

tellers in this domain, was imaginary and inferential. If religious faith and the expression thereof are provided for in the constitution of man, as they certainly are, it is no insane hope, or even expectation, that by and by some Mortillet or Lubbock, or men kindred to them, will uncover to the light of day visible evidences of the religion of prehistoric man. Then indeed the pictorial parliament of religions will have a new chapter added to it, and the editions of to-day will have to be revised and enlarged. The intelligent and religious world has a warm welcome waiting for such a dispensation, the advent of which may at least be hoped for.

The question into what departments of revelation a pictorial parliament of religions should divide itself is one which, in my own experience, waited for an answer upon the gathering of a large and promiscuous mass of illustrative material. After the slow labor of accumulating a gallery of reproductions numbering several hundreds, giving a general survey of the religious thought of the great historic ages and peoples of the world, the somewhat chaotic contents of my pictorial acquisition were carefully sorted over, the result being an evolution of the resources of art, in all the æons of its historic life, as a revealer of the various developments of faith in the great religions which have dominated mankind.

It would be natural to expect that such a classification would, first of all, bring to light a group of sculptures and paintings large enough to show the diverse notions of the pagan and Christian ages concerning God. And such proved to be the fact, and the theophanies and trinities of pagan and Christian art were found to have abundant material for pictorial illustration. The demoniacal forms and symbols would naturally come next; and here the material was found to be likewise abundant, the devils of the ages making a gallery of horrors of really large dimensions. As a cicerone in the literature and art of demonology, the scholarly work of Professor Reskoff, of Vienna, far surpasses any single treatise with which I am acquainted. It is entitled "*Geschichte des Teufels*," and compresses into two octavo volumes a prodigious amount of theological learning.

As the doom of mortality has been the puzzle of philosophy in all ages, so it has been, as we know well enough, the too hard problem of faith. Certainly the religious symbolism of pagan and Christian art should take this theme in hand; and we find that it has done so, and in the doing has evolved some suggestive and startling contrasts, which give paganism, in its carved and painted philosophy of death, at least a very respectable showing beside Christianity, whose symbolism in this relation exceeds that of all other religions in repellent forms. In gathering the materials for the illustration and interpretation of this theme, two scholarly works, both by German authors, seem indispensable. One of these is Lessing's "*Wie die Alten den Tod gebildet*," and the other is Professor Furbwängler's "*Die Idee des Todes den Mythen und Kunstdenkmälern der Griechen*." The outcome of one's studies in this special department of symbolism is not complimentary to the ghastly forms of Christian art and the Biblical tradition of death as a punitive dispensation, in which these forms had their origin and inspiration.

All the religions of the ages have taken a life beyond death within the horizon of faith; and we should hence expect that eschatology would find some representation in the art of pagan and Christian peoples. Here, indeed, is a populous department of our pictorial parliament of religions; and if it were possible to carve and paint the doctrine of immortality into the creeds of mankind, one would think that all the syllogisms of modern materialistic philosophy would be powerless either to destroy or to disturb it. The art of the ages is found, upon honest inquest, to abound in proof-texts concerning the future life and its solemn transactions.

In reviewing our little gallery of carved and painted faith up to this point we find unexpected and ever-recurring proofs and illustrations of the large debt of Christianity to paganism for its forms and symbols. But, after all this incidental revelation concerning the brotherhood of religions, there

proves to be in our collection of reproductions abundant material for a special showing of the large factor of pagan symbolism in the art of the Christian ages.

For other themes incidentally suggested, and for which abundant illustrative material proves to be at hand, I may mention "*The Kinship of Myths*" and "*Curiosities of Christian Art*," both of them deserving a place of honor in a pictorial parliament of religions, and susceptible of rich illumination from the stores of our little gallery. Other themes, illustrative of new aspects in comparative religion, will no doubt emerge from their hiding-places and bring new surprises as we go forward in the accumulation of our pictorial wealth. But even those now named, if worthily treated with the interpretation of object-lessons, would give us a pictorial parliament of religions unique in its character and rich in its manifold revelations.

Munich, Bavaria.



The Captain's Story

By L. R. Zerbe

The night was without fog, but pitch-black. The upper sky was full of clouds, and through the clear darkness the lights of passing vessels were visible for miles. There was no wind; the waters of the wide lake were silent, curving away from the bow of the vessel in long, smooth waves, the film of crisp foam on their crests shining now and then as they caught the ship's lights.

It was the Captain's watch. Bundled against the chill of the night, a few passengers sat about him, murmuring detached sentences among themselves, for the Captain on this deck was autocrat, and the word just now was silence.

But soon in the east a light breeze sprang up; the clouds rolled cumbrously, and between them the harvest moon shone suddenly, blood-red, painting a lurid streak straight through the black water to the ship.

With the light, silence fled; the shapeless forms became animated, the waves against the bow took on a cheerful note, and the Captain amicably accepted a cigar. But behind him, from the window of the pilot-house, the unchanged face of the man at the wheel stared out to sea.

"There surely is no danger to a boat on such a night as this?" ventured the Captain's favorite, who was curious as to the cause of the tension from which we had all so suddenly been relieved; and as we were talking of nerve in emergencies, the question seemed not too bold.

"Starboard, Charlie, starboard!" suddenly boomed the Captain's deep voice to the man at the wheel, with an intonation at once familiar and sternly professional.

"I never had but one piece of bad luck, and that was eight years ago"—he had resumed his conversational attitude—"and it might just as well happen this minute.

"I was sailin' the Davidson then, carrying coal up and iron down the lake. She was a pretty big barge, an' I had my savings in her.

"Me an' my wife was sitting on the bow one night; my girls had gone to bed—they'd been skylarkin' all evening. It was fearful black, but there was no fog, an' you could see a light miles off—

"Starboard! what you got a head for? Starboard, I said!"

"Starboard," repeated the dull voice of the man at the wheel, and the huge bulk of a vessel cleft the path of silver and drifted past us into the gloom.—

"I hadn't no more thought of an accident than you have this minute," went on the Captain, with a nervous catch in his voice. "Away off to starboard was the lights of a vessel. I could see him as well as I see you. Pretty soon he whistled twice. That meant he was goin' to keep to his side. Then I whistled twice, meanin' keep to your side. Me an' my wife was watchin' him. All at once my wife said, 'Tom, she's comin' for us.'—

"Port a little, Charlie."

"Port, sir," said the man at the wheel.—

"Be George, I see her lights turn, an' in a minute she was on us, straight amidships, two-thirds through us.

"I yelled for 'em not to back out of the hole. We'd have sunk before you could wink if she had.—

"Steady."

"Steady, sir!" said the man at the wheel.—

"I run into my cabin for a life-preserver, and clapped it on my wife. She was cryin' an' moanin' about the girls. 'Fanny,' I says, 'be a woman! The girls is dead, an' we'll be too in a minute.' She never made a whimper after that, an' I took hold of her an' climbed up to the roof of my pilot-house—their bow was right against my mast. I sings out for a line. There was no time to lose, an' they throwed it quick. I fastened it about me an' her, an' they hauled us up on their deck.

"All this time the steam was roarin' up from the boilers, an' I heard a man down below cryin' an' screamin'; but it's natural, sir, for a man to try to save his own children first, an', although I was sure the girls was killed, I had to know for certain.

"I run across the bow as soon as I could get free from Fanny, jumped down on my deck, an' run for the girls' stateroom.

"It was empty. The girls was gone!—

"Starboard a little, Charlie!"

"Starboard, sir," said the man at the wheel.—

"I run into every one of them staterooms, cryin', 'Where's the girls?' Pretty soon, way up on the Delia's deck, I heard my steward hollerin', 'Here they are, all safe, sir!'

"He was a good one, that fellow," the Captain went on, after a pause. "As soon as we was struck he run for the girls an' got 'em out, an' the three just crawled flat on the deck through the steam."

"And was no one lost?" asked the favorite passenger.—

"Steady, Charlie!"

"Steady, sir," said the man at the wheel.—

"Three, ma'am, three," the Captain hummed in his deep voice. "That same steward—it makes me laugh now to think how that man hollered—you see, when I knew the girls was safe, thinks I, I've got time to get my books. So I run to my cabin an' got 'em out just in time. But the steward, him an' a passenger an' the mate, they started to save that poor feller that was hollerin' in the boiler-room. The passenger an' the mate, they went down, an' they'd got the man on the passenger's shoulders, an' the steward was lyin' flat on deck ready to take hold of him when they got that far. But all of a sudden the passenger hollered, 'Look out for yourselves!' an' throwed the man off his shoulders, an' our ship went down like a log. It warn't more than five minutes, all told, after we'd been struck."

"But that was four drowned," said the passenger.

"I was climbing up the Delia like mad when I heard that steward a-yellin', 'Cap'n!' an' instead of bein' safe on the Delia, there he was floatin' in the water on a board.

"You see, the suction of the ship goin' down had lifted the hurricane-deck clean off an' let him out, an' there he was.

"The Delia was chuck full of passengers, an' they fixed up my girls all right. But, you see, that cap'n, he jus' got rattled. He had to change his course completely to run into me, an' he had—

"Now steady, Charlie, steady!" said the Captain, as two shrill sounds came out of the darkness.—

"Well, you had nerve to go back after your books," said the readiest one of the passengers.

"Well, maybe," the Captain answered, modestly; "but I tell you," he announced, standing straight and tall before us, and bringing the edge of one huge hand down across the palm of the other, "I'm more excited this minute tellin' about it than I was doin' it that night.—

"Now, starboard, Charlie, starboard," and the Captain leaped up on the pilot-house deck and blew an answering signal to the big barge which presently came floating toward us in the wide expanse, with a half-dozen schooners, loaded to the water's edge, in her wake.

The favorite passenger sat silent, her eye on the set

young face of the man at the wheel, turning, as his duty was, his wheel to the left when his orders were to go right, and to the right when he was to go to the left. "I think," said she, contemplatively, "if there were a little more common sense in the making of steering-gear, such accidents as yours wouldn't happen."

The Captain looked down at her quizzically, and considered her words.

"Darned if it doesn't take a woman to see through things," he said presently.



The St. John's Guild

This midsummer season is a time of recreation to many fortunate persons, but to the thousands who crowd our city tenements it is a period of dread, discomfort, and anxiety, if not of positive peril. More than sixty-five per cent. of the population of New York City live in tenements, where for those in good health there is never enough air, while for those who are ill death seems to be coming through slow suffocation. There are in the tenements nearly two hundred thousand children under five years of age. New York's average death-rate is 22.75 for every thousand, but that among these little ones is 76.64. One infant out of every five dies before reaching its first birthday, and more than one child in three before attaining the age of five years.

How often, indeed, in walking through the poorer quarters, one will pass an undertaker's shop, in the window of which is generally displayed, not a long black coffin, but a tiny white child's casket! A stroll through Mulberry Bend or Hester Street would do more than any words to convince an unbeliever of the dangers of overcrowding to life, health, and morals; while if the five or six flights of stairs of but one tenement-house be ascended, if but one of the stuffy, stifling rooms be entered, the necessity for such an agency as the St. John's Guild will be quickly acknowledged. This is a wholly non-sectarian organization for the relief of sick children of the helpless poor, without regard to their race, color, or creed. It maintains the Floating Hospital in New York Harbor, the Seaside Hospital at New Dorp, Staten Island, the Children's City Hospital at 155 West Sixty-first Street, and special relief and nursing for children in their homes.

Such a noble charity as this ought to be imitated in every city enjoying ocean, lake, or river advantages. The Guild's Floating Hospital takes fifteen hundred mothers and children every day down New York Harbor. The boat leaves at 8 A.M. from its landing farthest up-town, and stops at two other piers for the convenience of those in the lower parts of the city. Poor mothers applying for themselves and their children are given tickets, which must be signed by a doctor. Each adult is given one warm meal on board, and milk is furnished twice a day for the children—all free. No persons with contagious diseases are allowed on board, nor is any well child admitted over six years of age. Landing at Staten Island is made at New Dorp, where shelter and medical attendance are had for children too ill to return to the city. On the way down, the salt-water bath-room is thrown open. Four nurses are in attendance, speaking four languages. Perhaps all this benefaction is not appreciated! Said one poor woman: "I worked until two o'clock this morning to do my washing so that I could come here with baby—she is nine months old and the youngest of seven; she has cried almost night and day lately. I do most of my work while holding her." This is an average case.

The last annual report of the Guild has all the merits of an illustrated paper. Excellent cuts are presented of the Floating Hospital itself, of the examination of patients before admission, of patients leaving the hospital at the dock, of merry scenes on the upper deck, of the sick ward, of the patients at dinner (350 at a sitting), of the salt-water bath-room, of the Seaside Hospital and the Children's Hospital. The pictures tell their own story. The