

as they take their place in the pictures of memory. The river-bank, the weed at the water side, the old house, the foolish person—however neglected in the passing, have a grace in the past. Even the corpse that has lain in the chambers, has added a solemn ornament to the house." He claims to do, by what he and others have called transcendentalism, (a kind of romantic and poetical idealism) what more exact thinkers, like lecturers on mental and moral philosophy, must do by analysis and regular inquiry. While Emerson *announces*, like one who sees, they must demonstrate, like one who feels and discovers. In the rise and existence of such a class of preachers we do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. What we desire is such a clear recognition of the superior authority of mind, including reason, will and conscience, as may leave man's relation and responsibility to God in unimpaired force, and similarly leave physical science in its own sphere to go forth conquering and to conquer, unimpeded by theological or rationalistic dogmatism—while it ever returns with devout homage to lay its treasures at the feet of Him whose star the wise men of the East worshipped, whom the heavens adored, and to whom believers bowed and will ever bow the knee. The human spirit has wrought all changes here that we see, but strange men ever and anon appear to assail its prerogatives and even deny its existence. No sooner had Bacon come forth from the doors of light, like the annunciation angel addressing Manoah, and set this Samson free, than a Hobbes, followed by a long train of sensational philosophers, labored for his destruction; but neither the riddles of the Spenserites, nor the webs of the metaphysicians, nor the green withs of raw experimenters with half-opened eyes, nor the jaw-bones of many asses, can destroy this mighty giant, unless it should become bewitched by the enchantments of a money-loving and pleasure-seeking age, and, upon the lap of such a dangerous Delilah, forget its nobility, and lose faith in itself—in which case the Philistines will be upon it, put out its eyes and gag its mouth, and make it a mere horse to turn a mill; until it finds its revenge in the destruction of all knowledge and all true prosperity, material

or spiritual. So mote it *not* be, and we consider the advent amongst us of sound and able metaphysicians, a great boon and preventive. A. P.

A Night with the Chinese in San Francisco.

"FRISCO," as the natives lovingly call it, is the Alexandria of North America. It is the great meeting-place of the oldest East and the newest West. All nationalities seem to be represented in its markets, but the general tone is still Yankee. The vigorous Yankee "bosses" all others. He has had little difficulty in digesting and assimilating to himself the German, the English, Scotch, and even the Irishman. But "the heathen Chinese" is still a tough morsel, for, as a rule, he remains a heathen and remains a Chinaman, though thousands of miles away from the Flowery-land, and mixed up with the currents of Western thought and development. In Vancouver's Island, I had been interested in "John," the *soubriquet* he is popularly known by, just as Irishmen are by "Pat," and with even less reason. There are specimens enough of the race on the British Pacific coast. All the servants, cigar-store keepers, and washer-men in Victoria, are Chinese; and Victoria itself, as regards the cosmopolitanism of its people, is related to Frisco as much as Brussels is to Paris. But in Frisco, there are sufficient numbers and varieties of the race to enable them to organize in their own style for devotion, amusement, or work. There is a Chinese quarter, inhabited by nearly 18,000 of them, and they can be seen there pretty much as they are in the inferior quarters of Canton or Peking.

I had only one night to spend in Frisco, and I put myself at the disposal of a warm-hearted Pictonian, who believes that there is no place in the world like his adopted city, of course barring Pictou, and asked him to show me as much of John Chinaman as possible. It was too late in the evening to see the temple or Joss-house, so I missed the sight of the brilliantly-clothed idols, and the worshippers burning scented paper in their honor.

My friend took me first to the Chinese theatre. The admission fee was 50 cts.,