

tivated fields which sloped down to the road were absolutely without a barricade. Whether persons and cattle in this part of the country are more courteous and non-transgressing than in other places, I am unable to say, but certainly no fences—save divisionary—are erected and we looked in vain for any traces of devastation.

But ten miles' drive, even among sunny fields and gently sloping hills, is apt to become irksome. The day was waxing older and warmer, but the Elim we had set out to find was nowhere visible. The disaffected persons aforementioned began to grumble. Surely Panama was a creation of the Projector's brain. A myth, an "airy nothing," a "baseless fabric," and so on, *ad infinitum*.

"Hurry up with your Isthmus, ye feminine de Lesseps!" cried one of the doubters. "Don't be impatient," replied another, "we have a continent to cross yet."

But as we slowly reached the summit of a green little hill the much-beset Projector rose impressively in the carriage, and with the out-stretched hand and solemn air of an old-time Sybil, said "There!" And there to be sure, right beneath us, lay the prettiest, most romantic village imaginable. There were really but two streets worthy of the name, but these were wide, grassy, and lined on either side with houses of a dazzling whiteness, the shutters, trees, and lawns vying with each other in vivid green.

"I wonder what they burn," remarked a young man from Pennsylvania, *sotto voce*, "not coal I am sure, or the houses could never be so white."

White! they were even immaculate, without a single departure from the rule! But such a sleepy old-world village! It might have been the Sleepy Hollow of the Catskills for all the life we could at first discern. But stay—on what seemed to be the business block of the place—three or four men were engaged in playing the exciting game of "mummely-peg," on the wooden sidewalk before the largest store, while an old man and a boy looked on from the window!

Another store window attracted us from the beauty of the plants displayed therein; nothing doubting it was a florist's we paused to admire, when lo! from between the blaze of foliage and flower, we could dimly descry the outline of half a dozen bonnets and hats. Fancy going into such a sweet-smelling wilderness for a spring bonnet! It was difficult indeed, to restrain the ladies of the party from patronizing such a unique millinery store there and then. But this old-fashioned sweetness was entirely in keeping with the whole character of the place. Driving through this quiet abode of about five hundred people, where the starry St. John's wort pushes up its yellow blossoms through the chinks of the sparing sidewalk, and Black-eyed Susans nod audaciously from the edges of dried-up gutters, it is a very easy matter to suppose that somehow we have got shifted back a century or two, and are living in the dim recesses of the past, when the tumultuous race of modern life was as unknown as the telegraph or electric light. Nothing in Panama indicates the modern or the progressive, save, perhaps, the striking cleanliness. All the houses are built after a similar fashion, long and low, with odd little gabled roofs, small windows, and wide piazzas supported by heavy Corinthian pillars of white painted wood. On one of these picturesque piazzas we discovered a flower-faced girl, sweet as ever was Puritan Priscilla, and we would fain have lingered to pursue our questioning of this wild rose, but for the lowering looks of a black-browed man seated beside her defiling the sweet flower-scented air with whiffs from a short clay pipe.

It was a place to live and dream in that summer day. But alas, a closer acquaintance might show it to be much the same as villages of less beauty and more modern aspect. No doubt there are maudlin speeches made in that quiet village inn at 'lection times. No doubt the rustic dames and damsels find much to grumble and complain over in the millinery from that enchanting floral arbour. And inside the walls of these gleaming cottages, the ghastly, grisly Death, whom we all abhor to look upon, plants his hideous foot as familiarly as in the city home.

A long dusty path between "meadows trim with daisies pied, shallow brooks,"—but not "rivers wide," led us to the "Rocks Hotel" where we left our horses. From this point there was nothing particular to be seen, save a winding roadway toward what appeared to be a grove of elms, maples, oaks and beech trees, with their various tints of living green, but a sign, bearing the legend "This Way to the Rocks. Admission 10 cents," satisfied us that we were proceeding in the right direction. A few steps, and oh—the beauty of it! The sceptical young ladies of five minutes before fell to praising, like merry Celia, "Oh! wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful; and after that out of all whooping!"

We saw five acres of land covered with masses of rock, loosed and broken into all sorts of fantastic shapes, but stopping so suddenly that the outlying fields were fenced in immediately off the grey giants, without so much as the tiniest boulder to disturb the cultivated smoothness. Trees grow all among the rocks, their bare, strong roots showing far down the sides of many a yawning chasm. Indeed the fissures were so deep and so frequent that it behooved the tourist to look to his steps.

Before exploring our party grouped around a monstrous flat rock, under a clump of scarlet berried mountain ash. Here we discussed the contents of Jane's baskets, eked out with huckle and black berries from a neighbouring patch, where the scarlet berries of the *trillium* peeped through its three glossy leaves, and the dark blue bean-shaped berry of the *clintoma multijlora* abode. Through the leafy surroundings of our halting-place we could catch a glimpse of yellow grain, of farm-houses, of purling streams, of maple groves, of clumps of feathery sumach all ablaze with a crimson bloom, or great bunches of yellow tansy and pearly yarrow, and over all the blue sky, and through all the song of birds. If we had gone no farther we should have been well repaid for our day's jaunt, but the inner man (and woman) refreshed, we went down, down, through narrow crevasses that

made us bend as we walked, and sometimes necessitated crawling on all fours. Exhausting work, truly, but the specimens we picked up on the way, the cool dark caves, and the glimpses of last winter's snow as it lay deep down in these tremendous fissures, in marvellous contrast to the glowing August nature above, were abundant reward.

Some places were, of course, more famous than others. One large rectangular cave bore the inviting title of "Devil's bedroom," though why, I failed to discover. I tested its temperature, however, and should imagine it somewhat cool for a gentleman of so warm a nature, and the more spacious cave known as his parlour, was equally unpleasant. The "wishing chair" was a low, shelving, damp and most uncomfortable seat. Nevertheless we all sat in it and wished. No doubt, were there any magic in this rocky seat such as is ascribed to it, ministers would be kept busy for the next year or so, and honeymoons would be more frequent than picnic parties and expeditions.

Five acres of rocks to clamber over, under, around and through, takes up considerable time, but—tell it not in Gath—Panama Rocks is a charming place for flirtations. There are so many odd nooks and turns, crannies and caves, so many smooth moss-grown boulders and fallen trees which afford tempting seats, so many botanical and geological specimens to linger, admire and talk over, and birds, flowers, and unstratified rocks are the safest secret-keepers after all.

But slender ribbons of red and yellow were glittering in the west, then long bars of gold were brought up and laid across the hill-tops. It was time to go home, and our day at Panama was a thing of the past.

"He is well paid that is well satisfied." EVA H. BRODLIGNE.

EDUCATION AND GOOD MANNERS.

A KEEN observer of our young men cannot but be struck with a tendency on the part of a great many of them, at least, to disregard the small courtesies of life—the intangible yet very perceptible little things that make the man a gentleman. In the old world a man who has gone through a university course, though he may not leave a senior wrangler or a prizeman, as a rule carries away with him in his manners some mark of his university training which stamps the man; but such cannot be said of our colleges and universities.

Many persons contend that outward manner is a very secondary consideration if the head is well stocked with knowledge, and that if a young man has the facility to get on in the world it is a matter of very little importance if his manners do not model themselves after a Chesterfield. That this idea is prevalent is proved by the great number of well educated men—men of ability and power—who, however, one would never accuse of being gentlemen—who, clever and with no lack of brains, are painfully deficient in good breeding. With no intentional lapses, they are awkward, bumptious, presuming, even vulgar.

An observant Englishman, in referring to the students and youths seeking a higher education in Canada, said: "Can you explain how it is that your young men have such a desperate fear of becoming gentlemen?" Canadians will probably be surprised to hear that there is such a fear among our young men; but mark how youths—often the most promising ones—look with contempt on those among them that might, using an old term, be called men of manners. They snub unmercifully any signs of ultra politeness in the freshman, regard his courtesies as effeminate, and see in his civilities and himself only the embryo "dude," who must be instantly crushed out of existence. To be a half-bred gentleman, or a fine gentleman, is certainly no advantage to any man; but to be a thorough gentleman is worth striving for. To the cleverest man it is an advantage, to the stupidest a saving clause. In a business point of view, even, it pays. A thorough gentleman claims respect from the hottest democrat. In most countries an educated man and a gentleman are almost synonymous terms. On this side of the Atlantic they by no means always belong to the same man. Educational advantages are within the reach of all classes of people—people who have the benefit of no home training for their manners, or any cultivated persons among their acquaintances. One fact is true all the world over, that where, by some freak of nature, a man shows himself superior to his own class in intelligence and talents, he is never content to remain on the lower stave of the ladder. While in the old world an inborn reverence for his superiors makes him try and improve himself up to their standard, in this new world the young man in a similar position, with the idea that every one is as good as his neighbour, generally makes up his mind that he is as good as his neighbour.

Many persons assert that the self-made man is always the best. In point of ability he proves without doubt that he has that within him which has determined his fitness for the place he has earned for himself. But because a man by his brains, energy and pluck, carves out his own fortune, putting himself in a prominent position, is it not very desirable that he should also cultivate the courtesies of life, so that his talents be not hidden by roughness and an uncultured bearing? Because a man is a successful lawyer, it does not justify him to say that he can be his own tailor, or that illfitting clothes, if belonging to him and of his own make, are as suitable as those of a good cut. So it is with the intellectual giant who takes no heed to his manners. He may learn much from less talented people who are nevertheless his superiors in many things. Desirable as it may be for young men to shun the extravagance of the aesthete, and to despise the shams of society, they cannot afford to neglect the courtesies of life; and they do well who, while devoting their energies to mathematics and the classics, pay a little attention to the cultivation of manners. It is while young that manners are made; the most strenuous efforts will not remedy or eradicate in after life the *gaucheries* formed in youth.

J. M. LOES.