

given him the exclusive right to build railroads over the country, to have opened up the gold mines and to have engaged in schemes for the general development of Corea. The papers were all ready to be signed and the American left the palace with the assurance that the next dayfall would be settled and he could begin work at once. During that night, however, either through the Chinese or some other influence, the king's mind was changed, and a message was sent to the American legation that his majesty had decided to grant no concessions at present and that Mr. Morse was at liberty to leave as soon as he chose. As to just how this change came about no one knows, but China probably had her fingers in the pie. It is said that one of the foreigners connected with the court demanded that he be paid a big percentage of the profits of the scheme for the influence which he claimed to have exerted in getting the king to accede to it. This was refused, and he probably got his revenge through the Chinese. In all this trouble which is going on in Corea it must be remembered that the Chinese are the enemies of progress. They are not the true friends of the Korean people. They have the upper hand and they are doing all they can to keep the country back. The falling through of this scheme was a very unfortunate thing for Corea. Had the papers been signed both the king and the American capitalists would now be on the road to wealth. The people would have had a large amount of their taxes remitted, for the king's treasury would have been full and there would have been no rebellion. As it is now, no one can tell what will happen, but sooner or later this land will be one of the most prosperous on the globe.

Frank G. Carpenter

THE BETTER LAND.

"I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?"

—Mrs. Hermans.

For some time past devotees equally of science and religion have made a conjecture in regard to the locality of heaven and a short editorial in the *News* which appeared upwards of a year ago under the title of "Where is Heaven?" revived old theories in the writer's mind and aroused a deep desire to reply to the ideas in question. The latter were the train of suggestions that followed in the wake of Herschel's and Mardler's supposed discoveries of the centre and circumference of the Milky Way or the material universe. Herschel believed that he had ascertained the form assumed by our stupendous galaxy and Mardler believed that he had found its centre in Alcyone, the bright star in its that sweet sisterhood, the Pleiades. It was candidly asserted by many that if the universe had a circumference and if centre could, indeed, be designated, the latter must be the seat or throne of that majestic Being whose omniscience and omnipotence stretched to the uttermost bounds in supervision and control, in supreme love and comprehension.

Not many years ago, in one of our Utah towns, a little woman, whose lack of opportunities for culture and educa-

tion had been partially compensated by a passionate love for books and a persevering interest in them, had been delighted to a point almost beyond enthusiasm by alighting upon this discovery of Mardler's. A star map had by some lucky accident fallen into her hands and night after night, shivering under the brilliant points of a January sky, she traced the glorious constellations by its aid. There was no telescope, no philosopher to assist her but the text books studied by day and the blue scroll by night revealed marvels to her exalted fancy and a sad period was it when Diana came to obscure the interesting panorama with her tender rays!

The solar system with its wonderful complexity was first studied and then followed an examination of what is known or believed of the sidereal heavens with its marvelous revelations of volume, distance, velocity and complex relations; its beautiful order of systems, clusters, nebulae and "island universes" and—the climax—Mardler's discovery that all these combinations of worlds upon worlds, as numerous as the sands upon the sea shore, as intricate and mazy as the catacombs, get as perfect and harmonious as the hand of a God could make it, were all revolving around Alcyone as the central. The little group which we know as the Pleiades became indeed a sacred, a wonderful, an honored retinue to her mind. The proofs were apparently all that could be asked for; the argument was admirable, the demonstration was, to say the least, remarkably co-incidental.

But our young, solitary student was a mother and following closely upon her studies of the night-sky, there came a time when she no longer stood watching for the rising of the bright tenants of the distant heavens. Vega, Arcturus, Aldebaran, Betelgeux, Denebola, Cor Caroli, nay Alcyone, herself, had lost their fascinations. This humble, obscure, insignificant earth held sufficient to absorb all her thoughts, all her most anxious feelings. Within the humble home a little sufferer lay vainly calling for relief from untold agonies and the mother heart had forgotten all the majestic pageantry of heaven in its anxiety for one little life upon earth. Sad and dreary were the days and nights that passed ere the spirit of the little sufferer took its flight. The frantic mother rushed alone from the chamber of death and stood out there in the shadow looking questioningly up at the bright studded canopy, singling out Alcyone. Had her little one taken his flight to that distant world? Did that brilliant point, whose little ray, flying at an inconceivable velocity, requiring a period of five hundred and thirty-seven years to reach us, contain the future eternal home of that bright spirit that had just taken its flight from earth?

In her agonized and wondering mind ran the words she had so lately read: "If you would know His glory, examine the interminable range of suns and systems that exist in space within the Milky Way. Multiply the hundred millions of stars which belong to our own 'island universe' by the thousands of these astral systems that exist in space within the range of human vision, and then you may form some idea of the infinitude of His kingdom; for lo! these are but a part of His ways. Examine the scale on which the universe is built;

comprehend, if you can, the vast dimension of our sun; stretch outward through his system from planet to planet and circumscribe the whole within the immense circumference of Neptune's orbit. This is but a single unit out of the myriads of similar systems. Take the wings of light and flash with impetuous speed day and night and month and year, till youth shall wear away, and middle age is gone and the extremest limit of human life has been attained; count every pulse, and, at each, speed on your way a hundred thousand miles; and when a hundred years have rolled by, look out, and behold! The thronging millions of blazing suns are still around you, each separated from the other by such a distance that in this journey of a century you have only left half a score behind you. A feeling of utter despair and desolation seemed to master her. Her finite mind was overwhelmed by thoughts of the infinitude of God and space and creation and her breaking heart cried out as she lay sobbing on the ground: "My darling, my darling, thou art lost forever! For never can my sin-stained soul pursue thine awful flight to Alcyone! I shall wander and be lost among the countless orbs of God's creation!" Once more she looked up sadly and the piteous appeal rang through the darkness: "Where is Heaven?" Has not that cry gone up from millions of human hearts, from myriads of human souls who helplessly inquire where their loved have gone? The mystery is still a mystery and the only real answer vouchsafed mortals is a trusting faith that it is some where and that the shepherd will lead us safely there.

But the idea of Alcyone being the central sun is now an "exploded theory." It is true that the "stardrill" of the Pleiades is remarkable and that Alcyone is doubtless the centre of a magnificent retinue of suns but Prof. Proctor demonstrates that there is a yet more remarkable "drift" in *Ursa Major*, is likewise in the constellation *Cancer* and *Gemini*. He rejects the "cloven ring" galaxy suggested by Herschel and accounts for the peculiar strains, projections, lacunæ, etc. of the stars, by an oblong ring in which are myriads of worlds, system within system, and streams of stars forming spiral appendages of the whole. Declaring that no telescope ever invented by man has been able to penetrate the Milky Way in any direction, he necessarily rejects the "island universe" as external galaxies and includes them in our own universe—outlying islands, perhaps, of the same wondrous globe, detached from the mainland but not from the vast attraction toward which all the continents, islands, seas and oceans gravitate. He does not pretend to point out a center or to say whether there is a central object in this mystic, meandering, overwhelming whirl. If there be a center there must be a circumference and it is not yet demonstrated whether our universe has any bounds or if its extent continues on through the infinitude of space.

In regard to the supervision of this wonderful creation we cannot otherwise than believe that there is a Grand Head who comprehends and directs the whole but that His empire is sub-divided and organized into kingdoms and states. It is surely not too much to suppose that the full extent and ingenuity of this possible organization of government is as