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ably small space of time, say the one hundredth part of a second, before he feels the heat. In case then a child's arm were long enough to touch the sun, it can be calculated from this known rate of transmission, that the infant would have to live to be a man of over a hundred before it knew that its fingers were burned.

Closely as England is knit to India by telegraph and steamboat lines, there is, nevertheless, a mighty, increasing, and most ruthless war going on out there about which we hear little or nothing. It is between man on the one side and the whole tribe of venomous snakes on the other, and every year records an appalling amount of slaughter. According to official statistics quoted by the Lahore paper, the *Civil and Military Gazette*, out of a grand total of 22,905 human beings killed last year in India by "wild beasts," no fewer than 20,667 fell victims to make bites. But man had his revenge on his ancient foe. In the Bombay Presidency alone, rewards were paid for the deaths of nearly 500,000 venomous serpents, and the Punjab, which had previously been rather apathetic in the matter, brightened up and gallantly slew its 50,000. The other divisions did not do so well, and the result is seen in a very high rate of death by snake bite in both Madras and Bengal. Europeans very rarely suffer harm from snakes, their boots protecting their feet, the part of the body which is struck by most serpents. The cobra rears itself and strikes higher, when there is time to take up that attitude of attack, but by so doing it becomes plainly visible, and can be avoided or killed without much risk. In spite of the recorded slaughter, no mention is made that the snakes show signs of becoming scarcer. Nor will that be likely to happen until the jungles which afford harborage to the enemy are cleared away.

Both sides are most likely, as is often the case in such matters, in error; the cause of the depression in the money market does not lie at the door of either. The world over at the present time there is a distinct slackness, and that slackness has existed in most places for the last twelve months. The high prices which have governed the grain market hitherto cannot actually be paid for produce, and the money is locked up in gigantic railway schemes and mining operations, etc. What we want is a better outlet for our Canadian products. The regular market is full to overflowing, and bread stuffs are consequently cheap. Again, British India is now able to compete, notwithstanding her great distance, with any nation or country in the world in supplying the English market with almost every article of consumption; this is owing to her cheap labor, and her articles are all genuine and of the very best quality; there are, for instance, no wooden hams or shoe-peg oats exported from India, and her tobacco is equal to, if it does not surpass, the best Virginian leaf.

Now that the valley of the Congo is opening up there is an extensive market thrown open for all kinds of manufactured goods. The dress of the natives, men and women, is stamped and plain unbleached cotton pieces, wound round the loins and thrown over the shoulder like the ancient Roman toga. Why cannot some of our enterprising Canadians enter this market and compete for its profits.

Produce, too, of the colder climates will always find a ready market in the tropics, especially bread stuffs, and as yet there is little competition. Mouldy and condemned biscuits will rapidly on the west coast of

Africa, and the pay is made either in gold dust, ivory, palm oil, india rubber, or other valuable commodities which are there plentiful. Empty bottles a few years ago formed a valuable article of commerce. Their value varies as we approach the large towns where Europeans are established, the value rapidly falling till they become almost as cheap as they are here; but a little inland we have known as much as a good fat goat, six fowls, and two dozen of eggs to be given for an empty beer bottle! Stowards of ships and messmen of men of war often in this way make a great deal of money out of the natives, as they pocket the money allowed for the purchase of articles of food, and buy them with the empty bottles.

In the matter of competing with India, Canada could never succeed in the European market, owing to the extremely low wages paid to the working classes there. What would a man in this country think of a wage of about three dollars a month, and keep himself and family out of it. And yet that is the regular pay of a laborer in the tea-growing districts. A coolie (laborer) man gets six rupees, about three dollars per month, a woman gets four rupees, about two dollars, and a chockra, that is a boy or girl under twelve years of age, gets three rupees, about a dollar and a half a month, and they find clothes and house themselves on that, and are happy and contented, yes, and sometimes comparatively rich too. They live frugally, and waste absolutely nothing. If they have a cow or two they sell the milk and butter. They always have fowl and pigs, and silk worms, and often goats and horses. They till a patch of land, grow sweet potatoes, yams, fruits, Indian corn, mustard, rice and various vegetables and in their own way are quite contented, more so I am sure than we are, with all our refinement and luxuries. China is to-day the only nation on earth that can compete with India, and she does so in a very lame and imperfect manner; what she fails in accomplishing fairly she endeavors to make up by fraud.

Whither Drifting?

"Wives submit yourselves to your own husbands; husbands love your wives and be not bitter against them."

Such is the advice the bachelor St. Paul gives to all married folk; which, were it only followed more closely than it is, would save much domestic trouble and sorrow, and prevent much public shame and disgrace.

That this is an age of independence we all admit; and too many husbands and wives are too apt to act independently of each other, without thinking at all of the possible ulterior results. Upon such it cannot be too strongly impressed that marriage, whatever else it may be, is a business-like copartnership, and that for one partner to act independently of, or in opposition to, the other is almost sure, in the long run, to end in ruin if not disgrace to both. Confidence begets confidence, it is true, but the converse is, unfortunately, true also, and distrust invariably breeds distrust. No commercial partnership can successfully exist unless the members of the firm work together in perfect unity of purpose, and the same holds good of the marriage partnership. There must be no distrust, no playing at cross purposes; or the firm will inevitably find itself, sooner or later, in the *Gazette*—i. e., the Divorce or Law Courts. There must be no striving for the mastery, no seeking to be first, no bickering or mutual recriminations, or bankruptcy will be the result. They must work together—not independently—for the common good, and their mutual happiness; they must be blind

their "own sweet wills," that they may seem—as they ought to be—but one; and where differences of opinion may arise—as they will so long as human nature is human nature—meet one another half way, each conceding a little, so that the result may be mutually satisfactory and mutually beneficial. Without this complete confidence between man and wife there can be no real copartnership, no true happiness.

These are thoughts that husbands especially would do well to ponder over. Men, while bachelors, are too apt, we fear, too look upon women as inferior creatures, more accessories and luxuries, created for their special amusement, and subject to their sovereign will and pleasure, and although, in the various stages of courtship they may fall into the other extremes, and elevate them into angels and goddesses, they sometimes fall, after marriage, to disabuse their minds of such errors—forgetting that, whatever she may have been before, the woman now becomes "a help-meet unto him." The consequence is that—possibly without meaning, or thinking of it—he fails to let her share his thoughts and aspirations, his joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, as she ought. Unconsciously he creates in her mind a sense of injustice and neglect, a feeling of want of confidence and mistrust, and above all, a fear of the loss of that love which is her's by right, which, if not remedied, will inevitably lead to the most deplorable results. Love is woman's "whole existence;" her ruling passion, strong even in death; and if she fails to find it where she has a right to expect it, she will seek it elsewhere. No one knows of the "fightings within and fears without," the battlings with temptation, the combat between her sense of what is due to herself and her husband, and the cravings of her heart for that affection which is its very life, the fervent prayers and bitter tears through which a woman thus situated passes ere she conquer or fall. If she conquer, no one is the wiser; but if she fall—who gives her credit for the struggle?

Still another thought, upon which wives—and indeed their daughters too—would do well to ponder. In this age, and more especially on this continent, women are allowed a freedom of action and an independence of thought not dreamt of in past ages or in other lands; and with this result—that such liberty of thought and action is too apt to be abused. A woman may be very imprudent, very thoughtless, very foolish; she may do very many things which she ought not to do, and be guilty of great apparent impropriety of conduct in perfect innocence of heart and with no thought of sin. But she cannot do so with impunity. Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness will be around and about her; watching her every move, noting her every word and look. If she give the neighbors opportunity to talk—no matter how innocently—they will talk, and she must bear the consequences. Her friendships may be of the purest and most platonic nature; but her every action will be misconstrued, every word misunderstood, every look misinterpreted. This is a lesson which has been learned over and over again by bitter, bitter experience, and which will, we fear, continue to be learned by bitter experience only. A "woman's kingdom" is by her husband's side, and in her husband's heart. A true woman will be content if there she reigns supreme; and a true woman always will reign supremely there.

One word more. It will be observed that we have left love pretty much out of the question; preferring to look at the matter from a purely commercial point of view.

This we have purposely done; for it seems to us to be more and more the tendency of the age to make marriage a purely commercial transaction, a matter merely of dollars and cents, of barter and exchange—and we might add, in too many instances, of buying and selling—leaving out of the question, and indeed rendering impossible, that idealism and romance, by which, in the olden times, it was surrounded. And to this mercenary method of entering upon the most solemn event of a man or woman's life, this leveling down to the lowest possible standard of the noblest and most God-like attribute of our nature, is due a great deal of the domestic and marital misery of which the world is witness. Slowly but surely, its influence is making itself felt. There are signs, as a well known London "society" paper recently remarked, that a miasmatic poison is insidiously creeping into our midst under the fairest guise of fine words and phrases, silently spreading itself abroad, whispering into delicate ears of greater liberty and freedom, of self-reliance, and a semi-heroic disregard of ancient trammels fettering the social intercourse of the sexes. Aided and abetted by the powerful and fascinating pens of fluent writers like "Ouida" and her followers, whose avowed object is to destroy the sanctity of the marriage vow, the poison slowly gathers strength, and even now is bringing forth its fruit. Well, indeed may we pause and ask whither are we drifting? For what the end may be who can tell?

Home Conversation.

Nothing in the home life needs to be more carefully watched and more diligently cultivated than the conversation. It should be imbued with the spirit of love. No bitter word should ever be spoken. The language of husband and wife, in their intercourse together, should always be tender. Anger in word or even in tone should never be suffered. Chiding and fault-finding should never be permitted to mar the sacredness of their speech. The warmth and tenderness of their hearts should flow out in every word that they speak to each other. As parents, too, in their intercourse with the children, they should never speak save in words of Christ-like gentleness. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that children's lives can grow up into beauty in an atmosphere of strife. Harsh angry words are to their sensitive souls what frosts are to the flowers. To bring them up in the nurture of the Lord is to bring them up as Christ himself would, and surely that would be with infinite tenderness. The blessed influence of loving speech day after day and month after month, it is impossible to estimate. It is like the falling of warm Spring sunshine and rain on the garden. Beauty and sweetness of character are likely to come from such a home.

But home conversation needs more than love to give it its full influence. It ought to be enriched by thought. The Saviour's warning against idle words should be remembered. Every wise-hearted parent will seek to train his household to converse on subjects that will yield instruction or tend toward refinement. The table affords an excellent opportunity for this kind of education. Three times each day the family gathers there. It is a place for cheerfulness. Simply on hygienic grounds meals should not be eaten in silence. Bright, cheerful conversation is an excellent sauce and a primo aid to digestion. If it prolongs the meal and thus appears to take too much time out of the busy day, it will add to the years in the end by increased healthfulness and lengthened life. In any case, however, something is due to refinement, and still more is due to the culture of one's home life. The table should be made the centre of the social life of the household. There all should appear at their best. Gloom should be banished, conversation should be bright and sparkling. It should consist of something besides dull, threadbare commonplaces. The idle gossip of the street is not a worthy theme for such hallowed moments.