

term. Better would it be, really, to have no such gap in the school year. If there must be a gap, it should not be of such large dimensions in the summer time, which is the most healthful period of the year in which to study. It is a well-known fact that during the damp, cold weather of winter children sicken and die in larger numbers than in the summer, and such sickness and mortality are caused largely by the vitiated atmosphere of necessarily close schoolrooms, which have deadly results.

The school should rather be closed in midwinter and be open in midsummer. There is no weather more favorable for study than the present, and with windows wide open and God's sweet air blowing through the schoolrooms unrestricted, there is nothing whatever to arrest mental activity and acquisitiveness in the pupil's mind. It would be better to shorten the summer vacation. Two weeks in the spring, three in midsummer, two weeks at Christmas, with an occasional fete day, would produce better results than the present surrender of the best teaching portion of the year to idleness. The tendency now to hold educational conventions in the long vacation shows that the earnest worker is never content to be idle. Growth, mental or physical, comes through the exercise of the faculties, not through their suspension.

Walking down Broad Street the other day I was much struck with the immense prospects it offers for a successful business thoroughfare. Leading from the New Driard Hotel to the Public Market, it can hardly fail to become one of the chief locations for offices and high-class stores, and the buildings now in course of erection upon it will be a credit to the city. This being so, it seems as if a great injustice was being done to those owners who are improving their property to allow in close contiguity to it such miserable-looking shacks as those lying between Yates and Johnson Streets to remain an eyesore to the thoroughfare and a disgrace to the city. Occupied by the most disreputable of a disreputable class, who pay for the use of them a rent three hundred per cent. greater than they would demand from respectable tenants, it is idle to ask their owners to replace them by

decent buildings, when the income accruing is high enough to blind them to the character of their occupants. A hint to the latter from the city authorities that their absence would be preferable to their company would, I believe, result in their immediate departure.

Christianity in the abstract is a very beautiful study, and some of the most striking traits of its professors are brought out by the present smallpox scare in very large type. The Episcopalians, whilst affording to the worshippers, according to their ritual, every opportunity to satisfy their conscience, have sedulously avoided any undue reference to it as a visitation from the Almighty upon a sinful city. The Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, in accordance with the motto that the Lord helps those who help themselves, said Low Mass on Sunday last, but dispensed with the celebration of High Mass so as to avoid the congregating together for a lengthened period of a great number of people. In doing so, by the bye, they cut off for that Sunday at least their chief source of income, the offertory at the choral service. Neither have they taken upon themselves to convict their fellow-men as the rightful recipients of the wrath of the Almighty. What, then, must be thought of a reverend gentleman who not only declares the pest to be the visitation of an offended Deity upon a sinful people, but screeches in impotent fury at the suggestion that the churches be closed to lessen the chances of contagion? Christ never counselled his followers to admit into their places of worship one liable to disseminate the germs of disease.

Rev. Joseph Nouri, who trails considerable alphabetical bric-a-brac after his name in the shape of D.D.'s and LL.D.'s, and who hails from the odoriferous Orient as Bishop of Jerusalem, is visiting in San Francisco. To liven up the trip and keep the reporters in good humor, Dr. Nouri has given to the San Francisco papers several columns of matter about a recent trip of his to Mount Ararat, where he claims to have found Noah's old flagship in a tolerable state of preservation. He found the ark perched on one of the summits of Ararat, 18,000 feet above the sea level, and a trifle the worse for wear. It was buried in the

snow and ice. One end had been broken in, and the apartments were filled with ice. Dr. Nouri did not reach the pinnacle upon which the ark rested, but he observed it carefully from a lower point by means of opera glasses, and walked around so as to get a view from all sides. Then he gave thanks, and, overcome by emotion, he returned to Jerusalem, where he had bestowed on him the Eminent Hat of the Presidentship of the Supreme Archiepiscopal and National Council of Malabar, the hat presumably being sent from Malabar. Dr. Nouri's discovery is important as indicating the high-water mark of the deluge. It also shows that unless the climate has undergone considerable change, Noah wore an Ulster overcoat and came down the mountain on skates. But perhaps Dr. Nouri is talking through the Eminent Hat of the Presidentship of Malabar.

The last issue of THE HOME JOURNAL contained a short article on Euthanasia, or the pleasure of dying. I always read anything discussing final dissolution with great interest, and this week I intend to discuss the subject from facts coming under my own personal observation. And here I might say that at one time in my life I was so situated as to see at least a dozen dying each day. The result of my observations is that dying persons, as a rule, have no fear, even though they comprehend that dissolution is fast taking place. This is noticed even in executions where the hanged are almost invariably reported as having "died game." I saw eight men shot at the head of their graves on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, seven years ago, and without a single exception they faced death without a tremor.

Physicians and surgeons in general have decided that death following disease or injury is seldom accompanied with fear. Disease dulls the intelligence, so that the situation may not be fully comprehended in all cases; or, again, the patient may be suffering terrible pain, and may look upon death as a relief. It is generally believed now by psychologists, surgeons, physicians and others who have given the subject attention, that nature, by a kind provision, has prepared the body and mind for the flight of the spirit. It is well known that as the hold upon life grows weaker, the desire to live grows