

THE WEEK

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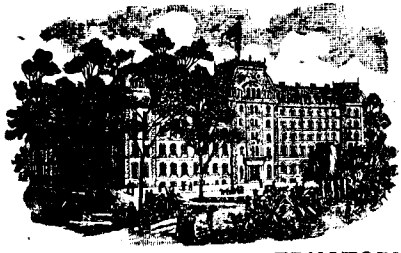
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THE WEEK.

Vol. X.

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All articles, contributions, and letters on matter pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person else, may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The members and adherents of the Church of England in Canada are to be congratulated on the important forward step which has been taken in the formation of a General Synod for the Dominion. The territory thus brought within one synodical jurisdiction is a wide one geographically, and the immense distances which separate the extremities will no doubt greatly increase the difficulties which the General Synod of Canada will have to meet in practical operation. Nevertheless, the same strong desire for union and consolidation which has enabled the representatives from all quarters to overcome all differences of opinion and other difficulties and adopt a constitution with so much practical utility, will no doubt triumph over all other obstacles. The length of time during which the scheme has been under consideration and the manner in which it has now

been effected afford a good illustration of the way in which great ideas, when they have once taken root in the minds of a number of thoughtful and influential men, grow and mature until eventually they bring forth fruit. We must not fail to observe, too, an aspect of the movement which is of wider interest than the bounds of this particular Church. Every such case of Dominion consolidation, whether of churches or any other societies, or organizations, is but a fresh indication of the progress which is being made in the direction of nationality, and at the same time a fresh bond of union to help hold together the Provinces, by promoting that better acquaintanceship and closer sympathy between the East and the West without which there can be no real or lasting political union. The denominations which are effecting such consolidations are doing service to the Confederation as well as promoting their own best interests.

A suggestion has been made by some one, and warmly endorsed by the Toronto Mail, which seems to us worthy of attention and which we hope will not be lost sight of. The proposal is that a building in connection with the Industrial Exhibition be set apart as a permanent museum for the reception of relics of those early days and pioneer experiences which are now so rapidly receding into the dim distance. Within the memories of many now living changes have taken place in the ways of domestic and industrial life, especially in the rural districts, so radical and wonderful that the boys and girls of to-day would hardly guess the use of some of the old machines and appliances of various kinds which were in use in the days of their great-grandfathers. We cannot easily conceive of a collection of curiosities which would have greater interest for a large class of the young than one which should illustrate the development of the social and industrial life of the older provinces of the Dominion from the days of the first settlers until now. The implements used on the farms, in the kitchens, in the various mechanical trades, the furniture, the dress, and many such things would be fraught with a keen interest for inquiring young minds, accustomed to the conveniences and elegancies of the present day. Nor would the pleasure be confined to the young. A walk through such a building would awaken thrilling memories in thousands who have reached middle age, while many an old pioneer would find himself carried back to the days of yore until the thronging

recollections would stir his nature to its deepest depths. And then how the charm of such a museum would increase as the years went by. A century hence it would be invaluable and almost unique. By all means let the suggestion be carried out. A rich store of material could no doubt be gathered for little more than the cost of collection.

Mr. R. G. Horr, who is conducting the war on behalf of protection with great energy and ability in the columns of the New York Tribune, quotes in a recent number the testimony of two members of the Bermuda House of Assembly, who recently gave evidence before the Committee of Ways and Means, to prove that under the McKinley tariff the people of Bermuda pay the duties both on the articles sent by them to the United States and on the articles received by them from the United States. It is very likely that this is the fact to a considerable extent, because, as those two gentlemen say, the onions and other products exported by them to the United States come into competition with similar articles produced in that country, while, on the other hand, the articles imported into Bermuda from the United States do not come into competition with similar articles produced in the Island. The Bermuda duty is, therefore, strictly a duty for revenue, and is consequently paid by the consumer. It is difficult to see how a fair-minded, self-respecting American can sympathize with Mr. Horr in the evident gratification with which he adduces the alleged fact as an unanswerable argument in favour of protection and the McKinley tariff. Is there no such thing as honesty or fairness between nations when questions of tariff and revenue are concerned? What has become of national pride, to say nothing of nobler impulses, when the great American nation can take advantage of circumstances or its own superior shrewdness to compel a neighbour with whom it has dealings to pay a part of its revenue, in addition to providing for its own? What should we think of such cleverness as between individual neighbours? Mr. Horr's argument reminds us of the practice of certain of the newspapers of the Republic which chronicle with glee every indication, or fancied indication, that the tariff has wrought injury to British artisans, as so many proofs of the wisdom and beneficence of the McKinley Act. Surely honesty, the genuine honesty which insists upon giving *quid pro quo*, must be in the long run the best policy for the nation as for the individual.

We are bound to accept, as we do with thanks, the corrections made by Mr. F. L. Brooke, in his letter in another column, of certain statements which appeared in a note in our issue of September 1st, touching the Chinese question. Mr. Brooke speaks from personal knowledge. Our information was necessarily at second hand. Touching the first statement, viz: That the given case was the first instance of an actual deportation under the Geary Act, we can only say that it was made in good faith, on the authority, we think, of some one, we cannot now say which, of two or three New York journals of the highest standing. We are sorry that we cannot now determine whether the error was that of the journal in question, or the result of some misapprehension on our part. Nor is the matter of great importance, even in its bearing upon the point we were making, which was, we presume, the virtual failure of the Act in question to accomplish its object, owing to the great expense involved in carrying it into effect and the absence of any adequate appropriation for the purpose. If it be true, as we have seen repeatedly stated on what we suppose to be reliable authority, that there are nearly 100,000 Chinese in the United States who are there in violation of the Geary Act, it is evident that the few cases of deportation enumerated by Mr. Brooke, and even the "many others" which he thinks have doubtless occurred, are, in comparison with the whole number liable to deportation under the law, but the exceptions which prove the rule. Probably we were more liable to misapprehension of the facts because we had in mind the outcome of the test-case made, if we remember aright, by the arrest of one or a very few Chinese on the day on which the Act came into force. As to the other point, our use of the word "thousands" was no doubt hyperbolic. It must have been either a slip of the pen, or the result of inexcusable haste. "Hundreds" would have more correctly expressed the idea. That many Chinese do continue to make their way into the United States at various points we have not before seen doubted. No one supposes that the cunning Celestials attempt to enter at such a place as the city of Detroit.

Is all Scripture equally inspired? Was Moses as a teacher as infallible as Christ? Can such statements as "the Lord moved David to number Israel," and "Satan moved David to number Israel," be harmonized without impugning the infallibility of the writer of either? Is the God of the Old Testament in all respects the same God who is revealed by His Son in the New, or is there a progressiveness in the revelation such as to warrant the conclusion that the character and modes of government of the Supreme Being were but partially and imperfectly understood by the Old Testament writers, and were made

known in their infinite perfectness in the New, by Him who alone could speak with the authority of perfect knowledge? Is the God of the Christian revelation a God who directly and immediately governs and judges and smites, or are all sorrow and suffering and death the work of a malignant power holding sway in the realm of evil, a realm peculiarly his own? Is Satan but the personification of the spirit of evil in the world, occupying a subordinate position and made an instrument in working out the good which is to be the final goal of ill, or is he the living author and embodiment of the principle of evil, in a Christian cosmogony which is thus based on the notion of a dualism of independent though unequal powers in the universe? Such are, in varied forms of expression, some of the great questions which were mooted during the trial and condemnation of Professor Campbell by the Montreal Presbytery last week. These are profound theological questions. Even if we thought them the real questions at issue, we should shrink from attempting to discuss them in the columns of a secular paper, though they are questions of vital interest to all classes of readers and truth-seekers.

But from the point of view of most lay thinkers, the real question at issue will, we venture to think, appear quite different. At least other questions of a radically different character will be seen to be involved. Is it the prerogative of any Church to map out the realm of Scripture truth, and lay down with mathematical precision the lines of opinion which must be followed by the thinkers and teachers of that Church? Here is a man admittedly honest, earnest, reverent, devout, and able, who is to be debarred from teaching in a Christian school, not because of any heretical or mischievous views which he has promulgated in that school, but because in the pursuit of his study of the sacred writings he has been led to certain conclusions which are not in accord with those laid down by the divines of that Church two centuries ago, at a time when the facilities for the study of Scriptures were admittedly far inferior to those enjoyed by the Christian scholars of to-day; and because, on another occasion, in the freedom of discussion before a body of students banded together, we may assume, for the purpose of free enquiry, he gave expression to those conclusions. That is to say, in this age of intellectual freedom and fearless investigation, a man, whatever his qualifications in all other respects, is to be forbidden to teach under the auspices of a great Church, unless he is able to reach and hold precisely the same opinions with regard to all questions of Scripture interpretation which were cut and dried, so to speak, for the use of the ministers and members of that Church by learned divines of the seventeenth century? The point which we wish to make, and which seems to us to

contain the gist of the question raised for the consideration of all thoughtful people by the trial and suspension of Professor Campbell, is this: Is there not something incongruous with the teachings and spirit of Christianity in the idea of censuring and punishing a good man and true for having in the course of his close and conscientious study of the sacred writings, reached our conclusion rather than another on points in regard to which it cannot be denied that there is room for difference of opinion? Is it the truth which makes free, ought not the churches to leave their sermons free in the search after truth?

Whatever genuine doubt may have existed in the minds of any as to the primary and chief cause of the great financial depression in the United States, it must have by this time been pretty effectually dispelled by the evidence of facts. Though the Senate has not, at the date of this writing, passed the Bill repealing the Silver Act, the certainty that it will eventually pass it has had the effect desired. All over the country the papers are, every day, printing long lists of the mills and manufacturing and other business establishments which have re-opened. The passage of the Repeal Bill by one House, conveying as it did the assurance that there would be no depression of the standard of value throughout the Union, is clearly having the effect desired. In the words of Bradstreet: "No sooner had one branch of Congress voted to repeal the compulsory purchase of silver clause of the Sherman law, no sooner had the likelihood of similar action in the Senate become apparent, than hoarding and the premium on currency disappeared, domestic exchange rates became almost not quite normal, the banks stopped taking out clearing-house certificates, and almost southern and western correspondents they would be able to advance needed funds to move the crops, while last, but not least, the number of banking suspensions practically stopped short, and the number of commercial and industrial failures dropped from 17 to 20 per cent.; a "better feeling" manifest in business circles north, south and west, and a widespread feeling of confidence in an improvement in the general situation was manifest." Particularly encouraging are the bank reports showing that the private hoarding of money is ceasing. The Philadelphia clearing-house banks reported an increase in deposits of \$1,271,000 in a single week. The Boston banks gained in the same period nearly three millions. If such are the results coupled with the general belief that no other branch will follow suit, there can no longer be any doubt that when all remaining uncertainty shall have been removed by the Senate, as may very likely have been done before these words are printed, the returning tide of business activity will be flowing in full force and volume.

The facts above set forth effectually refute the view that the uncertainty consequent upon the prospect of tariff-reform was an influential cause of the great depression. The untenability of that view was evident a priori from the fact that no real change in the situation, so far as the matter of the Presidential election. There might naturally be a little trepidation among those interested in tariff-fed industries, as the day of Congressional action drew near. But, as the Nation points out, the only uncertainty that remains, or has remained since the Democratic victory, is in regard to details. To those who complain of the effect of such uncertainty upon business operations, it is replied with strict logic that all such arguments constitute the strongest possible reasons for the prompt enactment of the new Tariff Law, to which the party in power is so distinctly pledged. The same argument is applicable, in a measure, with respect to the promise of tariff-reform, or re-adjustment, or whatever it may be, that has been made, and is being made from time to time, by our own Government. Leading members of the Government are, it is true, giving emphatic assurances that the principle of protection shall not be impaired and that the interests of the manufacturers shall still be cared for. But these assurances, just in proportion as they are reassuring to the protected are calculated to increase the energy of the revenue-tariff reformers and so to increase the uncertainty with regard to the future, though that future is, perhaps, too far in the distance to have much effect on the present business situation. So long as large and influential sections of the people are in revolt against, not only the high tariff, but the policy of protection as well, there must be uncertainty in regard to the effect upon business operations on either side of the line is one of the strongest proofs that the main industries of such countries are far less dependent upon the protective tariffs than many would have us suppose.

STATE EDUCATION.

"The American Journal of Politics" is a magazine for intelligent men and women who read and think on vital questions of the time." There is no question of political science more vitally important at the present time than that of the right and duty of a State with regard to the education of its children. Many of the men and women who think will, therefore, turn with interest to the leading article in the September number of this magazine, in which M. M. Trumbull discusses the existence and limits of the rights and obligations of the State in this regard. "In due time the colleges will be opened free to all the people. Then "the higher learning shall be the prerogative of brains and not of money." Not only so, but "trades, as means of livelihood, will be taught in the public schools, and we shall see free

all peoples, times and circumstances, will lay down the magazine with deep disappointment. Indeed, Gen. Trumbull's first care is to affirm, in effect, that no such principle exists. "The right of a state to educate its children, and the extent of that right may," he argues, "vary under different political conditions."

"The same principles of State Education do not apply to a theocratic, absolute monarchy like that of Russia, a State socialistic monarchy like that of Germany, a limited constitutional monarchy like that of England, and a representative republican democracy like that of the United States. In the Russian monarchy where the Czar is both Emperor and Pope, where all the people are practically of one religion, it seems that sectarian, religious education in the public schools is logical, in complete harmony with the theory of government, and entirely consistent with its duty to the people; while such a doctrine could not be admitted for a moment in the United States, where the people are of different religions, where Church and State have been divorced, and where the patronage of any religion, whatever, by money endowment from the State, is forbidden by the supreme law."

Proceeding to develop his theory along the line of these principles, if such they may be called, Gen. Trumbull reaches such conclusions as that in Germany, the right of the State to educate its children is founded on a sort of national patriotism, "the right of the State to protect itself from popular ignorance and bad subjects"; in England, if any principle can be found, the education is graciously conceded as a sort of charity; while in the United States "public school education rests on principles peculiarly its own." There the State has no right at all to educate its children except what grows out of the right of the children to be educated." In that favoured land "the right of the child to an education is absolute"; "the right of the State is limited to the simple duty of providing the means whereby to enforce the right of the child."

We have not space, nor would it be to our purpose, to follow the various steps in the argument by which Gen. Trumbull, having thus cleared the ground, goes on to the sweeping conclusion that there is no limit to the extent of the education which is thus the right of every child in the United States. "In a Government founded, theoretically at least, on social and political equality, every child is entitled to a public school education, incidentally for the advantage of the State, but absolutely as the right of the child, for the child's own sake, in order that every boy and every girl may have a fair and equal start with every other in the race for honourable position, and in the struggle for a respectable existence." "In due time the colleges will be opened free to all the people. Then "the higher learning shall be the prerogative of brains and not of money." Not only so, but "trades, as means of livelihood, will be taught in the public schools, and we shall see free

colleges for public education in law, medicine, and all the intellectual occupations which are described as the learned professions." And as "the right to an education includes the right to the means by which it may be acquired," it follows that all the books and other appliances necessary to the acquiring of all this education must be provided free. It also logically follows, though the General does not say so, that as the students must have food and clothing during all the seemingly unlimited number of years which would be required for this universal march through college, and, we suppose, through the post-graduate and professional and specialist courses, so the State must see to it that no one is placed at a disadvantage in this respect. It must further follow, we infer, that this complete course must be made compulsory throughout, else the parsimony or poverty of some parent, or the shortsightedness or indolence of some child, may place the latter at a disadvantage in the race for respectability or distinction.

There is surely a crudity in the reasoning which finds its principles in the accidents of forms of government, instead of in the unchanging decrees of nature. Those are strange conceptions of "rights" which can make them harmonize with religious intolerance and persecution of Standists in Russia, universal militarism in Germany, and aristocratic exclusiveness in England, while giving every child who happens to be born in Republican America an absolute and indefeasible claim to the highest and freest education that it is possible for the State to give. Has the child, as an intellectual and moral being, no rights in its relation to the State, save such as are the outcome of the "theory of government" which prevails in the country in which he may happen to be born?

We are, however, concerned, just now, not so much with the logic of the article in question as with the subject with which it deals, else we might, we think, be able to show that much confusion of thought is caused in it and many similar articles, by the tacit assumption that the State proper is an entity distinct from the citizens who compose it. Were writers on such subjects clearly to recognize and keep in mind the fact, which surely needs no demonstration, that the State is but the citizens in their organized capacity, and that whatever may be its character in various countries as the result of a long series of historical causes, it can have no rights save those conferred upon it or conceded to it by the people who compose it, a vast amount of confusion of thought might, it seems to us, be avoided.

To apply this doctrine to the case in hand, it follows that to speak of the rights or the obligations of the State in any respect, is to talk nonsense. Rights belong to, obligations rest upon, sentient, intelligent, moral agents. States, like corporations, have no souls. Whatever ridicule a

certain class of political economists may attempt to cast upon the theory, it remains forever true that the ideal State, as distinct from the various more or less imperfect forms it has assumed through centuries of war and conquest and tyranny and hereditary or traditional usage, is simply the people organized for mutual help and protection, and that the proper prerogatives of the State—rights as we have said it cannot have—are just those which are conferred upon the governing authority by the voluntary fiat of the people. Towards this ideal the political system of every free and progressive people is tending. To talk of the children under one form of political organization having rights which other children, under a different form have not, is surely worse than idle.

What, then, are the rights of the children in any State in respect to education? Precisely the same as their rights in respect to food and clothing—they are absolute and up to a certain point—the point when self-support becomes possible—unlimited. And the obligations corresponding to these rights rest, first of all upon the parents. The parents are as much morally bound, to the extent of their ability, to provide for the mental as for the physical needs of those to whom they have given being. This is, it seems to us, an axiom in both politics and morals which we do not keep before our minds with sufficient clearness in these days of State Schools and Colleges. Failing, for any cause, the fulfilment of this natural and moral obligation by the parents, the child has, in the second place, a claim upon society. This claim arises out of the mutual relations which human beings sustain to each other by virtue of their common nature and common interests. A third and distinct motive which, if necessary, should be all-powerful with society, or the community in the widest as well as in the most restricted sense of the word, is that which arises from intelligent self-interest. This is a motive of a lower order, and is, consequently, more generally available. The well-being of the whole community is promoted by the intelligence and virtue of the individuals who compose it and *vice versa*.

Where, then, comes in the office of the State? Its organized force may be used, may be found necessary, to supplement the efforts of parents, and of voluntarism in the community. It may even be found to afford the best, because most economical and efficient agency for performing the work of both parent and neighbours, and especially for the protection of society from the evils and dangers which result from failure of those whose duty it primarily is to train and educate the children. And the limits within which it may thus provide educational facilities for all is, it seems equally clear, the point at which the child becomes capable, not only or merely of self-support, but of self-education up to any desired limit.

WOMEN AND WOMEN'S WORK IN FINLAND.—II.

The political and municipal rights of women show that Finland strongly resembles Canada in these respects, and in some instances is in advance of her, and on a par with England.

"In Finland, as well as in most other countries," says our record, "*women have no political rights.*" They have no vote, nor may they, as representatives of the people, take part in the political life. They are in duty bound to pay their taxes to the government, but they may not, in any lawful manner, exert an influence on the mode of spending the money collected by means of the taxes.

The women of Finland have, however, some municipal rights. "Unmarried women who are of age, widows and divorced wives, provided they fulfil the necessary conditions" (as to qualification) "possess the right of a municipal vote." (Laws of January 6, 1865 and December 8, 1873). This right, however, proves very different in the communes managed directly by municipal assemblies, from what it is in those communes (for instance, most cities) where the government and management are intrusted to a municipal board. The general rule is, that women are entitled to take part and vote in the municipal assemblies. In communes of the first kind (similar to our County Councils) they may take part in decision on their management, and vote on the election of functionaries. In communes of the latter kind, they may, as in cities belonging to them, vote on the election of Mayors, councillors and physicians, but they cannot take part in decisions on the government or management of these communes.

Women have also *parochial rights*. They, that is all but wives, are entitled to take part in parish meetings and vote on the election of the clergy and church-wardens, but a woman may not be elected church-warden.

Women may also sit as members of the poor boards. They may also sit on school committees in high schools for girls. The duties of these committees are limited to an unimportant supervision of the schools. Public elementary school boards chosen by the communal assembly or board, are of much greater importance and direct the affairs of public elementary schools in town and country. Previous to March 7, 1893, women were not eligible in all communes to fill this office, though some, in the country, were elected to fill it. Since the above date the statute decrees women to be eligible members of the school boards both in town and country.

A general growing liberality of the public mind towards women has led to their being appointed to various positions of trust. They may be trustees in cases of bankruptcy and are occasionally appointed as guardians to children not their own. Widows are the lawful guardians of their own children.

An interesting chapter on "Finnish women according to custom," shows that many of the old bands restraining even the physical liberty of women have been loosened; and their intellectual nature has received and is receiving growing recognition. In sports, as well as in intellectual pursuits, the young of both sexes are no longer restricted by regulations which practically set them on different pedestals, thus encouraging false notions of propriety, and leading to a low standard of female health. Married working-women both in town and country among the

poorer classes are still, however, left to struggle with unintermittent toil as best they may.

The chapter on "Education of Women and Women as Teachers," is a lengthy one and full of interest and instruction, but our space forbids anything but the merest outline, the introductory remarks however cannot be omitted; they are as touching as historical.

"In all classes—the higher as well as the lower—the bringing up of the daughter naturally devolves upon the mothers. The girls of the middle and higher classes were for a long period brought up only for home life. Their feelings and their imagination were cultivated by means of music, singing and reading of poetry and fiction. The development of independent thought was considered much less important. Young girls learned languages chiefly in order to be able to carry on a conversation in French and German. It was thought necessary to be able to do fine needlework, and especially fancy work. Mothers also taught their daughters all sorts of housewifely duties.

"At present we try to give girls a wider horizon and the opportunity of developing their intellectual powers, so that they may be able, as members of society, to do their share whatever that may be.

"Ever since the great Reformation, and more especially since the time of the Lutheran bishop J. Gerzelius (died 1690), the first instruction in reading has been imparted to children at home. Exhorted by the Lutheran clergy, Finnish mothers have, even in distant places and solitary northern wildernesses, taught their children to read, often at the same time themselves busy at the spinning-wheel.

"In consequence of this habit of Finnish mothers, and in consequence, principally, of the fact that the clergy are in duty bound to hold yearly examinations among all the inhabitants of their parishes, young and old when their knowledge of reading is tested there are relatively more people in Finland who are able to read than in most other European countries.

"The first religious instruction is in most cases given to children by their mothers and is controlled and supplemented at the above mentioned examinations.

"In those homes belonging to the educated classes where the mother is possessed from imparting to her children the first rudimentary knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, and religion, she is, especially in the country, replaced by a governess.

It will be seen from the above that the revival of learning that came in with the Reformation touched Finland alike with other countries where it entered. The system of public education is, however, much more modern. Its apostle seems to have been Uno Cygnaeus, of whom we are told nothing more than in this connection, except that "he died in 1891." The most essential part of the general elementary system of education established by Uno Cygnaeus and established by the law of May 11, 1866, consists of the folk-schools, that is the public elementary schools—which correspond to the three or four lower classes of the American grammar schools. The first folk-schools according to this description were established in 1867.

There was, however, previous to this date an important system of education carried on

throughout Finland. Under the head of Infant Schools, we find the Ambulatory Schools under the superintendence of the clergy and maintained by the parish, and moving about, during a few weeks in each place—a condition of things sufficiently indicative of the isolated position of the parishes or hamlets scattered over the Finnish peninsula. Under similar conditions existed preparatory schools of both sexes and country, and differing a little with each other, also Kindergartens. In all these boys and girls are taught together," and the teachers are mostly women.

Under the head of "Folk-schools" much interesting information is given, for which it is impossible to give space here. These schools limit the age of the entrance to not earlier than eight years and not later than twelve. The four years' course of instruction is liberal, embracing always religion. Reading is made each of, and elementary geometry, natural science and its adaptations are included in the course. Boys and girls are taught together in the generality of cases.

The teachers are paid by the State, 600 marks (frances) per annum to women, 800m. to men, increasing after ten years by 20 per cent., after every subsequent five years by 10 per cent., till the increase in the twenty-fifth year is 50 per cent. After thirty years of satisfactory teaching a female teacher is awarded a pension of 600 marks out of the public funds, male teacher 800. Thus in Finland, as elsewhere, is sex discriminated.

A rather remarkable class of schools has been founded in connection with the Folk-schools, but it does not appear that they are paid by the State, though our record says: "This kind of school was proposed by the Estates of the realm, and approved by the Government in 1892." These are "Continuation schools," established for girls who have passed through the Folk-schools, and in nearly every case, by female school teachers. In these advanced classes instruction is given in needlework, weaving, etc., in cooking and household work, in general school subjects, and finally in book-keeping. Only one of these schools is at present in operation.

The Folk-school course is followed by the People's Colleges, first founded in 1889, and differing in many respects to our High schools. In the curriculum, however, is included hand work, as weaving, etc. They are open to youths of both sexes of about 18 years of age, and to kindle noble impulses." "As there are only eight of these colleges, one from the country. One has been established for women only, by a woman, and with some others enjoys a grant out of the public funds. The school alone is superintended by a woman.

Normal schools or seminaries for Folk-school teachers come into the Folk-school system. The instruction is free. There are three of these Normal schools all superintended by men having a woman assistant-superintendent divided in separate buildings. The sexes are not set apart for women, however, and discrimination against women, however. At the Swedish Female Normal Institute, Finland's first female Bachelor of Arts, Miss Irene Astrom, fills the position of a

'lektor' and enjoys the same salary as the male teachers—this however, only after a special application, and 'in spite of her sex.'"

Finland has her schools for the blind, the deaf and dumb, etc. The first school for the blind was founded in 1865, in the capital; was conducted by a woman, Miss M. Linsen, the first person in Finland who devoted herself to the instruction and care of the blind. Of the five schools for the deaf and dumb, one was organized in 1862 by a woman, Miss Anna Heikel, who is still at the head of the establishment. There are in Finland nine schools for idiots, some belonging to the government, and some to private individuals; these enjoy a grant from the State.

None of the preceding schools come under the head of the Higher Education. Of this, as provided for girls, a very interesting account is given.

During the early part of the century only private ladies' schools existed, but having no support from State or municipality their condition was often precarious. A foot-note remarks on this "The south-east corner of Finland formed an exception. There existed for some time German high schools for girls supported by the Government. This part of the country had been subjected to Russian rule in the eighteenth century, and was influenced by the German culture of the Baltic provinces." In 1843, the government school regulations settled that two educational establishments for women were to be founded at the expense of the government. "The fact that the government established schools for girls at such an early date is the more remarkable that there are even now few governments in Europe that have seen fit to do anything for the higher education of girls."

"A lady principal was from the very beginning placed at the head of every school. Of our own languages, Swedish and Finnish, only the former was, to begin with, used in these schools. In consequence of our historical conditions the higher education was formerly almost exclusively imparted, to men as well as to women, only in the Swedish language, although the language of six-sevenths of the population is Finnish. But by degrees, patriots and friends of education fully realized that it is of vital importance that the bulk of the people should not remain foreign to the higher education. They therefore set to work to provide institutions where such an education was to be given in the Finnish language. Some Finnish high schools for girls were founded by private enterprise.

The first of these was established in 1864 in Jyvaskyla, a small town in the centre of the country. In 1869, another was established in Helsingfors on the initiative of Mrs. Ida Godenhjelm. Many of these schools having been founded, the State at length awoke to their importance and now maintains six Finnish and five Swedish high schools for girls, taking several of the private ones over, at the latest reorganization of the educational system (in 1885).

During the half century of their existence these State high-schools for girls have seen many changes, all looking to the opinion of the times concerning the purpose of education for women. In 1844, out of seventy-two lessons a week only thirty were set apart for other studies than needlework. In 1872, needlework was awarded a lower proportion of

lessons to other studies: at the present time, in the schools with seven classes and 204 lessons a week, 147 are allowed for religious instruction, the two languages of the country, history and a rudimentary knowledge of the constitution, geography, mathematics, zoology, botany, physics, hygiene, and foreign languages (generally French and German, but in some schools also English and Russian): thirty-six lessons are allowed for needlework, singing, calligraphy, and drawing, and twenty-one for gymnastics.

The pupils have to pay fees, which amount in the seven-class schools to one hundred marks a year, and in the five-class schools (each pupil entering to go through all the classes of her school) eighty marks, exactly double the amount paid by boys in the same class of schools.

"Certificates are awarded to those who have finished the course, and give the right of admission to the Normal schools and divers practical schools. A certificate also entitles the owner to apply for a situation at the Post" (office).

At these schools instruction is imparted by a lady principal, three or five female and three male teachers ("Kollega") five assistant female teachers, and extra teachers where necessary.

Of the position of female teachers in State High Schools for girls, the same discrimination against sex as before noted, obtains, but the idea of remuneration of teachers of both sexes is not marked by the precariousness or want of appreciation of the value of the work that exists in some countries. The lady principal of a seven-roomed school receives per annum (lodgings in addition) 2,800 marks; of a five-class school, 2,000 marks. The female teachers, seven rooms, 2,200 marks each, and assistant female teachers (in drawing, calligraphy, singing and gymnastics) 800, 900, and 1,800, (1,000 ?) respectively. The senior male teachers, however, receive 4000, the junior male teachers, 3,400. The increase in salary to each is on the same basis as of the Folk-schools, and the pensions are similarly provided for. The latter constitutes a worthy example.

Into the position of teachers in the Private Girls' Schools, both high and preparatory, and in the Continuation classes and Normal schools it is impossible to enter here, though both are full of points in the highest degree praiseworthy to women, not alone for their love of learning and their patriotism, but also for their advanced ideas in the conduct of their establishments, so that "even the State schools have been benefited by their example," Miss Gustava Forsblom in Frederickshamm and Miss Elizabeth Blomquist in Helsingfors having led the way, the latter introducing into girls' education, for the first time, gymnastics.

The subjects embraced in the Normal school course are worthy of attention; they are, the mother-tongue, (Finnish or Swedish) and the literature of the country, psychology, pedagogics, religious instruction, the other language of the country, the German and French languages and their literature, history and the social constitution of Finland, geography, mathematics, natural science, and drawing. The mother-tongue and its literature is compulsory on all pupils; psychology and pedagogics on those who intend to become teachers; among the rest of the subjects the students have the right to choose.

In the Normal schools instruction is imparted by teachers of both sexes. The salary

for both sexes is the same, and amounts to five marks a lesson. On the board of management one lady must sit as well as the lady principal. The Normal institute for Folk-school teachers is styled a seminary, and a certificate from a State High School Normal Institute entitles the owner to fill the position of lady principal, or teacher in a State High school, also teacher in a seminary, and, under certain conditions, that of "Kollega" at the High School for girls.

Private enterprise provided for the training of teachers a quarter of a century before the government took it up, Miss Elizabeth Blouquist and Mr. and Mrs. Godenhjelm being the first to establish Normal classes.

That much-debated question, Co-education, has received the fullest attention in Finland, and has been unreservedly adopted within the last ten years. "Boys and girls have been taught together from time out of mind," says our record, "in infant schools, in the course of instruction preceding confirmation, and partly in Folk-schools. In certain technical schools, too, both sexes have received instruction together, and young ladies have finally been admitted to take part in the studies carried on at the university. At the middle school, however (for pupils from eight or nine up to the age of eighteen or nineteen) co-education did not exist in Finland before the autumn of 1883, when the first school for both sexes, leading to the university, was opened. The plan of teaching both sexes together has met with great success in our country, no less than seven co-educational schools having been founded in ten years, and have the largest number of pupils of any in spite of the fees being sometimes double, sometimes triple the amount paid in the High schools for girls, affording an undeniable proof of the favour with which the public regard them. The government, however, has not shown its sympathy with these schools to any extent, separate schools for the sexes being aided by sums three times as large as co-educational ones.

"Whatever experience we have hitherto had," says our record, "of these schools has not caused any doubts to arise, either from a moral point of view or concerning their influence on the health of the girls, or concerning the common aims and methods of instruction." "The pupils from the two co-education schools which have hitherto sent candidates to the university, have passed their examinations with the best average results of the year. The co-education question has been much discussed in the daily press, not seldom by female writers. The question has also been discussed at a meeting of principals (rektor) of the State schools, at another meeting of male and female teachers, and finally at some sessions of the Estates. These discussions have resulted, partly, in proposals that the method of instructing both sexes together might be introduced into the lower classes of the State boys' schools, partly that the complete private co-education schools might be placed in the same position relating to State subventions, as are private boys' schools leading to the university." In some of the smaller towns where no State schools for girls existed, the municipal authorities and some private persons applied to the government to have girls admitted to the boys' schools, which was granted. The girls' fees were in these cases, again, made double that of the boys.

At present some of the State schools in

various municipalities are being re-organized into co-educational schools belonging to the communes and receiving government grants, a fact in itself insignificant, yet indicating a slight change in the attitude of the government towards co-education.

"All schools for general instruction in Finland are placed, since 1870, under the supervision of a Supreme School Council in Helsingfors; there are, moreover, local committees, proposed by the local authorities of town or communes, and authorized by the Supreme School Council for three years. These consist of from three to five male or female members."

The foregoing rapid glance at the state of women's education in Finland brings us very naturally to the culmination of such full and complete provision so widely extended, and our last item in this connection is *Women at the University*.

We who have so lately achieved this right for our women, look with heightened interest at the same advance on behalf of its women made in Finland. This spirited and high-souled little country stands in this respect side by side with ourselves, and indeed records an example of a woman at the State University earlier than we do.

Of the difficulties, if there were any, to be encountered before a woman was admitted to compete with her fellow-men on their highest plane of learning we are told nothing; perhaps, in this respect, the Finnish ladies were happier than we; but now that our battle is fought in regard to our Provincial University of Ontario, and our denominational universities have, most of them, followed suit in the matter of co-education, we experience no drawback to our pleasure in learning of other successes abroad. Space forbids our copying the whole chapter, as we are strongly tempted to do, but we give as full a synopsis of it as possible.

In 1870, a Finnish woman for the first time passed the examinations required for admission to the University of Helsingfors. In 1873, another passed. After an interval of twelve years two women, in 1885, made the venture and succeeded. In 1887 the number of female students was seventeen. There being no school open to girls, carrying instruction up to the point of university entrance examinations, these women had often under great difficulties to prepare themselves.

Not until 1890 did the co-education schools, established a few years only, send their first contingent, consisting of thirteen young people of both sexes to the University. In 1891 forty-four women students entered at the University; in 1892-93 there are fifty-six, or 3.2 per cent. of the whole number of students. Three of these have devoted themselves to law, four to medicine, twenty-four take mathematics or natural science, partly as a preparation for medicine, and twenty-five go in for philology or history.

Miss Emma Irene Astrom who has been previously mentioned, took her B.A. in 1882 and was immediately appointed a professor ("lector") at one of the seminaries for training of Folk-school teachers. Six women have since taken their degree at the University. Two have devoted themselves to education, and two have passed also the examination (in arts) of candidates of medicine, a preliminary step for the degree of M.D. demanded by the University. The first Finnish female doctor, Miss Rosina Heikel, was never entered at the

University, but was given special license to allow her to take the medical course alone; she is now a parish or district physician in Helsingfors.

Women seeking admission to the University are still obliged to apply to the authorities for a special permission; the situation of women students is, therefore, somewhat anomalous "from a formal point of view." The settling of this matter, however, does not lie with the University authorities nor any Finnish authority. The University Council and the Estates have for some years petitioned the government in somewhat forcible terms on behalf of the free access of women to the University; "all these attempts, however, have stranded on difficulties relating to circumstances on the other side of our eastern frontier."

Within the college itself no difference is made between male and female students. The travelling fellowships and other scholarships are also open to women as to men. It is always satisfactory to learn that the Finnish public have sympathized with women university students and their aims, to the extent of founding four scholarships for them exclusively, three in medicine—two of these in honor of Miss Rosina Heikel, the first Finnish lady physician—and the fourth for women students in general.

S. A. CURZAN

PARIS LETTER.

The French are always churning their statistics; no doubt the question is important for them, their population being retrograding whilst that of neighboring nations is progressive. On the present occasion the foreigners in France occupy attention. They amounted in 1891 to 1,130,211, in 1881 when they were first counted, their total was 380,000. The population of France increased between 1851 and 1891, by 2,300,000, of which 750,000 were foreigners, so that 39 per cent. of the general augmentation is due to foreigners. It is known from reviews of births and deaths within the last two years, that the general population is retrograding, and would be more so were it not for the foreign residents. As one-tenth of a nation's population is set down as its fighting force, the foreign contingent must be omitted. The number of foreigners vary from 465,860 Belgians, 100,000 Chinese, Japs, and other Asiatics.

The nations that next figure highest are the Italians and the Germans, then the Swedes. The English total is 39,687, a few less than the Dutch. The North Americans are set down at 7,000; and the Russians at 14,000. Of the 1,130,211 foreigners, 65,644 lived on their money; 38,095 by professions; but one singular, 683 males and 853 females are employed in the police force, and 2,396 in the civil service—which passes all understanding. Of the English, 15,000 reside in Paris and its suburbs; the Alps and the Pyrenees cover Anglo-Saxon nests 3,533. The British occupy Boulogne-sur-Mer, and the neighborhood. Smaller colonies pitch their tents at the side and along the Loire from Orleans to Nantes. Of the 7,000 Americans, 4,834 reside in the capital and its vicinity, the balance of English and Americans, the number of women residents is superior to the men, the latter being 78 and 85 respectively, per 100 men.

All eyes are fixed on Siam. What will England do, is the question everywhere asked. It was generally believed that when the Siamese paid down their smart war indemnity, and acceded to all France demanded besides, in the way of boundaries that the Franco-Siam question was closed. It looks as if Oliver's something "more" is asked for. This will certainly compel England to boldly state what she means by securing the independence of Siam, as her ideas and those of France are nearly not alike. What can England do if France insists on further concessions, for the French have discovered the secret of playing boldly, and so winning! Beyond doubt, the Siamese prefer giving their sympathies to England; but France wants concessions to compensate her for the absence of Siamese troops. The opinion is that there is a good deal more than Siam behind the Siamese im-

Germany appears to be very calm in the consciousness of her terrible strength. She shows her power, and has definite views. The Emperor's visit to his new castle at Urville, 10 miles from Strasbourg, on the occasion of the army autumn manoeuvres before Metz, is more thought upon than spoken about. It is the reply to the frontier manoeuvres of France last year. The park and grounds are very attractive, and round the building are semi-tropical plants that recall Southern France. The chateau belongs to the Renaissance style of architecture. The dining hall is very spacious, and could feast Charlemagne and his twelve peers with all their followers. It is rich in artistic decorations—iron work, wood carving, mural paintings, and tapestries. The Emperor's bed room is most simply furnished and on a compliment by securing a French cook. The old Kaiser had the famous Dubois for cook, and spared his native town a punitive war fine when invading France. Roman emperors preferred their cooks with a town if they captured their palates by a new dish.

Not much attention is given to the forthcoming second ballotes; the war appears to be confined to sticking up posters, where the rival candidates exchange pot-and-kettle comments that no one even stops to grin at. The Socialists are likely to capture several seats at the second ballots, chiefly at the expense of the Republican and "Vatican Opponents." The radicals also are sanguine of winning more seats. These prospects will not prevent the formation of a working ministerial cabinet. The election of M. Wilson, the late president Grevy's son-in-law, is accepted as a political joke. One satirical journal represents Grevy, arriving at the Chamber of Deputies, accompanied by two policemen; in his travel-bag that he carries in his hand, is strapped the figure of old Grevy. The prospects of Floquet are not improving; respecting Clemenceau, they are not worse. Not much attention is paid to the Cassandra politician who draw attention to the very serious state of the finances—the expenditure of the country is rapidly mounting to 3½ milliard francs per year, and the revenue does not produce that sum. The reigning system of finance is that pursued by Necker—expended and pay by—loans.

The game season has just opened, and for the majority of the gunners, closed. Two, or the most three days, satisfy their *furia* to

slaughter something, if only a robin red-breast, a wandering rat, or the hired setter, that is supplied along with the outfit. The poachers never so well cleared away the game from preserves as on the present occasion; they have had a good fortnight's start of the proprietors. Germany is sending waggon loads of game of all kinds to the Paris market.

The Russians, the peasantry especially, are very superstitious; they believe in divination. The girls are their own soothsayers, and do it on the cheap: Time—New Year's Eve, and midnight. The object is to evoke a future husband. A girl will place two mirrors of equal size and form on a table, and around each four lighted candles; the reflection will produce a kind of corridor; at the psychological moment she will perceive the image of her future husband—or a coffin, if she be fated soon to die. If she is to be married soon, a man will rapidly traverse the reflection corridor, will come and sit beside her, after apparently locking the door. She must at once blow out the candles, for if she continued to gaze, she would not be turned into a pillar of salt, but would have her neck twisted by an evil demon. The intended husband appears under the mask of Old Nick; hence, naturally, young men have a dislike to sweethearts resorting to magic.

Prague has been celebrating the centenary of the invention of the screw propeller, claimed by one of her sons, J. Ressel, who was born in July, 1793. He first tried his project in 1826, and took out a patent for his invention; then he came to Paris in 1829, had a small vessel constructed, and propelled it on the St. Martin Canal. A Frenchman pirated the work. The French Academy of Sciences, in 1846, claimed the discovery for Sauvage, of Boulogne-sur-Mer, and erected a statue to him—for what he did *not* invent. It was Hooke who, in 1681, first demonstrated the principle of the Archimedian screw. Bramah, Lytleton and Shorter took out patents for the idea between 1784 and 1799. But screw propulsion was only made practical by Smith and Ericsson, in 1836. The Archimedes was the first ship fitted with a screw. It was built by Windshurst, on the Thames, and worked in 1838. The second was built by the United States, in 1844. It was called the Rattler, and tried in England in 1845.

On the whole, a pretty fair show of exhibits of the out-puts of the French colonies is taking place at the Palace of Industries. If visitors expect it to be anything approaching to the London "Colonies" of a few years ago, they had better stay away. Odd, the French do not visit the present exhibition. Perhaps the curios dominate the natural products of each colony and their native industries. There was room to exhibit the prices of the raw products in the colonies, their cost of transport to a home factory, what the worked-up material was converted into, and its selling price. It was a good occasion to display what Western manufactures the natives exactly wanted, the vending price to be expected, with specimens of the goods supplied by the advanced nations of Europe. The French seem timid to give this object-lesson information, as if competitors did not already know it better than themselves. There is some pretty lace from the girls' schools of St. Pierre and Miquelon, near Newfoundland. Tahiti sends a beautiful berthe, made of a serpent's skin. It is a wonder the material is not more fash-

ionable. Dahomey contributes a belt from the wardrobe of an Amazon; it is composed of the vertebral bones of a serpent, with three pendants or breloques of skulls of warriors, covered with red cloth, and shells to replace the eyes.

Those who like Michelet's style, if not his writings, would do well to run through the last volume of his "Journal," just published. It refers to his European travels in 1834. A large part of his book is taken up with England, its people and its scenery. There is the evidence of Michelet's later success, the delicate and feminine charm of his descriptions; the happy unity of linking life, humanity, with nature's material manifestations, and evoking the past as a frame-work for all. He admired the cottages, all covered with roses, between Dover and London. He was captivated by the spectacle of prodigious activity of the English people, by their tenacity, strength, and greatness of will. He attributes these qualities to the richness of their food, producing a blood in which accumulates all the energies. In Westminster Abbey, Holyrood Palace and York Cathedral he says he has felt to have lived in all their past. He is rather severe on Ireland, and complains—year 1834—of meeting nothing but misery and funerals.

When the first cannon opened at Waterloo, it was 11:35 a.m. by English officers' watches. Was that, it is asked, Greenwich, Brussels, or Paris time? At the close of the day the French had no time to look at their watches.

Napoleon I. drank twenty cups of coffee per day; apparently it did not prolong his life as the beverage did Voltaire's. Charles XII. of Sweden liked bread and butter, and Marshal Hocquincourt, the tails of cod-fish.

Z.

ECCE SIGNUM.

Behold the Eden of a new-born earth,
With man, again, a new-born soul, in charge;
The old things passed away, the doubt, the dearth,
The barren Genesis, for fairer birth,
A life and hope more large!

The Nemesis of Evil slinks away,
Trailing thro' dust its braided length of years
While borne on pulsing waves of ebbless day,
Heaven's herald, Light, with seven-fold splend-
did ray,
Triumphant, re-appears.

No memory of the former substance left—
And yet, half-memory, on uncertain gleams,
Threading the Now's translucent warp and weft,
Of all but brightest hues and textures left,
Vague outlines of a dream.

Once dreamt upon a some-time shore, a chime
From auffled bells, or joy, or dread, or doubt,
One confine of the soul's ancestral clime,
One impress on the sun-set sands of Time
Struck by Life's footstep out.

The past is dead. What past!—The present lives.
There is no past. Eternity remains,
Outworn each yesterday, to-day survives,
While each successive morrow, pregnant gives
Life to earth's lifeless plains.

The chrysalid of mind is changed—no more;
Its web unspun by fingers infinite,
The fluttering Life emerges by a shore
Whereon no billows beat, no breakers roar,
No boisterous tempests smite.

The effete tenement of soul expires,
Its filaments are loosed, its tissues rush,

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Burnt-out its transient, dull, terrestrial fires,
Expended all its darkling, dense desires,
It perishes in dust.

To be re-fashion'd in some farther sphere,
Orb after orb and space o'er space, beyond
The wasting bands of finite being here,
The clay-cold forms of kinship once held dear,
Or fellowships more fond.

Are then Earth's kinships dead?—In very truth,
There was no Earth; for change is Being's law,
So kin with kin shall meet again, and youth
Renew the old time pledge of love, in sooth,
Love's ring without one flaw.

We come, we know not whence; anon, we go,
We know not where, nor choose we time or place;
We know not how the seasons ebb and flow,
We know not how the blossoms, fragrant, blow,
Nor whence the sunbeam's grace.

Swift falls the snow, its flakes are number'd not,
Breaks the chill blast on purpling peak and plain,
Blooms clothe with raiment rare some desert spot,
Leaves of the wilderness bud, bourgeon, rot,
Descends the rippling rain.

But who't interpret Nature's varied change,
Reading the Sphinx like (Edipus of old;
Or, sapient, counsel souls that outward range
To read with eyes seraphic themes less strange
Than earth's brief tale when told?

Creeds cannot force the constant guarded gate,
Their votaries grope from dark to dismal dark,
Each deems itself the oracle of Fate,
Yet fails to solve the mystery;—too late
Man feels his sense embark.

For further voyage to a viewless realm,
Ere deem'd a possible yet far-off dream,
But who to hold the now relinquished helm,
Mid strifes that rend and seas that overwhelm,
And fires that downward stream?

Reason alone with Hope the pilot star,
To guide across the ebbing tide of doubt,
Pointing the path o'er storm-toss'd waves afar,
And shedding light on breaker, beach, and bar,
That else had faded out;

Out to the blackness of the night profound;
"We are" the guarantee that "we shall be,"
Another cycle of life's mystic round
Holds in its wider, yet concentric bound
No deeper mystery

Than "Now"—Am I not man? The womb
Of hours,
Pregnant with life, had waited for my birth
From out the everlasting vales of flowers,
Shined on by suns, and wet with dews and showers
Of some unending earth.

Earth! What is earth? 'Tis heav'n—and yet
It holds within its husk the germ of hell,
The Sun of joy is in the zenith set,
But e'en the lids of pristine day were wet
With tears that somewhere fell.

And heav'n is earth; no paradise more fair,
More full of love and deep contentment's plan
Can bourgeon in the empty fields of air;
Nor minstrel angels passive, vacant stare
On nobler work than man.

Ay, nobler work than man!—His giant heart
Pulses in space upon God's anvil shaped,
Temper'd by time in fierce contention's mart,
Angel and man he stands, and still in part
A god in glory draped.

In His own image fashion'd, deathless great,
Omnipotent—shall death or hell destroy,
Or fetters chain him to the wheel of fate

That rolls through black Oblivion's gate,
Annihilation's toy?

No, no! There is no death, another strand
Awaits the earth-worn spirit, formless, fled;
One central life, with ever varying band
Of constant souls that fluctuate hand in hand;
But no, there are no dead!

For what were death but end of Nature's all,
Sunbeam and starlight, dusk and dewy dawn,
Heav'n's mantling blue but a funereal pall,
As I, alone, on this revolving ball
Am living, sentient, born!

For life is but a universal I,
Each in himself, commingled, one and one;
When Being's pageant, finite, passes by,
And I, impassive and insentient lie,
The universe is done.

Eternity is dead; the present, null; the past,
A broken web, by brief sensation spun;
But if one soul in life's conception cast,
Rises supreme o'er dissolution's blast,
All life is but begun.

And Faith survives, with joy and changeless Hope,
For Doubt is render'd harmless of its sting;
Buoyant the spirit flights successive cope
'Gainst destinies, where weaker fledglings grope
As yet with untried wing.

But soon to be translated, true and strong,
Steadfast in fix'd triumphant trust of right,
Above the sordid scenes of wreck and wrong,
'Borne by the drift of deathless days along
Through an unending light.

Behold the sign to faltering, fainting souls,
To-day, the morrow's loud, resistless plea,
Doubt, dark and death are but life's transient goals,
The everlasting Future somewhere rolls
Into a sentient sea!

A. H. MORRISON,

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THE FOG ON THE BLUMLIS ALP.

Though there was a tragedy to be played out presently up there beside the dazzling snowfields of the Blumlis Alp, both the players were unaware of it as yet, and only one of them knew that the ground plan of a tragedy was laid. George Heriot knew this, it is true, and Basil Gordon's wife, who was waiting for them below at Kandersteg, knew it also; but Basil Gordon himself knew nothing. If anyone had come and told him that his companion and friend whom he trusted had done him the wrong that a man must not pardon even if he will he would probably have knocked him down first, and asked for an explanation afterwards. So no one did tell him, though many guessed the truth, and, it may be, he would never have discovered it, had not an accident revealed it to him, and a stray puff of wind among the mountains caught up the written proof of Ella Gordon's shame, and laid it fluttering at her husband's feet.

The two men had come down together over the Dunden Pass that leads to Kandersteg from Lauterbrunnen. It is quite an easy pass; there are no snowfields to plough through, no yawning berg-schruns to cross, no tangled ice-falls to thread, no narrow ledges of rock to creep along. The only difficulty consists in choosing, towards your journey's end, the one particular grass slope among many which does not lead over a thousand feet or so of precipice into the Oeschinen See. It is a pass, indeed, that you can make quite easily without a guide, provided that the weather holds good, and you know

the way. Otherwise, no doubt, there might be trouble. But George Heriot knew the way—there were few Alpine high-ways or bye-ways that he did not know by heart—and Basil Gordon had trusted his knowledge and agreed to make the journey with him.

They had crossed the pass itself, and were sitting down to rest on the ridge of the lateral moraine that towers above the Blumlis Alp; the glacier. The hour was growing late, and a white mist was blowing up towards them from the lower reaches of the valley; but, as they were tired, and as George Heriot claimed to be able to find the way down to the shores of the Oeschinen. See blindfold, it did not frighten them into hurrying. And it was while they sat and rested there that the accident happened through which Basil Gordon learnt the truth.

The last of the cold meat, and Gruyere cheese, and Alpine honey was eaten, and the last bottle of white wine emptied, and they filled their pipes to smoke. While George Heriot was fumbling in his side-pocket for matches he carried loose there, he accidentally pulled out a letter and dropped it on the ground. A gust of wind blew it over to the place where Basil Gordon sat. He reached out his arm and picked it up, to hand it back, and noticed that it was in his wife's handwriting.

There was nothing extraordinary in that. Basil Gordon would almost certainly have returned it, without comment, never supposing it to be anything but an old invitation to lunch or dinner, or some other equally innocent communication, written at his own desire. But the quick, peremptory tone in which the other claimed, "Gordon, give me that letter, please," impelled him, almost involuntarily, to throw a casual glance over it.

The few words that just caught his eye were sufficiently surprising to induce him to read further, more especially as his companion repeated his demand:

"Gordon, I asked you to give me back that letter."

"I have a right to read this letter, Heriot," he answered, "and I mean to do so."

Basil Gordon was a strong man, albeit an indifferent mountaineer, and if it came to a physical struggle for the possession of the document, there was not a question that he would get the best of it. George Heriot was conscious of this, so he made no resistance, but waited in terror for the inevitable thunderbolt to fall. Slowly, from the first line to the last, Basil Gordon read the letter through. Unless it were a forgery—and for such a forgery no sensitive was imaginable—it left him absolutely no room for doubt. The truth—the hideous truth—stood out before him in all its glaring nakedness. He felt like a man dazed, and pressed his hand against his forehead, doubting the evidence of his own senses. But, when he had read it through a second time, at last he realized the fearful discovery he had made. Then he tore it in two, and put the pieces in his pocket, and stood up in his wrath and faced the man who had betrayed him.

The fog that streamed up the valley was thickening around them. Already, though they were standing only some six or seven feet apart, they could barely distinguish each other's figures in the dimness.

Basil Gordon wasted neither breath nor time in reproaches or recriminations. He blurted and passionately began—

"You scoundrel!"

The other stood dumb before him, and he continued—

"You scoundrel! If I treated you as you deserve, I would fling you down on to that glacier, and leave your bones to rot there till the Day of Judgment."

As he spoke, he advanced a step or two along the narrow ridge of the moraine, and the other retired an equal space before him. Thoroughly frightened as he was, he knew that that threat, at all events, could not be executed by the inferior cragsman.

"You won't do that, Gordon," he stammered out. You have your remedy, but you won't use that."

"Yes, by God!" Gordon answered, seeing the impossibility of this immediate vengeance, "I have my remedy, and I mean to take it."

"You're afraid of me now, you coward; but you'll be more scared still when you stand up to my pistol at fifteen paces. I may not be able to climb mountains, but I can shoot straight. Heriot. You know that I can shoot straight, don't you?"

"No," he added, as a further thought struck him, "you won't refuse to fight me. You won't dare. If you won't stand up to me like a man, I will shoot you like a dog, and take the consequences."

He meant every word he said, and George Heriot knew it. He was a coward, and his cheeks were blanched, though Basil Gordon could not see it for the mist. Then his fears suggested an idea to him, and in the white darkness of the mist, he saw his one chance of ultimate deliverance from danger.

"You needn't be afraid," he said. "I will meet you and fight you, when and where you like—always supposing that you get off this mountain alive. Under the circumstances you will hardly expect me to show you the way down. The track is a little awkward in the fog. I hope you'll find it."

So speaking he turned away and disappeared into the mist. For a few minutes his feet were heard plunging in the loose and treacherous shale, and then there was no sound save the noise of the streams that ran out of the chert, and bounded down over the rocks in cataracts.

Left to himself, Basil Gordon had but little chance of the proper route to take to get safely down to Kandersteg. By daylight he could have found the way easily enough with ordinary caution. But now the unnatural darkness of the fog was beginning to be complicated with the natural darkness of the night, and he could barely see his hand before his face.

Fortunately, he had taken a general survey of the track before the fog came on, and knew that he must follow the line of the lateral moraine, and then ascend to the left, instead of taking what, in the dark, would have seemed the more obvious course of descending to the right. For the route to the right led only to the cliffs down which the glacier streams foam and tumble, but where no human foot can find a place to stand; while that to the left leads to the beginning of that intricate system of steep slopes which constitutes the one puzzle of the descent.

To get there it is necessary to cross all these little glacier cataracts aforesaid. By the help of his alpenstock a man can leap across them in some places. To some of them, boulders, conveniently situated, serve as stepping stones; but as he could not see his way, Basil Gordon had to wade through them with imminent danger, where the stream ran strongly, of being washed off his feet.

It was an inexpressibly tedious process. At times he stumbled over stones he could not see, and bruised himself, and nearly sprained his ankle. At other times he sank nearly to his knees in the damp shale, which seemed to threaten to absorb him like a quicksand. At last, however, he got finally clear of the moraine. The ground was harder, and the rocks were fewer; and he was able to clamber up the final ascent.

Considering his inexperience, it was almost a miracle that he had got so far in safety. However, he had only just reached the point at which the real difficulties begin. He now faintly perceived that he was in the midst of a series of low parallel grassy knolls, and that, in the hollows between the knolls, lay the beginnings of steep grass slopes, by one of which it was necessary for him to descend. There was nothing to guide him to the selection of the right one, so he sat down and reflected for a while. Then he started, experimentally and cautiously, down one of them, holding his alpenstock in readiness to arrest a fall.

Before he had gone many paces, the decline began to get ominously abrupt, and, just as the advisability of turning back began to dawn on him, he felt his foot slipping. With all his might he ground his alpenstock into the soil beside him, and, dropping gently into a sitting posture, managed to prevent himself from falling further. For five or ten minutes he sat there feeling the cold chill that runs through a man when he has suddenly saved himself from sudden peril. When he had recovered himself a little, and turned to think of climbing back again to the summit of the ridge, he found that he had wholly lost his bearings. His nerves were so shaken that it seemed to him that he was lying with abysmal precipices on every side of him, and he dared not crawl either up or down, lest he should crawl over the cliff's edge into empty space before he was aware of it.

Yet he was resolved to live, if only for the sake of his revenge.

"I won't die till I've killed that man," he said to himself, "even if I have to sit here and freeze till the fog lifts."

Then he made his preparations to spend the night upon the slope. He kicked little clefts in the turf in which to rest his heels, and pushed the iron-shod point of his alpenstock farther into the ground, and sat there, resting both his hands on it, that he might not slip. His feet were wet; the temperature was scarcely above freezing point, and falling fast; there was barely a tablespoon of brandy left in his flask, and he had nothing to eat except a single stick of chocolate. He ate it and sipped the cognac, and so temporarily stayed the faintness that was coming over him. Afterwards, he got out his pipe, and filled and lit it, and so waited for the dawn.

No one but those who have been benighted on the high Alps will fully realize the horrors of that dreadful bivouac. Only a man with a constitution of cast-iron could have lived through it. But Basil Gordon had a purpose to live for, and it supported him.

Towards the morning he even slept a little. The noise of a thunderstorm mingled with his dream, and he fancied that he was chasing George Heriot through the mountains with his revolver. Then he awoke to find that the mist had scattered, and that the snowfields of the Doldenhorn and Weisse Frau were crimsoned by the newly-risen sun.

"At last," he said to himself. "Now I can go down to Kandersteg and shoot him."

After all, he found he was nowhere near a precipice, and now that he could see the way he was easily able to clamber up again to the place from which he had descended. Nor had he any difficulty in recovering the track. Some rough steps hewn in the rock indicated the beginning of it, and ordinary care enabled him to follow the remainder of the route. There were some *chalets* on the Oeschinen Alp, and a small boy from one of them indicated the little pathway that winds along the cliff high up above the Oeschinen See. Basil Gordon followed it without accident until he reached the little inn kept by the boatman at the extremity of the lake.

The boatman himself was out upon the lake; but his wife brought Basil Gordon wine, bread and butter, and honey, and set on the kettle to boil to make tea for him. He ate and drank, and, though still stiff and miserable, felt revived.

After he had paid the bill, he strolled out on the beach. The boatman was rowing back to the shore, and, as Basil Gordon stepped down there, the keel was just grating on the pebbles.

In the bows of the boat lay a ghastly burden—the dead body of a man. The face was hidden by the boatman's coat; but Basil Gordon drew the covering off, and recognised the features of the man who had deserted him on the mountain, meaning that he should die there.

"I found the body there," the boatman said, pointing to a stretch of silver across the lake, three-quarters of a mile away.

Basil Gordon lifted the field-glass he carried, and swept the cliffs with it. What had happened was clear to him beyond doubt or question. In his confidence, George Heriot had lost his way without knowing he had lost it; he had started to descend the wrong grass slope, and in doing so, had slipped and fallen. And, when once a man begins to slide down the steep grass slopes of the Oeschinen Alp, there is no further hope for him. Neither his alpenstock nor his prayers can stay him. There are no roots to cling to; no boulders for his feet to strike against; but he will slide on and on, faster and faster, until there is no more grass slope to slide on, but only empty space to fall through. The smiling bosom of the little Oeschinen See receives him, and the rest is silence.

"Take care of the body," Basil Gordon said. "I will see that someone is sent from Kandersteg to fetch it. There will be no difficulty about identification."

Then he turned and struggled down the short remainder of the path to the Hotel Victoria, pondering many things.—Francis Gribble, in *The Idler*.

IN THE HEART OF A SWAMP.

What a charm is there in swamp-lands and how dear to a lover of wild, wet, green places is the tracing of a stream to its source in the heart of a wilderness! We have followed one to-day through broad, bright meadows and up this great hill, climbing at times in mid-stream wide flights of stone steps, and it has been altogether pleasant—this walk in the water with the stream-bubbles breaking about our feet and a rush of silver drops everywhere.

We shall rest awhile here for our faces are hot and wet to the cool wind that comes out of the wood. Oh! it is good: this fire—this heat of youth and health burning in every pulse, this sun, this profusion of green things, this mild breeze! and one has a great wish to climb someway beyond the hill-tops to repose in the very heart of the wind, to have from some specular height a round view of this marvellous, whirling world.

Down the hillside pours the stream in miniature cascades, rapids and shallows, forming whirlpools at play with dead leaves, scraps of moss, and old bits of wood. Of sunshine and fair days it sings and goes dancing into the valley where it grows indolent, widening into quiet ponds which show rare tracings of green boughs and patches of sapphire sky in their shining deeps. On the hillside, scattered about the stream, are innumerable stones, worn and made white under the ponderous tread of centuries, and upon one of these a dark butterfly has this moment spread its wings like a tiny brown velvet mat in the sun. Near us are several pieces of decayed wood, remnants of forest-lords of other days: and under one of them a lizard is discovered—a small dark eft spotted with rich gold. What quaint little feet—four of them—and its throat moves when it breathes, like the throat of the toad. Somehow these little creatures give one the same awful impression as do the eyeless fish which inhabit caves and the lower regions of the sea. They seem to have been consigned to darkness and almost entirely forsaken by Nature. Turn over any large stone or piece of dead wood. You are pretty sure to find bugs, beetles, earwigs, and perhaps a small snake or a spider. These will scurry away. If an eft be there, mark how the sudden light seems to stupefy it, and if you touch it, it will try to creep under something, not so much to escape you, it seems, as to hide from the light.

At the edge of a juniper bush, as we go back along the stream, we find a young pilot snake, the pilot of the rattle-snake; its body half hidden in the dry grasses; its head shining like steel; its eyes glittering and alert for prey. Like the rattle-snake, it, too, is poisonous.

Several varieties of late wild plants are in bloom, the woods are bright with blue and gold blossoms, and on reaching the swamplands we have each a fair bouquet. Somehow, it seems, we do not now bring away from the mountain such great bunches of flowers as we did when we were children. It may be, though, and probably is, because our hands were smaller then and grew tired more quickly so that their fragrant burdens seemed greater—not that the flowers have become less abundant. At the edge of this thicket last April we found hepaticas, deep blue ones, *pure* blue. It is said that blue flowers are scentless: blue hepaticas must needs then be the inevitable exception—they of a certainty having perfume. And who can say surely that every flower apparently without fragrance is not sweet-scented? We ourselves may be at fault in not possessing the power of perception. The same as regarding sound. There are in all probability sounds finer than that of the field-cricket, whose note is said to be the highest known to the human ear—only that organ is not sufficiently sensitive to distinguish them. Who then can tell what scents, and sounds, and colors, and countless strange things exist, not far away, yet somewhere

beyond our pale of perception; and among these unseen existences, it may be, are the "blue flowers," the satisfying elements unattainable in this life.

The early autumn rains have been heavy and the grass and the mosses are green and moist in the thickets. Soon we enter the swamp that is full now of green and brown pools, and there is a frequent snapping of dead twigs and the swish of heavy boughs as we push in among the trees and slowly through to the inmost fountains. What a charm, in truth, is here! of silentness and mellow sounds; soft lights and shadows; indolent breathings of the wind; singing birds and the happy voices of the cicadas.

A swamp-fly buzzes near and is gone in a moment: quite close to us a partridge whirs up and away through the golden air with rapid flight, and then follows an exquisite song in the silence, the song of a red-headed warbler perched high in an old elm.

What a place wherein to watch and listen! Here where the trees grow close, where dim shadows float about over brown pools in which you can see but your face and a scrap of blue sky: and where hour by hour the warm odor of the pines and the firs is filtered from tree-tops drenched in sunshine, down into the shadows. Here is water everywhere—one can scarce find a solid bit of earth. Here the sunlight is amber, like amber wine, and the incense sweet as that burned in the days of the old gods, for this is the heart of the swamp, one of the treasure-chambers of Nature.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

Sept., 1893.

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

It has probably been stated with a good deal of enthusiasm upon a good many platforms, that "a man's a man for a' that" is the rhythmical expression of the noblest form of democracy. It is indeed a modern note, but it has been struck without subterfuge or any subtlety of analysis. "A man's a man"—it is time that you recognized the fact; it is not perhaps artistic, but then it is very important.

It is true that no less a person than La Bruyère has presumed to allude to the possibility of such an undoubted fact being really recognized: "Pour les femmes du monde," he observes, "un jardinier est un jardinier, et un maçon est un maçon;" and then he adds with a sarcasm which might almost pass for pathos, "pour quelques autres plus retirées, un maçon est un homme, un jardinier est un homme. Tout est tentation à qui la craint." Between the delicate irony conveyed in the last phrase and the white heat of Burns, there is a difference which is not to be explained by the incompatibility of prose and poetry. La Bruyère knew men, and certainly women, though neither perhaps appear in happier colours by reason of this knowledge. Burns knew something of the tumult of his own wild heart, guessed something of the yearnings of anonymous children of voiceless generations, leaped to a magnificent conclusion devoid of egotistical bitterness, and told the world in accents so simple that it had perforce to listen—"a man's a man for a' that." The passion of resentment is sometimes stronger than irony, however impartial, and it is the simple words of the Scotch poet that inspire a generation for whom at least "un jardinier est un homme."

And yet in spite of this unchallenged democratic influence the merely popular conception of worth, or, shall we say of worthiness, is by no means embodied in this poetical picture. The modifying word "gentleman" has still an attractiveness to a world that is not yet wholly possessed by either demagogues or—another. Perhaps this is in itself a pleasing fact, but as expressed in the pages of a certain weaker literature, it is undeniably painful.

When an English king not unknown in the annals of either pedantry or piety, is served: "I can make thee a Duke, monseigneur, I canna' make thee a gentleman," he shows himself fully alive to difficulties ignored by the so-called "writers of fiction." The remark, indeed, though lacking a poet's fervour, has in it a certain grotesqueness of humour, a certain profundity even which should save it from the fate of bygone witticisms. We shall make an allusion to the often repeated charge against Dickens which the subject necessarily suggests in defiance of popular taste "weaker literature." And in this species of literature what curious efforts have been expended in making a gentleman.

To trace the careers of "gentlemen" from Pericles to, let us say, Sidney, would be interesting, not only because Pericles and Sidney are interesting, but because of the sociological evidence manifested in the lives of each. One can understand the serious depiction of Sophocles at an age in which the ideal gentleman was Pericles. One can comprehend better the marvellous outburst of the Elizabethan period as one thinks of Sidney, the incarnation of the English Renaissance. It is a vain thing to have lived a life typical of which was best and noblest in the national life: and lives are embodied in literature which, while it borrows, repays with interest a thousandfold.

We will fashion a gentleman, murmurs some prose Crispinus, and presto—it is already accomplished. This characteristic of mankind is developed and that one is modified to suit the requirements of the fashionable conception. For there have been always "fashionable" conceptions whether we follow the type of French Marquis of Marivaux or the latest production in what is falsely called melodrama. These last, whether their monologues are read or listened to, are certainly not typical, and it is in this respect that they fail beside even such essentially artificial representations of life as those of Marivaux. Not typical certainly but infinitely complex, with actions or probable to them which whether possible or probable have no bearing upon their supposed nature. The hero of such a work is an automaton puppet illustrating those mixed tendencies which, not wholly vicious perhaps but certainly vulgar, are called in this cosmopolitan era not national but popular. Look into the volumes of popular fiction and you find how every page—this compromise between sentiment and egotism, this impossible combination of mannerism and charm, this being which every action ridiculous or sublime is equally a discord—and they tell you that he is a gentleman.

And it is precisely this imagined complexity of character which produces a peculiar and bourgeois affectation vitiating a taste that its best is hardly Greek. These performed figures are after their fashion as antipathetic

THE NEW ERA.*

We are all familiar with the expression of two opposite ways of looking at things, which is sometimes sincere and sometimes "cant," according to the character of the speakers. On the one side we have the *laudator temporis acti*, who repeats his mournful complaint that "the former times were better than these;" that the world is growing worse, and that there is no cure for it but some general catastrophe which shall sweep away the existing order of things. On the other side, we have the enthusiastic eulogist of Science (with a capital S) and "the march of modern improvement," who believes that, on the wheels of invention and "advanced thought," the world is to roll smoothly on into the Utopia which has been the fond dream of the ages. The author of the book before us belongs to neither class, but takes a deeper, wider and more truly hopeful view than either. He belongs to what is, happily, an ever increasing number of thinkers, who, while keenly alive to every note of real progress in thought and action, and as keenly perceptive of the peculiar problems, evils and dangers of our own age, cherish the inspiring faith that, through all weakness and folly, and even apparent retrogression, the great soul of humanity is being guided to the goal of that Kingdom for the coming of which all Christians pray, in the One Prayer which is universal.

"The New Era," which forms the title of Dr. Strong's book is, he tells us at the outset, that which will have its beginning in the twentieth century, and for which the nineteenth century has been a preparation. In the very interesting and suggestive opening chapters of the book, he tersely and rapidly sketches for us the great changes which have so transformed our social economy during the last half century, changes which may be classed as physical, political and social, each acting and reacting on the others. To scientific progress he refers at some length, pointing out that its great advance during the present century has been in reality a fresh revelation of the Divine will, though this is unrecognized by those who "do not perceive that the truths of science are God's truths, that its laws are God's laws;" and he holds that "this modern revelation of His will means a mighty hastening of the day when His will is to be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

One of the most important movements of the day, which forms a leading feature in Dr. Strong's analysis, is "the tendency towards organization and centralization which is seen everywhere." He points out that "the progress of the race has been along two lines, the development of the individual, and the organization of society; that, in the history of Europe, progress seems to have been along only one of these two lines at a time; that, during the past hundred years, the growth of democracy has meant the development of individualism; and that, now, "the pendulum of the ages has begun to swing in the direction of a closer organization of society, which movement is greatly facilitated by the increased ease of communication afforded by steam and electricity." His elaboration of these points is extremely interesting and suggestive, but space forbids entering into detail. The author points out, how-

* The New Era; or, The Coming Kingdom. By Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., General Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States, author of "Our Country." New York: The Baker and Taylor Co.

ever, that, while the disposition to sacrifice one of these principles to the other has asserted itself in the political, social and religious history of the race, as, for instance, in the contrasted civilizations of Greece and Rome, as to the first, and in Romanism and Protestantism as to the second; these two principles are not conflicting, but correlative; and that "the world's progress is likely to be much more rapid than it has been, because the great forces of modern civilization are calculated to stimulate the development of both these principles, and, moreover, that the time has come when men should intelligently aid this development."

Dr. Strong holds that the destiny of the race is the perfect society foreshadowed in Scriptural prophecy; and that in spite of all the world's burden of sin and misery, it is progressing towards this goal. "Civilization is on a higher plane now than formerly. We have better laws, better institutions, higher moral-standards, more of liberty and less of lawlessness and violence; and these changes show a change in man himself. The world's sensibilities have become more tender, there is greater respect for the rights of others, there is more of self control, there has been progress in men's ideas, there are higher conceptions of life, there is spiritual growth, and this growth is the promise of a perfected humanity."

But man's growth must necessarily be threefold, physical, intellectual and spiritual; and Dr. Strong points out how, on these three lines, the world had been developed and prepared for Christianity by the Greeks, Romans and Jews. Only when the preparation was complete, did He appear who "was to inaugurate the Kingdom of God among men."

But these three nations accomplished their share of this great work, because one of them was supreme in each of the three spheres pointed out. "It is, therefore," says Dr. Strong, "of the utmost significance that of these characteristics, each of which, singly, sufficed to make a nation supremely important in the world's history, all three unite in the Anglo-Saxon race." In the interesting chapter entitled, "The Contribution made by the Anglo-Saxon," he undertakes to show that this race is dominant and must grow more so, in consequence of its superiority in the physical, intellectual and religious spheres. He points out that the Anglo-Saxon is the great missionary race; that in commerce, invention, literature, it holds the van; that its language is actually now spoken more universally than any other, and is becoming more and more a world-language, that its numerical increase is the most rapid, and that, on the most moderate computation, "a hundred years hence, this one race will outnumber all the peoples of continental Europe by 100,000,000 souls. Moreover, now, for the first time in the record of history, the greatest race occupies the greatest home."

As an enthusiastic and patriotic American, Dr. Strong naturally emphasizes the magnificent extent and almost boundless resources of his own country, and of the American continent. "All Europe," he says, "including the vast plains of Russia, may be laid down within our national bounds, and, by a conservative estimate, we shall have a population of 373,000,000 in 1990." "The local self-government in the United States is eminently favourable to the development of the most perfect social order, because experiments in government can be made, under such conditions,

start as any mud-sprinkled femme perdue of the beyond question more harmful than the products of M. Bourget's diseased psychology. Let us turn away from them to a picture drawn by a very great artist, a picture which shows us the most charming characteristic in simplicity. Then the great knight, the darling of the court, of the loveliest, into that rude hall with all grace, and not with half disdain, and under grace, as in a smaller pine, that kindly man moving among his kind." "But kindly man moving among his kind" surely this is the pith of it all, the very kernel thought of him by whom "The grand name of gentleman" was never tarnished by deed or word.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A REMEDY FOR PERSONATING.
To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—Whether the amount of personating practised at the recent vote on the Sunday question which is alleged I am not prepared to say, but that it is indulged in to a greater or lesser extent at every election, particularly in the cities, does not admit of question. Surely there is some way of putting a stop to it. The penalty which the law provides does not seem to have the desired effect. The Kansas Banner makes a proposal which seems practicable. It is that the municipal clerk, in his office are the voters' lists, and who is the official with whom are registered all names, should strike from the list the names of all persons whose death has been registered. Better still if, when an election is pending, the county judge was to revise the list, and municipal clerk obliged to furnish him, for that purpose, with the list of persons over 21 years of age whose death had been registered with the county clerk. It seems to me that in this way the personation of absentees. Yours, etc.,
J. JONES BELL.

CHINESE DEPORTATIONS.

To the Editor of The Week:
Sir,—I noticed in your issue of September 15th under the head of "Current Topics," the remarkable statement, "that the first deportation of a Chinaman, under the Geary Act, took place a couple of weeks prior to the date of your publication." This is such a palpable error, that I cannot refrain from affording you an opportunity to correct it. On January 17th, 1893, seventeen Chinamen were shipped from this city to San Francisco, and very soon afterwards deported to China. On March 1st, 1893, nine other Chinamen were shipped here to San Francisco and they, also, were deported. In each case the Chinamen were convicted in lots of one, two, or three at a time, at dates prior to the time of the shipment. Shipments have also been made from Grand Rapids, in this State, and Rochester, New York. Those I have mentioned are the only cases with which I am personally acquainted, but, doubtless, many others have occurred.
Another statement in your paragraph, to the effect that thousands are coming into the United States every week, despite the provisions of the Geary Act, may be true, but is certainly very improbable. A particularly striking instance is kept along the border, and it would be strange indeed if the secret-service agents of the United States, with instructions from the Government at Washington to prevent the ingress of the Chinamen, are so lax as to permit them to come in by wholesale, as they do. Such is certainly not the case at this point.

Very truly yours,
F. L. BROOKE.

Detroit, Sept. 11, 1893.

with far greater ease and safety than where the sovereign power is centralized." "This race (the Anglo-Saxon) of unequalled energy, with all the majesty of numbers and the might of wealth behind it—the representative, let us hope, of the largest liberty, the purest Christianity, the highest civilization—having developed peculiarly aggressive traits calculated to impress its institutions upon mankind, will spread itself over the earth." "My plea is not, save America for America's sake, but save America for the world's sake."

But if the Anglo-Saxon race is accumulating irresistible power with which to press the die of its civilization upon the world, it should be made more fit for its work, and "it is critically important that our plastic institutions be brought under the moulding hand of Christ, and that His teachings be recognized as binding on all men, not only in their relations with God, but also in their daily relations with one another." For those who do not accept His teachings as authoritative, Dr. Strong briefly sums up the internal argument for believing that "the character and life portrayed in the Gospels is, beyond peradventure, genuine," and points out very clearly that any other hypothesis would be infinitely more incredible. In this connection he makes a remark which many over-timorous Christians would do well to ponder:—"It has been a mischievous mistake on the part of many Christians to build their faith not solely on Christ, the Rock of Ages, but partly and largely on the shifting sands of human theories. Not a few are saying to-day that if they are compelled to surrender their belief in the inerrancy of Scripture their faith in Christianity will have to go with it. That would be a sacrifice as gratuitous as sad. Nothing can shake my confidence in Christianity which does not shake my confidence in the life and character of Christ, for He is the only true foundation of the Christian faith."

But Dr. Strong enforces the fact, that, while Christ laid down the fundamental laws which provide for the full development of individuals and the perfect organization of society, the Church has not been true to the second of these laws, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Obedience to this command would necessarily regenerate the whole social system, by eradicating the selfishness which now vitiates it. It is too true that the Church has too generally ignored this "royal law," that, as Dr. Strong observes, she "has regarded the second great command as an ideal beyond the attainment of human society; a beautiful sentiment to be admired, rather than a practical law to be obeyed in all the relations of life—social, industrial, commercial and political. So true is this, that many will look on a serious attempt to make the law of love to one's neighbour the warp running through all our social fabric, as highly quixotic."

"This failure of the Church to discharge her high mission has," says our author, "had far-reaching consequences, has maimed and belittled Christian life, made an injurious distinction between the 'sacred' and the 'secular,' a distinction unknown to the early Church; has established a fatal divorce between doctrine and conduct, cultivating a selfish individualism, and naturally resulting in an organization of society which is not Christian." So generally is this acquiesced in, that our author quotes a most reputable man of business as remarking: "There is no such thing

as business without lying;" and another writer as declaring that "a sensitive conscience must be left behind when its possessor goes into the office or the shop." We are all familiar with similar remarks in our daily intercourse.

Dr. Strong cites the widespread and deep discontent of the artisan class as sufficient evidence that our industrial system is not based on Christian principles, and declares, with a true appreciation of the situation, that "we shall have no industrial peace until political economy becomes a department of applied Christianity, or, as some would prefer to say, till Christianity has been substituted for political economy." Till recently, indeed, "the Church has left the study of the science of society almost wholly to unbelievers, giving, of course, the common impression that religion is a thing apart from the ordinary life of man, and alienating from Christianity not only the great class of workers, dissatisfied because their condition has not improved proportionately with the general improvement of conditions, but also the growing class of men who cherish higher ideals respecting society than those which the Church seems, by its inaction, to endorse.

Dr. Strong's chapter on "Popular Discontent," is a very fair and suggestive analysis of the causes of the widespread dissatisfaction among the lower classes with the existing conditions of their lives. With regard to the vexed question whether the labourer is better off to-day than he was centuries ago, he quotes several differing opinions, concluding with that of Prof. Ely and President Low, which seems to hit the truth: "When we compare the actual amount of wages received by the labouring classes now with their former wages, we find ourselves obliged to abandon that superficial optimism based on an imperfect analysis of industrial conditions. There seems to be an absolute improvement, but can we certainly say that this has been relative?" At all events, so long as New York city holds 1,103 millionaires, with from one to one hundred and fifty millions each, and living in an extravagant luxury in keeping with their millions, side by side with two-thirds of the population living in tenement houses and many of them in poverty and wretchedness beyond description, with deaths from starvation perpetually taking place, Dr. Strong evidently thinks that American society, at least, is a long way from being based on the Christian law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

In his chapter on "The Problem of the City," Dr. Strong considers carefully the various evils and dangers of city life—over-crowding, civic corruption, heathenism of the masses, pauperism and intemperance. His strenuous words might well rouse the Church to a more active and practical share in combatting these evils. The solution of the problem of pauperism Dr. Strong places (rightly, we believe,) on the principle of personal contact, including, of course, sympathy and personal influence. The poor cannot be uplifted by machinery, or by any rough-and-ready wholesale measures, or "short and easy methods," or by poor-laws, which substitute a cold and degrading officialism for the warm and mutually beneficial contact of heart with heart. He believes that the churches could cope with this growing evil, if they could arouse their members generally to the high and holy duty of following in their Master's steps, by giving of themselves to the needs of their brother man, instead of paying

some deputy to do this for them; and he reminds us that the Church, in caring for the temporal needs of men, would be only following its Master's lead. He gives a well-deserved meed of praise to the Salvation Army, which has nobly set the Church the example of coming down to its fallen brother and raising him up by the outstretched hand of brotherly love. We should be glad to discuss a little more fully some of Dr. Strong's practical suggestions, such as the necessity and possibility of co-operation among our divided sections of the Christian Church, a necessity that cannot be too strongly insisted on. For, as he remarks: "If the Churches do not soon organize for the prosecution of social reforms, they will lose their opportunity of leadership, and will it their great opportunity to regain their hold on the masses, and to shape the civilization of the future." And this can be done only through co-operation. "The competitive principle utterly defies Christianity." To cure the latter evil, and apply the principle of co-operation, Dr. Strong proposes a federation "not from the top but from the bottom." It is a federation of local churches, co-operating with each other in arranging for territorial house-to-house visitation, the organized care of the sick poor, the cure of pauperism, the education of the children by Christian kindergartens—something, in short, like Mr. Stead's "City Church," with the addition of the element of personal touch; a "personal power which the Church has largely lost," and "the exercise of which is not laid on the conscience of non-professing Christians as a necessary part of Christian living." And why should not the Christian Churches thus co-operate? Is there a single reason which will stand a Christian test?

But they will do it only if they are more generally inspired with the "enthusiasm of humanity" which was the very spirit of the Master. "The great wrongs of the world exist because human appetite and passion are enlisted on their behalf. They are opposed by the spirit of benevolence. As long as appetite and passion are stronger in wicked men than benevolence in good men these wrongs will continue. Hence the necessity of arousing Christians to an enthusiasm in humanity. We are to overcome the difficulties of Christianity by effort."

But how are the great mass of apathetic and selfish professing Christians to be roused to such an enthusiasm? Dr. Strong replies: "We can get the sacred fire and the oil to feed it where the early Christians got them. And only there can the oil be got which can permanently feed the sacred fire."

We trust that we have said enough to give some idea of this forcible and practical appeal to the Christian Church to arise to discharge her high commission, in view of the needs and possibilities of this age of accelerating movement. And every like-minded reader will well echo the author's closing words: "Let us that the whole Church, with unbroken sacrifice, until the Kingdom is fully come, and God's will is done on earth even as it is in heaven."

FIDELIS.

O, the eye's light is a noble gift of Heaven. All beings live from light, each fair creature thing—the very plants turn with a joyous transport to the light.—Schiller.

"SONGS OF THE COMMON DAY."

In 1880 when Charles G. D. Roberts published his first volume of poetry, he prefaced it with a remarkably strong piece of verse entitled "To the Spirit of Song," closing with the lines,—

"Smitten down before thy feet
From the paths of heaven sweet,
I await the song upon my lips conferred."

Our poet had, at any rate, begun from the correct starting-point. The song to be true and permanent, must be "conferred." The highest and best work can only be done when the subject has been abandoned to the subject;—with restriction, of course, that the writer must have sufficient culture and training in his art to keep him within the eternal laws of poetry with impunity. The volume of 1880 contained poems in promise, but it was evident that the writer was a student not yet matured. In 1887 he published a second volume that showed a great advance on the previous one. The subjects were more striking and original, and the treatment was done with a strong hand; but still the book was unsatisfactory, and the lovers of Roberts' work had it down hoping that something better would yet come from his pen.

He has at last seen fit to issue a third book of poems, "Songs of the Common Day," and the very title promises better things than the titles of either of its predecessors,— "Orion" and "In Divers Tones."

The meaning of the title is explained in the introductory poem—
"Make thou my vision sane and clear
That I may see what beauty clings
In common forms, and find the soul
Of unregarded things!"

The sensations, the passions, the feelings have been sung out, and the work of the poet is to find some new theme that will be of interest to common humanity. Roberts has succeeded in this. The volume before us presents nature and humanity a beauty and a soul. "The Furrow," "The Cow-Pasture," "The Old Barn," etc., are all seemingly the most prosy subjects that present themselves to the eye of the lover of external nature, and yet they have been treated in such a way as to make them strikingly poetic.

In these sonnets the subjects stand out with a realistic force that is rarely found in poetry, and which we are apt to consider the proper work of the painter; but to each there is added a touch that the brush of the painter could never give. Such touches as:—
"The sea air thrills their nostrils."
"None he treads the glebe, his measured stride
Dumb, in the yielding soil."
"The spirit of June, here prisoned by his spell,
May cheer the herds with pasture memories,"

touches that about them that we readily recognise in every case the poem is, we think, greatly enhanced by the thought deduced from it. Roberts has learned the lesson that mere description will not satisfy the heart, that poetry alone is not sufficient, that his creations must be given soul. At times he is almost entirely in his "application of ideas to life," as he says in his "application of ideas to life,"

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field, although to the eye "a scar" that mars the beautiful green of the new-budding earth, is full of promise of future plenty, and this thought is well brought out in the line:

"So, from a scar, best flowers the future's sweet."
The sower, though seemingly but "a plodding churl,"

"grows great in his employ.
(Godlike, he makes provision for mankind."
The sound of the "solemn voices" of the geese as they "beat northward hard on winter's trail,"

"Comes with a sanction and an awe profound,
A boding of unknown, foreshadowed things."

Turning from the sonnets we come to the more distinctively lyrical poems, and here the work is, generally speaking, weaker. The rhythm and thought are lacking in originality, and often fall into the commonplace. But there are several exceptions. "The Silver-thaw" is a delicate piece of melody; the first part of the stanza strikes an old familiar note that has been worked by poets from the time of Byron and Shelley, but the mellow cadence of the closing lines is deliciously original.

"In reawakened courses
The brooks rejoiced the land;
We dreamed the Spring's shy forces
Were gathering close at hand.
The dripping buds were stirred
As if the sap had heard
The long desired persuasion
Of April's soft command."

"A Song of Growth," too, is unusually powerful, and is as strong as anything the poet has yet done; in fact, we are tempted to call it his strongest poem. The subject is an old one, and has been presented in many forms, but we doubt if it was ever presented before with more penetrating force. The closing stanza will speak for itself:—

"O'er the loud world sweep
The scourge and the rod;
But in deep beyond deep
Is the stillness of God:—
At the Fountains of Life
No cry, no strife."

The narrative poems, such as "The Keeping of the Pass" and "How the Mohawks set out for Medoctec," are vigorous and full of nervous energy, well adapted to the presentation of such heroic themes.

The volume closes with "Ave," an Ode for the Centenary of Shelley's birth. This poem has been before the public for some months, and as I have noticed it elsewhere I can only repeat what I have already said about it:

The poem is one of the happiest, from an artistic point of view, that he has ever written. It is in memory of Shelley, and, while characterising his work and life with marvellous power and fidelity, it gives his influence on the poet himself in so subtle a manner, that it leaves not the slightest doubt as to the sincerity of the work. Shelley's personality has filled his being from boyhood. The "Skylark's" song has vibrated in his heart in the woodland ways of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; the "Cloud" has helped him to see new beauty in the heavens, new shadows on the earth; the "sweetest songs that tell of saddest thought" have solaced many months when the soul was faint with unutterable longings; all his life he has loved the "wild child-heart of Shelley;" so that "Ave" might be called the fine crystallisation of many years of unuttered song.

This poem gives us Roberts' mature work. Nearly all his old mannerisms are effaced, and his good qualities stand out strong and fine.

His characterisations are incomparable; "the speechless ecstasy of growing June" with its "long blue hours;" the "glad bobolink whose lyric throat peals like a tangle of small bells afloat;" the "gusty flocks of sand-pipers;" the "orange flood" coming "roaring in from Fundy's tumbling troughs and tide-worn caves;"—are all pieces of local coloring given with a realistic force without a rival in American literature.

The poem is a masterpiece of diction; every word is chosen with unique power. Once or twice such expressions as "hubbub" and "troughs" strike us as uncertain; but when the mind recalls the tide-tortured New Brunswick and Nova Scotian rivers, and salt Fundy's storm-tossed waters, they are readily recognized as the most fitting words that could have been used.

But the great beauty of the poem—as the predominant beauty of any such poem must be—is the perfect wedding of the words and thought to the rich music. A sadness seems to creep in from the waste of waters, and the music plays a pipe-like dirge along the reedy shore. Sea-shell echoes, sea-bird cries, plaintive marsh-notes, seem to haunt the flowing lines that lead up to the lyric love that mourns the death of our unrivalled Prince of Song.

"Ave" is, I believe, the strongest and most original work of our poet. It is free from the faults of his early classical work, and from the intense realism of his more Canadian poems. He is happy in his theme; and critics will probably place this masterpiece alongside of the best work of the kind that has been done in English since Adonais; and this not only on account of its artistic qualities, but for its intensity and depth of thought."

Stratford, Ont. T. G. MARQUIS.

MISS NELLIE SEES A LACROSSE MATCH.

Such a crowd! and the day is so perfect.
Oh, we'll never get through this old gate!
Why were you in such a big hurry?
I'm sure it's the thing to be late.
Oh, there's Carrie with that English fellow!
He is handsome, although he does stare.
And my gracious! Just look at those Bromleys
Driving in with their carriage and pair!

Did you ever see such a turn-out, Jack
And of course it is hired, you know;
But they'd starve all the way from last Christmas,

They're such snobs, just to make a big show.
Is this the grand stand? Where's Sir Adolphe?
In the field—where's the field? Oh, I see!
But who in the world is he with, Jack?
Referee? Well, then, who's "Referee?"

And what's Mr. Referee doing?
Haranguing the players you say.
Are those fellows in red and green, players?
Yes! Then why in the world don't they play?
And what is Sir Adolphe now doing?
Oh! placing the ball for a face.
But my gracious! don't get so excited;
What a yell! Do sit still in your place!

Just look at that Fannie O'Meara!
That girl in the black trimmed with red,
Standing up, too, and waving and shouting—
Oh, I'm certain she's out of her head.
Ah! Here's Mrs. Montague-Palmer;
I think, Jack, you might at least bow.
How'd ye do. Cut! No, how could she hear me
If people will make such a row.

Watch the game? Well, I'm sure, Jack, I'm watching.
Will the ball, do you think, come up here!

Someone will get hurt, I am certain.
There, what did I tell you? Oh dear!
Now, why don't they go for a doctor?
Who is that poor fellow in red?
He's ruled off? I should think he'd be thankful,
With that whack that he got on the head.

But why are the people all hissing,
And why are they calling out "shame?"
There's that Lillie McGee fairly shrieking.
Why, what does she know of the game?
There, they're off! Why don't that fellow
throw it?
He's standing quite near to the poles.
Well, there, Jack, you needn't get angry
Just because I am mixed on the goals!

Is it over? But how will we ever
Get through all that terrible press?
There's that stuck-up Maud Oliver grinning—
You could see she had on a new dress.
And you've made quite a potful of money?
Why, Jack, you will be quite a catch!
I've enjoyed myself ever so much, dear!
And when did you say's the next match?

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Burne Jones has been elected a Societaire of the Société National des Beaux-Arts and Mr. William Stott a Pensionnaire.

Mme. Henriette Ronner, following the example of Mr. G. F. Watts and Mr. John Brett, has thrown open her Brussels gallery, at 57 Chaussée de Vleurgat, to the general public on the presentation of the visitor's card.

A Photographic Salon is to be held in the autumn at the Dudley Gallery, London. The committee includes the name of nearly every photographer of the front rank, and an effort will be made to show the extreme artistic possibilities of the sun-picture.

The September Magazine of Art gives a reproduction of the portrait of Lord Dufferin by Benjamin Constant, but in the accompanying criticism says:—Much better is the same artist's presentment of the Marquis of Dufferin in his robes of scarlet and ermine, wearing the Orders of the Thistle and Star of India—a faithful likeness, a brilliant *portrait d'apparat*, yet open, like the other portrait, to the charge of meretriciousness. The color is gay and sparkling, without depth or real richness, and the *tour de force* in the rendering of the goldsmith's work and jewelry too evident.

We cannot resist quoting from Sidney Lusk's *A Latin-Quarter Courtship*, a slight description by a student of Julien's studio and one of the masters. It will probably be as interesting in its information to the uninitiated as it is pleasing in reminiscence to any who have been students there:—"Julien, you know, is a retired model himself, and he opened this school as a speculation. Every now and then they have an exhibition of the work the boys have done, with cash prizes. I scooped in fifty francs myself last month, for instance; and that fed me for quite a while. But, as I was going to tell you, your forty francs a month entitle you to all the privileges of the school. Then the masters, they give their services free-gratis-for-nothing. At Julien's there are Bougereau, Boulanger, and Lefebvre, the three greatest draughtsmen living. They come to the school three times a week, examine what the boys have done, point out the faults, show you as well as they can how to set it right. They do this, as I say, for nothing—simply for the love of art; which, I claim, is glorious. They relieve each other monthly. One month Bougereau; next month Boulanger; and so on, round and round. This month we have Lefebvre, I tell you, he's grand. He's terribly severe, you know, unsparing in his criticism, mighty sarcastic sometimes, and all that. If he suspects that a fellow ain't in earnest, that he's just fooling, or going in for splurge and show, the Lord help him! Ain't he savage! But he's got a heart as big as an elephant's; and when he sees that a fellow means business, when he sees that a chap is working sincerely, honestly,

just as well and just as hard as he knows how, I tell you he's the kindest, he's the gentlest, he's the most encouraging old boy that ever drew the breath of life. It sometimes makes the tears start to my eyes when he comes up in his fatherly way and puts his hand on your shoulder and starts off on his remarks with, 'Mon ami, mon cher fils.' Then, as like as not, he goes ahead and gives your work particular fits, and then he winds up, 'But courage, my friend! courage, patience, and hard work! At your age I have done worse myself.' It's beautiful. It's a pity we haven't got a few men of that stamp in America. But no; your Yankee painter, he's on the make. He ain't going to apply his valuable time and dazzling genius to the drudgery of teaching unless there is money in it."

"Oh, well, you must make allowances for the American painter," put in his friend; he has such odds to contend with. Teaching is about the only method at his command by which he can earn his living. If he could get rich on the sale of his pictures, as these Frenchmen can, I have no doubt he'd be glad to give his services as a teacher without pay."

"Well, maybe there's something in that. Still, you cannot dispute this—that, taken as a general thing, the Frenchman loves his art better, and the money he may make out of it less than the American does. There's a devotion, and enthusiasm, in the French artist, that you don't often find in the Yankee. Now, you take Lefebvre. He reminds me of one of those old zealots you read about in history. His complete surrender of himself to his art is like the zealots surrender of himself to his religion. But he keeps his head wonderfully clear all the same. He's got the soundest philosophy of art that I ever heard expounded. His fundamental principle is this: Art means truth interpreted by the imagination. A bad picture is bad just in so far as it is false. A good picture is good just in so far as it is true. He says, 'My boy, when you are painting never think of the rewards your work may bring you. Never think of the money, the applause, the reputation. Concentrate all your thoughts, all your energies upon making your picture just as good—that is to say, just as true—as you possibly can. Cherchez le caractère—seek for the character, which means the essential truth of your subject. Let all the rest take care of itself. I would rather do true work than remain poor and obscure, than do false work and become the richest, the most renowned painter of my time.' Then he emphasizes all the time the importance of good drawing. 'Learn to draw, learn to draw, learn to draw; learn also to color,' is a maxim of his. For he says it is good drawing that requires time, patience, sincerity, hard work; whereas many a tyro, many a charlatan can produce an effective piece of color."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Miss Emma Juch, the esteemed American soprano, will sing throughout Germany and Austria the coming winter.

The organ recital given in the Metropolitan Church, last Tuesday evening, by M. Guilman, will be noticed in our next issue.

We are to be favored with several great instrumental performers this season, among whom are, Ausder Ohe, Arthur Friedheim, De Pachmann, Henri Marteau, the phenomenal young French violinist, and probably the Polish pianist Slevenski.

We have received the new prospectus of the Toronto Conservatory of Music for 1893-4, and it contains a vast amount of information useful to all those interested in music study in any of its several branches. The institution is this year better equipped than ever to furnish and develop a musical education, on broad and artistic principles, having materially strengthened the faculty, and otherwise enriched its educational facilities already recognized as superior. Any of our readers may obtain a copy by sending name and address to the registrar, cor. Yonge and Wilton Ave.

Mr. W. Waugh Lauder, the pianist critic and lecturer, gave a piano recital in the

Assembly Hall of the Woman's building Chicago, last Wednesday afternoon to a large audience. Mr. Lauder is a scholarly and widely read man, progressive in all matters pertaining to his art, and is doing a good work for music in his adopted city Chicago. His criticisms are pointed, interesting and usually generous, although severe when reviewing performances not consistent with high art standards. He is a performer of distinction, having a technic capable of overcoming with ease the difficulties to be found in piano literature, many pieces of which he plays with great brilliancy.

Wagnerism seems to be spreading and deepening continually in all directions, for in the windy city, Chicago, a Richard Wagner club has recently been organized, having for charter members many of the most talented and celebrated musicians of the city. The object of the society is to study the works of the great Romanticist through illustrated lectures, and a cycle of concerts both vocal and instrumental, and at the end of every season give an opera in detail. Certainly Chicago and other Western cities show favorable comparison with older and more favored cities in the East, and indeed in other countries—we were going to say centuries older—which some in this locality seem to think lead the van in matters musical, because Oratorio festivals are so common. America is being swayed with music as she has never been before, for scattered across her broad acres are musicians of culture and training, who are zealous and enthusiastic in the cause of true art; are imbued with the highest ideals of excellence; earnest, sincere, progressive and modern in all that pertains to cultivation and advancement, they are gradually—yes, rapidly changing the musical atmosphere from one where mediocrity and indifference to what is superior, has so long held sway, to one of genuine musical excellence; intense and real. And what is true to-day is yearly becoming more apparent, for our conservatories and private teachers are maturing on artistic lines, talented young musicians who, although further down the ladder, are planting the true musical germs in the still younger mind, where they will be nourished and cared for, until finally the public will be so educated that they will only accept the real and best in music and discard the false.

LIBRARY TABLE.

FACTS AND FICTIONS OF LIFE. By Helen H. Gardener. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

The authoress who is known by the fearless way in which she has attacked questions relating to what is termed the social evil and similar problems in her novels "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" and "Is This Your Son, My Lord," has issued under the title of "Facts and Fictions of Life," a number of Essays, some of them read by her before women's congresses at Chicago, and others that have been, from time to time, contributed by her to various magazines. The subjects of some of them are:—"The Fictions of Fiction;" "Sex in Brain," "The Moral Responsibility of Women in Heredity," "Divorce and the Proposed National Law," etc. Miss Gardener writes in her preface that the book is not intended for pleasant summer reading, and we agree with her. Still we hope the book will be read, and widely read—so that the horrible blots on civilization to which she refers may be more generally admitted, and that the people at large may be induced to devise strenuous measures for their eradication. The absence of "home life" and home training in the United States is at the bottom of a great deal of the evil in that country. In fact, unless pure morality be instilled into the minds of youth, no measures that can possibly be propounded, can completely overcome the viciousness to which humanity is so prone.

LIST, YE LANDSMEN! A Romance of Incident, by W. Clark Russell; 50c. Toronto: The Williamson Book Co., Limited.
It is always a pleasure to find the latest

work of a favourite and prolific author equal in interest and enjoyment to its predecessors. Stories of the sea have a fascination of their own. What more moving source of inspiration can there be to the poet, artist or novelist than the unfathomable ocean? But it needs the touch of a master hand to compel it to yield up its storied treasures. Such a touch has Clark Russell. What boy or man has not dreamed of the treasure-store locked in the boom of the deep? How vividly the great dramatist has portrayed it in Clarence's dream, and what school boy has not dreamt of Captain Kidd's buried hoard? And now, in "List, ye Landsmen!" we have a genuine romance of the sea, with a remote and rocky island, a huge chasm and a treasure ship concealed in its shadowy depths. The narrator of this moving tale is William Fielding, a manly English sailor, one time mate of the staunch merchantman, the "Royal Brunswicker," who, after a season of stirring adventure, became commander of the "Black Watch" Michael Greaves, of that name, bound for the treasure island—"about sixty leagues to the southward of the Galapagos islands." We cannot tell more of the adventurous voyage, its chequered incidents and the result; nor can we speak of the masterful portraiture of characters shown in Greaves, the captain; Yan Bol, the rugged and resourceful second mate; or the beautiful Spanish "lady Aurora," found on the mysterious island. We must leave all this for our readers, and we wish them as much enjoyment as we have derived from the perusal of this fine romance of the sea.

PERIODICALS.

That useful periodical, The Writer, has in its September number some sensible editorial remarks on reviewing Dr. H. Erichsen's contribution on "Methods of Authors," is also worth reading.

Book Chat for September has notices of Sarah Grand's, "The Heavenly Twins;" Lew Wallace's, "The Prince of India," and a review, taken from the Athenaeum, of John Churton Collins's biographical and critical study of Jonathan Swift. It also presents readings from the two first-mentioned volumes.

Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron's complete story, "A Bachelor's Bridal," is the main feature of the September Lippincott. A well-told tragic tale it is. "The Cross-Roads Ghost," in the notable story series, is another contribution in fiction. Several short articles, among which may be mentioned, "A Girl's Recollections of Dickens," and some poems as well, make up a good number.

That interesting serial, Diana Tempest, completes its 31st chapter in the September Temple Bar. Under the caption "The Pall of an Army," Frederick Dixon tells the story of a famous battle flag. E. H. Baker writes entertainingly of "A Night with the Trappists." Mrs. H. H. Penrose tells the first part of a moving story entitled "A Hard Little Cuss," and this is not the last of the readable contents of this favourite magazine.

The September number of the New World has the following attractive list of contributions: "Ernest Renan," by James Darmestery; "A Way out of the Trinitarian Controversy," by James M. Whiton; "The Relations of Religion and Morality," by Wilhelm Bender; "The Boston Pulpit," by Channing Taylor; "Emerson, Brooks," by C. A. Bartol; "Jesus' Self-Dedication in the Synoptic Gospels," by Orello Cole; "The Role of the Demon in the Ancient Coptic Religion," by E. Aelineau; "The New Unitarianism," by Edward H. Hall. The book reviews of the number are like the articles, thoughtful and scholarly.

Well sustained and full of promise must be the general verdict be on the September number of the Canadian Magazine. Professor Bryce crosses blades with John S. Ewart on the Manitoba School Question. Erastus Wiman writes of the troublous times our neighbours are having; but to most readers the

story of the intrepid explorer, Ogilvie, of his trip down the Yukon will be the most attractive contribution in this issue. Julia Matthews Moody has a pleasing descriptive paper of West Indian Travel. T. G. Marquis contributes an appreciation of Professor C. G. D. Roberts; and other papers, poems, etc., add to the interest of the number.

Who that follows the gentle craft will not lovingly linger over the beautiful sketch of Ashbourne Church which forms the frontispiece of the September Scribner, and Alexander Carghill's excellent descriptive opening article, "Izaak Walton," so quaintly and beautifully illustrated. Then comes Mr. T. R. Sullivan, with "A Thackeray Manuscript in Harvard College Library," and Edith Wharton follows with a flowery sonnet entitled "Chartres." Two admirable papers are those entitled respectively, "The Machinist," by F. J. Miller, and "The Tides of the Bay of Fundy," by Gustav Kobbe. Andrew Lang and Austin Dobson add literary charm by their contributions to this number, and Duncan Campbell Scott has a long and strong poem entitled "The Harvest."

The September Magazine of Art opens with a criticism on the Salon of the Champs Elysées, by Claude Philipps. He thinks the 'radical rottenness of the system' under which the médaille d'honneur is conferred is shown this year by Roybet being the recipient, and proceeds to criticise the picture. M. H. Spielman writes most entertainingly and exhaustively of Linley Sambourne, Punch's graphic humorist. W. E. Britten's illustration of August is not up to his usual excellence, being suggestive of nothing in particular. Prof. Herkomer writes of J. W. North, A. R. A., giving the late Fred. Walker a good word on the way. An article on Iceland, by T. G. Paterson, and a description, with many illustrations, of Sir John Gilbert's gift to the city of London, complete the main part of the number.

Prof. August Weisman's reply to Herbert Spencer on the All-sufficiency of Natural Selection, in the Contemporary for September, is of more than ordinary scientific interest. A timely paper is that on "The Indian Currency Experiment," by Professor J. Shield Nicholson. Archdeacon Farrar has his turn in the theological ring in this number and shows how the brethren love one another, by charging Canon Knox Little with the use of epithets, insults, gross misrepresentation, vulgarity, libelling, and refers to "even fools." Emily Crawford writes with spirit of "Journalism as a Profession for Women;" and Andrew Lang, to whom no subject seems to come amiss, has a lively paper on "Comparative Psychological Research." Art lovers will, however, pass all these by and plunge at once into "The Foundations of Art Criticism," as propounded by P. G. Hamerton, while lovers of nature will revel in Phil Robinson's "Sunshine and Rain."

Outing for September opens with a fascinating, complete story, "Donald Grey, the Luck of a Good-for-nothing," by A. B. Ward. The youthful pranks and escapades of the hero, his removal to Gotham, his misuse of brilliant talents and gradual fall from honourable employment to sharp practices and "playing the races," and the pathetic picture of a weak, doting mother sorrowing at home, are all sketched in a masterful manner. Thousands of bright youths have run the same fatal course; thousands more will follow it to be finally ruined by turf gambling; and many an ambitious reader of Outing can study the story for his good. It is a warning true to life and free from twaddling sentiment. Other notable features of an excellent number are, "Temecula Canon," a picture of California sport, by T. S. Van Dyke; "Our Sailor Soldiers," by E. B. Mero; "Football on the Pacific Slope," by John Craig and 'A Wolf Hunt,' by Patty M. Selmes.

Book Reviews for September has an interesting short sketch of the eminent firm by which it is published. Literary men read with pleasure anything relating to the life work of reputable and noted publishers. Though

but few of the multitude of readers who derive profit and enjoyment from the books which bear the imprint of "Macmillan & Co." are privileged to see their names on the title-page, yet all bear tribute to the excellence, both of the literary and mechanical workmanship of one of the best and most deservedly successful publishing houses of either the old or new world. The striking illustration of the chaste and classic building at 66 Fifth Avenue, New York, over which Mr. George Platt Brett so ably presides, forms an acceptable frontispiece to the number. Our readers will be interested in the announcement of the immediate issue from the press of two works by Professor Goldwin Smith, the one entitled, "The United States; An Outline of Political History, 1492-1871;" and the other, "Bay Leaves," consisting of translations from the Latin poets.

The Californian for September comes to the front promptly with the beautiful coloured cover of poppies which the publishers have adopted during the World's Fair. The issue is rich in fiction and illustrated descriptive articles. Indian life on the plains is graphically presented in a paper by Verner Z. Reed, on "The Southern Utes," in which many interesting features in the life of these people are brought out. The illustrations are from photographs and fine sketches by Harner & Craig. A paper of more than ordinary interest is a description of the children of the street in San Francisco. Some of the illustrations of the paper are among the finest ever seen in any magazine. The rise of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association is described by its founder, the late Mrs. E. T. Y. Parkhurst, while Ensign Burke, in a paper on the Naval Reserve, shows what the Golden State has done in this direction; the article is richly illustrated. The silver question is presented in two papers by Congressman Bowers, of San Diego, and Hon. M. M. Estee of San Francisco. John Craig gives a most interesting exposition of the arts of "The Smuggler," while some illustrated papers of interest are: "Irving," by Peter Robertson, the "Nevada Footprints," and "Ibsen."

There are no less than nineteen distinct items in the table of contents of the current number of the Atlantic Monthly Magazine. Out of these surely the most fastidious reader could gather something to his taste. Does not the very length and variety of the assortment offered to the reader suggest, perhaps, a reliance on the part of the caterers on length and variety than on quality? In fact, it is not easy out of these nineteen items to make choice of anything by which to find the general character of the magazine. Yet some well-known names appear on the cover, amongst others, those of Charles Egbert Craddock—as the lady still continues to call herself, Edith M. Thomas, Agnes Repplier, Isabel F. Hapgood, Sir Edward Strachey, Bliss Carman—the last-named, by the way, is at present finding warm and energetic admirers across the Atlantic in Mr. Douglas Sladen (the Australian poet) and the Literary World. The heavier articles in the magazine comprise articles on "Wildcat Banking in the Teens," "The Moral Revival in France," dealing with what is called the neo-Christian movement in that country, of which M. M. le Visconte Eugene-Melchior de Vogüé, Paul Desjardins, Edouard Rod, and Pierre Lasserre are accounted the leaders; and "The Technical School and the University."

An interesting feature of The Arena for September is a paper by E. P. Powell, evidently a close student of men and things, giving A Study of the famous Benjamin Franklin, especially in his diplomatic capacity. A valuable essay on "The New Education and the Public Schools" is from the able pen of Editor Flower. Good as the schools in the United States undoubtedly are, yet they would be infinitely more so were the almost universal practice of appointing teachers through influence, irrespective of other qualification, abandoned. We cannot help wishing Editor Flower had referred to this grave blot in the conducting of the public schools. The value

of Mr. George C. Douglas' paper, "A Money Famine in a nation rich in money's worth," is marred by such statements as "there is a war against gold;" "John Bull is shrewd and sellish;" "Uncle Sam, ignorant, good-natured and easily duped;" "Exhausted old England," etc. Perhaps the writer does not know that the said exhausted old England owns probably one-half or more of all the wealth of the United States, but the fact remains all the same. Other able discussions of important subjects are: "Seven Facts about Silver," by Hon. W. H. Standish; "Japan and her Relations to Foreign Powers," by Annie Elizabeth Cheney; "The Currency Problem Through a Vista of Fifty Years," by Albert Brisbane; and with a number of other good papers by thoughtful writers make up an acceptable issue.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

On Tuesday, August 29th, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes celebrated his eighty-first birthday at his summer home in Beverley Farms, Mass.

All students of government and political science will read with interest Mr. E. V. Robinson's monograph on the "Nature of the Federal State," published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

The Century for October will contain articles appropriate to the closing weeks of the World's Fair, the first being the fullest biographical sketch ever written of Frederick Law Olmsted, the designer of the original plan of the landscape of the Fair. The article is by Mrs. Van Rensselaer.

One of the features of the October Harper's Magazine will be an amusing sketch of "Undergraduate Life at Oxford," by Richard Harding Davis, with illustrations by W. Hatherell. In the same number Edwin Lord Weeks, the painter, will begin his account of the journey across Persia, in which Theodore Child lost his life.

The Fish Commissioner for the Cessack district of Russia, Dr. Nicholas Borzdine, has prepared for the October Popular Science Monthly a fully illustrated article describing "The Ural Cossacks and their Fisheries." It appears that these fisheries are held as communal rights, and are carried on in a very systematic and peculiar manner.

J. B. Lippincott Co. announce the following publications: By Dr. Thomas More Madden, well known as one of the foremost gynecologists of Europe, a hand-book of Diseases Peculiar to Women; a Text-Book of Normal Histology, by Dr. George A. Piersol, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania, and "Elinor Fenton," by David S. Foster, a romance, the scene of which is laid in the heart of the Adirondacks.

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, the able advocate of Imperial Federation, and for some time past a member of the editorial staff of the Empire, has, we understand, made other arrangements by which he will no doubt be free to enter more largely into independent work along the line in which he has shown ability and attained success. We wish Mr. Hopkins continued success in his new departure. If he decide to adhere to journalism as well, we feel confident that his energy, probity and wide knowledge of public affairs will win for him still greater prominence and usefulness in Canadian journalism than he has yet attained.

Additional announcements of books to be published this fall by the Macmillans are: "Pain, Pleasure, and Aesthetics," an Essay concerning the Psychology of Pain and Pleasure with special reference to Aesthetics, by Henry Rutgers Marshall, M.A.; an annotated edition of the *Adelphoe* of Terence, by Prof. Sidney G. Ashmore of Union College, Schenectady; a new edition with vocabulary and notes of Zupitza's Old and Middle English Reader, upon the vocabulary of which Prof. MacLean of the University of Minnesota has been at work for some years, making it very complete and accurate; and a volume of Chrono-

logical Outlines of American Literature on the plan of, and uniform with, Mr. Ryland's "Outlines of English Literature."

Among the new works announced by Macmillan & Co., that by Professor Goldwin Smith entitled "The United States, An Outline of Political History, 1492-1871," will no doubt attract the most wide-spread attention. Fearlessly independent in the statement of what he believes to be historical truth, this accomplished scholar and master of English has without doubt written no ordinary book in the above volume. We question whether any recent historical publication will attract more attention or be more widely read in either Canada, England or the United States. Apart altogether from distinction of style the treatment is unique and the result cannot, we think, fail to prove acutely interesting, we had almost written sensational. The learned historian cannot be accused of lack of moral courage or of a desire to please either friend or foe at the expense of what his research and analysis have assured him to be an explicit statement of a warranted conclusion.

A new volume of short stories by Frank Stockton will be issued at an early date by the Scribners. It will be entitled "The Watchmaker's Wife, and Other Stories," and will contain six stories. They also announce Mr. T. R. Sullivan, the well-known Boston story-writer's new novel "Tom Sylvester;" an interesting new work on Thackeray called "With Thackeray in America," and by Eyre Crowe, the artist who accompanied Thackeray on his journeyings through this country; also three new books by that indefatigable writer of interesting stories for boys, G. A. Henty, "Through the Sikh War; a Tale of the Conquest of the Punjab;" "St. Bartholomew's Eve; a Tale of the Huguenot Wars," and "A Jacobite Exile; being the Adventures of a Young Englishman in the Service of Charles XII. of Sweden." They are fully and attractively illustrated. As well a new set of volumes in the popular series by Imbert de Saint Amand, on the Famous Women of the French Court, has just been started by the Scribners. It will consist of four volumes on the Women of the Valois and Versailles Court, two of which are now ready, entitled "Women of the Valois Court," and "The Court of Louis XIV." Two more on the Court of Louis XV. and the last days of Louis XV. will follow shortly.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- of the Sea. Scribner's Sons, New York; Wm. Briggs, Toronto.
- ward and Upward. Randolph & Co., New York. \$1.00
- edener, Helen H. Facts and Fictions of Life. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.
- ng, Edward. Joseph Zalmonah. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 50c.
- son, Mrs. J. Kerr. Dr. Bruno's Wife. The Toronto News Co., Toronto. 30c.
- son, Frank. Skeleton Leaves. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.
- ngton, Thos. Wentworth. English History for American Readers. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.
- win, D.C.L. The United States: an Outline of Political History. Macmillan & Co., New York.
- ck, W. N. Third Hand High. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

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 In those few words from all the world
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 From envy, from dependence, carking
 The weariness that waiteth on despair,
 From disappointment, dulness, and sur-
 prise.
 comes forbearance, sweet
 thoughts on noble silence
 and unafraid, you dare
 Be self-contained.
 holds and helps when fondest aye
 enough hard to win, this knowledge
 ripe and rare
 is worth the wooing, stern and calm
 and fair:
 see it in the great God's solemn
 and find it in the stillness that replies
 Be self-contained
 —D.W.B., in the "Speaker."

HOW TO LIE IN SLEEPING CARS.

A curious diversity of opinion prevails among travellers about the best way to lie in a sleeping-car berth. Some people prefer to have their feet foremost, as members would be more liable to be in a head-on collision than the feet foremost; and it is asserted that several railway officials, prominent in line of business, insist on riding in a summer, ventilation with or without wire screens, is highly desirable, and that the man with his head toward the rear of the train, he is liable to get too much draft, and possibly some other position, he escapes this annoyance and risk. A recent contributor to the "Railroad Gazette" calls attention to another element in this question. A man who has had experience in both berths, he says, feels an unpleasantness in his stomach while dozing in the latter, but not the former. So, if the berths are delicately organized folks are uncomfortable, even to the verge of sickness in an elevator going down, but do not mind ascent at the same rate of speed. Something parallel to the writer referred to, thinks that when one lies prostrate in an elevator, whose velocity is undergoing or less change, and it is suggested that on this account if on no other, it is better to ride head foremost. Porters sometimes ask how a passenger without that precaution they would be persuaded to do what the travel-
 ing Tribune.

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Four miles to the northwest of Terre Haute, lies the beautiful and picturesque village of St. Mary's. This is a Roman Catholic Institution which has attained something more than national celebrity. Fifty years ago it was established by six Sisters of Providence, who came from the shores of France to lay the foundation for this great charitable order. It now consists of the home of the Sisters of Providence, known as the Providence House; a large female seminary, one of the finest chapels in the United States, and a Rectory in which the priests make their home.

A reporter of the Express, while being shown through the establishment recently, asked Sister Mary Ambrose if there was any apparent reason for the good health with which the sisters and their pupils are blessed.

The answer was that particular attention is paid by the sisters in charge to the health and happiness of the students. "Bodily ailment," she said, "cannot help but have its effect on the mind. In order to keep the mind bright and active and perfectly clear at all times, the student's condition must be as nearly perfect as possible. Some time ago there was more or less ailment noticeable among the sisters and students, which was probably due to atmospheric causes, though of course I do not know just what its origin really was. Shortly after this became noticeable a friend highly recommended a medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and so urged upon me to give them a trial that I ordered some of them, and they have been used in the institution ever since. A few days ago the manufacturers wrote me for an opinion of Pink Pills, and my reply was as follows:—

"Respected Sirs,—In answer to your kind request for our opinion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, are pleased to say that these pills were so highly recommended to us that we were induced to try them, and we think our repeated orders for them are sufficient evidence that we find them all they are represented, a good blood-builder and an excellent nerve tonic.

Yours very respectfully,
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Medical scientists concede that weak blood and shattered nerves are the fruitful cause of nearly every disease to which human flesh is heir, and if Dr. Williams' Pills are, as Sister Ambrose says they have found them, "a good blood-builder and an excellent tonic" the source of good health at St. Mary's is easily traced.

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If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:
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To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

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The housewives of Florida have found a new use for oranges. They scrub the floors with them. Go into almost any town in the orange-growing districts and you will see the women using the luscious fruit exactly as our housekeepers use soap. They cut the oranges in halves and rub the flat, exposed pulp on the floor. The acid in the oranges doubtless does the cleaning, but at any rate the boards are as white as snow after the application. It is thought that lemons would be better than oranges for this purpose, because of the additional acidity.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Ottawa Citizen: The American editors who have been unanimous in abolishing the House of Lords might turn their attention with good effect towards the United States Senate which has been obstructing the will of the people with respect to the silver question.

St. John Telegraph: The British sailing tonnage engaged in the foreign trade is 12 times as great as the United States tonnage engaged in that trade, and the British steam tonnage engaged in foreign trade is 23 times as great as the American steam tonnage of the same class. If we reckon steam tonnage to be three times as potential for commercial purposes as sail tonnage, we shall find that the sea-going tonnage of Great Britain has 20 times the capacity of the sea-going tonnage of the United States.

Hamilton Herald: The convention of young Conservatives in Toronto, about which we have been hearing so much for the last few days, was a very meek and harmless sort of thing, the inwardness of which was that the cut and dried party men got their hands on the ropes, and left the more independent delegates present out in the cold. If Sir John Thompson had had any idea how flat, stale and unprofitable the convention would turn out to be, the chances are that some of the things he said in his Montreal speech, about "the glorious old principles" which the glorious old party required no convention to endorse, would have been left unsaid.

Montreal Herald: If such a congress of creeds could be frequently brought together through the operation of a general impulse towards harmony in basic principles of relief—a desire to sink denominational peculiarities in a unanimous movement having for its object the enforcement and actualization in the daily conduct of all sorts and conditions of men of the simple ideas of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man of the Golden Rule, in fact—there can be no doubt that the face of the earth would be changed; that there would be no more war or rumours of war; and that the condition of things dreamt of and aspired after by the millennialist of olden times and the single taxers of modern times would universally prevail.

Guelph Mercury: It is just as well that the policies of the two parties should be thus clearly defined. The Liberals hold that the tariff should be one for revenue only, for public purposes; that any manufactures suited to this country can and should prosper under such a tariff, say 20 to 25 per cent; and that any attempt to tax the great body of the people and force the money taken from consumers thereby, not into the public treasury, but into the private purses of a favored section of the community, is a crying injustice to the individual, and a gross wrong to the country. The Conservatives, on the other hand, stand by the National Policy of protection and contend that protective duties are necessary to stimulate the growth of our manufactures; and that it is not an injustice, but a benefit, to the whole country to have its manufacturing interests sustained and developed by such taxation, as those outside the manufacturing industries profit by their expansion. It will be for the people to decide which policy is based on the right foundation, and which will do the most good for the country.

Two years ago the French heart was fired with enthusiasm for the Franco-Russian union by nightly performances at Parisian cafes chantants, students' balls and theatres of the Russian national hymn. It is not many years since the Austrian Government felt obliged to prohibit the performance of the Rakoczy march in Hungary and confiscated all copies of the music found in the shops. Now it appears that rioting has begun in San Sebastian, Spain, because of the refusal of a theatrical orchestra to play the patriotic tune of the Basques. Thus again is verified the wisdom of the adage respecting the superior potency of a people's songs over their laws.—*New York Tribune.*

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The membership of the Indian Army Temperance Association has reached its highest point. The whole strength of the British forces in India is about 68,000, and as there are 20,111 men who are abstainers, the percentage of sobriety has been remarkable. Singapore, 130 artillerymen out of a total strength of 200 are abstainers.—*Medical Record.*

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Genuine amber is becoming scarce every year, and it will not be long before a pipe amber cigar holder or pipe stem will be a rarity and a luxury. The true amber is a fossil gum, which was produced in large quantities by trees having a resinous sap that flowed down the trunks and gathered in marshes and other places where it was dried in former times, and is also secured by dredging.—*Baltimore Sun.*

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The 9,000 twin-screw freight steamship Southwark, built for trans-atlantic service by a British firm, is the largest craft of the kind in the world.

Cog wheels of pressed rawhide have been extensively used in Austria. They reduce vibration, do not require lubrication, are very clean therefore, show great strength, and dispense with noise. Except for the expense, they are highly desirable. The rawhide is supported by a wooden framework; and after being cut to the right size, the wheel is covered with a shellac solution.

Iron lightning rods an inch in diameter have been eaten entirely through by the corrosive action of acid vapors from factory chimneys in Austrian Silesia. A glass coating is therefore placed on such conductors at one establishment there, with a cement to fill the interstices between glass and metal. The platinum tip, however, is permitted to project through the covering, but is sealed thereto, in order to exclude the air.

Conducibility of iron has been attacked in an interesting article published during the past year by the use of petroleum in oil burners. The details of the Gnehm process of solidifying petroleum are easily made public. In brief, this process consists in heating 600 parts of the oil with 10 parts of melted and dissolved soda, 10 parts of concentrated calcium chloride solution and 90 parts of iron. After the mass has become solid it is cut up into briquettes, which can be used in the same way as coal or any other similar fuel.

M. d'Arsonval, the eminent French electrician, has devised a new way to subject people to electrical treatment for medical purposes. He erects a circular cage of insulating glass or wood uprights and encircling copper wire, wound in a very open spiral, not a compact coil, and the patient stands inside. Currents of very high potency are sent through the wire, a battery of Leyden jars being used to produce the alternations. Metal placed within such a cage would be powerfully magnetized; and M. d'Arsonval claims that this treatment of a human subject greatly stimulates nutrition and respiration.

The vibration of steamers has been made a subject of study by a German engineer. He objects to the view that the vibration is an essential accompaniment of the powerful engines employed, pointing out that the true cause lays solely in the union between the number of revolutions of the engines, and the number of vibrations of the ship. The shorter the steamer, the greater the number per unit of its vibrations, and the longer the steamer, the greater was the corresponding time of its vibrations. When larger ships are built than now, and engines are run still quicker, these future steamers will show no vibrations, or only small ones.

There has recently been projected near La Onda, C. L., an electric railway which involves some interesting features. The road is designed for tourist travel, to enable the visitors to view the scenery of the Sierra Madre. The trolley system is to be used except in one lift of 3,500 feet from Rubio canon to the summit of Echo Mountain, on which an endless cable will be used. This cable will be run by an electric motor, the current for which as well as for the trolley line is furnished by generators run by water power. Pelton water wheels are used, operated by a small stream which has a head of 1,700 feet. This is used in three sections, the second section utilizing the water from the first wheel and the third from that of the second. Accumulators will be used which will be stored when the line is idle for use when a large amount of current is required.

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Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, a pale, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, flatulence or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, shivering of the heart, choking or suffocation when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, dryness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, numbness, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the stomach.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Jews in their social life should mingle with their fellow citizens of other denominations as they do in business pursuits. It is the Jews themselves by their clannishness and exclusiveness who foster the prejudice of which they so much complain.—*Jewish Tidings*.

The Rev. Robert McIntyre, of Denver, has created a sensation among his congregation in that city, says the *New York Tribune*, by asking that his salary of \$5,000 be reduced to \$1,000. He thinks the sum he receives at present is at least twice as large as it should be in hard times.

Doubting is far better than ignorant, unthinking repose. All honest seekers after truth are doubters as long as they are seekers. When they find the truth they are converted from being doubters to being believers. Doubt is then supplanted by belief of the truth found.—*Religious Telescope*.

GIVES GOOD APPETITE.

GENTLEMEN,—I think your valuable medicine cannot be equalled, because of the benefit I derived from it. After suffering from headache and loss of appetite for nearly three years I tried B.B.B. with great success. It gave me relief at once, and I now enjoy good health.

MRS. MATTHEW SPROUL, Dunganon, Ont.

Three American women have received the degree of Ph. D., *summa cum laude*, from the University of Zurich—Miss Helen L. Webster, Professor of Comparative Philology at Wellesley College; Miss Thomas, Dean of Bryn Mawr College, and Mrs. Mary Noyes Colvin, Principal of Bryn Mawr Preparative School at Baltimore

The Duke of Edinburgh by the death of his uncle has become the ruler of the grand duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and is likely to take up his permanent residence in Germany. There is a reversal of the usual order in this. A good many German princes have found their matrimonial way to a pleasant living in England.—*Montreal Gazette*.

WORTH READING.

MR. WM. McNEE, of St. Ives, Ont., had eleven terrible running sores and was not expected to recover, all treatment having failed. Six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters completely restored him to health. Druggist Sanderson, of St. Mary's, Ont., certifies to these facts.

Herr Bebel has declared that the German army is undermined by socialism, and there have not been wanting signs to show that the statement was not altogether an empty boast. But much more serious does it become when officers take advantage of their influence and superior position to proselytize among their men.—*European Edition of the Herald*.

Samuel Rogers said to John Leech, the caricaturist of *Punch*: "Mr. Leech, I admire you much." He was just beginning his success as an artist, and was gratified by this commendation, as he supposed, of his art. "Yes," repeated Rogers, "I admire you much. I saw you brushing your own hat, and the man who, in these days, does anything for himself, is deserving of admiration."

SEVERE DIARRHOEA CURED.

GENTLEMEN,—I was troubled with chronic diarrhoea for over three years and received no benefit from all the medicine I tried. I was unable to work from two to four days every week. Hearing of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry I began to use it. Am now all right.

JOHN STILES, Bracebridge, Ont.

The place to get an idea of the comparative insignificance of the individual undoubtedly is at sea, floating on a bit of wreckage at the mercy of the winds and waves. George Upton, of the ill-fated schooner *Mary Lizzie*, tells his South Portland friends that during the thirty-three hours he was adrift fifteen vessels passed close to him without taking the slightest notice of him, his cries failing to attract their attention.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal*.

PERFUMES

THE PERFUME OF SOCIETY,

CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS.



AND THE CELEBRATED

CROWN LAVENDER SALTS.

The following are names and titles of a few of the distinguished lovers and users of these famous Perfumes, in England and on the Continent:

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| THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY, | COUNTESS OF SETTON, | LADY DE GREY, |
| THE PRINCESS OF BATTENBERG, | COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN, | LADY MEYSBY THOMPSON, |
| PRINCESS DORIA, | COUNTESS STEINBOCK, | LADY SOMERSET, |
| PRINCESS HAZFELDT, | VISCOUNTESS CROSS, | LADY BROUGHAM AND VALE, |
| THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, | LADY GRACE BARING, | COUNTESS DE PORTALES, |
| THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, | LADY BROOKE, | MILE. REICHEMBOURG, |
| THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND, | LADY CASTLEDOWN, | EARL OF WESTMORELAND, |
| BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS, | LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, | THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, |
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"The Superiority of the CROWN PERFUMERY is too well known to need comment."—LONDON COURT JOURNAL.

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QUIPS AND CRANKS.

He (exhibiting sketch): It's the best thing I ever did. She (sympathetically): Oh, well, you mustn't let me discourage you.

"It is a beautiful ring, my dear; what did you give for it?" enquired practical Mary. "Myself," replied Eleanor, poetically.

Stationmaster (to suspicious-looking old lady in saloon carriage): Are you first-class, mum? Old Lady: I am, thank you. And how's yourself?

Thoughts come and go, some never to return. What some of us would have given at the time for an Esterbrook pen to jot down a fleeting inspiration!

Samson: He is not rich, and yet he makes a great deal more money than he spends. Rodd: How can that be? Samson: He works in the Mint.

Jack—Who are the people in the lower boxes? Claire (indifferently)—Oh, they are nobody much. They don't disturb the audience by laughing and talking.

He: Remember that you have promised solemnly to be a sister to me. She: Yes, but you mustn't act as if you thought you were the only relative of that kind I have in the world.

The handwriting of the famous Dr. Chalmers was so very illegible that his fond mother used to say to her husband when a letter arrived from her son, "Juist lay it aside, and Tammas will read it to us himsel' when he comes hame!"

FACTS ABOUT DYSPEPSIA.

Wrong action of the stomach and liver occasions dyspepsia. Dyspepsia in turn gives rise to bad blood. Both these complaints are curable by B.B.B., which acts on the stomach, liver, bowels and blood, and tones and strengthens the entire system, thus positively curing dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood and similar troubles.

The crowded street car flew the track unexpectedly and the conductor went for the driver: Here, he exclaimed angrily, "what made that car go off?" "Cause it was loaded, I guess," responded the driver, with a grin,

LOOKED LIKE A SKELETON.

GENTLEMEN,—Last summer my baby was so bad with summer complaint that he looked like a skeleton. Although I had not much faith in it, I took a friend's advice and tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. He soon got better. I truly believe it saved his life.

Mrs. HARVEY STEEVES, Hillsborough, N.B.

Wife (looking overbill): Do you remember, my dear, how many trout you caught when fishing last Saturday? Husband: There were just twelve of them, all beauties—why? Wife: The fishmonger has made a mistake. He only charges for half-a-dozen."

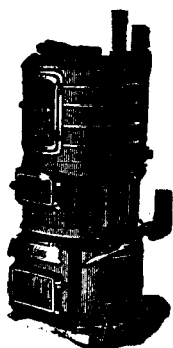
Some fancy the charms of the lily-white maid, Of ethereal form and languishing eye, Who faints in the sunshine and droops in the shade, And is always "just ready to die."

But give me the girl of the sunshiny face, The blood in whose veins courses healthy and free, With the vigor of youth in her movements of grace, Oh, that is the maiden for me!

She is the girl to "tie to" for life. The sickly, complaining woman may be an object of love and pity, but she ceases to be a "thing of beauty" worn down by female weakness and disorders, subject to hysteria and a martyr to bearing down pains. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sure cure for these distressing complaints, and will transform the feeble, drooping sufferer into a health, happy, blooming woman. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

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.. THE GREAT ..
STRENGTH-GIVER
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"Life seemed a burden, the simplest food disagreed with me, and I was in misery from Dyspepsia, but two bottles of B.B.B. entirely freed me from it," says Miss L. A. Kuhn, Hamilton, Ont.

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