

question what will become of wood-engraving. It can hardly elevate itself to an original art, like etching. Its complete disappearance, like line-engraving, will seem lamentable, after its triumph in the last generation.

MY FIRST BOOK, BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

"It is, perhaps, not often that a map figures so largely in a tale as in *Treasure Island*, yet it is always important. The author must know his countryside, whether real or imaginary, like his hand; the distances, the points of the compass, the place of the sun's rising, the behaviour of the moon, should all be beyond cavil. And how troublesome the moon is! I have come to grief over the moon in *Prince Otto*, and so soon as that was pointed out to me, adopted a precaution which I recommend to other men—I never write now without an almanac. With an almanac, and the map of the country, and the plan of every house, either actually plotted on paper or already and immediately apprehended in the mind, a man may hope to avoid some of the grossest possible blunders. With the map before him, he will scarce allow the sun to set in the east, as it does in *The Antiquary*. With the almanac at hand, he will scarce allow two horsemen, journeying on the most urgent affair, to employ six days, from three of the Monday morning till late in the Saturday night, upon a journey of, say, ninety or a hundred miles, and before the week is out, and still on the same nags, to cover fifty in one day, as may be read at length in the inimitable novel of *Rob Roy*. And it is certainly well, though far from necessary, to avoid such 'croppers.' But it is my contention—my superstition, if you like—that who is faithful to his map, and consults it, and draws from it his inspiration, daily and hourly, gains positive support, and not mere negative immunity from accident. The tale has a root there; it grows in that soil; it has a spine of its own behind the words. Better if the country be real, and he has walked every foot of it and knows every milestone. But even with imaginary places, he will do well in the beginning to provide a map; as he studies it, relations will appear that he had not thought upon; he will discover obvious, though unsuspected, shortcuts and footprints for his messengers; and even when a map is not all the plot, as it was in *Treasure Island*, it will be found to be a mine of suggestion."—From *The Idler for August*.

TENNYSON, THE POET OF SCIENCE.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music, as before,
But vaster."

There is the very index to Tennyson's intellectual position. And a very casual reading of his collected works will suffice to show how large an expression many of our scientific conceptions find in his utterances. The underlying principle of all our modern thought—the doctrine of the universality of law, and of that orderly progression or development within the domain and under the influence of law which we call evolution—these principles constitute the firm foundation of the entire fabric of his philosophy of life; they characterize his attitude toward the external world; they mold all his social and ethical teaching; out of them grows his faith in the destiny of the race, his hope for the untried future. For him, man is, as yet, "being made"; the "brute inheritance" clings about him; but, because so much has already been accomplished, much more will be accomplished by and by.

"This fine old earth of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs. There is a hand that guides."

Above all things, it seems to me significant that, with all the reaction against the cry of progress that undoubtedly marks some of his later poems, the evolutionary note comes out with ever-increasing strength to the very end. It should not be forgotten that such poems as *The Dawn*, *The*

Dreamer, and *The Making of Man* all belong to his last published volume.—From *Poetry and Science*, by Prof. W. H. Hudson, in *The Popular Science Monthly for October*.

THE CENTRAL FIGURES IN THE ORIENTAL WAR.

The central figures in the war are, of course, H. E. Li Hung Chang and Count Hirobumi Ito—Primo Ministers of their respective countries, and men, I do not hesitate to say, well matched in cleverness, versatility, and shrewdness, though the former is by nature and experience a thorough commander, while Count Ito is purely the veteran politician and diplomatist without military record. The two noblemen are personal friends, and H. E. Li was probably influenced in his tardy war action by a hope of maintaining peace through diplomatic and personal efforts with Count Ito. They have both run serious risks owing to their suspected leaning to foreigners, and in the case of H. E. of China narrowly escaped the fate of a mighty Chinese mandarin many years ago, who was degraded to the ranks for his "knowledge of and sympathy with Barbarians," as we are contemptuously called. Yet the highest honors of these two men are in great part due to the results of their unfaltering faith in the value of foreign policy, of foreign principles of progress, and of foreign arms.—*North American Review*.

LORD DUFFERIN AND DISRAELI.

Two excellent stories of Disraeli told by Lord Dufferin are not to be found in the copious preface to Lady Dufferin's poems. "One of my earliest encounters with Mr. Disraeli," writes his Lordship, "was in Brook street, the afternoon of the day he had won his Buckinghamshire election. I stopped to congratulate him on his successful campaign, when he said to me, 'Yes, I said rather a good thing on the hustings yesterday. There was a fellow in the crowd who kept calling me a man of straw, without any stake in the country, and asking what I stood upon, so I said, 'Well, it is true I do not possess the broad acres of Lord So-and-So or the vast acres of the Duke of A—, but if the gentleman wants to know upon what I stand I will tell him—I stand on my head.' Many years after I passed him again as he was strolling up hatless from the House of Commons to speak to some colleague in the House of Lords. Happening to enquire whether he had read a certain novel, he said, 'Oh, I have no time for novel reading now. Moreover, when I want to read a novel I write it.'"—*London Public Opinion*.

STAMP COLLECTING.

It is remarkable how the stamp collecting craze is spreading. Mr. W. Roberts considers the subject in the last number of the *Fortnightly* and gives some astounding figures. He says that the "trade" in London is represented by nearly a dozen journals and its literature could only be indicated by a portly volume of biography. £15,000 to £20,000 worth of stamps were sold under the hammer in London last year by three or four auctioneers alone. One dealer accumulated a fortune of £50,000. Some private collections are of enormous value, that of Herr Philip von Ferrary of Paris, being "certainly not worth less than £100,000!" But by the side of this collection every other falls into insignificance. The second in importance is the Topling collection now in the British Museum, valued at £60,000. The Czar's collection is estimated to be worth about £30,000 and he takes a very special interest in those of Asiatic issue. The Prince of Wales, the Dukes of York and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha have also extensive collections. The mania, if such it can be called, originated in Belgium. Canadians will be interested in knowing that the 12d. black issue of 1852 is worth \$250.—*The Province*.

Stern duties need not speak sternly. He who stood firm before the thunder worshipped "the still, small voice."—*Sydney Dobell*.

Our Young Folks.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

My dog and I are faithful friends;
We read and play together;
We tramp across the hills and fields,
When it is pleasant weather.

And when from school with eager haste
I come along the street,
He hurries on with bounding step,
My glad return to greet.

Then how he frisks along the road,
And jumps up in my face!
And if I let him steal a kiss
I'm sure it's no disgrace.

Oh, had he but the gift of speech
But for a single day,
How dearly should I love to hear
The funny things he'd say!

Yet, though he cannot say a word
As human beings can,
He knows and thinks as much as I,
Or any other man.

And what he knows and thinks and feels
Is written in his eye;
My faithful dog can not deceive,
And never told a lie.

Come here, good fellow, while I read
What other dogs can do;
And if I live when you have gone,
I'll write your history, too.

—Susan Jewett.

TEST OF CHARACTER.

The principal of a school in which boys were prepared for college one day received a message from a lawyer living in the same town, requesting him to call at his office, as he wished to have a talk with him.

Arriving at the office, the lawyer stated that he had in his gift a scholarship entitling a boy to a four years' course in a certain college, and that he wished to bestow it where it would be best used.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have concluded to let you decide which boy of your school most deserves it."

"That is a hard question to decide," replied the teacher thoughtfully. "Two of my pupils—Charles Hart and Henry Strong—will complete the course of study in my school this year. Both desire a collegiate education, and neither is able to obtain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the better scholar.

"How is it as to deportment?" asked the lawyer.

"One boy does not more scrupulously observe all the rules of the school than the other," was the answer.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if, at the end of the year, one boy has not gone ahead of the other, send them to me and I will decide between them."

As before, at the closing examinations, the boys stood equal in attainments. They were directed to call at the lawyer's office, no information being given as to the object of the visit.

Two intelligent, well-bred boys they seemed, and the lawyer was beginning to wonder greatly how he should make a decision between them. Just then the door opened, and an elderly lady of peculiar appearance entered. She was well known as being of unsettled mind and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune which was justly hers. As a consequence she was in the habit of visiting lawyers' offices, carrying in her hands a package of papers which she wished examined. She was a familiar visitor to this office, where she was always received with respect, and dismissed with kindly premises of help.

This morning, seeing that the lawyer was already occupied with others, she seated herself to await his leisure. Unfortunately, the chair she selected was broken, and had been set aside as useless.

The result was that she fell in a rather awkward manner, scattering her papers about the floor. The lawyer looked with a quick eye at the boys, before moving himself, to see what they would do.

Charles Hart, after an amused survey of the fall, turned aside to hide the laugh he could not control.

Henry Strong sprang to the woman's side and lifted her to her feet. Then, carefully

gathering up her papers, he politely handed them to her. Her profuse and rambling thanks served only to increase Charles's amusement.

After the lady had told her customary story, to which the lawyer listened with every appearance of attention, he escorted her to the door and she departed.

Then he returned to the boys, and after expressing pleasure at having formed their acquaintance, he dismissed them. The next day the teacher was informed of the occurrence, and told that the scholarship would be given to Henry Strong, with the remark: "No one so well deserves to be fitted for a position of honor and influence as he who feels it his duty to help the humblest and the lowliest."—*Christian Union*.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

We heard a story the other day that made our eyes moisten. We have determined to tell it, just as we heard it, to our little ones:

A company of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time of starting of the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast off garment. The superintendent stepped up to him, and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched linings. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new, one had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost.

"Come, John, come," said the superintendent, "what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir," said John, "I am cutting it to take with me. My dead mother put the lining in this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I have to remember her by."

And as the poor boy thought of that dead mother's love, and the sad death-scene in the garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed as if his heart would break. But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom to remember his mother by, hurried into the car, and was soon far away from the place where he had known so much sorrow. We know many an eye will moisten as the story is told and retold throughout the country, and many a prayer will go up to God for the fatherless and motherless in all the great cities and in all places. Little readers, are are your mothers still spared to you? Will you not show your love by obedience? That little boy who loved so well, we are sure, obeyed. Bear this in mind, that if you should one day have to look upon the face of a dead mother, no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your wilfulness or disobedience.—*Old School Presbyterian*.

FOR TIRED LITTLE FOLKS.

'Auntie, please tell me something nice to do. I'm tired of Sunday. It's too late to go out, and it's too early for the lamp, and the wrong time for everything.'

'Well, let me see,' said Auntie. 'Can you tell me of any one in the Bible whose name begins with A?'

'Yes; Adam.'

'I'll tell you a B,' said Auntie. 'Benjamin. Now a C.'

'Cain.'

'Right,' said Aunt Sarah.

'Let me tell a D,' said Joe, hearing our talk: 'Daniel.'

And so we went on through all the letters of the alphabet, and before we thought of it we were called for supper, the house was lighted, and we had a fine time. Try it.—*Mayflower*.

Dr. Dongan Clark, Professor in the Theological School of the Friends' College at Earlham, Ind., who, with ten other advanced Quakers, was baptized last summer, has been suspended.

Pride went out on horseback and came home afoot.