

ful ideas of the thing, that I formed but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off. How could anything in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footstep? Amid these reflections I concluded that it must be that some of the savages from the mainland had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, either driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made for the island, and had been on shore, but were gone away to sea again; being as loth, perhaps to have stayed on this desolate island as I should have been to have had them.

While these thoughts were rolling in my mind, I was glad to think that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched further for me. Then terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found out my boat, and that there were people here; and that, if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers, and devour me; that if it should happen that they should not find me, yet they would find my inclosure, destroy all my corn, and carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

In the midst of these cogitations, apprehensions, and reflections, it came into my mind one day that all this might be a mere fancy of my own, and that this might be the print of my own foot, when I came on shore from my boat. This cheered me up a little, too, and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion; that it was nothing else but my own foot; and why might I not come that way from the boat, as well as go that way to it? Again, I considered also that I could by no means tell for certain where I had trodden and where I had not; and that if at last this was only the print of my own foot, I had played the part of those fools who try to make stories of spectres and apparitions and then are frightened at them more than anybody else.

Now I began to take courage, and peep abroad again, for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights, so that I began to starve for want of provisions, for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley cakes and some water; then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked too, which was usually my evening diversion; and the poor creatures were in great pain and inconvenience for want of it; and indeed, it almost spoiled some of them and almost dried up their milk. Encouraging myself, therefore with the belief that this was nothing

but the print of my own feet, and that I might truly be said to start at my own shadow, I began to go abroad again and went to my country house to milk my flock; but to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready, every now and then, to lay down my basket and run for my life, it would have made anyone think I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had lately been most terribly frightened; and so indeed I had.

But I could not persuade myself fully, that it was my own foot till I went to the shore again, to see this print of a foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any similitude or fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot. But, when I came to the place, first, it appeared evident to me that when I laid up my boat I could not possibly be on shore anywhere thereabouts; secondly, when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal. Both these things filled my head with new imaginations, so that I shook with cold like one with an ague; and I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware; and what course to take for my security I knew not,

DE FOE.

The Vision of Mirza

On the fifth day of moon-which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy—after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, “Surely,” said I, “man is but a shadow, and life a dream.”

While I was musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the dress of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and he played a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything that I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had often been told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius, and that several who

had passed by it had been entertained with music, but I never heard that the musician had at any time made himself visible. I now looked upon him as one astonished. He beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat.

I drew near with that reverence which is due to one of a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I had approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies. Follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water running through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest" said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun,

and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation."

"Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is Human Life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten arches, with several broken ones, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was gazing upon it and counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

"But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon than they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance

of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, than many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire.

There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk. I paused some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the variety of objects that it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight.

Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but, often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects I observed some with swords in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on to the trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which

they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The Genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me that I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything that thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering; harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among the feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches?" "These," said the Genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality; tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The Genius, being moved with compassion toward me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears several generations of mortals that fall into it". I directed my sight as I was ordered, and saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean that had a huge

rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts.

The clouds still rested on one half of it, inso-much that I could discover nothing on it; but the other half appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand shining little seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands on their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling water, human voices and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene.

I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to these happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sand on the sea-shore; there are myraids of islands behind those which thou here seest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even that thine imagination, can extend itself."

"These are the mansions of good men after

death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the enjoyments of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands.

"At length" said I: "Show me now, I beseech you, the secrets that lie hidden under those dark clouds that cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

Joseph Addison, in the "Spectator,"

A wonderful fish

My friend George and I once called at a little river-side inn for a rest and other things. We went into the parlour and sat down. There was an old fellow there, smoking a long clay pipe and we naturally began chatting.

He told us it had been a fine day to-day, and we told him that it had been a fine day yesterday, and then we told one another that we hoped it would be a fine day to-morrow.

There was a pause in the conversation, during which our eyes wandered round the room. They finally rested upon a dusty old glass case, very high up above the chimney-piece, and containing a trout. It rather fascinated me, that trout; it was a monstrous fish. In fact, at the first glance I thought it was a cod.

"Ah!" said the old fellow, following the direction of my gaze, "fine fish that, isn't he?"

"Quite uncommon," I murmured; and George asked the old gentleman how much he thought it weighed.

"Eighteen pounds six ounces," said our friend, rising and taking down his coat. "Yes," he continued, "it will be sixteen years ago the third of next month that I landed him. I caught him just below the bridge with a minnow. They told me

he was in the river, and I said I'd have him, and so I did. You don't see many fish that size about here now. Good night, gentlemen, good night."

A few minutes after, the local carrier came in, and he also looked at the fish.

"Good-sized trout that," said George, turning round to him.

"Ah, you may well say that," replied the man: maybe you were not here when that fish was caught?"

"No," we told him we were strangers in the neighbourhood.

"Ah!" said the carrier, "then, of course, how should you? It was nearly five years ago that I caught that trout."

"Oh! it was *you* who caught it, then?" said I.

"Yes, sir," replied the genial old fellow. "I caught him just below the lock:—what was the lock then,—one Friday afternoon; and the remarkable thing about it was that I caught him with a fly. I'd gone out pike-fishing, never thinking, of a trout, when I saw that fish at the end of my line. Well, you see, he weighed twenty-six pounds. Good night, gentlemen, good night."

By and by, a stolid, solemn-looking, middle-aged individual came in and sat down over by the window.

Neither of us spoke for a while; but at length George turned to the new-comer and said:

"I beg your pardon, I hope you will forgive the liberty that we perfect strangers in the neighbourhood are taking; but my friend and myself would be so much obliged if you would tell us how you caught that trout up there."

"Why, who told you that I caught it?" was the surprised query.

We said that nobody had told us so, but that somehow we felt instinctively that it was he who had done it.

"Well, it's a most remarkable thing—most remarkable," added the stolid stranger, laughing; "because, as a matter of fact, you are quite right. I did catch it. But, fancy your guessing it like that! Dear me, it's really a most remarkable thing!"

And then he went on, and told us how it had taken him half an hour to land it, and how it had broken his rod. He said he had weighed it carefully, when he reached home, and it had turned the scale at thirty-four pounds.

He went out, and when he was gone, the landlord came in to us. We told him the various histories we had heard about his trout, and he was immensely amused; and we all laughed very heartily.

"Fancy Jim Bates and Joe Muggles and Mr. Jones all telling you they had caught it! Ha! ha! ha! why, that is good!" said the honest old fel-

low, laughing heartily. "Yes, they are the sort to give it to *me*, to put up in *my* parlour, if *they* had caught it, they are! Ha! ha! ha!"

And then he told us the real history of the fish. It seemed he had caught it himself, years ago, when he was quite a lad; not by art or skill, but by that unaccountable luck that appears always to wait upon a boy when he plays the truant from school, and goes out fishing on a sunny afternoon, with a bit of string tied on the end of a tree.

He said that bringing home that trout had saved him a flogging, and that even his schoolmaster had said it was worth the *rule of three and practice* ⁽¹⁾ put together.

The landlord was called out of the room at this point, and George and I again turned our gaze upon the fish.

It really was a most astonishing trout. The more we looked at it, the more we marvelled at it. It excited George so much that he climbed up on the back of a chair to get a better view of it.

All at once the chair slipped, and George clutched wildly at the trout-case to save himself; when down it came with a crash, George and the chair on the top of it.

(1) Dos reglas de Aritmética Inglés.

"You haven't injured the fish, have you?" I cried, in alarm, rushing up.

"I hope not," said George, rising cautiously and looking about.

But he had. That trout lay shattered into a thousand fragments.—I say a thousand, but there may have been only nine hundred. I did not count them.

We thought it strange and remarkable that a stuffed trout should break into little pieces like that.

And so it would have been if had been a stuffed trout, but it was not.

That trout was plaster of Paris.

Jerome K. Jerome.

Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk, and afterwards to sup with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street, he paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said—"what sound is that? It is from my sonata in F!" he said eagerly. "Hark! how well it is played!"

It was a little mean dwelling, and we paused

outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the *finale* there was a sudden break, then the voice of sobbing. "I cannot play any more. It is so beautiful, it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets, when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right; and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in", he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "what can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here 'tis feeling—genius—understanding. I will play to her, and she will understand it." And, before I could prevent him, his hand was on the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard

music, and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave— somewhat annoyed.

"I— I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is you would like—that is— Shall, Shall I— I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you!" said the shoemaker; "but our harpsichord is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the Fraulein"—

He paused and coloured up, for the girl turned her face full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat your pardon!" he stammered. "But I had not perceived it before. Then you play by ear?"

"Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practising near us, when we lived at Bruhl two years ago. During the summer evening her windows were general-

ly open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

The girl seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the moment when his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hand pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical, sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and the player. But the chain of his ideas seem to

have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested on his knees: he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker rose, and approached him eagerly, yet reverently. "Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone "who and what are you?"

The composer smiled as he only could smile, benevolently, indulgently, kingly "Listen!" he said, and he played the opening bars of the sonata in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties. "Play to us once more only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window and lit up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" said he, looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift *agitato finale*—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty, and vague impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wing, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door—"farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" asked they, in one breath.

He paused, and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said, hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the Fraulein some lessons. Farewell! I will come again!"

They followed us in silence more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that "moonlight sonata" with which which we are all so fondly acquainted.

Anonymous.

The Traveller and the Temple of Knowledge

We start life thinking that we shall build a great cathedral, a crowning glory to architecture, and we end by contriving a mud hut.

Countless ages ago a Traveller, much worn with journeying, climbed up the last bit of rough road that led to the summit of a high mountain. There was a temple on that mountain; and the traveller had vowed that he would reach it before death prevented him. He knew the journey was long, and the road rough. He knew that the mountain was the most difficult of ascent of that mountain chain, called "The Ideals." But he had a strongly hoping heart and a sure foot. He lost all sense of time, but he never lost the feeling of hope.

"Even if I faint by the way-side," he said to himself, "and am not able to reach the summit, still it is something to be on the road which leads to the High Ideals."

That was how he comforted himself when he was weary. He never lost more hope than that; And surely that was little enough.

And now he had reached the temple. He rang the bell, and an old white-haired man opened the gate. He smiled sadly when he saw the traveller.

"And yet another," he murmured. "What does it all mean?"

The traveller did not hear what he murmured.

"Old white-haired man," he said, "tell me; and so I have come at last to the wonderful Temple of Knowledge. I have been journeying hither all my life. Ah but it is hard work climbing up to the Ideals."

The old man touched the traveller on his arm, "Listen," he said gently. "This is not the Temple of Knowledge. And the Ideals are not a chain of mountains; they are a stretch of plains, and the Temple of Knowledge is in their centre. You have come the wrong road. Alas, poor traveller!"

The light in the Traveller's eyes had faded. The hope in his heart died. And he became old and withered. He leaned heavily on his staff.

"Can one rest here," he asked wearily.

"No."

"Is there a way down the other side of these mountains?"

"No."

"What are these mountains called?"

"They have no name."

"And the temple—how do you call the temple?"

"It has no name."

"Then I call it the Temple of Broken hearts," said the Traveller.