

THE UNDERWORLD.

Life upon the surface is usually pleasant enough. The occasional ruffles that disturb it are just enough to emphasize the ordinary calm and even monotony of what all men see. As life becomes more complex we exert ourselves to maintain an unbroken surface, and the ordinary observer knows little of what moves beneath the placid flow of the daily existence of most men.

Now and then there is a sudden upheaval, and we stand horrified at the revelation of what that smooth surface conceals. The underworld of to-day is horrible beyond description. One envies the life that is so carefully guarded as to know nothing of what transpires beneath the surface, but should such a life, whose youth has been passed in blissful ignorance of the dark deeds of the underworld, come under conditions that bring it within touch of these, the revelation will be a shock from which few lives will ever fully recover.

Recent events within one of our large cities have given us a glimpse of what is going on every day beneath the surface. So startling have been the occurrences recorded that many consider them abnormal; a sudden upheaval of violence that may not occur again in a generation. They marvel at the coolness with which some of those interested speak of these events. These are men who must do with the underworld every day. They see little of the smooth surface upon which most of us look with complaisance, it is their business to look beneath the surface and to know life as it is lived down there in the darkness.

There is a desire to exploit the doings of the underworld at present. Some of the most popular articles in the magazines that find their way into our homes describe the life of those who work in the darkness, and who prey upon their fellows. It is not healthy reading. A glamor of the hero-light is cast about the hardened criminal, and the imagination of childhood and youth makes heroes out of the most debased of men and women. The language of the low resort is heard in the living room of the Christian home, and the play of the children takes the coloring of the midnight prowlers. The demand for the sensational in literature finds its supply here. It used to find it in the yellow backed novel, but the better culture of the day refuses to recognize these any longer. To meet it now the brightest minds are engaged in searching the darkened paths of the underworld, and describing what is found there. The result is a tastefully dressed story, but the dress covers a body of slime and corruption. No child mind can allow it to pass through its sensitive channels, without permanent defilement.

The active worker stands appalled at what is revealed when the dark portals of the underworld are passed. It had seemed possible to bring about a better state of things, so long as we studied the conditions that were most readily seen. But who can stem this ocean tide of

foulness? Where shall one begin? Some have entered it, and done good work there. Jerry McAuley lived and worked in it, and succeeded. There are not many Jerry McAuleys. But he has marked out the way, and we can follow where another has led. There is need for such work, even in our young country, and just now there is a place for the man whom God has endowed with the rare gift of reaching and winning those who have sunk beneath the surface.

The Imperial Limited, the Canadian Pacific fast transcontinental train between Montreal and British Columbia is again running regularly for the season, and all through Canadian territory. It is so close the distance this year will be covered in ninety hours instead of one hundred. The distance is 2,990 miles.

It is safe to say that no one has attended meetings of the General Assembly for the past twenty-five years with greater regularity than Mr. Robert Murray, the veteran Editor of the Presbyterian Witness, Halifax. And Mr. Murray always takes an active, as well as an intelligent part in the work of the Supreme Court. His paper—by far the oldest Presbyterian journal in Canada—is now in its 54th year, but as young and vigorous in tone as ever.

Attention is directed to the Thirtieth annual statement of the Dominion Bank presented to the shareholders on the 29th ult. It is a most gratifying exhibit; and bears tangible testimony to the wisdom and ability of the management. The liabilities are reported as \$20,368,256.28; the assets were \$25,623,245.51; and the net profits for the year totalled \$275,192.50. The stockholders of the Dominion Bank have a "good thing", and they know it.

Principal Grant is endeavoring to have the corner stone of the new arts building for Queen's University laid by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. Away back, twenty odd years ago the Principal had the foundation of the present arts building laid by Princess Louise an aunt of the present heir to the throne of the British Empire, and he thinks it would be only fitting to have another member of the royal family perform a similar ceremony over the rearing of the new building. In this matter Principal Grant will likely succeed; he generally succeeds when he makes the effort.

Literary Notes.

The Ledger Monthly for June gives the first place to an illustrated article on "Children of Yesterday and To-day." "Everyday Life in the Philippines" is another well illustrated article, written by a native of Manila. "Authors Among Our College Women" shows pictures of half a dozen American women, college graduates, who have made names for themselves in literature. Several good short stories help to make up a very attractive number. As usual, the departments for house-keepers are very good. One page is devoted to "Dainty Dishes for the Breakfast Table" and another to "The Economical Use of Food." Robert Bonner's Sons, New York.

The first article in The Studio for May is "The Medallist's Art, as Seen at the Paris Exhibition." Percy Bate writes a most appreciative paper on the work of the Glasgow artist, R. Macaulay Stevenson. This article is beautifully illustrated with reproductions of a large number of Mr. Stevenson's pictures, which give a good idea of the style of this prominent artist. Part 1 of "The Art of True Enamelling upon Metals," by Alexander Fisher, is of great interest, entering into the very heart of the subject, and giving many illustrations. The work of the Architect and decorator, Joseph Hoffmann, at the Paris Exhibition, is described at length. "The New Movement in Russian Decorative Art" presents a subject that will be fresh to most of its readers. "Studio-Talk" is as varied and interesting as usual. The Studio, London, England.

In the June number of *The Bible Student* is a most suggestive article from the pen of Dr. George T. Purvis, of New York, upon the Book of Revelation. He admits that the book is most difficult, and that no system of interpretation yet presented has commended itself to all. He does not claim for the view he presents that it is entirely satisfactory, but he does believe that it is more satisfactory than any other. He regards the visions of the Revelation as the portrayal in highly symbolic form of the moral and religious principles and forces through which the exalted Christ is working out His mediatorial reign, and which are preparing for His second Advent and the last Judgment. The method by which he supports this theory is interesting, and to some minds, convincing. Another strong paper is the one of Dr. E. Daniel upon the self-testimony of the exalted Christ. This he makes to centre in the sentence:—"Fear not; I am the first and the last; I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." The other departments of the magazine are up to the usual standard, and a good index completes the half-yearly volume.

PRO PATRIA, by Max Pemberton, is a very bright little story, if not a remarkably clever one. The book gives particulars of what may some day happen; and the plot is based on an attempt on the part of France to get even with England for all her past offences, by digging a huge tunnel beneath the sea between Dieppe and Dover. This scheme is discovered by accident by the hero of the story, a young Englishman staying in Dieppe. Through his bravery, and after much exciting adventure, the entrance to the tunnel at Dover is blown up by dynamite, and England is saved. The story is improbable enough, and yet after reading it we cannot help turning to the Editor's "foreword," in which he says: "If Alfred Hilliard's story suggests any thought to us, it may well be this: 'Is the truth of the national security the same in our day as it was when the first of the Germans wrote? Is the dreamer alone who may tell himself that the national creed is built upon a false faith, upon false premises, and tacit ignorance? Is the dreamer alone who, in his dreams, may see the sword at England's gate, and the enemy in her homes?'. Of course a pretty love story runs through the book, and altogether Pro Patria will make excellent summer reading. The Copp Clark Company, Toronto.