



THOMPSON RIVER BOATS, KAMLOOPS, B.C.

dained by the earnest and zealous amongst all sorts and conditions of men, but the true aspiration upward, breathed in communion with, and hope toward, the lowest of our kind, unalloyed by the lust of lucre and undarkened by the portentous shadow of self. Although culture may not of itself effect moral regeneration or make an honest man out of a scoundrel, yet there is no civilized religion without culture, and there is no culture worthy of the name that does not breathe the spirit and purpose of religion.

But why should we relegate the devotee of culture to the masculine gender? Politeness and probability would alike suggest the contrary. Let us suppose *her*, then, to be, as is most reasonable, of the female sex, and to take up say music in the right spirit of culture, making her principal study of what a poet calls "the sounds that cannot lie, for all their sweet beguiling. The language one need fathom not, but only hear and feel." Here is a spell whose witchery was felt before written language was. It roused to ecstasy the old time Greeks in days of culture's childhood, when it had to be invoked upon three stringed citharas and scrannel pipes of straw. "O sovereign of the willing soul," cries the minstrel Pindar in a modern paraphrase that renders the spirit of the original with exquisite fidelity:—

"Parent of sweet and solemn breathing airs,  
Enchanting shell! The sullen cares,  
And frantic passions hear thy soft control.  
On Thracia's hills the lord of war  
Has curbed the fury of his car  
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.  
Perching on the sceptered hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king,  
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing.  
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terror of his beak and lightnings of his eye."

The enthusiast will doubtless have some hardship to endure, perhaps to inflict, in her wrestling with scales, solfeggi, scores and keys; but, having decided from right and conscientious motives to make the most of her gift, she will persevere, and ere long the cares of everyday life are gilded and half forgotten in harmony, and though she may not attain to composing oratorios yet over the din and travail of the vexed

city, will voices, unheard before, come to her from another, a greater and happier city, whose builder and whose maker is God.

She decides in favour of natural history, and lo! her whole horizon is pushed backward, like that of some grand Turner landscape into infinity, and she begins to understand a language in which nature has hitherto been speaking to her in vain. Or does she feel drawn toward poetry? There is no necessity laid upon her to break forth into singing or to alarm friends and foes with an eruption of stanzas. Many a true poet has never written an iambus, and has a great deal too much respect for rhyme and reason to make the attempt, but far from the strife of the market place in which she has so often been worsted, the brooks will tinkle a friendly welcome and the alder boughs beckon to sympathy and rest. In glassy waters at noontide she will see the reflection of this broken and disproportioned existence, one day, she trusts, to be made whole, and in the stillness of dying sunset a soothing contrast to life's unrest and a grateful earnest of eternal peace.

#### Russian Brutality.

The *Times* prints the following from a correspondent:—"A terrible act of brutality perpetrated by the Russian authorities at Warsaw has caused great indignation throughout Poland. As usual, the facts have come out little by little and considerably after date. It was on May 31 last that the daughter of General Pouzereff, who is but a child, was playing with a ball in the Saxe Gardens, at Warsaw. She chanced to meet a boy named Winter, and struck him with her ball. The boy, who was only ten years old, seized the ball and threw it back, probably with some violence. Thereupon the servant in charge of General Pouzereff's child rushed forward, caught the boy Winter and began to beat him. The boy, however, resisted, hit back at the servant, and called her names which showed that he was a Pole and had been taught to look with contempt upon the Russians. The servant now called for the police, and the boy was

taken and locked up all night. A full report of the incident was drawn up and sent to the Governor-General of the province, General Gourko. On the morrow General Gourko replied that the boy must be flogged, and should receive twenty-five lashes. According to the law, corporal punishment can only be administered to children by their parents, but Winter's father was dead. The police, therefore, should have applied to the boy's mother. They preferred seeking out Mr. Olchefski, the boy's tutor or guardian. They told Mr. Olchefski that if he did not carry out the sentence they would close his business house, a *café* and confectionery shop. The tutor, fearing that he would lose his means of livelihood, reluctantly consented. The preparations were then made in due form. In accordance with the law the prison doctor was called, then the boy was brought from his cell, stripped, and the flogging began. At the seventh stroke he fainted, and the doctor, interfering, said it would be dangerous to inflict such violent punishment. The boy was of a highly nervous disposition, and the doctor could not answer for his life if such torture was continued. Mr. Olchefski, also, was horror-stricken at the effect the blows had produced. He angrily threw the whip away, and said the police might close his *café* and ruin him if they chose, but nothing should persuade him to finish the flogging. Finding that both doctor and tutor remained obdurate, the police and prison authorities sent a despatch to the Governor-General, asking for instructions, and relating all that had occurred. It will scarcely be credited that General Gourko, the hero of the Plevna Pass, at once telegraphed back that the flogging was to be finished. The police, therefore, the tutor persisting in his refusal to act, had to give the unfortunate boy the remaining eighteen blows so as to complete the sentence. Insensible, covered with blood, his flesh torn from his back, and in a state of violent convulsions, this young boy was brought back to his mother. The unhappy woman had all this time been kept in ignorance as to the fate of her son; and the shock that his return in such a condition must have produced upon her feelings may well be imagined."