

emotions of occasional flirtation. It is no great living the firemen get out of the deadly risks they run, and for this, and for the recollect ons of what we have seen of these intrepid men on both sides of the Atlantic, we prefer to be as blind to their failings as the London "Evening News," which champions them in the following lines:

A trim and pretty nursery-maid,  
 She tripped across the street,  
 And if the fireman's glances strayed  
 Towards her little feet,  
 I would not call  
 Such conduct al-  
 Together indiscreet.

Perhaps 'gainst little Cupid's darts  
 His armour he should close;  
 But sailors have tender hearts  
 As every schoolboy knows;  
 And firemen take,  
 For duty's sake,  
 An interest in "hose."

Her cheek displayed a burning blush,  
 Her pretty lips a pout;  
 Of course his duty was to rush  
 And try to put it out  
 Upon the spot—  
 The case does not  
 Admit of any doubt.

Now she, although he claimed a "stop,"  
 Was not put out at all.  
 Upon such gallant deeds to drop  
 Is surely rather small;  
 Nay, let's admire  
 The foes of fire  
 Who answer duty's call.

**Dreyfus** and **Diplomacy.** It now transpires that the fate of the persecuted Frenchman whose trial at Rennes is still occupying the attention of the civilized world is likely to be determined by the tactics of practiced diplomacy. If the body of ministers engaged in the science or art of conducting negotiations between nations can be induced to disclose State secrets, the testimony asked for by M. Labori from Germany and Italy may restore Dreyfus to freedom. But, whatever his judges may decide upon, nothing will ever restore some of the ruthless enemies of Dreyfus to the respect of those who love justice. The pitiless persecution of the prisoner at Rennes, the howling of the anti-Dreyfus faction in Paris, and the latest announcement from France that diplomacy may prevent the production of evidence likely to save the innocent, is a blow at modern Christianity. The disclosures at Rennes prove that the nations of Europe have not drifted far from that period when spies and assassins found profitable employment at every court, and the theft and sale of military and political information was a recognized, if dangerous, occupation.

However, the martyrdom of Dreyfus has revealed some heroic characters, and every Frenchman ought to thrill with pride when he reads of the splendid courage of M. Labori, the lawyer, and the admirable

conduct of Colonel Picquart, the fearless soldier. Such men belong to no country; they are citizens of the world, and the admiration alike of Jews and Gentiles, and of every lover of right and justice.

**The Dangers of the Deep.** After reading of the extreme heat lately prevailing in England, and in some sections of the United States, it seems strange that the dangers of the deep during a voyage across "that great sea and terrible, whence no man could hope to return," spoken of by Homer, includes the possibility of collision with icebergs. Yet it is so. When the sub-zero temperature of the North American coast, which renders mid-winter navigation of the Atlantic so unpleasant, is exchanged for midsummer warmth, ice from the frozen north is frequently found in mid-ocean, a menace to the safety of huge ocean liners which at this season of the year are crowded with passengers.

Under the circumstances narrated by some of those on board the steamship "City of Rome," which arrived at New York on Monday last, her escape from destruction was most providential. It is all very well for gallant Captain Young to report in a blunt, sailor-like way: "We ran into a berg in a fog; that's about the whole of it." The fact remains that when the iceberg loomed up ahead of his vessel, only the prompt order to the engineer to go at full speed astern saved the "City of Rome" and her passengers. All's well that ends well. At the same time, if the fog peril had not been recognized by Captain Young, the "City of Rome" would have been added to the list of missing ships. There is a lesson for owners, navigators, and impatient passengers in the following brief report of the incident made at New York on the arrival of this fortunate steamer:

"The weather was foggy at the time, and the steamer was going very slowly, about two knots speed, when suddenly the iceberg loomed up ahead."

The reign of terror described as prevailing on the steamer when the collision with that iceberg followed recalls memories of some ocean horrors which might have been averted if all our mariners were as cautious as Captain Young and made haste "very slowly."

**MAJOR GIROUARD.**

War opens up a sure and speedy road to renown. Its horrors are hidden under the splendour of those mighty energies which break forth amidst the perils of conflict, and which human nature contemplates with an intense and heart-thrilling delight. Admiration of the brilliant qualities displayed in war is expressed by the most unequivocal signs. Admiral Dewey's homeward voyage is a triumphal procession from one port to another, and all nations seem to