raised it, and for one brief moment pressed it against her heart. The little impulsive

movement—of gratitude perhaps; perhaps of affection; perhaps of both combined—

could not have been perceived by any passer-by; and yet the young man seemed to be struck by a sudden shock of fear; he could not speak; his own heart was beating so that speech was impossible. For it ap-

peared to him in that swift second as if the

scales had fallen from his eyes. To him she was no longer an clusive phantom—a

young creature of flesh and blood, whose hands and heart were warm, who could cling for help and companionship and sympathy, who was not afraid to speak and act, when love or gratitude prompted her. No longer the strangely isolated maiden; the unapproachable had all at once near; so near that the scent of sandal wood touched him from time to time; so

wood touched him from time to time; so near that her soft fingers were interclasped with his, pulsating there, nestling there, not relaxing their hold, nor inclined to do that. This was no piece of statuary, to be

worshiped from afar; this was Maisrie

Bethune, whose arm lay close and caressing against his, under the friendly shelter of that hanging sleeve, whose step went with his step as they walked together, whose breathing he could almost overhear, in the silence of this gracious night. And what had she not confessed, in that artless way?

And then amid all his bewilderment and heathless are the step of the

breathless exultation a horrid fancy shot

through his brain. Perhaps that was no

confession at all; but a quite simple, unpre

meditated, perhaps even unconscious, act of mere friendliness and sympathy? Did she know that she had done it? Would she re-

peat it? Would she give him further assur-

ance? Perhaps she herself might wish to be certain that he had understood—that he

had received a message that was to change

Well, he had hold of her hand. Gently

and with trembling and eager touch he tried to raise it—he would have her replace

his own hand where that had been for one

delirious moment; perhaps to ask if her heart had still, and forever and always, the same message to send. Alas! she did not

yield to the mute invitation. Perhaps she

did not comprehend it. For here they were

at the corner of the little street in which

they lived; and she unclasped her fingers, so that his also might be released from their

too happy imprisonment; and she was talk-

ing to her grandfather when the door of the

house was reached. Nor did her eyes say anything as he bade her goodby for the night. Perhaps it was all a mistake, then?

-some little involuntary act of kindness,

[To be Continued next Sunday.]

WEST INDIAN WOMEN.

A Land Where the Fair Sex Carry Immena

Londs on Their Heads.

The erect carriage and swift, steady walk

of burden-carrying women in the West In-

dian city of St. Pierre always impress a

stranger. Nearly all the transportation of

light merchandise, as well as of meats, fruits,

vegetables and food stuffs, to and from

the interior, is effected upon human heads.

At some of the ports the regular

- Sheedles

Shifting a Burden

local packets are loaded and unloaded by

women and girls, able to carry any trunk or

box to its destination. At Fort de France the great steamers of the Compagnie Gen-

erale Transatlantique are entirely coaled by

women, who carry the coal on their heads,

singing as they come and go in processions of hundreds; and the work is done with in-

credible rapidity. The creole porteuse, o

female carrier, is certainly one of the most remarkable physical types in the world.

At a very early age, perhaps at 5 years, she learns to carry small articles upon her

head. At 16 or 17 she is a tall, robust girl-

lithe, vigorous, tough, all tendon and hard

flesh. She carries now a tray or a basket of the lagest size, and a burden of 120 to 150

pounds weight. She can earn about 30 frans

(about \$6) a month, by walking 50 miles a day as an itinerant seller.

THE LION'S STOMACH

Determines Whether He is a Bold Beast of

The expression "bold as a lion" does

not fit the case one time in ten. The lion is

either bold or cowardly, according to cir-

cumstances. The state of his stomach has

much to do with it, and if wounded he is

like any other wild beast-mad for revenge.

One night, says a writer in the Philadelphia

Press, speaking of the Worumba district,

when a party of us out after stray cattle had camped about ten miles from the village and

while a big fire was blazing on either side of

our camp, a lion came out of a thicket a few

rods away, surveyed the camp, and then came bounding among us with a terrible roar. No one had any time to prepare for him or avoid him. His third bound

brought him into camp, and he seized a

native by the shoulder, gave him a shake and a twist and walked out of camp with

the man hung over his back, as cool as if

We had one of the muskets with us, but did not dare fire for fear of killing our com-

panion. Every man sushed for a fire brand, however, and then pursued the lion, and I myself struck the beast twice with a blazing stick. He uttered a growl and increased his pace, while his victim called out: "It's no use! I dreamed of this three times and it

had to come to pass!"

The beast trotted off into the thicket with

its burden, and the native did not even cry

out when he realized that we could render no help and that he must die an awful death. That lion was bold enough and he

would have fought a whole village, but the very next one might have shown himself a

THE POETRY OF MOTION

ing to a Boston Paper.

Quite a new method of waltzing has sprung

ip recently. The Boston Courier says it is

more curious than graceful, consisting of a

spring into the air, a quickly executed double shuffle, and another spring, the pro-cess being repeated until exhaustion en-

It is very fine exercise for these warm evenings in crowded rooms, and is found exceedingly conducive to brilliant complexions. Much skill is necessary to avoid rapid descent upon partners toes, an accident not provocative of good humor, and frequently trying to the best manners.

we had been so many monkeys.

n Cownrd.

all his life?

and nothing more?

with an ever-increasing enthusiasm. "Think of Edom o'Gordon, and the Wife of Usher's Well, and the Baron o'Brackla; Annie of Lochrvan, Hyade Etin, the piteous cry of 'Helen of Kirkcounell,' and the Rose of Yarrow seeking her slain lover by bank and brue. You may have treasures in your house that are unregarded; they are put away in cabinets, and half-forgotten; but when someone asks you to bring them out into the light, you recognize their on with her cloak, and he had come to asso-And what could be more interesting than the collation of the various versions of those old ballads, showing how they have been altered here and there as they were said or sung, and how even important passages may have been dropped out in course of time and transmission. Look, for example, at 'Barbara Allan.' The vision in Percy's Reliques is as bad and stupid as it can be: but it is worse than that: it is incompre Who can believe that the maiden came to the bedside of her dying lover only to flout and jeer, and that for no reason whatever? And when she sees his corpse

With scornful eye she looked downe, Her cheek with laughter swellin'-Well, I say that is not true," he went on vehemently; "it never was true; it contradicts human nature; it is false, and bad, and impossible. But turn to our Scotch version! When Sir John Graeme, o' the West Countrie, lying sore and sick, sends for his sweetheart, she makes no concealment of the cause of the feud that has been between them-of the wrong that is rankling at her heart:

'O dinna ye mind, young man,' said she,
'When the red wine ye were filling,
That ye made the healths gae round and And slighted Barbara Allan?

And proud and indignant she turns away. There is no sham laughter here; no impossible cruelty; but a quarrel between two foud lovers that become suddenly tragic, when death steps in to prevent the possibility of any reconciliation

He turned his face unto the wa', And death was with him dealing: "Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a', Be kind to Barbara Allan!" Can anything be more simple, and natural,

and inexpressibly sad as weil?-She hadna gaue a mile but twa. When she heard the dead-bell knelling. And every jow that the dead-bell gave, It cried, "Woe to Barbara Allan!" "O mother mother mak' my bed.

mak' it fast and parrow Since my love died for me to-day, I'll die for him to-morrow." It is the story of a tragic quarrel between

two true lovers: it is not the impossible and praposterous story of a giggling hoyden grinning at a corpse!" And here it was probable that old George Bethune, having warmed to his subject, and being as usual wildly enamored of his latest scheme, would have gone on to give further instances of the value of collation and comparison, but that Mr. Carmichael

was forced to interrupt. The proprietor of the Edinburgh Chronicle was a busy man during his brief visits to town. "Very well, Mr. Bethune," said he. think your idea a very good one-an excellent one, in fact, for the weekly edition of a Scotch paper; and I will give you carte blanche as to the number of articles. Who, knows," he added, with a condescending smile, "but that they may grow to a bookto take the place of the one that was snatched

out of your hands? And again, as his visitors were leaving, he said in the same good-humored way-"I presume it is not necessary for us to discuss the question of terms, especially before a young lady. If you have been satis-fied with us so far-"

"I am quite content to leave that with you: quite," interposed the old man, with some little dignity.

"I was only going to say," Mr. Carmichael resumed, "that a series of articles such as you suggest may require a good the reckoning comes, I will see you are put on the most favored nation scale. And not | illuminations in the principal thorougha word more about the American book: we fares. Vincent thought he had never seen | Maisrie

into the street again, with Maisrie as his sole companion and confidant, it was not of that lost opportunity he was talking, it was | tude for what !- he asked himself, with a all of this new project that had seized his imagination. They had to make one or two calls, in the now gathering dusk; but ever, as they came out again into the crowded thoroughfares, he returned to the old ballads and the opportunities they presented for a series of discursive papers. And very kindness shining there in her eyes was Maisrie was about as eager in anticipation as himself.

"Oh, yes, grandfather," she said, "you could not have thought of a happier sub-ject. And you will begin at once, grand-father, won't you? Do you think I shall be able to help you in the very least way?-it would please me so much if I could search out these things for you, or copy, or help you in the smallest way. And I know it will be a labor of love for you; it will be a constant delight; and all the more that the days are getting short now, and we shall have to be more indoors. And then you heard what Mr. Carmichael said, grandfor these articles, you will soon be able to give him back the money he advanced to you about that unfortunate book-

"Oh, don't you bother about such things!" he said, with an impatient frown, "When I am planning out an important work I don't want to be reminded that it will renot the spirit in which I enter upon such an an eye to the kitchen. Unless some nobler impulse propels, then be sure the result will be despicable. However, I suppose women are like that; always the res angusta domi; when you are thinking of the literature of your native land-of perhaps adding some little tributary wreath—they are looking to-ward procers' bills. The kitchen—the kitchen is before them-not the dales and vales of Scotland, where lovers loved, and were broken hearted. The kitchen-But Maisrie was not disconcerted by this

"And you will begin at once, grandfather," she said, cheerfully. "Oh, I know it will be so delightful an occupation for you. And I don't wonder that Mr. Carmichael was glad to have such a chance. Then it won't involve any expense of traveling, like the other book you thought of, about the Scotland of Scotch songs. The winter evenings won't be so dull, grandfather, when you have this to occupy you; you will forget it is winter altogether, when you are busy with those beautiful scenes and stories. Then every Saturday morning I shall watch for the post-and I hope you will make the articles long, grandtatherfor who can do them as well as you can? And will you tell Vincent this evening, grandfather; he will be so interested; it will

omething to talk of at dinner. But Vin Harris was to hear of this great undertaking before then. When Maisrie and her grandfather reached the door of their lodgings, he said to her-

"You can go in now, Maisrie, and have the gases lit. I must walk along to the rary and see what books they have; but I'm afraid I shall have to get Motherwell. and Pinkerton, and Allan Cunningham, and the rest of them from Scotland. Aytoun they are sure to have, I suppose." So they parted for the moment; and Maisrie went upstairs and lit the gas in the little parlor. Then, without taking off her bonnet, she sat down, and fell into a reverie-not a very sad one, as it seemed. She was sitting thus absorbed in silent fancies, when a fa miliar sound outside startled her into attention; she sprang to her feet; the next in stant the door was opened, the next sgain she was advancing to the tall and hand some young stranger who stood somewhat diffidently there, and both her hands were outstretched, and a light of joy and gratitude was shining in her eyes.

"Oh. Vincent, I am so glad you have from usual with her, and she held both his hands for more than a second or two, and her grateful eyes were fixed on his without any thought of embarrassment. thinking of you. You have been so kindso generous! I wanted to thank you, and I am so glad to have the chance-"

is nothing you have to thank me for!" said the wife is not always so loyal to the disil-he, as he shut the door behind him, and lusioniser as was the Jeannie of the modern

came forward and took a seat not very far away from her. He was a little bewildered. In her sudden excess of gratitude, when she took both his hands in hers, she had come quite close to him, and the scent of a sandal-wood necklace that she wore seemed to touch him as with a touch of herself. He knew those fragrant beads; more than once he had perceived the slight and subtle ciate it with her, as if it were part of her, some breathing thing, that could touch and thrill. And this time it had come so

But that bewilderment of the senses lasted only for a moment. Maisrie Bethune was not near to him at all; she was worlds and worlds away. It was not a mere whiff of perfume that could bring her near to him. Always to him she appeared to be strangely unapproachable and remote. Perhaps it was the ioneliness of her position, perhaps it was the uncertainty of her future, and those vague possibilities of which her grandfather had spoken, or perhaps it was the reverence of undivided and unselfish love on his part; but at all events she seemed to live in a sort of sacred and mysterious isolation-to be surrounded by a spell which he dared not seek to break by any rude contact. And yet surely her eyes were regarding his with sufficient frankness and friendliness, and more than friendli-

ness, now as she spoke.
"This afternoon we called on Mr. Caradvanced to my grandfather on account of that American book; and though he did not mention any name, do you think I did not know who it was, Vincent? Be sure I knew—in a moment! And you never said a word about it! I might never have known but for this accident—I might never have had the chance of thanking you—as—as I have line the second of the pride you will have in choosing someone, some distinguished person, for the dedication. It will be far more your own work than merely giving specimens of the Scottish-American should like to do now-only-only it isn't

she (for she knew nothing about his having paid Lord Musselburgh the £50). "And you cannot prevent my being very, very grateful to you for such thoughtfulness and kindness. To save my grandfather's self-respect—to prevent him being misunderstood by—by strangers—because—because he is so forgetful; do you think, Vincent, I cannot see your motive, and be very, very grateful? And never saying a word, tool

You should have told me, Vincent! But I suppose that was still further kindness-von ught I might be embarrasse able to thank you - which is just the "Oh, Maisrie, don't make a fuss about nothing!" he protested.
"I know whether it is nothing or said she, proudly. "And—and perhaps if you had lived as we have lived—wandering from place to place-you would set more store by an act of friendship. Friends are

little to you—you have too many of them—"
"Oh, Maisrie, don't talk like that!" he said. "You make me ashamed. What have I done?-nothing! I wish there was some real thing I could do to prove my triendship for your grandfather and yourself-then you might see-"

"Haven't you proved it every day, every hour almost since ever we have known you?" she said, in rather a low voice. "Ah, well, perhaps there may come a chance-" said he; and then he stopped

short; for here was old George Bethune, with half a dozen volumes under his arm, and himself all eagerness and garrulity about his new undertaking.

At the little dinner that evening in the

restaurant, there was quite an unusual ani- will take your arm on the one side and Vinmation, and that not solely because this was cent's on the other; and if we have occasiondeal of research and trouble; so that, when the reckoning comes, I will see you are put posing to go out later on and look at the seemed to be a mild gratitude shining in the clear and eloquent deeps of her eyes. Gratitouch of scorn. It was but an ordinary act of acquaintanceship; why should this beautiful, sensitive, proud-spirited creature, have to debase herself to thank him for such a trifle? He felt ashamed of himself. It was a sort of reproach: What had he done to

Ah, if she only knew what he was ready to do-when occasion offered! And never before had he seen Maisrie s bravely confident about any of her grandfather's literary projects.
"You see, Vincent," she said, as if he

needed any convincing, when she was satis-fied! "in the end it will make a far more interesting book than the Scotch-American one; and in the meantime there will be the series of articles appearing from week to week, to attract attention to the subject. And then, although grandfather says I heard what Mr. Carmichael said, grand-father; and if he is going to pay you well all the same I am glad he is to be well take a low and mercenary view of literature, all the same I am glad he is to be well paid for the articles; and there are to be as many as he likes; and when they are completed then comes the publication of the results of the comes the publication of the comes the comes the publication of the comes that comes the comes that comes the comes the comes the comes the comes that comes the comes the comes that comes the comes the comes that comes the comes that comes the comes the many as he likes; and when they are com-pleted, then comes the publication of the book, which should be as interesting to Mr. Carmichael, or Lord Musselburgh, or any one, as the Scotch-American volume-And grandfather is going to begin at once; sult n merely so many guineas. That is and I am asking him whether I cannot be

said, absently, and without answering her question, "since I came into this room. whether it would be possible to classify them into ballads of action and ballads of the supernatural. I imagine the former belong more to the south country, and that most of the latter had their origin in the north. And yet even in the Battle of Otterburn the Douglas says:

But I have dreamed a dreary dream, Ayont the Isle o'Skye— 1 saw a dead man win a fight, And I think that man was I.

Well, that may have been an interpola tion; at all events, it is a Highland touch; the strong, bri-k, matter-of-fact Border bailad has seldom anything of that kind in it. The bold Buccleuch and Kinmont Willie were too much in the saddle to have time for wraiths. You remember, Maisrie, when they brought word to 'the bauld keeper' that Kinmont Willie was a captive in Carlisle Castle?-

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand, He garred the red wine spring on hie— 'Now a curse upon my head,' he cried, 'But avenged on Lord Scroop I'il be! O is my basnet a widow's curch, Or my lance a wand of the willow tree, Or my arm a lady's lily hand, That an English lord should lichtly me?

That is more like the ballad of the South sharp and vivid, full of action and spirit and the audacious delight of life; when you want mystery and imagination and super natural terrors you must turn to the brood-ing and darkened regions of the North. The Demon Lover is clearly of Northern origin; its hell is the Scandinavian bell; not the fiery furnace of the Eastern mind, but a desolation of cold and wet.

'O what'n a mountain's yon,' she said,
'Sae dreary wi' frost and snow?'
'O yon is the mountain o' hell,' he cried,
'Where you and I maun go!'

"The Demon Lover?" said Maisrie nquiringly; and Vincent could not but no ice how skilfully and sedulously she fanned the old man's interest in new scheme by berself pretending to be leanly interested.

"Don't you know Maisrie?" said he, "it is the story of two lovers who were parted; and he returns after seven years to claim the fulfilment of her vows; and finds that in his absence she has taken someone else for her husband. It is a dangerous position for her husband. It is a dangerous position—if he wishes her to go away with him; for a woman never forgets her first lover; what is more, she attributes all the natural and inevitable disillusionment of marriage to her husband, whilst the romance attaching to her first love remains undimmed. There-But what is it, Maisrie? I'm sure there fore, I say let Auld Robin Gray beware!-

song. Well, in this case, she who has bee a false sweetheart, proves a false wife-If I was to leave myhusland dear, And my two bables also, O where is it you would take me to, If I with thee should go?

And the lover becomes the avenger; togethe they sail away on a strange ship, until they descry the mountains of hell; and the lover turned demon warns her of her doom. And aye when she turned her round about, A ye taller he seemed for to be, Until that the tops o' the gallant ship Nae taller were than he.

He struck the topmast wi' his hand, The foremast wi' his knee: and he brak that gallant ship in twain, And sank her in the sea.

"Will there be illustrations, sir?" aske lincent (in humble imitation of Majarie). 'And an edition de luxe? For that, I imagine, is where my co-operation might come in. Maisrie seems so anxious to help; and I should like to take my part too."

"It is a far cry to the completion of such an undertaking as that," said the old man,

rather wistfully.

But Maisrie would not have him laps into any despondent mood. "You must not look so far ahead, grandfather," she said, cheerfully. "You must think of your own pride and satisfaction in beginning it; and I know you will be delighted; for who can do it as well as you? And if I am so very mercenary, well, I can't help it; only I shall be all the better pleased "This afternoon we called on Mr. Carmichael," said Maisrie, "Mr. Carmichael of
the Edinburgh Chronicle. He told us someone had offered to repay the money he had
advanced to my grandfather on account of of love for you, grand ather, all the way through; and then, when the book is nearing completion, just think of the pride you will ing specimens of the Scottish-American poets; indeed it will be all your own; for the should like to do now—only—only it isn't quite easy to say everything one feels—"

"Oh, but that is nothing at all, Maisrie!" said he, coming quickly to her rescue.
"You have nothing to thank me for—nothing! It is true I made the offer; but it was not accepted; and why should I say anything about it to you?"

"Ah, but the intention is enough," said the first the Lord Mayor's Day to Vincent or me—when you might be telling us about Katharine Janfarie and May Collean?

"No, no, Maisrie," said he, as he rose

"No, no, Maisrie," said he, as he rose from the table, "Give me a little time for preparation. And we promised to show you the streets lit up. And mind you wrap yourself well, Maisrie, for the evenings are getting cold now."

But little did Vincent Harris, as he helped her on with her cloak and made ready to go out into the dusky and glaring world of London, foresee what was going to be all him that night. He knew that Maisrie was well-intentioned and kind toward him; and that especially at this me ment she was disposed to be grateful to him in a measure that was out of all reason. But she was still and always the strangely unapproachable maiden; a kind of respec for her curious isolation chilled, or at least rebuked, the very affection he felt for her he was conscious that to-morrow, the next day, the day after, he might be separated from her by something more palpable and impassable than the wide, sad sea of his waking dreams. He was glad to find on this evening that Maisrie was so light-hearted, and gay, and hopeful; but somehow he did not share this unwonted confidence of hers. She seemed happy in looking toward the future; he, in looking thither also, was touched with a dull sense of fore-

boding; he did not see himself and her as And yet this was what happened. When they issued forth into Regent street, there was as yet no very dense crowd, though here and there the front of a great building flamed in yellow fire; but nevertheless

"Mind we don't get separated, grandfather. Let me go between you two; and I ally to go sideways, we can always keep to-

"Oh, I shan't let you be dragged away. This latter admonition was wholly unnecessary. When George Bethune got out
into the street again, with Maisrie we his

Maisrie Bethun appear so lighthearted and
happy; and she was particularly kind to
him; when she regarded him, there still
results a property of the street again, with Maisrie we his
results and the street again. his hand underneath the hanging sleeve of her cloak, and there he took hold of her arn but then his grasp could be tightened, if

needs were. "Yes," said she, placidly, and she made little movement as though she would draw both her companions closer to her. "This is very comfortable. Which way, grand-

And so the little group of friends, knit together by many intimate interests and much association, adventured out into the great world of London that was all astir now with a vague and half-subdued excitement. There was no need for them to talk; they had but to look at the blazing stars and feathers and initial letters, and to make their way through the murmuring throng There was no jostling; the crowd was en tirely good-natured; and if these three could not always go abreast, then they went diagonally for a second or so, and were not separated. Of course, Vincent had to hold companionship in this mutual clinging. And so they slowly and idly passed away down Regent street, well content with their own silence and the brilliant sights around them. Then a little incident occurred. A vehicle was coming along one of the and I am asking him whether I cannot be of any use to him, in the humblest way. A glossary, grandfather; you must have a glossary of the Scotch words; couldn't I compile that for you?"

However, I suppose women of the sure the result will have been wondering," the old man could absently and without answering her companion, slipped her hand from the compile that for you?" seized his hand, that was ready enough, be sure, to respond. They got over without turther trouble; they mixed once more in the vast, slow-moving assemblage—only he retained the hand she had given him, and

that with no uncertain grip. It was a wonderful, mysterious, secret thing to be happening in the midst of all this great, careless, dusky crowd. Her hand, that was ungloved, was soft and warm after coming out of its cosy resting place; and it was not likely to get cold, when it was held so tight, under the concealment of the hang-ing sleeve. And then—well, probably, the girl did not know what she was doing; she was affected by all this excitement around was affected by all this excitement around her; it was "Look, grandfather, look!" from time to time; most likely she thought no more of her hand being held than if she were crossing a meadow in the spring time with some careless girl companion—but however that may be, what must she do but open her fingers, so that his should interclasp with hers! Nay, she opened them again, and shut them again, the better them again, and shut them again, the better to adjust that gentle clasp; and every touch thrilled through him, so that he walked as one in a dream. He dared hardly breathe, he durst not speak, lest some stray word of his might startle her into consciousness, and shatter this miracle. Yet she did not seem to be aware: it was "Which way, grand-father?" or "Take care, grandfather?" and her eyes were turned to the brilliant and parti-colored devices in front of the Pall Mall clubs, and not at all to the handsome lad who walked so close to her that now and again he could detect some faint trace of the odor of sandal wood that seemed to hover around her neck and her hair. What did he see or hear of the crowd now, or of the garish lights along the houses? He walked in an enchanted land: there were only two people in it: and they swere bound together, in subtle intercommunion, by this magic grasp. There was wonder as well as joy in his mind; the sensation was so new and strange. Did he remember that "palm to palm" was "holy palmer's kiss?" No, he remembered nothing; he only knew that he held Maisrie's hand interlocked with his, in this secret fashion; and that all the wild phantasmagoria around them was something unreal and visionary with which neither he nor she had any concern. he see or hear of the crowd now, or of the

had any concern.

And even now his cup of bliss and bewil-And even now his cup of bliss and bewilderment was not yet full, on this marvelous night. When at last they drew away from the crowded streets and found themselves in quieter thoroughfares on their way home, the old man drew a breath of relief.

"This is better, Maisrie," he said. "It seems as if we had been out on a roaring sea, and had drifted into stillness and peace." "And we were not separated once, grand-father," said she, cheerfully. "Not once all the time." WHOFOUNDAMERICA?

And then it was Vincent who spoke,
"I don't see why we should ever separate," said he. "Friends are few enough
in this world." An Interesting Study Apropos of the Coming World's Fair. "Yes, indeed, good friends are few."
Maisrie said; and therewithal—ere he could
tell what was happening—she had taken
his hand that she had held in hers and

ORIGIN OF THE NAME, AMERICA.

Facts Showing That Amerigo Vespucci Didn't Know of His Honor.

TRACES OF THE PREHISTORIC BACES



Even the origin of the name - America - aside from its being derived from that of Amerigo Vespucci, is unknown to most people. It certainly has its origin or root from the Christian appellation of the illustrious explorer named, but, if we may believe the deductions of the most learned historians of the present day, it is a great injustice to cast upon him the blame of detrauding Columbus of his right to name the new continent. It may be said of Vespucci, he was never treated with the ignominy that seemed to haunt the career of the Genoan navigator, notwithstanding the former's assertion that "fortune has been averse me as she has to many others." Yet,



Amerigo Vespucci,

two, since his death his reputation has been clouded over because his name was given to that country which it was believed the great Columbus was the first to reach and draw attention to.

QUESTIONED THE VOYAGE. At one time this feeling against Vespucei became so malignant that it came to be the popular opinion that his voyage in 1497 had never taken place, and that he did not really reach the mainland of South Amer-ics until 1499, or one year after Columbus had done so. Varnhagen's inquiries have changed this opinion so that it is now considered as quite certain that Vespucci actually reached the mainland of the South-ern Continent in the same year that Cabot

reached the Northern.

Varnhagen's researches among the still existing letters and documents of Amerigo Vespucci proved that the voyage was made in 1497-'98, and that he first reached Hon-duras and then coasted all along the shores of Yucatan, Gulf of Mexico and Florida demonstrating beyond a doubt that Cuba was an island, in spite of the protestations of Columbus that it was part of the main-land. Vespucci himself believed that he had discovered a promontory of Asia and named it "The Land of the Holy Cross."

COLUMBUS' COUNTRYMEN. There are other reasons why history should be lenient with Vespucei. The countrymen of Columbus are to blame for any wrong he may have suffered. Through their lack of appreciation and utter disre-gard of the value of his achievements, his opportunity was lost, and the honor of naming the new land given to another who we have good reason to believe, never knew of the honor that had been thrust upon him. The theory offered in explanation of this mistake and which is now accepted as being the most plausible, is as follows: In the year 1507, a German geographer by the name of Waldsee-Muller, becoming greatly

interested in the late discoveries, printed a letter of Vespucci's in the little town of St. Die in Lorraine, and, firmly believing that "The Land of the Holy Cross," described by the explorer was a new world, he fol-lowed the publication of the letter with a



Christopher Columbu (From the Most Authentic Portrait.) work of his own called "Cosmographiæ Introductio," in which he suggests that the name of America would match well with

Surope and Asia, which were also women's names. WHENCE CAME THE NAME This interesting little book is yet in ex-istence, a copy of it being in the Harvard College library and a few others being scattered among American collections. Quaritch, the famous English bookseller, also had one catalogued during his recent exhibition in New York. From this we have every eason to believe that to the random gestion of an obscure German author, we owe

gestion of an obscure German author, we owe the name of our country.

The European people seem to have taken kindly to the idea, for the name came gradu-ally into general use thereafter, although the same Waldsee-Muller does not use the name on a chart that he published six years sub-sequently, but mentions Columbus as the sequently, but mentions Columbus as the discoverer of a Southern continent which he calls "Terra Incognita." There is still preserved in England, a map drawn by Leonards da Vinci about 1513-14, which is probably the earliest manuscript map known containing the name of "America;" also, a globe made in the year 1520 by Johann Schoner, which bears the name of Brazil "America sive (or) Brazilia." This relic is preserved in Nuremberg. The earliest enraved map bearing the name was made in

AN BARLIER DISCOVERY. connection with the so-called discovery of this Continent, there are many evidences to give room for reasonable doubt as to the correctness of the word "discoverers" as applied to the Spaniards, Portuguese and English who made voyages

to this country in the filteenth and six-teenth centuries. Waiving the fact of discovering the Western Hemisphere to the civilized world, it is merely a figure of

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The Wonderful Maya Alphabet speech, as we have no definite proofs that it

was not known to the ancients. The many peculiar remains found in this country, and attributed to the Vikings, imply that those people visited this country as early, if not earlier than the tenth century, which surmise-if correct-would make the application of the word "dis-coverers" incorrect, "Re-discoverers" in that case would be more proper.

INVASION FROM THE EAST.

Then, we know that up to the time of the voyages of Marco Polo, Sir James Mande-ville and others in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries nothing was known of the nations of Eastern Asia, who were found by these travelers to be well up in the arts and manufactures, and who may possibly— for all we know to the contrary—have visited and occupied this country long, long ago by the western or northwestern route; besides, the physical conformations of Northwestern America are such as to greatly favor the theory of the Asiatic origin of the Indians, that is, if our aborigines are of any foreign extraction.

Behring's Strait, dividing the continents,

s very narrow and is frozen over every year, probably as late as April, while during the balance of the season there is constant canoe intercourse. Another interesting fact is that, while the land on the Asiatic side is a barren, rocky waste, that on the American is much more fertile; abounding in trees and plants of all kinds flourishing in a mild genial climate extending with nearly the ame temperature to Oregon.

A BACIAL RESEMBLANCE.

Then the general resemblance of the in-habitants on both sides of the Strait ap-parently indicates a common origin, and the similarity of geology and botany goes to show that the separation of these two great outinents was a comparatively recent eataclysmic event.

Lieutenant Schwatka, in a recently published work on the exploration of the A-yans, an Alaskan tribe: "There is most decided Hebrew type of countenance "There is a among them; more pronounced than any I have ever seen." He also discovered traits existing among certain tribes of Indians that reminded him very forcibly of the Chinese Moreover, the people on both continents may have been indigenous to them and the migrating movements occuring afterward, may have caused the curious Asiatic or Mongoleid resemblances found by ethnologists. Again, it is not neccessary to go to the Northwestern extremity of the continent to find opportunities for the furtherance of our belief in an Asiatic origin.

FLOATING ACROSS AN OCEAN.

In our day it is not a rare thing for junks r vessels of any kind to be driven off from the Japanese coasts by a storm and losing their rudders, it is only a question of time for the Kuro Siwo, "Black stream," Japan current of gulf stream of the Pacific to whirl the unfortunate craft to the very shores of America. Could not the nucleus of our present aboriginal population or prehistoric one have been brought to this country in that manner?

The theory of a spontaneous generation dvanced by some is worthy of investigation, but as yet it can only be used as an in-teresting possibility, notwithstanding the fact that it was accepted by such an eminent authority as Lewis H. Morgan, who was of the opinion that but one race existed in America when discovered by European navigators and explorers and that—the Red The question of who were the first inhabitants is a most perplexing one, and the probabilities are that we will never know anything more positive than we do

The mound remains on the banks of the streams of the Ohio and Mississippi slopes; the fortifications on the prairies; the cliff-houses and pueblos in the Southwest prove that untold generations have lived, moved and sunk into the oblivion of prehistoric ages long before Columbus, Vespucci, the Cabots, Balboa, Ponce de Leon et al., were dreamed of. The civilizations that grouped their homes on our shores in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and flattered themselves as being the first settlers of a new and primeval world, would have been astounded to learn that untold civilizations had flourished and faded in the mysters ously interesting past of our truly strange

A WONDERFUL ALPHABET. Some of the ancient races are believed have reached such a degree of culture that that great religious society, the church. they had begun to transcribe their deeds and history by means of hieroglyphics on stone and other materials; to one race an alare enlisted against sin. This, which they have considered the contract of and history by means of hieroglyphics on stone and other materials; to one race an al-phabet has actually been ascribed which is evidence of a most advanced stage of civili-

It has been found that the same grades of development existed in America as those found in Europe and other coun-tries of the world. These grades are called by archeologists the stone, the bronze and the iron periods. It was also found that some of the tribes of Southern America were in their second or bronze epoch, but as the investigators moved northward the people, as they advanced, grew gradually less cultured, until the more temperate regions were reached, where they were found to be still in the earlier or stone era: but most surprising of all was the fact that surrounding these were found remains of a previous population, containing implements and weapons of the bronze period, proving that notwithstanding the fact that the present inhabitants were as yet in their stone or most primeval condition, the more of man's existence on the globe?
W. G. KAUFMANN.

Always Right and Never Left.

"What is it the German philosopher say

'A handsome woman is always right?' "
"That is the way he said it. I suppose
meant that pretty girls are never left."

BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

The Arguments Against It to be Found in the Scriptures

ARE NOT ARGUMENTS AT ALL.

Significance of Silence and the Language

That is Used. REAL MEANING OF THE SACRAMENT

PURITURN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1 Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

It is not easy to find a fitting text for a sermon about infant baptism, because there is nothing about infant baptism in the Bible. There is a good deal in the Old Testament about infants in their relation to the Church; and there is a good deal in the New Testament about baptism. But concerning infant baptism there is neither precept nor example.

We are assured, it is true, as in the words which I have taken for a text, that our Lord loved little children; that He took them up in His arms and blessed them; that thing is done. The child is brought to He "blamed those who would have kept them from Him," and that He "exhorted all men to follow their innocency," declar-ing that in the kingdom of heaven-which, whatever else it means, means the churchthey are following the best ideal closest who are like little children, humble, trustful, obedient and loving. This is very beauti-ful and helpful, but it solves no problems about infant baptism. We are told, it is true, of whole house

holds being baptized in Christ's name, and we know that most households have children in them; we read in St. Paul's letters to various churches, letters in which he especially addresses baptized Christians, particular exhortations made to children. The "promise," St. Peter said, "is unto you, and to your children." But we can explain away all these things.

SIGNIFICANCE OF SILENCE. Against the ministration of hantism to

young children stands the argument of silence. And this silence is emphasized by certain words of significant speech, in which two spiritual qualifications—one of them repentance, and the other faith; both of them impossible to infants-are set down as a necessary preliminary to the right reception religion of this initiatory sacrament. Butthis silence of Holy Scripture—what does it mean? And these forbidding words—what do they mean? Before we make up our minds that the whole Christian Church for sixteen centuries was mistaken about this matter, and that more than nine-tenths of all Christians since the sixteenth century have been mistaken also, we will do well to study this subject with some care.

I begin with this curious silence. It is the truth that there is no more in the New Testament about the admission of children to the sacrament of baptism, than there is about the admission of women to the sacra-of the Lord's Supper. What does this silence signify?

It is evident, whatever may have been the practice in the ministry of the apostles, that up to that era in religious history, little children were admitted to the church of God. Jewish history makes this unquestionably plain. It is evident, also, whatever Christ and the twelve may have said or left unsaid, that since that era in religious history, little children have been continuously and by al-most universal consent admitted to the church of God. Christian history establishes

this beyond a doubt.

I do not believe that the idea ever once occurred to any of the apostles that the receiving of little children into the covenant of God would ever be questioned by anybody. From time out of mind, they and their fathers before them, had never heard of any other custom. They no more thought of setting down in so many words that little children were baptized among them than the secretary of a sewing society would think of stating in her report that the gingham aprons which the ladies had made were made with thimbles. They were chiefly interested, as all missionaries in pagan lands are interested to-day, in the converting and baptizing of grown men and women. So they tell us a good deal about that, and they leave the babies out.

WOULD HAVE MADE A STIR.

They leave the babies out of the record, but if they had left the babies out of the church, then there would have been anything but silence. To the Jew it was just as significant and beautiful a thing as it is to us, that parents and children should stand together within the covenant of God. If any change had been made in such a matter, in a custom which concerned every home; if his intellectual character. The change is in the new dispensation had been narrower than the old; if there had appeared such a singular phenomenon as a church for grown-up people only; if there had been written over the church doors, and preached in the church sermons, that condition which is sometimes set down in advertisements of apartment houses, that no children were wanted; if the new church had gone so harply in the face of the old; do you think that we would have had only this perfectly evere silence? The early Christians we all Jews; they would certainly have protested; their protest would have required an answer, and that answer would have ound a place in the pages of the New Testament.

I ask no stronger assurance that the little Christian children were just as lovingly received into the Christian church as the little Jewish children were into the Jewish church, than this remarkable silence: The silence means that the old passed into the

new, unquestioned.
So much for the silence. But just here speech breaks in upon the silence. speech takes shape in a statement of certain qualifications for baptism. Repent and be baptized. Believe, first, and then be bap-tized. And the little children cannot meet either of these tests. And so perhaps the church is, after all, only a grown-up peo ples' club. Let us see.

THE OTHER OBJECTION. Repent and believe before baptism-why? Why, because baptism is an initiation into description may not, as a matter of fact accurately describe every member of this society, but it does describe all the honest members; it leaves out only the traitors. And in order that it may, so far as is humanly possible, describe every member with-out exception, provision is made that a test shall be proposed in the initiatory sac-rament. Nobody can join this Anti-Sin Society unless he will declare himself against sin. The theologic name for such a

declaration is repentance.

Again, this society is made up of those Again, this society is made up of those who treasure certain great spiritual truths. These truths are set down in brief in the Christian creed. The Church is thus a truth defense society. It exists to bear its testimony to certain truths about God, and His dealings with men which have been handed down in sacred books, and by a chosen order of religious teachers from the days when men saw with their eyes and heard with their ears the plain manifestation, the adequate stone or most primeval condition, the more advanced or bronze period had already existed in a previous population. If we then infer that races considerably advanced in civilization existed at some prehistoric time and have been swept out of existence by a migration of barbarous tribes such as swept over Europe in the beginning of the middle ages, then is not the theory plausible that races have occupied this country previous to that again and back to the earliest stages of man's existence on the globe?

With their eyes and heard with their ears the plain manifestation, the adequate revelation, of the will of God. This is the church's open secret. To admit one into this great society of witnesses who could not do his part in bearing witness, and in thus furthering this essential purpose of the church would be to admit a very questionable member. And so again, a test is provided in the service of initiation. Whoever will join this society must declare himself upon the side of Christian truth. will join this society must declare himself upon the side of Christian truth. The theological name for such a declaration is faith.

penting and believing. The mother come repenting and believing, but here is the little child. The society has assured itself, as best it can, that these purents will be worthy members, but the two defensive tests do not touch the child. Remember, that what the tests are for is simply for defense. They have no other purpose than to keep unworthy or disloyal people out. How can the church defend herself against the possible unworthiness or disloyalty of this little child? The catechism answers the question. Why, then, are infants baptized when, by reason of their tender age, they cannot repent, cannot believe? Because they promise there by both their parents, which promise, when they come to age, themselves are bound to

perform.
What is baptism? We take St. Paul's definition. Baptism is the washing of re-generation. But regeneration—what is that?

To this question there are three answers. To this question there are three answers. Regeneration means a change of condition. That is one answer. A child is brought to be baptized. This child, before his head is wet with the holy water, is nothing, so some say, but a little human animal. He is the child of God only as a dog is, or a cat, because God made him. Nay, he is not the child of God at all, but rather of the devil. His heart is full of the germs of ain, waiting to grow up into its harvest of poison. God to grow up into its harvest of poison. God looks down into this little heart, and sees this sin there, and is angry. Unless something is done, this child is lost. But something baptism. The water touches him, sacred words are pronounced over him, the sign of the cross is made upon his forehead, and behold, a miracle! The old conditions are passed away, the child has come into a new condition. He is God's child; he is an heir of heaven. This marvelous change baptism

has wrought.

There is no need to say much in criticism of this definition of regeneration. Whether it is true or false, it does not interfere with infant baptism. It is perhaps sufficient to remark that if this is what baptism is, then baptism is an incantation, an exorcism, a piece of magic, a spell.

A SYMBOL OF CHANGE.

So we come to the second answer. Regen-eration means a change of character. Year by year the child grows, unbaptized, into the days of discretion. He may be God's child or he may be the devil's child, we do not know yet. All depends upon the child. At last he is converted. By faith, by repentance, by a reaching out toward God, by a personal appropriation of the promises of God, the soul is changed. A new life begins, The man is changed in character. Here is the time for baptism. As a symbol of this change let us have a performance of the

beremony of baptism.

Something a good deal like this happens whenever a grown person is baptized. You may call it regeneration, if you will, but that is not the name for it. It was not of this that St. Paul was thinking when he spoke of the washing of regeneration. It was not this of which our Lord spoke when he declared to Nicodemus the need of being regenerated by water and the Holy Ghost. The connection of this change of character with baptism is a purely artificial one. The change takes place all the same whether the man be baptized or unbaptized. Baptism, if this idea about it be correct, is surely a curious piece of unnecessary ritual. But this is not regeneration, this is conversion,

very different thing indeed. And so we come to the third answer. Regeneration is not a change of condition caused by a baptismal spell. Regeneration is not a change of character, certified by a baptismal symbol. What is it, then? It is that by which whoever is babtized is made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. Not by a change of condition, not by a change of character, but by a change of cir-

AN INITIATORY SERVICE Baptism is an initiation into the church of Christ. It makes us members of Christ. Baptism is an adoption into the family of God. It makes us in a new sense the children of God. Baptism is a bringing of the soul into contact with new spiritual influence. It makes us, in a special sense, inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. Baptism makes a change of circumstane

Let us show you what this change of cireumstances means.

A child is adopted into a family. The child is not changed in character, but he is changed in circumstances. His surround-ings are different. There may be a change of character, by and by. There will be if he continues in those surroundings, and is receptive to their influences. But that will take place slowly, year by year. The only immediate effect of adoption is a change of circumstance. A young man is received into a college. The young man is changed in a single hour, by the passing of an examination, from an applicant for admission, into a freshman. He does not know any more at the end of that hour than he did at the beginning. There has been no change in

his intellectual circumstances. ST. PAUL'S ILLUSTRATION. A company of Hebrews, under cover of a great storm, the wind making them a way through the water, cross over from Africa to Asia. St. Paul says this is a good illustra-tion of what baptism is. What changes did that flight across the water make? No change in character at all. Upon the other bank arrived the Hebrews, just the same Hebrews, speaking the same language, looking out of the same eyes, possessing the same infirmitles of temper—but changed in circumstances. Behind them Egypt, with its slavewhips and its idels; before them the

ree wilderness, Sinai rising up in the midst Those Hebrews were saved when the Red Sea closed in behind them. Saved—yes, potentially; salvation made possible for them; freedom, manhood, possible now to them. But no salvation insured to them, no righteousness given to them without being first earned and paid by hard enbeing first earned and paid by hard endeavors after it. In the end the great company of those who were thus saved were lost
—lost because they did not make good use
of their changed circumstances, did not
translate circumstance into character.

These illustrations are parables of baptism. They define regeneration. Reformation is such a changes—not of condition not

tion is such a change—not of condition, not of character, but of circumstance—that it of character, but of circumstance—that it may be very properly said that with this change a new life actually begins. The man is born again. That which happens to a child taken into a good home, or to a young man admitted to a good college; that which happened to that company of Habrews getting out of the land of bondage into a new land of liberty; just that sort of thing happens to every soul in the moment thing happens to every soul in the moment

of baptism. THE BEGINNING OF SALVATION. If a change of character follows the change of circumstances, if the soul grows as it now has the opportunity to grow, in grace and in the knowledge and love of God, the soul is saved. Baptism is the beginning of this possible salvation. And so we get a reasonable answer to the question—What is baptism? Baptism is the appointed way of entrance into that circle of blessed influence which we call the church.

Now, what about the children? Can we let

them in? Can we make them sharers of the blessing? Can we bring the helpful influence to bear on them? Yes. Why not? The silence of Scripture does not forbid it; the speech of Scripture does not oppose it; the sacrament itself emphatically invites it. Let us bring the little children whom Christ loves into the church where Christ dwells, loves into the enuren where callege of son-let their possession of the privilege of son-ship in God be certified, we on our part promising that they shall ship in God be certified, we on our part promising that they shall be taught so soon as they shall be able to learn that they are members of Christ and children of God and heirs of the kingdom of heaven; in promising also to train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, to bring them into touch with the spiritual favors of the society to which they now be will join this society must declare himself upon the side of Christian trath. The theological name for such a declaration is faith.

THE CHILD'S CASE.

This, then, is what repentance and faith mean, as connected with baptism. They are set as tests beside the gate to keep out of the church those who are not worthy, or are not ready to come is. The father comes re-