

IN COELO QUIES.

Now more than twenty years ago—
How thought flies swiftly back again
To days with pleasure all a glow,
When hope seemed never born to wane,
As hand in hand, with one still dear,
Life's vista opened bright and clear.

And then came childhood's prattle, such
As sounds like music to the ear,
And tiny velvet hands, whose touch
To parents, seemed like angel near,
And pattering feet, whose gentle tread,
From memory has never fled.

Time passed apace—the child was girl,
The joy of home—as stars to night
Dismissing, like some lovely pearl
Fresh beauties with each change of light,
And where her merry laugh thrilled by
Warm grew the heart and bright the eye.

High-cultured, first among her peers,
Accomplished, genial and fair,
She lived like some sweet flower that rears
Its fragrance on the grateful air,
While Fancy for her future drew
A picture, Hope believed was true.

At length become the parents' friend,
And arbitress of home's delights,
The daughter and companion blend
As purity with truth unites.
A sweet, sage counsellor was she,
To her still dear, and also me.

And yet we saw the pale king strike,
And win her from us day by day,
Then bear her from our midst, as like
A shadow that declined away;
One other charm in bliss unfurled
To lure us to the brighter world.

Her pencilled sketch unfinished lies—
The half-writ tale remains untold—
The brain no more its vigor plies;
The skilful fingers now are cold;
The tuneful harp in silence stands
Nor wakes to sound by other hands.

And now, a blank alone is left,
Her presence comes not any more,
Keenly we feel ourselves bereft,
And start, as hands approach each door,
Almost expecting, it may be,
A form we never more shall see.

Time may, indeed, be wisely meant
To mitigate the soul's regret,
And life's stern duties may prevent
The mind from tendency to fret;
But memory, from out the heart,
Will never let a love depart.

And though no earthly skill can bring
To life again the cherished dead,
This truth we know—we, too, shall wing
Our way to those before us fled,
Where never shall again be torn
The parents from their eldest-born.

Montreal. JOHN BARRY.

MR. SPENCER ON THE GENESIS OF ETHICS.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has at last come to that portion of his system of philosophy which has been looked forward to with the greatest interest,—that is to say the "Principles of Morality." To be sure, two volumes of the "Principles of Sociology" remain to be published; but these have been intentionally laid aside for the present in order that what the eminent author himself regards as the most valuable result of his life-labours may be rescued from the dangers which always wait on delay. If when the "Principles of Morality" have been safely given to the world, time and strength remain for the omitted volumes on Sociology, Mr. Spencer will then apply himself to that portion of his task, and thus complete a work which, in the opinion of many, will be the greatest philosophical achievement of the age.

In perusing the "Data of Ethics"—the instalment of the "Principles of Morality" just put forth—one is struck anew with amazement at the writer's extraordinary breadth of view. He tells us at the outset that it is impossible to judge aright of human conduct unless we consider it as a part of conduct in general, that is, as he explains, of purposive action, as manifested throughout the different orders of the animate creation down to the very lowest. We are accordingly introduced to an infusorium, "swimming randomly about," and quite unable to take any measures for the preservation of its life. Here conduct is at the vanishing point; but, as we ascend to higher structures, we begin to see the adjustment of actions to ends, with an ultimate view to the one great end of the preservation and furtherance of life. The further such adjustment is carried the less the individual is subject to the mere accidents of the "environment"—a favorite expression with evolutionists. Side by side with the development of the power of self-protection do we find the development of the power of providing for the safety of offspring. We observe this among insects and fish, but, when we ascend to the birds, we see a very marked development of parental care and sometimes even self-sacrifice.

Now, in the actions which have for their object the satisfaction of the individual's own wants, Mr. Spencer sees the origin and type of all those actions which, in human beings, are called egoistic. In the actions which have the welfare of offspring for their object, he sees the origin and type of all those actions to which the name "altruistic" (Lat. *alter*, another; Fr. *autrui*, other people) has been applied. In social life, however, altruism takes a wider range; it is no longer confined to a regard for the interests of offspring, but extends itself more or less to the interests of the whole social body. Men live in society because they find themselves stronger and more secure by doing so. United they can cope with enemies human and non-human to whom singly they would fall victims. From the

moment therefore that society, even in its rudest shape, is formed, the egoistic propensities, which would impel a man to grasp everything for himself, or at best for himself and his family (if such his dependent women and children may be called) undergo a certain restraint. The social bond is valued and therefore aggression on neighbours must not be carried to the point of endangering it. From this point onwards indefinite progress is possible, though but limited progress has in general been realized. Rights begin to be recognized; sacrifices for the society or tribe entitle a man to honour and reward; social penalties for wrong doing are established; social satisfactions of various kinds accompany right actions and dispositions. Little by little men become "moulded," to use a favorite expression of Mr. Spencer's, to the social state. The process is not that described by Tennyson where he says: "And the individual withers, and the world is more and more," for the individual does not wither, though the world becomes from age to age more and more. Individual life becomes richer from all that other lives contribute to it. Interests multiply, labour is subdivided, arts spring up, knowledge becomes organized, until at last, in the civilised state (as compared with the savage), a hundred lives are crowded into one. Family life undergoes a similar enlargement. In savage communities offspring are often treated with great cruelty, and so in the lower ranks of civilised life, where barbarism may be said to linger. But where the individual life has been enriched by confluent streams of thought and emotion from associated lives, what tender feelings gather round the rising generation! And why? Partly because in them we see, or seem to see, such boundless possibilities of good and happiness. Who does not remember Emerson's passionate outburst in the "Threnody"?

"O child of Paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Were read the welfare of the times to come.

O trusted broken prophecy!
O richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born for the future to the future lost!

Here is the voice of parental feeling enlarged and impassioned by social sympathy. Once given a developed condition of society, and every individual utterance requires to be interpreted in the light of social experiences. The time, Mr. Spencer anticipates, will come when each man's happiness will be largely made up of the reflected happiness of his neighbours, and when therefore the difference between egoistic and altruistic satisfactions will be much less sharply defined than it is at present. The fact that the happiness of each is more or less dependent on the happiness of all, and, conversely, that if one suffers all must suffer, will then have been worked into the general consciousness; and society, assuming an approximately perfect organization, and being served by its units as our material bodies are served by the molecules that make them up, will exhibit powers of which we now but faintly and confusedly dream. In that day war will be no more, for war while not unfavorable to social organization and discipline in early stages of human development is, in later periods, one of the most serious obstacles to the assumption by society of its perfect industrial and co-operative form.

Such being a rapid sketch of the development of conduct, we may now ask how Mr. Spencer distinguishes between actions that are right and actions that are wrong. Right actions, he tells us, are the outcome of relatively advanced and complete structure. Where a primitive instinct prompts to a certain act or movement, and a more complex and lately developed impulse or sentiment counsels a different course, the latter is in nearly every case the better guide to follow. Right actions show comparatively perfect adaptation to ends; wrong actions inferior adaptation. Right actions tend to carry life higher, to make it fuller, to help forward the great process of evolution; and wrong actions work in a contrary direction; they are unfavorable to life, and where they do not destroy it they degrade it. They express the tendency of nature to revert to the simpler forms and lower levels characteristic of the beginnings of life. That there is much in this view that is satisfactory and suggestive few will be so prejudiced as to deny; but we can conceive of possible criticisms which would not be without their might. We may return to the subject at a future day.

Ottawa, Nov., 1879.

RAINY DAY AMUSEMENT FOR CHILDREN.

We have all as children experienced the misery of a wet day, when going out of doors is an impossibility, and all toys have become wearisome and have lost all their charms. At these times the elders suffer as well as the children, for the little ones are fractious, and the elder ones inclined for mischief and for teasing the juniors. One excellent plan of wiling away a wet day is by setting the children to work cutting out pictures and sticking them into scrap-books. Capital scrap-books might be made of good thick catalogues, old guide-books, or even old bound books; or they may be carefully cut out of old newspapers, according to whatever is most convenient. These books, when finished, if not required by the little makers themselves, will be gratefully accepted by their poor little sick brothers and sisters in the hospitals. Many children show great skill

cutting out little figures and sticking them down in various comical groups and combinations. The outside sheets of *Punch*, *Judy* and *Fun* will be found to furnish a large number of little personages suitable for this purpose. I recently saw a very funny group made by a child. It was the picture from the advertisement sheet of some newspaper of a large, open trunk. Over the top and round the corners of the trunk peeped other imps who were laughing heartily but scornfully at the misfortunes of their comrades. All these figures had been carefully and patiently cut off a title page of *Punch*, and the general effect was excellent. Of course, one happy combination will suggest another in the progress of the work. Another capital occupation for children is to cut out pictures and cover a screen with them. The pictures may either be fastened on whole, or the principal figures cut out and formed into groups in the same way as in the scrap-books.

A RELIC OF TRAFALGAR.

Lt.-Colonel Macpherson, of the Militia Department, has hanging in his office at Ottawa a map of the world which was hung in the ward-room of Nelson's flagship the "Victory" during the battle of Trafalgar, and which, several bullet-holes having made it valueless for reference, passed into the possession of Mr. J. C. W. Daly (of Stratford, Ontario), who served as a midshipman at the battle. It bears the following title, surmounted by a winged figure of Fame crowning a medallion picture of Captain Cook:

MAP
OF THE WORLD ON
GLOBULAR PROJECTION,
EXHIBITING
PARTICULARLY THE NAUTICAL RESEARCHES
OF
CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, F.R.S.,
WITH ALL THE RECENT DISCOVERIES
TO THE PRESENT TIME
CAREFULLY DRAWN BY
A. ARROWSMITH.

The map is "dedicated" to Alex. Dalrymple, Esq., F.R.S., and bears date January 1st, 1794. Having been at some time remounted on canvas and varnished, it is in a tolerable state of preservation, though blackened and discolored, and the paper having clipped off in patches, while the four ragged holes in the map of the Eastern Hemisphere show the hotness of the great sea-fight through which it passed. Needless to add that the Canadian officer who now possesses this interesting relic of "the King's navy" prizes it very highly.

OUR BOOKKEEPERS.

Probably there is no other place on the whole globe where scientific bookkeeping meets with as much imposition as in this country, and where that profession is considered by many as secondary to the position of a cashier.

How these facts have impressed themselves so strongly upon many persons' minds is owing to the average bookkeeper, who falls short of the requirements which a thorough competent and practical man must possess in order to fill the position properly. And thus, while those incompetent men harm themselves and deceive the employers by accepting such a position, the duties of which they cannot discharge, they are creating trouble everywhere and deprive a worthy man of a respectable subsistence. So much so, that many good feelings and harmony which existed between employer and employee have been sacrificed, and

"Like rooks that are rent asunder,
A dreary sea now rolls between."

They expose the best man in a counting-room to insults whenever the rose-coloured humour of the employer strikes the chord of "Cheap Bookkeepers," and which insults would, perhaps too often, meet with a prompt retaliation in a rather severe manner, if the conduct of a gentleman would warrant it. Those impostors have led many an honest business man to ruin, and to face catastrophes which forced destitution upon his family! While the dishonest merchant gladly accepts the services of this kind of a bookkeeper in order to meet his purposes; pleads ignorance of anything; blames his bookkeeper for everything; and rejoices over his frequent success in having, under such a plea, obtained a settlement for a few cents on the dollar.

From these facts we learn at once that an incompetent bookkeeper, of whom we have many, is neither any good to the honest merchant, nor will the creditors thank him for his services rendered to the dishonest insolvent. Let us, therefore, put a bookkeeper's position upon such a basis as will command respect as well as make it worthy of aspiration, than a place of refuge, the more, when it is widely known that in this country men hold the office of a cashier while they do not know even the fundamental principles of bookkeeping, and require the aid of the bookkeeper in the discharge of the duties which this office may devolve upon them.

This dress of foreign feathers is rather a relocation upon the profession, and especially, when we find that in little corner groceries, the fledgling herring dealer, with his pencil and pen behind his ears, counts himself among the large army of bookkeepers. But when men who have for many a year done nothing but chalked down the number of loads of mud carted from

our streets, call themselves bookkeepers, then it is high time that the professional men should assert their rights and root out every imposter of scientific bookkeeping.

By perusing our City Directory we will be astonished to find how many style themselves bookkeepers, among whom there is a large number who understand by "Double Entry," that a man is to be charged twice for a purchase, as many a housekeeper can prove by her pass-book, &c. And yet, those very men find employment far easier than a thorough accountant. Why? because employers look too much to the salary question, seek for these so-called bookkeepers, and those, who had an accurate, trustworthy and diligent man, frequently employ an inexperienced one and trust to copying from previous entries, even though a transaction may have taken a different shape. By this method many a business man has suffered, and to this fact our Guarantee Companies can testify.

But while we have pointed out facts which argue strongly against the above mentioned class of impostors, let us act justly towards them and not put all the blame upon their shoulders, for the cause of the trouble can be brought directly home to the very merchants who fondly dream of and employ such help, and thus encourage the imposition, while they clamour over these wonderful cheap helps use all their oratorical powers to talk on this subject, and remind the competent and more experienced man of the great expense whenever opportunity offers itself, though these very enthusiasts may have been taught a lesson by a loss sufficient to pay for two or three first-class bookkeepers. Is it right then on their part, to talk much about dishonest, careless and fraudulent bookkeepers? No, decidedly not, for as long as a bad article finds a good market, so long will it be manufactured. And so it is with worthless bookkeepers. As long as they find employment our business men will have large numbers to select from and must put up with the consequences. Let our merchants put a stop to this kind of encouragement and the result will be beneficial to both the employer and the competent chiefs of counting-rooms.

Besides this practical course of ridding our commercial world of these impostors, I will make a proposition to the professional bookkeepers in the next issue of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS under the title of "A Match of Minds," the subject of which, I hope, will be taken up by them, as it is of vital interest to the merchants, to the profession and for the benefit of the whole commerce, which, with now returning prosperity, should also be put upon a rock in this respect.

Montreal, Dec. 2nd, 1879.

E. W. B.

LADY DUFFERIN'S MISTAKE.

The following comes from St. Petersburg. Lady Dufferin, wife of the British Envoy, went to court to be presented to the Czarina. On arriving at the Winter Palace she was shown into an ante-room, as she thought, where an aged lady, whom she took to be mistress of the ceremonies, was seated on an ottoman. The lady motioned her to a place beside her, and entered into conversation, but in a frigid Russian style. Lady Dufferin has a little pride of her own, and thinking the Muscovite waiting woman was rather patronizing to the wife of an Ambassador assumed a "stand-off" air on her side. The ceremonious dame became more ceremonious and almost haughty. At length she asked, "Have you seen my daughter lately?" "Pardon me, madame," said Lady Dufferin. "I fancy we do not move in the same circle. Pray, who may your daughter be?" "The Duchess of Edinburgh," said the stately old female, who was no other than the Empress of Russia.

HUMOROUS.

SHEET MUSIC—Children crying in bed.

BALDHEADED men are like kind words, because kind words never dye.

THE time is approaching when the small boy would like to exchange his base ball for a pair of skates.

How quietly flows the river to the sea, yet it always gets there. This is a good point to remember when you are trying to rush things.

THE man who steps on a deposit of soft soap and glides swiftly down the front stairs is not dead but slipping.

WHEN a lead pencil drops from behind a man's ear it always lands on the point and the latter breaks off. If the pencil has no point, the pencil doesn't drop.

AN unknown man killed by the cars in Connecticut on Saturday had in his pockets 60 cents and a pair of scissors, indicating that he was connected with journalism.

HE told me that he was now regularly engaged as a writer for one of the leading dailies. His honest old mother said "writing wrappers at \$3 a week."

MUSIC teacher to scholar: "You see that note with an open space; that's a whole note. Can you remember that?" Scholar: "Yes." A whole note is a note that has a hole in it."

A LITTLE girl of five years was recently called as a witness in a police court, and in answer to the question what became of little girls who told lies, innocently replied that they were sent to bed.

IF boys' boots were made of cast-iron, covered with tar and gravel, and then painted four coats and varnished, mothers would still have cause to wonder how on earth that boy got his feet soaping wet.

THE boy who doesn't leap over seven hitting-post: kick a lame dog, snatch a handful of navy beans in fro: of every grocery store, knock over a box or two and work the handle of every put up on the sidewalk on his way home from school, is either lazy or doesn't feel well.