

with a considerable addition to the numbers of the working staff, should go far to secure for travelers by rail that safety which is their minimum of right.—Lancet.

#### WOLVES AND THEIR WAYS.

While following the life of the gentle shepherd, on the plains of Montana, a couple of years ago, I used to watch the wolves a great deal while tending the sheep, and though I usually had my good rifle in my hand, I once had the opportunity of facing a wolf empty-handed, and I don't know which was the worst scared. It happened thus. The sheep had bunched during the heat of the day upon one slope of a little valley, and I occupied the opposite slope, the better to see that they came to no harm, and since I knew that they would not move for hours, I was taking a bit of a doze, now and then opening my eyes wide enough to see my sheep, and then dropping off again with my face on my arm, stretched out on the hot rock. Suddenly, when I looked up, in a somewhat dazed condition, I became aware that a very large wolf was coming right at me, not 60 yards away, his red tongue lolling out, and his yellow summer coat reminding me of a hyena at first sight, coming as I did so abruptly from the land of Nod. I actually thought it was his intention to try me a few rounds, as he did not notice the sheep, but was coming straight in my direction with murder in his eye, I thought. Being without arms, as it happened, my first impulse was to snatch up a stone and let him have it, and it was when I jumped up that he seemed to see me for the first time, and turned tail for all the world like a huge cur dog, and loped off with many a fearful glance over his shoulder. The stone did not quite reach him, but when he saw it coming he put his tail between his legs, exactly as a dog would have done under similar circumstances, and if I could have hit him I am satisfied he would have kiyied. I had to laugh at his comical aspect and at myself for being so rattled, but I did not leave my rifle in camp very often after that, not because I had any idea the wolves would tackle me, but because it "broke me all up" to miss so good a shot.

The probability is that this wolf had no evil design in his head, either toward the sheep or the shepherd, but happened to be headed my way, while travelling across the country on business of his own. Probably he was more startled by my sudden appearance in the way than by my projectile, or my ferocious aspect.—Forest and Stream.

#### LENT.

Lent is near at hand. What, after all, is the spiritual meaning of it? It is not a mere scenic imitation of our Lord's fasting "forty days and forty nights." In these Western and Northern regions of the world such exact imitation is physically impossible. What we should call fasting in the United States is the normal condition of Eastern or tropical climates. The ordinary habits of such regions would be death to the American. Therefore, perhaps—but, at any rate, certainly—the Protestant Episcopal Church has laid down no minute rules of dietary for the season of Lent. It is physiologically certain that rigorous fasting, or even abstinence from meat, for forty days, would render a great majority of Americans absolutely incapable of unusual acts, and exercises of devotion. And if fish, for instance, be substituted for "flesh," everybody knows that a rich man can live as luxuriously in Lent as during Eastertide. His Lent would differ from Eastertide only in being very much more hypocritical and ruinous to his soul. Moreover, self-indulgence lies in very many different directions. How could any hard and fast rules about diet have the same significance for a society man and a vegetarian? The real significance of Lent is self-denial. It is no self-denial to a millionaire to give \$1,000 to a missionary society or a hospital. To give \$10 to either, might, for a clerk at \$50 a month,

with a wife and children, be next to a mortal sin. But nearly everybody knows that he is allowing himself in many indulgences which, though generally harmless, may in time make a slave of him. He hardly knows whether this be so or not until he makes the experiment. Can I do without them? It is absolutely essential, not only for the religious life, but for any truly noble life, that a man should have perfect command of himself. If he cannot give up his wine, or his cigar or his regular courses at dinner, or his amusements—supposing these things to be lawful in themselves—he is a slave to these indulgences; and being a slave to them he "cannot serve two masters." Lent comes to everybody, then, with this question: "Are you so far your own master that you cannot devote yourself utterly to God?" Nobody can pretend that this question is irrelevant. "To serve God and keep his commandments" is, or is not, "the conclusion of the whole matter." If it be, it must be the object of serious and fixed attention. Religion does not grow up and bear fruit like a weed, that springs up of itself and may be left to chance.—The Churchman (Episcopal).

#### THE TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS.

The exterior of El Ashraf's Mosque has a network of arabesques, and its cupola is especially graceful; in contradistinction to the minaret, which is dwarfed, and consists of three stages—square, octagonal, and circular. The interior is oblong, divided by two ranges of pointed arches, resting on columns. The pavement, consisting of coloured stones, is very fine; but on the impression of the interior is more or less that of a ruin. Above the tomb-chamber rises the exquisite dome. In the immediate neighborhood of this mosque are other mosques and tombs, cupolas, domes, and minarets; one, the burial place of the members of the family of Mabel er-Rafae, the great saint; another called the tomb of the Seven Maidens—a legend supposed to be borrowed from the Seven Sleepers, for there is no other record of their existence. Still with our faces turned southward we passed into a somewhat different scene. Before us rose the wonderful tomb-mosque of Kalt-Bey, the most important of all the sultans of his dynasty; the most important of the tombs, though not the largest, and giving its name to the whole district of the Tombs of the Caliphs. It stands on a considerable elevation, so that its solitary cupola and minaret are, as they were intended to be, every conspicuous. It appears to be the centre of a small village or settlement, for here amidst the tombs of the dead, are small habitations for the living. Such as they are, they are crowded with beings, who were in full evidence. Hitherto our progress through the Tombs of the Caliphs had been marked by a profound silence, abandonment, and desolation. Our own footsteps, our own voices, alone awoke the startled echoes of the desolate quadrangles and melancholy tomb-chambers. Here, on the contrary, surrounding the tomb of Kalt-Bey, were sounds and signs of life in its most commonplace element. Narrow lanes or thoroughfares ran between the high walls; and here children played, and ran up to us with outstretched hands asking for backsheesh; and women and maidens went to and fro to the well, filling their pitchers, and carrying them with that grace which seems inseparable from the Eastern women. The tomb is the best preserved of all the tombs of the Caliphs. As a model of the grace and elegance of the Eastern school of architecture, it is unrivalled, far surpassing all the Western buildings of its age. The style is the very antipodes of the Greek school, with its simplicity, its pure and severe outlines; yet though one may appeal more forcibly to the intellect, one's sense of severity, the other more closely appeals to the imagination.—Argosy.

#### HOW TO TRAP A TIGER.

In trapping tigers for export the Malays dig a hole about ten feet deep, making the bottom twice as large in area as the top, to prevent the animal from jumping out after being once in. The whole com-

pleted, small brushwood is lightly laid over its surface, and close by in the direction of the mouth of the pit a bullock is chained to a tree. On seeing the prey, the tiger springs for his expected prey, and alights in the pit. A bamboo cage is placed over the pit, which is then filled with earth, the tiger gradually coming to the surface. Once in the cage, the Malays lace and interlace bamboo and ratan under the tiger. Spring-guns are sometimes used, but not often, as they are dangerous to dogs and human beings.

I once went on a tiger hunt, but it ended in a buffalo-hunt. We organized a party of five Europeans and ten natives. We started on foot, because it is impossible to ride through the jungle on horseback. On finding a tiger's footprints, we followed them to a ravine, where the tiger had been drinking. Here we took our tiffin, and, while eating, heard groans which we thought were from the tiger. Following the sound, we saw an enormous man-eating tiger dashing away through the brush. Shots were fired without effect. On going farther, we discovered that he had found a buffalo, and had been making short work of him. These buffaloes are not like those found in America, but are smaller, and more like an ox. Later this same tiger was caught in a trap. We knew it was the same, for not more than one is found near a village at a time. On an average four or five people were killed by tigers on this road in the course of a year. They generally seize their prey after dusk, and for this reason it is never safe to travel on these roads after six o'clock at night. It is said that a tiger often selects his man during the day, and perhaps follows him for miles, until overtaken by dusk, when he springs upon him. Two gentlemen were once walking over a pine-apple plantation, when they discovered that they were followed by a tiger. They were three miles from home, and, having nothing but shot guns for weapons, could not fire at the animal. He kept at the same distance behind them all the way, and they reached home ere he attempted to attack. The natives are in constant terror of these animals, and it is almost impossible to send them out after dark. I have paid twenty dollars to a native for taking a message to the Maharajah after six o'clock at night.—John Fairlie, in the February Century.

On the occasion of the Pope's golden jubilee, February 19, the special service in St. Peter's was conducted by the venerable pontiff in person. Sixty thousand persons gained admittance, and forty thousand were crowded about the doors.

A New York paper has the following interesting note on a young Canadian author of unquestioned ability:—Mr. Gilbert Parker, who has risen to considerable notice in England as a writer of stories within the past two years, recently came to New York to arrange for the publication of his book, and will remain here until March. He is a rather short man, with a dark though sparse beard trimmed short and round, a restless manner, and keen, penetrating grey eyes. In conversation he is easy, free and perhaps Bohemian—certainly he is not formal. He started as a journalist some eight or ten years ago in London, and tried to make his way among the magazines as a story writer, but without success for nearly eight years. But for two years past all this has been changed, and he finds a ready market and good prices for all his productions. He has travelled a great deal, and is scrupulously accurate in gathering the materials for his stories as well as in his use of English. His idea of fiction is to make it represent the strong emotions of men and women realistically and powerfully, and his use of local colour is only as a spice to flavour the style. He is a proficient in the use of the Scotch dialect, but he never makes it obtrusive.