

quaint memorials of the Hanseatic League. Here the steamers lay alongside in the broad Vaage. Across the Vaage or harbor is the more modern built city with its Strandgaade—its Regent street or broadway—with its fine shops, the warehouses, custom-houses and other buildings for commerce and trade. Behind these to the south are the cathedral, public squares and gardens, the cemetery, the lepers' hospital (the only object of dread in Norway) the villas and gardens of the substantial merchants, reaches of bright bays which nearly surround the city, and then blossoming vale land, above which circle the everlasting hills. Seaward, the eye rests upon dim ribbons of blue winding away into misty fiords, interlacing the bases of grim headlands and threading between mazes of islands countless and beautiful to the far and serrated horizon rim.

Probably the most characteristic scene in Bergen is down here at the Torv, of a Saturday morning. This is the ancient fish-market. It is an open space in the quay, precisely like the fishmarket at Newhaven, Edinburgh, at Plymouth, England, and at Galway, Ireland; but few fish are brought ashore. The stalls are the jagts or fishing-boats, and there are no howling fishwives. Hundreds of peasants from the surrounding country, dressed in the peculiar costumes of their respective districts, come to the Torv to sell vegetables, cheese, butter, eggs, fowls and many rude articles of home manufacture. Mingling with these are the honest bousewives and maid-servants of the city.

It is a cheery, chatty, hearty crowd; all life, animation and geniality; glittering with quaint old gilt and silver ornaments; colorful from bright garters, gaudy bodices, saffron and scarlet shoulder ribbons, lustrous braids of yellow hair, snowy white caps, and headkerchiefs glinting with silver gimps or fine old embroidery. Every woman who comes to buy fish carries a shining tin pail or scuttle, often ornamented in gaudy colors. The fisherman standing in their boats say never a word. They are the most silent and sullen salesmen you ever knew. The women do all the bartering and chaffing. When a satisfactory price is reached the fish is tossed up to the buyer, and the coin exchanged. And so with pleasant badinage from the quay and utter solemnity in the boats the sales go on. But think of fresh cod, salmon, mackerel and turbot selling at the Bergen Torv at but from four to six cents per pound!

The more modern streets of Bergen are spacious and wide, and all are matchlessly clean. Nearly all the houses are of wood, large, rambling, roomy; and every window is gay with boxes and pots of flowers. Not even in the tropics are more flowers to be seen in summer. All vegetation here seems to take on added beauty and luxuriance in proportion to the brevity of its yearly out-door life; and Norwegian folk are fond to passionate tenderness of every leaf and bud and bloom for its seeming responsiveness to affectionate nature and care. Every open space is filled with trees and shrubs. Every street or thoroughfare yields a vista, bordered with green and ending in the blue of the sea or blossom of flowers.

Many of the olden structures are very ancient and curious. Some of the old-

time villas and homes on the outskirts are interesting for their suggestions of wooden castles; where there was possible occasion for defense. The timbers are something mighty in these; and the outbuildings for servants and vast store-houses on pillars of stone all tell their tale of generations of master and folk and servitors living in a little community capable of protecting its own integrity against any manner of offensive aggression or harm.

Over in the Finnegaard on the Tydskebygge, in the region of mountains of barrels, fences decorated by drying codfish and all the curious gear of the greatest fishing mart of northern Europe, still stands a single Hanseatic house. It is the only one left in Bergen where the old-time German traders lived and traded almost like a parcel of pirate monks. The strangest of rude carvings, painted in barbaric colors bedeck the exterior. The merchants' fantastically carved and paneled office, the manager's musty bureau, the celibatic clerk's living rooms and dormitories remain just as they were once used. The latter are very unique and interesting. The beds are built in tiers like a ship's emigrants' quarters. One side of each tiny bunk is closed, with hinged doors or shutters, opening to a passageway where the female servants could make the clerks' beds without entering their rooms!

You will also see in this ancient Hanseatic house a great number of strange relics of daily use in this ancient and powerful money-grabbing community. Among them are huge candlesticks, cabbage-chopping machines, curious cod-fish oil lamps, lanterns, metal wash-bowls, mammoth long-stemmed pipes, staves with bags for church collections, for these old robbers were pious as shrewd, strong-boxes, bound with brass and iron, arms of the leaguers, and even ledgers recording their mighty gains. One's fancy conjures Rembrandt pictures here; and you look for some romance master to see and seize and set in enduring page the hardness, sternness and often the hopeless pathos of this grim old trade-conventional life.

There is also an interesting district of Bergen lying between the Strandgaade and the harbor. One never tires of this, for narrow thoroughfares lead down to the bay, in which are strange projecting roof, huge diamond-panel windows, shadowy colonnades, clumsy balconies and drowsy echoes of endless waterside traffic. On the Strandgaade itself there are showy shops to barter in, ancient shops into which curiously carved stairs ascend or descend, and museum-like shops where old silver, Norway carved woods, furs and all odd manner of keepsakes may be bought. It is here that all day long—and nearly all night long, for it is still daylight in Bergen summertime between eleven and twelve o'clock at night—move to and fro the placid, pleasant throngs. Among them are the peasantry, from Saeterdal, from Hardinger, from Thelemark, from Evanger and from the outlying islands. These more than all else give color and character to ancient Bergen town, and you grow impatient to follow them over the mountains to their lonely homes among the sombre fiords, beside the misty waterfalls and within the slumberous upland dale.

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Written for this Paper.

## METHOD IN STUDY.

The following is a synopsis of a lecture upon "Method in Study," delivered by Dr. J. E. Talmage before the Normal Society of the University of Utah, October 27, 1893. The lecturer spoke in an extempore manner, without use of notes, and the report given below is compiled from reporter's notes, carefully revised:

It is to me a pleasure and an honor at any time to meet with a body of earnest fellow workers; and as I claim to be a student, however slothful, and something of a teacher, however incapable, I pride myself in the claim of family connection with all others of the kind. Whenever I meet one such, I feel within my nature the swelling impulses that tell of kinship. I understand that I have the honor of addressing a body of teachers, teachers in fact or teachers in expectation; I am safe in concluding, therefore, that I stand before an assembly of students. The most experienced of the actual teachers before me are doubtless among those who most fully deserve the title of students. As long as one remains a teacher he must be likewise a student, deep, earnest, and true. The teacher should differ from his pupils mostly in being a broader, deeper, harder student than they.

As we are all then students in fact and by profession, it surely cannot be wholly amiss to call up the topic of method in our work. It is necessary that we should know, (1) what we are required or expected to do; and (2) by what means this end or these ends may be most easily reached. Personal and individual study constitutes the food of the teacher's mental organism; he must needs partake in proper quantity, and at seasonable and regular times. His digestion is naturally of but limited capacity; he cannot consume enough at a sitting to last a month or a week; it is not good to be a glutton today and a starveling tomorrow. As to physical food, hygienists attach great importance to the kind of aliment, and also to the time and manner of eating. Yet, "fearfully and wonderfully made" as is the body of man, his mental organism is far more complex and delicate, and surely food for such an organism should be selected with corresponding care. Yet there is ordinarily but little attempt made to devise and follow any systematic procedure in matters of study.

Of the teacher much is expected besides the routine work of his class room. He is usually one of the busiest members of the community; though not exactly a "jack of all trades" he is nevertheless a man of all professions. His pen must be ever ready, and his mind alert for work. To be a teacher worthy of that distinguishing name, he must be an educated man. And what is it to be educated in this day of seemingly unnatural progress? To be educated as the spirit of his work demands, the teacher must be able to take a lively interest in all matters of growth and development current in the community and in the world. He should have his favorite studies to which he can turn with interest and zest; but he must not be a man of unmanageable hobbies. If he have a hobby he must ride it quietly and unostentatiously, without causing inconvenience to others through the noise or dust which he creates. Far