

German enthusiast. Coleridge is said to have understood Shakespeare more thoroughly than any other writer except Goethe, inseparable companions it was but natural that Lamb should entertain a profound admiration for his friends hero. The German Shakespeare Society at Wiemar is a memorial of the love and gratitude of the German people. Ralph Waldo Emerson says that "now literature, philosophy and thought are Shakespearized."

The dayspring is at hand, the fiat of science has gone forth to enlist the century in a grand search after truth. She has ploughed the face of the mighty deep, traced the pathless orbits of the stars and despoiled the earth of her hidden treasure. Although the annals of literature are bright with the names of Scott, Byron, Keats and Browning, the grand sweep of thought is but the promise of that which is to be. The rosy dawn of science, the vanguard of literature own the sway of one great mind. Through the medium of Goethe and Schiller, Shakespeare has come into his own rightful inheritance. His shade lurks in the author's sanctum, supplies the missing link in an orator's train of thought and presides over magazine and essay literature. But perhaps the greatest tribute of all to this author lies in the fact that his writings are in constant demand in a fastidious literary age, an age requiring the barest scientific facts to be couched in the language of a Huxley or a Darwin. Shakespeare's sway has been eminently beneficial. Noble thoughts can come only from a noble mind and like the mellow radiance of an October evening rest with a benediction on all things.

"When a great man dies
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Far on the paths of men."

Correspondence.

MY DEAR GIRLS,

You will see by my letter last month that in my travels as far as Hong Kong, I have not entered very minutely into details as so many fellow citizens have

taken that route. On reaching the above mentioned place, we proceeded to the Hong Kong Hotel, where after a day's rest we began our sight-seeing by a trip up to the Peak in the train, and from the flag-staff one gets a magnificent view of the harbor which is acknowledged to be one of the largest and best in the world, you can easily realize that fact on seeing the marvellous way nature has assisted in its protection, and inside those enormous rocks which seem like sentries guarding its entrance hundreds of ships and steamers of all nations ride snugly at anchor. The flag-staff is about 2,000 feet above the sea, and from it you can see signalled the out-going and in-coming vessels, the temperature being so much cooler on the Peak most of the private houses are built there especially since the train has been running, they have also three very good hotels up there. After a very pleasant day we returned to the hotel, and after dining some friends took us over to Kowloom (this is about a mile across the water on the main land) and we here visited the gambling farm, it is an enormous building with tables here and there, around which are crowded the Chinese who are very fond of this vice, during the short time we were present I saw two of them after losing their "little all" proceed to the pawn shop attached to the farm and raise money on their jewels to enable them to continue gambling, evidently the vice is contagious for we Europeans hazarded more than we cared to lose and considered ourselves lucky not sharing the fate of one in our party Captain S. who returned with us so bankrupt, that we laughingly passed round a hat among us for his return fare in the launch. About 11 o'clock next morning we took chairs and were carried in the Happy Valley Cemetery, which is without exception the loveliest spot I've ever seen in the East. After two hours spent there, we proceeded along the water works road which is extremely pretty, and from it you get a good view