

the gateway, and Mr. Pringle promises to raise it at Atlin, and I hope that men coming to know what it means at these posts, will find it at Dawson and Bonanza. In the evening we have a large globe lamp flaming outside, so there is literally a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night to guide strangers. There is no school here yet. Children are running wild. There is no municipal organization and we look to the Yukon council to arrange for schools. At Dawson the same condition existed. The question dragged miserably until one morning we woke to find that Father Gendraw had opened a school at St. Mary's to which all were welcome to come. Many children of Protestants went. We passed a resolution about the necessity of public schools but the father has his school running and received a grant of \$225 per month from the council. He was wiser than we. Now in White Horse it is my turn. We sent for a supply of books as used in the Ontario and N.W.T. schools. These came in a few days ago and on Monday I open classes for some hours daily, and try and get the youngsters off the streets. This will only be for a short time as surely we will have a public school soon.

The winter weather since the phenomenal cold snap (between 60° and 70° below zero), is now delightful. But the change is sudden. As I write this letter, the earth trembles with slight quake. You would enjoy a trip from Vancouver to Dawson. Come next summer."

J. J. WRIGHT.

ANOTHER OUTLOOK.

THE year '01 has, so far, been the year of reviews and forecasts. Art, science, philosophy, religion, politics, in a word, nearly every phase of human activity has been passed under review. Mr. Punch, with his keen interest in all affairs mundane, and otherwise, has evidently been taking note of all this, and as he made a mental blue mark beside each topic discussed, signified his pleasure with a nod of approval. But what was the sage critic's dismay on discovering that one of the most interesting, not to say by all odds the most important, activities of the human breast

was being overlooked. Not a single reviewer has said a single word, beyond a dark hint or two, about wooing, and the soul of Mr. Punch was troubled. The daring deeds of our fathers in this direction were recorded, he knew, by such writers as Dickens and Scott and Thackeray, to say nothing of the adventures of Isaac and a score or two of Greek and Roman heroes. But where was the prophet who was to forecast the methods of this tender and necessary, and, in some instances, profitable art for the twentieth and succeeding centuries? Feeling that "something ought to be done" in the matter of prognostication, and in view of certain scientific and political facts that are being thrust under the noses of chivalrous young gentlemen, he thus delivered himself. If the poetry lacks some of the qualities of high art, Mr. Punch is to be forgiven on the plea of the perturbations that forced their disturbing influences upon his muse:

Tell me, Mary, ere I woo thee,
Ere to ask your hand and kneel,
What ancestral faults pursue thee—
Every hidden taint reveal.

In their old traditions ferret
For the crimes to which they're prone,
Lest their ills which you inherit
In their turn your children own.

Does your doctor's diagnosis
Show of lunacy a trace?
Or has dread tuberculosis
Been inherent in your race?

Might their bygone misbehavings
Make you less from vice to shrink?
Did your forefathers have cravings
After opium or drink?

But if you your stock can warrant
As from immemorial time,
Not inclined to vice abhorrent,
Free from tendency to crime;

Yes, when to your lover wary
All this you can guarantee,
'Twill be time enough, sweet Mary,
Then to think of wooing thee.

—*The London Charivari.*