

UNDER AN AFRICAN SUN.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER III.

"Yes, my dear sir, I cannot conceive a more delightful climate. Winter is unknown, and you can suit your taste by selecting the heat you prefer. Africa down by the sea-shore; Italy where you stand; a few hundred feet higher in the mountains, France; then England; and Norway and its snows at the top of the volcano. A man ought to be happy here."

"And you are not?" said Fraser dryly. "No, and yes. Of course, I'm happy in my garden with my child, but—There, hang it all, my dear boys!" he cried, in a good-humoured angry tone, "how can a man be happy with a load of debt?"

Digby listened, but his eyes were directed to the garden.

"Yes," continued Redgrave; "I've been so confoundedly unlucky. To speculate, perhaps; but I came out here twenty years ago as a speculation, and I'm a stubborn Sussex man, sir; I will not be beaten. But I've got hold of the right thing at last."

"And what's that?"

"Sulphur, sir. I'm working up that at the top of the mountain. You shall see the place, if you'll come.—Ah, here's Nelly. We never ventured to import a piano, gentlemen; but we have a guitar, and I'll be bound to say if we petition rightly, we shall get a song."

"Do you wish me to sing, father?" said the girl, colouring slightly as she met Digby's earnest gaze.

"Yes, my dear, if you are not too tired."

"Oh no," she said hastily; and she crossed the room to reach down a guitar hanging by its ribbon from a nail in the wall.

The two Englishmen had been a fortnight in Isola, and, attractive as the place had proved with its wondrous vegetation, gorges, hill, and crater, Redgrave's pretty half-English villa seemed to be the spot which drew them to it again and again. The days would be passed in penetrating the most out-of-the-way parts of the island and adding to Fraser's collection; then they would return, tired out, to the little *venta*, where their dark-eyed moustached landlady had prepared a substantial meal; and after which there would be chocolate and a cigar, followed by—"I say, Horace, what do you say to a walk up to Redgrave's? He will not see much English society when we are gone."

Fraser always looked uneasy, hesitated, and seemed on the point of refusing; but he invariably ended by rising to go, till it became almost a matter of course for them to find father and daughter standing starting by the rough gate between the prickly pears, Redgrave smoking one of his homemade cigars, and Helen watching with a sadness of expression in her eyes which seemed to grow night by night.

Then there would be more chocolate out there, in the delicious evening, with the scent of orange blossom floating around, and the boom of the great Atlantic billows, softened by the distance, coming up like a bass murmur from far below.

Delicious dreamy evenings, with sea, sky and shadows of the coming night, and the slowly developing stars, all tending to give an indefinable something to the place which seemed to hold the visitors as in a thrall.

It had been to night after night, with the only drawback to the pleasure in the presence of Senor Ramon, who seemed to be quite at home at the villa, and polite and friendly, to a degree; but whose warmth never seemed to thaw the two Englishmen.

This night, Ramon was absent at his home a quarter of a league on the other side of the little port; and as soon as the guitar strings had been tuned, Helen sang first one and then another of the old ballads of home, the room growing darker, and the faces of those present more indistinct, till suddenly Redgrave started up as his child's sweet sympathetic voice ceased, the last note of the guitar vibrating in the fragrant air.

"Room's too hot," said Redgrave huskily.—"Come and have a walk round, Fraser."

"Poor papa!" said Helen, rising as he left the room, followed by Fraser with unwilling step.

"Is anything wrong?" said Digby, laying his hand upon the guitar, as if in protest.

"It was my mother's favourite song," said Helen sadly. "She used to sing it. I remembered the air, and found the words one day in her desk. I sang it to him one evening as a surprise, and his emotion frightened me; but ever since he makes me sing it whenever I take down the guitar. He says it brings him back the past; but it always makes him sad."

There was a few moments' silence, embarrassing to both. Digby had words rising to his lips which he longed to speak; but he checked them, as he felt that he had no right.

"Let us join them now," said Helen, trying to draw away the guitar.

"No, no, not yet," cried Digby. "One more song—will you?—may I ask you? the little Spanish song I heard you singing that day you were gathering flowers."

Helen drew her breath so sharply that there was a sound in the darkening room as of a painful sob. Then there was silence as Digby sank back in his chair with a feeling of misery crushing down upon him such as he had never felt before.

"I'm an idiot!" he said to himself. "What business had I ever to harbour such thoughts? But if it had been another, I should not have cared."

He knew he was thinking a lie as he seemed to start back into consciousness, for the chords of the guitar rang out in a wild half-minor refrain, and before him he could dimly see Helen on the other side of the room, seated opposite the window, while the sweet pure notes thrilled him through and through.

But the song seemed different now. In place of the vivid greenery of the wood, and the face of the singer looking bright, happy, and surprised in the encounter, everything was dark and oppressive; even the song seemed sad, while it was as if a blow had been struck as the last note rang out and a voice from the window cried "Brava! brava!" with the addition of hearty plaudits.

Digby sprang to his feet with the hot blood in his cheeks.

"Ah, my dear Senor Digby, I did not know you were there.—Is not Helen's voice delicious?"

Digby tried to speak, but his lip with rage, for the words would not come; and Ramon continued: "Come, senor, confess

she sings our Spanish songs in a way which throws yours in the shade."

"Miss Redgrave's singing is a pleasure to hear," said Digby coldly. "Shall we join your father in the garden?"

"Thank you, Mr. Digby; not this evening," said Helen, her voice sounding as if it had caught the infection of his.

"But you will come, my dear senor," said Ramon. "I have brought you a few of my latest made cigars."

In the meantime, Redgrave had led the way up a path through his grounds, followed unwillingly by Fraser, to a seat out in the steep stone, from which they could gaze right away to sea and over the sleeping town.

"Peak looks well to-night," said Redgrave, pointing to what seemed like a faint cloud where the last rays of the departed day still lingered. "It's a beautiful world this—a bad world."

"Paradoxical," said Fraser dryly.

"Yes, sir. We spoil it, and make it bad."

There was a long silence, during which they sat and smoked; and from time to time, faintly heard, came the tinkle of Helen's guitar.

"You have been so friendly to us, Mr. Redgrave," said Fraser at last, "and you seem so isolated."

"Yes; this is Isola," said the other with a half laugh.

"A stranger among strangers, that I take the liberty of speaking," continued Fraser, without heeding the interruption.

"You are in trouble?"

"To the very eyes, sir."

"Can I, as a fellow-countryman, help you?"

"No," said Redgrave shortly.

"I beg your pardon. I meant well."

"Of course you did, my dear sir, and I thank you; but you can't help me.—I have two great troubles—debt, and my daughter."

"A curse—and a blessing," said Fraser dryly.

"Call it so if you like, sir," cried Redgrave almost fiercely; "but I owe that Spanish dog more than I can ever pay him. He has led me on in my foolish desire to speculate, tempting me to borrow of him, as if he were my best friend, and I could not see it. I have no means of proving it; but I feel morally certain that he has used his great influence as the richest man in the island to undermine me in my sales. And now he demands payment in full."

"Well, sir; pay him."

"I cannot."

"You have not the means?"

"Yes, I have; but I cannot pay him."

"May I ask why?"

"Because he will not take money."

"What do you mean?"

"What did old Shylock insist upon having?"

"His pound of flesh?"

"Yes. I might borrow and pay him; but he insists upon having my daughter's hand."

"Ha!" ejaculated Fraser, as they sat there in the dark.

"And she hates him?"

There was a pause.

"As much as you, sir."

"Ha!" ejaculated Fraser again.

"There: come back, and join the young folks, Fraser. I feel better, now some one knows my trouble.—Humph! there he is again." For Ramon's voice was heard speaking loud enough, and directly after the four men encountered.

That night Ramon and Redgrave walked part of the way back with the two visitors; and after they had parted, Ramon stopped short.

"Good-night," said Redgrave.

"No, senor; it is not good-night," said the Spaniard haughtily. "How long do those English stay here?"

"I don't know; they are their own masters."

"Yes, Senor Redgrave; and I am yours. Their presence here displeases me. Let them go."

He strode away; and as Redgrave walked slowly back, he struck the palm of his left hand a tremendous blow with his fist and said something English—only one word, but it was very English indeed.

CHAPTER IV.

Another fortnight had passed. Excursions had been made along the shore to where the huge billows thundered in. Digby has mastered his antipathy so far as to allow himself to be let down by a rope in company with Fraser to inspect the mummy caves, where, in the most inaccessible spots, the ancient inhabitants of the island buried their dead; and here Fraser had decanted upon facial angles, prognathic jaws, width of cheekbones, height of forehead, and the like, as he stood before Digby, Hamlet-like, holding an antique skull. Botanical specimens had been procured; geological examples collected, and packed in boxes for transit home; insects had been captured, and duly stuck; and the troglodytes of the island visited in their cavern villages, where they dwelt dirtily and securely in caves, which were similar to those used in the past by the Guanches as catacombs, being really huge ruptured bubbles formed by volcanic gases in the molten stone, when the great mountain of the interior poured forth in eruption the rock-formed fluid of the interior of the earth.

While ever, night after night, as if drawn by a magnet, the two visitors found their way to Redgrave's house, where the master was gravely friendly, as he noted how his child's sad countenance lit up as the familiar footsteps were heard upon the silvery pumice-path.

Ramon raged and stormed. Redgrave got his Canary-Spanish education, and grew more English, displaying a bulldog obstinacy.

Then Ramon threatened as he showed his white teeth. "Mischief may come, my dear Redgrave," he whispered.

In an instant Redgrave's strong hand gripped him by the shoulder, and his gray eyes flashed fire into the Spaniard's dark orbs. "Don't try it," he said fiercely.

"You have an Englishman and a Scot to deal with, sir, and those two together can bear the world, let alone Spain. Read your history, sir, if you don't believe. Your Spaniards fight with knives; we Englishmen with our fists. Knives break, fists break too, but they break people's heads. That's metaphorical, Senor Ramon, but there's a good deal of truth in it, all the same. Don't threaten, sir. You've got me down-

but I might be dangerous if you tempted me to kick."

"My dear Redgrave, this is absurd," said Ramon. "You misunderstand me. We are the best of friends. I will say no more. We two cannot afford to quarrel. I look upon you as my father, yet to be."

From that moment Ramon was smiles and good-humor combined. Placid as one of the volcanoes of the island, sleeping and covered by time with grass and flowers, with nothing to tell that they were not pleasant mounds, till a stick was thrust in deeply, and then a faint vapour arose, invisible to the eye, but diffusing an odour of sulphur that was strangely suggestive of heat far down below.

Redgrave was always friendly to the two men, but he made no proposals for trips in the island; he never invited them to come.

"I'll do nothing," he used to mutter to himself. "My attempts always fail. I'll leave everything to fate."

"When are we to have this long-talked-of trip to your works?" said Fraser one evening, when he had been watching angrily the looks which Digby directed at Helen.

"Eh? Ah, when you like," said Redgrave.

"To-morrow be it then," said Fraser.

"A trip—a walk?" said Ramon, turning sharply.

"Yes; only to the works."

"Ah, yes; very interesting.—You will take them to-morrow, Redgrave?"

The latter nodded.

"I wish you a pleasant day. You will start early, as it is far?"

"Yes. Soon after sunrise. I shall have everything ready, gentlemen, so be here in good time."

Ramon smiled to himself as he went away in the best of humor that night, but he smiled too soon.

Redgrave saw it, and he was very thoughtful as he bade his other visitors good-night.

"Nelly, my darling," he said as they re-entered the house, "it is very cold up the mountain, and the way there is scorching and dusty; but if I had the side-saddle clapped on one of the mules you could go with us."

The sad aspect fled from Helen's face on the instant. "Ah yes," she cried.

"That's right," said her father. "Then be ready. Thick boots and cloak ready for the cold."

Helen flung her arms about his neck, and hid her face for a moment in his breast before kissing him and saying "Good night."

"I've seen him smile before," said Redgrave to himself; "and it means mischief. As soon as we were out of the way, he would be here pestering my poor girl. Checkmate there."

"Recherous enemy at least," said Ramon, as he returned home.

"Tom," said Fraser suddenly, as the two walked together down the steep slope.

"Eh? Yes?" said Digby with a start.

"What do you say to getting back to Santa Cruz and trying to catch one of the Castle boats home?"

"No."

"Eh?"

"I said No. I'm very bad, out of sorts. Horace; and this place is doing me worlds of good. Empathically, No. Besides, you have not half-done the island yet. You said so the other day."

"True; I did."

"Then do it properly while you are here; and don't bother. Why, you are always wanting to go home."

Fraser's countenance grew more sad as he gazed sidewise at his companion's happy face, and he sighed gently. "Young-hand-some—volatile," he said to himself; "and he loves her dearly; while she—He seemed to have come upon a confused mental tanglement, and it was some minutes after blindly blundering on through a maze of thought, that he said softly: "Matters are getting in a knot."

CHAPTER V.

"Going with us—you! I cried Digby as he entered the pretty room at Redgrave's next morning, to find a delicious breakfast spread, and Helen standing ready to receive him in a riding-habit specially adapted to the place.

"You will not think me in the way!" she said playfully.

Fraser's countenance looked more sombre as he took the hand extended to him, and smiled sadly as he followed Digby's example and expressed his delight.

To both men that day was a dream of a wondrous journey upward along a flower-strown track towards a dense cloud, which soon after enveloped them, and through which they laboriously climbed to find themselves in a new region, where the air was cooler, and fragrant with the odour of the resinous pines through which they passed; and as Digby led Helen's mule, they talked little, but listened to the music of the birds and the gurgle of water, and caught from time to time among the tree-tops glimpses of the dazzling blue sky.

They spoke but seldom, but went on with their eyes fixed upon Fraser and Redgrave, who led the way some fifty yards ahead, but stopped from time to time, for the laggards to overtake them, and admire some fresh view.

And all through that temperate summer zone the birds sung around them; and to Digby they sang only of love, and to Helen of what might be.

But the sadness in her breast suffused her eyes with tears. There was a black shadow always before her; and when, after riding her mule through some rougher part, Digby turned to seek her gaze, she averted it with a sigh, but to own to herself that all this was very sweet, and she knew that she had never before enjoyed a day like this.

This fir-tree zone came to an end; the cool darkness and soft silence of the shady glade gave place to a rugged pumice-strown desert, where fine dust rose at every step, and the sun poured down with blinding power. A weary, weary tramp to some; but to those two who hung behind, which they journeyed on hour after hour, till a wooden hut was reached, where the mule was tethered; and Fraser now, at Redgrave's suggestion, offered his arm to help Helen up a cindery slope to the edge of the mountain crater, the party then descending a hundred feet or so into a hollow, where Fraser forgot everything but the delight he found in gathering specimens of sulphur crystals—pale straw colour, rich yellow, and brilliant scarlet.

"Yes, this is my last venture," said Redgrave suddenly. "My men come up here to dig the sulphur, of which there is no end, and store it for me in the tent below, and we ship it off home. But you had better not stay long; the sulphur gas comes up strong to-day."

"What would happen if there was to be an eruption now, Mr. Redgrave?" said Digby.

"This party would never know," was the serious reply.

"Then I wish to goodness Senor Ramon were here, and this party safe at home, if it did blow up," said Digby in a half-whisper as he glanced at Helen, who shook her head at him sadly; and he saw her eyes fill with tears.

Fraser was a dozen yards away, stooping to pick up yet another crystal, while Redgrave was walking towards him.

"Forgive me," whispered Digby. "They were the words of a thoughtless boy."

Her look said so much that he caught her hand and raised it to his lips, but only got it to be drawn timidly away.

"Well, Fraser, when you're ready," said Redgrave. "It's a long way back; and the wind's high; the gases bad, and the dust blows. It's very cold too.—Shall we go back?"

Fraser assented; and Digby gave way to him as he came forward to help Helen to climb up the side of the crater to the edge, whence, after a brief gaze round at the glorious view, they all descended to the hut, and partook of the luncheon they had brought. Helen remounted the mule, and Digby took the bridle once more as her father and Fraser went on.

The first part of the descent took place in silence, both Digby and Helen wondering how it was that they had not noticed that it was bitterly cold, the wind boisterous, and the dust that rose painful and wearying to a degree. They were conscious of nothing save that they were together in an idyllic dream, with a world of beauty spread out below.

Eight thousand feet, they had been told, was the height of the quiescent volcano; but the words had fallen upon deaf ears, for there was a question asking itself at the portals of their hearts: "How is this to end?"

The sun was getting low in the west as the pine zone upon the mountain was reached; and once more in the dim obscurity they seemed more dreamy and sweet than ever.

Fraser and Redgrave were well on ahead; the track wound here and there; but dim as the woodland became, the mule was familiar with the way, and paced slowly on with its bridle upon its neck, and Digby walking now with his hand upon the saddle-bow.

Darker and darker it grew, save where the ruddy light of the westerling sun pierced the garden pine-boughs, and cast strangely and lurid rays through the dense forest. And still darker and darker, till a furling stream was reached; the mule stopped of its own accord to bend down and drink, and Digby's hand took that which was near his on the pommel of the saddle.

"Helen!" he said, and his voice was a whisper among the pines.

She did not speak; but her hand was timidly resigned to his grasp, and the next moment his arms were about her. "My darling!" were his words; "I love you with all a man's first true love!"

There was no reply, a timid shrinking, and with a sob Helen let her head rest upon his shoulder, as if that were the place where she might find safety from the fate that seemed to her worse than death.

There was a strange grating noise, such as might have been made by a frightened bird, but it was caused by ivory gritting and grinding upon ivory.

Digby started round to see dimly, half-a-dozen yards away, Ramon standing by the bole of one of the thickest pines, while a cheery voice ahead shouted back: "Come, you people; don't lose your way."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The March Toward Cairo.

The Soudanese have been advancing very slowly since they crossed the frontier into Egypt. A few miles west of the Nile are ranges of high hills which run parallel with the river for a long distance. It is among these hills that the Mahdist force is making its way north, and from his gunboats in the river Col. Wodehouse can see the advancing column several miles long when Wad El Njumi's expedition, about 5,000 strong, is on the march. The rebel army has been north of the frontier since the first of this month but much of the time it has remained in camp, and when on the move its progress has been from three to seven miles a day only.

Both the Soudanese and the Egyptian forces are playing a waiting game. Wodehouse, with his black Egyptian troops, numbering about 4,000 men, is waiting for the British reinforcements which are hurrying to Assouan. The commander of the Wady Halfa garrison does not think it prudent to offer battle to the enemy among the hills, though in the fight at Arquin he defeated them. Meanwhile he has ordered the destruction of all the crops on the west side of the river and at last accounts the fields had been laid waste more than half the way to Assouan, and the natives were flocking into the forts at Wady Halfa for food. Wad El Njumi's slow progress is said to be due to the fact that he has been awaiting supplies of food and reinforcements from Dongola.

It is possible that when the British and Egyptians are ready for the enemy they will not force the invaders from hunger and thirst will compel them to retreat southward over the desert. If, however, the rebel leader still pushes north or attempts to cross the river, we shall hear before long of another big battle on the Nile; and unless they are perishing from starvation, it will not be like these desperate fanatics to turn south again before the arms of the hated infidels inflict upon them a crushing reverse.

Character the Key to Success.

Two fundamental psychological elements to be always studied among any people are character and intelligence. Character is infinitely more important to the success of an individual or a race than intelligence. Rome in her decline, certainly possessed more superior minds than the Rome of the earlier ages of the republic. Brilliant artists, eloquent rhetoricians, and graceful writers appeared then by the hundred. But she was lacking in men of manly and energetic character, who may perhaps have been careless of the refinement of art, but were very careful of the power of the city whose grandeur they had founded. When it had lost all of these, Rome had to give way to peoples much less intelligent but more energetic. The conquest of the ancient, refined, and lettered Græco-Latin world by tribes of semi-barbarous Arabs constitutes another example of the same kind. History is full of such

Indian Medicine Men and War Dancers.

The habits and customs of some of the Western tribes are so little known to the general reader that, perhaps, a description of some of their curious practices may be of some interest. Mr. Paul Beckwith has published an interesting paper on the Dakotas in the last report of the Smithsonian Institution, and among other things he remarks that the medicine man or high priest is invariably a chief, and although he maintains his sway by the use of mysteries and incantations, nevertheless at times shows a power which is not understood by those outside of the cult or brotherhood, and through a knowledge of the medicinal properties of herbs often performs cures that lead one to believe he is not altogether the charlatan he is represented. His cures are often the wonder of the army surgeons.

An incident in point is cited in the case of an Indian who one day came staggering into camp with his leg horribly swollen from a bite of a venomous snake. The camp surgeon could do nothing for the sufferer, but he was completely cured by the medicine man. Another case is cured by inserting brass filings into the affected organ. To impress upon the mind of the patient the divine nature of his medicine, the medicine man adds to the efficacy of his remedy mysterious pantomimes, contortions of the body and features, always to a drum accompaniment. If the patient is affected with a serious ailment, he places a paper or bark figure on the ground, and while the patient is held over it he fires a gun, by which act the sickness passes into the image in the ground and is killed by the discharge of the gun. They claim that all this power is received from the Great Spirit, who confers upon them a spiritual medicine so powerful that they can kill at will, resuscitate the dead, and cure the sick. This spiritual medicine is represented by anything that strikes the fancy, as a bunch of feathers, a claw, a bird, or the head of an animal.

When a council is held, a barricade is erected in the form of an ellipse, and a tent is raised at each end of the inclosure, one for the high priests or medicine men and the other for ten men who have been selected to keep order and conduct the ceremony, acting as a sort of police. The high priest, from his seat in the medicine tent, appoints your assistants, one bearing a drum, one a willow and stick, one a rattle, and the last assisting by grunting. A big drum in the center of the circle is being constantly beaten by several drummers. The high priest then speaks to them of the holy dance which was founded centuries ago, and tells them of the power of the medicine of their ancestors and warning skeptics not to scoff at them or their crafts, as they have the power of thrusting a claw or stone through the body of any one at will, causing instant death. In proof of this assertion, he calls one of his assistants to him and points towards him with the medicine bag, at the same instant puffing at him with his lips, whereupon the assistant falls to the ground apparently senseless. Then the priest salutes to the four points of the compass, and invokes the Great Spirit to aid him and the other members present in bringing the dead brother to life. The drums are then beaten and a frantic dance is begun, when the lifeless form gradually returns to consciousness and spits into his hand a mass of froth and blood in which is found a claw or a stone. The high priest now dances around the circle, and waving his medicine bag, blows upon some one else, who in the same manner, falls to the ground senseless. The chief continues, and ground senseless. The chief continues, and the "dead men," reviving, assist in shooting others, until the inclosure is full of howling savages dancing, yelling, and shooting each other. The dancing is kept up in the most frantic manner. After a certain length of time the four assistants, who have been trotting around the ring faster and faster, form in line, and after advancing and retreating several times, thrusts the instruments into the hands of others who become their successors and then take seats, and now represents the gods of the north, south, east, and west, the high priest representing the Great Spirit, or Wan-kan-tanka. When a new member is initiated, he is taken into the council tent for instructions, which are secret. He is then stripped of his clothing, excepting an apron about his loins and moccasins on his feet. He is then painted entirely black except a small red spot between his shoulders. The candidate is exhorted to be good, and is told that his medicine will be correspondingly powerful, and he must also give a feast once a year. If he does not, he will meet with misfortunes, sickness, or death. The candidate now receives the holy claw or stone. The medicine man, approaching him from the east, describes the course of the sun with the medicine bag, and bowing to the four points of the compass, mutters an incantation, and thrusting the bag toward him says, "There goes the spirit." The candidate then falls prostrate, and blankets, skins, ornaments, etc., are thrown as offerings over the candidate. At command of the high priest the novice recovers and is presented with the medicine bag, becoming a recognized member of the order. After these ceremonies the feast begins, and the food which has been cooking before the tent of the assistants is distributed among the people. The dance lasts from day-break to day-break of the day following, and as these dances are frequently given in winter with the thermometer often far below zero, it may easily be imagined how the candidates must suffer, clad as they are in a coat of paint. It is generally understood that the members of the orders have secret signs and passes, but the penalty of exposure is so sure and swift, that none of the secrets are ever divulged. There are well known instances in which indiscreet members have mysteriously but permanently disappeared, at the instance, it is supposed, of the medicine men.—[Scientific American.]

Evidence that a Man is Fearfully and Wonderfully Made.

An old preacher, after services one Sunday, announced his reading for the following Sunday. During the week, some mischievous boys obtained his bible and passed two of the leaves together, right where he was to read, Sunday morning coming, the aged divine opened his book, and read as follows: "and Noah took unto himself a wife who was"—and here he turned the leaf—forty cubits broad, one hundred and forty cubits long." With a look of astonishment, he wiped his glasses, re-read and verified the passage and then said: "My friends, although I have read the Bible many times, this is the first time I have ever seen this passage, but I take it as another evidence of the fact that man is most fearfully and wonderfully made."