

seven there is a shuffling and stamping of feet—the German greeting to the Professor. The youthful appearance of the Professor is emphasized by his extreme agility. He has taken his seat and has begun to talk—in fact, he began to talk before he took his seat, as soon as he entered the room, so as to lose no time—but after a moment or two of sitting down he jumps up, and, with his hands in his pockets or behind his back, walks up and down, talking earnestly the while, and evidently weighing every word, although for a German his utterance is wonderfully rapid. He warms to his subject and seemingly quite forgets himself, rubbing his hand through his hair, shaking his head vigorously, and now he climbs to his favorite position, which he keeps for the rest of the lecture. We behold him sitting on the top of his desk, dangling his legs, and, with hands clasped over one knee, swaying a bit back and forth as if to give a sort of rhythm to his utterances. The utterances become more and more vivid, epigrammatic, impressive, and we find ourselves listening to Adolf Harnack as we have never listened to any other German. The lecture is finished by eight o'clock, and then, at a quarter past eight, another lecture begins, characterized by the same proceeding as above. If there were a hundred students at the first lecture, there must be three or four hundred at this. At nine o'clock the professor finishes and goes home, his day's work done. His work is done, however, only so far as actual lecturing at the University is concerned; it is only begun so far as his real labors go.

Dr. Harnack is above everything a student. His is the true German professorial idea, as opposed to that so often evident in England and in this country, where a man is

simply a teacher. In Germany he is also an investigator; indeed, of the two, the Germans deem the investigating more important than the teaching. Professor Harnack is an investigator in Church History and in the History of Dogma. The results of this investigation are seen in his lectures, which are not mere summaries of other men's views, but his own personal, distinct, original impressions of what he him-



PROFESSOR ADOLF HARNACK

self has deduced from his severe and far-reaching studies among first-hand documents, and, in a less degree, more modern books of theological science. He who would see these two sides of the German professorial character at their best should attend, not only a public lecture at the University, but also a private *seminar*. It is here, in the intimacy of a smaller number than those who have heard the public lectures, that one sees how a man like Adolf Harnack can be both an original thinker and investigator, and at the same time a splendid summarizer and teacher. There is apparently a double-quick action of thought in the *seminar* experiences, which is as opposed to the ordinary cut-and-dried method of teaching as can well be imagined.

As to Dr. Harnack's special work, it may be said that, more than any other living man, he has popularized Church History. His lectures are given in the early morning, at an hour inconvenient to many; yet his hearers are not only students of theology, but also students of law, medicine, philosophy, fine arts, and many other branches of learning; one may see not only Berliners themselves, but also those who live many miles out in the country. That Adolf Harnack, wishing to give his day's first attention to the duty of teaching, and insisting on beginning that day at a very early hour, should be able to command and keep such audiences as hear him, is indeed a tribute to the man's energizing vitality, originality, and power.

From Atlanta to the Sea

III.—Charleston

By Willis John Abbot



ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH

Time has stood still in Charleston since the days when Sumter fell and the blockading ships of the United States navy tossing on the billows outside the harbor's mouth closed the port more effectually than could any line of submarine torpedoes. In some respects the city to-day is the most antiquated of American towns. Certainly it is the most characteristic. If a man having acquired wealth in Charleston determines to build himself a new house, he builds it in all architectural essentials exactly like the house which the oldest banker then in the city built some one hundred and fifty years ago. In New Orleans—to take a Southern city by way of comparison—the *nouveau riche* would try to build his house as like one in New York or Chicago as might be consistent with necessary concessions to the extremity of the Louisiana climate. But in Charleston the fortunate possessor of new-found wealth makes his house as like those stately structures, each of three stories and two feathery balconies, stand-

ing a century and more in Meeting or Legare Street, as may be compatible with luxurious modern notions concerning steam-heat and running water. This loyalty of the Charlestonian of to-day to the Charleston of yesterday gives to the city a certain homogeneousness, a kind of self-content, not to be found in any other historic American city. Boston has its "Back Bay" and its suburbs, New York and Philadelphia have concealed from the eye of the visitor their historic quality under an overwhelming veil of modernity, New Orleans even has let its modern and garish American quarter outgrow and overshadow "Frenchtown." Charleston alone models that which is new in it upon that which is oldest. Nor are the Charlestonians therefore to be accused of lack of progressiveness. So far as domestic architecture is concerned—and there is little architecture in Charleston except domestic and ecclesiastic—the type of domicile in favor a hundred years ago, three-storied and peaked-roofed, the gable end to the street, the rooms of ceremony on the second floor, with a balcony overhanging a garden walled in from the rough publicity of the street—such a type is the fittest for Charleston to-day, and is not without its merit for more northerly cities. It may be doubted, indeed, whether in any town of thrice its size the visitor driving through the residence quarters will be so much impressed with the dignity and the attractiveness of the homes lining the thoroughfares as in Charleston.

Some sixty-five thousand people inhabit the Charleston of to-day—a very slender gain over its ante-war-time population. But to the stranger within its gates the city seems larger. Its topography is not unlike that of New York, filling as it does a long narrow peninsula formed by the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers. The check thus put on the lateral growth of the city has resulted in

making it unusually compact for a Southern city. There are few, if any, spacious gardens about the residences, as in Atlanta, though every house has its narrow garden-plot; the streets are narrow; parks worthy of the name are few. From the point where stands the castellated structure of the Citadel, now occupied as a State military school with discipline rivaling that of West Point, to the water-front at East Battery, a mile and a half away, the houses stand in un-

broken rows, each with its little garden and broad balconies on the side that catches the cooling breezes from the ocean. The Charlestonians have been more far-sighted than most American city-builders. They have not turned over the water-front of their city to railways and wharves, but at the lower end of their peninsula have laid out a broad drive, a narrow park, and a sea-wall and esplanade bordering upon the Bay. Here, on the East and South Battery, the most stately mansions of the city are reared, and from their windows one looks out across the placid waters

of the Bay to where Fort Sumter, squat and ruinous, rears its head a little above the tide, or to where the clump of white buildings with a distinctively summer-resort air mark the site of Fort Moultrie. The spreading trees which line the East Battery have in their time seen much history made for these United States. British tea was steeped in the waters of Charleston Harbor within a few months after a similar infusion was brewed for an international tea-party in

Boston. In Charleston Harbor, too, Sergeant Jasper rescued the colors of Fort Sullivan, carried away by a British shot, and won the undying admiration of American youth, to say nothing of a statue in Battery Park and another in Savannah. When war has come, Charleston has been in the thick of it. Few Southern cities suffered more during the War for the Union. Siege, bombardment, and fire all united to make the stately city feel the weight of calamity which war can bring. In view of the many disasters which it has had to recoup, remembering the expenditure of energy necessary to repair losses from battle, from fire, from flood, and from earthquake shock, the visitor to the city to-day will not deny to the Charlestonians possession of the highest qualities of pluck and perseverance. One has to search minutely to discover now any sign of that great earthquake of 1886, the most destructive ever known in America; yet by that convulsion of nature fully 2,000 buildings were seriously damaged, losses aggregating between five and six millions of dollars sustained, and over one hundred lives sacrificed. The pluck that could so quickly efface the traces of such a disaster is not a quality possessed by people destitute of enterprise.

Yet the Charlestonian shows on every side that the sort of enterprise which manifests itself in "sky-scrapers," the trolley, and a feverish desire for change has little part in his constitution. Talking one night to a gentleman of wide influence in the city, I commented on the fact that Charleston, alone among the considerable towns of the United States, clings to the antiquated horse-car, bob-tailed and conductorless at that. Eager to confer a benefit on a city

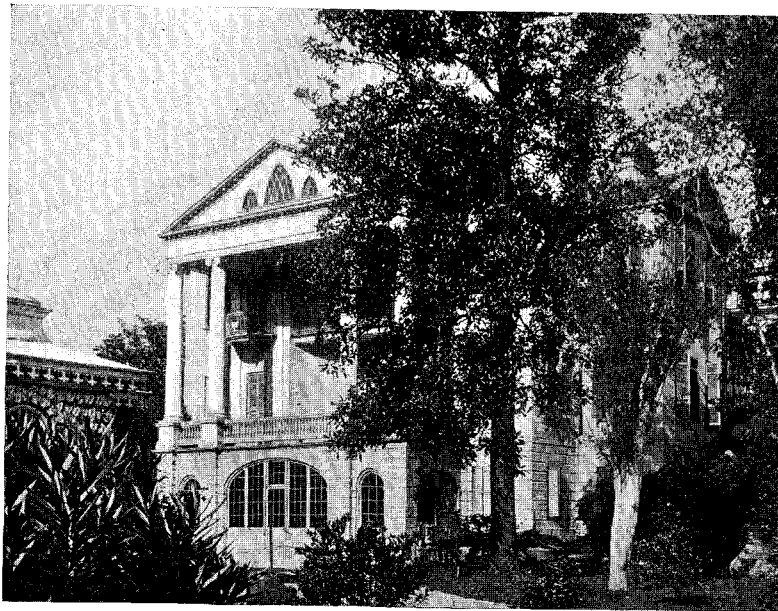
which had singularly attracted me, I assured him that it would be the easiest of tasks to enlist the interest of eminent Northern capitalists who would not neglect the opportunity to provide a city of 65,000 people with electric lines, besides possibly instructing the benighted citizens in the mysterious art of managing the Common Council and watering the stock of the company. The suggestion met with scant favor.

"You see, we regard these things from our own standpoint," my host responded, in all seriousness. "We get a good deal of useful service from our cars which you Northerners miss with your cables and trolleys. For example, suppose, just before I start home in the evening, my wife telephones me to stop and fetch a parcel from a store on the way. When the car gets to the store, I speak to the driver, he pulls up, and the car waits until I can get my bundle and get aboard. That is a vast convenience to me, and only delays the other passengers a minute or two. Of course, with your slapdash trolleys and things, you can't enjoy such accommodation."

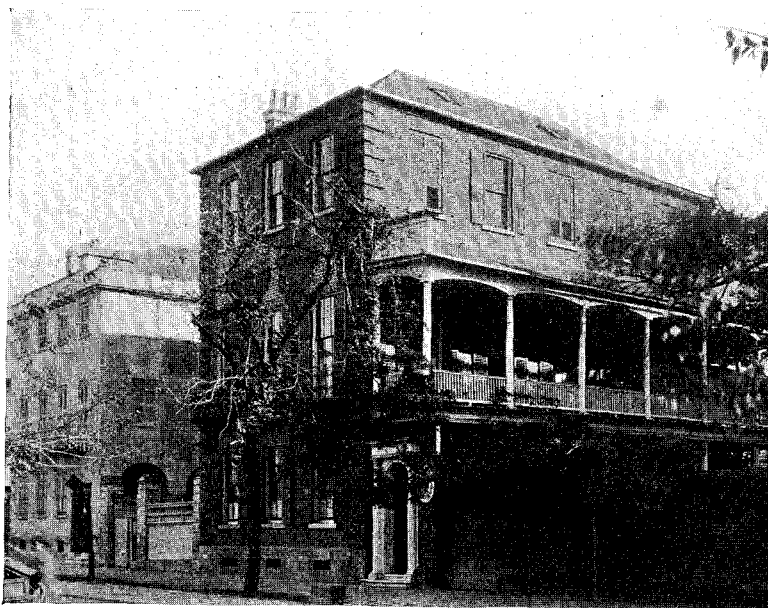
I looked rather expectantly for a twinkle in his eye, but there was no sign that he discerned anything humorous in his picture of the advantage of the bobtailed horse-car. Indeed, later in the evening I enjoyed demonstration of the merits of the system, for, boarding a car which was standing in the middle of a block, I sat two or three minutes waiting for the vehicle to proceed. At last two young men came leisurely from a neighboring drug-store, climbed aboard, and, with a

warning clang of the bell, the equipage started, at about the speed of Mark Twain's celebrated glacier. "Hope we didn't delay you, sir," remarked one of the newcomers courteously to me. "There wasn't anybody aboard, and we asked the driver to wait while we bought some cigars."

The number, the beauty, and the antiquity of Charleston's churches are features of the city which immediately engage the attention of the visitor. St. Michael's is the one most widely known, partly because of its place in picturesque history, partly because the youth of the land have long been regaled, in school readers of every grade, with the ballad of how a slave saved St. Michael's by climbing

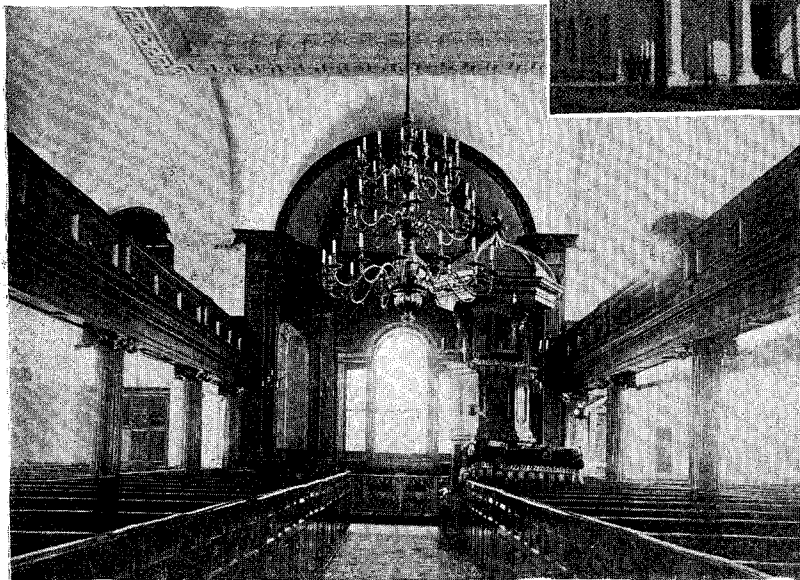


THE GERMAN CONSULATE



THE BRITISH CONSULATE

its tapering spire to pluck thence a burning brand. The story is true, though the poet erred in his stage setting, for the sanctuary saved by the slave was not St. Michael's, but the other English church, St. Philip's. Yet the former has no need to purloin the laurels of its neighbor. About its quiet churchyard and its dignified interior cling memories eloquent enough and sufficiently romantic to inspire the whole choir of poets. The ancient sexton shows the visitor the old-fashioned square pew which from the earliest days of the church has been the property of one family, and, with reverent air, informs you that there General Washington often sat, and in later years General Lee. He shows, too, dents in the marble pavement made by a British cannon-ball, and then draws from a neighboring hiding-place a ponderous piece of rusty iron, the fragment of a shell which fell in the church during the more destructive bombardment of Civil War times. Yet, if war has been harsh to St. Michael's, nature has dealt even more unkindly with the dignified old edifice. Hope for its preservation was abandoned after the earthquake of 1886. In the side-walls were great fissures, one of them big enough for a man to crawl



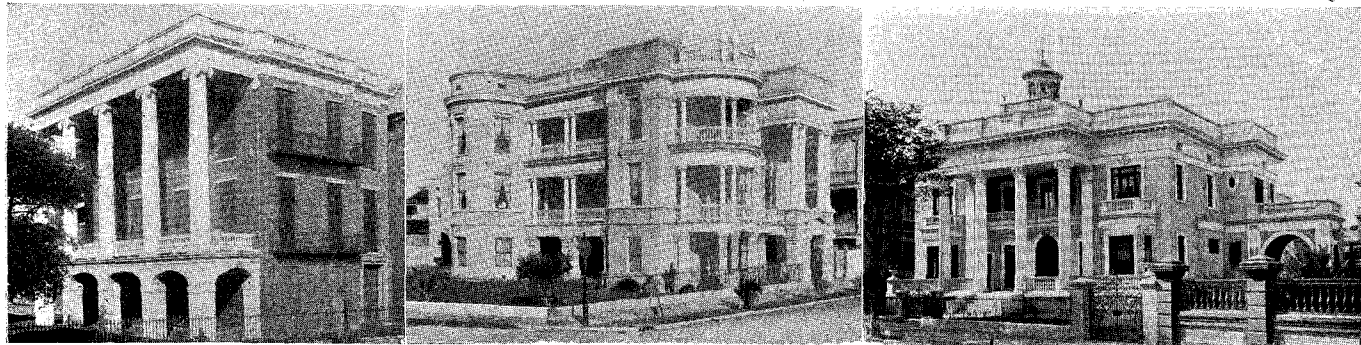
ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH

South Carolina capital the bells of old St. Michael's suffered sorely. Their misshapen fragments, rescued from the ruins, were sent again to England to be recast in molds made from the original patterns. This done, and the wanderers returned and lying at the wharf, the Charlestonians discovered that only the payment of \$2,200 to a National Government charitably disposed to protect its own bell-makers would give them right of entrance. In that day \$2,200 was no meager sum for the people of battle-scarred Charleston to raise for a public purpose, but in the end it was subscribed, and the bells hang again in old St. Michael's, after triumphing over foreign and domestic foes, the forces of nature, and even the custom-house.

The temptation is strong upon any one who visits Charleston, particularly upon one who comes from the more modern, pushing, "hustling" cities of the North, to lay stress upon the town's historic quality, its picturesqueness, its placidity. Such a one finds St. Michael's the most interesting feature of the city, and prowls about its churchyard scanning the quaint gravestones with their quainter epitaphs, and finding his chief entertainment in the curious spectacle of

through. The marble flooring was racked and broken by the earth-wave, which was estimated to have been at least two feet high. Though the towering steeple was not injured in its structural parts, it sunk eight inches in the heaving ground. To-day no sign of the damage remains, nor any memorial in the church of the dire calamity, beyond a tablet in the vestibule commemorative of the fact that, by the votive offerings of Episcopalians in all parts of the Union, historic St. Michael's was made sound and habitable again. Many are the curious incidents in the history of this place of worship. The year after its completion, in 1762, public-spirited citizens, in and out of the congregation, raised by subscription a fund to purchase a peal of bells for the spacious belfry. The bells came in due time, ordered, of course, from English makers, and were hung in the steeple; but when the British evacuated the city in 1782 they declared the bells lawful spoil and took them back to England—a curious bit of piracy, reminiscent of the Napoleonic device for decorating the French capital. In London they were found by a speculative Charlestonian, who bought and shipped them back to the Carolina city. Their arrival was hailed by the people with public rejoicing, and they were speedily restored to their original post, though two, having suffered in the long voyage, had to be returned to England for recasting. Reunited at last, the eight called the righteous to church and saluted the setting sun with strains of sacred music as long as peace abode with the Charlestonians. But in 1862, alarmed lest the enemy of that day, if successful in taking the city, should, like the British, seize the bells, the citizens shipped them away to Columbia, the State capital. No more unfortunate action could have been taken, for in the disastrous conflagration which attended General Sherman's occupation of the

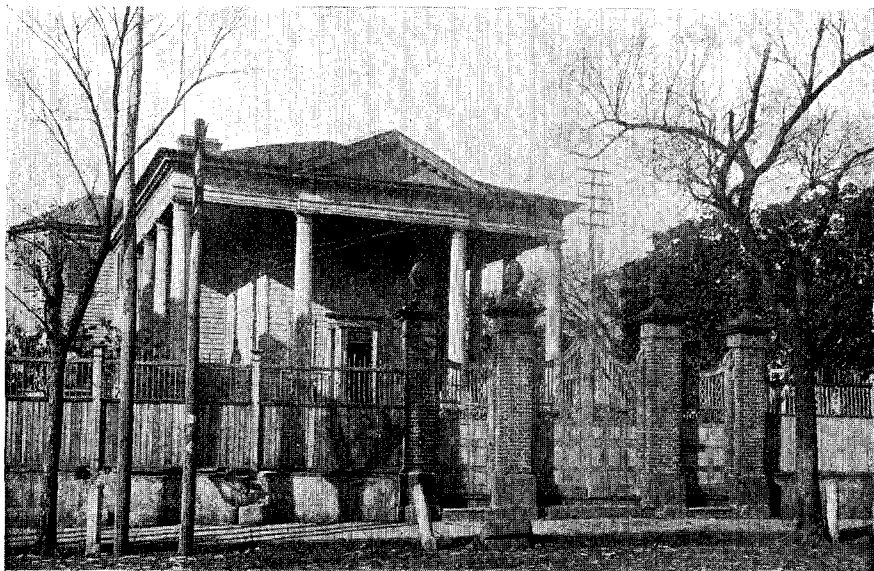
capital. In London they were found by a speculative Charlestonian, who bought and shipped them back to the Carolina city. Their arrival was hailed by the people with public rejoicing, and they were speedily restored to their original post, though two, having suffered in the long voyage, had to be returned to England for recasting. Reunited at last, the eight called the righteous to church and saluted the setting sun with strains of sacred music as long as peace abode with the Charlestonians. But in 1862, alarmed lest the enemy of that day, if successful in taking the city, should, like the British, seize the bells, the citizens shipped them away to Columbia, the State capital. No more unfortunate action could have been taken, for in the disastrous conflagration which attended General Sherman's occupation of the



THREE CHARLESTON HOUSES OF TO-DAY

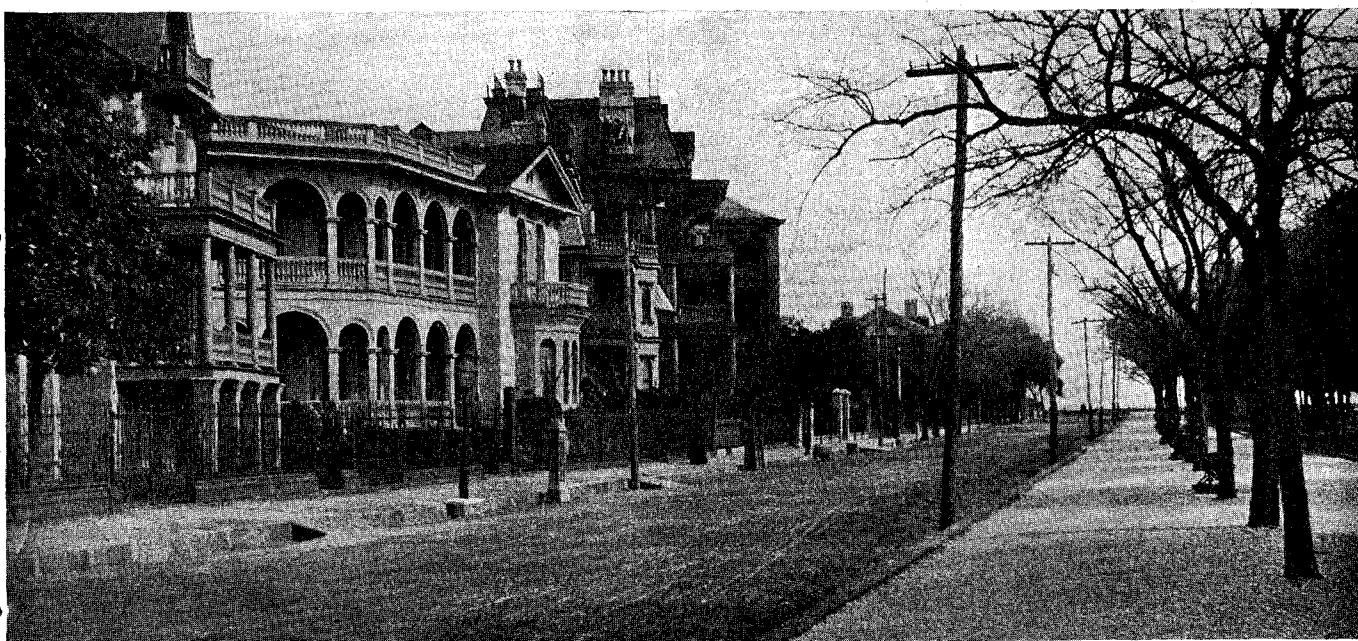
the headboard of an old mahogany bed set up as a headstone for a citizen who departed this life in 1770. The guide invites you to marvel that the board lasted so long exposed to the weather, and, indeed, it does speak well for the equability of the Charleston climate; but most visitors will wonder most at the mind which conceived the notion of thus utilizing a homely bit of household furniture as an enduring monument. Again, the visitor who wants to see the picturesque side only of Charleston will find gratification in the sight of an ancient brick building, of one story, with a peaked roof covered with red tiles, standing back from the street and surrounded by newer edifices, and known as the Powder Magazine. Even in Charleston, where the memory of man runneth back further than in most towns, its date is unknown. But in the local archives is treasured a map, dated 1739, which marks its location and describes it even at that early day as the "old powder magazine." Here is a genuine American antiquity, one worthy the attention of the National society lately organized to protect such from the vandal hand of the progressive person who admires a "sky-scraper" more than a real colonial mansion.

The searcher after the picturesque and the historic in Charleston will not miss the Huguenot Church, which has a triple claim to attention in the fact that it is beautiful, antique—being founded in 1681, though the present edi-



A RELIC OF THE OLDEN TIME

nature brings for man's failure or man's injustice. Ruined by the war, with all the ante-bellum industries wrecked, Charleston found in the unsuspected deposits of bones of antediluvian animals a new source of wealth. The phosphate mines of South Carolina are now her chiefest source of wealth. With them, with rice-fields, and with cotton-fields in her back yard, Charleston will ever stand in the forefront of the exporting cities of the United States. Perhaps a little Western insistence or Northern push might not be amiss in this most picturesque of American cities. But



THE SOUTH BATTERY

fice is of comparatively recent origin—and unique in being the only Huguenot church in America. Its liturgy as followed to-day is that published in Neufchatel in 1737. Nor will the sightseeing visitor miss St. Philip's, a stately church whose spire, all but destroyed by the earthquake, now rises impressively over the picturesque city. Indeed, the churches of Charleston and the schools, notably the State Military Academy and the Porter Military Academy, are dominant features of the city.

Yet in dwelling on the æsthetic qualities of Charleston we must not forget its commercial advantages. Its harbor is spacious and safe, and, since the United States Government completed the jetties at the harbor's mouth, there is thirty-three feet of water over the bar. In the country behind the town, whence must be drawn the support of the latter, are cotton, garden-truck, rice, lumber, and, above all, phosphates. The trade in the latter staple is the nucleus of Charleston's commercial greatness, and its development affords curious illustration of the compensation which

in all essentials Charleston is a city in which the beauties of yesterday mingle with the possibilities of to-day.

A Prayer

By Mary F. Butts

Thou who see'st the tender shoot
From the plant that seemeth dead,
Thou who nourishest the root
Pining and uncomfortable,
Brightening every dreary place
With the shining of Thy face,

O forbid that we should doubt
Spirits that seem dead in sin,
Shutting the sweet sunshine out
From the hearts that love might win.
False to love, we cannot be
Followers, dear Lord, of Thee.

KATE CARNEGIE¹

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.—A WOMAN OF THE NEW DISPENSATION

Carmichael's aunt, who equipped his house, was determined on one point, and would not hear of a clerical housekeeper for her laddie. Margaret Meiklewham—a woman of a severe countenance, and filled with the spirit of the Disruption—who had governed the minister of Pitscowrie till his decease, and had been the terror of callow young probationers, offered herself, and gave instances of her capability.

"Gin ye leave yir nephew in my hands, ye needna hae ony mair concern. A'll manage him fine, an' haud him on the richt road. Ye may lippen tae't, a' wesna five and thirty year wi' Maister MacWheep for naethin'.

"He wes a wee fractious and self-willed at the off-go, an' wud be wantin' this an' that for his denner, but he sune learned tae tak' what wes pit afore him; an' as for gaein' oot without tellin' me, he wud as sune hae thocht o' fleein'; when he cam' in he keepit naethin' back at his tea.

"Preachin' wes kittle wark in Pitscoorie, for the fouk were awfu' creetics, though they didna maybe think sae muckle o' themselves as Drumtochty. A' aye githered their jidgment through the week, an' gin he had made a slip meddling wi' warks or sic-like in his sermon, it wes pit richt next Sabbath, and sovereignty whuppit in at the feenish.

"Ye ken the Auld Kirk hes tae be watchit like a cat wi' a moose, an', though a' say it as sudna, Maister MacWheep wud hae made a pur job o' the business himsel'. The pairish meenister wes terrible plausible, an' askit oor man tae denner afore he wes settled in his poopit, an' he wes that simple, he wud hae gaen," and Margaret indicated by an uplifting of her eyebrows the pitiable innocence of MacWheep.

"Ye guidit him, nae doot?" inquired Carmichael's aunt, with interest.

"Maister MacWheep,' says I," and Miss Meiklewham's lips were very firm, "'a'll no deny that the Auld Kirk is Christian, an' a've never said that a Moderate cudna be savit, but the less trokin' (trafficking) ye hae wi' them the better. There's maybe naethin' wrang wi' a denner, but the next thing 'ill be an exchange o' poopits, and the day ye dae that ye may close the Free Kirk.'

"And the weemen"—here the housekeeper paused as one still lost in amazement at the audacity with which they had waylaid the helpless MacWheep—"there wes ae madam in Muirtown that hed the face tae invite hersel' oot tae tea wi' three dochters, an' the way they wud flatter him on his sermons wes shamefu'.

"If they didna begin askin' him tae stay wi' them on Presbytery days, and Mrs. MacOmish hed the face tae peety him wi' naebody but a hoosekeeper. He lat oot that the potatoes were as hard as a stone at denner, an' that he hed juist ae blanket on his bed, which wesna great managment for four weemen."

As Carmichael's aunt seemed to be more and more impressed, Margaret moistened her lips and rose higher.

"So the next time ma lady comes oot tae see the spring flowers," she said, "a' explained that the minister wes sae delicate that a' didna coont it richt for him tae change his bed, and a' thocht it wud be mair comfortable for him tae come hame on the Presbytery nights, an' safer.

"What said she? No a word," and Miss Meiklewham recalled the ancient victory with relish. "She lookit at me, and a' lookit at her, an' naething passed; but that wes the laist time a' saw her at the manse. A've hed experience, and a'm no feared tae tak' chairge o' yir nephew."

Carmichael's aunt was very deferential, complimenting the eminent woman on her gifts and achievements, and indicating that it would be hard for a young Free Kirk

minister to obtain a better guardian; but she had already made arrangements with a woman from the south, and could not change.

Drumtochty was amazed at her self-will, and declared by the mouth of Kirsty Stewart that Carmichael's aunt had flown in the face of Providence. Below her gentle simplicity she was indeed a shrewd woman, and was quite determined that her nephew should not be handed over to the tender mercies of a clerical housekeeper, which are said to be a heavier yoke than the Confession of Faith, for there be clever ways of escape from confessions, but none from Margaret Meiklewham; and while all the churches are busy every year in explaining that their Articles do not mean what they say, Miss Meiklewham had a snort which was beyond all she said, and that was not by any means restricted.

"John," said Carmichael's aunt, one day after they had been buying carpets, "I've got a housekeeper for you that will keep you comfortable and can hold her tongue," but neither then nor afterward, neither to her nephew nor to Drumtochty, did Carmichael's aunt tell where she secured Sarah.

"That's my secret, John," she used to say, with much roguishness, "an' ye maun confess that there's ae thing ye dinna ken. Ye 'ill hae the best-kept manse in the Presbytery, an' ye 'ill hae nae concern, sae be content."

Which he was, and asked no questions, so that he knew no more of Sarah the day she left than the night she arrived; and now he sometimes speculates about her history, but he has no clue.

She was an event in the life of the parish, and there are those who speak of her unto this day with exasperation. The new housekeeper was a subject of legitimate though ostentatiously veiled curiosity, and it was expected that a full biography by Elspeth Macfadyen would be at the disposal of the kirkyard, as well as the Free Kirk gate, within ten days of her arrival; it might even be on the following Sabbath, although it was felt that this was asking too much of Elspeth.

It was on the Friday evening Mrs. Macfadyen called, with gifts of butter and cream for the minister, and was received with grave, silent courtesy. While they played with the weather, the visitor made a swift examination, and she gave the results on Sabbath for what they were worth.

"A tall, black wumman, spare an' erect, no ill-faured nor ill-made; na, na, a'll alloo that; a trig, handy cummer, wi' an eye like a hawk an' a voice like pussy; nane o' yir gossipin', haverin', stravaigin' kind. He 'ill be clever 'at gets onything out o' her or maks much o' a bargain wi' her.

"Sall, she's a madam an' nae mistak'. If that waefu', cunnin', tramping wratch Clockie didna come tae the door, where I was sittin', an' askit for the new minister. Ye ken he used tae come an' hear Maister Cunningham on the principles o' the Disruption for an 'oor, givin' oot that he wes comin' roond tae the Free Kirk view; then he got his denner an' a suit o' claites."

"A' mind o' Clockie gettin' five shillin's ae day," remarked Jamie Soutar, who was at the Free Kirk that morning; "he hed started Dr. Chalmers wi' the minister; Dr. Guthrie he coontit to be worth aboot half a croon; but he aince hed three shillin's oot o' the Cardross case. He wes ground on the doctrine o' speeritual independence, and terrible drouthy; but a'm interruptin' ye, Elspeth."

"The minister is at dinner,' says she, 'and can't be disturbed; he sees no one at the door.'

"It's reeligion a'm come aboot,' says Clockie, stickin' in his foot tae keep the door open, 'an' a'll juist wait at the fire.'

"It's more likely to be whisky from your breath, and

¹ Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.