

fragrances that cannot be matched by all the mature beauty of the summer; and, where even garden flowers are not, the common dandelion can reveal marvels of beauty, sufficient to set a dreamer "babbling of green fields"—dreaming of "quiet pastures and still waters;"—a touch and a hint of the "beauty that excelleth." For, after all, the beauty is rather in the eye that sees than in the things that are seen, and it is a ray from the unseen and invisible beauty that, so to speak, consecrates for us the seen and visible. Even where, amid a wilderness of brick and mortar, the dandelion, common as it is, cannot live and reveal its perfection of contour and colour to an artist eye,—even in such a desolation, there is for the truly loving heart a beauty and a symphony that do not exist for the outward eye. Keble has caught and sung it, in words whose sweetness seems never to grow old, because the truth they express is immortal, and has been verified in the experience of many of earth's noblest souls; and with these we may pleasantly, and not inaptly, close our "May symphony:"

For Love's a flower that will not die
For lack of leafy screen,
And Christian hope can cheer the eye
That ne'er saw vernal green;
There are, in this loud, stinging tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret hearts a holy strain repeat.

FIDELIS.

PARIS LETTER.

IN throwing over the principle of Divine Right, and accepting *de facto* governments, no matter by what names they are baptized, the Pope has, by a leap and a bound, become the foremost of modernists, and the most omnipotent of moral rulers. His new, and essence of common sense, departure has so amazed the fossilized monarchists, that some of the political dowageresses of the Faubourg St. Germain roundly accuse the Pope of heterodoxy, while the more pious of that sisterhood are said to be meekly praying for his conversion. When Charles V. held the Pope a prisoner in the castle of St. Angelo, he ordered, not the less, masses to be celebrated for his liberation. For nearly four centuries the monarchists simply viewed the Pope as their major-domo, and the Church itself as their servant.

In return, they believed themselves to be true Christians, because they went to church on Sundays, and invited the parish priest now and then to dinner; that they were the knight defenders of true religion, because they exploited that religion for their political ends. Save a passing decrease in the revenue of Peter's Pence, the Pope has nothing to fear from what religio-devotees call his "treason"—the separation of the altar from the throne. In proclaiming that all established government, sanctioned by universal suffrage, has the right Divine attribute also, the republicans are too disconcerted. In fact the Pope, like the best of his predecessors, has placed the tiara far above the crowns of monarchs; he poses that symbol of moral power on the masses, on the people—in a word, on democracy. That is the rock on which to modernize the Church. Leo XIII. has a spice of Hildebrand inflexibility in his character; he resolved to be obeyed and to uphold discipline, and hierarchy as well as laity submit. With a Pope who ranks religion above the fluctuating tides of politics, France cannot denounce the Concordat, especially when the head of Catholicism so pointedly and fearlessly grips the republican hand of the eldest daughter of the Church. Will the Vatican, after putting its hand to the plough, look back; will the Czar object to his the "Marseillaise"?

The mania is for cycling. Only a Ravachol explosion could cut out, in palpitating interest, the anxiety felt over a contest between wheelers from Bordeaux to Paris, a distance of 360 miles, and wheeled in 25½ hours, being one hour less than the English champion, Mills, took last year to roll over the same distance. Waterloo is now considered as avenged. Mills, however, was not present this time, nor were the roads in the same condition. Stéphane, the winner, was welcomed by a crowd of 10,000 persons—quite a Derby Day multitude. Before organizing the ladies' race, why not engage the championship belt in a big wheeling open to the world, from John O' Groat's house to Land's End?

What a sad ending for the Russian Finance Minister, Vychnegradski, and a warning to civil servants not to overwork themselves. When this Minister entered on duty five years ago, he found the clerks did not come to their office till two or three o'clock in the day. He insisted on their attendance at nine, and to remain till five, he himself showing the example; he worked sixteen hours a day—the labour movement is still unknown in Russia. He broke down under the strain. A few weeks ago he made his usual weekly visit to the Czar; *en route*, he complained to his secretary that the clerks had copied his lines twice over. The secretary privately communicated to the Chamberlain that the Minister had lost his mind; the Czar was made acquainted with the calamity, and when Vychnegradski was ushered into his presence he begged the Minister to postpone business till to-morrow, to take a holiday, and, rising from his chair, begged him to come and dejeuner. Instead, Vychnegradski remained standing, addressing himself to the chair the Czar had quitted, and in English. The Emperor's physician declared the Minister's intellect irretrievably lost.

M. de Marcoartu, an Italian publicist, invited by some French economists to state his views respecting the Suez Canal in case of a war in the Mediterranean, asserted that all commerce would seek its way to the East by the Cape and the Americas, and that no dividends could be expected in Canal shares.

The correspondent of a journal writes from Shanghai that the exports from the Celestial Empire will be twenty per cent. higher this year to Europe, that representing the increased purchasable power of a franc, so scarce is hard money. He adds that on the breaking up of the ice the cost of freight from Shanghai to Tien-Tsin is greater than that from London to Shanghai. The same writer deplures that only the subsidized mail packet represents the French shipping interest in China; that at Shanghai an old mansion, and a nuisance, though belonging to the French Consulate, has been sought to be demolished as an eyesore, by petitions from the French residents to the home Government. The request, repeated during several years, has received no attention, while a few English merchants, complaining of the indifference and neglect of their Minister at Peking, have obtained his recall.

The only cure for intense obesity is the removal of the diseased fat by a surgical operation—the latter is now mere child's play. General Saussier, the Commander-in-Chief of the French Army, was, till two years ago, so elephantine that it would require a powerful derrick to lift him on and off his charger. He was *degraisé*, and, though sixty-three, is as active as a fellow under thirty, and if not as diaphanous as Sarah Bernhardt, is certainly as thin as General de Gallifet. After the surgeon makes the abdominal incision, several napkins are introduced to keep the internal organs in position while the fat, or tumour, is being removed. On three occasions after the operation had been successfully terminated, it was discovered that a napkin, a sponge, and on one occasion a pincette, had been forgotten inside the patient; some months later a fresh opening had to be made to remove the foreign body. One surgeon now has all the napkins he uses in a visceral operation numbered, and before sewing the incision, controls the professional linen.

I have just been visiting the demolition of the Bastille. The latter was the lath and plaster model erected on the Champ de Mars for the 1889 exhibition, and that formed a town within a town, where the social, trade, and business life and customs of 1789 were accurately revived. Masons and carpenters were storming the structure with pickaxes, hammers, saws and hatchets. The famous Salle de Fêtes had been doing duty as a potato magazine; the tower had been utilized by a laundress to dry clothes; some of the shops had taken fire, and the wooden *débris* was employed to heat the meals of the demolishers. The roofs of the houses, on which the escaping Latude was captured twelve times a day, had fallen in. Descending the spider-web staircase to the cell occupied by Latude and the man with the mask—not of iron, but a padlocked velvet disguise—the wax figures were in an advanced state of decomposition, and the rats, no longer pets, were playing hide-and-go-seek over the remains; though unmasked, it was impossible to identify the "Man with the Iron Mask," whether the son of Cardinal Mazarin and Anne of Austria, of the Duke of Buckingham, or the twin brother of Louis XIV., or Count Matthioli. The enigma remains as great a mystery as Junius.

The curious desire to know what is the signification of some of the Paris papers, the *Figaro*, to wit, displaying a St. Andrew's Cross on the margin of the title page. The *Figaro* has never passed as the organ of the religious world.

Respecting the crude songs sung by Mme. Judic at the recent Hôtel de Ville ball, before the official and diplomatic worlds, M. Carnot listened to them in the Pickwickian, not the Presidential sense. The Marquis Dufferin does not remember them, as he was thinking all the time about the Egyptian question.

The upholstery, old clo', and bedding, sold in the public auction mart and the Temple market, are never disinfected. It is only by pawning such articles, following Dr. Martin, that gratuitous disinfecting can be secured.

Z.

THE RAMBLER.

ONE of those curious and delightful events we mark as coincidences and remember as pleasures recently happened to me. Some time last autumn was discovered in the garden an immense larva, *vulg.* slug, feeding on the leaves—I imagine—of the Virginia creeper. Its size, its beauty, its potential value, all united to make us disinclined to leave it alone, so it was watched very carefully for several days, vigilance being at length rewarded by discovering the creature safely asleep one day in its filmy temporary resting-place or web. At this point it was brought into the house and laid away in a half-opened drawer to await the mysterious change natural to it. During the first two or three months its privacy was frequently disturbed; after that it was gradually forgotten, until about a month ago when the paper tray was investigated and it was found that the change had taken place and that we were too late. The beautiful creature had been born again and now was dead; I suppose we had not given it enough air and the drawer had been closed and all opportunity cut off of trying the shining wings and gaining liberty and life. Its size was very great, its markings characteristic and brilliant and the *antennæ* the most

curious I ever saw. Nothing could be done; the moth was dead, beyond doubt, and all we could do was to take care of it and be more wary another time. About an hour ago an old copy of *Scribner* came into my hands and the first article I saw was entitled "A New Moth" with an illustration which recalled my unfortunate butterfly in the drawer. In 1881 Baron L. von Reizenstein, of New Orleans, discovered a large moth of the sub-genus *Smerinthus*, which he named further after George W. Cable; in full, *Smerinthus Cablei*. The Baron's description of larva and moth so directly tallies with the appearance of the slug I reared that if not *Smerinthus Cablei*, it must be some kind of a *Smerinthus*. The points of resemblance are these: five inches in breadth (a very large moth, it will be seen), general colouration, as white, black and crimson in the moth; pale green with coral red dots and golden stripes in the larva, and time of appearance. Points of difference seem to depend upon the illustration, which is a poor one since it does not carry out the description of the author. Perhaps some scientific reader will inform me as to the name of my moth; if it be a discovery as Baron Reizenstein's was, we will furnish a Canadian author's name for it, and immortalize ourselves.

Mr. Goschen's last Budget speech, delivered either late in March or early in April of the present year, revealed some singular points to which I do not recollect having seen any reference in our Canadian papers. Indeed, it is matter for regret that we have no good system of clipping among us, so that those who can not have access to libraries or even read such eclectic journals as *Public Opinion* or *Literary Digest*, are cut off from all share in the best periodical work of the day, such as that met with in the columns of the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*. Mr. Goschen, then, showed us—what will be interesting and surprising to all—that the total earnings of the great professions, of which the separate members are not very rich, are larger than the total earnings of the great industries of which the separate members are usually persons of much wealth and influence. Medical men, for example, are set over against the cotton lords. Lawyers are contrasted with coalowners, and invariably to the advantage of the former. The curing and preventing of disease, the protecting of life and property, the instructing and amusing of mankind, are all directly affecting the distribution of wealth every hour of the day, and such industries yield more annually in the direction of earnings and salaries than the great primitive industries, as they may be called, of agriculture and mining and weaving and spinning. On the whole, this is a very cheering reflection. The vast and growing army of writers and actors and teachers and lawyers, not to mention doctors, will be grateful for the information that they are no clog on the wheel of progress, but rather the reverse. If we cannot point to similar conclusions in our Dominion, it is not the fault of some, but the misfortune of the many. At all events, it is to be hoped that these disquisitions on political economics will not result in a large irruption of rustic youth from farm and paddock and meadow into the towns of either England or America. In such statistics mention is made only of the fortunate. What of the other side of the picture? Granting the main question, that the doctors and lawyers of the United Kingdom earn more in a year than the millers and the coal owners, how about the unsuccessful medical men, the shiftless, failing lawyers? There may be a larger totality of wealth in the professions, but there are also many poor men. A miner who does not become a millionaire, or even realize comfortably out of his mine, will not suffer as much as the disappointed medico, or the unnoticed lawyer. Like many assertions, it cuts two ways.

A recent scientific writer—that is to say, an individual with the most uncompromising and uncomfortable notions about "Dust and Fresh Air"—tells us that three things are required of a good window. One of these is that the outside of the window may be cleaned by a servant standing inside the room, so that the risk and expense (!) of cleaning from without are avoided. Having explained that this is easily possible by the innovation of hinged windows, the scientist remarks that two windows of his bedroom "treated" five years ago have never needed to be cleaned, and a pane, removed at the end of four years for inspection, was "absolutely clean." The mode of "treatment" seems to consist of a double pane, and flange faced with cotton velvet, the latter serving as "filter" for the air. All very plausible and doubtless practicable and true, but the scientist must be a terrible person to keep house for—of course he is unmarried. Would you not prefer, on the whole, your ordinary square-paned window, cleaned twice a week by a nice neat-handed Phyllis, who balances herself on the sill while exchanging the time of day with the Italian banana-seller, one Vincenzo Castucci, late of Leghorn, Italy? I know I would.

WE never willingly offend where we sincerely love.—Rowland Hill.

REPROACH is usually honest, which is more than can be said of praise.—Balzac.

HIGHEST AWARD.—At the Universal Cookery and Food Exhibition held in London and opened by the Lord Mayor May 3rd, 1892, Messrs. W. G. Dunn & Co., of Croydon, London, and Hamilton, Canada, obtained the highest award for Baking Powder.