

And he turned and went. But the old white-haired man followed him.

"Brother," said he, you are not the first to come here, but you may be the last. Go back and tell the dwellers in the plains that the Temple of True knowledge is in their very midst; and anyone may enter it who chooses; the gate is not even closed. The temple has always been in the plains, in the very heart of life, and work, and daily effort. The Philosopher may enter, the stone-breaker may enter. You must have passed it every day of your life; a plain venerable building, unlike your glorious cathedrals."

"I have seen children playing near it," said the Traveller, "When I was a child I used to play there. Ah, if I had only known! Well, the past is the past.

He would have rested against a huge stone, but that the old white-haired man prevented him,

"Do not rest," he said. "If you once rest there, you will not rise again. When once you rest, you will know how weary you are."

"I have no wish to go farther," said the Traveller. "My journey is done; it may have been in the wrong direction, but still it is done."

"Nay, do not linger here," urged the old man. "Retrace your steps. Though you are broken-hearted yourself, you may save others from breaking their hearts. Those whom you

meet on the road you can turn back. Those who are but starting in this direction you can bid pause and consider how mad it is to suppose that the Temple of True Knowledge should have been built on an isolated and dangerous mountain. Tell them that, although God seems hard, He is not as hard as that. Tell them that the Ideals are not a mountain range, but their own plains, where their great cities are built, and where corn grows, and where men and women are toiling, sometimes in sorrow and sometimes in joy."

"I will go," said the Traveller.

But he had grown old and weary: and the journey was long; and the re-tracing of one's steps is more toilsome than the tracing of them. The ascent, with all the vigour and hope of life to help him, had been difficult enough; the descent, with no vigor and no hope to help him, was almost impossible.

So that it was not probable that the Traveller lived to reach the plains. But whether he reached them or not, still he started.

And not many Travellers do that.

"Ships that pass in the night."

BY BEATRICE HARRADEN.

The "White Ship."

KING HENRY I. of England (1100-1135) went over to Normandy with his son Prince William and a great retinue, to have the prince acknowledged as his successor by the Norman nobles, and to contract the promised marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou. When both these things had been done with great show and rejoicing, the whole retinue prepared to embark for the voyage home.

When all was ready, there came to the king, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said: "My liege, my father served your father all his life, upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbour here, called the *White Ship*, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, sire, to let your servant have the honour of steering you in the *White Ship* to England."

"I am sorry, friend," replied the king, "that my vessel is already chosen, and that I cannot therefore sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince, with all his company, shall go along with you, in the fair *White Ship*, manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

An hour or two afterwards, the king set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by other vessels, and, sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind, arrived upon the coast of England in the morning. While it was yet night, the people in some of the ships heard a faint wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

The prince went on board the *White Ship* with one hundred and forty youthful nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair *White Ship*,

"Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown. My father the king has sailed out of the harbour. What time is there to make merry here, and yet reach England with the rest?"

"Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning my fifty and the *White Ship* shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father the king, if we sail at midnight."

Then the prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine; and the prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of the *White Ship*.

When at last she shot out of the harbour of Barfleur, there was not a sober seaman on board.

But the sails were all set and the oars all going merrily, Fitz-Stephen at the helm.

The gay young nobles, and the beautiful ladies wrapped in mantles of various bright colours, to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honour of the *White Ship*.

Crash!—a terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry of the people in the distant vessels of the king heard faintly on the water. The *White Ship* had struck upon a rock, and was going down!

Fitz-Stephen hurried the prince into a boat with some few nobles. "Push off," he whispered, "and row to the land. It not far, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die."

But, as they rowed away fast from the sinking ship, the prince heard the voice of his sister Marie calling for help. He never in his life had been so good as he was then. He cried, in an agony, "Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her!"

They rowed back. As the prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in that the boat was swamped. And in the same instant the *White Ship* went down.

Only two men floated;—a nobleman, Godfrey by name; and a poor butcher of Rouen. By-and-

by another man came swimming toward them, whom they knew, when he had pushed aside his long wet hair, to be Fitz-Stephen.

When he heard that the prince and all his retinue had gone down, Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly face, cried, "Woe, woe to me!" and sank to the bottom.

The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length the young noble said faintly, "I am exhausted, and benumbed with the cold, and can hold on no longer, Farewell, good friend. God preserve you."

So he dropped and sank, and of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning some fishermen saw him floating in his sheepskin coat, and got him into their boat, the sole relater of the dismal tale.

For three days no one dared to carry the intelligence to the king; at length they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that the *White Ship* was lost with all on board.

The king fell to the ground like a dead man, and never afterwards was seen to smile.

Charles Dickens.

Observation.

A DERVISE was journeying alone in a desert, when two merchants suddenly met him.

"You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise.

"He was," replied the merchants.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and with wheat on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they replied; "and, as you have seen him so lately and marked him so particularly, you can in all probability conduct us to him."

"My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you!"

"A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels that formed a part of his burden?"

"I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervise.

On this, they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the *cadi*; but, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor

could any evidence whatever be adduced, to convict him either of falsehood or of theft.

They were about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervise with great calmness thus addressed the court:—"I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind of an eye because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand. I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side; and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other."

Colton.
