

nearer relation of somebody else, the names of occupation, physical peculiarity, residence and nationality by which its members are distinguished. Many of these have risen through the past ages into positions among the titled of the earth. Self-made men have founded great houses all the world over since the days of William the Conqueror and before them. Such there may be in China, but the names of great feudal lords, the origin of which is lost in hoar antiquity, are no part of Chinese nationality.

The man of the Ground Race will fight, and that as well as any other man. Leaving out purely Celtic regiments, every man in which believes himself to be in some sort a gentleman, the rank and file of all armies are ancestorless like the Chinese. But such is not the case with their leaders. Blood will out, often among mere non-commissioned officers; and, although money and military school merit are struggling against its once universal sway in the higher ranks, blood still tells in them, from that of subaltern to the grade of field marshal. This may be very unphilosophical, and inconsistent with modern democratic institutions, and in some sense opposed to general utility, but it is a stubborn fact.

Japan has profited by experience of European institutions, armaments, and discipline, and by wise counsels has perfected the organization and movements of her fleets and armies, on the model of Germany's action in the Franco-Prussian war. But, back of all of this is the patriotism of a united historical people, and in action, whether on sea or land, her rank and file are led by men born to command, and ready to sacrifice their lives when the college bred Chinese mandarin would be taxing his brains for devices to escape. Whatever view may be entertained regarding wars and fighting, there can be no disputing the judgment that, if fighting has to be done, it ought to be done well. Tommy Atkins, of the Ground Race, will do the rifle and bayonet part of it as well as any man; but the said Tommy lifted to the command of a company will not, in nine cases out of ten, risk his hard won rank and precious life as will the subaltern heir to a peerage. Chinese Gordon made brave fighters of the Celestials, because the Chinese Tommy Atkins is good stuff, because he was Gordon, and because he had good subordinates. At present there is no Gordon, the good stuff is undrilled, and its Ground Race officers, lacking courage and military science, are objects of contempt to the very men they command, as well as to the civilian at large. China should advertise for a number of historical families to occupy positions of command and danger.

A Glimpse at Bible-Loving Wales.

IT is now many years since I made my first visit to the Principality. It had been a long talk of walking tour through the northern countries, and the valley of the Dee.

We had made the journey to Stratford-on-Avon, like true pilgrims, on foot. We had exhausted all matters of classic interest, and took train for Chirk, a small village not far from Shrewsbury. We proceeded along the top of the Berwyn Heights, and passed many a score of peaks, rivers, and waterfalls with unpronounceable names attached, and skirted the far-famed vale of Llangollen. The scenery in north Wales is superb, mountainous, rugged, wild. Walking is certainly the best mode of progression, if time be available. Every step reveals a new beauty of nature, now a miniature cataract, now a sketch of vivid, green pasture, deep below your feet, now a bit of forest, now a bleak mountain top, now a piece of sandy beach, now a rocky shore, now a view of a lake, and again a mountain gorge. We had infinite variety of scenery and amusement, and we were all enchanted with our journey, and vowed we would return again. My companions are scattered over the plains of Manitoba, and I, after an absence of eight or nine years, am a resident in the centre of the great Welsh coalfield, and, I believe, the only one who fulfilled his determination to come again.

As this article is to be devoted to a study of the social and moral aspect of the Welsh people, I may as well state at once that it is altogether a different thing to travel through Wales for pleasure, and live in Wales through necessity. In visiting Wales for a holiday, so long as the purse is full, and the strings thereof easily loosed, you are sure of an hospitable welcome, but for all that there is deep-rooted hatred in the soul of every Welshman for the English.

Any predisposition which my first visit to Wales left me in favour of the Welsh people has long since been vanished by a daily intercourse with all classes of Welsh men and women. From what I have seen and heard around me, I can but conclude that the ancient song about "Taffy" is as true to-day as it ever was, and without hesitation I can add that his word is absolutely unreliable. This is generally acknowledged among themselves notwithstanding a Nonconformist minister, who appeared as a witness before the Welsh Land Commission, found it necessary to say in giving his evidence that it was *not his opinion* that the Welsh were a nation of liars. The County Court judges have complained, too, of the prevalence of perjury.

No one away from this great coalfield can imagine the gross immorality in the midst of us. Statistics only partially reveal the awful social and moral condition in which the mining population live. We can read and judge partially by the figures supplied by the Registrar General, but these figures are no criterion of the amount of immorality practised in the Principality, where it is an exception for a woman to go to her bridal bed with her virtue intact, and where generally her appearance more often emphatically declares the urgent expediency of the ceremony. In judging by figures many points are lost sight of, and one in Wales might altogether be overlooked. I allude to the lodger. He is a power among the poorer classes. He is the ruler of the Welsh artisan's home; he has the choicest morsels from the table, and exercises the same domination over Welsh womanhood, even to beating and kicking, as the husband, and has equal privileges with the husband in other respects, frequently the wife and lodger combining and turning the husband out into the street.

The houses of the artisan class are built without any convenience and are overcrowded. The conditions under which Welsh womanhood lives, and in which they have been brought up, no doubt, has a very unhealthy effect on their moral development. A father, several grown up sons, and lodgers will come home from working in the mines. There is no bath-room, and nowhere to wash except in the room where the rest of the family are living. They will divest themselves of every particle of clothing, and proceed with their toilet before the mother, wife, and grown-up daughters of the household in the garb of Adam before the fall.

This absence of decency goes farther than this at times. Evidence in the police court sometimes divulges a curious state of family life. Very frequently the father, mother, and grown-up daughter will sleep together in the same bed, and sometimes, when they have visitors, another generation will perhaps be included. Welsh ambition at the best never soars very high. The summit in the North is to be a policeman or a Nonconformist minister, while the zenith of all earthly good is attained in the Southern Counties, when they become the proprietor of a tavern, or a lawyer. In no part of the world is the retailer of alcohol such a power in the land as in Glamorganshire. So keen is the competition that a publican has to spend a lot of money to reach his ambition's limit, for a business is not purchased for much under \$20,000.

The artisan classes are in a state of woful ignorance, and I should imagine the Welsh members of Parliament are not likely to improve their position for some time to come. Out of every ten who sign the Register of Births, I don't suppose there are three who can write their names legibly, and at least sixty per cent. sign their names with a cross. There is certainly an awakening in educational matters, but it is almost a retrograde movement. The Welsh members have had inserted in the code the compulsory teaching of Welsh. If this had been done fifty years ago, it might have had some effect; as it is, the children are spending useful time in learning a language which will be of absolutely no use to them.

The Welsh cling with all the desperation of despair to their slowly-dying language, and but very few people can speak and write the grammatical Welsh tongue. Fifty years ago, when it would have been useful for a child to learn Welsh, it was forced to learn English, and now the English language has gone into Wales more completely than ever before. Welsh is to become a plant of forced growth, needing hothouse cultivation to keep it alive on its native soil.

They have a rather beautiful custom in Glamorganshire. On Palm Sunday the people decorate the graves of their dead with flowers and evergreens and mosses. The custom