

de la Concorde and the Triumphal Arch—these we have said are in a sense familiar to every one, and so we pass them by to make room for a few remarks regarding perhaps a more interesting theme—the people themselves. It has been said that when a German visits a strange town, the first thing he does is to find out where he can get the best beer; the Italian looks up to see whether the sky is blue; the American reads the sign boards and the advertisements, and the Englishman has only eyes for—the ladies. If this be true I am afraid that we were not true descendents of John Bull, but yet as my companion was more English than myself he generously lent me some of his ideas on the ladies, and so we venture to make some few remarks on that subject, and if we make comparisons we hope they will not be too odious. If they are, the editors for the Ladies column will have a theme to write about. In going from London to Paris one cannot fail to notice that the Parisienne's walk, gestures and dress are more agreeable to look at than the more serious and sober dress of her London sister. The Parisienne walks

with short steps, does not look before her, but rather to right and left, observing the shops and all the little curiosities of the streets. She is amused by all she sees in the course of her promenade. She passes from one shop window to another as a butterfly flits from flower to flower. She will cross the street, retrace her steps, be off again, stop short abruptly; she seems like a feather blown by the wind; but it is not so much the wind as her own caprice. The English girl, on the contrary, goes ahead with long steps. Her walk is a serious affair. She knows where she wants to go. Whatever she does she seems to be obeying some practical train of reasoning. If she goes into a shop to buy one thing she does not come home with something else. But in Paris, at least so we have been told, if a Parisienne goes out to purchase a clock you cannot be certain that she will not return with a chimpanzee. To complete this comparison would require volumes, so we come to a stop. The ladies may say why did you ever begin; why didn't you tell us something about the other sex?

From "Unity."

Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways,
The separate altars that we raise,
The varying tongues that speak Thy praise!

Suffice it now. In time to be
Shall one great temple rise to Thee,
Thy church our broad humanity.

The hymn, long sought, shall then be heard,
The music of the world's accord,
Confessing Christ, the inward word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One faith, one love, one hope restore
The seamless garb that Jesus wore!

—John Greenleaf Whittier, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.