

and displayed many noble qualities during her wonderful career; her nature was the strong, self-reliant sort, that calls forth admiration from all. She had an active brain that planned, and an indefatigable energy that prosecuted all her plans. She and her work bring the best side of the theatre into light. But, though conceding her brilliancy, noble traits, etc., we cannot help inquiring "What did she accomplish by her life work?" Those who merit fame deserve it through some deed for the accomplishment of the elevation of mankind, socially, intellectually or morally. Though small the deed seemingly, and few those who remember it, the result of a worthy life always remains—it can never be lost if devoted to some worthy purpose. What was Charlotte Cushman's purpose? We know that she afforded amusement for thousands of people in two hemispheres. Did she do them any good? Did her wonderful acting lift them into a higher plane of thought and action? The testimonies from the lips and pens of her warmest friends and most cultivated admirers convince us that she was a woman of strong magnetic power—a great sensationalist. She made men weep and hold their breath, thrilled them with terror; and she did this, not by the thoughts to which she gave utterance but by the intensity of her own feeling. But what was all this to society? It was mere sensationalism, the effect of which lasted during the evening—to be shaken off and afterward forgotten and when the excited sensibilities are soothed, no influence remained. They found in her acting, what listless souls seek in sensational novels, and if this may be said of the queen of the stage, is it not true of all the rest of actors and actresses, only in a greater degree? Apologists for the drama often boast that great actors do good by interpreting and impressing upon thoughtless minds great ideas, but in noticing the confessions of Miss Cushman's admirers we find that they do no such things. Like sensational novel reading, they cause abnormal agitation of the emotions. They aim at this excitement, not as a means of moving its subjects to noble actions, but as one end.

She often said sadly, "What is or can be the record of an actress, however famous? They leave nothing behind them but the vaquest of memories. Ask any member of persons to give a real picture of the effect produced by any great actor, and they can tell you nothing more than that it was grand, it was overwhelming; but ask them, 'How did he render such and such a passage?' and they are at once at a loss. It is all gone, passed away. Other artists produce something which lives after them and enshrines their memories in positive evidence of their divine mission, but we—we strut and fret our hour on the stage and then the curtain falls, and all is darkness and silence!"

AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

[Extracts from an essay read by H. C. Peterson before the University Union.]

After a few days the storm subsided and the passengers gradually appeared on deck, pale and gaunt but determined to enjoy themselves now that their sea-sick state had passed; still as the novelty wore away, the time passed very slowly. Nothing to see but water, water, everywhere, nothing but the same boundless, interminable space and as we got farther north not a ship, not a fish. It is impossible to imagine the loneliness, the feeling of utter desolation which seized us. Nothing but a speck upon the vast circular plane and above us that blue, seemingly air-tight dome, which, like a huge cap-closed down over us and formed our prison. On pleasant days we stretched out on the fore-castle and threw dice for soda-water and played cards or slept; but on stormy days we

huddled together in the cabin and told stories, read, slept and tried everything to make time pass. * * * Occasionally in the evening we indulged in a dance to the music of a wheezy accordion or as we got further north tramped in procession up and down the deck to keep warm, but in the day time we were too lazy for even this. The only thing which we practiced with avidity was eating; and such appetites as we had! Breakfast, dinner and supper sufficed as much to stay our appetites as a spoonful of dirt would suffice to fill Lake Michigan. Each hour was ushered in with a meal. We ate upon awakening, ate upon going to bed, ate in bed, in our sleep, arose in the middle of the night to eat and still managed here and there to take a bite between times. As the days passed we entered the "Land of the Midnight Sun." The sun did not set until 10 o'clock and rose at 2 o'clock leaving but a short night and consequently but a short time to hunger. * * * Having left in our wake the flat sand plain and stone lighthouse which marks the northernmost part of Scotland we came in sight the next morning of Norway's coast. We sailed along within half a mile of the shore and on our right was that same hated circle while on our left was some of the finest scenery in the world. The waves rippled on a beach of the whitest sand bordered by fields of grass. Cattle grazed peacefully almost to the water's edge, and through the hazy mist rising in the early morning from the dewy grass, milkmaids, clad in strange costumes with snow-white caps and aprons, were seen passing among them and drawing the morning's milk. Suddenly the sun rose and as the mists rolled away, the old hoary mountains, tinged with gold, loomed up in the rear covered with aged pines among whose massive trunks scintillated the radiant sunbeams. Nestled deeply in the recesses among the old pines lay the small farmhouses with their little square windows, red roofs and white walls; while the smoke, rising from the chimneys and wafted away on the morning breeze, told of the life within. Do you wonder that the Scandinavians are a sombre race, that their heathen religion was stern and unrelenting like their land; that Odin, Allfather, was represented to them in one of their mountains, his hair white like the eternal snows on the summit, his limbs strong and rugged like its precipices, his throne like its base fast and enduring throughout all ages, and until "ragnarok," covering all nations with its protection? Do you wonder that nourished as they were in that harsh land with its everlasting snow and its long cold winters wherein the sun never sets, accustomed from childhood to battle with the snow storm and avalanche, that they hesitated not to push their Viking ships across the ocean? * * * As we approached Christiansand the mountains became more barren, and at last were nothing but rocks, gray and solemn, without a bush or shrub, but scarred and delapidated by the winds and snowstorms of centuries. As we started up Christiansand Fjord the speed was slackened and our ship picked her way slowly and cautiously through the network of waterways. To the right and left as far as sight reached the water was dotted with thousands of rocks and islands among which the staunch vessel slowly passed. Now we sailed through narrow gloomy passages where the rocks almost within reach rose steep as walls to a height of 400 feet above our heads; then we entered a circular lake nearly surrounded by pine-covered rocks through which no outlet appeared. But as we approached, the ship, like a living thing, searched out an opening and went squeezing her way into open water beyond. For an hour this twisting turning, and dodging among the rocks was continued when at last, in a narrow passage, our way seemed barred by a black rock wall past which no way appeared. Still the ship kept on nearer and nearer until she