

RELIGION

soldiers of the Indian Army, as the Tirah Campaign, and Somaliland. In the present day an injunction at the time of their baptism by the British Government, which the solemnly promise. Lord Kitchener visited at Simla in 1903 that they number four thousand in the Burma Mills, and other detachments. There are more than two million Sikhs in India, and of them being in the Panjab, a million in the Sikh Native States, and a million in the Sikh Native States.

not prevented their nominal income 342,000 in twenty years. It is desirable to foster the loyalty of a race. There is documentary evidence that seditious attempts have been made by Hindus and others to tamper with the loyalty of the Sikh regiments, but they have failed.

A. Macauliffe in a recent work has recognized sources exhaustive of the Gurus and Bhagats, and interwoven their sacred hymns in suitable form. He has avoided repetitions, and has selected the best, and has translated them into English. "They have decided that there is no omission of anything necessary or moral, but that the whole of the Sikh sacred writings is here and that, if any Sikh shapes his conduct accordingly, he will be in no danger of secure absorption in the Creator or in the Creator's heaven." This is the reverse of Nirvan, or absorption in the Supreme Being, the object of attainment, but a paradise called Sach, or the bliss of the blessed. Mr. Macauliffe sums up some of the moral and precepts of the Sikh religion thus: "It is idolatry, hypocrisy, caste exclusiveness, concernment of widows, the immorality of women, the use of wine and opium, tobacco-smoking, infanticide, pilgrimages to the sacred rivers of the Hindus, and it inculcates loyalty for all favored received, philanthropy, impartiality, truth, honesty, and moral and domestic virtues known to the best citizens of any country." He reproduces, in thirty-three pages, an analysis of the Sikh religion recorded by Gur Das, who was a contemporary of the fourth, fifth and sixth Gurus (1574-1606) and two precepts only can be quoted: "The Supreme Being, the All-pervading, the divine Nanak's Guru." "The Supreme Being, the Perfect God, the Primal Being, the True Guru." "Take not arms thy Sovereign." "From a temporal ritual point of view woman is half body and assisteth to salvation."

Adi Granth Sahib, in its complete contains the hymns of six of the first Gurus, with additions, such as a couplet in panegyrics of bards who attend the Gurus or admired their characters, and of mediaeval Indian saints: They are not arranged in the Granth according to their authors, but according to the nature of the Rag, or musical measure to which they were composed. The compositions of each Guru are distinguished by initials. Guru Gobind Singh's Granth, after his death, contains a large number of his hymns on a number of subjects. Mr. Macauliffe has translated from difficult dialects with enormous labor his work will be highly appreciated by students of Indian theology and history, most valuable to the officials connected with the Sikhs in military or civil life, and is hoped, help to produce sympathy between the Sikhs and the English.

MOVEMENTS OF MUSICIANS
Gadski begins immediately a tour of six weeks covering a month's solid bookings for her operatic season at the Metropolitan House, for which she is this season engaged for twenty weeks. In addition to her recitals, as usual, in New York during the season.

zizi Scheff's popularity in Toronto was emphatically demonstrated recently when she sang before a large and fashionable audience including many persons prominent in the city and official life. Frequent applause greeted the star and her company in "The Donna."

zizi Scheff is starting on one of the longest which has ever been arranged for her. She will travel in a special train of cars from Toronto to the most southerly of the United States, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, a distance of more than 6,000 miles.

SOLID ALCOHOL
Pembroke is an ideal country for rough shooting, and it is wonderful how many cartridges you may get through in a day when wandering among the glens, bright even in January with golden gorse blooms and russet, red-brown fern, and wooded lower down where the stream whispers amongst the alders and rose-tipped branches of the dogwood. After a wet and stormy night three of us left a beautiful old Welsh mansion not far from the Clydau River, well sheltered by beech woods, where we used to take toll of the wood-pigeons on windy evenings as they came in to roost. We had waited for the rain to stop, so it was nearly noon when we reached a

rough sedge pasture, with a tiny brook at the bottom overgrown with willows and dogwood. With a shrill cry a snipe rose, and fell beyond the brook to a second barrel, and was safely retrieved. One or two snipe rose wild, disturbed by the Sealpham terrier and the four spaniels, which, together with a stately retriever, formed the pack. Soon we came to a glen, densely wooded at the bottom with alder and willow, with red-leaved brambles and coarse grass for undergrowth, whilst here and there a great beech or oak towered above all. Great moss-covered rocks peeped out here and there, and on the hillsides above they lay scattered everywhere amongst the bracken. "Cock back!" came now from the lungs of the stalwart keeper, and, dashing through the trees, the beautiful birds sped away, only to fall a victim to our host's unerring 20-bore. Soon several more woodcock rose, but always managed to get away in the thick cover be-

fore anyone could get a shot. Presently the covert became thinner, and consequently shooting easier, and a cock pheasant which tried to break back was neatly stopped. Several woodcock were added to the bag in quick succession, and another missed before we reached the end of the beat. A second beat along the rocky hillside above yielded one woodcock which gave an easy shot as he flew from some thick bracken a few yards ahead of the line, and by lunch-time we had got five woodcock besides the snipe, some cock pheasants, and a few rabbits. Heavy rain then put an end to the shooting for the rest of the day.

On another occasion my host and I went out alone and made a delightful mixed bag. Near the home farm lies a marsh beloved of snipe, through which a tiny stream trickles, fed by a spring in the moor above. It was to a small pond at the top of the marsh, and fringed with rushes, that we first bent our steps, for duck had been reported there by a groom, who never failed to notice anything likely to help us in the way of sport. As we ploughed our way quietly through the marsh—careful to keep a big Welsh bank between us and the pond. On arriving at the bank we peered cautiously over, and three ducks rose with much fluster and quacking, and sailed hastily away quite out of range of me, but my companion, who was away to my right, cleverly knocked over the drake at over fifty yards range. Whilst the retriever was picking it up he put up an old cock pheasant from the rushes, which quickly followed the fate of the drake, and fell close to a small and very marshy alder wood, carpeted with great tussocks, and a favorite resort of woodcock. The snipe were not at home that day, so the only noteworthy event was that in getting over a

bank a bramble—tough and aggressive, as all Welsh brambles are—caught my foot and soured me in a marshy pool. We next made for a favorite bog not far away, where we shot a few snipe and missed more, for they were wild that day. My companion had now to leave me, and, of course, his dog went with him, and as I left the moor alone a snipe rose behind me almost in the farmyard of a little white homestead, but with a quick turn and lucky shot he fell to a charge of No. 8. As I tramped down a lane between great banks—that reminded me of the Limerick country, except that there were no ditches—with small farmhouses here and there, I peered over into a newly ploughed field where I had stalked a flock of green plover with much success a few days before, but they had gone farther afield. The next moor yielded another snipe, though I ought to have killed several and put up others which rose out of range. As I left the moor a covey of partridges rose with a whirr and disappeared towards the Clydau Valley. Passing down a wooded glen towards the river some pigeons got up out of shot—as they generally do. As I thought of the Welsh hero, Owen Glyndwr, and of how often he had crossed and recrossed that river in his country's service, a rabbit broke in on my meditations by dashing from the bracken to his hole halfway down the glen, which he reached in safety.

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A CURIOUS FISH
The sea is always mysterious, always giving up strange things for the eyes of men; some are very beautiful, some hideously repulsive and still others that look like nothing we are familiar with; indeed these last are more like the dreams of the artists who draw pictures of what is supposed to be on Mars or Saturn. To this last class belongs the strange wolf-fish that is occasionally caught on Puget Sound. Sometimes the deep water trawler who fishes in a hundred fathoms of water for cod and snapper hauls up one of these eel-like sea wolves and has a good big fight before the catch is killed and hauled aboard, and if he should by any mishap get a finger in the creature's mouth you may be sure he will lose that finger like a flash, for the wolf-fish has teeth as long and sharp as an affigator and his jaws are a powerful crushing machine. In the back of his mouth he has a beautiful set of extra molars that work like a quartz mill, for he feeds on shell fish, which he crushes to a pulp, shells and all, before swallowing. They are wicked looking creatures, repulsive in brown, mottled, leather skin and probably live only in the deep waters, for they are only caught occasionally and then always by some deep water trawler who fishes for rock cod and like fish.

These fish find their way into the fish markets occasionally, where they are exhibited on the counters as a curio along with the many-armed devil fish the mowrags and the strange, plant-like forms that come up entangled in the meshes of the nets. It's all in the day's work with the fisherman, and he has ceased to wonder at anything the sea may give him, but to us who have ashore these forms are as the unknown things of another world.—Outdoor Life.

HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

IN THE COILS OF A CONSTRICTOR.

"Do constrictors bite?"
The traveler, just back from a two years' trip through the wilderness of the Amazon Valley laid down his cigar and looked irritated at my question. When the smoke from his black cigar had resumed its orderly puffs, however, I ventured upon those big fellows. How long do they ever grow? I have read that it's all the way from twelve to twenty-five feet.

"To begin with, you must remember that if a boa could not change his length, he could not be a constrictor, for the ability to do so enables him to crush his prey." The largest one that I saw measured had been captured and brought into Para by some Indians. Asleep on the floor, it measured sixteen and a half feet, and looked about the size of a five-inch stove-pipe. I have no doubt it could extend its length, or contract it, anywhere between the figures you mentioned. Before a constrictor can coil about its prey, it must obtain an anchorage, and its slender, sharp teeth, curved slightly backwards, are used for that purpose, and that only.

"Dangerous? Yes, just as a bull is dangerous."

"The anaconda? It is a distinct species, even larger than the boa; a specimen in the British Museum measures twenty-nine feet in length, and much larger specimens have been killed. The naturalist Bates believes they attain at least forty feet. Though they spend part of the time on land, their home is in the tepid waters of the rivers and lagoons, where they may sometimes be seen thrashing the water, either at play, or in pursuit of a victim."

"The boa constrictor lies in wait where wild creatures come to drink; but the natives will see one as quickly as you or I would see a bull in a pasture. Only one instance of a loss of a human life by one of these creatures came under my personal observations; indeed, I did not even hear of any others, save in vague rumors."

"The victim in this instance was a young Irish sailor, Jimmy O'Dowd, who had deserted his ship at Para, and worked his way up river to the plantation I was visiting. Here he worked in the cane fields for his board, until attacked with chills and fever. He had partially recovered, but at that time was not able to work in the hot sun of the open fields."

"One day he went fishing in the mill pond. A road ran along the side upon which the house stood, and he had gone to the other, which was heavily wooded to the very bank. In order to reach that side, one must either cross by boat, or walk a long way around the pond's end. Jimmy took the boat, and had tied it up in plain sight of the house, and sat down near it to fish."

"I was reading on the piazza, and two of the ladies of the household were there with me, doing some fancy work. All the men were busy in the fields or the mill."

"The first intimation we had that there was trouble were terrified yells of 'Help! Help!' from across the pond. Instinctively we looked to where O'Dowd had been sitting near the boat. He was now standing, his left arm stretched upward, and waving wildly, as he continued to shout. Something that moved seemed to pinion his right arm, which was held to his side. A moment later, he fell, and his cries ceased."

"I had no idea what the trouble was, until the men who had been at work in the mill rushed out, shouting 'Cobra Assou!' (Cobra Assou! (great snake) and started out to the rescue, most of them going round the end of the pond, while three plunged into the water to swim across. These, however, got entangled in the sunken tree-tops, and were the last to reach the victim, who was dead before help arrived."

"I waited until I had seen one of the men despatch the monster, by severing the head, whose jaws still kept their hold on the shoulder where the creature had first fastened to his victim; then I called to one of the men to come and take me over in the boat."

"When the creature was dead it at once relaxed so that its victim could easily be drawn from the encircling coils. I will not describe the boy's appearance, I wish I could forget it. With the exception of the head, I doubt if there was a bone remaining unbroken, and no one part of the body was larger in diameter than another. O'Dowd had been a short man, but this thing would have measured fully six feet in length."

"I have read that the constrictor kills its victim by covering its mouth and nose with its coils, so suffocating them. In this case the face was not covered at any time, but the terrible compression must have forced the breath from his lungs, and prevented their being refilled; perhaps as speedy and merciful a way as death could come."—Dewey Austin Cobb, in Outdoor Life.

COCK AND SNIPES IN SOUTH WALES

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WHAT ARE ANGELS?

He had been to Sunday school, and wanted his mother to tell him about angels—what were they?

"An angel, my dear, is a little girl with wings that flies away up in the skies."

"Yes, ma, but I heard pa tell the governess the other day that she was an angel. Will she fly?"

"Indeed she will, my dear! She will fly away just as soon as she gets her trunk packed."

Science From an Easy Chair

It is, of course, only in accordance with what one would expect that these pictures are of very varying degrees of artistic merit. But some (a considerable number) are quite remarkable for their true artistic quality. In this respect they differ from the rock paintings of modern savage races—the Bushmen of South Africa, the Australians, and the Californian Indians—with which, however, it is instructive to compare them. They agree in their essential artistic character with the carving and engraving of animals on bone and ivory so abundantly produced by the Reindeer men. It is also the fact that these Franco-Spanish wall-paintings were executed at different periods in the Reindeer epoch. Some are more primitive than others; some are very badly preserved, mere scratched outlines with all the paint washed away by the moisture of ages; but others are bright and sharp in their coloring to a degree which is surprising when their age and long exposure are considered. The French prehistorians, MM. Cartailac and the Abbe Breuil, have produced a sumptuous volume, containing an account, with large colored plates, of the best preserved of the Altamira paintings—a copy of which I owe to the kindness of H.R.H. the Prince of Monaco, who has ordered the publication of the work at his own charges. It is not surprising that the country folk who, in some of the Spanish localities, have known the existence of these paintings from time immemorial, should regard them as the work of the ancient Moors, all ancient work in Spain being popularly attributed to the Moors, as a sort of starting-point in history. It is, however, very remarkable that little damage appears to have been done by the population to the paintings, even when they exist in shallow caves or on overhanging rocks. No doubt, weathering, and the oozing of moisture, and the flaking caused by it, has destroyed most of the Pleistocene paintings which once existed, and it is an ascertained fact that some—for instance, those of Altamira—are breaking to pieces, owing to the opening up and frequentation of the caverns.

It has been remarked that, although these paintings belong to what is called the "reindeer epoch," yet in the Cave of Altamira there are no representations of reindeer, but chiefly of bison and the wild boar. It is also remarkable that in the case of the painted rock-shelters of Calapata (Lower Aragon) and of Cogul (near Larida, in Catalonia), no reindeer are represented; but on the former there are very admirable drawings of the red deer, and on the latter silhouettes of the bull, of the red deer and the ibex. In fact, no representations of reindeer have been observed on cave-walls or rock-shelters south of the Pyrenees. It is possible that this may be due to the date of the Spanish paintings being a good deal later than that of those French cave-paintings, which show reindeer, mammoth and rhinoceros. And we have to bear in mind that in the North of Africa (Oran) engraved drawings on exposed rocks are known, which are for good reasons attributed to the Neolithic period; that is to say, much later than the Reindeer epoch of the Palaeolithic period.

In any case we have to remember that there are two very different and possible explanations of the presence or absence either of certain animals' bones or of representations of certain animals in one "decorated" cave and not in another. The one explanation is that animals have succeeded one another in time in Western Europe—changing as the climatic conditions have changed—and that when in two cave-decorations or cave-deposits compared the animals are different the cause may be that the one deposit or cave-decoration is much more recent than the other. The other explanation is that (as we well know) at one and the same moment very different animals occupy tracts of land which are only a hundred miles or so apart, but differ in climate and general conditions. At this moment there are wild bears and also wolves in France, but none in England; the elk occurs in Sweden and Russia, but not in the West of Europe; the porcupine in Italy and in Spain, but not in France. As late as the historic period the African elephant flourished on the African shore of the Mediterranean, but not in Spain; now it is not found north of the Sahara at all. So we have

On this side of the Pyrenees the reindeer men have left some wall-pictures, but the best preserved and most numerous of those of the cave of Altamira, near Santandria. These comprise some partially preserved representations in yellow, red, white and black of the great bison, the wild boar, the horse, and other animals. A group representing some twenty-five or more animals (each about one-third the size of nature), irregularly arranged, exists on a part of the roof, and others are found in other parts of the cabin. Among these are numerous drawings of human beings in masks, representing animals heads—probably indicating the "dressing-up" in animal masks of priests or medicine-men in the way which we know today is the custom among many savage tribes. Twenty-seven of these "decorated" caverns are now known—eleven in Spain, one in Italy, and fifteen in South and Central France—and others are continually being discovered. The most careful and critical examination by scientific men leaves no doubt as to the vast antiquity of these paintings, and as to their dating from such a time as when the animals painted (including in some cases, mammoth and rhinoceros, as well as bison reindeer, wild bear, ibex, red deer, bear and felines) were existing in the locality. The covering up of some of the drawings (which are partly engraved and partly painted) by earthy deposits and by encrustations of lime, and the presence in the cave deposits of the worked flints and bones characteristic of the reindeer men, leaves no doubt that these pictures are of that immense antiquity which we express by the words "Quaternary period," "Upper Pleistocene" or "Reindeer epoch."

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