

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE VOICES OF EARTH.

WE have not heard the music of the spheres,
The song of star to star; but there are sounds
More deep than human joy or human tears,
That nature uses in her common rounds;
The fall of streams, the cry of winds that strain
The oak, the roaring of the sea's surge, might
Of thunder breaking afar off, or rain
That falls by minutes in the summer night.
These are the voices of earth's secret soul,
Uttering the mystery from which she came;
To him who hears them grief beyond control,
Or joy inscrutable without a name
Wakes in his heart thoughts buried there, impearled
Before the birth and making of the world.

—Archibald Lampman, in *October Scribner*.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION: A HINDOO ANCHORITE'S DEATH.

MY first acquaintance with the narrative dates from my boyhood. About the time of the occurrence I heard it related by my father; and his authority was the well-known General Aitavale, Runjeet Singh's right hand man, who was present. Those facts are that a certain "Joghee" (Hindoo anchorite), said to possess the power of suspending at will and resuming the animation of his body, was sent for by Runjeet Singh, and declining to obey was brought by force into the tyrant's presence and ordered to give, under pain of death, a practical proof of his supposed power. He submitted perforce. He was put by his disciples through certain processes, during which he became perfectly unconscious; the pulses ceased, his breath did not stain a polished mirror, and a European doctor who was present declared that the heart had ceased to beat. To all appearances he was as dead as Queen Anne. In this state he was put into a carefully made box, the lid was closed, and sealed with Runjeet Singh's own signet ring. The box was buried in a vault prepared in an open plot of ground under the royal windows at Lahore, and the place was guarded day and night by Runjeet's own guards under General Aitavale's own supervision. Sun and rain came and grass sprang up, grew, and withered on the surface over the grave, and the sentries went their rounds, and the joghee's disciples and friends were all kept under careful surveillance, not to call it imprisonment. After forty days, in Runjeet Singh's own presence, the vault was uncovered and the box extracted from it with its seals intact. It was opened, and showed the joghee within precisely as he had been placed. He was taken out, dead still, to all appearance, but the body incorrupt. His disciples were now brought to manipulate the body in the manner which he had taught them, and which he had publicly explained before his burial. He revived, as he had said he would, and was soon in as perfect health as when he had suspended his life. He refused all gifts, and retired to his former retreat, but shortly afterwards he and his disciples disappeared. It was not safe for such a man to live in the jurisdiction of so inquisitive and arbitrary a ruler. Runjeet Singh cared little for human life, which was his toy or plaything. No one who knows his historical character will for a moment admit that he would let himself be deceived or played upon in a matter on which he had set his heart. Each scene—the suspension of life, the burial, the disinterment, the reviving—took place in the tyrant's own presence and before hundreds of spectators in open daylight, and with every precaution that absolute despotic power could command. Runjeet cared little whether the man lived or died, so that his own curiosity was gratified. The guards under the palace windows commanded by Aitavale would be anxious solely to carry out Runjeet Singh's wishes.—*Chambers' Journal*.

SEA FISHING.

A GOOD many of us have been at the sea-side, and cannot have failed to notice that fishing in the sea is more attractive to most people than fishing on it. They will try their luck from the pier head or a convenient rock, and will be content with such small fry as they may capture; but the idea of sitting for hours in an anchored boat, which the rollers lift up with more or less gentleness and then leave to fall into the trough of the sea, is an undertaking to which the majority feel unequal. No amount of enthusiasm will compensate for a weak stomach, nor has the very fishy odour which necessarily accompanies the sea-fisherman's craft ever yet been suggested as a cure for *mal de mer*. So it comes about that sea-fishing is not what may be called a popular form of amusement in its highest development. The fresh water angler often looks down upon the sea fisherman. The former has his neatly polished and brazed rod, his fly book or his bait boxes or can, and his art calls for a delicacy and skill to which sea fishermen are strangers. The freshwater fisherman claims, too, that his is a contemplative amusement, into which much poetry enters, and that while pursuing his recreation he is worshipping nature. In a recent magazine article, however, a writer has tried to show that the fisherman sees nothing more than his float or his fly, even amid the most lovely scenery; the song of birds falls on dead ears; the striking of the village clock merely warns him of the approach of the dinner hour; and it is not till he gets home and discourses about the day's doings that he brings in anything about nature's beauties in connection with the

pastime of angling. All this may or may not be true, but as freshwater fishing possesses a literature which salt water fishing does not, not to any extent at least, there is a good deal of sentiment and mention of pastoral surroundings in the prose and verse which has been written in praise of angling. So far as we know, no one has ever tried to extract sentiment out of sea-fishing; and if there is an unsentimental person in the world it is the professional sea fisherman. If sea fishing is not such a delicate operation as killing a salmon or trout with a fly, it has nevertheless a distinct charm of its own, provided always that a man is a sufficiently good sailor not to be upset by the motion of the boat. To go out by one's self or with anyone who does not know the "marks" is a sheer waste of time; as unless the fisherman anchors just at the right spot, he might almost as well confine himself to the pier head or to some projecting rock, except he is going on the whiting ground, which, being of greater extent, is of course more easily found. Sea fishing will grow in favour with those who can stand the motion of a boat. The angler may turn up his nose at the piles of "worms" and other bait necessary for a day or a night's fishing, particularly if the programme includes the setting of a "trot" or bultoe—a line a mile long, if you like, with a hook every six feet; but in the sea you fish on a larger scale.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

HOW TEA IS MADE IN CHINA.

TEA is not drunk at meals in China, and not too soon afterwards, lest digestion should be unduly accelerated. It is taken constantly at odd moments throughout the day to relieve thirst. "If you want to make good tea," says Yuan Mei (a poet and letter writer who flourished in the last century) "first get good water." This is a point upon which the Chinese insist most strongly; and tea-shops, to attract customers, generally advertise outside the establishment the name of some famous spring whence the water they use is obtained. For fresh water, as Yuan Mei points out, has a pungent flavour, which mellows into sweetness when the water has been stored for use. Of all teas, that gathered on the heights of the Wu-i (Bohea) mountains is declared by Yuan Mei to be the best. But, as he says, there is too little of it. "The water," he adds, "must be poured on at the moment of boiling. If allowed to go on boiling the water will lose its flavour. If the water is allowed to 'go off the boil,' the tea leaves will float. Drink as soon as made. To cover the teapot is to change the flavour of the tea."—*Temple Bar*.

LOVE.

LOVE came at dawn when all the world was fair,
When crimson glories, bloom, and song were rife;
Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air,
And murmured, "I am life."

Love came at even when the day was done,
When head and brain were tired, and slumber pressed;
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,
And whispered, "I am rest."

—William Wilfred Campbell, in the *October Century*.

A NEW BIBLE PROPOSED.

PROF. PAUL HAUPT, Chief of the Semitic department of the Johns Hopkins University, has just returned from London and Berlin, where he had a conference with noted scholars in reference to a new translation of the Bible. It is proposed, according to a correspondent of the *New York Times*, to include in this translation not only the Old and New Testament, but also the Apocrypha and the Pseudepigraphy. Included with the last named are four esdras and the Psalms of Solomon. Each of the thirty-six books will be assigned to a competent scholar, the translation to be accompanied by explanatory notes and pictorial representations. The books of the Old Testament will occupy two volumes of 1,000 pages each, and the entire Scriptures six volumes. The American scholars who have been invited to contribute are Prof. C. H. Toy, of Cambridge, the author of "Christianity and Judaism"; Profs. Charles A. Briggs and Francis Brown, of Union Theological Seminary, New York; Prof. W. H. Ward, of the *New York Independent*; Prof. E. L. Curtis, of Chicago, the archaeologist and successor to President Harper, of the Semitic Seminary at Yale, and Prof. W. R. Harper, President of the new Chicago Baptist University. The character of the whole work will be international, though the project is from an American point of view and is to be brought out under American auspices. The whole Hexateuch will be in the hands of English scholars, among whom may be mentioned the famous Hebraist, Prof. S. R. Driver, of Oxford; J. K. Cheyenne, Canon of Rochester; C. G. Montifiore and I. Abrahams, editors of the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, and Russell Martineau, of the British Museum. In this work a new device by Prof. Haupt will be introduced. Portions belonging to different documents are to be placed in blocks of different colours, and in some cases as many as ten different colours will be made use of, so that the reader can tell at a glance at what period the lines were compiled and from what source taken.—*Publishers' Weekly*.

He is happy that hath a true friend at his need; but he is most happy that hath no need of his friend.—*Warwick*.

HYPNOTISM.

MANY a medical man could tell of alarming conditions resulting from improper attempts at hypnotizing by the unskilled amateur. One such case has quite recently been reported by Dr. Solon. An amateur at a friend's house volunteered to hypnotize another visitor, and after two trials succeeded so well that the subject became extremely excited, lost the power of speech, and then passed into the condition of catalepsy; subsequently he had severe convulsions. He had simply been hypnotized by being made to look at a diamond ring, and afterwards the sight of everything glistening threw him into a state of violent excitement. The floor of the room in which the physician discovered him was covered with cushions, as he frequently threw himself from the sofa on to the floor, and was in a condition of grave hysteria with maniacal excitement. He was treated with full doses of sedatives, chloral, sulphonal, bromides, and morphine, but at first showed no improvement. After ten days the convulsive attacks were replaced by periods during which he sang persistently; he would sing every song he knew without stopping. After a fortnight of this he had a high temperature for several days, and altogether was very ill for three weeks. Such cases are not so uncommon as is generally supposed. It is fairly certain that hypnotism may be employed with advantage as a therapeutic agent in certain nervous affections, but that if it is a potent agent for good it may equally be a grave source of danger, and that we cannot inhibit the highest centres of the cortex and make the suspension of consciousness and intellect a source of amusement with impunity. It should be only permissible to hypnotize for therapeutical purposes, and then we should observe the golden rules laid down by Beaunis: Never to hypnotize except with the patient's free consent, and, if necessary, that of the friends; (2) never to make any experiment without the knowledge and consent of the patient; (3) never to operate except in the presence of a third person. With these precautions, the skilled hypnotist can do much to relieve and cure many conditions that are scarcely amenable to any other known therapeutical agent.—*Hospital*.

LIFE AND THE PLANETS.

IT is almost universally admitted by astronomers and physicists that the sun is gradually cooling down. That it was hotter in geological times seems clearly indicated by the coal beds found in the arctic regions, and their existence even in the British Islands is evidence in the same direction. In those far distant times Mars was possibly a habitable and inhabited planet, but has now probably passed the life-bearing stage of its existence, through which our earth is at present passing. When, in the course of ages, the sun has still further cooled down, all life will probably cease to exist on our globe, and in that remote epoch Venus will probably form the theatre of life. If life now exists near its poles, it will then probably extend to its equator, and the cloudy canopy in which it now seems to be shrouded will then, owing to the diminution of the solar heat, be gradually dissolved, and the glories of the starry heavens will be revealed to its wondering inhabitants. Later still, in the march of time, life will die out of Venus also, and then Mercury will become cool enough—even at the centre of its sunlit side—to be inhabited by animal life. At last, the solar heat being reduced to its minimum, life will cease on Mercury also, and the sun itself, perhaps, will "roll through space a cold and dark ball." Such may possibly be the course of life in the solar system. As a writer has well said, "When the birth, the progress, and the history of sidereal systems are considered, we require some other unit of time than even the comprehensive one which astronomy has unfolded to our view. Minute and almost infinitesimal as is the time which comprises the history of our race, compared with that which records the history of our system, the space even of this latter period forms too limited a standard wherewith to measure the footmarks of eternity."—*J. E. Gore, F.R.S., in the Newbery House Magazine*.

PINE, ROSE, & FLEUR DE LIS.

POEMS BY SERANUS.

"All who prize local colour and young enthusiasm, and deep-hearted patriotism will find them in this book. The series of songs—'Down the River,' are veritable caskets of precious New World conceits."—*Saturday Review* (London, Eng.).

"Spirit and tone genuinely Canadian. . . . French models of versification are successfully and appropriately imitated. The author might become a Canadian 'Longfellow.'"—*Spectator* (London, Eng.).

"The pretty French phrases and refrains come like the notes of a guitar into our Saxon symphony. As Mr. Cable brought into use the rich colouring of the French Creole regions, the Canadian poets began timidly to use the same resources among the Frenchmen of Canada, and the best fruit of the new effort is to be found in the present volume."—*New York Nation*.

"A new singer from Canada who possesses a brilliant natural voice. It is not likely that there is in America or in England another writer who could describe a woodland sojourn, naturally and without strain, by means of half a hundred villanelles."—*Boston Literary World*.

HART & CO., PUBLISHERS.

31 & 33 King St. W., TORONTO, Canada.