

## HELIOTROPE.

Go, Heliotrope,  
Unto my Sweet and tell  
How, like a harbinger of hope,  
You come to dwell  
Near her, and pray to rest  
Upon her breast.

Tell her for me,  
In whispers of perfume,  
How like the golden sun is she,  
To which your bloom  
Forever turns its face,  
Beseeching grace.

Say, even so  
The blossom of my love  
Looks from its land of doubt below  
To her above,  
Waiting one word to slip  
Her scarlet lip.

Then if you feel  
Her heart with joy beat fast,  
Or if with one sweet kiss she seal  
Your lips at last,  
And leave you stricken dumb  
Until I come :

Seeing you there  
Upon her bosom, I  
Shall know what answer to my prayer  
She makes, and lie  
Beside you dumb with bliss,  
Sealed by her kiss.

—From "Lyrics for a Lute" by Frank Dempster Sherman.

## THE CATTLE FARM OF THE FUTURE.

THE road from Kimberley to Vryburg traverses a succession of plains wide as the eye can range, bounded here and there by low and regular chains of hills. Scarcely a single tree breaks the endless flat of grass veldt.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis  
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura.

The Roman poet must have had Bechuanaland or the Transvaal in his mind when he wrote the lines quoted above, for the two countries perfectly realize his conception. The veldt at the surface has a somewhat sterile and parched appearance, and is covered with patchy grass dried by the sun to the colour of hay. Far and wide it extends, and the traveler sees no reason why he should ever emerge from its limits. Two causes, however, combine to remove the tedium and monotony of such a landscape. The vastness, the apparent illimitability of the surroundings, elevate rather than oppress the mind, and the genial sunshine, the cloudless sky, and the invigorating highland air sustain the spirits at a high level. Nor must it be supposed that these African plains are in any degree wanting in fertility. The heavy rains of the summer and autumn produce an abundance of juicy grass on which are raised large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Both in Bechuanaland and in the Transvaal the amount of live stock is very considerably less than the area and the soil are capable of sustaining, and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to assert that if, in the course of centuries, all other supplies of meat for the human race should be exhausted, the African veldt could produce sufficient to fill the stomachs of a starving world. Cattle disease, horse sickness, and the sheep scab at present offer formidable obstacles to the rapid multiplication of live stock. It is, however, highly probable that science and sanitary legislation will before long remove or mitigate these scourges of the farmer. Approaching Vryburg the railroad runs through the "Native Reserve," a large district which has been set aside for exclusive occupation and cultivation by the Southern Bechuana. The soil here is well watered and of great fertility; abundant crops of mealies (maize) can be easily raised, and many other kind of grain, potatoes, and various vegetables might be produced in large quantities were the natives given to industry and agriculture. Report, however, speaks but poorly of the Southern Bechuana; idle and insolent in good years, helpless and mendicant in bad, it is doubtful whether he will be long able or permitted to retain his hold upon a territory which is capable of being transformed into one vast garden.—Lord Randolph Churchill, in the "Daily Graphic."

## MORALS OF PUBLIC MEN.

DURING the recent session of the London conference on national morality, a resolution was taken into consideration expressing a desire that a general council of the Churches in all English speaking lands should be summoned to consider the question of the morals of public men, and especially to consider the moral relations of public men and women. No one will gainsay the importance of such a call if it should really be made. The question is one of the gravest of this age as it has been in ages past. The point is whether the race has advanced far enough in moral, scientific and philosophic enlightenment to erect a strict standard. While it would never be desirable to return to a blending of Church and State, it would be a consummation devoutly to be wished, if the personal morality of public men should be more carefully scrutinized

and more severely punished—not punished by the infliction of sentences, but withholding the honours of officers that should not be desecrated. Past all question the first steps to the abuse of a public trust, nine times out of ten, are lax personal morals of one form or another. It is impossible for a public servant to lay aside his obligation to the public for a moment. All he does reflects credit or discredit upon his country. If he is known to others, he is at least known to himself, and loss of self-esteem is more pitiable, though not so precipitatedly ruinous, as loss of public favour. Every reasonable mind will admit the justice of the decline of Mr. Parnell since the inwardness of his private life has become known. Those who are familiar with public affairs know that, looking through moral glasses, it is almost as easy to find a Parnell as a Gladstone among men of position and office. There is one, and only one, secular hope in the measureable success of a general agitation of this question. No public man or private citizen can consistently oppose its motives. The discussion can do no harm. Possibly the time has come when it may do good.—The Kansas City Times.

## THE SHIP OF THE FUTURE.

A SHIP has arrived at Liverpool which promises great things for the future. If the whaleback *Colgate Hoyt* fulfils the expectations of its inventor, the name of M'Dougal will deserve to go down to posterity coupled with that of General Wade, the Highland road-leveller. What the General did for wayfarers by land Captain M'Dougal lives in hopes of achieving for those whose hard fate it is to travel by sea. Among the advantages held out by the advent of the submerged ship of the future, the abolition of seasickness will not be reckoned the least. Pitching and tossing and rolling—abhorrent modes of progression so painful to the equanimity of that part of one's anatomy which George Hudson was wont to speak of as his "Midlands"—will be relegated to the limbo of evils vanquished and discarded. On the other hand, the prospect of crossing the Atlantic with a dubious provision of light and air, and the uncanny feeling that one is in rather than on the wave, is hardly likely to commend the new departure to those robust souls who pride themselves on the possession of sealegs. Electric lights and improved windsails are at best but poor substitutes for the free air and clear light of heaven. If the one class go to Liverpool to look and bless, the other will as surely ban as they behold the whaleback of the Great Lakes.

## SOCIETY IN MODERN LONDON.

SOCIETY's scheme of activity has become but ill-suited to the circumstances of modern England. The first thing that one notes on entering the great world is that there are no great men there. We do not speak here of the claret-cup crushes where the people of political taste gather—chiefly before Easter. There, indeed, great men are to be seen in plenty, escorting undesirable wives and still less desirable daughters. But that is not society. It is the vestibule of the Inferno. Society properly so called is a place for boys and girls—a marriage-market. Nothing but the unconquerable instinct of racial preservation can account for the stark courage with which the British *chaperon* faces the sleepless anguish of her calling. Now, unhappily, in a ball-room the girls outnumber the men, and ninety-nine per cent. of them want husbands, whilst as to the "men," eighty per cent. of them are as little able to finance a nursery as to finance the Italian opera. Nothing is looked for from them but that they should keep sober and break to the eye by their black garments the glaring, gloomy banks of unmarried muslin. There are plenty of men in London who can marry and do marry, but when the time has arrived when their circumstances justify the step, they do not seek to enter society in order to choose a wife. They arrange for a three days' holiday and run down to the country, where they propose to the old love of long ago. No average man can truthfully testify that he ever knew a London married woman who was a London girl before she was a married woman. While society is expanding so rapidly and so widely that even the professedly fashionable papers have long abandoned any attempt to maintain the old practice of recording the names of the guests at its chief functions, fashionable marriages have become so rare that all the evening papers and some of the morning papers think them sufficiently remarkable to give each a report of from thirty to sixty lines. The chief reason, then, of the failure of society is that it does not fulfil its *raison d'être*. If the *chaperon* wishes to get at the man who is worth marrying, she must alter her hours, cool her rooms, and simplify her entertainments. It would pay a match-making mother far better to give twenty dinner parties to rising barristers or civil engineers than to entertain four hundred penniless boys at a ball supper. Unfortunately for the *chaperon*, she cannot rid herself of the idea that her daughter's domestic happiness must be based on land. She forgets that the land of England is more heavily mortgaged than of yore, and that it yields thirty per cent. less in gross rental; whilst the number of girls who consider themselves destined to "marry land" is three times greater than it was twenty years ago. Unless the *chaperon* wishes to condemn her daughter to perpetual celibacy, she must seek a husband for her elsewhere than in the London ball-room, for the London ball-room is closed to every man who lives by his own exertions; and as for the "gilded youth" he generally prefers the Café Royal, or Rule's, or Romano's, where indeed he is still in

society, but in a society whose daughters attach no special ethical value to the mere dry ceremonial of marriage.—The Speaker.

MANY changes are shortly to occur in the composition of the North American and West Indies squadron. In August or September next the *Tartar* goes out to take the place of the *Ready* and *Thrush*. The former is to be paid off at Bermuda and converted into a hulk, and the latter returns to England with Prince George of Wales, who, it is presumed, will then be promoted. The *Hercules*, flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Hopkins, will relieve the *Bellerophon* at the end of the year, and early in the spring the *Emerald* and the *Comus* will be replaced respectively by the *Spartan* and the *Sirius*. This will greatly modernize the station, but will still leave a good many dummies, notably the *Pelican* and *Tourmaline*, followed pretty closely by the *Canada* and *Pylades*. It is extremely doubtful (says a correspondent) if any of these four could make a passage of 1,000 miles, say, at 10 knots, and one of them could not do it at even eight knots.

## MOULTON COLLEGE.

WE have just received the calendar of Moulton College. McMaster University is to be congratulated on the success of this academic department. In view of its strong teaching staff, large endowment and charming location the success of the past three years is not surprising. The calendar shows, we are glad to see, that special provision is made for young ladies proposing to pursue a university course. The art department is still under the direction of Mrs. Mary E. Dignam. Special attention is given to music, and Miss Louise Sauermann, a pupil of the Conservatory of Music, will enter on her work at the opening of the next session, September 3, as additional resident teacher in music.

THE reason why men and women are so mysterious to us, and prove disappointing, is that we read them from our own book, just as we are perplexed by reading ourselves from theirs.—Meredith.

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