

friends." We have had, not long since, an instance in which an able man of science, who had written for years in support of agnostics, changed his views completely towards the close of his life. According to the principle implied in "Their Mistake," he should have kept his change of views to himself, and not have disappointed, as he doubtless did, his agnostic public! But it is scarcely necessary to do more than call attention to what is self-evident. Even a utilitarian prophet has said that it is the duty of each man to speak out what he believes to be truth. If others hear him, well—if not, well also, though not so well. And a greater writer has said in words familiar to us all.

"To thine own self be true.
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

They who so believe and so act, though they may miss a facile popularity and forfeit the praise of a certain class of admirers, will keep what is better, the approval of their own consciences, and shall in no wise lose the inevitable reward of honesty and sincerity of purpose.

Envoy.

FOR AN IMPOSSIBLE BOOK.

Tho' none regard these shadows of bright things
I saw at sunrise, these imaginings
Of one dear woman's fairness, but the few
Whose hearts have taught them how their dreams come true,
And She who gave me more than gems of price,
Herself, and sweet thoughts of Her,—'twill suffice.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Parisian Affairs.

AN EPIDEMIC OF SUICIDES RAGING IN FRANCE—AN INCREASE OF OVER 400 PER CENT. IN 60 YEARS—NO MORE STICKING OF PINS IN JOHN BULL SINCE SALISBURY'S RETURN TO OFFICE—HIS ACTION IN CHINA CLOSELY WATCHED—DEPUTY DELONCLE UNABLE TO FORCE THE ENGLISH OUT OF EGYPT TURNS HIS ATTENTION AGAIN TO THE MOON—HIS BIG TELESCOPE FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1900—THE STATE OF FRENCH TRADE AND COMMERCE—THE PARISIANS OBJECT TO WOMEN ON BICYCLES—INHARMONIOUS AND UNLOVELY—THE "DUALIST" GARMENT OR PANTALOONS ATTRACT ATTENTION—ADOPTED BY OTHER THAN CYCLISTS IN CONSEQUENCE.

A VERITABLE epidemic of suicides rages at present in France. The journals have now their daily column about the madness, which beyond doubt is imitative and, in that sense, contagious. Summer is popularly concluded to be more favourable to suicide than winter; this is not quite accurate, as the present wet summer has not been remarkably warm, and yet suicides have never been more frequent. The mean number of cases of self-destruction, in all France, during June, July, and August, oscillates between 800 and 1,000, while for the months of November, December, and January, the total ranges from 450 to 600. The peculiarity about the out-break of suicides at present is, that they are due to what the French call *passionnel* motives—young people crossed in love who, for a passing grief or from a simple vexation, throw away their life. This is the case where the doctors and chemists of Berne appeal to the press, not to publish accounts of lovers' suicides as the recital acts like infection. Perhaps it would be better to suggest to the journals not to surround the crime with a luxury of details, and that affect weak minds. There is no poetry in suicides. Note how suicides have augmented in France. Between 1827 and 1830 the total of suicides for all France was but 5 per 10,000 inhabitants; in 1890 the number exceeded 22—an increase of more than 400 per cent. in 60 years. Placing lovers aside, no general cause can alone explain the march of self-destruction more strongly than alcohol—and all medical authorities, especially alienists, attribute the spread of insanity to drink. The lunatic does not only kill himself but transmits the drink craze and its consequences to his offspring. We can only count the suicide drinkists by their corpses, but how many are intellectually destroyed—coöperative suicides—by years of drinking, and the poisons in the intoxicating beverages? Noah was the first drunkard.

It is next to a phenomenon the calm that reigns in the attitude of the Boulevard statesmen, and the anglophobic press, since Lord Salisbury has arrived in office, with his

formidable majority in the Commons, and a veritable galaxy of able men in his Cabinet. No more sticking of pins in John Bull, no more pulling at the lion's tail. Even in Egypt such little games are viewed as very dangerous. There is another salutary change to register; the anglophobic selections from a certain section of the Russian press cease to be telegraphed as copy for reproduction here. The French, who thoroughly understand number one, and the side of the bread on which is the butter, have recognized the imprudence of those tactics. Better late than never. Lord Salisbury is recognized as a power on the continent, a man with a will, and of fearless resolution, who discounts diplomatic shiftings and shilly-shallying, and presents the naked result to an adversary to decide. But a decision must be taken. England's move to avenge the massacre of her citizens in China is narrowly watched to estimate if the old Roman hand of the Premier has lost its cunning. So far, Lord Salisbury does well to first exact the heads of the Mandarins, the offending instigators of the massacres; then the Imperial apologies, and next, the immediate payment of an indemnity. Russia can lend the money, perhaps, if not, "she knows a friend who may." The great point is for England to occupy a few strategic positions, with Italy and Germany doing the same as surety for the good behaviour of the Mandarins, and to be ready against the burst up of the Empire. The central authority has no influence, and what is the same, can exercise none. The local authorities are the central power, and local rebellions their means of action. Energetic and immediate reprisals, if protests be unheeded, are what Lord Salisbury must adopt; patrol the treaty ports and open rivers by gunboats, display the "Jack" to punish as well as to protect; in a word, bring home to the Celestials that the "foreign devils" mean to protect themselves and to hang Mandarins from yard arms when necessary.

Deputy Deloncle is the "Boss" of the French-in-a-hurry party, that want the English to evacuate the Nile, so as to allow his countrymen to replace them. He is the man "of" the moon for the 1900 exhibition, that of allowing spectators to view the reflection of our Satellite at an optical distance of 40 inches, or one metre. Owing to the changes effected and to be effected by England and her allies and the new British cabinet, M. Deloncle views the game to be up, of giving the English marching orders, so he returns to his lunar telescope—his first love—another form of lunacy, since the astronomers and physicists ridicule the idea. But M. Deloncle states that the glass for his 66 feet telescope tube has been ordered; will be 55 inches in diameter, and that machinery can be devised by which a crank will work the tube as if it were but a straw. There will be no peeping through the tube; the latter will catch the living manners of the moon as they rise, and imprison them upon a solid glass table, from which they will be again reflected on a screen, like a magic lantern slide; the screen will be in a theatre accommodating 600 spectators, who can thus view the "phases" of the moon every second.

Since British astronomers discovered the value of photographing the moon, a map of the moon is not difficult to make. Laplace held, that the moon was but a morsel, chipped, or melted off, our planet when in its fluid stage; the summits of the mountains of the moon are all round; they are veritable tun-dishes; through the mountains, straight as a bee line, and parallel, are rectilinear valleys, at the time called "Panama Canals"; there are huge banks of scoræ or slag also, that indicate the moon has been a little worn out—perhaps the ashes of the old moons. At present our best glimpses of the moon are to be had during the cold, clear nights of winter, because the atmosphere, when heated, produces vibrations or tremblings of light. The astronomer Peters, an American, was found some years ago, frozen to death, near the peep hole of his telescope—another martyr to science. Some days ago a priest celebrated mass near the summit of Mont Blanc; the altar was composed of blocks of ice. This was to celebrate the inauguration of the Mont Blanc Observatory, erected under the superintendence of Professor Jansen, of the French Academy of Science, with funds presented by a French banker. But Mr. Jansen, like others, suffered so much from mountain sickness that the moment when he arrives at the summit he cannot stand, but falls flat, face-wards on the ground.

The naval demonstrations of Spain, Germany, Italy, and England, will compel the Sultan of Morocco to concede no diplomatic privilege to France—they demand recognition