

whiff of air from the sea borne into the suffocating midsummer atmosphere of a city street. To exchange Marie Bashkirtseff's "Journal" for the great epic of the sea is like coming out of some vaporous tropical swamp into the sweep of the ocean currents, free airs blowing from every quarter, and the whole stretch of sky visible from horizon to horizon.

Vitality, the power to live deeply and richly, is perhaps the surest evidence of greatness; to be great one must have compass and range of life. The glorious fullness of strength which prompts a man not to skirt the shore of the sea of experience, but to plunge into its depths, has something divine in it; it confirms our latent faith in the high origin and destiny of humanity. The ascetic saints, about whose pale brows the mediæval imagination saw the halo slowly form, were noble in self-sacrifice and heroic purity; but there will come a nobler type of goodness—the goodness which triumphs by inclusion, not by exclusion; by mastering and directing the physical impulses, the primitive forces, not by denying them. For the highest spiritual achievement is not for those who shun life, but for those who share it, and the sublimest victory is to him who meets all forces in the open field.

The men and women whose judgment of the nature and value of life has any authority are few; for the phenomena of life are manifold, and most men and women have neither the mental grasp, nor the range of knowledge, nor the breadth of experience requisite for a mastery of these phenomena. Other men and women are disqualified to pass judgment upon life because they are too constantly subject to moods to see clearly and to report accurately what they see; and a deep dispassionateness lies at the foundation of all adequate judgment of life. For obvious reasons, the testimony of the diseased mind is untrustworthy; it is often deeply interesting, but it has no authority. The "Journal" of Marie Bashkirtseff has a peculiar interest, a kind of uncanny fascination, because it is the confession of a human soul, and everything that reveals the human soul in any phase of experience is interesting; but as a criticism of life the "Journal" does not count. The novels of Guy de Maupassant have a great charm; they are full of a very high order of observation; they are true works of art; but they are misleading interpretations of life, because they were the work of a man of diseased nature—a man of distorted vision. Beauty of form does not always imply veracity of idea; and while beauty has its own claim upon us, the ideas which it clothes have no claim upon us unless they are the product of clear vision and sound judgment. It is one of the tragic facts of life that a thing may be beautiful and at the same time poisonous; but we do not take the poison because it comes in a beautiful form. We are too much the prey of invalidism; we give too much credence to hospital reports of life. We need more Homers and Scotts, and fewer Rousseaus and Bashkirtseffs. We need to rid ourselves of the delusion that there is any distinction about disease, any rare and precious quality in morbid tastes, temperamental depression and pessimism. The large, virile, healthful natures, who see things as they are, and rise above the mists and fogs of mood, are the only witnesses whose testimony about life is worth taking, for they are the only witnesses who know what life is.—*Hamilton W. Mabie in the Outlook.*

PUBLIC OPINION.

Hamilton Spectator: Judging from the press comments on the police of New York, Chicago, Buffalo and other United States cities, the American public stands very badly in need of being protected from its protectors.

The Montreal Herald: Li Hung Chang is called the Bismarck of China and Jacob Broennum Scavanius Estrup the Bismarck of Denmark. Who, oh! who shall be the Bismarck of Canada; shall it be Mackenzie Bowell, or John Costigan; Clarke Wallace, or our own J.J.?

The Ottawa Citizen: The weakness of the American system of government which excludes the members of the Cabinet from Congress, is conspicuous at present. Mr. Cleveland, instead of judging his party on the floor of the House can do nothing but write letters or hold private interviews with individual followers.

The Hamilton Herald: The *Globe* has a commissioner in Montreal writing up the French-Canadians, and he has made the important discovery that a good many French-Canadians speak English. If he keeps his ears open conscientiously and uses his eyes to good purpose he will discover also that the French-Canadians are French first and Canadians afterwards—and a considerable distance afterwards at that.

The Montreal Gazette: The *Toronto Globe*, commenting on the year's work of the British Columbian sailing fleet, says the sealers who have put in claims for damage through the closing of Behring Sea will have some difficulty now in proving them. It adds that "the claims might be amended to call for compensation for failure to close the disputed waters in past years, and the consequent prosecution of the fisheries in a less favorable region than that now frequented." The theory that Thompson's and Tupper's blunders and failures before and in the Paris arbitration tribunal had practically destroyed a growing Canadian industry seems to have been officially retired from service.

St. John Globe: Over thirty seats are protested in Ontario on charges of bribery, corruption and intimidation at the last election. All parties are affected. This is calculated to give one a low idea of the political morality of that highly educated province. But many, if not all, of these protests are part of the election schemes. The protests are not entered so much for the purpose of purifying electoral contests as to play one charge against another so that matters between the parties may be evened up at the right time. The laws against bribery are presumably put upon the statute book in the interests of morality. They are used in the interest of party, and benefit the lawyers more than they do the public. As at present operated, they are not worth retaining, for if, in spite of all such laws, one-third of the Ontario constituencies are corrupt some other means of stopping corruption than ineffective laws should be tried.

On great occasions it is almost always woman who have given the strongest proof of virtue and devotion; the reason is, that with men the good and bad qualities are in general the result of calculation, while in women they are impulses springing from the heart.—*Monthon.*



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THE WIND.

Sea sands that lie
Lonely and bare beneath the wintry sky,
What mighty symphony, what vast emotion,
Sweeps o'er thee from the ocean?

Ne'er have I known,
Not when the blue-eyed Spring
By stillest mountain pools was wandering,
When palest lilies on the steep were blown,
And the dim wood with madrigals resounded,
A rapture so unbounded!

The rain clouds gather darkly in the west
Till all the world is robed in sombre gray;
The swift gull wheels above her rocky nest;
The breakers moan away;
But through the rising storm my heart rejoices,
Moved by the wild-wind voices!

—*Martha T. Tyler, in Lippincott's.*

SERVICE AT RIDEAU HALL.

Who would not be a domestic servant at Rideau Hall just now? It is, of course, pure fiction to say, as some have done, that their Excellencies give up their drawing-room to the servants once a week, and also dine with their entire household. But it is a fact that the Haddo Club, which includes Lord and Lady Aberdeen and every member of the household, down to the humblest of the servants, holds classes in the evenings from 6 to 7.30 two or three times a week in wood-carving, French, painting, singing, and needlework. Mr. Gordon is the military secretary, and Mrs. Gordon are the instructors in the art of wood-carving. Lady Aberdeen herself superintends the sewing class, and the singing is conducted by Miss Wettermann, Lady Marjorie's governess, and consists of glees and pretty cantatas. Every Thursday evening an entertainment is given in the ball-room, generally a concert. Perhaps the most enjoyed of these entertainments was one when "David Copperfield" was presented, with Lord Aberdeen as the ever-sanguine "Micawber," waiting for "something to turn up," and Lady Aberdeen as the good-natured "Pegotty," Lady Marjorie Gordon as "Aunt Betsey," the Hon. Dudley Gordon as "Mr. Dick," while "David Copperfield" fell to the Hon. Archie Gordon.—*Canadian Gazette.*

Where no interest is taken in science, literature and liberal pursuits, mere facts and insignificant criticisms necessarily become the themes of discourses; and minds, strangers alike to activity and meditation, become so limited as to render all intercourse with them at once tasteless and oppressive.—*Mme. de Staël.*