

now been obtained, and though there can be no doubt of the value of some of the tables made up by the observers, yet so far as predicting the coming weather their success has not been very striking. The old couplet has it

"Larger boats may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore."

In weather prognostications, however, the larger boats, even with all their means and appliances extending over half a continent or more, seem not to venture beyond twenty-four hours of foresight. And it must be admitted that the language of the prophets has somewhat resembled that of the oracles of old,—it might be read in more ways than one by those who are anxious to believe in its correctness.

Meteorology is not as yet among the exact sciences. The astronomer demonstrates to the most uninitiated the truth of his predictions by the nicety with which he foretells the coming eclipse, so that at the very second every one can verify the matter for himself. But as yet the words of the highest authority stand true: "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but thou canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth." And it must be within the observation of all who have noted the weather of the past winter, that whenever there was any striking peculiarity, any sudden and unlooked-for change, any heavy snow-storm, any remarkable falling of the thermometer, the prophets of the Meteorological Bureau knew at least no more than, if even as much as, an intelligent observer given to note the signs of one day or evening with the view of guessing the possibilities of the next. To go no further back than the 11th and 12th April, when in Montreal we had really a most remarkable snow-storm and the thermometer falling within a few degrees of zero, what did the Bureau say of it? Certainly nothing to give us the slightest idea of what did actually greet the eyes and feelings of our citizens as they looked out and walked out on that Sunday morning. And so it may be said of a great part of the winter weather. Then there have been within a few weeks past cyclones and tornadoes in the more central parts of the continent working a fearful destruction of life and property, and during the past and present week in our own Dominion. Within hundreds of miles of the locality of these storms there is no doubt that

"That nicht a bairn might understand
Some one had business on his hand."

We hope these meteorological gentlemen knew there was something in the wind even though they might not know what. The Bureau must certainly wake up. Its tables, as issued by the Department of Marine and Fisheries, manifestly involve, whether very usefully or not, a frightful amount of work in the way of figures, but until it can demonstrate the weather of the future a little better than it has done hitherto, we cannot avoid thinking of the words of Falstaff or one of his friends: "That is a mighty deal of sack to a hap'oth of bread."

The possibilities of meteorology are very great. Its field, our atmosphere, is larger than the earth and broader than the sea. Within that field there are manifestly mighty powers, and it may be that considering what it is that gives motion to the many viewless winds it may discern the law which, equal to the law of gravitation and along with it guides our planet and all the others in their course through the heavens. It would not be a little matter for Canada were that discovery made by the observers in our Dominion.

Caleb Read.

TRUE WOMEN.

Lord Byron has put the following touching lines upon the lips of one of his mos: unhappy heroines:—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence. Man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel and the mart,
Sword, gown, gain glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition to fill up the heart,
And few there are whom these cannot estrange:
Men have all these resources—we but one,
To love again and be undone."

We find Sir Richard Steele, in the *Tatler*, saying: "A man that is treacherously dealt with in love may have recourse to many consolations. He may gracefully break through all opposition with his love or explain with his rival, to urge his own constancy or aggravate the fault by which it is repaid. But a woman that is ill-treated has no refuge in her griefs but in silence and secrecy. The world is so unjust that a female heart which has been once touched is thought for ever blemished. The very grief in this case is looked upon as a reproach and a complaint, almost a breach of chastity. For these reasons we see falsehood and treachery are become, as it were, male vices, and are seldom found, never acknowledged, in the other sex. This may serve to introduce Statira's letter, which, without any turn of art, has something so pathological and moving in it that I verily believe it to be true and therefore heartily pity the injured creature that writ it." We find Donne saying, in two odious lines:

"The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man."

Dr. Johnson wrote: "He will forget it first, for he has many things he must think of, while she has many things she may think of." The Latin writer

Ovid, in his *Remedia Amoris*, states that the occupations of men are their protection against love-melancholy. I am sure we would also find the same sentiment in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*; so I am warranted in stating that a man will forget a love-disappointment much sooner than a woman, and I think Byron in the above-quoted lines has more truthfully and gracefully given the reason therefor, when he says that love is "a woman's whole existence." A woman will sacrifice everything, even herself, for the one whom she loves; whereas man in his sacrifices is, with few exceptions, unwilling that these sacrifices should be made, as Artemus Ward says, by any except his wife's relations—he will sacrifice all these without flinching.

Many and heroic are the examples of maternal love—it is unnecessary to dilate upon them. I wish to speak of those women who form the real force in the world, and who are yet but little before the world. In attempting to fix some permanent elements in female human nature, apart from love, one is obliged to admit that all scientific calculations or deductions fail, as these are oftentimes upset by a change in the fashions or in Mrs. Grundy's code. There is one certain class which every intelligent person has doubtless observed, even in what is called "good society"; this is composed of women who have taken care of their own children, are fond of their husband's society, can stay with him and be happy. They manage to have their household arrangements in as perfect and unimpeachable order for the family circle as for invited guests—they are frankly hospitable, cheering every one with a genial smile, and do not "go in" for æsthetic "posturings of Ariadne," or "Whistlerian symphonies," or "pictures of Nausicaä," intended to represent beauty and showing only nudeness. These absurdities they abhor, and in true and kind simplicity render their houses more charming by their happy welcomes and pleasantly sincere smiles. They take a real pride in their children and believe that, by giving them plenty of fresh air and exercise, the "poetry of motion" is not interfered with, nor that they are rendered less able to perform Beethoven's sonatas. Their sons are taught to believe that it is just as necessary to develop brain-muscle as biceps, and that wearing an eye-glass, and lisping in one's speech, and saying gloss for glass do not necessarily evidence astonishing genius—or that if they do, genius is not a desirable quality.

In the homes of these true women, one does not hear idle gossip; society scandals do not form the chief topic of conversation; "Ouida's" novels are not considered the only books from which a "flow of language" can be obtained; on the contrary, one soon knows that sentiments of honesty, true affections, modesty and knowledge are sought after and obtained in channels totally different from fashionable novels or leading "religious dailies." The daughters are, when they reach marriageable years, aided in their love-matches by the mother's good counsel, and perhaps, sometimes a few elementary forms of "feminine duplicity" are brought into play—but never are these arts resorted to, except as a proper and befitting aid to the daughter. And why not? When some estimable but modest man is "hanging fire," why should he not be made to "pop"? The sons' interests are advanced by all obtainable influence—used unsparingly. The facts of this life are accepted, and true women, without hypocrisy or unfairness, take the world as they find it, and reason that "the greatest good to the greatest number," like charity, begins at home. These are the true women, and there may be no heroism in them, but there is true love—"tis their whole existence." Their love is all for their husband and children—not a sickly, sentimental school-girl romance, but an active, working and beneficial love, the lasting effects of which but few can follow. Longfellow has said:

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto man is woman—
Though she bends him she obeys him,
Though she draws him yet she follows—
Useless each without the other."

If these lines are true, how much depends upon man, and how sacred unto him ought to be a woman's love. By the truth and holiness of love we may live and enjoy—not merely exist, but live; and then may be realized by all the happy life. To the true woman I may apply the following lines:

"Oh God! if souls unsoiled as these
Need daily mercy from Thy throne—
If she upon her bended knees,
Our loveliest and our purest one,
* * * * *
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
What far, far deeper need have we?
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven."

Geo. Rothwell.

SELF-HELP.

There is no truth more worthy of being continually presented to the young and established in their hearts than that the very best kind of help is self-help. We are all inclined to exaggerate the importance of the help to be obtained