

important part in the mysterious movements without hands performed by ancient fakirs before the ignorant and credulous. There is something very uncanny in the jumping and turning about, ever running along, of needles and larger pieces of metal, in obedience to an invisible and certainly not directly connected force. But it is only in the imagination of the Arabian story teller that such movements have taken place on a large scale, when the mountain of loadstone extracted the iron from Sindbad the sailor's ship and left it a wreck. It is painful to think what the result would be, should the iron-clad channel squadron some day sight that mountain, and rush to meet it with a velocity greater than that of steam. What if the north and south poles should turn out to be magnetic mountains, extracting the nails from wooden ships of arctic and antarctic explorers, depriving them of their tools and arms, and even making their knives fly out of sheaths and pockets to strike, with a *feu de joie* of sharp and rapacious thuds upon the stormy wall of the earth's axis! The world never knows what its next great attraction is going to be, nor how large. It is a pity to allow an Arab of Bagdad to surpass with his mere imagination the confident expectations of modern western science.

During our Canadian winter, every dweller in a comfortable carpeted city house, with furnace in full blast, becomes a human electrical machine, and with little motion can give off from the tips of his fingers, reports and shocks that beggar those from the back-stroked fur of the domestic cat. But you may cut your food with a knife made of magnetic iron, sleep with a loadstone under your pillow, hang a horse shoe magnet over your office door, drink extract of iron, beef, and wine, and carry a compass instead of a watch in your fob or waistcoat pocket, without being a magnetizer. It is insinuated that the little woman who called herself the Human Magnet, and whom many strong men in certain positions could not move nor lift, while she could move and lift them, was a fraud. She claimed to be naturally magnetized, having been born so, and many intelligent people who had witnessed her performances admitted the claim. But the sceptic came along and proposed conditions that the magnet would not submit to: therefore, she departed under a cloud, but not of magnetism. This was very discouraging. It was once thought that tables on which many palms rested danced by animal magnetism, and that heavy men, six feet long, and stout in proportion, could be raised from a similar table by the digits of four or six weak women and faith in the same physical property. Physical science will have none of it, and relegates it to psychology. Some psychologists say it is will-power or hypnotic suggestion; others, like Mr. Black's Chonnie in *Far Lochar*, say "it iss the duvvel." What is to be done in such a case? Call for a commission of experts.

There are physically magnetic men and women in the world, but they don't magnetize iron except in the shape of railways. They don't ever magnetize silver; they leave that in the United States' treasury vaults, until bimetalism is an accomplished fact. But they magnetize gold. It comes gliding, jumping, running after them. They all say they hate it, like Baron Rothschild, but the magnetic influence is so strong that they cannot part with it; it sticks to their personality as did the hob-nails of Magnes to the rock. This rule is by no means universal. A somewhat wise man once said that you may form an idea of God's opinion of money by the kind of men He gives it to. But, in point of fact, He often gives it to very good men, as witness, the endowments of our religious, benevolent, and educational institutions. The spirit of religion, charity, and learning is in their cases, more potently magnetic than their own personal attraction, which is a great tribute to the worth of even gilded humanity. There is something in every man, says Francis Barrett, student in chemistry and occult philosophy, who published a handsome quarto full of nonsense in 1801, by which he can transmute base metals into gold. The occult lunatic does not say what it is, and, though he deals largely with magnetism in an occult, that is to say, incomprehensible manner, he does not bring his human philosopher's stone under that head. It is, therefore, still a mystery wherein lies the gold-attracting power of mortals.

The most attractive power known to us on this earth, since Sir Isaac Newton saw the apple fall, is the earth itself, possessing the attraction of gravity. Metaphysically, gravity does not attract; it repels the cheerful, and horrifies the frivolous. There is much truth in part of the motto of our

Canadian Grip, "The gravest man is the fool." And yet it is a very wonderful thing that men, thought to be wise, have been endeavouring for ages to draw their fellows to Christianity by means of his kind of gravity. What is more remarkable is that they have attracted. Tertullian attracted Cyprian, Albert the Great led Thomas Aquinas, Calvin drew Beza; and French Huguenots, English Puritans, and Scotch Covenanters, sincerely but forbiddingly pious, magnetized the young and light-hearted to prison, and torture, and scaffold, and stake. What an enormous under-current of real drawing power must have been in the living truth, of which they were mournful mummets, to accomplish such extraordinary results! By every law of science and chance they should have failed. On the other hand, had their constancy and purity been allied with the charity, the cheerfulness, the joy of their Master's creed and life, what a greater power they would have been in a wicked world!

Human magnetisms vary. One poet writes dithyrambics to Pleasure, and another an ode to Melancholy. One fair maid goes miles to listen to the Reverend Cheerful Chubby, and another travels leagues to enjoy the prelections of the Reverend Tearful Doldrums. There is no accounting for tastes, especially for bad tastes, whether vulgar or morbid. People attract, too, by different poles. the parliamentary orator, Pyro Technics, fills the house whenever it is known that he is going to speak, but, in private, nobody wants to have anything to do with him, he is such a selfish bear. Hail Fellows, the Independent Whip, is universally beloved until he gets on his feet to make a motion, when the words of Ben Gaultier apply to him:

"A song, a song from Brougham!
He sang, and straightway found himself
Alone within the room."

A universally magnetic man or woman is of necessity a humbug. The pie-man, accounting for the variety of his wares by that of popular taste, remarked: "Some likes apples and some likes ingins." Now, no human being can be at the same time, or within four and twenty hours, an apple and an onion, without being a humbug of the humbugs. Even as a made-up character, one need not say hypocrite, he must make his selection of a role and stick by it while the play is on, though a section of the audience should indulge in cat-calls and hisses.

Among those who, within comparatively recent years, have honoured Canada with their presence and their labours, Lord Dufferin and Sir John Macdonald added to many excellences the properties of universal magnets in public and in private life, and they were as conscious of the fact as Phineas T. Barnum. The present occupants of the vice-regal throne, while delightfully attractive, and more abundant in hospitality and deeds of kind consideration to all classes, are not concerned because occasionally a few people find their magnetic pole repellent to them. Until the millennium come, negative poles will be found necessary in social and public life as well as the positive, and positive as well as the negative. Also there are wooden and woollen and base-metal objects that no magnet in this world or in the next will attract. Even those who are drawn to Government House are led in different ways, the members of the Royal Society by the head, like Arsinoe, and the guests of the Historical Fancy Ball by the feet, like Magnes.

It is worth while to be attractive in some good way, to cultivate a magnetic atmosphere that shall radiate far from you. Personal appearance will help towards it, and charm of manner; reputation and attainments, with the evidence at least of the latter, will increase the drawing power; but the one great thing needful is self-forgetfulness, in sympathy with the thoughts and aspirations, the feelings and the wants of others. It is worth while being well loved, even if, in the process, one runs the risk of being well hated, too. What an immense power the human magnet unconsciously wields for you; and, alas, what a power for evil lies, in many an outwardly fair but inwardly dark loadstone mass, to shipwreck the unwary mariners attracted by it upon life's sea! Yet, happily there is no durable bond in vice: it is a kingdom divided against itself. Far otherwise is it with the true magnetism. Pleasant it is in this life to have a friend in every town; but who shall tell the joy of him who goes forth alone into the spirit world, when the attracted on earth's pathway, severed for a time by death, shall close round again to welcome their magnet home!