

athing this tower really is. The elevators deserve more than a word, which, however, is all I can give them. I tried the different systems at different times, and was best pleased with the "Otis," or American lift, which raises one at once to the second gallery in about two minutes. I was not conscious of any feeling of insecurity either in ascending or in standing on the "giddy height" of the top gallery. True, the people on the ground only looked like little crawling black insects, but about and beyond them was the glorious panorama, not of Paris only, but of a radius of sixty miles beyond. The city itself was but a toy village, a thing to be picked up piece by piece and put in a box, but with the great wide country beyond, away to the circling hills, it made a picture worth all the francs it had cost for seats in the elevator, and worth the hour of waiting *en queue* for the opportunity and privilege of paying the said francs. I shall make no attempt now to speak of any of the items of the great show, for, as I said, the great thing is the Exhibition itself. And of this it may, indeed, be said that all Paris forms a part of it. The city seems permanently *en fete*, and everything seems related and subordinated to the Exposition. The great ones of the earth who are in Paris are there for the Exposition, and are all unconsciously making part of it. The rush over yonder is to see Queen Isabella of Spain effusively bid goodbye to some leading official, while the stampede in another direction is to get a view of the dusky King Dinah and his duskier wives. Yonder goes President Carnot, personally popular and universally gracious. How many common dukes and earls one rubs shoulders with it would be impossible to say. One thing certain is that many folks who are very great at home are feeling themselves very small here in presence of the mighty democratic crowd. For this is essentially an exposition of the people. It is their

show, and they "boss" it. And I find myself more frequently watching the people and trying to understand their feelings and their condition than I do looking at the inanimate things which are on show. One thing I note with interest: The priests, who are everywhere *en evidence*, pass amongst the people without the slightest notice being taken of them or the least attention being paid them. They seem to be simply disregarded. How far this is a token for good or for ill it is not for me to decide; I simply note the fact. Another fact, altogether bad, is the great increase of drinking. Drinking everywhere, and very much boozy drunkenness. Drunken riots, drunken murders, every day. Since I have been in Paris a wife, a father and a mother have been slain through drink, not to speak of stabbings and slaughter of friends or strangers through the same unhappy cause. Bright as Paris is on the outside, there is a darker side beneath. V. V.

THE COMING OF THE LIGHT.

During the last days of the eighteenth century a lovely young English girl, living in one of the stately homes of her native land, surrounded by the endearments and the refinements of life, thus writes in the pages of her diary:

"For a few days past I have been in a worldly state, dissipated, a want of thought, idle, relaxed and stupid, all outside, no inside. I feel I am a contemptible fine lady. May I be preserved from continuing so, is the ardent prayer of my *good* man, but my *evil* man tells me I shall pray in vain. I will try. I fear for myself. I feel in the course of a little time I shall be all outside frippery, vain, proud, conceited. I could use improper words at myself, but my *good* man will not let me. But I am good in something; it is wicked to despair of myself; it is the way to make me what I desire not to be. I