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A MONUMENT.

BY CHARLES L. THOMPSON.

A mound of earth in the dim lone woods
Covered with ferns and grass,
A moment, traveler, turn and pause,
And think ere you onward pass:

In the ages gone here fell a tree,
Some pine that centuries through
Had swept the sky with branches free,
And stood when tempests blew;

At last upon the mosses green
He bowed his kingly crown,
While o'er his giant roots the leaves
Of living trees were thrown.

Deepened the mold, until to-day
Full high the mound is piled
From which the lichens and the ferns
In radiant beauty smiled.

Traveler, enough for thee and me
When it comes, or late or soon,
That the kindly thoughts of living men
Be o'er our resting strewn.

No bronze or marble shaft be built,
But out from a living mound
May the thoughts our death has made to bloom
Smile on the world around.

THE WORLD.

LESS than a century ago the United States and Great Britain might have drifted into war over the Bering Sea dispute had it occurred then. After claims and counterclaims both nations agreed to submit the questions at issue to arbitration. The court of arbitration met in Paris and was presided over by a gentleman of unusual tact, Baron de Courcel. Beside this distinguished Frenchman, a Swedish and an Italian member listened patiently to the arguments of the learned counsel who spoke for the contending parties. There was no undue haste, no disposition to hamper the lawyers in the least. They could speak continuously for weeks had they so desired. As it was it must have been tiresome to listen even to the most distinguished British and American lawyers while they poured forth their legal erudition in a constant stream day by day for months. Now the proceedings of the court are at an end and the decision has been announced. What is most remarkable is that every one of the interested parties is highly satisfied with the result. The Americans are pleased because the court has adopted adequate measures for the protection of seal life in Bering Sea, by surrounding Pribyloff island with an inviolable zone of sixty miles, making a close time of two months each year, and forbidding the use of firearms and explosives in the capture of the seals. Seal fishing must be conducted by sailing vessels, and various excellent regulations have been adopted for the preservation of these precious fur-bearing animals. The English are delighted with the award of the arbitrators because the United States' claims to exclusive jurisdiction in the Bering Sea and proprietary rights to the seals found therein were disallowed by the tribunal. The Canadians are pleased apparently on general principles. They are glad that the English contention has so far been upheld and are pleased to learn that compensation for the seizures of their vessels made in Bering Sea will be given. Apart from the particular interests involved it is a cheering sign when two nations have advanced so far that they can agree to submit questions of great national importance to the decision of reasonable, learned and wise men instead of seeking their adjustment by barbaric force on the field of battle. The most important arbitrations of the century have been between the United States and great Britain. The first finally settled the Alabama claims, and these were far more difficult of settlement than the Bering Sea difficulties. At that time there was considerable irritation between the two kindred people. Wrong inflicted by cruisers and blockade runners, not to speak of other causes of offence, occasioned at the time not a little resentment. Yet both countries ultimately agreed to let a court of arbitration decide between them. The award of the

BLACK BASS AND THE STORM-PROOF.

BY CHARLES L. THOMPSON.

IT was a warm August afternoon when Ralph and I started for Loon Lake. It was virgin fishing ground. Only a few large bass had been taken out of it just as a foretaste of what might be expected. So our expectations were keen and we made easy work of the two or more miles of forests. It was first a half mile of superb white pine colonnade, then a circuit of Bass Lake—using our landing net as we walked along the reedy edges to whip some toothsome young frogs into our frog-can—then a ridge of woodland, then another lake with more bright green and beautiful young frogs, and so on alternating small lakes and wooded ridges until the fair waters of Loon Lake lay like a green framed mirror before us. Now it is one thing to troll a lake that has been whipped over and over again, whose every fish knows the look of a hook, and is up on all sorts of bait, and quite another thing to push your boat out on new waters with the feeling of an explorer and the benevolent intention of introducing bait to bass for the first time. Under the inspiration of this thought and with pulses somewhat quickened we shoved the boat out from the shore and adjusted our tackle. We threaded our silken lines into the guides of our lancewood rods (lancewood is much the best for black bass) and delicately tied frogs of the new green color, so much affected now above water and destined to become very popular under the water also, and having reached the cool depths (for the sun was still well up), we flung out our lines. Mine had scarcely struck the surface when something struck it. The line sang along the water for an instant and then plunged down; the rod described the curve of perfect beauty, and then I knew a bass with an appetite had taken my frog and being quite unused to fishing tactics, had decided to take whatever came with it as so much thrown into the bargain. It looked for a few moments as if he would take hook, line and boat. But the time had come for asserting our own self-respect, so with my thumb on the reel, my will crossed the bass-will. Again the line sang its musical note, and then all was quiet. Had I lost him? We must find out. Then came a sensation as if my hook had caught hold of the solid earth. There was no response. My finger telephoned down the line to inquire what had become of the bass. Not a quiver in the line gave any reply. Give what digital "hellos" I would I could not call up "central." The line was doggedly, stupidly taut, that was all. A log at the other end of it would have been as responsive. That is what fishermen call "sinking." My bass was lying on the bottom bracing against the weeds, and acting like a balky horse or a spoiled child that could not go on a picnic. It was not good policy to allow that state of things to continue. The bass like him of old was getting new strength by touching the earth. So, secure in the strength of my line, I gave him a lift, gently, steadily, firmly. It was a new sensation to him, that pull of a counter will. We all come to it sooner or later. It put him into a passion. He had tried the water and the ground. In neither had he found victory. There was one more element. He would try the air. In an instant, with a tremendous upward spring, he dashed through and out of the water and turned a clean somersault in the air. It was scientific and ought to have been successful. For the sudden twist of that free aerial movement should have jerked the hook out of his gills. It often does. His calculation was superb and worthy of a graduate from the school of technology, but where did that green bass learn that science? For a green bass he undoubtedly was. He had had no practice with the different ways of getting rid of a hook. That was not experimental science. It was insight, it was genius. It was done with the art of a master and it ought to have succeeded. I was so full of admiration of his acrobatic science I was almost sorry it did not succeed. Then came another pause. I knew very well he was gathering up his ichthyological resources for some new stroke, but what it would be I could not tell. Of course I could have hauled him toward me by brute force, for I was a stronger brute than he. But that would be neither good science, nor good policy, especially not the latter, for with his strength unabated it was more than doubtful whether, even with my superior vigor, I could land him. I was afraid of his resources, I dreaded his genius, I had a humiliating consciousness that if I accepted a straight issue and matched my muscle against his resources, he would beat me in the end. So I kept quiet and waited while he evidently was resting and planning. But not long. He was working under cover a sort of ambushade warfare, but my telephonic connection kept me informed of what was going on. I had tried to keep my line taut, but suddenly it slackened, as if I had lost my bass. I knew better. In an instant his tactics developed. With the courage of the Old Guard, he was charging on my works. In marine language he was plunging under the boat: my rod doubled to the reel, and only a quick turn saved it. Again I appeal to the in-

telligence of my reader. That was a green bass. Presumably he didn't know a boat from the shadow of a cloud. What involution of his cold cerebral tissue told him, if he could double on me quick enough and get a purchase against the boat, he might jerk that ugly frog-attachment out of his mouth? Again, I say, it was well calculated. A bass in Lake Geneva who has been dodging the hooks of summer visitors for a life-time could not have done better. A student of physics, who has crammed for examination on force and resistance and leverage, could not have planned more scientifically. Who says fish have no brains? I was ashamed of my kind, particularly ashamed of myself, and exclaimed "Bravo, old fellow, neatly planned and courageously executed, and I almost wish it had succeeded." It did not succeed, but it discouraged the bass. He had apparently reached the end of his resources, and the spirit went out of him. He still resisted, but more feebly. The crisis was past. He owned me master, and after a little he came up to the side of the boat and lay still as a dead fish while I put my net under him and lifted in his five pounds of exhausted strength. He did not rage even when he found himself captured. It was pathetic. There was some nobility in the utterness of his surrender. But fish or man, it is much the same. When we reach the end of our resources we come to the breaking of our courage. The last half of the battle is easily won against us. There comes a time when it is no longer worth fighting. My bass was a lion till he had done his best. He floated like a dead fish after that. Ah! my reader, at which point in the battle art thou? Full of capacity and accepting any odds in the battle, or realizing that there is a power against you, you can not measure or contest, and so yielding pathetically to the years or the burdens or the trials you can no longer contest. The rest of the afternoon was a frequent repetition of this scene. The last half hour was at once the most beautiful and the most exciting. The sun was shining through the pines with his last level rays. The woods looked like an old cathedral whose lights had been turned up, and whose music had died to silence. Our boat was lying idly on a sea of gold. The scene was too beautiful for aught but silent thought. But our meditations were somewhat rudely disturbed. Both our lines tightened at once, one on either side of the boat. The effect was as if two oars had been applied in opposite directions. The boat began to spin around. A double team had taken us in charge. Then the struggle began in earnest. For five minutes each was too much preoccupied to pay any attention to the other, till the time came when each wanted help, and the net at the same time. The small sweet courtesies of life went under, as each was clamorous for instant help. Then the humor of the situation broke upon us, and still struggling for the mastery, we burst into a laugh, which a solitary loon far down the lake answered with a will. At length both fish were landed, and we pulled for the shore with fifteen as fine bass as ever were pulled out of water. The tramp home, so heavily loaded, was a hard one. Darkness came down on the pine woods with a sweep. It was more and more difficult to follow even the semblance of a path. We paused for a brief rest by one of the little lakes, when a beautiful sound broke the stillness. "Hark!" It came again, a note that has never been put on a score; even the small boy failed to reproduce it, though he practiced all the rest of the way home, and periodically for days after. It was the unmistakable foghorn of a buck. Then we heard the bushes crash under his bounds, and up and over the hill he sent it back to us as he disappeared in the darkness, that weird strange bass bugle, that crescendo that began as a snort of alarm and deepened into a note of defiance. As we came over the last hill we heard the signal gun fired from the island, a sign to us that somebody was anxious and beginning to think us lost in trackless woods. That evening there was an unusually good and attractive campfire, and the old Grizzly of the Island, who had been doing nothing but meditate all day, was loaded for a theological discussion. But for once theology had no charms, the Higher Criticism was too high for human interest. We waved a furtive good night to the group at the fire, slipped away to our cabin, and dreamed that a team of black bass, with Ralph astride of the "nigh horse" was towing us merrily away into the sunset.

This camp, the inspiration of so many musings, will soon, so far as its present occupants are concerned, be a thing of memory. Having on a former occasion written a somewhat detailed and Meissonier description of this scene, there is nothing that need now be added to complete the picture ere it goes to the gallery of memory, except one new and remarkable house, that since last year has been added to the group of cabins. It may not have occurred to all the readers of this paper that the genius who rules this solitude and who for years has glorified it to their eyes is a very timid man. Some of these readers may have discovered it, when they have crossed him in his office, but I venture to say,

to most of them what I have now to relate will be a revelation. We have been accustomed to think of him as the champion of the middle-orthodoxy—doughty in his attacks on the Higher Critics and the "Mossbacks," afraid of neither and of nothing. And this, so far as flesh and blood are concerned, is true. But I have always noticed that every courageous man has his line of cowardice. That is the way nature has of keeping her balance true. Now while our Grizzly is not afraid of another grizzly, nor so far as I can discover, of the Devil (let no one here put in a sarcastic reason), he is mortally afraid of wind. I suppose an editor's occupation tends to get him into that state of mind, having so much necessary dealing with it. At any rate such is the fact. Heretofore this Island has been perfectly secure against everything but wind. It is too small for a forest fire, and the water protects it against robbers. But the moaning of the wind among the pines is fearfully premonitory. What if a hurricane should come. For seven years Grizzly has been waiting for one. Heretofore his refuge has been the ice house. Often and often, seated on a chunk of ice to cool off his fears, he has peeped out through the cracks to see the pine trees go waltzing by. But that refuge was both chilling and insecure. He resolved upon a nobler. So when this year I neared the Island and noticed a new square chunky building, I inquired its use. Grizzly straightened up with the consciousness of an inventor and said, "That is the storm-proof." "Storm-proof against what?" "Against the wind, of course. Come and see. Look at those logs. See that log ceiling, those log rafters. What tumbling pine could crack that? No, sir, not if it fell out of the skies." "But Grizzly, these pines are all standing, have stood at least a hundred years." "No matter, can't tell when a cyclone may come. Never had one on this island, but it may come. I am prepared." But the days came and went as other days had come, serene, peaceful, beautiful, only a gentle musical murmur among the pines. It began to look as if the storm-proof might not even be dedicated and that in years to come the old loon on the lake might have it to give sense to his laughter.

But one day there was some sign that the dry spell might be broken. There was a grumbling of thunder in the western sky and the pines sighed heavily. Then the owner of the storm-proof grew distinctly happier and more active. His days on the Island were getting few. What should be done must be done quickly. But there was chance for the storm-proof yet. He went often to the edge of the hill and peered into the gathering clouds. Each time he returned more cheerful in the conviction that we would certainly have a storm. Pretty soon he became positively radiant in his prophetic gloom. One could tell by the way the clouds were moving we were in for a blow! Presently, while the pines were gently swaying and the lake was gently wrinkling, I heard a stentorian voice, with a slight stutter of alarm in it, crying, "Come into the storm-proof." The children were arrested in their play, but being used to obedience, started for the refuge. Grizzly had already coralled the Madam and seated her safely in the center of the gloomy building. The rain was beginning to fall. The trees swayed merrily in the breeze. It was an elegant shower. But as I lingered to view and enjoy the scene, I saw the prophetic head peering doubtfully at the door-way and heard a voice as urgent in its tones as the voice of the angels who hurried Lot (there the simile ends) crying again, "Come in, I tell you. Look at those pines! It's coming, come in." I looked at the pines, as they swung to and fro like a quadrille party, and then out of deference to my host joined the awe-stricken company in the silent storm-proof. I say silent, for there was a majesty of bearing in the lord of the storm-proof, which seemed to say: "Silence till the shower is over. Let no levity disturb the dedication of the building." Some sat in silence while the beautiful rain descended. But the rain was oppressive, the tone of the place more so. Therefore, to refresh things a bit, I struck up, "'Twas off the blue Canary Isles." I saw it did not meet with favor. It was too trifling for such a time. I tried a low whistle, but it sounded out of place. Then in desperation I struck into one of Rouse's Psalms. It had a good effect. The boys ventured to the side of the building and peered through the cracks, and Grizzly, with an air that said, "I'll look out once if it kills me," strode to the door and gave one quick glance at the pines. They were sighing as if they were sorry for him. The rain was over, the sky was breaking golden in the west. The lord of the manor slipped out and disappeared without a word. The rest of us waited a few moments, to be sure he was gone and that the ceremony was over, and then regained our freedom, and whiffed the pine-scented air with keenest joy. I hunted around for Grizzly, and found him on a camp-chair in the drawing-room, his leonine head (pardon the mixed metaphor) between his hands, with the air generally of one who has endured too severe a strain. He looked up with a pensive smile, and then we had courage to remark, "Had a refreshing shower." And so

we dedicated the storm-proof. Long may it defy the winds, and long may the old pines stand guard around it.

And so with quip and jest, with gusts of laughter no storm-proof can repress, and memories soft as the breath of the pines, and as fragrant, we lower the lights and ring down the curtain on this most idyllic spot in all this wilderness of beauty.

P. S. The truthful spirit of this history demands a postscript. Grizzly was so grieved with my description of the storm, and so determined to convince me of its terrors, somewhere if not here, that he took me for a long walk through the forest. I am bound therefore to say that I saw several pine trees prostrated on the main land and to admit that there was a good deal of a storm within a mile of the Island.

Prophetic old soul, he was as close to it as Old Probabilities gets. He came within a mile of it.

C. L. T.

That is always the way with C. L. T., and that is why for the past quarter of a century I have had to keep pitching ice-water on his coruscating optimism. There was no mistaking the significance of the ragged clouds on a grey sky off to the west. The tornado was whetting his scythe, and he would cut a swath somewhere. So I carried chairs into the storm-proof and gathered our circle there. The Doctor was oblivious to everything but the display. He stood in the open doorway and quoted hyperbolas and Miltonics at the rocking pines. A limb as big as a man's leg smashed against our citadel and bounded off, but even that did not scare him away from the open door.

Next day I beguiled him into a pleasant walk. To lead him on I parted the bracken and showed him a blueberry stalk as straight as a tree and drooping like a weeping willow under its purple clusters. "Why, Gray, that is lovely," he exclaimed with poetic enthusiasm, got down on his hunkers and ate every one of them. We passed a sheaf of giant Norway pines blown out of root by the storm. At Sand-bar lakes I persuaded him into a little boat. A wave slapped over its side. Now if there is anything that C. L. T. delights in it is water tossing in the wind. The way I know that is, I heard him sing, "A life on the Ocean Wave," and the "Canadian Boat-song." "Look out there, Gray! look out there! You know you can't swim." "Can't swim," I answered contemptuously, "I'll show you whether I can't swim," and with a stroke of the oar brought the boat parallel with a coming crest. "Keep out of the trough!" he yelled. "Quick, her nose to the wind! There! now hold her steady at that. Why, you old pterodactyl, don't you know better than to run a cranky little cigar of a boat like this into the trough?"

The swath of the storm was across a peninsula of this lake, every tree, large and small, cut cleanly. C. L. looked at the ruin, and at clumps of trees twisted off here and there on our way home, and remarked, "I must write a postscript."

W. C. G.

THE KESWICK CONVENTION.

BY REV. NORMAN L. WALKER, D.D.

THE Convention is now practically over. A number of people still hang about the place and meetings of various sorts continue to be held, but yesterday saw the close of the more formal proceedings and most of the visitors have gone home.

On looking back upon the proceedings I can not help feeling that it has been one of the most remarkable gatherings ever held in England. I say this not merely because of the multitudes who came together, but because of the quality of the multitudes and of the character of the men who took the lead in the meetings. You know how jealous the Church of England is in the maintenance of its pre-eminence and how little it is inclined to recognize anything like equal rights in non-Conformists; but at Keswick its claims to distinction seemed to be forgotten, and all were regarded as literally "one in Christ Jesus." The Institution is more in the hands of Church of England men than in those of any others. It was, as I have already said, established by the minister of the parish, Canon Battersby, and on one occasion when a Bible reading was held in the church we were reminded of the customary ritual by the speaker donning a surplice. But as a rule all our differences were forgotten, and in the speeches delivered and the prayers offered from the platform, it was quite impossible to discover from what denomination any one hailed. Then the leading speakers themselves were, some of them at any rate, men of decided mark. Perhaps the most notable in the list was Principal Moule of Cambridge. He is the head of Ridley College there and a theologian of reputation. Whenever he spoke, and that was pretty often, special attention was given to him. His addresses were extremely modest and humble, and being delivered in sober and measured terms, were exceedingly impressive. Another very well known man was Mr. Hudson Taylor, the founder and director of the China Inland Mission. He is little of stature and his brown beard and mustaches give him a curious look. He speaks, too, in a singularly soft and unaggressive voice, so that the idea of feebleness is rather suggested by his appearance. But