

cooking more digestible food, so the experimental psychologist will combine and connect the detailed results more and more, till he is able to transform his knowledge into practical educational suggestions. But such suggestions are possible only for those who are able to consider the full totality of the facts. Single disconnected details are of no value for such a practical transformation; and even after all is done, this more highly developed knowledge will be but a more refined understanding of qualitative relations, — never the quantitative measurement which so many teachers now hopefully expect. Above all, that connection is a matter of the

future. To-day there is almost no sign of it, and I for one believe that that future will be a rather distant one, as experimental psychology is yet quite in the beginning, like physics in the sixteenth century.

I do hope for a high and great and brilliant progress of experimental psychology, and I do hope still more for a wonderful growth of the educational systems in this country; but I feel sure that the development of both will be the stronger and sounder and greater, the longer both education and experimental psychology go sharply separated ways, with sympathy, but without blind adoration for each other.

*Hugo Münsterberg.*

---

## THE BEDS OF FLEUR-DE-LYS.

PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO.

HIGH-LYING sea-blown stretches of green turf,  
Wind-bitten close, salt-colored by the sea,  
Low curve on curve spread far to the cool sky,  
And, curving over them as long they lie,  
Beds of wild fleur-de-lys.

Wide-flowing, self-sown, stealing near and far,  
Breaking the green like islands in the sea,  
Great stretches at your feet, and spots that bend  
Dwindling over the horizon's end, —  
Wilds beds of fleur-de-lys.

The light, keen wind streams on across the lifts,  
Thin wind of western springtime by the sea;  
The warm Earth smiles unmoved, but over her  
Is the far-flying rustle and sweet stir  
In beds of fleur-de-lys.

And here and there across the smooth low grass  
Tall maidens wander, thinking of the sea;  
And bend and bend, with light robes blown aside,  
For the blue lily-flowers that bloom so wide, —  
The beds of fleur-de-lys.

*Charlotte Perkins Stetson.*

## THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

## V.

ELEVEN years passed.

The King of France was no longer sending adventurers to capture the outposts of England, but rather was beginning hopelessly to wind in again the coil of disaster which had spun out through the helpless fingers of Necker, Calonne, Brienne, and the rest, and in the end was to bind his own hands for the guillotine.

The island of Jersey, like a scout upon the borders of a foeman's country, looked out over St. Michael's Basin to those provinces where the war of the Vendée was soon to strike France from within, while England, and presently all Europe, should strike her from without.

War, or the apprehension of war, was in the air. The people of the little isle, always living within the influence of natural wonder and the power of the elements, were superstitious; and as news of dark deeds done in Paris crept across from Carteret or St. Malo, as men-of-war anchored in the tideway, and English troops, against the hour of trouble, came, transport after transport, into the harbor of St. Helier's, they began to see visions and dream dreams. One peasant heard the witches singing a chorus of carnage at Rocbert; another saw, toward the Minquiers, a great army, like a mirage, upon the sea; others declared that certain French refugees in the island had the evil eye and bewitched the cattle; and one peasant woman, wild with grief because her child had died of a sudden sickness, meeting a little Frenchman, the Chevalier Orvilliers du Champ-savoys de Beaumanoir, in the Rue des Très Pigeons, made a stroke at his face with a knitting-needle, and then, Protestant though she was, crossed herself several times, after the custom of her forefathers.

This superstition and fanaticism, so strong in the populace, now and then burst forth in untamable fury and riot; so that when, on the 16th of September, 1792, the gay morning was suddenly overcast and a black curtain was drawn over the bright sun, the people of Jersey, working in the fields, vraicking among the rocks, or knitting in their doorways, stood aghast, and knew not what was upon them.

Some began to say the Lord's Prayer. Some, in superstitious terror, ran to the secret hole in the wall, to the chimney, or to the bedstead, or dug up the earthen floor, to find the stocking full of notes and gold, which might perchance come with them safe through any cataclysm, or start them again in business in another world. Some began tremblingly to sing hymns, and a few to swear freely. The latter were mostly carters, whose salutations to one another were mainly oaths because of the extreme narrowness of the island roads, and sailors, to whom profanity was as daily bread.

In St. Helier's, after the first stupefaction, people poured into the streets. They gathered most where met the Rue d'Drière and the Rue d'Egypte. Here stood the old prison, and the spot was called the Place du Vier Prison.

Men and women, with their breakfasts still in their mouths, mumbled in terror to one another. A woman shrieked that the Day of Judgment was come, and instinctively straightened her cap, smoothed out her dress of molleton, and put on her sabots. A carpenter, hearing her terrified exclamations, put on his sabots also, stooped, whimpering, to the stream running from the Rue d'Egypte, and began to wash his face. Presently a dozen of his neighbors did the same. Some of the women, however, went on knitting hard as they gabbled prayers and