

of Education composed of twelve members. The number of private schools and colleges is over one hundred. But one-fifth of these are managed by the Roman Catholics, and a considerable part of the remainder by other denominations. In size and character they range from the small family school of a few pupils to the flourishing college which counts its students by hundreds.

None of the religious denominations are without representatives here, there being about ninety churches and five synagogues; yet it can hardly be said that these turn the city upside down. Certainly they have great odds to contend against, in view of the fact that there are fifteen miles of grog shops, and that 342 divorces were granted during the past year, to say nothing of the hundreds who embraced the privilege of separation without leave of the law.

The peoples and languages of the principal nations of the world are all represented in the population of San Francisco; but the Chinese especially predominate. It is difficult to obtain exact statistics in regard to these "children of the sun." A moderate estimate makes them 25,000 in number. They occupy ten squares in the heart of the city, which is the oldest part. These odd looking people are not at all Americanized. They all wear their native loose garments, ankle-tight pantaloons, skull caps, and long dangling *cucs*. Here, as in the Flowery Kingdom, they are gregarious to an alarming extent. Every nook and corner, and closet and cellar and loft of their houses literally teems with them, though I am assured that they are not more numerous than the rats and mice. Just imagine a hotel of sixty rooms that are inhabited by 1,500 of these celestials. "Impossible!" you cry. Not impossible; it is a fact. And the most surprising thing about them is their apparent cleanliness as seen on the streets; as a writer remarks, "they seem to come out of their filth, as the eel from his skin." Their food consists chiefly of rice, meat and vegetables. Few of them—very few indeed—bring their wives or children out to America, but they do bring their worship. They have several large and expensive temples full of gods and make loud boasts of their polytheism. One of them remarked to an American who was reviling their system of idolatry, "Chinaman religion heap better than Mellican man's. You go church Sunday little while. You come home and allee weck you lie and steal, and do heap muchee bad things. Chinaman he got gods at home, See him allee time. Chinaman must be always good."

A good lesson here for Christians to learn; but alas! the Chinese themselves are far from being good. They have their houses of sin and haunts of deepest corruption. Little is being done to show them the "way of life." One thing is certain, the public life of Christendom, and especially of San Francisco, will never convert them to faith in the Saviour of the world.

AMATEURDOM AND ITS HISTORY.

BY VARIETAS.

LIKE Columbus, I once discovered what to me was a new and undreamt-of world, when several years ago I found in my hands a miniature sheet edited, printed and published by two Yankee schoolboys. Then for the first time in my existence I became aware that there was, and is, in America a juvenile Fourth Estate, flourishing under the mystic title: AMATEURDOM. Impelled partly by curiosity and partly by circumstances, I made a brief tour of literary exploration through the kingdom thus strangely revealed to my consciousness, and in the course of a few months' experience picked up many snatches of its history. Here are some of the facts I still remember.

On the threshold of this nineteenth century there lived, or is supposed to have lived, in the city of Philadelphia, a youth known by the name of Thomas G. Condie, or Cundie, who, for his own personal gratification and improvement, and perhaps not altogether uninfluenced by dreams of an editor's proverbial wealth, founded and controlled a small paper which he called the *Weekly Portfolio*. The exact date at which it appeared has been fixed by tradition as 1812, but no being now alive is known to have seen a copy of this, the initial publication of what has grown to be an influential fraternity of amateur journalists; indeed, the early history of Amateurdom is wrapped in such ambiguity that, as an outside chronicler remarks, "alas, for the vanity of all earthly glory!—learned scribes have arisen who have proved in the *Censor* and elsewhere, not merely that, as with Shakespeare, the spelling of our hero's name is uncertain, but that no such person as either Condie or Cundie ever lived, breathed, or edited a paper." One thing is certain; the myth, if it be a myth, is to-day firmly believed in by hundreds of boys and girls who regard themselves as Condie's genuine successors in the journalistic field of amateurs.

But the present juvenile Fourth Estate claims to have sprung up more directly as the result of a mutual agreement made by some boys in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington to print journals for the express purpose of exchanging with one another. It was a happy thought, this, and no doubt, in addition to the healthy intellectual and mechanical amusement that would naturally accrue from the novelty of the enterprise, it afforded much practical instruction in various departments of activity; and although the circle of embryo literateurs formed in this way was at first somewhat contracted, its expansion was assured by the invention of boys' printing presses, the manufacture of which has now come to be quite an industry in the neighboring republic. With the increased facilities of amateur printing offices, the new pastime rapidly sprang into popularity, so that in 1875 Amateurdom exceeded the present extent of