



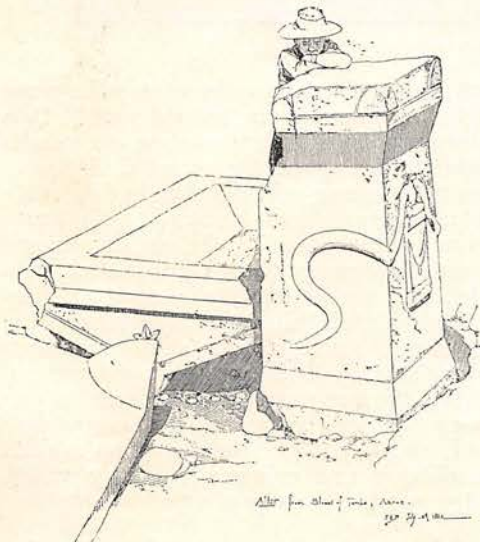
TEMPLE RELIEF DISCOVERED BY THE EXPEDITION.

AMERICAN EXPLORERS IN ASSOS.

IN the autumn of 1879 two young American architects, Mr. J. T. Clarke and Mr. F. H. Bacon, after a month's work in the British Museum, set out from London in a twenty-foot sail-boat, crossed the Channel, and ascended the Rhine, on their way to study among the Greek islands the inedited remains of the Doric order. After a winter in Munich they descended the Danube, their boat having been brought overland from Mayence to Ratisbon, and in due time emerged from the Euxine upon Constantinople, to the surprise of the Turks, flying the American flag from their masthead. The first fruit of this little expedition was a paper by Mr. Clarke entitled "Archæological Notes on Greek Shores," printed by the Archæological Institute of America in the spring of 1880. In this paper attention was called to the site of the ancient city of Assos, on the

southern shore of the Troad, as a fruitful field for study, a thorough examination of the city walls and other monuments still above ground promising valuable results, quite independently of anything that might be brought to light by excavation. Stimulated by these representations, the Institute, in the spring of 1881, sent out to the Ægean a small but well-equipped expedition, consisting of six or eight carefully selected young men, of whom Mr. Clarke and Mr. Bacon were the chief, and were, indeed, the only ones who remained on the spot through the three summers consumed in the work. The results attained far exceeded in magnitude and importance the modest expectations with which this enterprise was undertaken. Besides throwing much light upon disputed questions of chronology and upon methods of construction in both sacred and military architecture, the excavations undertaken revealed the most complete collection of secular Greek buildings as yet discovered. The full report of their work, now in preparation, promises to be one of the most important contributions yet made to our knowledge of the municipal life as well as of the civic architecture of the Greeks. Meanwhile here is presented, from Mr. Bacon's pen and pencil, an outline of these achievements.

W. R. Ware.



You say, "Tell me something about Assos, and the life and work there." It is difficult to put on paper the sea, sky, and sunshine, the rugged acropolis rising steep from the water, its top formerly crowned with the temple of Athena, "our patron and virgin goddess," as the citizens called her. From the temple there was a fine view of sea and land. Across the strait, seven miles distant, lies Mytilene, truly a "noble and a pleasant isl-



TEMPLE RELIEF DISCOVERED, ASSOS.

and," and Mount Lepethymnos is immediately opposite, its shadowed ravines looking invitingly cool from our sun-beaten hill. At the extreme west of Mytilene is seen the acropolis of ancient Methymna, the present town of Molivo, with a Turkish fortress above it, whence soon will issue the puff of white smoke from the sunset gun, so eagerly watched for by the Turks upon our acropolis; for it is Ramazan, and not a drop of water or morsel of food enters the mouth of the faithful from sunrise till sunset.

Behind Lepethymnos, a little to the east, is the bare sugar-loaf of the Lesbian Olympus, the highest mountain in Mytilene, showing the fitness of things in appearing where it does, for the meridian from the temple stylobate runs through the center of the peak.

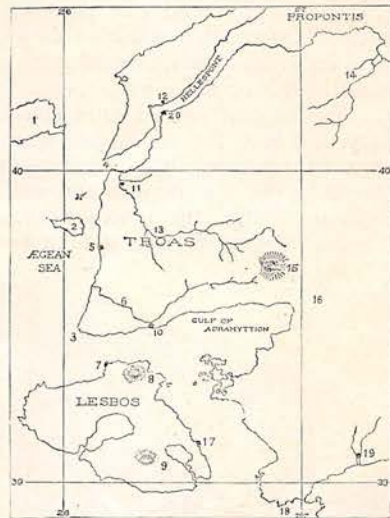
Turn about and look over the valley of the river and the plain, spread out like a map. The river is the ancient Satnioeis, which here reaches to within half a mile of the sea; but it is unable to get through this rocky barrier, and is compelled to flow on for twenty miles more before it can empty its waters into the Ægean.

The plain is cut up into little cultivated fields, which change as the months go by from green and the cuckoo's cry in spring to the yellow grain and the grating of the locust.

Immediately beneath, on the north side of the acropolis, are the rickety stone houses of the present Turkish village Béhran. At midday everything is asleep, but toward sunset begin to rise curls of smoke from the chimneys, the women come out of their houses and chatter as they prepare the evening meal, and the voices of the children are wafted up as they squabble and play. A little girl comes through a breach in the ancient city wall and belabors her donkey up the old stone-paved road. She has been to the river for water,

which is slung in large earthen jars across the donkey's back. Off to the east rises Mount Ida, its top colored with purple sunset.

There is a commotion far below us, and a tinkling of goat-bells and barking of dogs show that some one is shutting up his flocks for the night, for hyenas and vagabond jackals are about. The orchestra of the ancient theater is the fold. A sedate white-turbaned Turk comes out on a housetop slowly rolling a cigarette, then shades his eyes and looks toward Molivo. The last edge of the sun sinks into the sea, a few anxious moments and puff goes the white smoke, down drops the Turk on his mat toward Mecca, while a few more lax individuals skip their prayers and squat



SKETCH-MAP OF THE TROAD.

1. Imbros. 2. Tenedos. 3. Cape Lektou. 4. Cape Sigeion. 5. Alexandria Troas. 6. Satnioeis. 7. Methymna. 8. Mt. Lepethymnos. 9. Mt. Olympus. 10. Assos. 11. Troy. 12. Sestos. 13. Scamander. 14. Granicus. 15. Mt. Ida. 16. Adramyttion. 17. Mytilene. 18. Gulf of Elaina. 19. Pergamon. 20. Abydos.

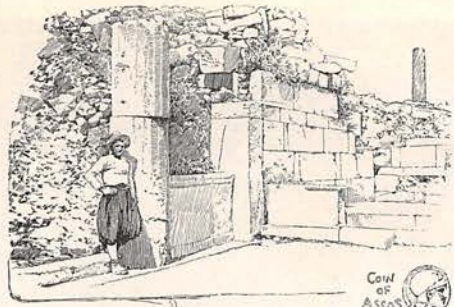
with their hungry families around the savory *pilaf*. Mashallah! what a change the centuries have brought! Assos was one of the many cities with which the coast of Asia Minor was lined, but never having been of much political importance, it sunk with the decline of Greek and Roman civilization, and its site and existence were almost forgotten. Our work restores a perfect picture of life in a provincial Greek town.

Along the narrow paved streets that ran around the sides of the acropolis were the dwellings and public buildings, placed in picturesque relation to each other, the whole inclosed by massive fortification walls. Outside was the street of tombs, a line of sarcophagi and monuments reaching to the river, over which was a stone bridge leading to the cultivated fields beyond where still grows the wheat once so celebrated.

The acropolis itself is the crater of an extinct volcano, and consists of a gray rock with here and there a mass of conglomerate showing the effect of the ancient fires. The sides of the hill are cut and worn into terraces on which stood the buildings of the city, tier rising above tier.

High above all was the temple of Athena, which formed here, like the Parthenon in Athens, a quiet sanctuary far removed from the bustle in the city below. Its pavement is nearly eight hundred feet above the sea-level, and so steep is the ascent that from the edge of the cliff one can look into the holds of the small vessels clustered in the port below.

Of the temple not one column or stone of the superstructure remains in position, and before the excavations nothing on the surface indicated its whereabouts, excepting the many capitals, triglyphs, cornice-blocks, etc., strewn about. But the first pit we sunk struck the stylobate, and soon the entire pavement was laid bare. It was carefully swept and washed, and then traces of the columns and walls became plainly visible, the places where they had stood being less weathered than the ex-



PRESENT CONDITION
OF EAST END OF
THE STOA.

posed surfaces. At many points on the floor are cuts and scratches made by the ancient builders to guide the setting of walls and columns. In the center are remains of a marble mosaic, a part of the original pavement.

The acropolis must have been inhabited long after the destruction of the temple, as is seen by the Byzantine and mediæval fortification wall, and the large accumulation of débris upon the top, which on this wind-swept site could be due only to human occupation. The earth we turned up was full of bones, ashes, boars' teeth, and other refuse, and mediæval walls were found built on the very floor of the temple.

Probably in the middle ages, when the seas were infested with pirates, the few remaining inhabitants withdrew to the citadel and there lived secure from attack, occasionally venturing down to the port or cultivating their fields. While the ancient city crumbled and grass grew in the streets, the winter rains, year by year, washed down masses of earth, effacing gradually the lines of the terraces and filling up the hollows.

South of the temple was a mediæval wall faced outside with a row of capitals placed on edge. This we tore down, and found in it many fragments of temple-blocks and several pieces of the famous sculptured architrave. On one is represented a bowman pursuing centaurs. These have human fore-legs, a peculiarity of which this is the most considerable example known. These bass-reliefs had often been noticed by early travelers, and in 1838 the French government, having obtained them as



TEMPLE CAPITAL.



SMALL GATEWAY AND PART OF THE WESTERN TRANSVERSE
WALL.



HEROÖN (RESTORED).

a gift from the Sultan, removed to Paris eleven of the sculptured blocks which were found lying on the surface. Our excavations have brought to light eight additional pieces.

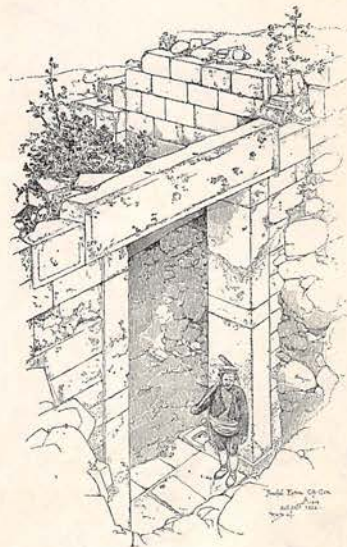
The architrave-blocks were easily recognized on account of their peculiar shape. Some were sculptured and some plain, and the thought of finding a new relief caused our hearts to beat faster as we dug around the buried stone. When at last it was pried over and the dirt brushed off, the workmen gathered around, pleased as children to have found something. It is a gala day when these stones are brought down to the port. We have a drag, shod with iron, upon which the blocks are bound, a long rope is attached, the entire gang catch hold, and with much yelling, scrambling, and shouting of orders, the block is soon down below, and the panting workmen sit around in the shade and drink coffee at the expedition's expense.

From the cliff south of the temple you can look down into the Agora or ancient market-place, and there is a shady shelf of rock where one may sit and trace out the lines of the ancient streets. Now that the pavement at the east end of the stoa is laid bare, one gets a better idea of the old market-place, formerly all paved, and on such hot days as these no doubt now and then sprinkled with water from the reservoir. The day is cloudless. The pavement glistens in the sunlight. Your eyes blink.

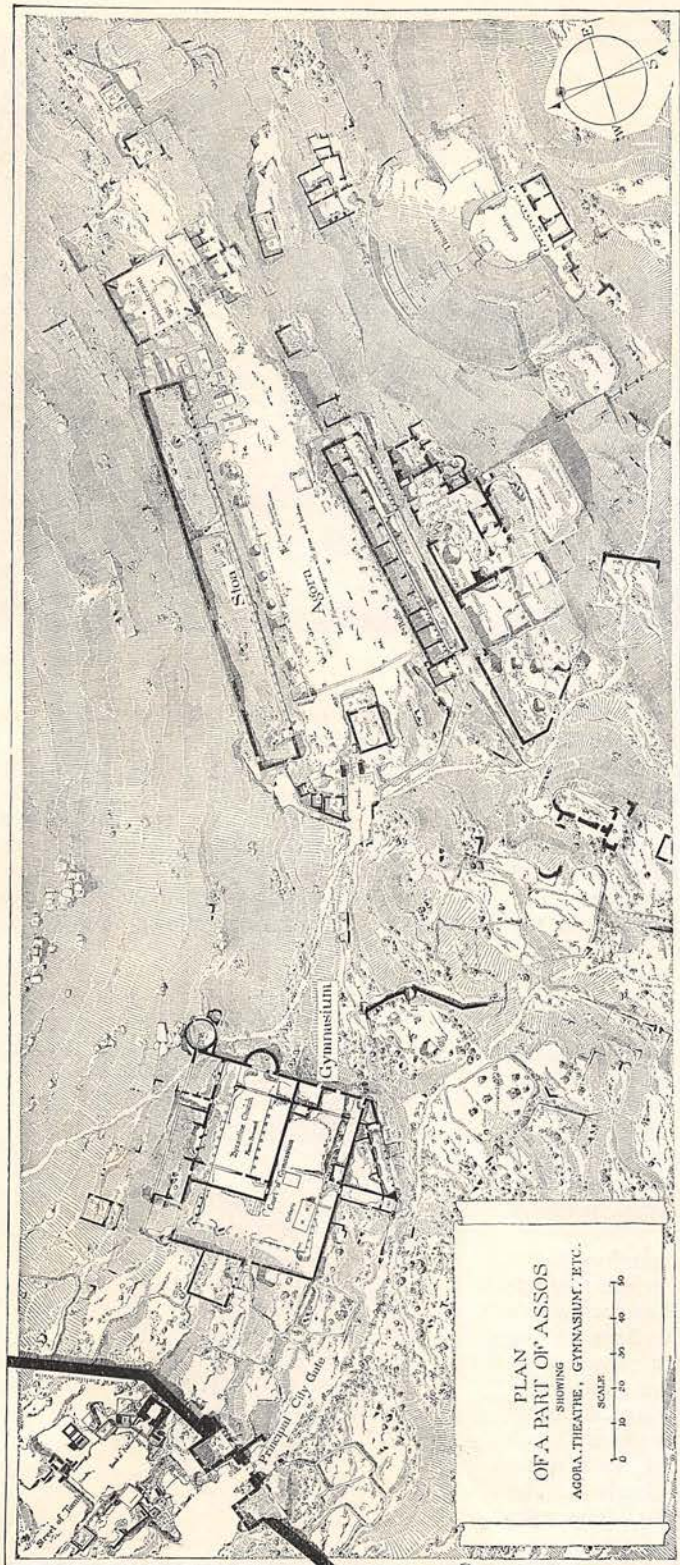
A murmur comes up from the market-place,

and you look over the red-tiled roof of the stoa into the little square.

A herald orders the old market women to clear away their cabbage-leaves and melon-rinds, and then darts after two small boys who have been racing up and down the long corridor of the Stoa, to the great disturbance of a knot of politicians gathered about the columns of the eastern entrance. Some coun-



PRINCIPAL EASTERN CITY GATE.



trymen are loitering through the cool portico, gazing at the battle-scenes painted on the wall.

In the alcoves of the second story are the scribes and money-lenders at their little tables. A water-vender with his donkey comes through the archway near the heralds' office with water from the river carried in two large, dripping jars, their mouths stopped with green leaves from the bushes that grow by the Satnioeis.

Yonder dusty artisan is a master mason, coming with tablets and rule to take the measure for the new roof-tiles of the baths. There is a stone standard for such tiles set up in the Agora by the city fathers.

There, out of the Bouleuterion, comes the Roman governor; the politicians stop talking, and one or two of the demagogues slink back into the shadow of the columns, as he mounts his horse and rattles out through the square.

In the Heroön at the west end of the baths sleep the three heroes Kallisthenes, Aristias, and Kallisthenes, with their names and the thanks of the city cut on the marble lintel of their tiny temple.

A sleek citizen comes out of the baths, clad in fresh robes, and, stopping a moment to read the theater placard posted up at the entrance, mounts his mule and trots off to his country-house down on the point.

Then a swell from Pergamon, visiting his Assos relatives, comes sauntering along with a couple of his provincial cousins, gazes about with a *blasé* air, and when they point out the lions of the city, he tells them that if they wish to see something really fine they must come to Pergamon and see the altar. "In



MARBLE HEAD FROM THE AGORA.

Pergamon, you know, we use Ionic or Corinthian; your plain Doric, such as you have here, isn't fit for this civilized age."

A locust whirs in your face, and you start up to see the sun nearing the hills, the red-tiled roofs vanish, and you have been asleep. But it isn't quite all a dream; for there are the columns and the outline of the Stoa; there is the rear wall laid bare and showing the rough surface to which the painted stucco was attached; there, about the Bouleuterion, are the overturned pedestals on which stood the marble slabs inscribed with decrees; and there is the ancient rostrum from which the orators and demagogues harangued the people assembled in the square.

In the Heroön are still the sarcophagi of the three heroes, their bones long since scattered, but their names still legible on the broken epistyle lying in front. What they did we know not, but, whatever it was, it secured them this distinction of burial within the city walls. At the entrance of their tomb are traces of the iron gratings that stood between the marble columns, and in the vestibule against the wall there is the foundation of a tablet upon which, no doubt, were inscribed the deeds of the three occupants.

On a slope south of the plateau lies a stone block, broken in two, with the legal shapes of different tiles cut on it for standards.

The stoa, or public portico, is three hundred and twenty-seven feet long, and was two stories high. In the rear wall can still be seen the holes for the heavy wooden beams of the second floor. We have found enough fragments to make its restoration certain, and

probably no Greek building of the kind was ever so completely and satisfactorily recovered. It formed a shelter from the rain and sun, and, being in the public square, was the general place of resort for the merchants and business men of the city as well as for others.

An interesting passage in Strabo illustrates this use of the stoa in the life of the Greeks, and also the fact that all jokes are old. In speaking of Cyme, a city fifty miles south of Assos, he says:

"And another story is that they borrowed the money to build their stoa, and, not paying up on the appointed day, were shut out from the promenade. But when it rained, the money-lenders, for very shame, sent out the crier to bid them come under, and as the crier made proclamation, '*Come under the stoa*,' the story got abroad that the Cymæans didn't know enough to go in when it rained, unless they were notified by the herald!"

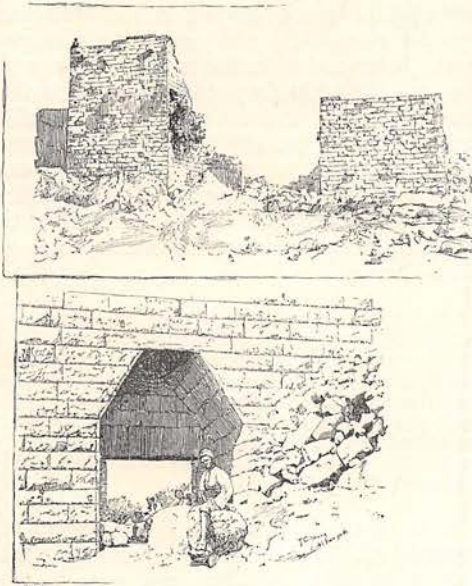
East of the Stoa is the Bouleuterion, or council-hall. In front of this building is the rostrum for public speakers, and near by are a number of pedestals and bases which formerly supported statues. In excavating below the Bouleuterion we have found many fragments of marble inscriptions, and one most interesting bronze tablet, in a perfect state of preservation. On it was inscribed in Greek a decree of the people of Assos swearing allegiance to the Roman Emperor Caligula, upon his accession to the throne in 37 A. D.

Close at hand was found a fine marble head, probably from one of these statues. It was at the bottom of a cistern, along with broken water-jugs and different objects that had fallen in.

In front of the Bouleuterion is a paved street leading out of the Agora to the principal eastern gate of the city. We excavated this gateway, and in the threshold found, still in place, the iron sockets in which turned the pivots of the heavy gates.

Some weeks were spent in excavating just above the theater, in the hope of finding here also fragments of statues or inscriptions which might have been thrown over from the Agora and covered by the débris. But nothing of any value came to light. The place proved to have been occupied by dwellings during the middle ages, and an interesting group of these buildings was laid bare, planned on the ancient model, with a court or atrium and rooms opening upon it.

Farther in, next to the ledge, which here rose perpendicularly to the plateau above, we discovered a very ancient mosaic pavement, with a pattern of two griffins facing each other. This may have been in some official building, for these griffins are identical in character with those represented on the coins of



PRINCIPAL WESTERN GATEWAY AND SMALL POSTERN IN WESTERN TRANSVERSE WALL.

the city and with the sphinxes on the temple. These creatures were evidently the Assos coat of arms. A little farther westward was unearthed another mosaic, of later date but still of Greek workmanship. On each side are two winged Victories with offerings, while the center, somewhat broken, seems to represent a sale of Cupids, a subject often found in Greek and Roman frescoes and mosaics.

The bath, just below the Agora, is one of the most interesting buildings of all. It is the only example of a Greek bath known, those in Pompeii and elsewhere being distinctively Roman. The final drawings of this building have not been made, but we have the material for a complete restoration. The plan of the lower story is evident with its thirteen bath-chambers, each with its basin, cemented floor, and reservoir of water, and there are still in place remains of the marble casing. There was probably a row of similar chambers in the second story, while the third story seems to have been an open portico, rising above the level of the plateau, into which the people walked from the level of the market-place above.

In front of the baths is a paved street leading down to the theater. As late as twenty or thirty years ago this theater was in an almost perfect state of preservation, but at the beginning of our excavations in 1881 nothing was visible but the outline of the *scena* and the hollow in the hill formed by the auditorium.

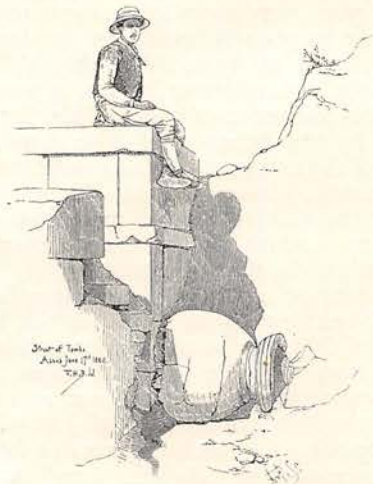
The plan has, however, been now almost completely recovered. We ran trenches in

every direction, laying bare the seats and galleries, and uncovering traces of a small marble colonnade that formerly supported the stage. The seats were of the ordinary acropolis stone, and but little marble was found, the chief part having long since been burned in mediæval lime-kilns.

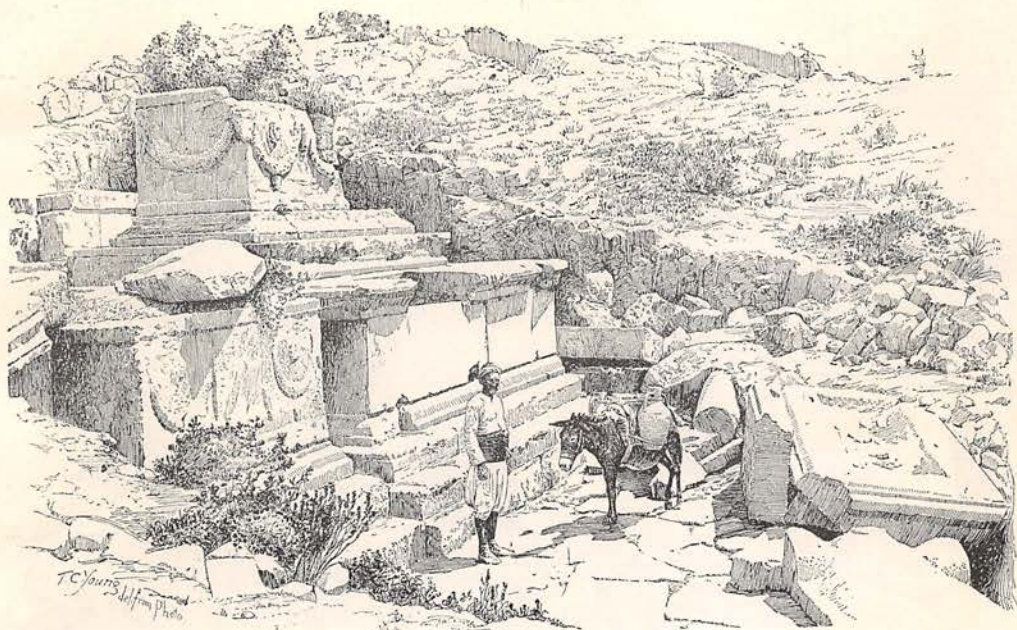
The gymnasium, between the market-place and the great gates, has been thoroughly investigated, but, owing to some Byzantine squatters who built a large church and cloisters in the court, little more than a part of the ancient plan has been recovered. The Christians utilized one side of the colonnade for one aisle of their church, and built a polygonal apse toward the east. The ancient entrance to the gymnasium was retained, and when laid bare and swept showed steps and thresholds deeply worn by the feet of many centuries. In the nave of the church was an interesting mosaic pavement, made up of small bits of colored marble and terra cotta. The church must have been of early date, and built before the ancient Greek traditions had quite died out.

From the gymnasium leads a path to the large western gate of the city. This gateway and the adjoining fortification walls are splendid specimens of Greek military engineering. Twenty years ago it was almost entire, but it was demolished by the Turks, and the stones were carried to Constantinople to help build docks.

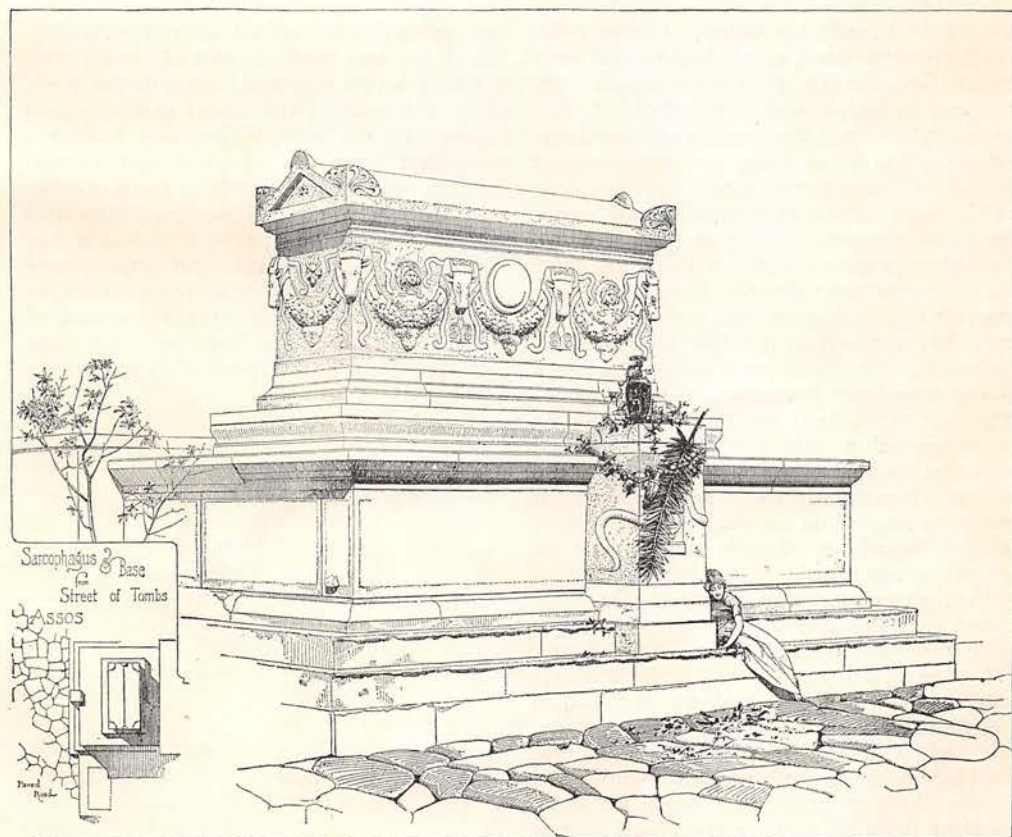
The two flanking towers still remain, one of them at nearly its original height. On the outside, near the top, are two projecting stones which once supported wooden masts, running up above the tower from which banners floated on gala days. Sitting on the top of this tower one has a fine view of the street of tombs stretching away outside the walls



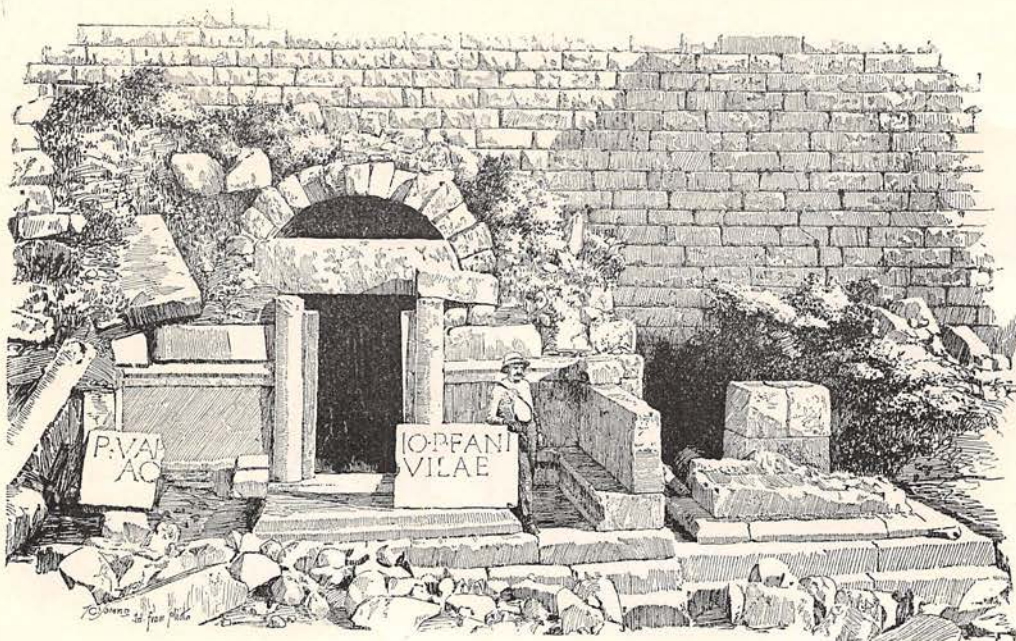
ANCIENT BURIAL-JAR CUT IN TWO BY A LATER WALL.



PRESENT CONDITION OF THE LARGE ORNAMENTED SARCOPHAGUS.



RESTORATION OF ABOVE.



PRESENT CONDITION OF THE TOMB OF PUBLIUS VARIUS.

toward the river in the valley. It now looks like desolation itself, sarcophagi turned over from their pedestals, their sides smashed in, their covers broken and scattered about. The cover of the largest and most ornamented sarcophagus was found lying on the pavement just below it, together with the large stone altar which stood in front of it, on which are sculptured two serpents feeding from a sacrifice. This altar is undoubtedly a later addition. On feast days these altars and the tombs were decorated with offerings and garlands of flowers. Many sarcophagi had inscriptions cut on their sides. Nearly all were ornamented with carved wreaths or festoons, and had the conventional *caput bovis* on the corners. The tombs are such a collection of small, isolated ruins that until we had excavated them somewhat and located them in a general survey, it was quite impossible to get any idea of their original disposition. It now appears that the general scheme embraced a long avenue or terrace, with monuments on either side, while below, on a lower level, was the main road leading off over the hills to Alexandria Troas.

The more ambitious monuments had exedras or seats in front, and on account of their fine situation and close proximity to the gate and main road, there is no doubt that the place was one of general resort. The Greeks did not make their death the cold, repellent thing of to-day; their burial-places were not our formal tracts inclosed by chilly

iron gratings and visited only of a Sunday. But death was made a part of their everyday life; lovers wandered beneath the trees, philosophers sat in the exedra and discussed immortality, the little children took first steps in spelling from the inscribed marbles, and the tired wayfarer went aside to the cool stone seats to rest, while the hurrying, busy feet tramped by over the paved road just below.

At sunset the people must instinctively have gone out of the city toward these tombs, to catch the last glimpses of the sea and of Mytilene. Nature must have been the same then as it is to-day. The peak of Lepethymnos

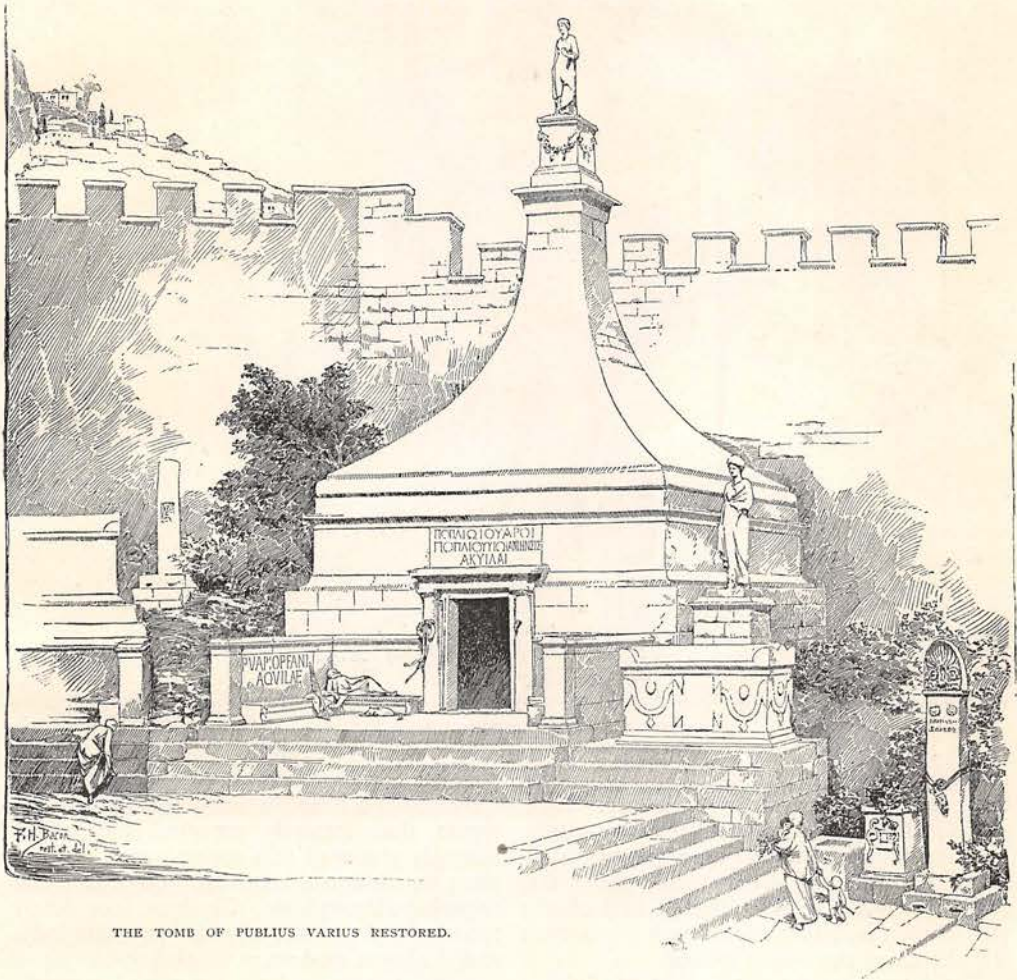


HAGI CHRISTO.

opposite is still purple, though the stars are beginning to glow. The wind, which has blown steadily all day, ceases, the laborers come in from the grain-fields, the goat-bells tingle, and the shepherds are heard in the valley calling to their flocks.

At this calm, still time of evening one can-

ded in the ground, each full of charred human bones. Some had covers of bronze; several were quite large, and contained with the ashes small earthen toy vessels. In another early form of sepulture the body was placed entire in a large earthen jar, which was then buried beneath the soil.



THE TOMB OF PUBLIUS VARIUS RESTORED.

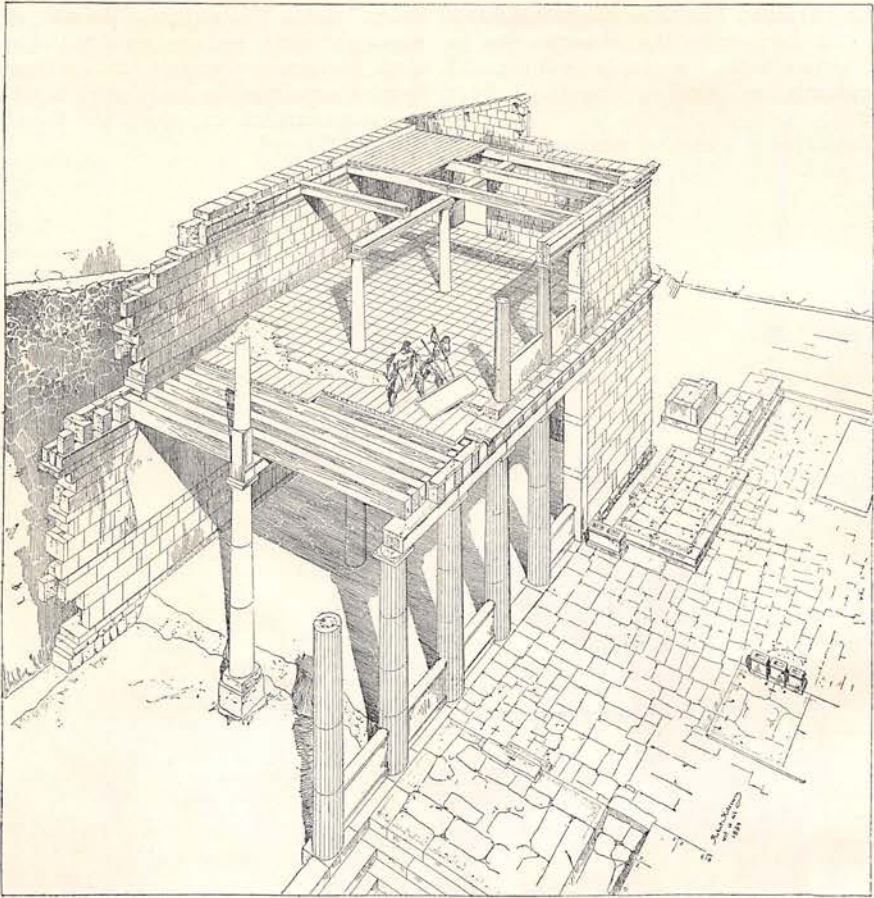
not help thinking of Homer's lines, written of this very land, of Troy, only thirty miles away:

“As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart,

And eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds,
Fixt by their cars, waited the golden dawn.”

One day in a prospecting trench we came across a great many little earthen jars imbed-

The ground thus used through successive ages became full of graves, and later comers had difficulty in finding places not already occupied. Every available space was filled, late sarcophagi were set in the exedras, and many tombs were actually reappropriated. It seemed to be against their scruples to remove any buried jar or sarcophagus, and in several instances during our excavations we found buried sarcophagi around which a wall had been built for the foundations of a later tomb. But in one rather amusing instance the ancient builders, while digging for the foundations of the large ornamented sarcophagus already



PERSPECTIVE SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF THE STOA.

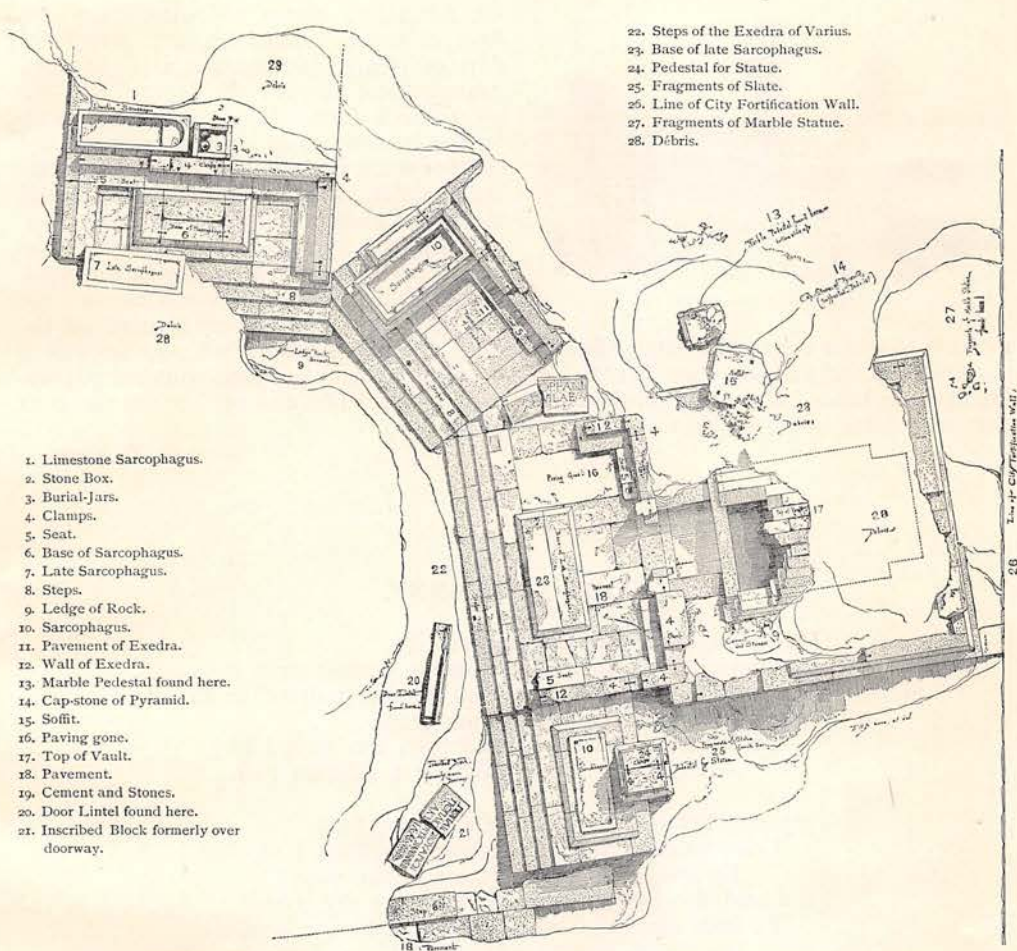
mentioned, had evidently come across an ancient burial-jar directly in their way. Their scruples forbade them to remove it entirely, but they didn't hesitate to slice it in two, body inside and all; and in excavating about this tomb the other day we found half of the *pithos*, with its half skeleton in it; and here is a sketch of the way it looked.

The largest tomb of all, that of Publius Varius, stood just outside the gate and faced down the principal avenue. We were fortunate to recover this tomb completely. The exedra and vault still remained intact, while scattered all about lay the blocks of the pyramid which surmounted it, having doubtless been pulled to pieces by barbarians in search of the iron clamps and dowels with which the blocks were fastened together. There was an accumulation of earth twelve feet in depth about this tomb. On top of this earth were found the carved marble pedestal and cap-stone of the pyramid, showing that the monument had been overthrown at a compar-

atively late period. At the rear was found the fragment of a beautiful head belonging to the statue that formerly crowned the whole. Enough pieces of this statue were found to show that it was a personification of Demeter or perhaps Persephone. The head is evidently the idealized portrait of some patrician lady, and is almost modern in its character.

Some people in later times had reappropriated the Varius tomb—and had placed a sarcophagus in the exedra and another one inside the vault. This latter occupant, knowing the depravity of man, had set up a large slab of marble with an inscription cut in rough letters, calling down the wrath of the gods on any one who should dare to appropriate *his* tomb or disturb *his* bones!

Down next the paved road is the burial inclosure of the Larichos family, a large rectangle in plan, open toward the street, and with seats around the three other sides. In it were found many buried sarcophagi containing human bones, with small vases, corroded strigils,



1. Limestone Sarcophagus.
2. Stone Box.
3. Burial-Jars.
4. Clamps.
5. Seat.
6. Base of Sarcophagus.
7. Late Sarcophagus.
8. Steps.
9. Ledge of Rock.
10. Sarcophagus.
11. Pavement of Exedra.
12. Wall of Exedra.
13. Marble Pedestal found here.
14. Cap-stone of Pyramid.
15. Soffit.
16. Paving gone.
17. Top of Vault.
18. Pavement.
19. Cement and Stones.
20. Door Lintel found here.
21. Inscribed Block formerly over doorway.

22. Steps of the Exedra of Varius.
23. Base of late Sarcophagus.
24. Pedestal for Statue.
25. Fragments of Slate.
26. Line of City Fortification Wall.
27. Fragments of Marble Statue.
28. Débris.

PLAN SHOWING THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE TOMB OF PUBLIUS VARIUS, AND ADJOINING EXEDRAS.

and coins. In the inclosure were many overturned pedestals or altars, inscribed with the names of different members of the family, most of them with the surname $\Lambda\text{A}\Pi\text{I}\text{X}\text{O}\Sigma$.

Altogether, in different parts of the street of tombs, we found over a hundred buried sarcophagi with the lids still on. Many had been reopened in later times and other bodies placed in them. In some were remains of five or six skeletons, one over the other, in as many layers! Most of the glass vessels and objects contained in them were in a bad state of preservation, but in one of the sarcophagi we were lucky enough to find nearly a dozen small terra-cotta figures in almost perfect condition. In another was found a beautiful little statuette of a horse and rider, which still showed the color with which it had been painted, the horse's eyes, mane, bridle, etc., being indicated by black stripes.

In our methods of work, both in excavating

the buildings in different parts of the city and in drawing out their plans, we have profited greatly by the experience gained by the Germans at Olympia and Pergamon, and have measured and drawn every block of each of the buildings investigated. If any one quarrels with our restorations, we can now point to our portfolios and say, "Restore it yourself!" We have carried on active operations during the summer only, thus reversing the plan of the Germans at Olympia, who were able to work only during the winter. The winter in the Troad is cold and wet, and out-of-door work is well-nigh impossible. In December and January our trenches caved in and filled up as fast as we dug them. Of the material collected, much has not yet been worked up, and this letter can contain only a synopsis of what has been accomplished, many interesting points not being even mentioned.

Our life in this out-of-the-way place is one of rather hard fare, and every now and then



THE TEMPLE STYLOBATE.

we have to take a run to Mytilene or Smyrna to freshen up and get something to eat. The expedition is housed at the port, in the upper part of a large grain magazine. Provisions

are difficult to obtain, and there have been days of famine sometimes, and sometimes days of plenty, dull hours and bright ones. Among these last are the hours when our good Greek friend Hagi Christo comes up on our balcony of an evening to smoke and chat, or when we lie under the fig-trees in his little garden, with the corn rustling round about, and arrange our plans for the morrow.

Our work is nearly over. The temple-blocks lie all boxed on the shore ready for shipment, our portfolios are strapped, and we two, the last of the party, wait only to send off the cases of antiquities and then, as a farewell to the country, make our long-promised pilgrimage to Mount Ida, and see the sun rise from its top.

F. H. Bacon.

GOD'S JUDGMENT.

TWO theologians of differing creeds,
 Whose lives had been one noble, earnest strife
 To save each other's soul from that dread wrath
 Reserved for sowers of all noxious seeds,
 Their ends ungained, passed from this mortal life,
 And entered heaven each by a different path.

They met before the throne of God the Just.
 Cried each: "And art *thou* here? Then I am lost.
 Forgive, O Lord, the error of my ways!"
 Then said the Just One: "Still hold fast thy trust;
 Ye both are saved with all your following host,
 Since each hath taught to all Love, Faith, and Praise."

Ernest Whitney.

NOCTURNE.

O BIRD beneath the midnight sky!
 As on my lonely couch I lie,
 I hear thee singing in the dark,—
 Why sing not I?

No star-gleams meet thy wakeful eye;
 No fond mate answers to thy cry;
 No other voice, through all the dark,
 Makes sweet reply.

Yet never sky-lark soaring high
 Where sun-lit clouds rejoicing lie,
 Sang as thou singest in the dark,
 Not mute as I!

O lone, sweet spirit! tell me why
 So far thy ringing love-notes fly,
 While other birds, hushed by the dark,
 Are mute as I?

No prophecy of morn is nigh;
 Yet as the somber hours glide by,
 Bravely thou singest in the dark—
 Why sing not I?

Julia C. R. Dorr.