

Mrs. Oliphant's Jerusalem.

Of the two Holy Cities to which all the modern world turns its thoughts, Rome, great though its history has been, and wide though its influence still is, must yield in significance and interest to Jerusalem. Rome has exercised a sway both spiritual and material; Jerusalem only a spiritual power, for even in the height of its brief temporal splendor its power was insignificant, and its king a mere tribal chieftain. It is the little city of the Jebusites, whose history Mrs. Oliphant essays to tell in "Jerusalem: the Holy City" (Macmillan and Co.,) though, it may be as well to remark at once, she does not attempt any historical research or comparative study of authorities, but simply relates the story of the city as it is told in the Bible, aided by her impressions of Jerusalem as she saw it during her travels in the Holy Land, and by an enthusiasm which inspires her with many narrative and descriptive passages of great power and beauty. Her story opens with the youth of David, the future King of the city, who was to raise Jerusalem to a Royal place among the nations, and whose city it was to be called ever afterwards. She traces its history through the Kings of Judah, dealing rather with the rulers and the people, than with the city itself, to the Babylonish captivity, and the restoration of the little kingdom that had in vain tried to hold its own among its mighty neighbors. The second part of the book is devoted to the great prophets, their denunciations of their countrymen, and their lamentations over the fallen greatness of Jerusalem. Then follows the Return and the Restoration, and the rebuilding of the city and temple, amplified from the story of the prophets, until the Roman Empire absorbed the land of Palestine, and the kingdom of Solomon became but a portion of the Great Empire which embraced the whole known world. The fourth and final part of the book touches on the coming of the Messiah, and of the end of the Jewish dispensation by the fulfilment of the prophecies foretelling that event. The destruction of the city by the Romans is dismissed in half-a-dozen lines, and the heroic defence during the siege is passed by altogether. The book is fully illustrated with views of the Holy City and the surrounding country, the engraving we reproduce representing the Pool of King Hezekiah, who did so much to put the city in a state of defence, and render it capable of enduring a siege, even by the army of the Assyrians. Mrs. Oliphant has produced an eloquent monograph on Jerusalem, written with all the picturesqueness and force of style which distinguishes her, but the book cannot be properly called a history in the now universally accepted sense of the word.

Women and Marriage.

From a most excellent article by Virginia C. Meredith, in Kate Field's Washington, we make the following truthful extracts, full of grand thought, and rich with possibilities:

But the philanthropist has great latitude or the application of his intelligence. He works for society as a mass: what to him should be the value of one generation of men, compared with unnumbered generations? Let this one perish, if those may be saved by a concentration of energy on plans for their salvation. Let us have women fit to be mothers; then we shall have noble men and women; by this means, and by no other, will humanity grow nobler. The dignity of womanhood has been in all ages misunderstood. While men have been lavish in the bestowal of praise, criticism and flattery, and have constantly exalted the function of motherhood, they have thereby done but little to make women better. The real mission of woman to-day is the education of her own sex, to fit them for motherhood. When a woman is fit to be a mother, she will know who is fit to be the father of her children; and it will not be the man of low tastes, of profligate life, of dishonest heart.

Marriage and motherhood have the most intimate relation, and yet what training is given a girl that is calculated to enlighten her as to her responsibilities? Our customs, thoughts, traditions are such that if she speak seriously of that phase of the question before marriage, she is ridiculed by her friends, and very good people think her immodest, perhaps indecent. Are there terms strong enough in which to characterize a state of common opinion that relegates to low impulses the creation of a life—the evolution of an immortal soul? Earnest men and women ask these questions again and again; and yet but little is done intelligently to advance more enlightened and sensible methods.

Whatever may be the real history of the origin of man, the real purpose in his creation, Nature and revelation alike point to the evolution of an increasingly higher type in which the spiritual dominates the lower nature. Enthusiastic reformers are fond of saying that this or that great question will be settled when women are allowed to vote. Doubtless all good measures will be promoted in time; but it will not be because women vote, but because educated women will address their thoughts to vital themes, and, having traced effects to causes, will seek practical means to eliminate sin and sorrow from the controlling place they now fill in our human economy.

When a higher type dominates custom, personal purity will be popular and will prevail, because the individual really wishes to be clean in body, heart and mind, lovely in his whole life. This

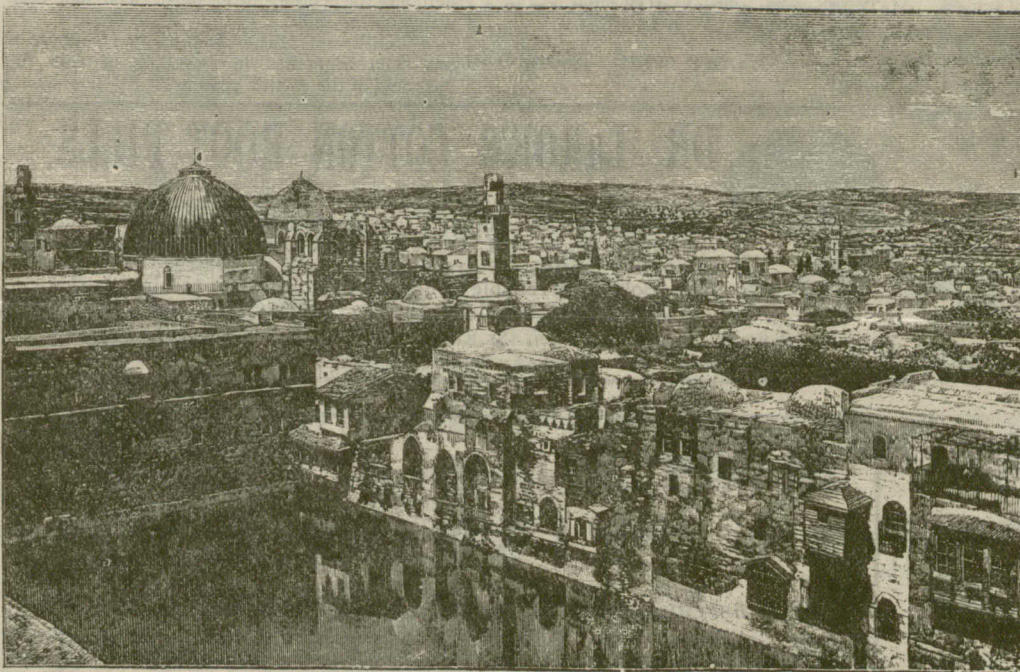
is not a Utopian picture. There are to-day thousands of pure-minded men and women; the question is only how their number shall be increased. A famous political economist laid down this rule for acquiring wealth: "Cut off your losses, and let your profits run." Now, is not that a rule for social as well as financial application? "Cut off" the production of the criminal and vicious and impure classes. How? By educating women so that they may be fit to become mothers. This education is not to be acquired in a day, but what do you think may be done in fifty years?

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Idle Thoughts of an Idle Woman.

CLUBS OUT OF SEASON.

How does the modern club affect the modern woman? A great deal I think depends upon the position of the institution. The further it is removed from the home circle the less dangerous and disturbing its influence. There is no doubt the tendency of clubs is away from the public and towards the private centres of large towns. No sensible woman I believe grudges mankind his privileges and pursuits. Clubs to read in, lounge in, play whist and billiards in, clubs to look out off, clubs to look into, clubs in season, but not clubs out of season. It is the prevailing custom of the present risen generation to spend a certain portion of their afternoon at the club. Men with no active pursuits rally at their clubs after office hours until dinner time. Their wives are not to be found in the afternoon, they have their social duties and pleasures, which take and keep them out-of-doors. The husband would come home to an empty house and a cheerless fireside, he wants his little recreation, and he gets it without any interference with his family life. But the club after dinner is the club out of season, the destroyer of the domestic circle. It is the uptown club that is accountable for so many family jars. Few men probably are disposed after a hard day's work to go off into town nightly for their amusement. But when the amusement is within a block or a square of them the temptation is dangled before their noses so to speak.



THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH.—FROM "JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY."

The rising generation will not make the same husbands as the risen one has made. Young men who get in the habit as bachelors of leaving their homes as soon as dinner is over, for the club, and remaining there until it closes, will not be able to lay aside this habit when the novelty of married life is worn off. Wives whose husbands leave them every evening, will resent this desertion and ask other men to fill the vacant chair. Indeed, I am firmly convinced that the future of many young couples will be wrecked by the unseasonable club. What is the antidote you will ask? Home education for young men. By this I do not mean that boys are to be tied to their mother's apron strings, but that they should, in large towns, be educated at the schools and colleges of those towns instead of being sent elsewhere. Boys, I have observed, who only spend their holidays at home, seek to amuse themselves morning, noon, and night; after dark they go either to their friends' houses or to the theatre, or some other place, and so they begin by never spending their evenings at home, unless they are studious and to some extent unnatural boys. Those, on the contrary, who live at home and get accustomed to spend their evenings preparing their lessons for the next day, grow up in a different atmosphere. They are obliged to stay in the house and do not consequently contract those wandering habits which eventually develop into a search for evening recreations.

CANADIAN WOMEN UP TO DATE.

It is pleasant to find that Canadian society compares favorably in point of culture with English society. The experience of many Englishmen I have met this winter is to the effect that Canadian women at any rate are well up on all the topics of the day. They are better informed as to the latest books, the latest plays, the latest articles, the latest idea, the latest London gossip or scandal as the case may be, than the majority of provincial English women at any rate. This is distinctly encouraging to the colonial mind. These progressive influences I conclude are attributable to the cosmopolitan society of large cities. The tendency of small towns is always local, flavored with that personal gossip about private matters, which is so narrowing to individual character. How thankful the

residents of cities should be for their wider horizon larger interests and greater advantages. English and American influences as represented by London and New York, make themselves distinctly felt in Canada; the increase of public libraries, the large circulation of English and American magazines and papers, together with the improved condition of those published in the cities of the Dominion, is accountable for this development. Every one now is conscious that not to be up to date, is distinctly to be behind the times. If the Toronto Public Library took just about twice as large a number of the best magazines as it does at present, there would be more improvement still; the same thing applies to libraries all over the continent. Magazines and papers are the great 19th century educators. They have become the medium through which all the questions of the day are ventilated and discussed. Stead's now well-known *Review of Reviews* was founded simply for the benefit of such as were unable to afford the more expensive periodicals and reviews. In it he condenses all the most important articles published during the month, in England, America and France, so that those who read may run. This idea I attempted and carried out on a limited scale five years ago for *The Week*, to which for over a year I contributed two condensed articles weekly; naturally I have been interested in seeing what I may claim as my own idea developed by so able a man as W. T. Stead. The *Review of Reviews* might be advertised as the busy woman's as well as "the busy man's review," for its principle is to condense for the benefit of those who have not time to devote to the perusal of long articles. It has been argued that its tendency is superficial, that its readers pose as having read what they have only skimmed. But the skimming is so good that it contains the cream of the matter, and any subject that specially interests can be studied by the purchase of the original article. Stead professes to cater for the magazines on the principle, that he brings them before the public and increases their sale by special notice. At first the *Review of Reviews* met with violent opposition in London, but it is now accepted as a most valuable addition to the monthly periodicals and has attained a phenomenal circulation all over the world.

THE WOMAN AND THE LAMP.

We all know about Alladin and his lamp, and the Genii and the Lamp, but of women and the lamp we know but little and we know that little not long but wrong. I speak feelingly, because I have a respect and dread of coal oil lamps in which I have been brought up. My fate has been either to reside with old-fashioned people who would not use gas, or to reside in new countries where only natural gas prevails. I have imbibed two primary principles with regard to lamps, one is that they are prone to explode unaccountably without due warning, and the other that they should never be blown out. Now science comes to my assistance and relief, and informs me that the lamp is a much maligned article. A well-known English professor gave a very interesting lecture in London at the beginning of April on "Domestic Lighting," a subject he has studied long and intimately, not only in the laboratory, but more practically in his own house. A portion of the lecture was devoted to the danger of coal oil or paraffin lamps, as they are called in England. These lamps, he said, were often said to burst or explode; but he had never known one to do so, or heard of an authentic case. He had endeavored, by every sort of maltreatment, to make them explode, and had never succeeded, he had even boiled one on a stove without any results. In points of fact they do not explode, and the belief that they do so is a superstition. Accidents constantly happen through them, but it is not their fault. A lamp is dropped or more commonly upset or knocked off the table on to the floor. The chimney is shattered and very likely the bowl of glass is broken. At any rate the lamp lies over on its side and the oil runs out while the wick still remains alight. The woman—it is nearly always a woman—shrieks, rushes out and summons the neighbors, and by the time she returns with assistance, the wick has set fire to something. But if she had picked up the lamp at first and blown it out, nothing would have happened. Had it been a candle she would have done so; but the superstition about the explosive properties of lamps makes everyone nervous, yet the spilt oil never ignites at once into a blaze, it is not inflammable enough. The professor illustrated his theory most satisfactorily by dropping a lighted lamp on to the wooden floor of the hall. It fell with a crash, the chimney flew to shivers, the oil poured out, the ladies shrieked. The lecturer calmly stepped down, picked it up and blew it out. "Well," he continued "that is what I should do, pick it up and blow it out." The alarm subsided. Even supposing something has caught fire, nothing is easier than to put it out with a rug or coat. The man of science also demonstrated this fact by making a large fire of tow—over which paraffin was poured out of a bottle—on the platform. It blazed fiercely several feet high and he put it out with his ulster. I have now to reconstruct my idea of lamps and advise everyone who has to use them to do the same, they are positively harmless unless trifled with. It reminds me of Mark Twain's theory of "dangerous beds" because more people died in their beds than in any other place.

SPRAGGE E. SPRAGGE

BRONSON—Did you see her jewels flash?

SONSON—You mean did I see her flash jewels.—*Judge*.