



OUR BOYS.

Have you ever thought, mothers, of the grave responsibilities that rest with you in the bringing up of your boys, even more so than the girls, for they will never have the same temptations to contend with as our boys have? And yet, how often one sees in a family of boys and girls that all the care and education are lavished upon the girls—nothing too rich or costly for them; while the boys are sent to cheaper schools and receive but scant attention to their department and morals.

Come and take a look into this pretty room. Is it not a marvel of daintiness and comfort? This room belongs to a sister of one of our boys. Now, come and look into the boy's room by way of contrast! Just like a boy's room you say—everything in confusion: boots thrown carelessly into one corner, half the handles off the bureau, the contents of the drawers in hopeless confusion—ties, fishing-tackle, collars, etc., all jumbled together—and a general air of discomfort pervading the room. Are our boys, then, incapable of appreciating beautiful things? Are they devoid of this fine feeling which makes a girl surround herself with what is pretty and tasteful? No, decidedly no. But they have for so long been accustomed to the cry of, "Oh, that will do for the boys, they are not particular!" that they have come to think that the pretty, dainty things, are only for girls, and, as no inducement is offered to them to keep their room pleasant, they fall into careless habits. You say, mothers, that that is not the way you treat your boys, and you are indignant at the very idea; and yet the fact remains, that in a great many families this state of things prevails.

An instance of this comes to my mind as I write, and in a family which prided itself on its culture and refinement. When I suggested to the mother that Tom's room looked very bleak and dreary compared with his sister's, she seemed surprised as she answered: "Why, Tom is only a boy; he would not care for such things, and besides, he is so very careless, that if I did arrange his room nicely, he would only spoil it." Tom was a fine, manly boy of fifteen—a boy whom you instinctively liked at first sight. With his frank, unaffected manners, and bright, genial temper, he was a universal favourite with both old and young. Of late he had got into the way of spending most of his evenings out. I did not wonder at this, for there was nothing to attract the boy to stay at home. The rest of the family passed the evening reading newspapers or books without one thought of making home pleasant for him. Naturally sociable, he found his evenings at home very dull. If he did happen to begin a conversation, he was told to keep quiet and not disturb them in their reading. So thinking of these things, I said to my friend: "You have never really tried Tom. I am sure if he found his room made pleasant for him, he would appreciate it. Do you not see that by your careless indifference you are causing your boy to seek his company anywhere rather than at home." "Yes," she said, "I have noticed that Tom is beginning to spend most of his evenings away from home, and I am troubled about it; but what am I to do. When boys get to that age it is hard to keep them with us." "Suppose," I said, "you help to make his evenings pleasant—talk to him, read to him, do anything that will interest him, and then see if he will seek his pleasures elsewhere." She did so, and her trouble was amply repaid by Tom's hearty appreciation of all that was done for him.

It rests with you, mothers, to see that your boy is kept from the streets and bad companions by making every effort to have home pleasant and attractive for him. Do this and you will never have to complain of his seeking his company elsewhere, and, above all, let him see that you take an interest in all his plans and boyish pastimes. Never turn him away when he comes to you full of eagerness to unfold some new project. Better far to suffer inconvenience than rebuke your boy for bothering you, and so make him feel that his interests and plans find no favours in your sight. Encourage him to confide in you; make him feel that his mother is his best and truest friend. Strive to rouse noble thoughts and aims in his life. Teach him to be true to his convictions, to shun that which is low and coarse, and in matters of conscience, to allow no one to come between him and that God who is above all. Then they should be taught to show true gentlemanliness of demeanour to their sisters. I say true, for there is too much of this put-on chivalrous manner, which seems to say, "Look at me! I am not very polite?" and which can always be distinguished from that which comes natural to well-brought up boys. If this manner towards their sisters is impressed upon them, it will naturally extend itself to all women.

The author of "John Halifax" says that in a family she knew of, where the mother, a most heroic and self-denying woman, laid down the absolute law: Girls first, not in any authority, but first to be thought of in protection and tenderness, the boys grew up true gentlemen—generous, unexacting, courteous of speech, and kind of heart.

MORRUE.

DARWIN AND HIS NEIGHBOURS.

"I was fossil hunting the other day," writes a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "in a chalk pit near Keston, when a thunderstorm forced me to take shelter in a shed, when I had an interesting conversation with two old workmen. 'Do you find many fossils here?' I asked. 'Yes, sometimes we git one or two, then we maybe find a lot more of the same sort near it. Gentlemen comes along about every two days and picks 'em over. I found some shark's teeth once. Mr.—, at Bromley, said they was mammon's (!) teeth, but I took 'em to Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Darwin and they both said they were shark's as soon as they saw 'em. Maybe you've heard of Mr. Darwin?' 'Yes, I have heard of him. Did the people round here often take things to him?' 'Sometimes, when they wanted to know what anything was. He could always tell 'em. Master Frank will now if you go to him; he's very clever.' 'I once took a effet (eft) to Sir John,' chimed in his comrade. 'I killed it up yonder by the barn. Bob saw it first, but he was frightened. He'd been boozing for a week, and would 'a been scared at anything, it was about that length, (about a foot,) and Mr.— told me to tek it straight down to Sir John, it hed such eyes. I went into Sir John's room—he was at home—but he couldn't tell me what it was. 'Wait a bit here,' he said, 'and I'll look at my books.' So he went out for about a quarter of an hour. His room was full of all sorts of things—lizards, toads, vipers, and nearly everything. When he came back he told me what it was and gave me half a sovereign. 'That's the male,' he said; 'you'll find the female near the same spot.' 'Which Sir John was that?' 'That was old Sir John. I took a pair of live effets once down to young Sir John. Sir John as is; the one as knows a lot about ants.'"

THE SCHOLAR IN AMERICA.

In his judgment of the scholar, this average American citizen has usually only one definite idea,—that he is a dreamer, quite out of contact with actual life. Consider for a moment the genuine amazement and dismay with which the average citizen regards a serious attempt on the part of educated men to exert their due influence in the solution of a great political or economic problem. He seems to look upon them somewhat as he might watch a group of monkeys escaped from their cage, and engaged in some mischief, the effects of which they cannot be made to comprehend; or, to substitute a simile somewhat more complimentary, that a throng of excited passengers had attempted to dictate the management of a great ocean steamer.

Of course no such view of scholarly activity in the political field will be submitted to. The men who devote their lives to the study of the records of human experience as transmitted in history and literature have not less, but infinitely more, claim to be heard on any important subject than those engaged only in the vulgar scramble for wealth. Emerson's brief essay on Politics outweighs, and will outlast, all the floods of campaign literature and selfish demagogic eloquence which have so often since then deluged the land.

But is there one of the older civilized countries where the organs of the horde of money-getters would dare to stigmatize the whole class of liberally educated men as visionary theorists? Imagine a university education regarded in England as a disqualification for high public office! Even in Germany, where political leaders and great scholars seem more nearly the representative men of two distinct castes, the illustrious double career of a Mommsen shows that the gap is not yet impassable. The condition of things among ourselves is an alarming symptom, indicating how far the most highly educated and wisest men have lost their proper leadership in the national councils and the national life.

Now, do the colleges, and limited body of cultivated, reflective, and earnest scholars generally, appeal as directly and sensibly to the average Americans as they could and should? Among the philosophic few it is an axiom which one rarely thinks of even stating, that wider knowledge, closer

contact with the wise and good of all ages, the assimilation of their best thoughts, the contemplation of their glorious deeds, are the employments which ennoble young and old, and make men truly happy.

But the typical American, as Professor Shaler has very clearly set forth in a recent essay, is only dimly conscious that he ever even had any ancestry at all. That the achievements of other races and peoples in the past or present have any lessons of overwhelming value to teach us, he certainly does not believe. That the poetry, the philosophy, the architecture, the plastic arts, can be used to make life more beautiful, more happy, better worth living, he understands at best very imperfectly. Perhaps he is open to conviction. Is a proper effort being exerted to make him realize all this? American men read to a moderate extent. The women of America have large leisure, a liberal share of influence in home and social life, and surely also a lofty consciousness of their duty as mothers of the race that is to be. To them, it may be chiefly, we may hopefully appeal.

Again, there is a widespread feeling that American literature is not holding the height attained in the last generation. The subject is quite too large for a reviewer, possibly rather too serious for a professed optimist. But if our literature is losing, or in danger of losing, its vital power, its hold on the national life, may we not find a partial explanation in the fact that a great body of men, claiming, no doubt justly, that they have accumulated knowledge worthy to be widely disseminated, nevertheless disdain to learn and practice the art of adequate and graceful expression?—*Atlantic Monthly*.

HERE AND THERE.

Fifty coloured men are studying for the priesthood in Rome.

American photographers have paid to certain actresses for the sole privilege of taking and selling their pictures the following sums: Bernhardt \$1500, Langtry \$1000, Potter \$1000, Russel, Urquhart, Rice and Hall \$500 each.

A FOUR-FOOTED GHOST.—In a certain rectory within forty miles of the city of New York stood an old-fashioned candlestick surrounded by prisms of glass which were pendent from the top. On several occasions the family were awakened by the ringing of these in the night, the effect of which was to terrify the servants and all the inmates of the house, except the wife of the rector, who determined to solve the mystery. For a long time the sounds were not produced except in total darkness; but, by gradually introducing the practice of burning a light at night, the ringing was finally heard one night when there was a light in the room. The lady of the house then went quietly down to the dining-room, and saw a large rat with every expression of pleasure leaping forward and with his forelegs striking the prisms so as to make them ring, and evidently taking the keenest delight in the sound thus produced.—*Harper's Monthly*.

The three gambling races of the earth are the Indians, Chinese and Anglo-Saxons. Any uncertainty will induce Anglo-Saxons to set up a bet and even so terrible an event as the Maybrick trial was made the subject of many wagers by so called gentlemen, and even ladies. Ladies indeed are said to be the heaviest "plungers" when they do enter the betting ring. The feminine intellect finds it hard to make a safe book, but in the Liverpool poisoning case odds of twenty to one and upward were paid on the acquittal of the prisoner up to the second day of the judge's summing up. There is something so extremely revolting in laying a wager on a criminal's life, that it is enough to disgust ordinary gamblers with their trade, to see excitement thus eagerly snatched at under the very shadow of the gallows. But gambling and betting are among the curses and perils of our time.—*The Churchman*.

The Paris (France) Compressed Air Company is an organization successfully engaged in transmitting power to hundreds of industrial establishments in that city. They have a great central station where, by means of ordinary steam air-compressing engines, air is compressed for its many customers. The air so compressed is sent through thirty miles of main pipes at a pressure of from 80 to 90 pounds per square inch, and is utilized to the extent of nearly 2,000 horse-power in large and small industries. The work of compression consumes 50 tons of coal a day. The mains through which the air is forced are of 12 inches internal diameter. It is carried to every part of Paris, and sold at moderate rates to consumers. These employ engines of special form, provided by the company at a certain rental, or at outright sale. The power is used for every conceivable purpose, from the small energy required to run a sewing machine up to the force demanded by a great printing establishment or an electric light plant. It has been found especially serviceable for use upon elevators, and in places where power is required only occasionally. The system has found wide favour, and is making money, while its customers are avoiding waste, trouble and useless expense.—*Canadian Manufacturer*.