

reader may look—a story of the advance of good and great qualities.

The poet aimed at picturing life in Arthur's time under allegorical and modern forms. In the same way as we have shown the first division of this poem to be an introduction to the story of the quest, this idyll is an introduction to the whole field of chivalric life, and so easy is the transition from the present to that far past that we must notice what plan has been employed to bring so fine an effect.

The first thing is the simplicity of the characters of the story. By dealing with heroes and heroines the motives for whose actions are those of our every-day life, we recognize a kinship more easily than if there had been the complex character of a Lancelot to consider at the first. The directness of action thus brought about makes us feel that connection of present with past which alone brings imagination's pictures into vivid reality. Though there may hang vague morning mists across the vale of Camelot, and tinge its airy towers with magic light, though the city may vanish and reappear like a mirage in the cloud, even though the king himself is the very type of the greatest, nay, all mystery in the universe, and the weird figure of old Merlin stalks unseen, yet felt, and often half revealed in shadowy outline behind all—yet, in such far, poetic and legendary surroundings our heroes and heroines are the simple men and women of to-day, and our interest in their separate individualities is only strengthened by all the strangeness of the time and situation.

Again, we cannot fail but notice the touches of local description, which, although a necessary part in all, are here more minute and of a clearer and more definite kind. There is more colour in the landscape. The season may be responsible for this in part, but a studied prominence is given it as well. The small things are all noticed, the bubbles on the tarn, the puzzled face of the baron who entertains the maiden and her kitchen-knave, the hooting of an owl, and the falling of a star. Contrast these things with the later idylls, where are complex motives, uncertain actions and wide landscapes. The concreteness of the story is impressed on the reader's mind by every possible means.

Though but an idyll of the blue May-time, filled with the light and sweetness of its season, "Gareth and Lynette" is a story that bears a deep unsolved meaning below the lightsome surface, for it deals with the mystery of Life. But it is not well for us to pause brooding idly by the loops of the winding stream. Mankind is wise if it takes the arching bridge with the impetuous force of Gareth. The healthful tendency of such teaching is not unneeded in these days.

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Bacteriology in its Relation to Disease.

"GOD never meant that man should scale the heavens by strides of human wisdom."

The other day when driving through a valley I noticed a new house a short distance from the roadside. It was very pretty and showed good taste in its design, and its immediate surroundings were well kept and in good order. In passing I glanced through the window, and observed that the opposite wall was covered with books. I thought what a strange place for an educated man to build a house, down in this valley, not a stone's throw from where my patient, suffering from malaria, lay, whom I was then about to visit. Yet this is the age of bacteriology. Could not he have learned from some book in his library that these little germs are very fond of taking up their abode in such a damp locality. If he had not the latest work on the subject, Bacon would have given him the necessary information. His advice on such matters was, in many respects, superior to that of our Modern School of Medicine. There is no denying the fact that we are hard at work with the microscope and recent means of investigation, but are we arriving at any certain and practical results? What has bacteriology so far taught us? It has taught us to avoid filth, and to keep out of the way of poisonous germs. Surely Bacon inculcated that doctrine three hundred years ago. Would he not have

told this man that he and his family would likely be ill in such a place? and that he had better move himself, his house, and his books to the top of the hill if he wanted to enjoy happiness and be free from disturbing elements? And because this philosopher did not know what these disturbing elements were, does that render his advice any the less valuable or practical?

The germs of diphtheria, discovered by two eminent men of to-day, have been unfortunately found in the throats of those suffering from other diseases, and also found in the throats of those suffering from no diseases at all. We are working, it is true, but to what end? The Roman roads which lie buried under the great city of London were superior to those that we are obliged to drive over in the city of Toronto to-day. No doubt there is more attention paid to sanitary matters now than heretofore because people have got tired of disease and premature deaths. It takes a good while to stir the world up to eradicate an evil, but when it does get thoroughly shaken it generally accomplishes something, or thinks it does. For how do we know but that the world is not a little too full, shall I say, of a certain element? At any rate, when cholera is epidemic, has it not been held, and proven, that war of a certain kind is a decided advantage to mankind. And why should not also some of these germ diseases be an advantage to weed out, as it were, an objectionable element. I know not how your pretty child, who may have been a victim of diphtheria, would have developed, or how he would have been able to fight the battle of life, if he had been spared. "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

Unfortunately for bacteriology, what is apparently proven to-day is disproven to-morrow. What a furor greeted Koch when he announced to the world that he had discovered the agent that would destroy tuberculous germs in the body. Even in this city the General Hospital was thronged with medical men to witness the death of the consumptive micro-organism when the first injections of tuberculin were made. But how ephemeral was the so called triumph—leading to nothing but vexation and disappointment. In this Province, not very long since, a large number of cases of sore throat, over one hundred, were witnessed by a practitioner. There was, in other words, an epidemic of throat disease in his neighbourhood. He, acting upon up-to-date custom, sent some of the excreta from the mouth of one of his patients to this city for examination. A report was sent back that the germs of diphtheria had been found in his specimen, whereupon it was immediately noised about that diphtheria was the disease. Yet this man's patients did not die; in fact, they all recovered. From ten to twenty should have died to keep matters straight in statistics. It is a grave error to place very much importance on bacteriological investigation, but men will always run with the crowd, and disperse as quickly, much to their credit, when the quarry takes to the ground. There appears to be at the present time, throughout the world, a certain eager watching for something to turn up; men are straining their eyes for something new, and fairly jump on things novel, even if they are microscopic and seen only by scientific eyes. A good war, such as that which would be waged for the liberation of the Christian subjects of the Sultan of Turkey, would probably remedy this state of affairs better than anything else, and bring out latent energy. It would not put a stop to the working of the microscope altogether, but it would create a different and more elevating kind of excitement, for truly it is a hard and enervating task to strain one's neck over a glass for eight or ten hours a day. Many men are permitting their physical strength to degenerate, while they are on the search for pathogenic germs, and might be better engaged in some more health-giving and soul-inspiring occupation. But they are in the rut, and it will take a considerable amount of force, either physical or moral, to get them out of it. It is undoubtedly a healthy condition of the body that bacteriologists are ostensibly striving after, but in doing this may they not overlook the maxim, "sana mens in sano corpore," by concentrating their energies too much in one direction, and allowing some greater evil to become rampant.

"Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly."

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