

existing, how or where he knows not, even if subjectively only, yet perceived somehow by him, are countless, stupendous systems of worlds. He is on the confines of the Infinite. And that very perception connects him with, shows him to be in some unknown way a part of, that Infinite. And if he is connected with, and a part of, that Infinite, what does it not entail upon him? Ah! what? It is difficult, impossible, to put into articulate speech the "half embodyings of thought," as another philosopher * calls them, which these glimpses into, these "incipient perceptions of, the Infinite" † arouse. "Our own thoughts," said Shelley once, "are incomprehensible to ourselves," how then shall we communicate them to another?

But the stars are not the sole thought-compelling wonders of the heavens. I saw one morning early, about four o'clock, the moon in its last quarter, just risen. The air that night was clear, every object standing out in impressive distinctness. Nowhere was there any sign of animal life; inanimate nature, the dark land and the gleaming water, lay disclosed alone. Upon this kingdom the moon looked down as still and silent as her realm. Without care she seemed, and to me, thus regarding her, her reposeful influence came. No "pale, sick lady" ‡ she looked. Indeed she was not pale in colour, rather rich golden, almost "red golden" § in comparison with the pallid stars above her. She reclined on her arm, as it were, and gazed pitifully upon her sleeping world. Pitifully but not troubledly. She seemed to know that only queen she was; that on the reigning king of day lay the responsibility of government. But she was a little sad, as if thinking of how her beauty was wasted, of how few regarded her, drank in her matchless charms to the easing of their own cares. Ah! I learned a lesson then. Nature has wondrous "lulling balms" for the healing of man's distempers. The fault is with him if he use them not.

I have met with also again this time, and indeed sought the companionship of more of those interesting inhabitants of the country who so delighted me in May. One dear old couple I made great friends with. Thirty years ago they had bought and settled on some hundred and twenty acres of woods and rocks and soil that had not even heard the sound of axe or seen the furrow of plough-share. To-day fifty acres of that soil produce grain consumed, perhaps, in the heart of well-tilled England. I saw in that old couple the type, the archetype, let us call it, of civilization. They had made hundreds of bushels of wheat grow where none had grown before. In that little rude farm I thought I saw the germ of a nation, the cradle of an empire. Greece, Persia, India, America, Britain—were not the first beginnings of each just what I saw there? Who knows but on that spot may be some day a rival of St. Peter's at Rome, or a branch, more busy than its parent stem, of the London Stock Exchange, or of the Chicago Board of Trade?

They lived quite alone that couple (an adopted daughter had married years ago). What were they living for? That question troubled me. Not certainly to found empires. Not to advance civilization. What were they living for? Themselves? No surely, not altogether; the pleasures of life were to them but few, and those very far between. I frankly confess I do not know. Does any know? It is one of those problems with which life bristles.

But enough of problems. Enough to puzzle the wisest brain there are amongst natural objects alone, without going to metaphysics or ethics to look for them. And problems are some of the very things one tries to leave behind during a summer vacation. I found the best way to keep them at arm's length was to pretend absolute ignorance of their existence and to live, for the time being, a life of thoughtlessness—a life of swimming, walking, shooting, fishing, and so on. And how pleasurable was such an animal life. The before-breakfast dip in a whole lake all to yourself was especially delicious. And what an appetite it engendered. The well-boiled porridge and the fried bacon with a great hunch of stale bread washed down with tea from a huge tin can (the proper breakfast for a camper in my opinion) tasted more delicious than the daintiest dishes city *chêf* ever prepared. And the pipe afterwards when the day begins to warm and the sun to be pleasant. Ah! thee, my pipe, who

"when fears attack
Bid'st them avaunt and black,
Care at the horseman's back,
Perching unseated,"

thee I back against a score of ethico-metaphysical problems, and, for that matter, problems of a more practical kind also. I wonder did poor Leopardi ever camp out, and eat porridge and bacon for breakfast, and smoke a well-seasoned pipe afterwards?

But here I close, with regrets and apologies to you, reader, for so poorly portraying the beauties of the Passing of Summer. T. A. H.

IN August last a conference of Australian judges was held in Melbourne, to consider various matters connected with the administration of justice in the Supreme Courts of the different colonies. Among other business Mr. Justice Windeyer moved the following resolutions: "1. That in the opinion of this conference it is desirable that upon appeal from the Australasian colonies their Lordships of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council should be at liberty to deliver separate judgments. 2. That their Lordships be requested to obtain the necessary powers to enable them to deliver their judgments individually if they see fit. 3. That their resolutions be forwarded by the president of the conference to the registrar of the Privy Council, with a request that he lay the same before their Lordships." The Chief Justice of South Australia seconded this motion, which was adopted. In our judgment this would be a retrograde step. Our view is strongly in favour of a single judgment when the court is unanimous.—*Law Times*.

* Coleridge. *Lectures on Shakespeare*. † Max Müller. *The Origin and Growth of Religion*. ‡ Shelley. § A favourite word in the *Nibelungen Lied*.

LUTE-STRAINS.

THERE passed a player by my garden gate,
Where I had lingered till the night was late;
Light in his hands he held a golden lute,
Whose chords he touched and made the air grow mute;
Then sang of shattered dreams of fairest things,
To sobbing strings.

He sang of wasted love, of empty years—
Empty of all save fading hopes and fears;
He sang of Life that liveth but to die
With vain desire of immortality:
He sang of the forgetfulness Death brings,
To sobbing strings.

GWYN ARANN.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

DEATH AND BURIAL IN CHINA.

WHEN the Chinese wish to declare the extreme vexatiousness of any piece of work, they say, "It is more trouble than a funeral;" the obsequies of a parent being reckoned the most maddening affair in human experience. Infants are buried summarily, without coffins, and the young are interred with few rites; but the funerals of the aged, of both sexes, are elaborate in proportion to the number of the descendants, and to their wealth. When a childless married man dies, his widow may perform all the duties of a son toward him, may remain in his house, and may adopt children to rear as his heirs and as worshippers of the family manes. If his widow purposes marrying again, a young male relative may, with the consent of senior members of a clan, undertake the services expected from a son, and may inherit the estate of the deceased. When one is about to die, he is removed from his couch to a bench or a mat on the floor, because of a belief that he who dies in bed will carry the bedstead as a burden into the other world. He is washed in a new pot, in warm water in which a bundle of incense-sticks is merged. After the washing, the pot and the water are thrown away together. He is then arrayed in a full suit of new clothing, that he may appear in Hades at his best. He breathes his last in the main room, before the largest door of the house, that the departing soul may easily find its way out into the air. A sheet of spirit-money, brown paper having a patch of gilding on one surface, is laid over the upturned face, because it is said that if the eyes are left uncovered the corpse may count the rows of tiles in the roof, and that in such case the family could never build a more spacious domicile.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

DON QUIXOTE.

THE great excellence, however, of the work of Cervantes lies in the readiness with which the hero conceives, and the gravity with which he maintains, the most absurd and fantastic ideas, but which always bears some analogy to the adventures in romances of chivalry. In order to place particular incidents of these fables in a ludicrous point of view, they were most carefully perused and studied by Cervantes. The Spanish romances, however, seem chiefly to have engaged his attention, and Amadis de Gaul appears to have been used as his text. Indeed, there are so many allusions to romances of chivalry, and so much of the amusement arises from the happy imitation of these works, and the ridiculous point of view in which the incidents that compose them are placed, that I cannot help attributing some affection to those who, unacquainted with this species of writing, pretend to possess a lively relish for the adventures of Don Quixote. It is not to be doubted, however, that a considerable portion of the pleasure which we feel in the perusal of "Don Quixote" is derived from the delineation of the scenery with which it abounds—the magnificent sierras, romantic streams, and delightful valleys of a land which seems, as it were, the peculiar region of romance, from Cordova to Roncesvalles. There is also in the work a happy mixture of the stories and names of the Moors—a people who, in a wonderful degree, impress the imagination and affect the heart, in consequence of their grandeur, gallantry, and misfortunes; and partly, perhaps, from the many plaintive ballads in which their achievements and fate are recorded.—*John Colin Dunlop*.

THE TURKISH PEASANT.

THE Turk whom the use of power has not corrupted, whom oppression has not debased, is certainly one of those men who please most by a happy blending of good qualities. Never does he cheat you; honest and upright, he is true as steel to his own folk; extremely hospitable; respectful, yet never servile, discreet, tolerant, benevolent; and very kind to animals. Such is the judgment passed upon the Osmanli by Elisée Reclus, the great geographer; and it were impossible to have said anything better or truer; his opinion agrees, moreover, in every respect with that of those travellers who have made a close study of the East.

To find this Turk, however, whom "the use of power has not corrupted," one must look for him in the heart of the provinces—never in the great towns. It is to him that this praise applies; but, alas! it applies to him only.

The most noteworthy traits of his character are probity and a dread of lying. In this, above all things, he is distinguished from the Turk of Constantinople, who cheats and lies with really admirable impudence. He in no way differs from the Armenian or the Greek, whose pastime it is to