

WHAT THE TRAVELLER SAID AT SUNSET.

The shadows grow and deepen round me: I feel the dew-fall in the air; The muzzin of the darkening thicket, I hear the night-thrush call to prayer.

The evening wind is sad with farewells, And loving hands unclasp for mine; Alone I go to meet the darkness Across an awful boundary line.

As from the lighted hearths behind me I pass with slow reluctant feet, What waits for me in the land of strangeness? What face shall smile, what voice shall greet?

What space shall awe, what brightness blind me? What thunder roll of music stun? What vast procession sweep before Of shapes unknown beneath the sun?

I shrink from unaccustomed glory, I dread the myriad voiced strain; Give me the unforgetten faces, And let my lost ones speak again.

He will not chide my mortal yearning Who is our Brother and our Friend, In whose full life, divine and human, The heavenly and the earthly blend.

Mine be the joy of sole communion; The scene of spiritual strength renewed, The reverence of the pure and holy, The dear delight of doing good.

No fitting ear is mine to listen An endless nothing's rise and fall; No curious eye is mine to measure The pearl gate and the Jasper wall.

For love must needs be more than knowledge; What matter if I never know Why Aldebaran's star is ruddy, Or colder Sirius white as snow!

Forgive my human words, O Father! For thy larger truth to prove; Thy money shall transcend my longing; I seek but love, and Thou art Love!

I go to find my lost and mourned for Safe in Thy sheltered goodness still, And all that hope and faith foreshadow Made perfect in Thy holy will!

J. G. WHITTIER.

LIES TOLD TO CHILDREN.

Alexandre Dumas has been coming out in the character of censor morum, and the theme chosen in the paper which he has contributed to the periodical rejoicing in the title of "Nouveau Né," is the familiar one of the neglect shown by parents in the training of their children, especially in very early years. The grand offence of parents lies in shirking the difficulties presented by the curiosity of children. The first beginnings of that inquisitiveness are to be seen, according to Mr. Dumas, in actions not generally attributed to any such cause. "When you see a child spoil and destroy immediately and deliberately the playthings that have been given to it, pull off the petals of the flowers it has gathered, and even the wings of insects which it has caught, you say, 'Children are destructive; childhood is merciless.' It is a mistake. The child is not destructive; it is not cruel. It is curious. It does not want to destroy, it wants to know." But with the very first appearance of this desire for knowledge, with the first utterance of the often embarrassing but inexorable questions "how?" and "why?" the gravest responsibilities fall upon the parent, and these responsibilities he either shirks or seeks to delegate to others. Mr. Dumas's description of the latter process is very forcible. The mother, who has married not knowing why, and brought forth a child not knowing how, makes haste to hand over the care of it to others. The wet-nurse and nurse to provide for the body; the bonne, the governess, and the convent, or in the case of boys, the tutor and the school, to train the mind; the minister, the priest, or the rabbi to look after the soul—each teaching something which the other calls false, and all equally condemned by nature, history and science—these are all instances of that delegation of parental duty against which Mr. Dumas inveighs. "And all this because the man and woman want to have all the pleasures, all the rights, all the recompenses, of paternity and maternity, while transferring as far as ever they can its duties and responsibilities to others." As the children grow up the delegation of parental duties is followed, in the case of the boys at least, by their absolute neglect. The young man's desire to know the world is allowed to lead him into all sorts of excesses, at which the parents wink. "Il faut que la jeunesse se passe," and it is only when the vigor and the freshness of youth have both passed away that the parents intervene to induce him to settle in life, in order that they may enjoy the luxury of being surrounded with grand-children.

As for the girl, she is kept as carefully away from all experience as the young man is recklessly exposed to all, and is allowed to grow up amid her dreams and those of her equally ignorant companions, "until one day she meets, or is made to meet, a man more or less young, more or less intelligent, more or less rich, more or less disillusioned, whose character, antecedents, morals, relations and health are all imperfectly known, and whom she marries because she is of the age to marry." If, after this highly intelligent preparation of the young man or woman to meet the difficulties and temptations of life, these difficulties and temptations prove too much for them, there is a great cry of injured surprise. "How does this come about? I have given him (or her) so much. The child was well suckled by the nurse, well cared for by

servants, taught by masters, well grounded in morality by the priest. I cannot understand it at all."

The difficulty remains that, as has been well said, the stupidest child can ask more questions in five minutes than the wisest man can answer in a lifetime. The lesson of life, if it has a lesson, cannot be imparted. Each human being must learn it by his own experience. The problem in every case is how to give the child a provisional code to guide it while the experience is being gained, and to save it from losing all that makes life worth having in the process of learning to live. And to the solution of that problem Mr. Dumas contributes very little. But there is one point on which he dwells which moralists do well to insist upon. It is the heinousness of the time-honored practice of lying to children. That practice has indeed, we all know, the highest philosophic authority. But the lies that Plato recommended were intended to embody the truth. The lies that most men tell to escape the perplexity occasioned by children's questions are lies that not only do not embody the truth, but render a true and healthy attitude of mind on certain subjects forever impossible. We are not now speaking of disputed questions of faith, but of plain physical facts, of the habit of exciting an unnatural curiosity in children by evading their natural questions, of investing with a halo of unwholesome mystery matters that both can and ought to be kept in a clear daylight of science. The excuse for such lying always is that the children are not old enough to understand. But, says Mr. Dumas, and he says well, "L'enfant a toujours l'Age des questions qu'il fait." "There may," he continues, "be children who, owing to physical causes, are imbecile. But there is not such a thing as a stupid child. A child may have a more or less prompt intelligence. It may develop special aptitudes or antipathies. But you will never hear it say a silly thing (dire une bêtise) as long as you have not deceived it, as long as you have not told it a lie." There can be no doubt that of all the humbug practiced in the world there is none which on the whole is attended with more ruinous consequences than the deceptions to which parents constantly have recourse, and that with a perfectly easy conscience, to evade the troublesome curiosity of children. "I am convinced," says Mr. Dumas, "that the greatest revolutionaries in the world of ideas, those who have most horrified mankind, who have caused the shedding of the most tears, have been children to whose first questions men have not replied as they ought to have replied."

MÉRY.

That paradoxical French writer, Méry, tells in his fantastical way how and why Wagner's "Tannhauser" came to be played in the Grand Opera of Paris. It was in 1861, a few days after that musical event, that Mr. Bertheaut, a common friend to Thiers and Méry, wanted to know the opinion of the then celebrated author of "Eva" about the new operatic work of the great German composer. Méry was very angry to see the opera, so rigidly closed to French authors, throwing its doors wide open to a foreigner:

"I tell you," he said to Mr. Bertheaut, "the music of Wagner is a backward movement with ridiculous pretensions to progress, a mere chaos of notes with a soporific tendency, in spite of some flashes of genius which I am honest enough not to underrate."

"But how is it that it forced its way into the opera like a bomb?"

"Ah! that is a state secret, my dear fellow."

"What?"

"Just as I tell you," added the Marseillais, growing very serious. "Entre nous—and to repeat it would be to impair your liberty—the recognition of the 'Tannhauser' at the opera was an additional article to the peace treaty of Villafranca."

"What nonsense!"

"Not at all. It was a mere consequence of the victory at Solferino. Look here, peace was already signed; for the last time the two Emperors had shaken hands and were going to their respective homes, when Francis Joseph said to Napoleon, 'By the way, I request from your majesty an additional clause.' Napoleon frowned at once. 'Don't be afraid,' went on the Austrian monarch, 'my request amounts to very little. I would like your majesty to order that the 'Tannhauser' of citizen Wagner be played in your Imperial Opera as soon as possible. Do you know Wagner?' Not at all; but it is all the same, sire. I am too glad to give your majesty a satisfaction which has nothing to do with my politics. But what may be the motive of your imperial sympathy for that musician?"

"Sympathy!" exclaimed Francis Joseph, "I have none for the man nor for his works: far from it, I abominate both. It was Wagner who, in 1849, tried to reduce to ashes the palace of my dear cousin, the King of Saxony, and would, were he left to himself, blow the coals of discord through all Germany. He has a hand in all conspiracies against my person and my crown; but I must confess the writer enjoys an immense, a powerful popularity. Even Vienna receives with frantic applause his opium-saturated melodies, and such a triumph sends his pride up like a paper kite. A new success would render him a most dangerous man. But in France, they are not fond of cloudy geniuses and incomprehensible masterpieces. They want plain, amusing music. There our cloud-gatherer

will be properly hissed and will commit suicide at once. Do you understand, sire?' 'Admirably well,' answered Napoleon. 'It will be done according to your wishes.'

"And so it was," added Méry with such a composed countenance that Mr. Bertheaut took it to be as true as the gospel. The "Tannhauser" fell flat, indeed, in Paris; but Wagner's pride was not as sensitive as Francis Joseph thought it to be. There was no suicide, and Wagner lived to keep the Austrian Emperor angry for twenty years longer.

H.M.S. "CANADA."

When the British Navy was in the primary stage of transition from "wooden walls" to ironclad broadsides, many an old "salt" was heard to observe, "They will find that they will have to come back again to the old wooden ships." Such is, comparatively speaking, now taking place, when we examine the class of vessels in course of construction, of which the *Canada* is a fair type. Virtually these cruisers are wooden, the thin "inner skin," composed of iron or steel, being more for strength than defence. Their safety lies principally in their swiftness.

The *Canada* and her sister vessels may be termed iron-wooden-cased screw-steam corvettes, possessing very powerful armaments. The speed guaranteed was thirteen knots per hour, and at the late trials four knots were attained, which must be considered an eminently satisfactory result.

The choice of such a craft for Prince George's initial cruise as a midshipman is a happy one. A sailor's life on board this vessel will be presented to the Royal midshipman in all its phases, from steaming and sailing on the one hand to the practice of gunnery, on the most improved principles, on the other. On the upper deck of this smart little fighting ship every available inch of space is utilized for working the broad-side and chase guns, together with the sundry Gatlings, Nordenfeldts, &c., while below are fitted the most modern appliances for carrying out torpedo warfare. The *Canada* is armed with ten guns, three on each side and two at the bow and stern. The "bore" is six inches at the muzzle, and it is calculated that these weapons will project a shell nearly seven miles. One great advantage possessed by the new gun is the simplicity with which they are loaded and worked. Those in the "sponsons" forward can be worked behind their shields on pivots, to sweep the horizon to the extent of nearly a half-circle with safety, also giving a plunging fire. The desirability of acquiring such vessels to strengthen our Navy is obvious to every one who has watched the passing events during the Egyptian bombardment, as well as the encounter between the *Shah* and the *Huascar*. Although the *Canada* is not invulnerable to shot and shell, she is admirably fitted with water-tight compartments, and as long as she can keep the enemy at a proper distance, yet within her own range, she will be a very powerful antagonist to encounter. The Prince is under the charge of Captain Francis Durrant, of the *Canada*, who is also his governor.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

JOE JEFFERSON and C. W. Couidock are fishing in New Brunswick.

MR. ABBEY has made a contract with Madame Sembrich, the prima donna, for sixty nights in this country for one hundred thousand dollars.

SARAH BERNHARDT has just been decorated by the King of Sweden. Jenny Lind and Christina Nilsson are the only artists who have previously been honored with this distinction.

IT is announced that Victor Hugo is preparing a new piece to be played in December at the Odéon. The title is not yet known.

MR. A. RUBINSTEIN, the eminent composer and pianist, has received the third class of the Order of Saint Vladimir.

THE Queen of Roumania, writing under the name of Carmen Silvia, has invited the Swedish composer, Hallstrom, to compose the music for a new opera written by her.

JULES VERNE is pen in hand again, this time for a comedy which is to be placed at the Théâtre de Cluny this winter.

MME. BERNHARDT has made a bid for an adaptation of Zola's novel, or, rather, romance, entitled "Pot Bouillé." It will, doubtless, become hers as there are few who could or would compete with her for the production.

MR. BOTTCHELL'S last modest assertion is that he "discovered Mr. Irving." If his vanity did not debar his dating himself so far back, the Irish Shakespeare is quite capable of proclaiming that he discovered America.

M. GOUNOD has accepted the invitation of the Birmingham Committee to write a new work for the next festival. It is reported to be a sequel to the "Redemption."

MR. LYTTON SOTHERN will sail for New York on August 6, intending to make a two years' tour through the United States. He will appear in the more celebrated of his father's characters, as well as in the principal part of a new play called "Dundreary's Son."

GEORGE R. SIMS, the author of "Lights of London," it is said, sat upon London doorsteps scantily clothed, in rain and snow, went for a day without food, courted a policeman's club, was shut up in a station-house and in a prison in order to realize what cold, hunger, arrest and detention really signified.

MME. PATTI will be welcome at Swansea with all the hearts of all the natives, for she promises to give them her services gratis for another charity concert. Last year's was a wonderful success; far and near people came to hear, and for once the Welshmen said, "Hang the expense!" The result was something under a thousand to the credit of a useful purpose.

AMONG the plays said to have been received by Madame Sarah Bernhardt at the Porte Saint Martin are two which, judging from their titles, will have some interest for English visitors to Paris. One is "Ireland," a drama by M. Georges Sauton; the second, "Les Contes d'Edgar Poe," by MM. Rosnard and Lesclide.

SALVINI has said, since he returned to Italy, that he made fifty thousand dollars by his last American tour. He was fifty-three on the first of January and means to retire from the stage when he is fifty-five. Until October next he will live in retirement with his family near Florence. Then he proposes a professional tour in Spain; from Spain he goes to Russia, and, having played in Moscow and St. Petersburg, he will return to America and conclude his theatrical career in Mexico.

M. MAUREL, the eminent baritone, has been in London this week looking up operatic stars of the first magnitude, the fact being that he has just become proprietor of the Théâtre des Nations in Paris, and, bigger fact still, has acquired the right of producing Verdi's new opera, "Iago," which, as we have always maintained, was finished, and would be given sooner or later, though not at Milan. Verdi will go to Paris to conduct the opera himself, and it will be a grand event in every sense.

It is said that the splendid collection of pictures now on view in the rue de Séze, and which has cost Mr. Petit much persuasive power to get loaned to him for a time, is worth no less than half a million of money—not silver, not francs, but gold sovereigns. A very small gallery, in these days of exalted prices, soon mounts up to that figure. The Hope Gallery at Amsterdam, which is all in a moderate-sized room, is worth three millions sterling. The city authorities could not for a long time afford to pay the legacy duty on it. It was left to them by Her von Hope.

ALTHOUGH there was not much to laugh at in the recent trial of Louise Michel—both evidence and verdict being sad enough—yet a smile was raised at the revelation afforded by one of the witnesses, who contradicted the Amazon's own statement with regard to her age—Louise gave it out as forty-seven, but the baptismal register asserts it to be fifty-seven. The assertion brought to mind the theory advocated by Vidocq, and which still maintains rule with the French police. "How old is the woman?" was always Vidocq's first question. "Well, she looks about so and so." "But what age does she own to, herself?" "Just forty." "Well, then, put her down as fifty. Women invariably make a reduction of ten years!" And so it always proves. Even the heroic leader of riot and rebellion was not above giving way to the little feminine weakness of endeavouring to conceal her age.

THE electric light proved such a great success at the last ball at Buckingham Palace that it is to be introduced into most parts of the royal building. There is no doubt that the voice of beauty, and all that supposes itself to be beautiful, or even pretty, was distinctly given in favor of the electric light. This recognition ends by its adaptation; but still, as beauty does, it may enchant, and yet depart without a moment's warning, leaving us all in darkness. The light is dependent upon machinery—machinery will stop—the machinery of pretty women and of the electric light.

THE following are the details of the method by which the fairy-like illuminations at Moscow at the coronation was produced:—The Tower of Ivan the Great and its side galleries were lit up by 3,500 small Edison lamps, fed by 18 portable engines, which moved a number of dynamo-electric machines of every existing system. The portable engines and machines were kept at the other bank of the Moskwa. The sheds communicated with the tower by 70 aerial electric wires. On the ramparts of the Kremlin towards the river a high large and ten smaller electric towers threw light over the river. The rest of the illuminations consisted in 200,000 lamps and 30,000 colored glass globes, 50,000 lanterns of Venetian glass, 600,000 tapers, and 15,000 lbs. of fireworks.

OUR BLUE BLOOD.

Two centuries and a half ago Old fringed to work with shouldered hoe A woman, barefoot, bronzed, and rough, With pluck of Puritanic stuff, Six lusty children tagged behind, All hatless, shoeless, unconfined, And happy as the birds that flew About them. Naught of books they knew, Save one they read at twilight hour, Brought with them in the staunch Mayflower.

A pretty boy, thin and white, In a hammock swinging light, Languishes, and in the shade Devours rhyme and lemonade, While bending near her lover sighs, And gently fans away the flies, She murmurs, "Tis so nice that we Are neither of low family, But of old Puritanic stock, That landed upon Plymouth Rock."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this number, W. A. Noves, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y. E-O-W