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view Lord Salisbury or Mr. Gladstone on some great question of political policy. Why not? It is not difficult to ask questions and remember answers, but it takes genius to discover the name of the occupant of the third floor back, when the occupant and the third floor are burning briskly in the cellar.

Speaking to the Occident of the Orient, from a Christian standpoint, he says some very striking things. For instance, he believes that it would be well for the missionaries to teach the East the morals, the ethics of Christianity, but they should let metaphysics and philosophy alone. "When the missionaries begin to preach their weak, insignificant Young-Men's-Christian-Association philosophy to the Hindoos it is without effect," says Sir Edwin. "Sending such missionaries to convert the Hindoos is like pouring a drop of rose water into the Atlantic ocean to make it smell sweet. What they should do is to teach the people to read and write in English and to point out to them the benefits of Western modern civilization. But when they present only a scheme of salvation they tell something for which the Oriental has no necessity. All religions are sisters. Yet passing away above and beyond the moderns in philosophy and metaphysics, the religion of Prince Siddhartha did not have the quality of glorious unselfishness that Jesus taught. One verse of the sermon on the mount is worth all the Eastern classics. 'I give a new commandment that ye love one another.' That is new to the Buddhists. 'Love thy neighbor as thyself' is, or should be, the basis of Christian ethics. 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you' is a motive for conduct not taught by Siddhartha. That is what the missionaries may teach the philosophers of the East who," Sir Edwin says, "wrapped in their own destiny only, give no thought to their neighbor. But they should nor try to drive dogma and doctrine butt-end down the throats of these people."

My remarks last week on the subject of what constituted a Christian, have been rather severely commented upon in certain quarters. In fact some have gone so far as to call me a "very wicked man, indeed." I do not

wish to be misunderstood on this great question of Christianity. There is positively nothing more beautiful and glorious nor more worthy of emulation than the life of a true Christian; but I maintain that on the other hand there is nothing more contemptible or demoralizing than the every-day life of a hypocrite. Everything good and bad is counterfeited by a certain class of men, and the atheist or blasphemous critic that would attack the teachings of our Divine Master simply because he discovered a counterfeit Christian could with as little common sense also declare that there is nothing genuine or real. I would ask my critics, who are not at all particular about the language they use when speaking of me, where in Holy Writ do they find a precedent for the right of self-professing Christians to disguise themselves in order to invade the haunts of the feminine habitues of a variety theatre with impunity. The stealthy, serpentine movement into Eden affords as nearly as I can recollect the closest parallel to these modern masqueraders. I am free to confess that my blood ran cold when I learned for the first time that it was not at all incompatible with the life of a Christian to essay the role of "Old Sleuth." I leave to those who fail to see the inconsistency to derive from their opinion all the gratification that it is calculated to afford. The subject is not one which I can discuss with pleasure.

The variety theatre matter appears to be as far away from settlement as ever. Good people hold up their hands in holy horror because John Grant exercised his prerogative in the direction of permitting the variety people to keep open, and other people who are not so good, uphold the mayor in his action. For my part, I have not a word to say one way or the other. But there is one thing I do wish to say, and, mark ye, I make the charge openly and above board, that it is the exclusiveness of the very people who want to close up the variety theatre that makes it possible for such places to exist. Young men and men of uncertain age patronize the variety theatre and like resorts, because they have no place else to go. The good people say that young men who would go to the variety theatre are not fit to be entertained at

private houses, but would these young men ever have entered places of this kind had they been invited to the house of a friend? I have in mind at the present moment two young men of excellent habits, who have resided in this city for nearly two years, and during that time have never been invited out to spend an evening. What is the result? Weary from the lack of interest manifested in them, they have become regular attendants of the variety theatre. It may be urged that my young friends have depraved tastes. Not so. I have never yet heard either of them use an expression, and I have been in their company a great deal, that would bring a blush to the face of the most virtuous woman. One of them particularly is a man of great intelligence and unusually brilliant as a conversationalist, and the other, I believe, possesses a mind capable of a high order of development. No doubt others could tell of friends who, from coldness, on the part of people who are in a position to entertain, are thrown upon their own resources to keep up interest, and eventually pull up in the variety theatre. Those who are anxious to see resorts of this kind wiped out of existence should go about it in the right way.

"For the first time in twenty-two years I have gone a whole day without a drink," said a middle-aged man to another on the corner of Government and Yates Streets last Sunday night.



"FOR THE FIRST TIME IN TWENTY-TWO YEARS."

The words struck me with peculiar force, and perhaps it was idle curiosity