

be in our social fabric? If we should take away from life all the comfort, the beauty, the inspiration woman has brought it, how could man repair the waste? The tramp of many legions was heard upon the fields of the Crimea. The valour of three great nations was brought together with all the pomp and circumstance of war. Among the myriads seeking glory in the mad rush of battle there moved a slender figure, clad in no emblazoned uniform, brandishing no glittering sword, starting no shell on its mission of death, and yet what name of all the bright galaxy of heroes that war produced compares in lustre with that of Florence Nightingale? Was there ever a period when life could more truly be likened to a conflict than the present? In the rush of our too often unkind competition, are there not wounded hearts by the million? are there not fevered brows? are there not multitudes stricken and wavering in their allegiance to the highest ideals of purity and goodness? Aye, and are there not sweet spirits, not embroiled in the strife, performing the tender offices of healing and cheering, and of inspiring to lofty purpose, and when the din of battle is ended, when greatness will mean more than reputation, when, in its truer import, success will far transcend the ringing plaudits of time, then will these heroines, whose patient vigils of love and devotion the noisy world has left unsung, be found eminent in that company of the truly great of all ages, whom a diviner intelligence will honour and crown with immortal dignity and glory.

The founding and early history of cities always present matter for study of exceptional interest. The archaeologist of the present day, who enters some great centre of commerce, paces its solidly paved streets, gazes upon the tall and unbroken rows of granite buildings, is very likely to have his speculations as to its dim and distant origin somewhat curtly dispelled, for the first man he speaks to is likely to say—"When my father came here there were only two shanties, three stables, a barn, and a swamp," and, judging by the number of people whose fathers went there when there were only two shanties, those two shanties must have afforded shelter to a population at least half that of the present Chicago, and they must have been much better ventilated than shanties are now. Concerning the origin of the great cities of antiquity we have not as many sources of information, but it is entirely due to the fact that there is an end to the credulity of a very credulous public, that we are not daily accosted by the grandsons of those who helped Cæopros to found Athens, or hob-nobbed with Romulus on the site of Rome. The founding of Carthage by the unhappy Dido introduces us to something novel in the way of a land deal. She wished to build a city, and negotiated with some landed proprietors for as much land as could be compassed by a bullock's hide. Poor fellows, they no doubt thought Dido was about to shuffle off the mortal coil, and merely wanted enough land to dig a grave in—or, rather, that is what they would have thought if they had been in the habit of digging graves. Probably they imagined she had some secret about ass's ears to dispose of. At all events they

covenanted, and sold to her for a mere trifle as much land as could be compassed by a bullock's hide. She immediately cut the hide into the thinnest imaginable strips, and, fastening them together, compassed a parcel of land large enough to build a great citadel upon. And so, I suppose, it comes to pass that when people set about possessing themselves of land that does not belong to them, that—in the classical phraseology of the period—they may be said to raise dides. Land is represented to us as the most stable thing—on earth I was going to say. It remains a determinate quantity amid the increase and decrease of all other commodities, and all the mutations of commerce, and this is urged as a reason why it should be subjected to different rules from all other species of property. One would imagine that nothing could be freer from hazard than investment in this most stable article, and yet more than one young man who, a few years ago, listened to the roseate utterances of auctioneers, and purchased four or five blocks of future cities, have, in the meantime, been anxiously endeavouring to dispose of the fishing rights over their property. There was an old Roman divinity, named Terminus, whose especial duty it was to look after boundaries. If thought progress too rapidly concerning land, it may be that we will have to invoke his aid again. The land question, however, is one of those subjects which I said I would not discuss. It is quite true that the Mayoralty contest in New York is over, and that Mr. George's defeat or election could not be attributed to anything I might say, but the fact is, there is not unanimity of opinion among our members upon this question any more than upon any other question, saving, always, their admiration of woman, concerning which I took the liberty of speaking more freely. I will only say this, that in discussing the land question and many other of the leading questions of the day, it would be well for us to study the fate of that fabled youth Icarus, who had wings fastened upon him with wax. He had to fly over the sea, and his father warned him not to fly too high lest the heat of the sun should melt the wax, nor yet to fly too low, lest, absorbing the moisture from the water, it should lose its adhesiveness. In the pride of his youth he flew upward until the sun's warmth despoiled him of his waxen wings, and he plunged headlong to ruin. Literally translated into modern speech, he waxed warm in discussion and fell. You remember well the other warning against extremes—how difficult it was to steer the middle course, between Charybdis and Scylla—and yet inclination to the whirlpool on the one side, or the rocks on the other, was equally disastrous. Procrustes was a famous robber, who used to way-lay travellers, and seizing them, place them on a bed he had. If the victim happened to be shorter than the bed, he stretched him so as to fit it, while, if he happened to be longer than the bed, the monster cut off his limbs till he was the proper size, and thus the bed of Procrustes came to be a byword of terror. Robbers of this period do not usually put their victims to bed, but how many people deal with great questions in precisely the same manner. They approach them with pre-conceived ideas, and have no scruple about lop-