

ister I tried to read one of his novels, but found it too dull to get through with. I doubt if any novel of this day will live two generations."

At length he turned back toward Bourne-mouth; and as I stopped to watch his erect, venerable form passing down under the Gothic aisle made by the fir-trees over the wood-path, he seemed to be one of the fittest figures for an old English wood to weave its fragrant frame around. I went on, bearing with me an inef-faceable memory of a most beautiful home, enriched with fine spirits; bearing with me, also,

a question whether there be not an increasing discrepancy between the private homes and the public life of England; whether its beauty and true influence must not hereafter be looked for outside of its governmental walls, in its yet vigorous line of thinkers, poets, idealists, and in the homes and hearts which are silently absorbing and organizing those subtle influences. If ever England realizes Milton's dream for her, and "teaches the nations how to live," the lessons will come from these, and *not* by way of St. Stephen's or Downing Street.

## BRAINERD'S ROCK.

In Berkshire, where two mountains lift  
Their urns to cloud and sun,  
Two streams—from each a crystal gift—  
Are blended into one.

And there the hill-slopes yield them up  
Unto the lowlands' care,  
Kneeling to drink a parting cup,  
And breathe a parting prayer.

Close by a giant boulder rears  
Its gray and furrowed face,  
A wanderer of primeval years  
From some lost, rocky race.

Four lives ago around its throne,  
O'er many an odorous rood  
Foot-deep in amber spine and cone,  
A hemlock forest stood.

Around the rock, in jeweled ring,  
The Stockbridge Indians built  
Their fires, when impulses of spring  
Were felt by spawn and milt.

And David Brainerd thither came,  
Through pathways dim and wild,  
To preach the Everlasting Name  
Unto the forest child.

The pale Apostle of the race  
Whose wildness could not part  
God's image from one shadowy face,  
His love from one dark heart.

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And from the rock, when stars were pale,  
And fishing toils were done,  
He told the sweet, pathetic tale  
Of Christ the Only Son.

Strange scene! The fires, the faces round  
Upturned the words to hear,  
The savage shadows on the ground,  
Each leaning on a spear:—

The light in Brainerd's lifted eye,  
The rock half-hid in shade,  
Type of the Rock of Ages high  
On which his feet were stayed:—

The gloom within the hemlock boughs  
As of the endless night,  
A new light on the savage brows  
As of eternal light.

Strange midnight scene! Perhaps it lies  
Within the Book above,  
And angels turn to it their eyes  
That only turn to love.

For by the brooks no hemlocks now  
Drop amber spines and cones;  
Dust lies on the Apostle's brow,  
And o'er the Indians' bones.

Only the great rock's mighty will  
Has conquered death and dust,  
As if to keep the memory still  
Of Brainerd's toil and trust.

## THE LANDS OF THE EARTHQUAKE.



DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

CROUCHED amidst flowers and tropic foliage, in the gardens of the world, where the orange and the citron-tree bloom perpetually, and the olive covers the fertile earth with its fruit—where nature seems to smile forever, and man, one would think, might rest in his Eden without sorrow and without toil—the earthquake loves to linger. He comes the most terrible of destroyers. Neither the fierce hurricane that sweeps land and sea, the pestilence that walks by night, nor famine with all its dread attendants, works such wide ruin to earth and man. No danger so affrights the mind as that of the impending earthquake; no thought is so terrific as that of the firm land shaking and crumbling beneath us!<sup>1</sup> The calmest and strongest intellect of his age, Humboldt, confessed the terror it inspired. To man, he said, the earthquake conveyed the idea of universal and unlimited danger, and no familiarity removed the awful feeling.<sup>2</sup> “What is safe,” exclaimed the philosophic Seneca, expressing a similar sensation, “if the solid earth itself can not be relied upon?” And travelers who have gone to the fair lands of the earthquake, eager with curiosity to witness the new phenomenon, and full of confidence in their own perfect fearlessness, have no sooner felt the awful trembling and heard the hollow moans than they have lost all confidence forever. “At the first tremor,” said one of these boasters, “even

though in a deep sleep, I would rise, hasten toward the door, and find myself, before I was awake, nearly out of my house; and whenever the earth trembles, however slightly, in those gay and brilliant climes, the sound of merriment is hushed, the dance ceases, the guests fly from the festal chamber, the noble and the rich abandon their palaces, the poor rush from their hovels, and all men, sinking upon their knees, cry out to Heaven for mercy.”<sup>2</sup>

Various traits in the usual action of the earthquake tend to give it this alarming character. One is the rapidity with which it desolates and destroys. The hurricane is slow, the conflagration dull, compared to the wonderful speed of its universal ruin. The shock of an earthquake seldom lasts more than a few seconds; sometimes a minute. Its effect is almost instantaneous. In a moment magnificent cities become heaps of ruins; territories as large as New York or Pennsylvania are tossed from their foundations, covered with the dead and the dying; hills are made valleys, and valleys hills; rivers are swallowed up, and yawning rifts open in the solid earth; flames burst forth in cultivated fields, and in the once crowded streets of ruined cities; and a fearful horror settles upon all living things, as if the end of life was near. In a few minutes the great city of Lima, filled with the wealth and magnificence of its Spanish conquerors, with cathedrals scarcely equaled in grandeur and opulence by

<sup>1</sup> Vivenzio, *Istoria e teoria de' Tremuoti*, etc., p. 5 *et seq.*, gives a brief history of earthquakes.

<sup>2</sup> Humboldt, *Kosmos*, i. p. 212.

<sup>1</sup> Sutcliffe, *Chili and Peru*, p. 375. <sup>2</sup> *Id.*, p. 375.