

# THE EYE OF THE MIND

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Told by Richard Fenton, of Frenchay, Gloucestershire, Esquire.

**A**S my old friend Phil Brand has asked me to do this, I suppose I must—Brand is a right good fellow and a clever fellow, but has plenty of crotchets of his own. The worst I know of him is that he insists upon having his own way with people. With those who differ from him he is as obstinate as a mule. Anyhow, he has always had his own way with me. This custom, so far as I am concerned, commenced years ago, when we were boys at school together, and I have never been able to shake off the bad habit of giving it to him. He has promised to see that my Queen's English is presentable; for, to tell the truth, I am more at home across country than across foalscap, and my fingers know the feel of the reins or the trigger better than that of the pen.

All the same, I hope he won't take too many liberties with my style, bad though it may be; for old Brand at times is apt to get—well, a bit prosy. To hear him on the subject of hard work, and the sanctity thereof, approaches the sublime!

What freak took me to the little God-forsaken village of Midcombe in the depth of winter, is entirely between myself and my conscience. The cause, having no bearing upon the matters I am asked to tell you about, is no one's business but mine. I will only say that now I would not stay in such a place, at such a time of the year, for the sake of the prettiest girl in the world, let alone the bare chance of meeting her once or twice. But one's ideas change. I am now a good bit older, ride some two stone heavier, and have been married ever so many years. Perhaps, after all, as I look back, I can find some excuse for being such an ass as to endure, for more than a fortnight, all the discomforts heaped upon me in that little village inn.

A man who sojourns in such a hole as Midcombe must give some reason for doing so. My ostensible reason was hunting. I had a horse with me, and a second-rate subscription pack of slow-going mongrels did meet somewhere in the neighborhood, so no one could gainsay my explanation. But, if hunting was my object, I got precious little of it. A few days after my arrival, a bitter, biting frost set in—a frost as black as your hat and as hard as nails. Yet still I stayed on.

From private information received—no matter how, when, or where—I knew that some people in the neighborhood had organized a party to go skating on a certain day at Lilymere, a fine sheet of water some distance from Midcombe. I guessed that someone whom I particularly desired to meet would be there, and as the skating was free to anyone who chose to take the trouble of getting to such an out of the way place, I hired a horse and an apology for a dog-cart, and at ten in the morning started to drive the twelve miles to the pond. I took no one with me. I had been to Lilymere once before, in the bright summer weather, so fancied I knew the way well enough.

The sky when I started was cloudy; the wind was chopping around in a way which made the effete rustic old hostler predict a change of weather. He was right. Before I had driven two miles light snow began to fall, and by the time I reached a wretched little wayside inn, about a mile from the Mere, a film of white covered the whole country. I stabled my horse as well as I could, then, taking my skates with me, walked down to the pond.

Now, whether I had mistaken the day, or whether the threatening fall of snow had made certain people change their minds, I don't know; but, to my annoyance and vexation, no skaters were to be seen, and, moreover, the uncut, white surface told me that none had been on the pond that morning. Still, hoping they might come in spite of the weather, I put on my skates and went outside—edging and grape-vining all over the place. But as there was no person in particular—in fact, no one at all—to note my powers, I soon got tired. It was, indeed, dreary, dreary work. But I waited and hoped until the snow came down so fast and furiously, that I felt sure that waiting was in vain, and that I had driven to Lilymere for nothing.

Back I went to the little inn, utterly disgusted with things in general, and feeling that to break someone's head would be a relief to me in my present state of mind. Of course, a sensible man would at once have got his horse between the shafts and driven home. But, whatever I may be now, in those days I was not a sensible man—Brand will, I know, cordially endorse this remark—the accommodation of the inn was not such as to induce one to linger within its precincts; but the fire was a right good one, and a drink, which I skillfully manufactured out of some hot beer, not to be despised, and proved warming to the body and soothing to the ruffled temper. So I lingered over the big fire until I began to feel hungry, and upon the landlady assuring me that she could cook a rasher, decided it would be wiser to stay where I was

until the violence of the snow-storm was over; for coming down it was now, and no mistake!

And it kept on coming down. About half-past three, when I sorrowfully decided I was bound to make a move, it was snowing faster than ever. I harnessed my horse, and laughing at the old woman's dismal prophecy that I should never get to Midcombe in such weather, gathered up the reins, and away I went along the white road.

I thought I knew the way well enough. In fact, I had always prided myself upon remembering any road once driven over by me; but does anyone who has not tried it really know how a heavy fall of snow changes the aspect of the country, and makes landmarks snares and delusions? I learnt all about it then, once and for all. I found, also, that the snow lay much deeper than I thought could possibly be in so short a time, and it still fell in a manner almost undying. Yet I went on bravely and merrily for some miles. Then came a bit of uncertainty—

**W**HICH of those two roads was the right one? This one, of course—no, the other. There was no house near; no one was likely to be passing in such weather, so I was left to exercise my free, unbiassed choice, a privilege I would willingly have dispensed with. However, I made the best selection I could, and followed it for some two miles. Then I began to grow doubtful, and soon persuading myself that I was on the wrong track, retraced my steps. I was by this time something like a huge white plaster-of-paris figure, and the snow which had accumulated on the old dog-cart made it run heavier by half-a-ton, more or less. By the time I came to that unlucky junction of roads at which my misfortune began, it was almost dark; the sky was black as tarpaulin, yet sending down the white feathery flakes thicker and faster than ever. I felt inclined to curse my folly in attempting such a drive, at any rate I blamed myself for not having started two or three hours earlier. I'll warrant that steady-going old Brand never had to accuse himself of such foolishness as mine.

Well, I took the other road; went on some way; came to a turning which I seemed to remember; and, not without misgivings, followed it. My misgivings increased when, after a little while, I found the road grew full of ruts, which the snow and the darkness quite concealed from me until the wheels got into them. Evidently I was wrong again. I was just thinking of making the best of my way out of this rough and unfrequented road, when—there, I don't know how it happened, and such things seldom occur to me—a stumble, a fall on the part of my tired horse sent me flying over the dashboard, with the only consoling thought that the reins were still in my hand.

Luckily the snow had made the falling pretty soft. I picked myself up and set about estimating damages. With some difficulty I got the horse out of the harness and then felt free to inspect the dog-cart. Alas! after the manner of the two-wheel kind whenever a horse thinks fit to fall, one shaft had snapped off like a carrot; so here was I, five miles apparently from anywhere, in the thick of a blinding snow-storm, left standing helpless beside a jaded horse and a broken cart—I should like to know what Brand would have done under the circumstances.

As for me, I reflected for some minutes—reflection in a snowstorm is weary work. I reasoned, I believe, logically, and at last came to this decision: I would follow the road. If, as I suspected, it was but a cart track, it would probably soon lead to a habitation of some kind. Anyway, I had better try a bit farther. I took hold of the wearied horse and with snow under my feet, snowflakes whirling round me, and a wind blowing right into my teeth, struggled on.

It was a journey! I think I must have been three-quarters of an hour going about a quarter of a mile. I was just beginning to despair, when I saw a welcome gleam of light. I steered toward it, fondly hoping that my troubles were at an end. I found the light stole through the ill-fitting window shutters of what seemed, so far as I could make out in the darkness, to be a small farm-house. Trying to a gate the knotted reins by which I had been leading the horse, I staggered up to the door and knocked loudly. Upon my honor, until I leant against that doorpost I had no idea how tired I was—until that moment I never suspected that the finding of speedy shelter meant absolutely saving my life. Covered from head to foot with snow, my hat crushed in, I must have been a pitiable object.

No answer came to my first summons. It was only after a second and more imperative application of my heel that the door deigned to give way a few inches. Through the aperture a woman's voice asked who was there? "Let me in," I said. "I have missed my way to Midcombe. My horse has fallen. You must give me shelter for the night. Open the door, and let me in." "Shelter! You can't get shelter here,

master," said a man's gruff voice. "This ain't an inn, so you'd best be off, and go elsewhere."

"But I must come in," I said, astounded at such inhospitality. "I can't go a step farther. Open the door at once!"

"You be hanged," said the man. "Tis my house, not yours."

"But, you fool, I mean to pay you well for your trouble. Don't you know it means death wandering about on such a night as this? Let me in!"

"You won't come in here," was the brutal and boorish reply. The door closed.

That I was enraged at such incivility may be easily imagined; but if I said I was thoroughly frightened I believe no one would be surprised. As getting into that house meant simply life or death to me, into that house I determined to get, by door or window, by fair means or by foul. So, as the door closed, I hurled myself against it with all the might I could muster. Although I ride much heavier now than I did then, all my weight at that time was bone and muscle. The violence of my attack tore from the lintel the staple which held the chain; the door went back with a bang, and I fell forward into the house, fully resolved to stay there whether welcome or unwelcome.

## CHAPTER III.

**T**HE door through which I had burst like a battering ram opened straight into a sort of kitchen, so although I entered in a most undignified way, in fact on my hands and knees, I was well-established in the center of the room before the man and woman emerged from behind the door, where my successful assault had thrown them. I stood up and faced them. They were a couple of ordinary, respectable attired country people. The man, a sturdy, strong-built, bull-necked rascal, stood scowling at me, and, I concluded, making up his mind as to what course to pursue.

"My good people," I said, "you are behaving in the most unheard-of manner. Can't you understand that I mean to pay you well for any trouble I give you? But whether you like it or not, here I stay to-night. To turn me out would be sheer murder."

So saying I pulled off my overcoat, and began shaking the snow out of my whiskers. I dare say my determined attitude, my respectable, as well as my muscular appearance, impressed my unwilling hosts. Any way, they gave in without any more ado. Whilst the woman shut the door through which the snowflakes were whirling, the man said suddenly:

"Well, you'll have to spend the night on a chair. We've no beds here for strangers. Specially those as ain't wanted."

"Very well, my friend. Having settled the matter you may as well make yourself pleasant. Go out and put my horse under cover, and give him a feed of some sort—make a mash if you can."

After giving the woman a quick glance as of warning, my scowling host lit a horn lantern, and went on the errand I suggested. I gladly sunk into a chair, and warmed myself before a cheerful fire. The prospect of spending the night amid such discomfort was not alluring, but I had, at least, a roof over my head.

### (TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### America's Deepest Lake.

Crater Lake, in Oregon, is the deepest body of fresh water in America. Only one lake in the world is deeper—namely, Baikal, in Siberia, which exceeds it in depth by 400 feet. Until recently it was asserted that Crater Lake was bottomless, but soundings have proved that its greatest depth is 2,000 feet. It is five miles in diameter, nearly circular and occupies the crater of an extinct volcano. No fish have ever been known to exist in Crater Lake. Not long ago a request that it be stocked with trout was sent to Washington by the Mazamas, who are a club of mountain climbers, having headquarters at Portland. Mazama is the Indian name for mountain goat. The climbers are anxious to angle in the extinct crater, and the government experts are going to find out whether such a thing is practicable. It is easy enough to put trout into the water, but that would be of no use unless there is food for them there. Trials will be made by an expedition for the purpose of ascertaining how much food there is and whether or not it is of a kind suitable for "speckled beauties" to feed upon. This will be accomplished by towing small nets of gauze along the surface of the water. The water will flow through the gauze, which will catch all the animalculae that come in its way. The quantity of the latter secured in a given number of minutes or hours will be an accurate measure of the amount of fish food present. They will be bottled and preserved for subsequent examination by a specialist, who will determine the species represented.

#### Useful Information.

Fly Farragut—"Lady, cud yer give a poor man work?" Lady—"I could." Fly Farragut—"Tanks, lady. De nex poor man I meet dat needs it I'll send ter yer." (Finishes his pie.)—Judge.

#### What He Was.

He—"You are a veritable queen of the roses, Daisy, but I—what am I?" She—"Give it up, dear boy, altogether, unless you are an evergreen."—Stand-ard.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### BANNERS HOISTED FOR GOD, SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "In the Name of God We Will Set Up the Banner of Truth and Righteousness and Not of Avarice and Riches"—Psalm 20:5.



**H**ATE war! In my boyhood we may have read the biography of Alexander or of some revolutionary hero until our young heart beat high and we wished we had been born over a hundred years ago, just for the glory of striking down a Hessian. For rusty swords lung up on the rafters and bullets cut out of log houses in which they were lodged during the great strife we had unbounded admiration, or on some public day, clothed in our grandfather's soldierly accoutrements, we felt as Garibaldi or Miltiades. We are wiser now, for we make a vast distinction between the poetry and the prose of war. The roll of drums and the call of bugles, and the clanging of steeds foaming and pawing for the battle; a hundred thousand muskets glittering among the dancing plumes; "God Save the King" waving up from clarionets and trumpets and rung back from deep defiles or the arches of a prostrate city; distant capitals of kingdoms illuminated at the tidings; generals returning home under flaming arches and showering amarantus and the shout of empires; that is poetry. Chilled and half-blanketed, lying on the wet earth; feet sore with the march and bleeding at the slightest touch; hunger pulling on every fiber of flesh or attempting to satisfy itself with a scanty and spoiled ration; thirst licking up the dew or drinking out of filthy and trampled pool; thoughts of home and kindred far away while just on the eve of a deadly strife, where death may leap on him from any one of a hundred bayonets; the closing in of two armies, now changed to a hundred thousand maniacs; the ground slippery with blood and shattered flesh; fallen ones writhing under the hoofs of unbridled chargers maddened with pain; the dreadfulness of night that comes down when the strife is over; the struggle of the wounded ones crawling out over the corpses; the long, feverish agony of the crowded barrack and hospital, from whose mattresses the fragments of men send up their groans, the only music of carnage and butchery; desolate homes from which fathers and husbands and brothers and sons went off; without giving any dying message or sending a kiss to the dear ones at home, tumbled into the soldiers' grave trench, and houses in which a few weeks before unbroken family circles rejoiced, now plunged in the great scrowls of widowhood and orphanage; that is prose.

But there is now on the earth a kingdom which has set itself up for conflicts without number. In its march it tramples no grain fields, it sacks no cities, it impoverishes no treasures, it fills no hospitals, it bereaves no families. The courage and victory of Solferino and Magent without carnage. The kingdom of Christ against the kingdom of Satan. That is the strife now raging. We will offer no armistices; we will make no treaty. Until all the revolted nations of the earth shall submit again to King Emanuel, "In the name of God we will set up our banners."

Every army has its ensigns. Long before the time when David wrote the text they were in use. The hosts of Israel displayed them. The tribe of Benjamin carried a flag with the inscription of a wolf. The tribe of Dan a representation of cherubim. Judah a lion wrought into the groundwork of white, purple, crimson, and blue. Such flags from their folds shook fire into the hearts of such numbers as were in the field when Abijah fought against Jehoram, and there were twelve hundred thousand soldiers, and more than five hundred thousand were left dead on the field. These ensigns gave heroism to such numbers as were assembled when Asa fought against Zerah, and there were one million five hundred and eighty thousand troops in the battle. The Athenians carried an inscription of the owl, which was their emblem of wisdom. The flags of modern nations are familiar to you all, and many of them so inappropriate for the character of the nations they represent it would be impolitic to enumerate them. These ensigns are streamers borne on the point of a lance and on the top of wooden shafts. They are carried in the front and rear of armies. They unroll from the main-top-gallant-mast-head of an Admiral's flagship to distinguish it among other ships of the same squadron. They are the objects of national pride. The loss of them on the field is ignominious.

The three banners of the Lord's hosts are the banner of proclamation, the banner of recruit, and the banner of victory. When a nation feels its rights infringed or its honor insulted, when its citizens have in foreign climes been oppressed and no indemnity has been offered to the inhabitants of the republic or kingdom, a proclamation of war is uttered. On the top of batteries and arsenals and custom houses and revenue offices flags are immediately swung out. All who look upon them realize the fact that uncompromising war is declared. Thus it is that the Church of Jesus Christ, jealous for the honor of its Sovereign, and determined to get back those who have been carried off captive into the bondage of Satan, and intent upon the destruction of those mighty wrongs which have so long crushed the earth, and bent upon the extension of the Saviour's reign of mercy, in the name of God sets up its banner of proclamation.

The church makes no assault upon the world. I do not believe that God ever made a better world than this. It is magnificent in its ruins. Let us stop talking so much against the world. God pronounced it very good at the beginning. Though a wandering child of God, I see in it yet the Great Father's lineaments. Though tossed and driven by the storms of six thousand years she sails bravely yet, and as at her launching in the beginning the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy, so at last, when coming into the calm harbor of God's mercy, she shall be greeted by the buzzards of glorified kingdoms. It is not the world against which we contend, but its transgressions. Whatever is obstinate in the will, degrading in passion, harmful in custom, false in friendship, hypocritical in profession—against all this Christ makes onset. From false profession he would tear the mask. From oppression he would snatch the rod. From pride he would rend off the plumes. From revenge he would exorcise the devil. While Christ loved the world so much he died to save it, he hates sin so well that to eradicate the last trace of its pollution he will utterly consume the continents and the oceans. At the gate of Eden the declaration of perpetual enmity was made against the serpent. The tumult round Mount Sinai was only the roar and flash of God's artillery of wrath against sin. Sodom on fire was only one of God's flaming bulletins announcing hostility. Nineveh and Tyre and Jerusalem in awful ruin mark the track of Jehovah's advancement. They show that God was terribly in earnest when he announced himself abhorrent of all iniquity. They make us believe that though nations belligerent and revengeful may sign articles of peace and come to an amicable adjustment, there shall be no cessation of hostilities between the forces of light and the forces of darkness until the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord. Affrighted by no opposition, discouraged by no temporary defeats, shrinking from no exposure—every man to his position, while from the top of our schools and churches and seminaries and asylums, "In the name of God we will set up our banners."

Again, it was the custom in ancient times, for the purpose of gathering armies, to lift an ensign on the top of some high hill, so that all who saw it would feel impelled to rally around it. In more modern times the same plan has been employed for the gathering of an army. Thus it is that the Church of Christ lifts its flag for recruits. The Cross of Jesus is our standard, planted on the hill of Calvary. Other armies demand that persons desiring to enter the lists of war shall be between such and such an age, lest the folly of extreme youth or the infirmity of advanced age be a clog rather than an advantage. But none are too young for Christ's regiment; none can be too old. The hand that is strong enough to bound a ball or trundle a hoop is skilled enough to fight for Christ, while many a hand trembling with old age has grasped the arrow of truth, and with a dim eye close to it, taking aim, has sent its sharp point right through the heart of the King's enemies. Many of you have long ago had your names written on the roll of celestial troops, and you like the service well, although you now bear the scars of multitudinous conflicts and can recount many a long march, and tell of siege-guns opened on you that you thought never would be spiked. But there may be some who have not yet enlisted. Your being here implies that you are seriously thinking about it, and your attention makes me hope you are only looking for the standard to be hoisted.

Will you not, a hundred of you, with all the ardor of enthusiasm of your nature, come bounding into the ranks, while "In the name of God we will set up our banners?"

Through natural modesty do you hold back and say, "I will be of no advantage to Christ; I am too awkward to learn the step of the host, or to be of any service in the shock of battle!" To you I make the reply, Try it. One hour under Christ's drill, and you would so well understand his rules that the first step of your march heavenward would make the gates of hell tremble on their hinges. We may not be as polished and trim as many Christians we have known, and we may not be as well understood sharp-shooting, but there is rough work which we can accomplish. We may be axe-men, and hew a pathway through the forests. We may be spademen, and dig the trenches or throw up the fortifications. We do not care where, we do not care what—if we can only help in the cause of our King and shout as loudly as any of them at the completion of the conquest.

There are non-professors who have a very correct idea of what Christians ought to be. You have seen members of the church who were as proud as Ananias and had as foul hypocrites as Judas. You abhor all that. You say followers of Christ ought to be honorable, humble, and self-denying, and charitable, and patient, and forgiving. Amen! So they ought. Come into the kingdom of Christ, my hearer, and be just that glorious Christian that you have described. Every church has enough stinging men in it to arrest its charities, and enough proud men in it to grieve away the Holy Ghost, and enough lazy men in it to hang on behind till its wheels, like Pharaoh's chariots, drag heavily, and enough worldly men to exhaust the patience of the very elect, and enough snarly men to make appropriate the Bible warning, "Beware of dogs." If any of you men on the outside of the kingdom expect to make such Christians as that, we do not want you to come, for the church has already a million members too many of just that kind. We do not want our ranks crowded with serfs when we can have them filled with zouaves.

There are men now, as in Christ's

time, possessed of seven devils. In some instances it seems as though at conversion only six of those evil spirits were cast out, while there remains still one in the heart, or the devil of pride. Men of the world, if you would be transformed and elevated by the power of the gospel, now is the time to come. It is no mean ensign I lift this hour. It is a time-honored flag. It has been in terrific battle. Dragged in the dust of a Saviour's humiliation from Bethlehem to Calvary. Rent by hell's onset, the spears of a maddened soldiery, and the hands of the men who said, "Let him be crucified." With this ensign in his bleeding hand the Saviour sealed the heights of our sin. With this he mounted the walls of perdition, and amid its very smoke, and flame, and blasphemy he waved his triumph, while demons howled with defeat, and heaven

Thronged his chariot wheels  
And bore him to his throne;  
Then swept their golden harps and  
sung.  
The glorious work is done.

We go not alone to the field. We have invincible allies in the dumb elements of nature. As Job said, we are in league with the very stones of the field. The sun by day and the moon by night, directly or indirectly, shall favor Christianity. The stars in their courses are marshaled for us, as they fought against Siseria. The winds of heaven are now as certainly acting in favor of Christ as in reformation times the invincible Armada, in its pride, approached the coast of England. As that proud navy directed their guns against the friends of Christ and religious liberty, God said unto his winds, "Swallow them," and to the sea, "Swallow them." The Lord, with his tempests, dashed their bulks together and splintered them on the rocks until the flower of Spanish pride and valor lay crushed among the waves of the sea beach. All are ours. Aye! God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost are our allies.

The Mohammedans, in their struggle to subjugate the world, had passages from the Koran inscribed on the blades of their scimiters, and we have nothing to fear if, approaching the infidelity and malice that oppose the kingdom of Christ, we shall have glittering on our swords the words of David to the giant, "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou has defied."

Now the Church goes forth bearing precious seed, but after awhile it will be the sheaf-binding, and reaper angels shall shout the harvest home. Now it is tents and marching and exposure, but then in the ranks of prostrate iniquity and on the very walls of heaven, "In the name of God we will set up our banners."

You know in ancient times elephants were trained to fight, and that on one occasion, instead of attacking the enemy, they turned upon their owners and thousands were crushed under the stroke of their trunks and the mountain weight of their step. These mighty opportunities of work for Christ may accomplish great things in overthrowing the sin of the world and beating to pieces its errors, but if we do not wield them aright these very advantages will, in unguarded moments, turn terribly upon us and under their heels of vengeance grind us to powder. Rejected blessings are seven-fold curses. We cannot compromise this matter. We cannot stand aside and look on. Christ has declared it, "All who are not with me are against me." Lord Jesus, we surrender.

The prophecies intimate that there shall before the destruction of the world be one great battle between truth and unrighteousness. We shall not probably see it on earth. God grant that we may see it, bending from the battlements of heaven. On the side of sin shall be arrayed all forms of oppressor and cruelty, led on by infamous kings and generals. The votaries of Paganism, led on by their priests. The subjects of Mohammedism, following the command of their sheiks. And gluttony and intemperance and iniquity of every phase shall be largely represented on the field. All the wealth and splendor and power and glory of wickedness shall be concentrated on that one decisive spot, and maddened by ten thousand previous defeats, shall gather themselves up for one last, terrible assault. With hatred to God for their cause and blasphemy for the battle-cry, they spread out over the earth in square beyond square, and legion beyond legion, while in some overhanging cloud of blackness foul spirits of hell watch this last struggle of sin and darkness for dominion.

Scattered by the blasts of Jehovah's nostrils, plunder, and sin, and Satanic force shall quit the field. As the roar of the conflict sounds through the universe all worlds shall listen. The air shall be full of wings of heavenly cohorts. The work is done, and in the presence of a world reclaimed for the crown of Jesus, and amid the crumbling of tyrannies and the defeat of Satanic force, and amid the sound of heavenly acclamations, the church shall rise up in the image of our Lord, and with the crown of victory on her head and the scepter of dominion in her hand, in the name of God shall set up her banners. Then Himalaya shall become Mount Zion, and the Pyrenees Moriah, and the oceans the walking place of him who trod the wave crests of Galilee, and the great heavens become a sounding-board which shall strike back the sound of exultation to the earth till it rebound again to the throne of the Almighty. Angel of the Apocalypse, fly! fly! for who will stand in the way of thy might? or resist the sweep of thy wing?

It is reported that, beginning next October, Explorer Nansen will deliver in this country a series of fifty illustrated lectures.