

WOMEN AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
That They
Should
Do unto
You.

ROLPH SMITH - CO., TORONTO.

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, JULY 28, 1888

[No. 15.]

Capt. Ead's Ship Railway.

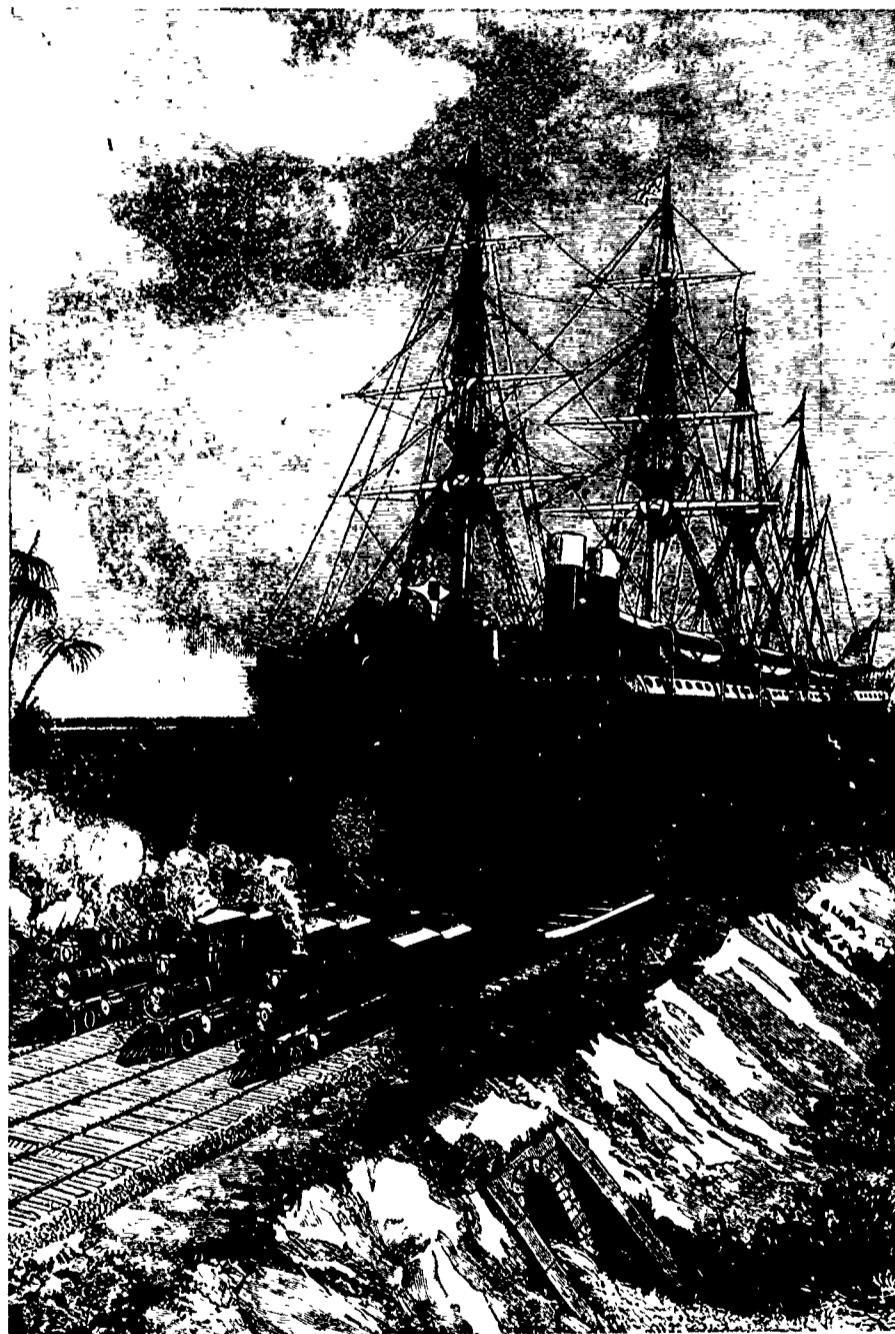
We present here an illustration of Captain Ead's proposed ship railway across the Isthmus of Panama, which, if completed, would be one of the most gigantic achievements of modern time. It is proposed to build a railway of such proportions and strength that the largest vessels plying the oceans can be safely carried across the Isthmus of Panama—a distance of about 134 miles. By looking at the map of the western hemisphere, our young readers will readily see that thousands of miles of travel will be avoided by being carried across the isthmus, instead of sailing around the extreme southern end of South America.

Such a project may be practicable, but it will require an immense amount of labour, not only to construct but to operate such a railway. The car upon which the ship is transported is an immense affair. A large proportion of the machinery for elevating the vessel to the level of the track must, of course, be under water. It consists of a pontoon, or floating dock, upon which the immense car is placed, and all submerged. The vessel is floated over the car, the latter raised by hydraulic pressure; the bearings, which you see under the ship, properly adjusted, the fine, ponderous locomotives slowly begin to move; and the huge vessel which, an hour ago, was tossed about by the waves, is seen journeying on its way across the isthmus.

When the other side is reached, the operation of placing the vessel on the car is reversed, and the ship is soon floating on the briny deep.

It would, indeed, be a novel scene to witness a ship, with its cargo and passengers, moving along through the country at the rate of four or five miles an hour. Some of our readers may live to see this realized.

While the ship railway is as yet built only on paper, there is in process of construction the Panama Ship



CAPTAIN EAD'S SHIP RAILWAY.

Canal. This stupendous work has been going on for several years, during which time the most improved machinery has been constructed, thousands have died from exposure to the unhealthy climate of that region, and millions of dollars have been expended. The progress of the work is slow, owing to the many difficulties

that have been met—one of which is, that the earth is washed back into the canal by the heavy rains, almost as fast as it can be removed. At the rate it is progressing, several years' constant labour will be necessary to complete it.

FAITH without works is dead.

A Girl's Reading.

LISTEN, girls, to what a writer in a recent number of the *Atlantic* says about you. Is it untrue? Is it unjust? Is it too severe? For some of you, perhaps, yes; but of many, many girls, it is to be feared that the charge is only too true:—

“If we pursue a modern school-girl along the track of her self-chosen reading, we shall be astonished that so much printed matter can yield so little mental-nourishment. She has begun, no doubt, with childish stories—bright and well written probably, but following each other in such quick succession, that none of them have left any distinct impression on her mind. Books that children read but once, are of scant service to them. Those that have really helped to warm our imaginations and to train our faculties, are the few old friends we know so well that they have become a portion of our thinking selves. At ten or twelve the little girl aspires to something partly grown up—to those nondescript tales which, trembling ever on the brink of sentiment, seem afraid to risk the plunge, and, with her appetite whetted by a course of this unsatisfying diet, she is soon ripe for a little more excitement and a great deal more love, so graduates into Rhoda Broughton and the ‘Duchess,’ at which point her intellectual career is closed. She has no idea even of what she has missed in the world of books. She has probably never read a single masterpiece of our language; she has never been moved by a noble poem, or stirred to the quick by a well-told page of history; she has never opened the pores of her mind for the reception of a vigorous thought or the solution of a mental problem; yet she may be found daily in the circulating library, and is seldom seen on the street without a book or two under her arm.”

ONE cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.