

and thus almost twenty times heavier than water, it has such a great surface in comparison to its weight that the water resists its sinking, and also the hydrodynamical force of the water in carrying it away, even was it inclined to sink, keeps it in suspension and prevents it from doing so; thus it is carried over the amalgamated rifle-plates and lost. Now had the ore containing this fine gold been treated according to the process I have described, the fine and leaf gold would have been converted into globules, and even were the globules only the size of a pin point they are bound to sink, as their surfaces are not to be compared with their density and the water cannot resist them, they will all either remain in the battery or on the rifles as they are too heavy to be carried away hydrodynamically.

Then there is the great loss of mercury by neutralization by the arsenic and sulphur, which I before mentioned, and also those ores the matrix of which consists of calcium carbonate cause enormous loss of mercury as it is absorbed by the mercury and causes it to be spongy and light, and to be carried away by the water more easily than even the fine gold itself. Now the amalgamation process can be dispensed with in this treatment thus avoiding the above-named loss.

As regards the presence of lead or any other of the baser metals in the ore to be treated, the lead would alloy and assist to collect the gold or silver; as to zinc, antimony or others they would be completely oxidized.

In conclusion, I would lay special stress on the point that all ores should be selected, and not as is at present done, all rushed through as they come and by the same process, but arranged systematically and treated accordingly.

Another thing for us to consider is that we must, in all research having for its object the solution of scientific problems, try to harmonize with Nature in all her laws. The laws of Nature I call them, as they are as much the production of our Creator as we ourselves or the laws that govern us are, and He would not have put the objects of His creation under disadvantages merely for the promotion of their mental cultivation. Although that may be one of the objects, there are others as we may see by the subject under discussion. The reducing to a state of fine division of the gold and silver by erosion and chemical solution in the indefinite geological ages that are past was taken into consideration by Him who rules all, and the result was the distribution and combining of sulphur and arsenic with them in order for the better working of them by an animal who was to have high mental powers and consequently a knowledge of their value, and who was created during the last of these ages which still exists. We must, therefore, go by these laws and not by those which are the creation of our own mental abilities, which are erroneous, and lead us an extended course in their application, which would be reduced by the proper application of those laws which were originally formed for us.

"TRE FILA D'ORO."

(From the French of Leconte de Lisle.)

Down by the sea, like swallow in her flight,
Fain would I fly, nay more, seek distant lands,—
A pretty wish indeed! for, cruel one,
My heart she's circled with three golden bands.

Her glance the first, the second is her smile,
The third her lips. And yet those glimmering strands
I love too well, 'tis martyrdom indeed,
She holds my heart with those three golden bands.

Ah, could I loose my chain I'd take my flight,
Farewell entreaties, torments, tears, demands,—
But no! 'twere better of Love's misery
To die, than break you, my three golden bands.

B. M. J.

LOOKING BACK.

HONG KONG is a confusion of money-making, dull warfare, native insolence and British repression. In the palatial shops and banks whose magnificence strikes one all the more magnificently after the bird-cages of Japan, the coin chinks a music to the step of the Parsee Merchant princes. In the street where Her Majesty's soldiers go swinging along on a wicker chair slung between two coolies, the coolies not unfrequently get a whack for their extortions. But Her Majesty's representatives with their deep knowledge of government leave all official infliction of authority to a company of Indians, tall, fiercely handsome, superb men, who form the police, and stand—mutely watchful, a hated fear.

China town—China town in China!—is a collection of tea-houses open to the street, and Joss-houses with curling roofs and a sickly perfume of Joss-sticks filtering down from them, shops where they sell all sorts of evil-looking 'good'; shops where they sell the vulgar Chinese art; and every now and again there comes the clang of the tam-tam, and flapping of dirty, ragged silk; it is the passage of a well Chinaman, or a religious procession. Down from the main street to the sea there are dark, deep allies flecked with colour, the colour of Chinese wardrobes a-drying. Up from the main street towards the "Peak," the mountain that rises abruptly behind Hong Kong, the multitudinous sign-boards sparkle in the sunlight like a flight of monster butterflies.

In the day-time, when the British have need of them, the natives may move about where they please, but at

night they must not come out of their China-town. Far be it from us to criticise English rule in the East, only in spite of everything, or rather in view of everything, one cannot help thinking that for nations as well as for individuals, it is for each to work out his own salvation.

When it grows very hot in Hong Kong, (and it grows hot with a heat altogether peculiar to the place—wet, heavy, sickening)—those who are rich creep up to the houses they have built for themselves on the slopes of the "Peak." I once had an idea from a photograph that these houses were mausoleums. They look like mausoleums dotted here and there, only exceedingly handsome ones. You get up to the summit of the "Peak" by a little railroad. It is a disagreeably perilous little railroad which it requires all your faith in British work to venture on. The first thing that greets you when you arrive is—the British flag; and the second thing is the Chinese view, very vast, very stiff, very *bizarre*, just like an enormous enlargement of the tea-pot landscapes. Nothing is really natural except the bit of foreign town below, and the ships. The sea on the one hand, and the lakes among the mountains on the other, are coloured glass stuck over the scooped-out earth. The mountains are shaven and painted with Chinese green. Everything is cut out, carved, arranged, as if it were the work of a Chinese artist trying to imitate Nature. But Nature asserts herself in the clouds and the mists; they roll and they breathe, they soften and make rugged, till we half forget the Chinese artist when the sun silvers them, and they float about the mountains in their fantastic march towards the horizon.

After you have seen the "Peak," and a military review, and—a cricket match, oh, yes! and the magnificent botanical gardens, almost as inevitable a consequence of British rule as the latter, you have seen Hong Kong.

We had seen Hong Kong, and we got on board a P. and O. ship called the "Sutlej," another name for one of the nice consequences of British rule, and there we found our friend the "Compleat Angler," lost since the "Duke of Westminster," and Mr. Henry Norman. Then we sailed away over quiet seas, and under great quiet skies, and every day we seemed to be sailing further and further into the heart of the sun. Our dear old friend "The Compleat Angler" had bought six wonderful suits of white flannel, and one ephemeral costume of the lightest silk. "Guess it's all money wasted," he remarked. "They've lied so about the East, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if I had to wear a buffalo-robe when I got to Calcutta." In this particular instance, however, he discovered the guide-books and "travels" approached the truth, although he still insisted they had fibbed—on the other side. "No," he gasped, on one of his meteoric appearances between a bath and a bath, eyeing the burning horizon, and looking under his monster green-lined topee, and in his garment of pongee, very like something hot and fluffy, and unhappy under a mushroom. "No, they *may* have said it was warm, but they never said it was *this*," and he disappeared.

For our part, Garth and I revelled in this impression. Nature doesn't often give such full and absolute sanction to laziness, and laziness isn't often made as seductive as on a P. and O. steamer. When we weren't disporting ourselves in a marble bath, we were toying with delicious iced things in the "Sutlej's" saloon, or dreaming Eastern dreams in the sleepy afternoon stillness or burning incense to the solemn stars.

One morning we came on deck and found ourselves moored to a place just like the pictures on the Sunday school prize cards. There was the same colouring in such clothes as were worn, the same stiff palm-tree, and the people had a sort of Biblical physiognomy. This was Singapore, a town whose only claim to fame rests in the fact that in point of heat it rivals Hades. Half of Singapore is British, the other half is Chinese, and what is left is Malay. The British part has a very big post office of course, and other big imposing buildings, but it looks, nevertheless, like a suburb of some English city, which likeness is strengthened by its abnormally wide streets, and its private houses that stand off away from each other, with as distinct an aspect of cool reserve as the climate will permit. The Chinese part resembles all Chinese parts, only the Chinaman has doffed a good many of the garments in which we are accustomed to see him, and goes about smooth and yellow, and altogether unlovely. He still aggravates us with his air of tacit superiority, an air which is as marked in the coolie as in the capitalist.

The only nice thing about Singapore is that you can get mangastines there. It is a part of the eternal incomprehensible incongruity of things that the mangastine should be better in Singapore than anywhere else. The fruit seems to have dropped from the skies; it seems too fine even for the delicate Malay, let alone the carnivorous British tooth, and the hideous blackened one of the Mongol. It is about the size of a peach, and has a skin like a pomegranate, but the exquisite, pale, juicy meat that clings round the stones inside is like nothing else anywhere. To eat mangastines is as if you dreamed you were eating—you have the Epicurean's pleasure with none of his satiety.

Again the "Sutlej" moved away into the mystery of of Southern Seas.

Time in the East has no rigid divisions into night and day as we understand them in the West. It is a passing from a darkened room into a light one, and back again into a darkened one. People sleep at noon-tide and watch far through the night. We had watched five times before the Southern Cross, flaming softly in its setting of stars like a cross set among altar lights, when the ship stopped at another new, strange shore.

The wharf was ablaze with the colour of piled-up fruit, and the confusion of natives was a very seductive confusion. I tried hard to be still true to the Japanese ideal acquired with so much care, but the Parsees of Hong Kong had given it a rude shake. The fine-featured Malay of Singapore did nothing to rekindle my enthusiasm for it, and now, surrounded by the boatmen of Penang, the almond-eyed one, despite all my efforts, was snatched away by two dragons from the shelf where I had placed him, and transposed forever upon a Satsuma jar.

We had only time in Penang to imperil our future happiness by a too hasty taste of native life in the shape of green nuts; carry on an animated discussion with eight natives, that is to say everyone who did anything for us; and take a two-mile drive along a palm-lined road to see some famous waterfalls. When we got there, however, we discovered—the "Compleat Angler" in the middle of the way, hotter, fluffier, unhappier than ever, encompassed by a group of dark faces filled with mock dismay, and letting forth a superb torrent of Anglo-Saxon expletives. It was the only torrent we were likely to hear. "Oh, you needn't get down," said the "Compleat Angler," "you needn't get down, the waterworks are not playing to-day. I didn't expect the water-works *would* be playing to-day. If I had thought, I might have known there weren't any water-works at all. It's the one hundred and fourth pure lie about the East. I'm keeping a record of them." Then he turned again to the dark faces, and we turned away.

Passing through Penang and Singapore you pass through merely two gate-ways to India, two outer ones; the grand entrance is Ceylon.

Outside the grand entrance we waited in the darkness; waited for the dawn to give us a key. But the strange perfumes that filtered through the night, and the intent stars, and wearily heaving sea told more of India than the light.

LOUIS LLOYD.

THE RAMBLER.

INCREASED complaints as to matrimonial differences reach us continually. Divorce is only too often agitated for. Despite the gradual amelioration of most things in our modern world the connubial relation gets steadily worse instead of better. Where shall we look for the causes? I know of one at least, and am persuaded that the Higher Education is partly to blame for the indifference to the marriage responsibilities on the part of the woman, and perfunctoriness on the part of the man.

A great deal of rubbish is talked and written as to the improvement of the condition of woman. One plea has ever been that so shall she be lifted up to the brain stature of the man. And all the time the man does not care about its consummation at all, but in fact disapproves of it. Why? Because just as you educate and improve the mental status of an individual of either sex, you make this individual critical. You evolve the critical faculty, and once awake and alive, the individual would be a fool who did not make use of it. And when the individual is a woman the matter stands thus. We will say that the husband, the average man, is a busy man. Life means desk or office work of some kind from nine till six. A city man knows what it is to be buffeted and worried and discouraged and canvassed and victimized in a hundred trying ways. He does not ask what his wife does with herself all day, but he does ask (perhaps fairly) that when he stays at home he has a right to expect to be honoured and nourished and waited upon, flattered and caressed. And I assert that the ordinary women, nice neat housekeepers, careful managers, homely kind women, do this sort of thing best. They can really forget themselves. Now the Higher Education does not make for self-forgetting, unless indeed, it be in the form of abstraction in a favourite author, or worse still in the practice of some instrument. The only education that makes us forget ourselves is that of Christ's teaching, and when women combine the two, then indeed happy results may be expected to flow, but I wish to be understood as referring simply to literary education and its influence on domestic life.

When the man is a professional man, the case may easily be worse. His wife may be critically disposed towards his forensic ability, or his power in the pulpit, or his manner towards his patients. And to be *believed in*—that is the *sine qua non* of all matrimonial felicity for a man. There are, no doubt, rare masculine natures to be occasionally found who would prefer, if anything, that their short-comings and failures should be known to their partners in order that they might benefit thereby. But as a rule the man whose wife believes in him, thinks him the ablest lawyer, the most skilful surgeon, the most earnest preacher, the most gifted statesman or accountant or auctioneer or editor or broker or politician or bank director or highway robber or policeman—that man is the happiest, the sunniest, the most good-tempered, contented man in town.

Then, too, there is another side to this complication. I have used the word "indifference" with regard to the women, and the word "perfunctoriness" with regard to men. As women's interests widen, men are not going to be so much to them in future as they have been in the past, this constituting another plea, let me recollect in time, in favour of the Higher Education. And when a man sees that his artistic or intellectual partner's emotion and sympathy can be roused by books, or pictures, or revivalists, or actors, or a hundred things outside himself,