

BEYOND JORDAN.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

And they came to him, mothers of Judah,
Dark-eyed and in splendour of hair,
Bearing down over shoulders of beauty,
And bosoms half hidden, half bare;

And they gave him their babes and besought him
Half kneeling, with suppliant air,
To bless the brown cherubs they brought him,
With holy hands laid in their hair.

Then reaching his hands he said, lowly,
"Of such is My Kingdom:" and then
Took the brown little babes in the holy
White hands of the Saviour of men;

Held them close to his heart and caressed them
Put his face down to theirs in prayer,
Put his hands to his neck, and so blessed them,
With baby hands hid in his hair.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

RANDOM SKETCHES ON THE ROAD

BY A CANADIAN COMMERCIAL.

A TRIP TO FRENCH RIVER.

Being in Owen Sound this summer, half on pleasure, half on business bent, but not very anxious about the latter, I took advantage of the opportunity offered by an excursion to visit French River, a locality I had often heard of, but the existence of which I could speak of with no more authority from personal experience than I could of the existence of an open sea at the North Pole. Hearing it referred to as the North Shore terminus of the projected Canada Pacific Road, and being told also, that the Upper Lake steamboats called there, I formed a shadowy notion of what it was like in my own mind, which notion turned out to be as mythical as such self-formed notions usually are. I did not expect to find an embryo city, although some idiotic enthusiast had told me, with many emphatic expletives and much amplitude of gesture: "it is destined to be the Canadian Chicago." Yes, sir, the Liverpool—the Liverpool, sir, of our Northern waters." Now, being pretty well accustomed to coming into contact with gentlemen of inflated ideas, I was willing to allow a wide and generous margin for exaggeration. Still, this talk continually dinned into one's ears, will have its effect in stamping an image on the mind, and I considered my expectation modest when I saw in my mental eye a new and bustling village, very mushroom-like in appearance, and with a smell of pine-boards and fresh paint permeating it throughout. I was confident of finding an army of gambling land speculators, a vast array of engineers, and a multitude of new-fledged surveyors, dressed in blue serge pea-jackets and airing a vast amount of asserting strut and self-importance. In the foreground of this mental picture I saw an immense barn-like frame hotel, over the bar of which I expected to find a row of thirsty mortals drinking whiskey and water, water and whiskey, or whiskey without water. Alas! for my dream—reality dispelled it. But I anticipate.

We were a jovial party, just enough in numbers to make the trip sociable, and not too many for comfort—not such a number as to create any unreasonable jangling about staterooms (as the sequel will show.) Our ark of safety was the side-wheel steamer "Silver Spray," a very comfortable, snug little boat, pleasant enough to sail on when the wind and waves are light and propitious, but—ahem! rather skittish when they are otherwise.

Leaving the Coulson House at 4 o'clock, on a Friday afternoon, in one of those lumbering abominations that have come down as an heirloom from the Mediaeval Ages and yeelped a "Buss," I was driven to the wharf where the boat lay, puffing and whistling, as if impatient to be off. After a few minutes' delay, the lines are cast off, the steam-whistle gives a succession of ear-splitting shrieks—a waving of small and feminine handkerchiefs, and the vessel glides slowly away from her moorings. The speed increases, (it generally does), and as we stream up the long reach of water that penetrates far into the land from the great reservoir of the Georgian Bay, we salute in turn the "Cumberland" and the "Francis Smith," or the "Francis Smith" and the "Cumberland," for really I forget the order in which we passed them. It is a lowering, threatening evening promising ill for the sport to-morrow. We pass from daylight to dusk, from dusk to darkness, a pitchy darkness unrelieved by either moon or stars, and we feel it quite a cheerful break in the gloomy monotony of the night on the waters when Meaford is reached about 9 p. m. At this place, some thirty miles distant from Owen Sound by water, we receive a welcome addition to our party. There is quite a stir on the wharf, a bustling little throng of intending excursionists, leave-takers and the usual leaven of curiosity seekers come down to "see the boat come in." Several of us Owen Sounders, your correspondent among the number, strolled up the wharf, and having reached its end attempted to grope our way up town, an attempt that signally failed, for, as usual in such cases, we took the wrong way, stumbling over saw-logs and splashing into waylaying puddles of dirty water, till our exploration became a veritable Pilgrim's Progress. What trouble we might have got into, whether our earthly careers would have been brought to an abrupt termination by being precipitated unexpectedly into the Lake, is something we never knew. We were in a perfect maze of perplexities, half-resolved to turn back, when the warning whistle of the boat confirmed this resolution, and we partly felt, partly picked our way back again. Arrived at the port, we received a well-deserved rating from the Captain for keeping him waiting, a rebuke to which we

paid as little attention as he intended us to, for what were we but an excursion?

Meaford left behind, time began to hang heavy on the hands of many of the passengers, and as the consequence, the never-failing resource of a game of euchre was accepted by those whose years and wives at home disinclined them to try to entertain the feminine portion of the company. And now "the dog" began to be in request. "The dog"—what's that? I hear some one exclaim. Well, I don't suppose the institution of the dog is peculiar to Canada alone; the term, on this occasion, was merely a recognition of the universal liking for stimulants which seems (totalism to the contrary) to be an essential element in man's nature, and the accident of an excursion, or anything that takes him away from the restraint of home and business helps to furnish an excuse for the indulgence of the particular failing. But why moralise? I expect it has already been guessed that the living principle of "the dog" was alcohol, and that this somewhat enigmatical term was resorted to as a blind to those who were not favorable to his presence on board. But "the dog" certainly was abroad that night and rampant too, as those who retired early to their staterooms discovered to their sorrow. We unfortunately had with us a brass band, but the "duly qualified" performers went to their bunks shortly after leaving Meaford, having succumbed through lack of breath—they said—but I suspect their disappearance was chiefly owing to a too great solicitude concerning the welfare of the before-mentioned "dog," a solicitude which developed itself in a continual and thirsty desire to visit its kennel. On leaving us, they did not even have the precaution to take their instruments with them, an omission which was taken advantage of by a select party of performers, who constituted themselves into an improvised brass band, and treated—save the mark—the sleepers in the berths to a brazen and hideous serenade. It was natural to suppose that these Bedlamites would be composed of the younger, and consequently wilder members of the party, but picture my astonishment on cautiously opening the doors of my state-room to discover that the performers were almost exclusively staid, sober, married men, some of them the commercial magnates and civic potentates of Owen Sound. I must say I chuckled audibly at the refreshing spectacle, for I thought how deceiving are all appearances, and how much of hope there is yet for us, young fellows, to reform our evil courses, when men, some of whom whose lives are in the "sere and yellow leaf," can yet revert to them?

Nor did they tire readily. The performers on the mouth instruments seemed to be possessed of an inexhaustible supply of wind, while the lusty blows on the big drum were dealt by an arm that gave no sign of wearying. For hours the infernal din, to which Pandemonium were comparative quiet, was kept up. It ceased irregularly. I could note the absence of, first, one instrument, then another, then one that had been keeping up an incessant and ear-splitting blare would become intermittent, then drop from a high and shrieking treble to a weak pipe. But the drum—the drum—the dreadful drum. It seemed to overcome the very throbbing of the engine, and survived to the last, and longer, for the inexorable arm that wielded the drum stick beat a drum solo long after the others had ceased. The arm is mightier than the lungs—I thought, at least, under such circumstances.

At last it beats a long morning reveille, and as I glance out of my window, I discover that the dawn is breaking, and the drummer has, I suspect unintentionally, heralded its advent.

Finding, after a trial, that sleep although wooed, may be no longer won, I dress myself and step out on deck, there to find the apparently innocent and serenely unconscious creators of last night disturbance standing about in quiet groups, but their eyes having that peculiar hazy appearance that so surely betrays the up-all-night man. The morning breaks gray, cold and misty; the sun, obscured by morning vapours, can scarcely be distinguished, as it slowly rises over the distant edge of the horizon. A heavy fog rests on the water and yields reluctantly to its enemy, the breaking day, like the drowsy opening eyelids of a sleepy, sluggish man. As it lifts, we descry close at hand a long line of rugged, rock-bound coast, covered with close, but stunted verdure. The water is as calm, placid and clear as the surface of a mirror, and its whole surface is dotted with miniature islands, as rocky and unpromising in their appearance as the coast they guard. Rocks, rocks, rocks everywhere. And now the beds begin to give up their sleepers, who emerge drowsily and discontentedly, some expressing a faint wish to discover the authors of last night's sleep-banishing noises. But as the full light of day expands on the wild beauty of the scenery, all past trivial annoyances are forgotten in an expressed or silent admiration of our surroundings.

Fish leap and gambol in the water, ahead of the vessel, causing amateur Isaac Waltons to long for the coming sport. We, at length, enter French River, a magnificent stream, still deep and swift-gliding, hemmed in by unyielding walls of rock that drop plumb to the bed of the river without a bank or shoal to mar the depth of the current. As we steam upwards we notice numerous painted poles planted at intervals on the shore above us, looking as if a colony of insane barbers had been transported here and their shaving instincts had up-reared the emblems of their trade. These, we are informed, are to stake out the intended route of that Utopian scheme, the Canada Pacific Railway. But still no village of French River.

(To be continued in our next.)

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

BY A. B. C. D. E.

"Boys are miniature men." Of course the way to discipline them is to emulate the way in which it is best secured among men—that is, in the Army and Navy.

Obedience in battle which makes men march to death, for a "cause," which they understand little, and care for less,—obedience in great things is secured by the *Habit* of obedience in small things; I mean, in daily drill.

Thus, orderly ways of behaving in class produce perhaps the habit of obedience. The habit of obeying such orders as "Class sit!" "Class rise!" "Seats!" "Boys leave the room" &c., insensibly produce discipline. But an unpractised teacher must feel his way in such things and introduce such things by degrees.

How else may we emulate Military Discipline? First let us note that as jokes are unknown to the parade ground and quarter deck, so we should never

JOKE IN SCHOOL.

Shorten the hours of work to five at least, but let work be work and never joke in school. A joke relieves the dominie-killing tedium of school. A joke often explains a thing as nothing else can. A joke is a lubricator whereby facts glide into the memory. But jokes are death to discipline.

The master cracks a good joke. How can he punish some witting pupil for essaying a bad one in repartee, which the class is sure to appreciate much better.

"Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee.
"At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

Full often the class laughs at some pointlessly whispered gibe about the master, under cover of laughing at the excellent jest by which he fondly hoped to gain admiration and good will. The two very best disciplinarians we have ever known in Canada, never joked in school. In school they never unbent. Out of school familiar and pleasant enough, for its very rareness their kindly word was amusingly over-appreciated.

Similarly all undignified expressions and the calling boys by their nick-names or even Christian names, may be eschewed by the Teacher, just as they are unknown to the Officer.

Again we may infer that those who would govern should be men of very few words. Even the hen that sits silent on an addled egg has a reputation for wisdom.

Speak low. To speak low to boys and then to take one of them (to scold or punish many together has little effect or none) severely to task, for not obeying at once, works like magic.

TENNYSON'S PRETTY LINE

"Her low firm voice and gentle government" should give Dominie the hint required. "Like master, like man." A loud voice in the master insensibly makes every voice and noise in the school louder. If the master speaks low the whispers of a pupil may be detected. It gives him a reserve of power, for when he does speak loud it startles and overawes from mere novelty.

Dress well and get the scholars to dress neatly. I know of two masters, whose power of discipline was a "minus quantity," who kept order for some time owing to the imposing faultlessness of their dress. A college gown is not without influence. Teachers should, more than other professional men, "starve the belly to feed the back."

A great aid to discipline is to induce the Trustees to get the room put into excellent order and seeing that the boys keep it so. The out-buildings should be made of unplanned lumber so as to check the disease of scribbling on walls which has haunted boys ever since they went to school at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Ink stains can be washed off the tops of brown ash desks well varnished, and from oiled brown ash they can be sand-papered out and leave no trace behind.

AS TO DESKS,

arrange the scholars at them so as to separate those likely to be congenial in chattering and tricks. To move a chatterbox's seat to one among older uncongenial boys will sometimes make him silent as Progne. Perfect silence can perhaps hardly be secured in our Academies with ease to the master, but a near approach to it should be aimed at.

It is hard to see how emulation can be secured without making the scholars take places in class and marking down the places, giving the last pupil, "one" good mark, the next to the last "two," and so on. This will help to check irregularity of attendance, that bane of Canadian teachers. A good English school would never dream of getting on without "taking places." Or nine marks (to save ever having to enter two digits in one column) may be given for good conduct or each "perfect lesson" each day, and marks taken off for each offence or mistake. We know of one school kept in order by the simple monthly publication of such marks.

BOYS ARE STRICTEST CONSERVATIVES.

On making the new rule in school a teacher might carefully explain its advantage or necessity. When made, he must of course hold to it rigidly, right or wrong. If it does not work he may as well frankly say so and give it up.

As to punishments, the less the better, so long as order is secured. See that the boys get plenty of hard exercise in field, garden, or gymnasium, and they will be much less restless in school. Much better than keeping in is the reward of letting boys go at 3 p. m. in lieu of 4, for good behaviour and when they have done an ample

extent of work—which they will do with this stimulus. In six thousand years the world seems to have got as hardened to the threat of punishment as a Merchant Tailor boy's hand used to be to the cane, and the main incentive to good action seems to be the hope of sure reward,

HERE AND "THERE,"

as Plato expresses it. To summarise. Talk very little. Speak low. Joke never. Never unbend from a scholarly dignity of manner and parlance. Arrange scholars and school so as to promote order. Dress and never joke.

ARMIES OF EUROPE.

Mr. Amedée le Faure published lately a complete analysis of the military strength of the various nations in 1875. Germany, it appears, has an army comprising 469 battalions of infantry, 465 squadrons of cavalry, 300 campaign batteries, 29 battalions of fort artillery, 18 battalions of pioneers, and 13 battalions of service corps. When are added the Reserves, the Landsturm, the Landwehr, and the Navy, a total of 1,700,000 men is arrived at, with annual estimates of £20,000,000. The English Army and Navy, including Militia and Volunteers, comprise 535,000 men and cost £24,800,000; Austria has 535,000 men, costing £10,800,000; Belgium 43,000, with an expenditure of £1,650,000; Denmark 54,000 men, costing £366,000; Spain according to the regulations of 1870, possesses 270,000 men, with a yearly budget of £6,400,000. The law passed by the Cortes in 1872 has as yet been imperfectly applied. France has 152 regiments of infantry, 30 battalions of Chasseurs, 77 cavalry regiments, 40 regiments of artillery, four of engineers, and 20 squadrons of service corps. With the reserve and navy the total effective strength of the country is 1,700,000 costing £26,600,000; Greece, 51,000 men, and estimates £360,000; Italy, 760,000 men, expenditure £9,840,000; Holland, 100,000 men, estimate £1,120,000; Portugal, 73,000 men, costing £180,000; Russia has an army in time of peace of 188 regiments of infantry, 82 battalions of riflemen, 48 battalions for frontier service, 56 regiments of cavalry, 310 batteries of artillery, 14 battalions of engineers, besides irregulars and reserves. With the fleet, the effective strength of the country is 1,550,000 men, with a budget of £27,200,000; Sweden, 100,000 men costing £1,120,000. The effective strength of Switzerland is approximately 180,000 men, costing only £360,000; Turkey, 300,000 men, with estimates of £5,680,000. On a war footing, therefore, the armies of Europe are 8,333,000 men, costing annually £136,804,000.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CHRISTINE Nilsson has grown nearly as fat as Pappa was.

NEILSON's husband, Lee, is reported to have run away from her the other day, leaving her ill in Paris.

THE veteran Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, will next winter make a last concert-tour through Sweden, Denmark, and Germany.

FANNY ELSSLER, the famous danseuse, who was a sensation in this country over thirty years since, is living at Bremen, the wife of a physician. She is a well-preserved woman of seventy-one.

EIGHT-year-old prima donnas are a Mexican growth. At that tender age they sing well all the operatic flourishes, but the musical critics say that before they become of age they are used up.

THE celebrated violoncellist, M. Alexandre Batta, has been named "Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur." Mme. la Maréchale de MacMahon communicated to the artist his nomination in a flattering letter.

A colored man in Cincinnati has written a play called "The Boyue," in which there are five acts, and the scene is laid in Babylon. *Zadig* is the name of the hero, *Semira* the heroine. The writer is Francis A. Boyd, born in Lexington, Ky.

JOHN T. RAYMOND's watch bears the following inscription: "To J. T. Raymond—Dear Johnny, accept this ticker as a slight token of my earnest admiration of you as a true friend and the drollest comedian I ever saw. Ever yours, NED SOTHERN."

A welcome addition has been made to the Birmingham Shakespeare Library in the shape of a copy of the "Merchant of Venice," translated by a native merchant into the Tamil language. The present is made by Thomas Clarke, an English resident in Madras.

A soprano learning that one of her admirers was about being married in a suburban church, bribed the organist, and locked herself in the loft. Instead of executing the usual "Wedding March," she sang the "Dies Irae," accompanying herself on the organ to the horror of the bridal party.

MISS KATIE MAYHEW has appeared as *Fanchon* in San Francisco, and is said to have surprised her auditors by a charming performance. Miss Mayhew is quite equal to the part, having sustained for a period of some weeks with genuine success the burden of "With the Tide" at the Union Square Theatre.

BARRY SULLIVAN says that there are forty-five theatres in London and 600,000 strangers from the provinces come in every day, and that therefore many a new play created in London by puffery and supported by the rural multitude fails to run one week at Manchester or Liverpool. Mr. Sullivan says that Irving's play of "Charles I." is a cheap and baffled melodrama and that a London reputation for a new piece is apt to be fictitious and mercenary.

THE retirement from the stage of Mme. Pauline Lucca in the course of 1876 has been announced. The lyric stage can ill spare such a gifted artist. She will make a tour through Germany. Terms have been offered for Berlin. But Mme. Lucca cannot return to that capital before she has made her peace with the Intendant General of the Imperial Opera House, as she has broken her engagement with that theatre. London is closed to her engagement with that theatre. London is closed to the German prima donna for the same reason, as Mr. Gye holds her unfulfilled contract to perform at the Royal Italian Opera; if the Covent Garden directors could arrange with the lady, her advent there would be an immense attraction, as she is really the only dramatic vocalist who can cope with Mme. Adelina Patti.