

passing through a fire-pit or inclosure—called a "brick-kiln" in the account of David's subjugation of the children of Ammon—or by passing between two fires. But the more common form seems to have been that described by the Jewish Rabbins. The hollow image of brass, with the face of a calf and hands held out, as in the act of begging, was approached through seven compartments of chapels, each intended for a special offering. The seventh was reserved for the most precious of all, a human being; and that was kindled to receive the child. Tophim or drums were sounded to drown the cries, whence, say they, comes the word Tophet.

In all these cases, whether Aryan or Semitic, whether in Asia or Europe—to say nothing of Africa where the ordeal or "primitive judgement" is more generally that by water or poison—we find two ideas represented, those of expiation and lustration. In the invocation to Agni which must be uttered by the devotee, just before he takes the red-hot ball, according to the Mayukha, we find both. "Thou O fire, dwellest in all creatures; O purifier, speak thou the truth in regard to my guilt or innocence, O sage!" Ceremonial purification from sin, or from the disease ending in death that is the wages of sin, is what has been sought by all peoples in all ages. Who have been ignorant of the Sin-bearer and Sin-destroyer. More effectual than water is that fire to which the sick cooie of Mauritius looked for himself and the blind old mother of Periyangoodi vowed on behalf of her afflicted son, just as their fathers did in the days when Draupadi, or rather Sita, had to be purged from impurity, when the tabernacle of Molech was set up in Tophet, and our own ancestors decided their disputes by the red-hot ball or the ploughshare. This rite of dedication by fire, is one of the two forms of passing through it or holding it in the hand, is found to be essentially the same from the south of Asia to the north of Europe, and from the present day back to the earliest Jewish records. In spite of our Government such rites will probably linger long in many a hamlet and jungle. But they are passing away in India as effectually as they have done in Europe, and it is well that their history should thus be rescued from oblivion.

COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

The most prominent man in France, perhaps in Europe, is the Count de Chambord. There is another person, it is said, who claims to be the legitimate Count. Under these circumstances the following historic facts will probably be read with interest.

Louis XVIII. had no son. The crown consequently would pass, at his death, to his brother Charles. He had two sons. The eldest, Duke d'Angouleme, married the only daughter of Louis XVI., the unfortunate princess who suffered so dreadfully in her captivity in the temple. They had no children. The second son, the Duke de Berri, married the Princess Caroline, of Naples.

The first two children died in infancy. Their third child was a daughter, afterwards Duchess of Parma. As females could not reign in France, the Bourbon line would become extinct unless the Duchess de Berri should give birth to a son. All the Legitimists of France were exceedingly anxious for this event.

In February, 1829, as the Duke de Berri was leaving the theater, in company with the Duchess, an assassin plunged a poniard to the hilt in his side. In the darkness the assassin fled, but was speedily arrested. The Duke felt only a violent blow. Bringing his hand to his side, he found the dagger sticking there. "I am assassinated!" he cried out. So sudden had the action been that the carriage, in which he had placed the Duchess, was but just beginning to move. The Duchess heard the dying cry of her husband. With a shriek she called upon the driver to stop. Leaping from the carriage she caught the Duke in her arms. He had just drawn out the dagger, and the blood was gushing from the wound.

"I am dead!" said the Duke. "Send for a priest. Come, dearest, let me die in your arms."

He was taken to an adjoining room and medical attendance soon arrived. Some expressed to the Duchess the hope that the wound might not prove mortal. "No," said the dying Duke, "I am not deceived. The dagger has entered to the hilt. Caroline, are you there?"

"Yes, my love," she replied, "and I will not leave you."

The Bishop of Chartres, confessor of

Charles X., arrived, and had a few moments of private conversation with the dying man. The Duke then called for his infant daughter. She was soon brought in asleep. He placed his hand upon her head and said: "Poor child! may you be less unfortunate than the rest of your family."

One of the physicians, M. Boujon, endeavored to restore circulation by sucking the wound. "What are you doing?" exclaimed the Duke. "For God's sake stop; perhaps the dagger was poisoned." The chief physician, Dupuytren, as a last resource, endeavored to enlarge the wound, that the blood might flow externally. The Duke, his hand already clammy with the damp of death, clasped convulsively the hand of the Duchess as he bore the painful operation.

"Spare me farther pain," said he. Then, tenderly caressing his wife, he added, "Caroline, take care of yourself for the sake of the infant you bear in your bosom." His father, then Count d'Artois, subsequently Charles X., and his elder brother, the Duke d'Angouleme, soon arrived, with other members of the royal family.

In faint and dying accents the Prince inquired: "Who is the man who has killed me? I wish I could see him to inquire into his motives. Perhaps it is some one whom I have unconsciously injured. Would that I might live long enough to ask the king to pardon him. Promise me, my father, promise me my brother, to ask of the king the life of that man."

Increasing difficulty of respiration warned the Prince that his last hour was at hand. A few words, in whispered tones, were interchanged between the Duke and the Duchess. Soon after, two illegitimate children, who were born to him in London, when the family were all in exile, were brought in. He had ever recognized these children, and they had been tenderly cared for by both him and his amiable spouse. As the children knelt sobbing by the side of their dying father, whom they sincerely loved, he embraced them affectionately, and turning to the Duchess, said:

"I know you sufficiently, Caroline, to know that you will take care of these orphans after I am gone."

The Duchess, with true nobility of action, took her own child from the arms of its nurse, and, drawing those innocent but unfortunate little ones to her lap, tenderly caressed them, and said: "Kiss your sister, my dears."

The dying man was evidently consoled by this generous deed. He then fervently exclaimed: "O my God, pardon me my sins! Pardon me my sins, and pardon him who has taken my life."

Soon after this the King, Louis XVIII., arrived. "My uncle," said the dying man, "give me your hand, that I may kiss it for the last time. I entreat you, in the name of my death, to spare the life of the man who has killed me."

"You are not so ill as you suppose," said the King. "We will speak of this again."

"Ah," sadly exclaimed the dying prince, "you do not say yes. The pardon of that man would have softened my last moment."

He had hardly uttered these words ere he sank away and died. Louvel, the assassin, a brutal wretch, suffered upon the scaffold the penalty of his crime.

On the 20th of September, 1820, seven months after the death of her husband, the Duchess de Berri was delivered of a son, the present Count de Chambord. The royalists welcomed the birth of this child with every demonstration of joy. Not long after this, Charles X. succeeded to the throne. All the Legitimists of France and of Europe recognized the young Count de Chambord, who was then called the Duke of Bordeaux, as the lawful heir to the throne. The Duke d'Angouleme waived his rights in favor of his nephew.

When the King and Court fled, before the revolution of 1830, the Duchess and her child, who was then about ten years of age, were in the large party of royal fugitives which the royal guard were conducting to the coast. At midnight, amidst a scene of great consternation at Rambouillet, the King abdicated the throne in favor of his grandson, the Duke of Bordeaux, whom he proclaimed as king, with the title of Henry V. It was too late for compromise.

More than forty years have since passed away. During that time the Count de Chambord has been an exile, while France has passed through the changes of a monarchy, a provisional government, a republic, an empire, and another provisional government. The wheel of fortune, thus ever turning, may again place the Count de Chambord upon the throne of his ancestors. Christian Union.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

No. XIII.

YOKOHAMA, ITS SHOPS AND SHOPKEEPERS, CARRIAGES, THE RAILROAD, AND WHAT IT HAS EFFECTED. THE CHANGES IN TREATMENT OF FOREIGNERS. RAPID PROGRESS IN IMPROVEMENTS.

Yokohama is the principal seaport of the kingdom of Japan. It holds this position rather from the force of circumstances, however, than from natural advantages. Good harbors are of little value to a people whose cherished purpose for ages has been to remain jealously secluded from the rest of the world. The history of Yokohama is a remarkable illustration of this traditional policy. The foreigners—England, America, France—knocked menacingly at the gates of this hermit among Empires. At last all the resources of this most astute people in finesse and Machiavellism were exhausted. The hated foreigner must be admitted; but he shall be as uncomfortable as possible, and perhaps he will be glad enough to go away again. There is a narrow strip of land, low and damp, separated from all the desirable parts of the country by a wide unwholesome swamp. For a lazaretto or penal settlement—admirable. Easily watched, all attempts to trade, or communicate in any way with the people could be made abortive. This spot—Yokohama—was assigned to the foreigners. But at last the Jap had to cope with a tenacity of purpose equal to his own. When he looked to see the foreigner restless and uneasy in his confined quarters, making preparations to decamp, lo! the Anglo Saxon, with the steam bridged ocean for his base, was making himself very comfortable. His prison was rapidly assuming the proportions of a snug pretty town. Now, seen from the steamer, Yokohama might be an English town, with clear broad streets, large well built stone houses and stores, and many other indications of prosperity, and future expansion.

The harbor is shallow, and the anchorage a mile from the shore. As the boats come out to the ship, it is noticeable that they are propelled in a peculiar manner. The Japs don't row, they skull. They stand up, an equal number on each side, and work the oar, not at right angles, but parallel with the boat. As the oar is never taken from the water no time is lost, as in rowing. Each oar describes a motion somewhat resembling that of the screw of a propeller.

The Japs are a pleasant visaged people; coated and mottled and ruddy cheeked strong-limbed and cheery voiced, they are clearly the children of a bracing climate,—accustomed to the same cold air that at this season (January) keeps Fuziama snow clad from base to summit. But how uniformly ruddy they all are! men women and children—age as well as youth. "Oh they all paint, explains a foreign resident of Yokohama. Humpf! So, not alone the diligently unaffected New York and Paris belle, but the unsophisticated Jap equally is unwilling to trust to nature's unaided cosmetics; "one touch of—paint makes all the world akin."

Are they destined to repeat the role of France among the nations, these pleasant lively, quick witted Japs? How supple jointed they are,—how incessantly they bow, how politely, how gracefully, how Frenchfully. It is delightful to be made to feel, incessantly, that these soft voiced smiling Japs were made to be happy in serving you! that their mission—their joy, and purpose in life. Go down into the "Jap quarter." Here are streets of shops, all looking as light and unsubstantial as card toy houses,—walls of their white boards, and partitions of paper. The shop keeper comes forward with the air of a real gentleman, bows profoundly three times, then asks (as you learn, not from his soft musical vocalisation but from his speaking face and significant gestures) what is your wish. Look at every article in his shop,—make him bring down from the highest shelf every exquisite thing he has,—wonderful gems of cabinets of lacquered wood, escritaires and writing desks, and every description of ornamental box,—tables and tea-pots, each a wilderness of beauty in curiously inlaid woods; look leisurely at all his bronzes, rare specimens of animals reproduced in every conceivable pose of nature; and finally go away without buying the value of an itzaboo, (about half a dollar) and yet that man smiles you away, says sweetly "Saiara" (good bye) with such an air of gratitude, that

you feel it was really very thoughtful of you to give him a whole hour of unalloyed felicity! Speaking of bronzes,—for grace and beauty and truth to nature, the Japs have little to learn from the studios of Paris and Rome.

Horses are not abundant in Japan—not, at least, in Yokohama. Men, however, are numerous, and native ingenuity has discovered a remedy for the deficiency of draught animals. The genericksha is a two wheeled carriage resembling an exaggerated baby-cart. Lightness and strength are so admirably combined in its structure, that one sturdy Jap, placing himself in the shafts, his chest pressing against a cross bar, will draw you up hill and down, with great velocity, and all day, for about a dollar.

Feudalism and national exclusivism are as unfriendly to telegraphs and railroads, as owls and bats are to light,—telegraphs and railroads have been introduced into the kingdom, ergo,—the remainder of the syllogism need not be written. The introduction of these exponents of progress marks an epoch in the history of Japan. Previous to that event the Mikado was never seen by vulgar eyes. In the minds of the masses he was a Divine being—more than the Lord's Anointed, the Lord Himself. When this august being consented to show himself to his people—that very act proclaimed Japan revolutionised. The occasion was the opening of the Railroad from Yeddo, the Capital, to Yokohama. The Mikado appeared in public and formally opened the Road. There he stood the representative of a Dynasty older than any existing civilisation,—how veritably a Jap of the Japs! The locomotive panted, the wheels revolved, and beneath this beneficent juggernaut of the 19th century, feudalism and many other foul and foolish things were crushed into extinction—was there ever known—ever imagined—such a succession of rapid and wonderful revolutions as Japan has witnessed within the last eight years? The clumsy double government of Mikado and Lyon—spiritual and secular emperors—abolished; the great and powerful Feudal lords, each in effect a king—shorn of their power and reduced to the condition of wealthy gentlemen; their boastful dangerous retainers, the famous "two-sworded" Samourai, compelled to acknowledge the Sovereignty of law; the hated, mistrusted foreigner, appointed to positions of honor and emolument, invited and encouraged to go at will any where throughout the empire; the general adoption by court and people of the customs and manners of Europe and America, these and many other changes effected by a people proverbial a few years ago, for the most thorough and comprehensive exclusivism. There are several points of peculiar interest on the Railroad between Yokohama and Yeddo. Kanô gahwah is the village where Sir Rutherford Alcock, minister plenipotentiary from Great Britain was assigned a residence by the jealous and suspicious government. The place—a temple and its environs—is pointed out where a murderous attempt was made by the treacherous Samourai to cut off the whole embassy at one blow—fortunately without success.

A. R. R. C.

For the Christian Messenger.

MENTAL CULTURE.

To the Editor of the Christian Messenger:

DEAR SIR:—More than two years ago I wrote some articles for your journal in which I intimated my belief that the Classics were no longer entitled to occupy the prominent place in the College curriculum which had hitherto been assigned to them. I have met in the course of my readings many confirmations of this idea; but the other day in listening to the address of Professor DeMille on the occasion of the opening of Dalhousie College, remarked some expressions which are so significant and pertinent, that I cannot help laying before your reader. The Professor in speaking of the study of the Classics said:

"Greek seems to be fast dying out of our Universities. It will soon become a nonentity, and studied only as a specialty, as Hebrew or Sanscrit."

This is plain talk and from a high authority. At least it proves that my ideas are not to be rejected for want of fair and respectable backing. I wonder how much longer Professor DeMille will have to live in this enlightened age before he will be prepared to make the same remark of the Latin language. Our schoolmen seem desperately anxious to oppose the tide that has set in, in favor of scientific and technical studies, but, methinks, it will march on irresistibly for all that. Where are the champions of the Classic monopoly? Let them come forth over their own name.

MORRIS CULZEAN.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

HANDLY E. FITCH, ESQ.,

died of typhoid fever, at his residence, Clarence, Annapolis Co., October 9, 1873, aged 57 years. Brother Fitch was born in Clarence, and passed most of his life there, engaged chiefly in farming, which he prosecuted with considerable success. Of great determination and with powers capable of great endurance he accomplished, as a general thing, what he undertook. At the age of sixteen he was baptized by Rev. N. Vidtce, and united with the Wilmot Church, and remained till death a highly respected and useful member. Though, in common with other christians, he had his seasons of darkness, he never abandoned his christian profession, but always maintained a steadfast walk. The loss of a lovely and much loved daughter, a few years since, led him to feel more keenly the vanity of earthly good, and to place his affections more firmly on things above. For some months previous to his death his joy in the Lord, to use his own words, exceeded anything he had ever enjoyed during his previous course. From private conversations the writer learned that his thoughts were much on heavenly things, and to the fervor of his utterances in the prayer and conference meetings many can testify. It is not difficult now, to see that he was ripening for glory. His departure from us leaves a vacancy in the Sabbath School and every department of church work.

Bro. F. was deeply interested in our Mission work, both Home and Foreign. He watched with interest the progress toward union in our Home Mission work, and rejoiced when it was completed. The prospects of our Independent Mission, as they appeared at the last meeting of the Convention gave him great satisfaction. His appreciation of education was shown by his efforts to obtain it himself, even after he had grown to manhood, and by the way he provided for his children. Failing to make satisfactory arrangements for the admission of his daughters to the Seminary to which he applied, he established and maintained for two years and upwards a school at his own house. This school, known as the Clarence Seminary, was under the able and efficient management of Miss Wentworth, graduate of Mount Holyoke; and was in every way a complete success. The number of boarders in attendance was between thirty and forty, and would have been greater could accommodation have been provided. At the time of his death his only son was studying at Acadia College. Our brother leaves a devoted wife and three children, who deeply mourn their loss. An affectionate husband, a kind father, a useful citizen, and a worthy christian has passed away. Such men are missed. So thought the many friends and neighbors who gathered to follow him to the tomb. But our mourning hearts were comforted by knowing that even in death he was victorious through Christ. The funeral services were conducted by the writer, assisted by Revs. Messrs. Parker, Moore and Blakeny.—Com. by Rev. A. Cohoon.

MISS MARY D. HARRIS.

The sudden and unexpected demise of this estimable young lady has made a great void in the family circle and in the hearts of many surviving, loving friends. When the interesting family of Rev. E. N. Harris left their home in Baltimore and separated a few months ago to spend the summer with friends north and west, they little thought that when they returned to the enjoyments of "home," its comforts and endearments, there would be one vacant chair around the hearth stone—one absent form—one silent voice. But we "know not what a day may bring forth." How ignorant are we of life's vicissitudes and dangers. It is appalling to think how near to the happiest and most prosperous scenes of life stands the saddest despair, and deepest bereavement.

Miss Harris was visiting in Middletown, Conn., apparently in the vigor of health. On Wednesday August 20th, she had assisted in a musical concert at Wolcottville, showing an uncommon degree of power and culture. Monday following she visited a friend in Middletown, Conn., and on the evening of her arrival was suddenly seized with neuralgia of the stomach, and despite all that medical skill, and the constant attention which affection prompts, could accomplish, she rapidly grew worse, and bade adieu to earth and friends on the following Friday, August 29th, in the 32nd year of her age.

Miss Harris was the daughter of Rev. E.