

world, and alive only to your work, to nature, to thought to contemplation. Your way leads you first by the side of the still lake and then by a long and gradual descent three thousand feet below where its blue waters shine to the sky. The rapid river of the Adda falls in tumbling cascades by your side. You remember its birthplace up there among the snows of the Bernina Pass; but now it passes away from even those mitigated reminiscences of its cradle in the Lago Bianco, which it still retained at Poschiavo, and you and it fall down into the full summer heat of the long, low, narrow valley of the Valtellina, famous for its wine.

You are in your mountain costume. Having had as little use for summer garments as for city finery, you have parted your wardrobe and left the various divisions where you could best bestow them. But the heavy leathern boots, the black cloth dress, the thick-caped ulster, which were so valuable to you among the snows, become insupportable here among the vineyards and maize fields. You have been unable to get a place in the diligence, and you are sent on in a small open carriage close after the huge machine. Thus you are "in the wash," and have all the dust of the larger vehicle; and soon after you leave Tirano you might change places with the village miller—save that his powdering is clean and yours is not. However, there is no help for it. You have to go; and there are worse things in the world than this.

Nevertheless, when you stop at Sondrio for breakfast, you find yourself unable to do more than brush your dusty garments and wash your grimy face. The heat has taken away your appetite, which the tough and half-cooked beef-steak does not restore. So you scald your mouth with boiling coffee and pay three francs for the pain.

At Sondrio you pick up passengers who share your carriage and add to your discomfort. These are, an old man—father or grandfather, you cannot tell which—with a pretty little fragile nervous child say of five, and a young fellow of mild manners and with the appearance of a servant. The child is the embodiment of restlessness. She sits opposite to you and is not still for half a minute at a time. She is for ever shifting her position, arranging her little shawl, tying and untying her necktie, fanning herself with womanly grace, and kicking your shins as she moves her feet like a pendulum. You gently and smilingly put her a little more to the side; when your action brings down on her poor little nervous frightened head such a shower of harsh reproach from her father, or grandfather—himself as nervous as the child—that you bear the infliction without more resistance rather than let the poor little creature be rated and terrified again. So you go on till you come to Colica, where you have the wider space of the boat, and where little Miss Quicksilver may be as restless as she will, or as her gross-trained old caretaker will allow, without disturbing anyone. Here, too, she and her severe old guardian are met by two rough-looking men; were they English you would say they were sea captains; both of whom are all tenderness and affection to the little creature, so that she laughs and kisses them and seems sublimely happy and content when in their arms. You hope that one of them is her father, and that the cross-cornered old gentleman is less than kin, and only a temporary caretaker for the journey; but when they get ready to off at some small village, then the child is kissed good-bye by her two rough-looking but tender-handed friends, and the old fellow clutches her by the frail little arm, which is not much thicker than a walking-stick, as a kite might clutch a chicken, and hauls her down the gangway into the rough country boat that is to take them on shore. You are sorry for your poor little companion, and you fall to wondering, as so many times before, and so uselessly always, how is it that the old can be so brutal, so unfeeling to the young as they so often are; why, for that their own blood is now frozen, their own energies decayed, they cannot look back to the time when they too wanted movement, space, amusement, love, all the same as this poor little mite; and why, with memory and experience to guide them, they are not more sympathetic to those who have all to learn and all to suffer, and whose brief little day of careless enjoyment it is scarcely worth while to overshadow or curtail. We must, however, in justice say that the Italians in general are singularly good to children; and that this cross-cornered old gentleman of your experience was a striking exception to the rule.

It is evening when you reach Milan; night when you come to Turin; night when you pass through the Mont Cenis tunnel, and early morning when you come to Modena—the gentlest, least annoying of all the custom houses in the world, and where you get perhaps the worst coffee and the least satisfactory soup to be had for the money. You are in your carriage quite alone, as you have been, by good fortune, ever since Turin. A lady with her little son enters, and looks at you with a frown. "Madame," she says in French; "there is a special compartment for ladies alone; you had better go into it, as I wish to be alone with my son." "Madame," you answer, "I have not the slightest wish to go into the special compartment for ladies alone; but if you desire to be alone with your son you can go there." The lady calls the guard, and asks him to insist on your leaving the carriage; giving her reasons again, that she wished to be alone with her child, a boy about eleven. She adds that as Madame, yourself, is alone, she ought to be made to go into the carriage allotted to *Les dames seules*. She evidently confounds convenience with obligation, and the exclusion of men with the incarceration of women. To her the words *Dames seules* mean women who are travelling alone, not women who wish to be only with other women. The guard laughs, and puts the label of feminine exclusiveness on the door of the carriage where you are. "Now," he says good-humouredly, "you are all in the compartment for ladies only." The train moves off, and the lady is entrapped. She makes things unpleasant to you by the insolence with which she ignores your existence in her proceedings with her boy; and at the next station she whisks herself out of your obnoxious presence without any of the conventional forms of ordinary usage.

Presently you have to fight with wild beasts of even a larger and rougher kind. Three coarse-looking men come to the door. "Madame is alone," they say; "madame had better go into the coupé. We wish to enter here." You grumble, but good-naturedly get out to look at the coupé. The fierce sun is blazing into it like a furnace; there is no shade from end to end, and its shallow depth suffocates you, weary and exhausted with heat as you already are. You return to your carriage. "No," you say, "I will not go into the coupé. I prefer to stay where I am." "But madame, we wish to enter," they remonstrate.

"Messieurs, this carriage is as free to you as to me. Enter, if you desire to do so." "Madame, we wish to smoke." "Messieurs, this is not a smoking carriage." "Does madame object to smoke?" "Certainly, if Messieurs wish to enter, it is free for them to do so, but if they desire to smoke there is a smoking carriage destined for that purpose." You happen to know this fact, and that it has only two occupants, having looked through the train while searching for your own compartment, which you have the trick of losing at every opportunity. Messieurs appeal to the porters, to the guard, finally to the station-master, to exert their joint authority to force you to leave the carriage. Your British blood is up, and what you might have conceded for good-nature, you will not grant to brutality. You stand on your rights; the law is with you; the station-master declines to interfere; the guard looks at you compassionately, the porters curiously, and finally *ces Messieurs* are accommodated elsewhere, and you, the obdurate obstructive, are left in peaceful occupancy of your place. You have no more troubles to encounter till you finally arrive at Paris in the dawn of that early morning, and cross from the Gare de Lyon to that of the Nord, just as the streets are being swept, the early shops opened, and the first sprinkling of ragged loafers are bestrewn themselves about the *portes cochères*.

At Paris, after you have breakfasted and made your toilet at a delightful café just opposite the station of the Gare du Nord, you get into a carriage where all are Continentals save one gentleman; and in him you recognise at first sight the familiar lines of an Englishman and in all probability an Indian officer. So it proves. He is an Indian officer returning to the old country by way of Venice and a few other Italian cities. With him you are at once at home. That wonderful sympathy of compatriotism! Weary, bewildered by this long unbroken journey taken alone in the heat and under specially trying mental conditions of sorrow and fear, it is like the rest, like sleep to you, to be adopted as a weak sister, needing a little kindly protection, by your fine-looking generous military brother. You tell him, with silly tears in your eyes if your lips are full of smiles, that the moral support of appearing to belong to someone, after all the surprised queries of "Madame est seule?" from men to whom it is both strange and somewhat revolting that women should take long journeys alone, is worth hours of repose. He laughs with true British good humour and manly carelessness of praise when you say this and add to it warm thanks for his care, and assures you that you have nothing to thank him for, and that he has only done his duty. He helps you over all the bad bits of your way—at Amiens for refreshment; embarking at Calais and landing at Dover; at the custom house at Charing-cross; and into your cab at last. And it does not make his goodness less striking when you learn that he is a man of eminence and high rank, of noble birth and well-known fame. He made the one green spot in the desert of those sad days of travel; and you are glad to bear testimony to his kindness by your gratitude.

Then the last halt comes. The carriage which is to bear you to that house of love and agony whither you are bound meets you at the station; a kind young face looks for you on the platform, and your journeyings are over for immediate present. As you press the hands held out to you in loving welcome, you say below your breath: "Is he alive?" And suddenly you lose even the sense of fatigue for the gladness of relief from your worst fear when she answers back: "Yes; and he expects you."

(To be continued.)

#### PHYSICAL CULTURE.

In many schools, board schools particularly, military drill has been introduced. But this is not sufficient. It might even be shown that the drill of the soldier does not develop equally all parts of the body, but tends to make it stiff and unwieldy. Apart, however, from this objection, it is not adapted to young children and girls—those who really require the most attention in this respect. Then there is another objection to the military drill, and one which will prevent it from being generally adopted in schools. I refer to the fact that many object to drill because they think it tends to cultivate a military spirit in children. The objection may appear a weak one in some; but there it is, and there it will remain, and probably grow stronger and stronger so long as we see such evils as arise from the large armaments of Continental States. Then on more than one school board the military drill is objected to on account of its cost, a drill instructor's salary making a considerable addition to board school expenses, everywhere already high enough. What is wanted is a system of gymnastics at once simple and inexpensive; and these we have in a system largely in vogue in the schools of the United States, where the corporeal development of the young is not lost sight of in the ardour for intellectual education. The system referred to is a modification of that of Dr. Dio Lewis, of Boston. An American gentleman was recently observing some pale and puny-looking school children, and asked if in our English schools there was no system of gymnastics practised. The answer that such a thing was an exception rather than a rule surprised him, and he described the simple but efficient method of giving the boys and girls exercise in the primary school in which he was educated in Philadelphia. The class-rooms were all on one floor, and were simply separated from each other by large sliding glass doors. At a signal, given by the head master twice a day, that is in the middle of the morning and afternoon school, the doors were thrown open, boys and girls stepped to the wall, where wands were arranged in racks, took one each, and fell into line in the middle of the floor; then one of the teachers went to the piano and played a simple tune, to which the wand exercises were performed. "Five or ten minutes of these exercises morning and afternoon," said the gentleman, "had a wonderful effect in wakening us up and putting fresh vigour into our studies."

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LOVELL'S ADVANCED GEOGRAPHY, recently published, is an admirable work; it reflects credit both upon Mr. John Lovell, the publisher, and upon the Dominion. It is admirably arranged; the type is good and clear, while the maps are a work of art, and show the latest changes in the national boundaries. The introduction is devoted to physical geography, while the remaining part treats of the world in a full, clear and concise manner. The work has received the authorization of the Minister of Education for Toronto, and is the best publication of its class ever issued in Canada.