

The Independent.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XLVII.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1895.

NUMBER 2428.

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FLORENCE IN SPRINGTIME.

BY MARY A. MASON.

WHO would not Galileo be
In springtime, when the almond tree
Is fluttering its pink snowflakes down,
Inviting banishment from town?
I'd gladly seize my globe and chart
And for those hills of Florence start,
Did any Inquisition see
That banishment were best for me!
The Medici, asleep below,
Would not be more at home I know.
No "star tower" would confine me there;
Out in the soft Italian air
I should discover at my feet
Small worlds that make the large one sweet;
Through glowing fields I'd lead the bees
In search of fragrant Pleiades;
Each stone would testify anew
Of lambs the little Giotto drew;
Each path would lead to some calm hight
That keeps the Arno still in sight.
And if, forgetting it was day,
The nightingale should start his lay,
And mock-bird singing east and west
To lead me further from his nest,—
Among those hills where magic Spring
Experiments with leaf and wing,
Where dews from bluest skies fall free
On freshly opened worlds for me,—
Who would not Galileo be!

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

IN THE LORNA DOONE COUNTRY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

ENGLAND, that "little gem set in the silver seas," as Shakespeare calls it, owns so circumscribed a space, and every inch of surface seems so cultivated and decorated and accounted for, that it is matter of surprise to find that here and there amid the trim bloom and fruitage breathing places still exist where an almost primitive wildness prevails. Of these the dark and rugged hights of Dartmoor stand foremost, and next in extent and beauty comes Exmoor, the scene of Blackmore's famous novel. Hundreds of travelers who, half a century ago, might scarcely have heard of the existence of this great tableland, and certainly would never have taken a hard journey to see it, have, during the past two decades, been attracted to the place by the tale of the wild robber glen, the fair girl growing up among the outlaws like a lily among poisonous thorns, and the bold youth who won and wooed and finally carried her off from her captors to be the blessing of his yeoman home.

The Doone Valley cannot be reached except across the moor, which involves a drive of from twenty to thirty miles. Every step of the way, from whichever point you approach it, is full of the incidents of the story. Lorna Doone and John Ridd are in the very air. Steaming through Tiverton on one of the few brilliant days of last summer, which was an exceptionally wet one even for England, we remembered that it was the opening scene of the book, and stretched our necks from the windows in hopes of being able to make out the old grammar school where John was sent for his brief and interrupted education, where "Jan Fry" and the horses came through the mire of the spring freshet to fetch him home after the murder of his father, and he fought the famous fight and overcame Robin Snell, "Mayor of Exeter thrice since then." Dulverton, where we left the rail, was the home of Uncle Huckaback and brave little Ruth, of whom Lorna was so pardonably jealous. Then, as we quitted the quaint town, and our horses, breasting the long zigzags of road, brought us first to the upper town, and then to the open country beyond; tho we could not see for the hedgerows which closed us in, hedgerows in which, after the sweet Devonshire fashion, honeysuckles, briony, ivy, foxgloves, dog-roses, pink and white, hart's-tongue ferns, red campions, brakes,

young birch boughs and hawthorn out of flower, met and tangled in delightful confusion, we knew from the air, "shrewd and kindly," which blew down to us from above, that we were nearing the moor, beloved of John Ridd; and even more his home than the farm which called him master. It was the air which (with the assistance of much beef and bacon) built up his thews and sinews to so goodly a girth as to make him the foremost man of his day, as to size and strength, in all England. Clouds of pollen from the "withy" bushes floated in the air and made miniature snowdrifts on either side; and then we emerged from all inclosures and were on Exmoor itself, with a great arch of sunlit blue sky overhead, in which innumerable larks hovered and sang the praises of the June afternoon.

Exmoor is a vast space of hill and hollow, covering some thirty miles square, and rimmed by higher slopes of forest clad mountain and on one side by the sea. Seen from its center it appears boundlessly wide and utterly lonely, wider and lonelier than an Iowa prairie. The highest point over which the road passes is fifteen hundred feet above sea-level, but Dunkery Beacon, which rises to the left in dark purple shadow, is some two hundred feet higher. Not a trace of man or his works intrudes upon the solitude, except certain inflections of green or yellow in the far distance, which suggest that a patch of the moor's edge may have been caught and tamed to bear a crop of grain. For the most part the surface is rough and rocky, with peat hollows and tracts of sand, overgrown with bramble, whortleberry and ling, brown heather, just greening toward its blossoming time, and a carpet of low-growing furze and whin of vivid shades of pale gold and orange yellow. "When furze is out of flower kissing is out of favor," says the proverb; but as a fact, furze may be said never to be out of flower, for what with early blossoms and blossoms belated, there is scarcely a day in the year when somehow, somewhere, a patch of the brave, thrifty plant in bloom may not be found by those who want an excuse to prove the proverb true.

Here and there from some hollow where the soil gave encouragement, a hawthorn rose, white and stately, scenting the air with its load of fragrance. Down below, the May trees had long since dropped their browned flowers, and were setting their small green berries in order for the later summer; but the cool, retarding air of the moor had delayed the spring on its higher levels, and we had come in time to enjoy it, with the odd pleasure which a thing out of season gives. Here and there, too, a patch of heath shone vivid crimson in the sun, hurrying into bloom in advance of its time; and that was another pleasure.

I know no place where one seems to get nearer to the heart of the Universal Mother than on Exmoor. There are said to be deep bogs and quagmires in the hollows, which offer a certain amount of danger to unaccustomed and unwary feet; but on the surface all is smiling stillness and peace. The air is delicious, and there is a remarkable sense of freedom and solitude, which one shares with the red deer, which still roam the moor in considerable numbers, and afford really exciting stag hunts in the season, and with the wild cattle and ponies. We passed several herds of the latter, fierce, shaggy, little creatures, with untamed, gleaming eyes, and hides which curled in spots like a fleece, as if the beasts had caught the tricks and habits of the sheep which fed beside them. These were the "forest ponies" which Tom Faggus enticed in such numbers into his corral by aid of his mare Winnie, and afterward sold at such profit to himself.

The descent from the moor to the sea-level is down a series of tremendous pitches, where brakes and chains and shoes for the carriage wheels and skillful driving are all needed for safety. And now we were, indeed, near the scene of the story. The road to the left was the road to Dare Parish, of which John Ridd was one of the three principal landowners, and where Plover-Barrow farm was situated. It was a real farm, but is now absorbed into a gentleman's country place, and bears another name. But there are still Ridds living in the parish of Dare, and the churchyard is full of their gravestones, dating back through the last three centuries.

Beyond is the cart track (it is little more) which leads to the Doone Valley. Only those can visit it who are equal to a rough scramble of six miles there and back. Those who undertake it are agreed that Blackmore has

(very allowably) exaggerated the valley; that it is neither as formidable nor as picturesque as he has depicted it; that the cliffs are not so steep nor the water-slide so dangerous. Only a few indistinct foundation stones mark the site of the robber village; but the place is still inaccessible and wild enough to make it easy to understand that, garrisoned by daring and unscrupulous men, it might easily defy for a long time the undisciplined attempts of the farmers in the neighborhood toward its reduction.

The last "cornice" of the descending road brought us to Lynmouth, where John Ridd rode in such hot haste to bring up the soldiers to assist in the defense of Plover-Barrow Farm against the Doones. The Lyn was often in a fury of spring flood, it will be remembered, and impassable. The boat with the troops had to row out to sea to round the turbulence of the river and so join him on the further shore. On the day when we saw the Lyn its course was like a track of dashing silver, and the walled banks on either side nodded with thick growths of acornite, rose colored and white, which followed and clung to its windings like a garland. Lynmouth, standing in the curve of the bay, between two orange-pink cliffs is, some say, the prettiest village in England. Above, on a precipice some hundreds of feet in height, stands its rival, Lynton. The world seems divided between the half which likes Lynton best and the half which prefers Lynmouth. It seems to depend upon whether you happen to stay in the upper or the lower town. We stayed below, so we liked Lynmouth best. Certainly nothing could be more charming than its outlook or its air. The flowers are innumerable, and they have the deep, rich lines which the salt breath of the sea communicates. The windings of the foaming river are very picturesque, and the low, ivy-grown bridges which span it; and if an artist had planned and placed every house in the village he could scarcely have produced a happier effect. If it were as delightful in the day of John Ridd as it is now, he and Lorna could scarcely have done better than to go there for a recuperative journey after the terrors of their wedding day.

Above, in the Valley of Rocks, was the cabin of the witch "Mother Meldrum," whom John consulted as to the future of his ill-starred love. We guessed at the site of the low-browed hut, and seemed to see the tall, boyish form climbing the rocks, the simple, manly face and steadfast eyes, with their shrewd depths; for, tho John calls himself dull and slow, we know very well that he was a shrewd fellow at bottom, for all his humility and honesty. He seems more than commonly real in his own country; but he is real everywhere. Surely that is true art which can breathe such life and action into a personality which to our generation can be nothing more than a name out of the perished past, and link so vivid an interest about a tale woven out of a few dim, half-legendary hints, and the fine atmosphere of a romancer's brain. John and Lorna are a good deal more distinct and interesting than many people who walk the street by our side. Sky and sea and plain and valley, Exmoor itself, seems to exist more to furnish an environment for them than for other reasons. The Lorna Doone country—as I have ventured to call it—is theirs by right; but who shall say if ever there was a Lorna Doone?

THE HEART CONSIDERED AS ENGINERY OF POWER.

BY CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.

THE present article is designed to supplement what was said two weeks ago under the caption, "The Heart as Organ of Vision."

Heat and motion are first cousins. That is true in both realms, the upper and the lower. While, therefore, we want to think accurately, and act properly, and in all ways keep to the track, we want not only to keep to the track, but to have developed that locomotive power that shall push us along the track. Other things being equal the power and sweep of a man's life is measured by the intensity of his loyalty, and by loyalty we intend simply the going out of his heart in full current of devotement toward that of which he is in pursuit.

Now as relates to the common concerns of life, no man doubts that Success is the child of Passion. We never do well anything that we do not love to do. Good work is with the grain, not against it. The first great question

that a person has to settle with himself in determining his vocation is, What shall I most enjoy doing? The Bible says, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily." And what we cannot do heartily we cannot do; that is if it is anything of a kind that a machine could not do just as well as a man can. Success comes from self-expenditure, and we are not going to burn ourselves up for anything to which we have not given our heart. Success is the child of Passion. In running from here to Buffalo the rate of speed will be determined by the amount of heat under the boiler. Consumption and effect are correlates. Motion is heat's offspring. No man ever did a great thing without getting into more or less of a fever over it; and it was not the doing of the great thing that produced the fever, but the fever that rendered possible the doing of the great thing. Along every line of large achievement, enthusiasm is the road-breaker. Every man that succeeds is a hobby-rider. In this is no disposition to slur over the element of intelligence involved in all these varieties of activity. Art, however fiery, must be bitted with discretion. Scholarship, however zealous and impetuous, requires to be held under restraints and to be bound down to certain well-determined lines of endeavor. But at the same time it is not because men have a *head* for these pursuits simply, that their achievements are so large, but because they have a heart and a passion for them. Head is apparatus for directing business passion; but when it is motive power that is being considered, that is inside the heart, not the skull. It is precisely as it is in the locomotive; the valves, cut-offs, and all that kind of thing make out the brain of the engine. But there is no work in a valve; there is no pull in a cut-off. The work is in the steam and in the fire that makes it.

All of this now we can take over directly into the domain of *Christian* activity. Christianity is here to do something. Christianity is not an idea, it is not a picture, it is not a philosophy; it is a device for the accomplishment of palpable effects. It is not thought, it is not argumentation, it is not brain, altho like all passion, properly amenable to the checks and restraints of brain. But it begins before brain. It is an impulse that brain does not produce, however much it may properly have to do in the way of regulating it. Christianity was first of all the divine passion of Him who so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life. In its very inception it was not a matter of divine omniscience nor of divine omnipotence. It was not an affair of God's brain nor of God's muscle; it was a matter of passion; it was love, not thought; it was heat, not light. It is the passion of love that is the energy which is driving all the Gospel machinery the world over. Calculation does not do it. Ratiocination does not come within a hundred thousand miles of it. There is room for brain here, just as there is in our business; but Christian brain will not drive Christian enterprise any more than mercantile brain will drive mercantile enterprise. Brain cannot drive; there is no drive in it. And the only passion that will fill the requirements of the case is the same passion that Christ had; the passion for God and for souls. The entire Christian matter Christ has himself focused in the single passion of love; not love as an idea, but love as a personal possession. Such impassioned devotion as Christ evinced may be at a discount, but sooner or later the Church will have to come back to it. Calculation and argumentation do not touch it. Brain is the accessory and not any part of the true originary. We are not arguing for mania, nor putting in a plea for insanity, but men succeed in business because they are hot in their devotion to business. It is the impassioned men that have made history always, religious and secular both. They are torch to the heaped-up combustibles; they are pulse to the general body that is listless and waiting. No man has moved the world like Jesus Christ, because no man besides him has embodied so wide, so profound and so divine an enthusiasm. People are passionate in everything but their passion for men; and that is the one Christian passion; it is the one passion that makes a man Christian in heart, Christian in purpose, and Christian in his effects. I say it to them that are Christians that if there were no more heat in business than there is in the Church, half of the institutions of this town would be in the hands of a receiver inside of a week. Brain has been tremendously overworked as a means of evangelization. People have got to be loved into the kingdom of Heaven, not thought into it. It is the heart that requires to be touched; heart is the only thing that can touch heart. An affection costs more than an idea. Our loves we coin from our own hearts; our ideas we make up as we go along. Hence it comes from this and other causes, that Christianity easily degenerates from a condition of fervid love to men into a condition of highly intellectual interest in problems of Christian truth. It has always been so. So long as feelings remain feelings there is no disposition to analyze them or to classify them, or to mold them into a system. Molten shot are not gathered into canisters till they have cooled. It would have been as impossible to make a creed on the Day of Pentecost as it would have been for Peter to take a photograph of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration. There was too much in the air. A drop of blood has to be taken out of the vein before there is any disposition to

count its corpuscles. In all this variety of ways it has come about that a great deal of the part that Passion used to play in Christianity has now come to be played, or attempted to be played, by sheer tho cool, bloodless ratiocination. That is a large part of the instant difficulty with the Presbyterian Communion. The Presbyterian Church is brainy. Let there be no words spoken in disparagement of brain. Brain is almost the best thing God ever made. And yet, at the same time, there is nothing that a man is more liable to trip over than his own head. We cannot make thinking about doctrinal truth (no matter how philosophically and logically it is done), we cannot make thinking about doctrinal truth take the place of loving men's souls, and loving them with the same sort of intense fervor as that with which Christ loved them, and as that which cost almost every one of the original Twelve his comfort and his life. If we could have, throughout the length and breadth of the Presbyterian Church, a real old-fashioned Wesleyan revival of Christian religion, and a shedding abroad of impassioned Christly love like that which came in the wake of the Pentecostal downpour at Jerusalem, all of our doctrinal problems would pass out of sight like rain-drops falling into the sea, and melt into disregard and invisibility like darkness under a shaft of lightning, like frost-crystals before a breath of south wind. The disciples quarreled, but not when the Lord was by. There were no sects in the little upper room. Nobody was a heretic when the tongues of fire were in the air. "Minds differ, hearts agree." There may be a great deal of moisture in the air, but a breath of cold wind has got to strike it before it will condense the moisture into mist and shut out the stars.

NEW YORK CITY.

LONDON'S DEMONSTRATION ON BEHALF OF THE ARMENIANS.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

ST. JAMES'S HALL has succeeded to the laurels of Exeter. No other place in the English-speaking world is, or has been for years, so truly the center of reform meetings that it may well be called, as it has been by many, "God's Whispering Gallery."

The West London Mission, led by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes (recently elected President of the Federation of the English Nonconformists), sends out lines of light and leading to the ends of the earth, and has its center in this Hall. It was fitting that the national Armenian meeting should be held in an entourage so suggestive of the best aspirations of the world's capital.

Conspicuous on the platform was the Archbishop of the Armenian congregations in England, who resides in Manchester, and three refugees from Armenia in their picturesque attire; but the meeting opened without prayer or music, and there were no decorations except that on the face of one side wall was displayed in large characters the 61st Article of the Berlin Treaty of 1878, in which the European powers undertook "to superintend the reforms demanded in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians."

Two thousand letters approving its object had been sent to the conveners of the meeting, also nineteen telegrams from Armenian colonies strongly urging that decisive action might be taken. A letter was read from Mr. Gladstone in which he said that he "contemplated with grief the infatuation of the Turkish Government, determined, it would seem, to do everything to produce its own ruin." He also declared that "this country would not shrink from her duty, and if other great governments remained inactive, it was perhaps most of all to be regretted on their own account." He expressed his hope that moral means might prove sufficient, but added, significantly: "If not, then by other means ample security will now be taken against any resort in the future by the Sultan and his advisers to these deeds of shame."

When the Duke of Argyll led the procession of distinguished speakers to the platform, he was cheered in orthodox fashion; but the honors of the evening were accorded to three persons, two of whom were not present—namely, Gladstone and General Booth. Dukes, bishops, earls, archbishops, deans, Members of Parliament flocked to the chairs reserved for them on the great platform; but the people's heart was not with them. The statesman who declared for Home Rule, the leader who organized the Salvation Army, the lady who leads the White Ribbon host of Great Britain, represented movements that throb with the life of the people, and their recognition was emphatic and inspiring.

The Duke of Argyll, now in his eighty-fifth year, leaned his slight figure on the table, and, with his fine, alert face, with its projecting brow, crowned by white hair standing up like the tuft of a cockatoo, was every inch a historic personage. One thought of his books, that have been read by the best minds in all parts of Christendom; of the leading part he played in the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen, which voted for the Crimean War; of his castle in Scotland, of his princess daughter-in-law, and many things besides. To-night he entered into a somewhat elaborate justification of the War; but while the people listened with respect to the great statesman on account of his years and services, straining their ears to catch the utterances of his feeble voice, they were

not with him in the position taken. They felt that if Russia had ruled Armenia the slaughter would never have occurred; and that England, by her utter disregard of the treaty provisions, which required her to demand of the Sultan an account of his stewardship, was the chief culprit in Armenia's present deplorable catastrophe. The Duke said that he and his honored friend, Mr. Gladstone, were the only survivors of the Cabinet that had determined on the Eastern War. He admitted that it had given Turkey a new lease of life, and that British blood had been freely spilled in defense of a Government that had now cost 16,000 Armenian lives. He said that Turkey had never made known what she did in that country, and that "we had never asked her, altho by the provisions of the treaty it was made our duty to do so." He claimed that the Cabinet was obliged to declare war because the English people required it, and that, tho the results had been deplorable, he did not feel that he or any member of Lord Aberdeen's Government had done wrong. The Duke of Argyll left the meeting amid cheering of a deferential nature, and the Duke of Westminster took his place as chairman.

The Bishop of Hereford, Dr. Percival, late Master of Rugby School, and a strong advocate of disestablishment, was the next speaker. No American could look upon him without profound interest; for he is the successor of the immortal Dr. Arnold, who has been for a generation the ideal that teachers and professors throughout America have had before them, and which has largely formed their characters. He is a tall man, with a fine intellectual countenance, which reflects heart as well as intellect. He is a leader in the purity work of England, in the disestablishment reform, and favors the direct veto. The Bishop declared that the worthlessness of the Turk's promises had been written in blood and fire in the highlands of Armenia, and stated that petitions sent out by him but a few days ago had already received replies from 192 parishes in his dioceses. What England wanted now was guaranties instead of promises. The Christian men and women of Armenia should no longer fear for themselves a repetition of the atrocities too shocking to be described. He spoke like the strong, true Christian that he is, and the audience was warmly sympathetic.

Now came a canny Scotchman, the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, Professor Storey. He said that his countrymen had, perhaps, a closer tie of sympathy with the oppressed Armenians than the people on this side the border, for their forefathers had known a good deal about oppression and persecution. At this point I was amused to hear a high dignitary, near whom I was sitting on the platform, exclaim, *sotto voce*, to his companion: "The Scotch always sing their own praises." The good Moderator went on to say that the Scotch had always believed in "the sacred right of insurrection"; he said some people thought the crimes of Turkey were not proved, but added sententiously: "It is somewhat difficult to prove a crime when the criminal has taken the precaution of murdering all the witnesses." He closed with this excellent point:

"In a miserable Central American Republic our action was entirely different. England sent ships to Nicaragua and landed her blue jackets; but here is the Turk, who has torn up his treaties with us and flung their fragments in our very faces, and yet we have done nothing—a state of things which I regard as a national disgrace. We talk about the balance of power; better lose that balance than have the scales held by hands stained with the blood of women and children."

The Mayor of Liverpool next stood forward, and we had a specimen of English ability to down a dignitary whom they did not wish to hear. The Mayor made excellent points, taking the opposite ground from that of the Duke of Argyll, and cogently showing that England was wrong in instigating the Crimean War. He said:

"The Turk is no stranger to us. We know the value of his promises and how he keeps them. At a moment of peril we went to his rescue. The existence of the Turkish Empire was then in danger. Would to God it had been allowed to fall to pieces rather than to be held up by British bayonets!"

Loud cheers followed this statement; but the people were impatient of a speech held between the Mayor's face and themselves, and as he went on reading they would bear it no longer, but literally howled him down, while the Duke of Westminster tapped with vigor on his bell—a method of "calling time" that he observed with strict impartiality.

Next came Lady Henry Somerset, whereupon the audience rose and gave her by far the heartiest greeting of the evening. The *Daily News*, which is the organ of the dominant party in London, did not hesitate to declare hers to have been "the speech of the evening." Lady Henry said (I quote from the *London Times*, which gives her speech verbatim, an honor accorded to no other except the Duke of Argyll):

"The crescent of the Turkish mosque has become the scimitar of the bloody-handed Turkish soldier. Henceforth that crescent stands forth in the eyes of all nations as impossible to cleanse as the hand of Lady Macbeth, while the cross, gleaming on ten thousand church spires, sheds forth the mild effulgence of a beacon that means deliverance wherever its heavenly rays extend. Never were these two symbols of a dying and an ever-living cause set over against each other in a contrast so vivid and signifi-