausted upon the ground, one of the women who had rescued him declared that she would remain to guard him seeing he had no arrows while the others should go and tell the Queen that they had found a valiant stranger who might help them.

At this suggestion the other two set up a great cry.

"You stay to guard the youth! Nay, I shall stay myself. Go thou and tell Her Majesty." Thereupon they all fell to quarrelling as to who should remain beside the handsome youth and who should go. Each declared openly that she could gaze upon him forever, because he was such a beauty, which would doubtless have embarrassed Tamino dreadfully if he had not been quite too tired to attend to what they said.

The upshot of it was that all three went, rather than leave any one of them to watch with him. When they had disappeared into the temple once more, Tamino half roused himself and saw the serpent lying dead beside him.

"I wonder where I can be?" he mused. "I was saved in the nick of time: I was too exhausted to run farther," and at that moment he heard a beautiful strain of music, played upon a flute.

He raised himself to listen attentively, and soon he saw a man descending from among the rocks behind the temple. Still fearful of new adventures while he was unarmed and worn, Tamino rose and hid himself in the trees. The man's name was Papageno, and he carried a great cage filled with birds upon his back; in both hands he held a pipe, which was like the pipe of Pan, and it was upon this that he was making music. He also sang:

For wealth my lot I'd not resign,

For every bird that flies is mine.

I am a fowler, bold and free,
A man of mirth and minstrelsy;
My name is ever in demand,
With old and young throughout the land.
But nets to set for pretty maids:
That were the most divine of trades.

I'd keep them safe 'neath lock and key,
And all I caught should be for me.

So that exceedingly jolly fellow sang as he passed Tamino. He was about to enter the temple when Tamino, seeing he had nothing to fear, stopped him.

"Hello, friend! Who are you?"

"I ask the same," the fowler answered, staring at Tamino.

"That is easily answered. I am a prince and a wanderer. My father reigns over many lands and tribes."

"Ah, ha! Perhaps in that land of thine I might do a little trade in birds," the fowler said, jovially.

"Is that how you make your living?" Tamino asked him.

"Surely! I catch birds and sell them to the Queen of the Night and her ladies."

"What does the Queen look like?" Tamino asked, somewhat curious.

"How do I know? Pray, who ever saw the Queen of the Night?"

"You say so? Then she must be the great Queen of whom my father has often spoken."

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Well, let me thank you for killing that great serpent. He nearly did for me," Tamino replied, taking it for granted that the man before him had been the one to rescue him, since he had fallen unconscious before he had seen the ladies. The fowler looked about at the dead serpent.

"Perfectly right! A single grasp of mine would kill a bigger monster than that," the fowler boasted, taking to himself the credit for the deed; but by this time the three ladies had again come from the temple and were listening to this boastful gentleman with the birds

upon his back.

"Tell me, are the ladies of the court beautiful?" Tamino persisted.

"I should fancy not—since they go about with their faces covered. Beauties are not likely to hide their faces," he laughed boisterously. At that the ladies came toward him. Tamino beheld them with pleasure.

"Now give us thy birds," they said to the fowler, who became suddenly very much quieter and less boastful. He gave them the birds and received, instead of the wine he expected, according to custom, a bottle of water.

"Here, for the first time, her Majesty sends you water," said she who had handed him the bottle; and another, holding out something to him, said:

"And instead of bread she sends you a stone."

"And," said the other, "she wishes that ready mouth of yours to be decorated with this instead of the figs she generally sends," and at that she put upon his lips a golden padlock, which settled his boasting for a time. "Now indicate to this youth who killed that serpent," she continued. But the fowler could only show by his actions that he had no idea who did it.

"Very well; then, dear youth, let me tell you that you owe your life to us." Tamino was ready to throw himself at the feet of such beautiful champions, but one of them interrupted his raptures by giving him a miniature set in jewels.

"Look well at this: our gracious Queen has sent it to you."

Tamino gazed long at the portrait and was beside himself with joy, because he found the face very beautiful indeed.

"Is this the face of your great Queen?" he cried. They shook their heads. "Then tell me where I may find this enchanting creature!"

"This is our message: If the face is beautiful to thee and thou would'st make it thine, thou must be valiant. It is the face of our Queen's daughter, who has been carried away by a fierce demon, and none have dared seek for her."

"For that beautiful maiden?" Tamino cried in amazement. "I dare seek for her! Only tell me which way to go, and I will rescue her from all the demons of the inferno. I shall find her and make her my bride." He spoke with so much energy and passion that the ladies were quite

satisfied that they had found a knight to be trusted.

"Dear youth, she is hidden in our own mountains, but—" At that moment a peal of thunder startled everybody.

"Heaven! What may that be?" Tamino cried, and even as he spoke, the rocks parted and the Queen of the Night stood before them.

"Be not afraid, noble youth. A clear conscience need have no fear. Thou shalt find my daughter, and when she is restored to my arms, she shall be thine." With this promise the Queen of the Night disappeared as suddenly as she had come. Then the poor boastful fowler began to say "hm, hm, hm, hm," and motion to his locked mouth.

"I cannot help thee, poor wretch," Tamino declared. "Thou knowest that lock was put upon thee to teach thee discretion." But one of the women went to him and told him that by the Queen's commands she now would set him free.

"And this, dear youth," she said, going to Tamino and giving him a golden flute, "is for thee. Take it, and its magic will guard thee from all harm. Wherever thou shalt wander in search of the Queen's daughter, this enchanted flute will protect thee. Only play upon it. It will calm anger and soothe the sorrowing."

"Thou, Papageno," said another, "art to go with the Prince, by the Queen's command, to Sarastro's castle, and serve him faithfully." At that the fowler was frightened half to death.

No indeed! that I decline.
From yourselves have I not heard
That he's fiercer than the pard?
If by him I were accosted
He would have me plucked and roasted.

"Have no fear, but do as you are bid. The Prince and his flute shall keep thee safe from Sarastro.

I wish the Prince at all the devils;
For death nowise I search;
What if, to crown my many evils,
He should leave me in the lurch?

He did not feel half as brave as he had seemed when he told

Tamino how he had killed the serpent.

Then another of the ladies of the court gave to Papageno a chime of bells, hidden in a casket.

"Are these for me?" he asked.

"Aye, and none but thou canst play upon them. With a golden chime and a golden flute, thou art both safe. The music of these things shall charm the wicked heart and soothe the savage breast. So, fare ye well, both." And away went the two strange adventurers, Papageno and Tamino, one a prince, the other a bird-catcher.

SCENE II

After travelling for a week and a day, the two adventurers came to a fine palace. Tamino sent the fowler with his chime of bells up to the great place to spy out what he could, and he was to return and bring the Prince news.

Without knowing it they had already arrived at the palace of Sarastro, and at that very moment Pamina, the Queen's daughter, was in great peril.

In a beautiful room, furnished with divans, and everything in Egyptian style, sat Monostatos, a Moor, who was in the secrets of Sarastro, who had stolen the Princess. Monostatos had just had the Princess brought before him and had listened malignantly to her pleadings to be set free.

"I do not fear death," she was saying; "but it is certain that if I do not return home, my mother will die of grief."

"Well, I have had enough of thy moanings, and I shall teach thee to be more pleasing; so minions," calling to the guards and servants of the castle, "chain this tearful young woman's hands, and see if it will not teach her to make herself more agreeable." As the slaves entered, to place the fetters upon her hands, the Princess fell senseless upon a divan.

"Away, away, all of you!" Monostatos cried, just as Papageno peeped in at the palace window.

"What sort of place is this?" Papageno said to himself, peering in curiously. "I think I will enter and see more of it." Stepping in, he saw the Princess senseless upon the divan, and the wretched Moor bending over her. At that moment the Moor turned round and saw

Papageno. They looked at each other, and each was frightened half to death.

"Oh, Lord!" each cried at the same moment. "This must be the fiend himself."

"Oh, have mercy!" each shrieked at each other.

"Oh, spare my life," they yelled in unison, and then, at the same moment each fled from the other, by a different way. At the same instant, Pamina awoke from her swoon, and began to call pitiably for her mother. Papageno heard her and ventured back.

"She's a handsome damsel, and I'll take a chance, in order to rescue her," he determined, feeling half safe because of his chime of bells.

"Why, she is the very image of the Prince's miniature and so it must be the daughter of the Queen of the Night," he decided, taking another good look at her.

"Who art thou?" she asked him, plaintively.

"Papageno," he answered.

"I do not know the name. But I am the daughter of the Queen of the Night."

"Well, I think you are, but to make sure—" He pulled from his pocket the portrait which had been given to him by the Prince and looked at it earnestly for a long time.

"According to this you shouldn't have any hands or feet," he announced gravely.

"But it is I," the Princess declared, looking in turn at the miniature. "Pray, where did you get this?"

"Your mother gave this to a young stranger, who instantly fell in love with you, and started to find you."

"In love with me?" she cried, joyfully.

"You'd think so if you saw the way he carries on about you," the fowler volunteered. "And we are to carry you back to your mother even quicker than we came."

"Then you must be very quick about it, because Sarastro returns from the chase at noon exactly, and if he finds you here, you will never leave alive."

"Good! That will suit the Prince exactly."

"But—if I should find that, after all, you are an evil spirit," she

hesitated.

"On the contrary, you will find in me the best spirits in the world, so come along."

"You seem to have a good heart."

"So good that I ought to have a Papagena to share it," he answered, plaintively, whereupon Pamina sang affectingly:

The manly heart that claims our duty,
Must glow with feelings high and brave.

It is a very queer and incoherent opera, and not much sense to any of it, but, oh! it is beautiful music, and this duet between the fowler and Pamina is not the least of its beauties. At the end of it they rushed off together—Pamina to meet the Prince and be conducted back to her mother.

SCENE III

In the meantime, Tamino, instead of looking for Pamina himself, had been invoking wisdom and help from a number of Genii he had come across. There were three temples, connected by colonnades, and above the portal of one of these was written, Temple of Wisdom; over another, Temple of Reason; the third, Temple of Nature. These temples were situated in a beautiful grove, which Tamino entered with three Genii who each bore a silver palm branch.

"Now, pray tell me, ye wise ones, is it to be my lot to loosen Pamina's bonds?" he asked anxiously.

"It is not for us to tell thee this, but we say to thee, 'Go, be a man,' be steadfast and true and thou wilt conquer." They departed, leaving Tamino alone. Then he saw the temples.

"Perhaps she is within one of these temples," he cried; "and with the words of those wise Genii in my ears, I'll surely rescue her if she is there." So saying, he went up to one of them and was about to enter.

"Stand back!" a mysterious voice called from within.

"What! I am repulsed? Then I will try the next one," and he went to another of the temples.

"Stand back," again a voice called.

"Here too?" he cried, not caring to venture far. "There is still

another door and I shall betake me to it." So he went to the third, and, when he knocked, an aged priest met him upon the threshold.

"What seek ye here?" he asked.

"I seek Love and Truth."

"That is a good deal to seek. Thou art looking for miscreants, thou art looking for revenge? Love, Truth, and Revenge do not belong together," the old priest answered.

"But the one I would revenge myself upon is a wicked monster."

"Go thy way. There is none such here," the priest replied.

"Isn't your reigning chief Sarastro?"

"He is—and his law is supreme."

"He stole a princess."

"So he did—but he is a holy man, the chief of Truth—we cannot explain his motives to thee," the priest said, as he disappeared within and closed the door.

"Oh, if only she still lives!" Tamino cried, standing outside the temple.

"She lives, she lives!" a chorus within sang, and at that reassurance Tamino was quite wild with happiness. Then he became full of uncertainty and sadness again, for he remembered that he did not know where to find her, and he sat down to play upon his magic flute. As he played, wild animals came out to listen, and they crowded around him. While he was playing, lamenting the loss of Pamina, he was answered by Papageno from a little way off, and he leaped up joyously.

"Perhaps Papageno is coming with the Princess," he cried. He began to play lustily upon his flute again. "Maybe the sound will lead them here," he thought, and he hastened away thinking to overtake them. After he had gone, Pamina and Papageno ran in, she having heard the magic flute.

"Oh, what joy! He must be near, for I heard the flute," she cried, looking about. Suddenly her joy was dispelled by the appearance of Monostatos, who had flown after them as soon as he discovered Pamina's absence.

"Now I have caught you," he cried wickedly, but as he called to the slaves who attended him to bind Papageno, the latter thought of his chime of bells.

"Maybe they will save me," he cried, and at once he began to play. Then all the slaves began to dance, while Monostatos himself was utterly enchanted at the sweet sound. As the bells continued to chime, Monostatos and the slaves began to leave with a measured step, till the pair found themselves alone and once more quite safe. Then the chorus within began to sing "Long life to Sarastro," and at that the two trembled again.

"Sarastro! Now what is going to happen?" Papageno whispered.

While they stood trembling, Sarastro appeared, borne on a triumphal car, drawn by six lions, and followed by a great train of attendants and priests. The chorus all cried, "Long life to Sarastro! Long life to our guard and master!"

When Sarastro stepped from the car, Pamina knelt at his feet.

"Oh, your greatness!" she cried. "I have sorely offended thee in trying to escape, but the fault was not all mine. The wicked Moor, Monostatos, made the most violent love to me, and it was from him I fled."

"All is forgiven thee, but I cannot set thee free," Sarastro replied. "Thy mother is not a fitting guardian for thee, and thou art better here among these holy people. I know that thy heart is given to a youth, Tamino." As he spoke, the Moor entered, followed by Prince Tamino. For the first time the two lovers met, and they were at once enchanted with each other.

At once Monostatos's anger became very great, since he, too, loved the Princess. He summoned his slaves to part them. Kneeling in his turn at Sarastro's feet he protested that he was a good and valiant man, whom Sarastro knew well, and he complained that Pamina had tried to flee.

"Thou art about good enough to have the bastinado," Sarastro replied, and thereupon ordered the slaves to whip the false Moor, who was immediately led off to punishment. After that, Sarastro ordered the lovers to be veiled and led into the temple to go through certain rites. They were to endure a period of probation, and if they came through the ordeal of waiting for each other properly they were to be united.

ACT II, SCENE I

The priests assembled in a grove of palms, where they listened to

the story of Pamina and Tamino, told by Sarastro.

"The Princess was torn from the Queen of the Night, great priests, because that Queen would overthrow our temple, and here Pamina is to remain till purified; if you will accept this noble youth for her companion, after they have both been taught in the ways of wisdom, follow my example," and immediately Sarastro blew a blast upon a horn. All the priests blew their horns in concurrence.

Sarastro sang a hymn to the gods, and then he and his priests disappeared. Tamino and Papageno were next led into the temple porch. It was entirely dark.

"Art thou still near me, Papageno?" he asked.

"Of course I am, but I don't feel very well. I think I have a fever. This is a queer sort of adventure."

"Oh, come, be a man. There is nothing to fear."

The priests asked Tamino at that moment why he had come to seek entrance in the temple.

"I came to find Friendship and Love," he replied.

"If you would have that, you must go through every trial; and how about you, Papageno?"

"Well, I do not care as much as I might for wisdom. Give me a nice little wife and a good bird-market, and I shall get on."

"But thou canst not have those things, unless thou canst undergo our trials."

"Oh, well, I'll stay and face it out—but I must be certain of a wife at the end of it. Her name must be Papagena—and I'd like to have a look at her before I undertake all this sort of thing," he persisted.

"Oh, that is quite reasonable—but thou must promise not to speak with her."

"And Pamina?" Tamino suggested.

"Certainly—only thou too must not speak." Thus it was agreed, and the priests went out. Instantly the place was in darkness again.

"I should like to know why, the moment those chaps go out, we find ourselves in the dark?" Papageno demanded.

"That is one of our tests; one of our trials," Tamino responded. "Take it in good part." He was interrupted by the appearance of the three ladies of the Queen of the Night's court.

"Why are you in this place?" they demanded seductively. "It will

ruin you."

"Do not say so," Tamino returned, stoutly, this being one of the temptations he was to meet: but Papageno was frightened enough. "Stop thy babbling, Papageno," Tamino cautioned. "Or thou wilt lose thy Papagena."

In short, the ladies did all that was possible to dishearten the youth and Papageno; but the Prince Tamino stood firm, and would not be frightened nor driven from his vow to the temple; but Papageno found himself in an awful state of mind, and finally fell down almost in a fit. At once the ladies sank through the temple floor.

Then the priests and a spokesman appeared and praised Tamino, threw another veil over him and led him out; but when a priest inquired of Papageno how it was with him, that fine gentlemen was so addled that he couldn't tell.

"For me—I'm in a trance," he exclaimed.

"Well, come on," they said, and threw a veil over him also.

"This incessant marching takes away all thought of love," he complained.

"No matter, it will return"; and at that the priests marched him out, and the scene changed to a garden where Pamina was sleeping.

SCENE II

Monostatos was watching the beautiful Pamina sleep, and remarking that, if he dared, he certainly should kiss her. In short, he was a person not to be trusted for a moment. He stole toward her, but in the same instant the thunder rolled and the Queen of the Night appeared from the depths of the earth.

"Away," she cried, and Pamina awoke.

"Mother, mother," she screamed with joy, while Monostatos stole away. "Let us fly, dear mother," Pamina urged.

"Alas, with thy father's death, I lost all my magic power, my child. He gave his sevenfold Shield of the Sun to Sarastro, and I have been perfectly helpless since."

"Then I have certainly lost Tamino," Pamina sobbed somewhat illogically.

"No, take this dagger and slay Sarastro, my love, and take the shield. That will straighten matters out."

Then the bloody Queen sang that the fires of hell were raging in her bosom. Indeed, she declared that if Pamina should not do as she was bidden and slay the priest, she would disown her. Thus Pamina had met with her temptation, and while she was rent between duty and a sense of decency—because she felt it would be very unpleasant to kill Sarastro—Monostatos entered and begged her to confide in him, that he of all people in the world was best able to advise her.

"What shall I do, then?" the trusting creature demanded.

"There is but one way in the world to save thyself and thy mother, and that is immediately to love me," he counselled.

"Good heaven! The remedy is worse than the disease," she cried.

"Decide in a hurry. There is no time to wait. You are all bound for perdition," he assured her, cheerfully.

"Perdition then! I won't do it." Temptation number two, for Pamina.

"Very well, it is your time to die!" Monostatos cried, and proceeded to kill her, but Sarastro entered just in time to encourage her.

"Indeed it is not—your schedule is wrong, Monostatos," Sarastro assured him.

"I must look after the mother, then, since the daughter has escaped me," Monostatos remarked, comforting himself as well as he could.

"Oh don't chastise my mother," Pamina cried.

"A little chastising won't hurt her in the least," Sarastro assured her. "I know all about how she prowls around here, and if only Tamino resists his temptations, you will be united and your mother sent back to her own domain where she belongs. If he survives the ordeals we have set before him, he will deserve to marry an orphan." All this was doubtless true, but it annoyed Pamina exceedingly. As soon as Sarastro had sung of the advantages of living in so delightful a place as the temple, he disappeared, not in the usual way, but by walking off, and the scene changed.

SCENE III

Tamino and the speaker who accompanied the priests and talked for them were in a large hall, and Papageno was there also.

"You are again to be left here alone; and I caution ye to be silent,"

the speaker advised as he went out.

The second priest said:

"Papageno, whoever breaks the silence here, brings down thunder and lightning upon himself." He, too, went out.

"That's pleasant," Papageno remarked.

"You are only to think it is pleasant—not to mention it," Tamino cautioned. Meantime, Papageno, who couldn't hold his tongue to save his life, grew thirsty. And he no sooner became aware of it, than an old woman entered with a cup of water.

"Is that for me?" he asked.

"Yes, my love," she replied, and Papageno drank it.

"Well, next time when you wish to quench my thirst you must bring something besides water—don't forget. Sit down here, old lady, it is confoundedly dull," the irrepressible Papageno said, and the old lady sat. "How old are you, anyway?"

"Just eighteen years and two minutes," she answered.

"Um—it is the two minutes that does it, I suppose," Papageno reflected, looking at her critically.

"Does anybody love you?" he asked, by way of satisfying his curiosity.

"Certainly—his name is Papageno."

"The deuce you say? Well, well, I never would have thought it of myself. Well, what's your name, mam?" but just as the old lady was about to answer, the thunder boomed and off she rushed.

"Oh, heaven! I'll never speak another word," Papageno cried. He had no sooner taken that excellent resolution than the three Genii entered bearing a table loaded with good things to eat. They also brought the flute and the chime of bells.

"Now, eat, drink, and be merry, and a better time shall follow," they said, and then they disappeared.

"Well, well, this is something like it," Papageno said, beginning at once to obey commands, but Tamino began to play upon the flute.

"All right; all right! You be the orchestra and I'll take care of the *table d'hôte*," he said, very well satisfied; but at that instant Pamina appeared.

She no sooner began to talk to Tamino than he motioned her away. He was a youth of unheard-of fortitude.

"This is worse than death," she said. She found herself waved away again. Tamino was thoroughly proof against temptation.

Then Pamina sang for him, and she had a very good voice. Meantime, Papageno was sufficiently occupied to be quiet, but he had to call attention to his virtues. When he asked if he had not been amazingly still, there was a flourish of trumpets. Tamino signed for Papageno to go.

"No, you go first!" Tamino only repeated his gesture.

"Very well, very well, I'll go first but what's to be done with us now?" Tamino only pointed to heaven, which was very depressing to one of Papageno's temperament.

"You think so!" Papageno asked. "If it is to be anything like that, I think it more likely to be a roasting. No matter!" Nothing mattered any longer to Papageno, and so he went out as Tamino desired, and the scene changed.

SCENE IV

Sarastro and his priests were in a vault underneath one of the temples. There they sang of Tamino's wonderful fortitude and then said:

"Let him appear!" And so he did. "Now, Tamino, you have been a brave man till now; but there are two perilous trials awaiting you, and if you go through them well—" They didn't exactly promise that all should be plain sailing after that, but they led the youth to infer as much, which encouraged him. "Lead in Pamina," the order then was given, and she was led in.

"Now, Pamina, this youth is to bid thee a last farewell," Sarastro said.

Pamina was about to throw herself into her lover's arms, but with amazing self-control Tamino told her once more to "Stand back." As that had gone so very well, Sarastro assured them they were to meet again.

"I'll bear whatever the gods put upon me," the patient youth replied.

Then he said farewell and went out, while Papageno (who if he ever did get to Heaven, would surely do so by hanging on to Tamino's immaculate coat-tail) ran after him, declaring that he would follow

him forever and not talk. But it thundered again, and Papageno shrunk all up.

Then, while the speaker chided him for not being above his station, Papageno said that the only thing he really wanted in this world or the next was a glass of wine: he thought it would encourage him.

"Oh, well, you can have that," the speaker assured him, and immediately the glass of wine rose through the floor. But he had no sooner drunk that than he cried out that he experienced a most thrilling sensation about his heart. It turned out to be love; just love! So at once, the matter being explained to him, he took his chime of bells, played, and sang of what he felt. The moment he had fully expressed himself, the old water lady came in.

"Here I am, my angel," she said.

"Good! You are much better than nobody," Papageno declared.

"Then swear you'll be forever true," she urged.

"Certainly—since there is no other way out of it." And it was no sooner said than the old lady became a most entrancing young one, about eighteen years old.

"Well, may I never doubt a woman when she tells me her age again!" Papageno muttered, staring at her. As he was about to embrace her, the speaker shouted:

"Away; he isn't worthy of you." This left Papageno in a nice fix, and both he and the girl were led away as the Genii appeared.

The Genii began to sing that Pamina had gone demented, and no wonder. She almost at once proved that this was true, by coming in carrying a dagger; and she made a pass at the whole lot of them. No one could blame her. She thought each of them was Tamino.

"She's had too much trouble," the penetrating Genii declared among themselves. "And now we'll set her right." They were about to do so when she undertook to stab herself, but they interfered and told her she mustn't.

"What if Tamino should hear you! It would make him feel very badly," they remonstrated. At once she became all right again.

"Is he alive? Just let me look at him, and I'll be encouraged to wait awhile." So they took her away to see Tamino.

Then two men dressed in armour came in and said:

He who would wander on this path of tears and toiling,

Needs water, fire, and earth for his assoiling.

which means nothing in particular. Although "assoiling" is an excellent old English word.

Then Tamino and Pamina were heard calling to each other. She entreated him not to fly from her, and he didn't know what he had better do about it, but the matter was arranged by somebody opening some gates and the lovers at once embraced. They were perfectly happy, and there seemed to be a mutual understanding between them that they could wander forth together. They did so, and wandered at once into a mountain of fire, while Tamino played entertainingly upon his flute. Soon they wandered out of the fire, and embraced at leisure. Then they wandered into the water, and Tamino began again to play upon his flute, the water keeping clear of the holes in a wonderful way. After they got out of the woods—the water, rather—they embraced as usual, and the gates of the temple were thrown open and they saw a sort of Fourth-of-July going on within. Everything was very bright and high-coloured. This would seem to indicate that their trials were over and they were to have their reward. Then the scene changed.

SCENE V

Papageno was playing in a garden, all the while calling to his Papagena. He was really mourning for his lost love, and so he took the rope which he used as a girdle and decided to hang himself. Then the Genii, whose business it seemed to be to drive lovers to suicide and then rescue them just before life was extinct, rushed in and told him he need not go to the length—of his rope.

"Just ring your bells," they advised him; and he instantly tried the same old effect. He had no sooner rung for her than she came—the lovely Papagena! They sang a joyous chorus of "pa-pa-pa-pa" for eight pages and then the Queen of the Night and Monostatos, finding that matters were going too well, appeared. They had come to steal the temple.

"If I really get away with that temple, Pamina shall be yours," she promised Monostatos—which would seem to leave Pamina safe enough, if the circumstances were ordinary. Nevertheless it thundered again. Nobody in the opera could seem to stand that. The

Queen had her three ladies with her, but by this time one might almost conclude that they were no ladies at all. The thunder became very bad indeed, and the retinue, Monostatos, and the Queen sank below, and in their stead Sarastro, Pamina, and Tamino appeared with all the priests, and the storm gave way to a fine day.

Immediately after that, nothing at all happened.

Aïda

Aïda

CHARACTERS OF THE OPERA

Aïda
Amneris
Radames
Amonasro
Ramphis
The King
Messenger
Priests, priestesses, ministers, captains, soldiers, officials, Ethiopian slaves, prisoners, Egyptian populace, etc., etc.

The time of the story is when the Pharaohs were puissant, and the scenes are laid in the cities of Thebes and Memphis.

Composer: Giuseppe Verdi.
Author; A. Ghislanzoni.

The opera was first sung at Cairo, Egypt, December 27, 1871; at Milan, February 8, 1872.

ACT I, SCENE I

All Egypt was troubled with wars and rumours of wars, and in Memphis the court of the King was anxiously awaiting the decision of the Goddess Isis, as to who should lead the Egyptian army against Egypt's enemies. The great hall of the Memphis palace was beautifully ornamented with statues and flowers, and from its colonnades of white marble one could see the pyramids and the palaces of the city. It was in this vast and beautiful hall that Radames, a gallant soldier and favourite of the Egyptian court, met Ramphis, the High Priest, on the day when the Oracle, Isis, was to choose the general of the army.

Isis had already spoken, and Ramphis knew it, but he did not tell

Radames. Together they spoke of Radames's loyal wish to serve his people, either as a great general or as a soldier. He was too modest to think that Isis would choose him, out of all the worthy men of the army, to lead the hosts of Egypt. His desire to do valorous deeds was inspired by his love for a slave girl, who attended the Princess Amneris. The slave's name was Aïda. The only thing that saddened him at the moment, was the fact of Aïda being an Ethiopian, for it was the Ethiopians whom the Egyptians were about to war against.

After he had spoken with the Priests, Radames sat down alone, in the hall, and fell to thinking of Aïda. Presently he sang of her loveliness:

Heavenly Aïda, beauty resplendent,
Radiant flower, blooming and bright;
Queenly thou reignest o'er me transcendent,
Bathing my spirit in beauty's light.

Aïda could not be happy in an alien land, serving the daughter of the King who had been the conqueror of her people, and Radames knew this; but what he didn't know was that the Princess, herself, loved him, and therefore that her jealousy might do Aïda much harm. While he was thus sunk in deep reflection, Amneris, the Princess, entered the hall, attended by her slave. Radames no sooner looked at Aïda than his love could be seen by any one present. He was so sincere and honest that he could not conceal his feelings.

"Ah, Radames, you are very happy to-day! Something has happened to please you! Are you not going to tell me?" Amneris asked, smiling happily at him.

"Nay, Princess," he answered. "I am not more happy than before, only I am thinking of this war that is about to be, and how I should love to do some valiant deed—for us all," he added as an afterthought, but Amneris surprised the look of tenderness that he gave to Aïda. From that moment she watched the lovers closely.

"To-day the Goddess is to decide who shall lead the Egyptians against the Ethiops; I would it were to be I," he sighed. Amneris flushed with anger, as she again saw a look of devotion pass between the slave-girl and Radames, the darling of the court. Still, she pretended to be unsuspicious.

"Is there nothing to attract you in Memphis, that you wish to be off to the war?" she asked, narrowly observing him. Radames, so sensitive and so much in love, saw that he had betrayed his love for Aïda. All three became ill at ease, but the Princess called the slave girl to her, pretending great affection for her, and said:

"Why do you weep, Aïda? Neither you nor Radames seem to be happy to-day."

"Ah, Princess, I weep because of this war rumour. I have known the sadness and terror of war, and the thought of asssembled warhosts gives me pain. It means ruin and despair to so many."

"That is the only the reason for your tears?" she persisted, trying to hide her anger, but her glances belied the softness of her tone. Radames, noting this, trembled for Aïda. Even the life of the girl was in the hands of the Princess, and Radames knew it.

"Ah, my love, you are weeping for something besides a nation, and your blush betrays you," Amneris answered, gently enough, but in her heart she determined to punish the helpless girl. As the scene became more and more painful, trumpets, which always preceded the King's coming, were heard near at hand, and in he came, surrounded by guards, ministers, priests, and officers; a brilliant company, making a brilliant picture.

"Greeting!" he cried, "it is a mighty cause which brings us here together. A messenger has this moment arrived among us with news of great import. I need the support of all the gallant men of my kingdom. Now, messenger, come before us, if thou wilt, and tell thy news," the King cried in a fine and haughty manner, motioning the messenger before him.

"I came to tell thee, Sire, that Egypt is invaded by Ethiop's King, and all her border lands are laid waste. Our crops are destroyed, great havoc hath been wrought, and unless thou shouldst send an army to resist the invading hosts, we are lost."

"Ah, the presumptuous bandit!" the King cried, thus regarding his brother ruler, and it is probable that the King of Ethiopia did not feel more temperately toward the King of the Egyptians.

"By whom are the Ethiopians led?" the King asked.

"By one Amonasro—a warrior who hath never been conquered."

"What? the Ethiopian King, himself," all cried, because that was

news with a vengeance. Amonasro was known to be an invincible warrior, and, if he was going to take the field in person, Egypt had indeed something to fear. At the name, Aïda started.

"Amonasro!" she began to cry, but checked herself. Amonasro was her beloved father! Since she was already a slave, her life would be in danger if it were known that the Ethiopian King was her father. She leaned, almost fainting, against the Princess's throne, and in the excitement her agitation passed unnoticed. The messenger continued to speak:

"All Thebes has risen and sallied forth to check this foe."

"Death and battle, be our cry!" the King shouted; and all his nobles took up the war-cry: "Death and battle, death and battle!"

"War, war, war! fierce and unrelenting," cried Radames, loudest of all, his war spirit and love of country both aroused. At his cry all became still, and the King looked at him with great affection.

"Egyptians, warriors, hear! the chief to lead our hosts against this bold invader has this day been named by the Goddess Isis." Every one leaned breathlessly forward. Many a brave fellow hoped the choice had fallen upon him. None listened more eagerly than the Princess and Aïda.

"There is the choice!" the King continued, pointing to Radames. A moment of silence followed, then Radames shouted:

"Ah! ye Gods! I thank thee! My dearest wish is mine." All the court and soldiers burst into shouts of joy and confidence.

"Now to the Temple of Vulcan, Chieftain, and there equip yourself and men for victory," the King cried, and all prepared to follow Radames.

"Take the war-standard from my hand, Radames," Amneris said, smiling at him with affection: but Aïda murmured unheard:

"Whom shall I weep for, my lover or my father?" Her heart was breaking, for the defeat of either her father or her lover would be a disaster to one so tender as she.

"Battle, battle," all cried excitedly, all certain of victory at the hands of their beloved leader, Radames. "May laurels crown thy brow!" they shouted, following him to the temple, where they were to don their armour, feel if their swords were sharp, and pray for success.

"Aye, may laurels crown thee," Aïda murmured. "I cannot wish thee ruin, yet what a wicked wish, since victory must mean my father's loss. If Radames shall conquer, I may see my father brought here in chains." The unhappy girl prayed in turn for her father and Radames.

SCENE II

When the men entered the Temple of Vulcan, a mysterious light came into the temple from above and long rows of columns could be seen, placed one behind the other, while statues stood between. The long rows of columns were lost in the dim distance. In the middle of the temple was placed a high altar, and all the scene was wrapped in the haze of incense which arose from golden bowls. The High Priestess sang a song of mystic beauty in which the High Priest and others joined, and then the Priestesses danced to an exquisite measure.

While this beautiful thing was happening, Radames entered, all unarmed, and went to the altar. There the gallant chief offered prayers for strength and victory.

A fine silver veil was placed upon his head, to show that he was favoured of the Gods and chosen by them.

The weapons, those of the Temple, given him were tempered by an immortal hand and were to bring him success forever in all battles.

While he knelt there before the God of War, all the sacred men and women of Vulcan's Temple joined in praise and in prayers for his safe return. The chorus swelled higher and higher, till at last in one mighty volume of glorious sound their invocations were completed, and Radames departed for war.

ACT II, SCENE I

The return of the Egyptian troops was hourly expected; all Thebes was preparing to receive them with honours and rejoicing; and great fêtes were arranged for their amusement. Amneris was in her apartment, surrounded by her attendants. Slave-girls waved feather fans, others were hanging beautiful jewels upon her and anointing her with rare perfumes, all being done to prepare her for the celebration of Radames's return. The air was full of incense which rose from beautiful metal bowls placed on tripods about her chamber,

and she, herself, was waiting impatiently for news that Radames and his men were in sight of Thebes.

The Egyptian King had decided to reward Radames for his victories by giving him his daughter for a wife, but all the while Amneris was disturbed and devoured by jealousy for she believed that Radames and Aïda loved, though she could not be certain. She had thought and thought of this, till she could not rest longer without some proof, and after her slaves had danced awhile for her amusement, to make the time waiting for the fêtes pass more quickly, the Princess dismissed all but Aïda. Then she said to her:

"Ah, Aïda, my heart goes out to thee in this affliction—because thy people have been beaten in this fearful war, and so many taken captive." Her voice was very soft and affectionate, and she sighed, seeming to be deeply moved. "But I mean to make thee as happy as I may, and—"

"Princess, far from my home, my father's fate uncertain, what happiness is there in this world for me?"

"Time will bring thee comfort, Aïda; thou shalt be as my sister; and then this return of our brave men—alas! that the bravest of them all may not return to us." She seemed about to weep, and Aïda looked at her anxiously.

"The bravest?" she faltered; "that can mean but one"; and she became pale with fear and apprehension.

"Aye—our brave Radames! He fell in battle; have you not heard?" While the Princess was speaking, Aïda clasped her hands wildly and cried out. Thus, she betrayed instantly all her love for Radames, and Amneris was no longer in doubt.

"So, you love him?" she cried. "That was what I wished to know. Now let me tell thee that he lives and is returning with honours—but not for thee. If you love him, so do I. What chance has one like you—a slave—beside a princess like me? I feel nothing but hate now for you, and from this moment you shall know all the humility of a slave. Since you have dared to love Radames, I shall be revenged."

"Not upon him, madame. I care not what my fate is, if he be happy. Surely you can spare a sad and despairing heart? I am poor and far from friends and country. My father is ruined, since he too was a soldier, and may even now be a captive. Can you wish me

greater ill than this, Princess?"

"I wish thee every ill. Come, now, while I exhibit thee before Radames and all the court as my slave and servant. You shall see me triumph."

"I have no hope," Aïda answered, bowing her head, "but I have not harmed thee." The sound of a trumpet was heard, and outside the people shouted:

"The troops! They come! They are here!"

SCENE II

Down an avenue lined with palms and with the Temple of Ammon to be seen near by, the people went. There was a stately throne with a purple and gold canopy, and a vast, triumphal arch under which the returning heroes were to come. The trumpets sounded louder and nearer and the music became martial and triumphant.

First came the King of Egypt and his High Priest and standard-bearers and fan-bearers; then followed Amneris with Aïda and her other slaves. The King sat upon his throne and the Princess beside him, while all assembled were vibrating with excitement and pleasure.

Presently all burst into a loud song of celebration and rejoicing, and then the troops began to enter in procession. Trumpets sounded and one rank after another defiled before the King. There came more, more, more, covered with the glory of victory; all glittering in their armour and helmets, and their swords glancing. Then came the dancing girls laden with jewels and golden ornaments, and the fine spoils of war, brought by the soldiers. Then came the war-chariots, and banners borne aloft, and images of gods, and last and greatest came Radames.

The King descended from his throne to embrace him, the soldiers and people shouted his triumphs, and Radames knelt before Amneris to receive the crown of victory from her hands.

"Ask anything thou wilt and I will give it thee," she cried joyfully.

"First, Princess, order the captives of war brought before thee," Radames asked.

"The prisoners!" she called, and the Ethiopians entered surrounded by the guard, and among them marched a splendid figure dressed

in an officer's uniform. Now this man's rank was quite unknown to Radames or to any one, but he was really the King of Ethiopia, himself, and Aïda's father. She gave a cry upon seeing him, but Amonasro looked at her with a commanding, if agonized, glance, and spoke quickly:

"Yes, I am thy father," he answered cleverly, "and have fought and sought death in vain. My garment," pointing to his officer's dress, "tells that I fought for my King. The King is dead," he said impressively, looking at Aïda with meaning; "I would that I were dead, too, my child. But thou, great King of Egypt," he continued, turning to him, "hast conquered, and so I pray you spare the lives of my soldiers. Thou canst generously do so much for us." At this, Aïda understanding that she must not let it be known that the King himself was a prisoner, added her entreaties to Amonasro's.

"Nay, ye must face the fortune of war. Death is thy portion," the King answered. Then Aïda's grief became pitiful, and Radames, who was watching her lovingly, was sorrowful on her account. While all others clamoured for the death of the Ethiopians, Radames stepped forth and asked the King to hear him.

"My King, thou hast said that I should have whatever I would ask of thee."

"True! Ask!"

"Then give these captives their freedom. Their country is conquered. Oh, King! Do not take their lives," and he looked quickly at Aïda, to inspire her with hope.

The King thought upon this for a moment, and was inclined to grant the plea, but Ramphis and the other priests clamoured for their death.

"At least keep this girl's father as a surety," they persisted.

"It shall be so," the King answered. "Aïda's father shall remain our prisoner; and since I cannot grant your request, Radames, yet love thee so for thy valour, I give thee instead the greatest prize within man's gift; my daughter, Amneris."

Alas! The King could not well have done worse had he tried. If his gift was most distracting to the lovers, Amneris was overwhelmed with delight, ready to weep with joy and pride.

"You shall reign with her," the King added, but Radames could

not speak, so overcome was he with his misfortune. All assumed his silence to mean an overmastering joy at the honour bestowed upon him,

Aïda, nearly fainting with pain to see her father a captive, and her lover given to another who was her enemy, stared motionless before her, but Amonasro had observed everything, had seen Radames's glances at Aïda, the distraction of the lovers, and suddenly, under his breath to Aïda, he said:

"Have courage. I will give thee thy revenge, daughter. Together we shall conquer." Radames roused himself and knelt before the Princess.

ACT III

The eve before her marriage it was proper for Amneris to go to the Temple of Isis to pray. She went accompanied by Ramphis, the High Priest, who promised to remain near till morning, that she might feel safe, and not be lonely. She knew well that Radames's heart was then Aïda's, and her prayers were to be appeals for his love. The Temple was built upon a high rock, surrounded by beautiful palms, and the moon, which shone brightly upon it, silvered all the landscape. As Amneris entered the Temple, the chorus of priests and priestesses swelled forth and added to the weirdness of the scene.

Amneris had no sooner disappeared within than Aïda approached the place. It was the last night of Radames's freedom, and he and she had arranged to meet near the Temple to speak together, perhaps for the last time of their lives. As she entered the grove she looked sadly about her.

"My griefs and misfortunes are now greater than I can bear," she murmured. "After to-night, all will be over. It is better to drown myself in the Nile than to live alone, without father, mother, country, or friends." Thinking of her lost country, she leaned against the rock and half forgot why she had come. She recalled the warmth and beauty of her childhood's home, and then by contrast her term of slavery in Egypt. While she waited, thinking of these sad things, she saw a man's form coming toward her, through the night; it was not Radames. As he drew nearer she recognized her father, Amonasro.

"Father, what brings thee here?" she whispered.

"A grave cause, my child. Naught escapes my eye. I know thy heart. I know that Radames loves thee and that thou art here to meet him;—also that thou art in the grasp of this Princess, who hates thee."

"Alas, there is no hope," she cried, despairingly.

"That shall be as you may decide, daughter. Our people are waiting for a signal to strike a blow at these Egyptians. Our backbone is not yet broken. All that is needful for our success is to know by what road our enemies will march in their next sortie upon us. That is for thee to find out for us. Radames alone knows—and Radames loves thee," he finished significantly.

"But since he loves me, how can I betray him, father?" she asked.

"Choose—between thy father and the man who is to marry Amneris.—Or—" with a new thought he hesitated a moment—"or why should Radames not leave these cold people for a fairer place and kinder? Why should he not become one of us?" Aïda stared at her father in amazement.

"Betray his people?"

"Why not? Since he loves thee, shall not thy people become his people, even as thou wouldst have made his people thine, hadst thou been wedding him. Choose between us, child."

Amonasro looked at her menacingly. "Unless thou doest this, it means the destruction of thy people and of me; and, too, thou must live and die the hated bond-maiden of this cruel woman Radames is about to marry."

"Radames is coming," she whispered in affright. "What shall I do?"

"Thy duty to me and to thy people and to thyself. Make Radames join us. I shall wait near thee." So saying, he stepped within the shadow of the trees as Radames approached.

"Art thou there, Aïda?" Radames called softly.

"Alas, why should I meet thee," she sobbed, "since thou wilt marry Amneris to-morrow?"

"Aïda, I have come to tell thee there is hope," Radames whispered, trembling with happiness. "The Ethiopians have again risen against us. I am immediately to go forth to battle. I shall crush them this time, and on my return the King will once more be generous to

me, and I shall demand then, that for my reward he free me from Amneris and give me thee for my wife. When I have twice saved his kingdom, he cannot refuse me."

"But do you not see that though the King should favour us, yet Amneris's rage would be beyond all bounds?"

"I would defend thee."

"Thou couldst not. She is nearly as powerful as the King. If you slight her we are lost."

"Alas, then, what can I do?"

"But one thing can save us—all of us—my father, you, I."

"Name it," he cried.

"You would not listen to me," she sobbed, wringing her hands in despair.

"I will do whatever you desire," he cried recklessly.

"Then make my people thy people. Fly with us. Even now the Ethiopians are without the gates ready for battle. Join them, lead them, and—"

"A traitor to my country!" he cried, stricken with horror at the thought.

"Then there is no hope. The Princess will drive us to death and despair." She drew a picture that brought it all vividly into Radames's mind. At last with breaking heart he cried:

"I will go with thee—making thy people my people," and he started to leave the Temple with her.

"What path shall we take to avoid the Egyptian soldiers?" she questioned wildly.

"We may go by the same path that the army will take: the gorges of Napata: the way will be free till to-morrow." That was how Aïda discovered the way the Egyptians would take, while her father listened.

"Ah! I will post my men there," Amonasro cried, stepping forth into the moonlight, that Radames might see him.

"Who has heard?" Radames said, with a start.

"Amonasro, Aïda's father, King of Ethiopia," he answered, proudly facing Radames.

"Thou—thou art the King—Amonasro—Aïda thy daughter! Do I dream? I have betrayed my people to thee!" He suddenly realized all

that he had done, in wavering between love and duty.

"No, thy people are the people of Aïda. The throne is thine, to share with her."

"My name will be forever branded—a coward!" He groaned in despair.

"No blame to thee, son. It was thy fate; and with us thou wilt be far from these scenes that try thy heart: far away where none can reproach thee." But Radames knew that he had better die than live, knowing himself for a traitor. He determined that he would not go; that he would remain and undo the wrong that he had blindly done, but even then Aïda was trying to drag him away, and urging him with each loving breath to fly with them. As he would have broken away from her, Amneris, who had heard all, ran from the Temple, crying, "Traitor!"

"Destruction! She would undo us," Amonasro shouted, and as the people began to pour from the Temple, he sprang forward and would have plunged his sword through her had Radames not sprung between them.

"Thou art a madman," he shouted, horrified at the deed Amonasro would have done. Meantime all was confusion. People shouted for the guard, and Radames cried to Aïda:

"Fly with thy father. Fly or thou art lost." His voice was so full of agony for her that she suddenly turned and fled.

"Follow them," Ramphis demanded of the soldiers, while Radames said hopelessly: "Ramphis, I yield to thee."

ACT IV

There was no joy in the court, and Amneris sat in the vast hall of the palace between Radames's prison, on the one hand, and the hall of justice on the other, where the trial of the gallant soldier was soon to be held. He was in prison, and Aïda and her father were far away. Amneris still loved him, and hoped yet to save him, and thus to win his love. Presently she called to the guard to bring him before her, and almost at once he was brought through the hall accompanied by the priests who were to try him in the underground dungeon.

"Radames, the priests who are to judge thee are assembled. Consent to clear thyself. Say that thou didst not mean to betray us and I,

myself, will kneel to the King, and promise you your freedom. I would give my life and power and country for thee," Amneris pleaded, as he passed before her.

"I would give no less for Aïda," Radames declared sadly. "I shall not try to save myself. I shall say nothing in my own defense. I wish to die."

At the mention of Aïda, Amneris was enraged.

"I'll hear no more of her!" she cried.

"Ah, you have killed her—"

"No! Her father is slain, but she lives. She has vanished—no one knows where!"

"Then may the gods guide her safe to her home and country, and keep her from knowing how I die."

"If you will swear to see her no more, Radames, I will save thee."

"If I were to live I should find her. I will not swear."

"Then you shall die. If you will not hear me, I shall avenge myself," she answered bitterly, motioning to the guards to take him away.

Radames was taken below to the subterranean hall which was to be his grave and judgment hall alike, while Amneris was left alone, both grief-stricken and revengeful. Her jealousy was certain to bring fearful retribution upon her. As more white-robed priests passed below, looking spectral and ominous, she hid her face in her hands.

"It was I who brought him to this fate," she murmured, and then listened in anguish to the chorus of the priests which sounded dismally from below.

Then a voice called from the crypt, three times:

"Radames, Radames, Radames," and it was his summons to judgment.

"Oh, who can save him now?" Amneris murmured, horrified at what was taking place.

"Defend thyself!" she heard voices from below command. There was no answer.

"Radames, Radames, Radames," the High Priest called again in a fearful voice, and again the Princess shuddered.

"Thou hast deserted the encampment the very day before the combat!—defend thyself." She listened, but still no answer.

"Radames, Radames, Radames," again the High Priest called, and for the third and last time. Still no answer.

"Oh, have mercy on him," Amneris then cried, her love becoming greater than her desire for revenge. Then listening again, she heard the judge say:

"Radames, thy fate is decided. It is to be the fate of a traitor. You shall be buried alive beneath the altar of the God of War, whom thou hast derided and betrayed."

"Oh, horror," Amneris shrieked.

"We have spoken," the priests replied, and then ascended.

"Ye priests of Isis, ye are tigers! demons!" and the Princess assailed them bitterly as they came into the hall. She was now mad with grief. Truly loving Radames, she cursed the priests and even the gods. Then the scene changed, revealing the interior of Vulcan's Temple and the crypt beneath the altar. There were spectral statues, and great marble columns which seemed to vanish in the gloom, and all was gloomy as the grave. Stairs led from the temple above into the vault, and Radames sat down upon the steps as the priests let down again the massive stone that covered the opening beneath the altar. Radames watched the closing of the opening, the descent of the great stone into place.

"I can bear my fate, since Aïda may never know. She could not survive such horror," he said, under his breath. The vault, the ghostly cold about him, the rows upon rows of senseless marble, supported by the expressionless stone faces of the gods, these things overwhelmed the great warrior. Then, from the gloom, he saw a white figure emerge. Is it a phantom? At first he thought it some fearful vision. But as he peered through the twilight he recognized—Aïda. Perhaps it was her ghost come to comfort him, he thought, and raised himself to stare at the figure.

"Aïda!"

"I am here to die with thee," she answered, and Radames clasped her in his arms. He had thought her safe, unacquainted with his fate, but she was there to share it.

"My heart foreboded thy fearful sentence," she said. "I hid here till the stone shut down upon thee, and now I am beside thee till the end."

Radames beat wildly upon the stone above. He called for help. He tried with his great strength to raise the deadly stone with his shoulders, only to sink down, exhausted and horrified. He could not save her. The chorus sung by priests began above; Aïda was already dying. At least she would not live slowly to starve. And while Amneris appeared above in black garments, dying of grief for Radames, and threw herself upon the stone, Radames held the dying Aïda in his arms and waited for death.

"Peace," Amneris moaned while lying prostrate above on the altar stone.

"Peace," and while the women were dying and Radames losing his senses below, the priests of Isis chanted, "Peace," the light faded out, and the tragedy ended.

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