

of acting dishonourably, or he must consent to marriage which can result only in misery. This sort of thing is occurring every day. It accounts for thousands of unhappy unions, and it gorges the Law Courts with business, either in the shape of breach of promises or divorce cases.

It is hardly to be expected that any new legislation on the subject would deprive women of all redress when they have really been shamefully treated. What is wanted is a reasonable remedy for a real wrong. Now at best, the present remedy is a clumsy one. The law is ready to refresh blighted affections and to tinker-up broken hearts with money compensation. That is all it can do, and it is very little, seeing that the victim who appeals to the law puts herself in a position in which she loses in the sacrifice of respect, of delicacy, and of maiden modesty more than she gains. The heroine of a public scandal, perhaps with a spice of fun in it, and consequently a sensational report in all the newspapers, is most poorly compensated for the exposure by an award of damages. A Mrs. Bardell loses nothing by leaving her modest seclusion to become the talk of the town; but with a simple, innocent, deeply-injured maiden all is different. To her the ordeal is terrible, and not the least painful feature in it is that she runs the risk of suspicion that she is only a mere artful Mrs. Bardell—only an adventuress, who has lured on a poor weak victim for the sake of what in the shape of black-mail she might eventually levy upon him. These are some few considerations which seem to point to the necessity for a reform in the law, and one can only trust that any new legislation on the subject may have in it the element of substantial justice and prove fatal to imposition.

Quevedo Redivivus.

LOVE EVER.

She sang—her full voice thrilled the darksome room
With the impassioned feeling of her song;
The words went forth upon the evening gloom,
Floating the air along—
“Love not,” she sang, “love not.”

Her dark eyes looked the burden of her heart,
The silken lashes gleamed with dewy tears,
From her life's dreams she could not bear to part,
In her youth's golden years;
But still she sang, “Love not!”

Fair girl, thy song was but an idle lay,
A sad and doleful ditty of false feeling;
In thy young heart let it no longer stay,
Its truer impulse stealing—
Love ever, maiden, ever!

Love is the golden thread that links the years,
With blessings from the cradle to the pall;
Better to love, though it may bring thee tears,
Than never love at all—
Love ever, maiden, ever!

Love cometh with the rain-drops and the dew,
And in the sunlight smileth from the sky;
Though earthly loves are lost, or prove untrue,
God's love will never die—
Love ever, maiden, ever!

A. P.

SONNET.

Are ye not weary, brother, of the clouds
That darken so the heaven of thy belief?
Then climb not thou that spiritual Teneriffe,
But rest thee in the valleys with the crowds.
In valleys may the stars be seen. God asks
No more than that we look and trust in Him—
Content with nightly sleep and daily tasks.
Enough. Who wonders they that blindly grope
On treacherous beaches lose all Faith and Hope,
Whelmed in the deep sea by the shifting sands?
Look inward, and reck not the outward Sin;
Go to the Temple, made not by men's hands,
Praying, unstified by the far world's din,
To learn the God without is God within.

D. M.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

JOHANNES, REX.

Of all the wonderful adventures ever told, commend us to the history of Mr. John Dunn. Mr. Dunn is a colonist who had the skill to gain the good favour of the Zulus, and the wisdom to utilize his luck in the most practical manner. He is the son of an English officer, and, for ought we know, a pattern son, an excellent father, and a model husband. He ought certainly to be the latter at least, or if he be not it can hardly be for want of practice, for Mr. Dunn has quite become a convert to Zulu ideas, and possesses a harem worthy of King Solomon himself. Now this worthy man was by trade—start not, O reader!—a smuggler, purely and simply. The British Government forbade the exportation of arms to Zululand, and Mr. Dunn snapped his fingers at the British Government and ran his muskets across the Tugela River by the hundred. On the breaking out of the war it seemed a toss-up whether Mr. John Dunn would accept the post of generalissimo of the Zulu army, or whether he would find it more to his advantage to bring his pigs to our market—in other words, to turn spy upon the people with whom he had lived and whose confidence he had gained. With that noble disregard for the smaller details of morality which characterises your soldier in want of information, we bribed Mr. John Dunn into taking his chance of being shot with one of his own rifles, or stuck with an assegai of his own invention, for we have but little doubt that Cetewayo would have shown him scant mercy had he fallen into Zulu hands. This, however, may have been all very right and justifiable; the funniest part was to come. Sir Garnet Wolseley's great scheme turns Zululand into a sort of Negro United States, with a paternal Providence somewhere in Natal, and one of the states is to be ruled by Dunn! That this *ci-devant* smuggler and whisky-seller, and present spy and enlightened polygamist should be made a king, is really too remarkable an idea to have emanated from anyone but the author of “Vivian Grey.” John Dunn signing Johannes Rex and treating as an equal with her Majesty's Resident would make an historical picture which might be hung cheek by jowl with another representing Mr. Dunn's twenty or thirty dusky spouses being presented at Court. Perhaps, however, on the principal that your converted poacher always makes the best gamekeeper—a principle well known to and often acted upon by our proud nobility, Sir Garnet thinks that John Dunn is the right man to stop the smuggling of arms, which we have decreed is now to cease. This much, at least, is true, that Dunn will never let anyone smuggle arms—but himself.—*English paper*

AN UNKNOWN RACE—A STRANGE CORNER OF THE WORLD.

It may be some time yet before the full significance of the daring voyage of the Vega along the north coast of Asia, with reference to navigation, is fully known. Professor Nordenskjöld has not yet reported his views upon that point. He has merely told us a few facts. For instance, he says he has discovered that the coast of Siberia west of the Lena is a vast plain, devoid of trees, in the navigation to which an encounter with impenetrable ice-floes is generally to be feared. There are no great islands out to sea there to prevent the wind from driving the ice down toward the land; and there are vast distances where few rivers empty into the Polar Ocean, and, by their warm current, preserve a space of open water along the shore. For several hundred miles in the vicinity of the Lena, however, great rivers pour into the ocean, and large islands lie off to the northward, and there is almost no ice along shore, East of the Kolima toward Behring Strait, there are no great rivers, and although the climate is milder and the woodlands creep down almost to the sea, the frozen floes crowd closer to the shore, and in the fall and winter they are liable to bar the way to shipping. They gave Nordenskjöld great trouble, and on the 27th of September they left him enchained in solid ice a few miles from the open water north of Behring Strait, and only 130 miles from the strait itself. They kept him there eight weary months. While communicating these facts, the daring Swede has not yet published his conclusions thereupon.

If he has left us in the dark in regard to the commercial navigation of the Siberian coast, however, he has at least taken the pains to reveal the interesting nature of the region he has just passed through. When the ice closed in upon the Vega, and left the stout ship enslaved in those northern solitudes, Professor Nordenskjöld wrote a letter to Dr. Oscar Dickson, the main contributor toward the fitting-out of the expedition, describing the scenes along the coast. The letter, dispatched on the 20th of February, has at last reached its destination, and is now published in the London *Standard*. The letter calls attention, in the first place, to a group of islands which are very remarkable from a scientific point of view. These islands the New Siberian, open the book of the history of the world at a new place. The ground there is strewn with wonderful fossils. Whole hills are covered with the bones of the mammoth, rhinoceros, horses, uri, bison, oxen, sheep, etc. The sea washes up ivory upon the shores. In this group is possibly to be found the solution of the question of the ancestry of the Indian elephant, and important facts with regard to the vertebrates which existed at the time of man's first appearance upon earth. How came horses and sheep in a region now locked in the fetters of an eternal winter, uninhabited by man, not now supporting animal life in any form and almost impossible of access? Professor Nordenskjöld was unable to solve the question himself, and he suggests that it is of the utmost importance to science to send a light-draught steel steamer to those islands for a thorough exploration.

At Cape Schelagskoff, the Vega passed the point where the Siberian merchant Schalaroff ended his persistent and intrepid attempts, to reach Behring Strait from the River Lena, by a lonely death with his whole company of men in a hut on the snow-clad shore. Upon rounding this cape, Nordenskjöld met the first natives seen along that whole coast. They spoke a tongue utterly unknown. Not a comprehensible sentence could they utter in any European language. They lived in tents, pitched on the sand banks separating the lagoons peculiar to this coast from the sea. A hardy, jovial, handsome race, furlad, keen at barter, ignorant of the value of money, and preferring a red flannel shirt, a few brass buttons, and the piece of tin-foil on a cake of soap to golden roubles and silver coins, they live an active

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