

treatment. We are not considering here a platform for organic unity, but fundamentals for the children.

"We would need a new qualification in candidates for teachers." Most heartily I say yea. Our present system grinds out patterns, but fails in cultivating men. There is in mind at this moment a school whose chief has high certificates so far as examinations go; whose general deportment is negatively correct, but whose whole bearing is small, mean, without the shadow of moral strength. In that same school is another teacher whose conscientious work and moral earnestness makes the class diligent, respectful, true; legal qualifications of the lowest. The one religiously or pettifoggingly ecclesiastical, the other free, genial, true. Which is the true educator? And this is no solitary case. The old dominies were severe, but they had character, yea, religion, and the candidate who cannot illustrate Christian ethics has no more right to be seated in the schoolmaster's chair, though all the certificates possible were in his hands, than a poor provincial who stumbles over the "haitches and the hees," and fails to count beyond a hundred.

JOHN BURTON.

### A Nos Freres.

The world is full of souls with passion fraught;  
Rare souls who feel the ecstasy and thrill  
Of noble efforts that, by strength of will,  
Would break their bonds and find what others sought.  
Mysterious as the seer's impenetrable thought,  
Are these, the dream-filled ones who, hoping still,  
Live on and nurse their rapture-lulling thoughts until  
Death seals their lids and they become as naught.

Oh, brothers, we can love thee! we can share  
The crust of Pity and become your friends!  
Though sundered be our ways, the journeying ends  
In realms of mutual bliss beyond compare.  
Dream, hope and labour till each task be done,  
Then fall asleep and find thy victory won.

P. F. D. DUNN.

### Letter from Paris.

ONE religion the French are ever faithful to—the cult of the dead. All-Saints' day was duly observed by decorating graves and visiting the resting places of those not dead, but gone before. The weather, on the whole, kept up well; it was mild though foggy and gloomy. The twenty-six intra and extra muros cemeteries were visited by nearly a total of half a million people. All bring some memento to deposit on a grave of a relative or as a tribute of admiration to genius or virtue. These pilgrimages are models of respectable gatherings; their members are clad in mourning costumes; if not owned by the wearer they are borrowed, or collectively hired for the day. The trade in flowers—chrysanthemums, violets, roses and immortelles—must have been enormous. For a relative or friend a bouquet is expected; for a celebrity a small bunch of violets suffice. The number on a tomb is a fair test of popular esteem. The Russians, who are ever church-going, had a memorial service for the late Czar.

At Père La Chaise every tomb had a fresh forget-me-not. The mausoleum of Thiers had more than ordinary; Challemet-Lecours' newly made grave was covered with wreaths. That of Madame Alboni was also well strewn with souvenirs, partially so the tomb of the poet Alfred de Musset, whose memory has been these days exhumed by the nasty love letters of George Sand of 62 years ago. How dismal are such ashes of the heart made by lapse of time.

The Montmartre cemetery received over 25,000 persons; the tomb most visited was that of Marie Duplessis, more world-wide known as "The Lady of the Camelias." Close by was the sepulchre of Dumas Fils, who made her a celebrity, not thickly flowered. But Dumas was never popular, and his desiring to be dressed in a workman's garb for grave clothes alienated many of his friends. The grave of Jules Simon was not forgotten, nor were those of Berlioz and Leo Delibes. Renan's sepulchre displayed no marks of floral sympathy to attract attention. In the Montparnasse cemetery the most popular grave is that of the good and chari-

table Madame Boucicault, the founder of the great *Bon Marché* store—a poor country laundry maid, who rose to fortune by hard work and business talents, or genius, and left all her millions to assuage several phases of human misery. The tomb—query cenotaph?—of George Sand was avoided; this is a censure of her memory, due to her treatment of the poet de Musset. In the suburban graveyards the visitors also were numerous. That at Pantin displayed the vast popular pity for Madame Hayem and her seven children. This was an American lady who, having exhausted all means to exist, suffocated herself and children to escape misery. The curious, of course, did not fail to visit the "Turnip Field" at Ivry where all the guillotined are interred. The great necropolitan holiday passed off well, and citizens felt happy after their pious visitings.

The anarchists have just shown that their party is not dead, nor their doctrines exploded. A young man, aged eighteen, a scullery servant, and from the country, lost his employment, and, unable to find work, was reduced to black misery. He wandered about the streets foodless—a privation he need not have undergone; he offered his top-coat to an old clo' dealer, who refused to buy it, concluding the garment to be stolen. He was armed with a loaded six chamber revolver; close to the Bank of France a young policeman was directing a poor old beggarman the way to a night refuge. The scullery man-maid, who was behind the policeman, placed the revolver at the latter's ear; the victim spun round like a top and fell an inert mass; another policeman ran forward, but before the fiend could be disarmed he lodged a ball in his shoulder. Arrested, the assassin expressed his delight at having avenged himself on society—an act he had long contemplated executing. At his garret home a large collection of anarchic journals and pamphlets was seized—his daily literature, and whose stereotyped text and stimulant is death to the "Haves" for causing the misery of the "Have Nots." The first policeman is not expected to recover; the Prefect de Police visited him in the hospital and pinned on his shirt bosom, by this time his shroud, the decoration of the Legion of Honour, while he presented the good conduct gold medal to the other policeman. If France ever gets into a tight place with a foreign foe, her greatest danger will be at home—the enemy she leaves behind her. Perhaps Germany has to count with a like anxiety, though more disciplined.

Prince Bismarck's revelations and his justification of them place the Kaiser and his Government deeper and deeper in a fix. Germany founded the triple alliance ostensibly to protect herself against Russia, and then sold his partners by negotiating a secret treaty with the late Czar to help him against Germany's partners. In that diplomatic hedging there was no room for morality to come in. Governments will henceforth be "canny" ere they make treaties with Germany. Bismarck is concluded to have two objects in view in thus stabbing his country: to be revenged on the Kaiser who cashiered him, and next to sow distrust in France and England in their relations with Russia. Bismarck committed all sorts of treaty bigamies. It was in 1890 that the secret treaty between Russia and Germany expired; the Czar having found out Bismarck's duplicity would have nothing more to do with him, but at once set his affections on France. The Prince asserts that Russia desired the renewal of the treaty. It is now for the Russian Government to explain. All this is an odd way for maintaining the peace of Europe. Perhaps matters would be more comforting if all the Powers tried "splendid isolation."

The silly season is apparently yet in full bloom. Imagine leading British papers obtaining interviews with prominent Frenchmen to ascertain their views about the English scuttling out of Egypt to make room for the French. Not only would every Gaul plump for her evacuating the Nile Valley, but India, South Africa and Britain itself into the bargain. All that kind of proceeding only convinces the French that by keeping up the cry against England, she will withdraw—the very last thing she will do. Why not examine the beam in the Frenchman's own eye? Ask him why he breaks faith by not quitting Tunisia; why he fortifies Bizerta and grabs Madagascar, Tonkin, etc., but objects to England looking after herself? Why not interview Russians as to when they will quit Kars and Batoum? John Bull should organize his