

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:                      Continuous pagination.

# THE LAKE

FEB., 1893.

## MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO  
POLITICS,  
SCIENCE  
AND GENERAL  
LITERATURE

### CONTENTS

- Translations. H. M. Stromberg.  
Poem—Day Dreams. A. Crawford.  
Anglo-Saxon Federation. Komus.  
Aerone of Mars. John A. Copland.  
Poem—An Ice Fairy.  
Charles Gordon Rogers.  
Our Boarding House. S. T. Wood.  
That Franchise Question.  
Edith J. Archibald.  
Poem—The Mirage. J. Fraser Evans.  
A Defence of Cain Who Slew His Brother.  
Jos. F. Clark.  
Poem—My Girlhood Days. Bruce Munro.  
The Interim. Helen A. Hicks.  
Poem—Uncertain. F. E. Galbraith.  
The Development of the Theory of Energy.  
J. M. Clark, M.A., LL.B.  
The Influence of Literature.  
Byron E. Nicholson.  
Co-Education in the Sexes in Relation to  
Evolution. Elizabeth Johnson.  
The Study and Work of Mr. G. A. Reid.  
Poem—Socialism. By W. W. Turver, M.D.  
Artist's Column. L. Academie Julian, Paris.  
Respite Finem. By Fr. Holt.  
The Kingdom of Alcor. Fidele H. Holland.  
Poem—The Fireman. E. J. T.

[Copyright].



Published by the LAKE PUBLISHING Co. Toronto

# THE LAKE MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

February, 1893.

No. 7.

## CONTENTS.

<hr/>	
FRONTISPIECE—	385
TRANSLATIONS .. .. .	
BY H. M. STROMBERG,	
POEM—DAY DREAMS .. .. .	390
BY A. CRAWFORD.	
ANGLO-SAXON FEDERATION .. .. .	391
BY KOMUS.	
AERENE OF MARS .. .. .	395
BY JOHN A. COPLAND.	
POEM—AN ICE FAIRY .. .. .	399
BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.	
OUR BOARDING HOUSE .. .. .	400
BY S. T. WOOD.	
THAT FRANCHISE QUESTION .. .. .	402
BY EDITH J. ARCHIBALD.	
POEM—THE MIRAGE .. .. .	408
BY J. FRASER EVANS.	
A DEFENCE OF CAIN, WHO SLEW HIS BROTHER .. .. .	409
BY JOS. F. CLARK.	
POEM—MY GIRLHOOD DAYS .. .. .	412
BY BRUCE MUNRO.	
THE INTERIM .. .. .	414
BY HELEN A. HICKS.	
POEM—UNCERTAIN .. .. .	416
BY F. E. GALBRAITH.	
THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE THEORY OF ENERGY .. .. .	417
BY J. M. CLARK, M.A., LL.B.	
THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE .. .. .	421
BY BYRON R. NICHOLSON.	
CO-EDUCATION IN THE SEXES IN RELATION TO EVOLUTION .. .. .	423
BY ELIZABETH JOHNSON.	
THE STUDY AND WORK OF MR. G. A. REID .. .. .	427
POEM—SOCIALISM .. .. .	428
BY W. W. TURVER, M.D.	
ARTIST'S COLUMN .. .. .	429
BY L. ACADEMIE JULIAN, PARIS.	
RESPICE FINEM .. .. .	431
BY FR. HOLT.	
THE KINGDOM OF ALCOR .. .. .	433
BY FIDELR H. HOLLAND.	
POEM—THE FIREMAN .. .. .	436
BY E. J. T.	
<hr/>	

Price, 15 Cents a Number; \$1.50 Per Annum.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

No notice can be taken to anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for publication must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for any views or opinions expressed in the communications of our correspondents.

Persons desiring the return of their manuscript, if not accepted, should send a stamp and directed envelope. We cannot, however, in that case hold ourselves responsible for its return. Authors should preserve a copy.

Subscribers should give their full name and correct P.O. Address.

Subscription price for Canada and the United States, **One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum.**

Communications should be addressed, **THE LAKE PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 49 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario.** D. K. MASON, Business Manager.

Good Agents wanted in every unrepresented district. Liberal terms.



"LEONIE."  
PAINTED BY C. A. REID.

# The Lake Magazine.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1893.

No. 7.

## TRANSLATIONS.

H. M. STROMBERG.

The universe may be likened to a book written in a language which everyone reads and interprets for himself. The words and phrases it contains have an infinite variety of meanings, and hence the translations of all who read are different. Some find the great tome spiritless and prosaic, without any design, arrangement, or harmony of parts. Others say that it is an awful tragedy, so replete with the recital of horrors, they would fain close their eyes upon its pages forever. Darkness, despair and death are so often referred to throughout the whole, that the little brilliancy it has is not sufficient to relieve the gloom that fills the heart of him who peruses it. Many say that mirth and laughter are written on the face of all things; that the world is a comedy, in which the chief actors are all fools, who, in their attempts to look wise and act prudently, play such fantastic tricks, that when some invisible hand shakes the scaffolding of their giddy stage, they fall off it, in the midst of their madness and jollity, a sight that makes even demons laugh. Some, however, find the work a masterpiece of genius. Although they admit the design of the author is dark, they say that a purpose runs through all, and the whole is good. The language is so full of music and beauty, it enchants them. It is not prose, but poetry of the highest kind, faultless in rhythm, and matchless in the melody of its numbers. Choirs of angels might well sing together to celebrate the completion of such a work. They say the great author, at times, moves them to tears with the infinite depths of his tenderness. Even the meanest subject he touches "give thoughts that often lie too deep for tears," and the visions of beauty and sublimity they behold whilst studying the finer passages,

haunt them ever afterwards like an eternal presence. They are terrified and delighted, yet so much are they under the influence of the beautiful and sublime, that the very idea of death and pain is lost in the rapture of contemplated good.

The outward world never produces exactly the same impression on the minds of two persons, nor does nature appear to us the same at all periods of our life. We change, and the world likewise seems to change. As years roll on, we too shall have to lament with Wordsworth, that a glory has passed away from earth, and the heaven that lies about us in our infancy, we no longer behold, or only at times, and with indistinct vision.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn fields  
And thinking of the days that are no more."

Two travellers meet on an eminence that overlooks the ocean. They stand, and casting their eyes westward, gaze intently on the setting sun. One of them, as he beholds the great flaming orb sink beneath the limitless, world-encircling waste of water, feels as if he were being clothed upon with immortality. His spiritual sense becomes intensely keen, and, like a dawning light, the thought comes to him that all he beholds is a part of himself, and that his soul is diffused through all. The sunlight sparkling on the expanse of water is to him the myriad laughter of the ocean waves, and his being thrills with joyousness; the mellow tints of the evening clouds are suggestive of serenity and goodness; the over-arching sky with its infinite blue, speaks of love, while the twinkling grass and the tremulous flowers about his feet, and the trees with their lengthening shadows, all

beget in his heart a feeling of tenderness and mercy.

The other traveller sees none of these things, nor feels any of such emotions. The flaming sun reminds him of the fierceness and strength of an avenging fury, and he hates its beams; the ocean, with its restless, tossing billows, speaks only of death, everywhere and all-devouring; in the paling orange of the sky, he sees the languor of disease and the symptoms of decay. He glances furtively around at the trees with their deepening shadows, and starts, for he thinks that they are officers of justice coming to hale him to judgment. The earth itself mocks and curses him. He reads from this page of Nature's book, hate, deformity, relentless justice, crime, remorse. The evils of his own heart and the baseness of his nature are so clearly written thereon, that, in horror at the sight, he would forever hide the record from his view; but like the blood-marks on Lady Macbeth's hand, the vision will not fade out till, in desperation, he puts an end to his life.

But not only do we all interpret differently that which touches our senses, but also the words and sayings of our fellow-men. No man can reveal all his thought to his fellow; for to do so he would have to become like him. "How wide is the moat that girds every human soul!" "Strangers yet!" is the cry, that in anguish is often wrung from us, when we are misunderstood by those whom we hold most dear. So it is with the books we read. No one can know the thoughts of the author in all fullness. All make translations which differ more or less from the original text. In fact, a great writer gives us only an imperfect copy of his own mind. Genius is ever in a region between darkness and light, in the realm of the vague and obscure, where it struggles to bring forth new thoughts and fashion new ideals for those who, blinded by the glare of opinion, are following the chariot-wheels of custom and habit. The interpreter of a book knows only so much of it as he is able to assimilate. You may teach a Hottentot to read and to understand Wordsworth in a certain way, but you can never make him know that

poet as Arnold did. Perhaps I cannot better illustrate this point than by referring to the great diversity of opinion that exists in regard to the interpretation of the Scriptures. To a Presbyterian the Bible conveys a very different meaning from what it does to an Episcopalian. If you have been carefully trained in the doctrines of the Scottish Church, while reading the New Testament you will translate it all into the thought and language of Presbyterianism. When you are perusing the letter that Paul wrote to the Romans, you will wonder how any person can believe that the great apostle did not teach the doctrine of predestination; and yet a Wesleyan can find no such teaching in the divine oracles, and he is astonished at what he believes to be your misinterpretation of them. We have only to hear the preachers in our own cities to perceive how differently they interpret the words and sayings of the apostles, and even of Jesus Himself. You will also observe that in their style of reading they differ one from another. When I listen to a Methodist divine expound the sacred volume, it seems to me that the apostles wrote and spoke with great fervency and while they were under strong emotion; when I hear a preacher of the Church of Scotland I think the early teachers of Christianity were well versed in ethics, severe moralists and great logicians; but when I am in an Episcopal place of worship, and a High Churchman officiates, the æsthetic element rules me, and a vision of flowers with music of singing birds comes to me, and I leave the service with the impression that the Beautiful and the Good are one. Thus, while the Wesleyan interprets the Bible emotionally, the Presbyterian does it ethically, and the Churchman æsthetically. And yet the Book is said to be so plain that he who runs may read. Yes, they read and run, but all in different directions toward the same goal, the great circumference of God's all-encircling love. So it is with all other books. No one can fully express their meaning in his own language.

If what I have said is true, it tends to prove that all we see and hear, or all the impressions we receive from the outward

world, are coloured by our own subjectivity. In one sense we create the world in which we live; for even if it has an objective existence its beauty or deformity is rather of ourselves than of it. As to the pure in heart all things are pure; so to the beautiful in soul all things are beautiful. Plato and some of the wisest of the ancients believed that we were once face to face with the Eternal Beauty, and it is the soul's shadowy recollections of its former glory that beget in us divine longings and discontent.

Some of you may think, that if our knowledge is purely subjective, and things are not what they seem, there is nothing real in life. But even if what we call matter does not exist apart from the mind, still it does not follow that the objects which the soul creates have no reality. "Man is the measure of all things," said Protagoras, and in a certain sense he was right; for whatever exists in Time is but the passing thought of the Universal Soul, of which the soul of man, although an emanation, is still a part. God is in man, and man is in God, and although not harmoniously united, both are one, or, as the Scripture says, "Of him and through him and in him are all things." Had our souls, therefore, power to flow back into the great Soul, and become one with it in harmonious union, whatever we thought of would be real, and nothing would be impossible for us to do. We could remove mountains merely by the exercise of the will. This, I think, was what Jesus meant to teach, when he said that those who believed in him could do even greater works than he did. The influx of the Universal into the individual soul is the source of all inspiration, as well as of that power by which all miracles have been wrought, whether by the devotee at the shrine of the Virgin, the pilgrim at Lourdes or Saleete, the evangelistic faith-curer, or the Mahatmas of Thibet. By means of it, Jesus himself performed all his mighty deeds. The energy of the Universal Mind, of which the Universe is but the expression in Time, He could command and by power of will use to blast a fig tree, calm the sea or raise the dead to life. There was no violation of

law in the miracles He wrought, and we could do the works He did, and, as He Himself said, even greater ones, if the union between our souls and their eternal source were harmonious and complete. This is a skeptical age. Many of now only believe that we believe. We are still like children crying for the light. As Jean Paul says, "As yet struggles the twelfth hour of the night, birds of darkness are on the wing, the dead walk, the living dream," but the day shall dawn. An age shall come, when some God-gifted son of man, more spiritual than any of his fellows, shall again show the world the latent power of the soul over what we call matter. Then the conflict between faith and reason shall cease, for one word shall be used to express both. The soul is one and has no limitations. It is our senses which deceive us. We look at the starry heavens, and our first thought is that those countless orbs of light have been there for millions of years, and are no ever-changing phantoms, but when we look within, and search the secret depths of our being, we learn that spirit can annihilate both time and space, and—

"Can crowd eternity into an hour,  
Or stretch an hour into eternity,"

Experience itself teaches us that time is merely our consciousness of successive ideas in the mind. In dreams and certain abnormal states, the experiences of days or weeks may pass through our minds while the heart beats but once.

My faith too, therefore, rests in a Nirvana, but not one of unconsciousness, but of unity with the Universal Mind, so complete and absorbing, that I can truly say that I am one with the all-pervading spirit of the universe. Perhaps some of you are ready to say that I am pantheistic. If I am, so then was Paul, who when brought face to face with the metaphysical Athenians on Mars Hill, declared that we were all the offspring of God, and live, move and exist in Him.

If it is true that nature is a book that may be read and interpreted in an infinite variety of ways, what means can be taken to get translations that are not commonplace, but elevated in thought and sentiment? or how shall we ascend to those

heights of beatific vision, that we may clearly see what the few great men saw during the ages, when they gave to the world those ideals of beauty and virtue that have helped to lift us above our earthliness and make us long for the Perfect—for God from whom we have descended? When a genius appears, his renderings from nature are not like those of ordinary men. He reveals secrets and shows to us what we have not light or power enough to discover without his aid. He gives us keys with which we open doors, enter through them, and behold what was once invisible to our sight. The great multitude of men see things only from certain angles. The light streams in upon their souls always through the same channels, and hence they are devoid of inspiration and without originality. As all the members of a family or clan, although differing from one another in form and features, may have a family resemblance, so the dull, commonplace thought of thousands may bear a common likeness, though they may differ from one another, more or less.

Bear with me a little, therefore, while I try to set forth some of the rules and conditions that must be observed, if we would discover new and secret meanings in what we see above, beneath and around us:—

(1) We must free ourselves from all pre-conceived notions, and with the docility of little children, listen to the teachings of nature. In solitude we must brood over her works with love, till love is purified and becomes worship; and then when we try, with all the intensity of our being, to decipher her hieroglyphic page, she will reveal herself to us.

“The meanest flower that blows will give  
Thoughts that often lie too deep for tears.”

The field mouse or the squirrel will enlist our sympathy, the songs of birds in spring-time will suggest strains of mystic melody, the morning dew-drop, the clouds at sunset and sunrise, the starry heavens by night and the midday sun, will all make us so responsive to pathos, beauty and sublimity, that when we speak or sing our words shall come with the ring and freshness—the music of youth. Our own thoughts will begin to delight us; and fill

us with sweet surprise. A new world will dawn upon us; old things will pass away and we shall be re-born into the world of the Beautiful. There is a regeneration in the æsthetic as well as in the spiritual realm, and the way it is brought about is the same in both worlds.

(2) But we must do more than study nature, and sympathize with her in her various moods, if we would rise to the highest heights and wring the secrets from the latest moon. We have a more difficult work to perform than cultivating a passive receptivity to the influences of the external world. The real struggle comes from within. To form new creations out of what memory has in keeping and make them harmonious in all their parts, and consistent with themselves, so the creatures of the imagination shall be real and life-like, we must be able to become, for a time, something different from our real selves, and act and feel as the fictitious being we have summoned from the depths should feel and act, and who may be either a villain or a saint. Here is where many fail. Shakespeare's greatness consists in concealing his own personality. You can form no opinion of the great dramatist's character by reading Othello, Hamlet or Lear, and yet he must have so identified himself with these creations, when he wrote their speeches, that he felt the force of the passions that would have filled the breasts of persons possessing the attributes of such imaginary beings. Let one of you try to adopt for a short time the modes of thinking of a native of Japan, and look upon our laws and civilization, and see them as he does, and then you will find how difficult it is to think out of the way you have been accustomed to think; and yet you must be able, to some extent, to do a similar thing, if you would—

Body forth the forms of things unknown  
Turn them to shapes, and give to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

Does such power come from culture? It does partly, but not wholly. The persistent effort of the human soul to give form to vague thoughts conceived in doubt, when united to a will that rejects every idea that comes not in new or strange form, will help to put the mind in



a receptive state, and open avenues for an influx of new ideas, as well as enable it to become so identified with its own creations that they shall unfold themselves, in mental vision, according to a natural law of development, and be what they should be—perfectly natural. The extent to which we may be able to bring about such a mental state, depends on the cast of our minds, as well as the sensitiveness and plasticity of our moral natures.

The great translator must hold the mirror up to nature, but if the mirror be imperfect the image will be distorted. "Let him who would write heroic poems," says Milton, "make his life an heroic poem." At times the poet must feel the force of all passions in their intensity. He must have in his nature the possibilities of a devil and a saint. Who can depict the sweetness, the rapture and the cruel madness of love, but one who has been a lover himself? To simulate a passion we have never felt will not avail. Imitation is soulless. The bard must be "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, and the love of love." When he writes the speech of an angry man, he must feel the power of that passion. Contradiction and wrong, losses and crosses, love and hate, fears and hopes, joys and griefs, glimpses of heaven and visions of hell must, at times, have moved the heart or filled the breast of all those who have brought from the region of the indefinite and formless the ideals that have ennobled human life, and inspired mankind with new hope. Ease, luxury and dalliance never develop nobleness of character, never arouse the latent passions of the soul and make them available as aids to heroic achievement. Poverty, bitter reproach, adversity, and wrong nurtured the great thinkers of the past, and I verily believe these are the only teachers that can develop great minds at the present time.

Were I to close this essay without turning what I have said to practical account, I should miss my aim. Let me, therefore, deduce a few lessons that may be helpful to those among you whose work it is to train the faculties and build up the character of the young. Your business is to interpret the volume of nature, as well

as the printed pages which contain the best thoughts of the good and great of all times. The character of the translation you make will depend very much on what you are yourself, and therefore you should aspire to the heights of virtue and beauty that you point out to others. To be a good interpreter you must translate (1) *Practically*. While the great aim of education is to develop the faculties and form character, whenever knowledge can be conveniently shown we have a direct practical bearing, the pupil should be taught how to apply it. The judicious teacher never forgets the fact that man has an animal nature, and that young people should daily learn some things that may be turned to account in earning a livelihood. (2) You must translate *intellectually*. Education is not dreamy sentimentalism. There can be no true culture without clearness and strength of intellect. The young student must become inured to severe mental labour. He must be taught facts and how to reason about them, and draw inferences as dispassionately as a judge. Language and mathematics are the great means for this purpose. The one will sharpen the faculties, the other will form habits of exact reasoning. Many other branches of knowledge may be used for the same purpose, as more depends on how you teach than on what you teach. (3) You ought to translate *aesthetically*. The earth and the heavens above it are exceedingly fair, and if you have the eye to behold their beauty, your pupils under your influence may likewise be made to perceive it. But you must do more than help them to see the beauty of the outward world; you must teach them to understand and appreciate melody of music and verse, and to admire the grandeur of noble thoughts and deeds, and the surpassing glory of virtue. (4) You should translate *ethically*. To do this you must be moral yourself. You exert an influence even when silent. Therefore, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, or of good report, think of them and do them, till your thoughts glow in ethical purity, and the ideal in which all virtues inhere, is formed in the soul, and you behold the divine Christ in

his beauty and perfection. You require no Bible or Catechism to teach morality. Indeed, if you make use of them in the earlier stages of your work, you will be violating good method. The germs of all virtues are in the human soul, and to begin to develop them by means of dogma is a great mistake. Moral teaching should proceed from the soul Godward, not from God soulward. (5). You should translate *religiously*. Life is a solemn thing. We are surrounded by mystery. Although when looking outward on this wondrous world, we feel our nothingness, yet when we look within and behold the heights and depths of our being, we are filled with awe and overpowered with a sense of our own greatness. Religious teaching should grow out of ethical, for when moral ideals are touched with emotion they become objects of reverence or worship. The references to religion, with which our text-

books are replete, should always be treated with respect. Crude and trivial may seem many things connected with our religious system, yet they are not to be sneered at, for the most refined philosophy is only partially true. The belief on which you built your hopes, that has helped to guide you through life, would, if analyzed and tested by a mind more acute than your own, perhaps be found as untenable as that of the poor ignorant peasant's gross conception of the Eternal you condemn.

Hear the conclusion of the whole matter: The practical application of all I have said cannot be better expressed than by the words that a world-weary king uttered nearly 3,000 years ago, and which come to me now, after writing this, with new force and meaning: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

---

## DAY DREAMS.

BY A CRAWFORD.

Gazing at the sunlight  
That through the window streams,  
O'er the checkered pathway,  
Dreaming fitful dreams.

Looking, yet not seeking  
What around me lie,  
Dreaming in the sunlight  
With wide open eyes.

Grief and care forgotten,  
And the weary strife,  
Drinking in the sunlight  
And the joy of life.

## ANGLO-SAXON FEDERATION.

KOMUS.

While rummaging in my study I came across a portion of an old unpublished manuscript which may be of interest at the present time. The part which remains intact deals with public questions of considerable moment to-day. The subject matter concerns all true Canadians, Britons, and Americans; so I need make no apology for sending it to the press. This brief preface is quite sufficient for the writing explains itself.

"If some day, an old castle, like a giant phonograph, should commence to repeat, in order, the sounds which throughout past centuries have echoed through its halls, how wondering tourists would listen, in amazement, to tales of joy and sorrow, shouts of revelry and cries of distress, curses of soldiers and prayers of saints. There is nothing in this world which could arouse such universal interest. From every part of the world, by water and by land, a motley multitude would assemble to attend such an unique entertainment. Old resorts would be abandoned by crowds eager to hear the voices of the clamorous castle.

How terrible, then, must be the combined cries of agony, and how joyful the united peals of laughter, which have, for ages, beaten upon the strand of time as the rolling billows upon the shores of the sea. God's phonograph shall judge the world.

Everything speaks to me of the past. If old ruins do not in thunderous tones repeat the sounds of by gone-days to gaping throngs they, none the less, suggest thoughts which are often sublime. As the spirit of nature communes with the spirit of the poet so those old walls, and keeps, and towers, quietly converse with my mind. Frequently, my imagination has constructed so vivid a castle in the air that I have impulsively risen to admire

its beauty, and explore its wonders. Thus places acquire a powerful influence over the thoughts and actions of men. The battle fields on which Britons have conquered powerful foes inspire our armies, and help to make our soldiers courageous to-day.

The mind of man resembles a musical instrument. Its faculties respond to the influence of circumstances as the strings of the harp vibrate to the touch of the harper. Our surroundings make us happy or sad. The laws of nature are not limited and irregular. The same combination of causes will produce the same effect whether now, or ages hence, whether in Europe, or Australia.

My stay with Lord Sopho had been very pleasant. When alone, we often discussed political questions. As was to be expected from our different stations in life, our views upon practical questions seldom agreed. As a Canadian I always championed the rights of the masses while he, almost invariably, supported the supremacy of the classes. This difference between our opinions was apparent in every sphere of thought.

He contended that progress in society was due to the exertions of heroic men who laboured to improve the conditions and elevate the thoughts of the grovelling masses; while I as vigorously asserted that all advance in civilization was the result of the united efforts of the people; that his heroes were the natural products of the tendencies, and aspirations of all mankind. He maintained that, without the ennobling influences of master minds, men would soon return to their old savage state; while I argued that, without the inspiration of a noble people, master minds would never rise like bright stars above the horizon of ordinary ability. When he pointed to the marvellous works

of distinguished men I indicated the absence of honoured names in those periods in which the masses had become degraded and corrupt.

One of the most persistent friends of Lord Sopho was Mr. Joseph Steeple, member of the House of Commons for that borough. He was a retired merchant of great wealth and, in some respects, worthy of admiration. He made large donations to local charities and had a good word for his friends.

In politics he was a Conservative. His aversion to Radicals was intense. He argued after this fashion. Under the present excellent laws Britain has become mighty and prosperous, therefore, let us not foolishly destroy or change what has made our empire great and powerful.

Upon many questions, his views were as stable as absurd. Adhering to the same opinions under all circumstances, he gloried in his supposed consistency. One of his common sayings was "Public men are inconsistent." He was short, stout, and awkward. His manner was abrupt, and his appearance was always slovenly and sometimes grotesque; for, he imagined that oddity was the distinguishing mark of a great man. Hence, since he thought himself to be great he successfully tried to be odd.

Still, he was a pleasant companion for, when possible, he suited his conversation to the capacity of his friend.

One afternoon the three of us discussed a matter of unusual importance and interest. If there was any one thing about which Mr. Steeple had formed an unchangeable opinion it was the American Revolution. He fairly hated the name American and protested that no good thing could be done by such an ungrateful people.

As we were talking, Lord Sopho remarked that America was destined to be the home of a large share of the English-speaking peoples. This irritated Mr. Steeple who commenced an attack upon the United States and its institutions. "I tell you the United States will never become the home of the English peoples and for many reasons. They have no distinct national feeling. They only form an unstable confederacy which, at the

first shock, will go to pieces. The home of Englishmen will always be under the British Flag."

"You must permit me to differ with you, Steeple, as to the worth of the Americans as a people, and also as to the existence of a national feeling. The Americans show, by their actions, that they intend to make the United States a powerful and homogeneous nation."

"There is one other thing to which I must call your attention. You, perhaps, recall that I made use of the term America by which I wished to convey the idea of the United States and British North America. The two need not become one in order that my assertion may prove to be true. Am I not correct, Noble?"

"As well as I can judge you are, but, I can understand the feelings of Mr. Steeple. He sees two English nations, now rivals, and it is natural for him to desire the triumph and integrity of Britain. May not the world contain two or even more powerful English nations with advantage Mr. Steeple?"

"In my opinion, then, it should not even if it may. All the English peoples should love and defend the same flag. The United States should again become a part of the British Empire."

"Do you think, Sopho, that the English nations will ever form a confederacy?"

"To tell the truth, Noble, I hardly know what to think about it. I have heard a few enthusiasts predict that, someday, a single central Government will control every English land; but, to me, this seems improbable if not quite impossible. The interests of Americans will, frequently, be opposed to those of Englishmen, and the more numerous the nations to be united the more directly will their interests clash. Such a confederacy, however desirable, is not likely to be soon formed."

"Well, Sopho, I am willing to be classed among the hopeful enthusiasts. I would much rather hope and work for the best than fear the worst. I do not consider some kind of broad federation impossible. There are many adverse interests which will delay united action by the English peoples; but, there are also more powerful interests

which will ensure its accomplishment sooner or later. Great Britain has often acted in concert with foreign nations to conquer or restrain a common enemy. Why, then, is it impossible for circumstances ever to unite nations of the same race, language, and religion? The English nations, surrounded and opposed by hostile races, may yet find it necessary to forget petty jealousies, and to unitedly resist the encroachments of a common foe. And, yet, how this union is to be brought about is a perplexing question.

Men who, in other matters, use discretion and moderation, in this, wish to attain their end at a bound. I have even heard intelligent men discussing the details of a vast central Parliament as if such an assembly were practicable. I believe in federation as feasible and possible, but, not of the class to which I have just referred. A system of union upon a numerical basis is absurd. No independent English nation will bind itself to abide by the decision of an assembly in which the combined votes of its representatives might be disregarded in determining the course of action to be adopted. This method regards the problem in an advanced stage of its possible existence. Those who advocate such a complete and complicate federation disregard the first dictates of common sense, and the plainest teachings of nature. The child must crawl before it can walk. It is as if one were standing by the side of a sleeping babe and soliloquizing after this manner. The legs of that child are powerless to support the weight of a man and are not accustomed to the motions of walking. It would be very desirable to have those small legs support the body of a man, but it is absolutely impossible. The greatest dullard in England could inform him that, when the child has learned to walk, its legs will become large and strong.

So in the affairs of state. Unity has not yet reached even the development of the youngest babe; and some would attribute to it the powers, and supply it with the habiliments common to men. If men will only take advantage of every opportunity to strengthen the ties of friendship and interest between the English

nations every obstacle to federation will eventually be removed.

Hostility between kindred nations would be suicidal. In the struggle for existence and supremacy, whether in peace or in war, it is the privilege of Britons to prefer the Americans to a foreign race. Nothing could be more lamentable than an Anglo-American war. It has never in the history of man been the lot of any people to absolutely control such a large part of the world as is now ruled by the English speaking races; and nothing, but the most pernicious folly of our leaders, can prevent us from working out a glorious destiny."

"Well done, Noble. I confess that I am interested. What plan do you recommend? Have you any idea how these nations may act in harmony?"

"Yes, Sopho, I have an idea, but as yet it is rather immature. I believe that British North America will some day reconcile the two great English nations. In the past, Canada has been the cause of their hostility, and, in the future, it may be the link which shall connect the chain of their broken friendship. The interests of Great Britain, the United States and Canada, will gradually become so interlaced that neither can disregard the actions of the others. By social intercourse and trade relations, the prejudices which now inflame the minds of many, in either country, will be dissipated; and, in their place will spring up common feelings of friendship and admiration. The resultant of the forces attracting and repelling the two nations will cause them to approach; and Great Britain and the United States, in international matters, will act as one people. If Canada continues true to the mother land, the present century may witness the first steps in the formation of this grand Federation. A monstrous central parliament to manage international matters would be ponderous and useless. Fortunately, such an assembly is not necessary. Whenever matters of national moment should arise, the heads of the respective nations could easily arrange for concerted and effective action. The many advantages, arising from this common and united action, would slowly increase the number of

matters in which it would be feasible and possible. Once the two nations commence to act under the provisions of an alliance, the ingenuity of their statesmen will remove every obstacle to its successful operation, and the friendship of their kindred peoples will enlarge its extent."

"The greatest obstacle to union to-day is the remembrance of former wars. At present, those conflicts have a moulding influence upon the policy of each nation; but, when they become mere interesting historical facts, the feelings of the two peoples will undergo a marvellous change. Each will learn to congratulate the other upon its success and both will honour the names of their illustrious men"

"The English people have been able to govern themselves, and now they are called upon to govern a large part of the world. While larger nations have always opposed her armies, Great Britain has conquered two continents, a populous empire, and many smaller territories and islands. America and Australia will be the homes of the English peoples; and every

European race must help to form hostile English nations. There can never, in a true sense, be a New France, or a New Germany, or a New Italy. The continents are all inhabited or possessed. These nations can only increase by a process of extermination."

"But, Noble, do you expect Canada to become a part of the United States?"

"Decidedly not, Sopho. The whole of North America would form too large a nation. It will be better for America to have two strong kindred nations each working out its own destiny, on lines slightly different to those followed by the other."

"Each will benefit by the experience of the other; and the peoples will rise to a higher and more extensive plane of civilization, than if they were under exactly the same form of government. In striving to be first in all that makes a nation grand and strong, both will"—

Here the manuscript, I regret to say, abruptly ends.



## AERENE OF MARS.

BY JOHN A. COPLAND.

I was copy-reader on *The Berger*.

Work was drawing to a close; the paper would soon be to press. Jack Davis dropped in from the office of our contemporary *The Curler*, his reportorial duties for the night all done, to walk home with me.

"Ha, Jack," said I, as I smoothed a "flimsy" despatch over the white pad on my desk to facilitate the reading of the faintly manifolded copy, "this interests us both."

Davis looked across.

"What is it?" he vouchsafed.

I read:—

"ST. PETERSBURG, June 2.—What is believed to be the largest aerolite ever known to have fallen is lying in the Caspian Sea, a short distance from the peninsula of Apsheron. In falling, the aerolite made a most terrific noise. It rushed through the air with incredible speed, and the white-hot mass made a light that illuminated the country and sea round about for a long distance. The people who saw it were struck dumb with consternation. When the aerolite struck the water thick clouds of steam arose, and the hissing could be heard for miles. Huge volumes of water were thrown up, and the sight to those people who were not in terror was most beautiful. So enormous is the aerolite that its projects twelve feet above the water, and its fused black crust gives it the appearance of having been varnished."

"Well?" was Jack's comment.

"Let us go and see it," added I.

Jack laughed.

"I'm in earnest, Jack," I continued.

"That fortune I have waited for so long has come at last. My uncle has left me \$60,000."

"Good!" Jack shouted; and he slapped my back until I roared.

On the way home we matured our plans.

My wife consented, for she was convinced the holiday would do me good. So I got leave of absence from the editor-in-chief; and in less than a week my wife, Jack Davis and myself were bound for Apsheron. The details of our journey are inconsequent. We reached the aerolite; and our fears that the despatch might have been a hoax were pleasurably expelled by the sight of that big bolide. Scientists had been already to see it, as proclaimed by the dints from enquiring hammers of geologists. Our boat floated beside the great meteorite.

"Where do you think it is from?" asked my wife.

"The bottom of the sea," said I sarcastically.

"No; from the sky," remarked Jack Davis.

"You are making fun of me," my wife reproached us.

"It is a projectile," Jack said; "but a gun with a capacity to fire that would require a power incapable to be comprehended by humans almost. It is my belief that this is a fragment from some volcano on earth. I do not mean that it was projected from the earth's surface recently. It may be thousands of years since that body left. Of course, you know, it would all depend on the primitive force of projection. Had it received enough impetus to retain a velocity of twenty or thirty miles a second after it had swept clear of our atmosphere, it would depart into ethereal space, or become a satellite of the sun. Should the latter possibility happen, it would always return at regular intervals to the point where it found its orbit, but our globe would not perhaps be there. Thus it would proceed on another trip around the sun; but in the course of time, after

the completion of many orbits by both the earth and this projectile, they would again meet at the same spot in space where they had separated, and our globe would reclaim the wanderer—unruined and uninjured by thousands, maybe millions, of years travel through inter-planetary space. It is but the atmosphere which rusts and destroys to build again, and”——

“But I have read,” my wife broke in, begging our pardons, “that the inhabitants of Mars must be advanced in knowledge far beyond our attainments; then why should they not construct a gun with power enough to fire that shot, if they wish to communicate with us? Just look at the enormous strides which even we have made in guns. Though I must sorrowfully admit that ours are intended solely as engines of destruction; not to help science.”

“My dear wife,” I said; “those ideas are very entertaining, but they are nonsense. Might it not have been projected by volcanic action from the sun, or Jupiter, or Venus, or Mars, or”——

“Certainly it might,” Jack went on to orate; “but it would not be so likely, d’you see? One hundred chances to one it would go past, to find a cometary orbit.”

“Now, look here, Jack,” I expostulated, “Professor Young has observed matter projected from the sun at such a rate that it would be hurled far beyond the boundary of the solar system. Now why should not some of these ejected sun-fragments encounter our earth? Though molten, or most likely gaseous, when they leave Old Sol, they would be cool before they reached us.”

“Oh, yes, but look!” yelled Jack.

We were already doing so to the best of our ability.

The ponderous aerolite suddenly had rolled; and the water all around foamed. A roar; and the aerolite turned down-side up; we floundered in the sea. I grabbed my wife and held her head above until she had taken hold upon the boat with Jack and I. We were alarmed. Our terrified gaze again sought the aerolite. Would it roll over us?

“We’d better get ashore, before he

takes another tumble,” Jack suggested, stripping the water from his face. “He’s the first live aerolite I ever saw. If he wasn’t quite so big the World’s Fair people might”——

A portion of the aerolite on top began to lift until it had arisen more than a yard, when it toppled off into the sea. Shortly, one of the handsomest women I had ever beheld appeared from the aerolite. She watched us with a look which said:

“Will they attack me? Perhaps these are amphibious creatures. They seem harmless, at all events.”

She spoke. We could not understand; but her voice was most musically delicious.

My wife began to splutter, as though she would drown. This diverted my attention from the loveliness peeping from the aerolite, for I had to get my wife ashore. A glance from the land made me green. Jack Davis had managed to re-load himself into the now-righted boat, and was alongside the aerolite trying suavely to converse with the lovely nereid.

I made to call to him, that I might also get into the boat, but my wife telepathed my thought and pulled at my shoulder; which I can vouch required no jerking.

Jack’s winsomeness had effect; the dream of female beauty stepped from her pulpit, and was helped down the side of the aerolite by him. He rowed to the shore with his precious freight; and as the boat’s bows ploughed into the shingle he sprang out and effected the landing of the lady. I may be made a front-row man by my wife’s nimble fingers, but I must say that this aerolite maiden’s form was as divine as her countenance. She had acme grace, which the clothing she wore augmented. Above her waist the material was a silken gauze, and through it her healthful pink-skin glowed. I was enraptured. It is not proper to speak of certain apparel which ladies are supposed to wear; so, as this was solely all, and diaphanous at that, which draped our fair aerolienne’s limbs, I dare not more depict.

“Gentlemen, you better had retire,” my wife spoke up, “while I conduct this person where she may dress.”

“She is not embarrassed,” I hurried to explain.

“This must be the dress of vogue in



the land whence she comes," said Jack ;  
"or she would not be wearing it."

That she was a perfect lady not a soul  
could controvert.

Surely she had guessed the drift of  
conversation, for she smiled at Jack and  
spoke some more delicious words.

"What a pity that we cannot under-  
stand," said Jack.

"Ah ; isn't it?" I chimed.

My wife frowned.

Our fair wonder signed to us that there  
was that inside the aerolite she would  
have out We acted rapidly. Rowing  
to the metal ball, Jack scrambled in and  
passed out to me divers bags and boxes  
of provisions, kegs with drinking nectars  
in, and many curiously constructed instru-  
ments. Upon some were legends we  
could not read.

All ashore ; our carriage rolled us back  
to the hotel. The rumor that we had  
found a woman in the thunder-stone  
spread like a drop of coal-oil on a carpet,  
and a crowd of nondescripts kept up an  
incessant gaze at the windows of our  
rooms.

Our guest managed to convince us that  
she was called Aerene. Every endeavor  
was exerted by us to converse. I picked  
up a box we had taken from the aerolite.  
It bore this inscription :

Igwmmw Pbwlamc zoq Xgaajvrn  
izobyzvlbcmcw ry lczumaacqw wbeeagmw  
Vmcmw wlcmmi Nranazmclrog.

I pride myself on my ability to decipher  
cryptograms, so as this somewhat resem-  
bled one I applied my talent. In an  
hour I had this "key" :

zxvqmykpgdnaiorehcwlbfsjt.

abcdefghijklmnpqrstuvwxy.

Thus the legend upon which I had  
started was :

"Misses Hustler & Billycock, manufac-  
turers of travellers' supplies, Ceres street,  
Kolklabertoni."

Exultantly I whirled about on my  
chair, laid my note-book before Aerene,  
gave her a pencil, and motioned her to  
write. She did, and passed me this :

"G vrim ycri Vgohbw."

I interpreted the words :

"I come from Cinqus."

Good ! But where was Cinqus ?  
Aerene soon settled that. She pointed

to a golden-colored star which had but  
arisen in the southeast heavens. "Cin-  
qus !" she rippled, the word trembling  
from her tongue as do dew-drops from a  
morning-glory bloom-cup.

"Why, that is Mars !" cried I.

We progressed dexterously. Soon  
we made out that it had taken Aerene  
merely ten days and ten hours to travel  
36,000,000 miles. At the time of her  
start Mars was near perihelion and in op-  
position with the Earth and the Sun.  
Zizz-z-z-z-z-zip ! Talk of rapid transit.  
Imagine—3,456,000 miles a day, 144,000  
miles an hour, 2,400 miles per minute,  
and 40 miles a second ! Aerene inform-  
ed us that for many decades the Cinqus  
ladies had striven to communicate with  
Quatus, their designation for our earth.  
The Cinqus women were the dominant  
power. Aerene gave us to understand  
that the males on Mars wore petticoats,  
and also that societies for their elevation  
had been started. They wanted votes  
Only women undertook such enterprises  
as flying to another planet. The men  
had not the courage, and if one chanced  
to show something of the kind he was  
promptly "sat on."

The wonderful scheme which had so  
successfully sent Aerene to Quatus was  
simply this : A volcano was erupting  
with a force that ejected lava masses so  
powerfully that many of these were shot  
off from Cinqus to find cometary orbits.  
The mathematical dames deduced that if  
a projectile from this crater fled with  
speed enough at a certain moment it  
would be sure to land on Quatus. The  
aerolite which we had seen was accord-  
ingly manufactured out of metal difficult to  
melt.

Aerene became a voluntary passenger.  
She was packed inside, along with machin-  
ery cunningly concocted to furnish  
oxygen and hydrogen automatically.  
Food was stowed in, beside medicated  
water which would be ever fresh and  
cool.

A strong shell filled with explosives was  
fastened outside the aerolite upon that  
part where was the entrance. Aerene,  
when she felt a stop, might explode this  
bombshell electrically from within, and  
thus clear away any obstacle to the outlet

of her curious carriage. It was the explosion of this that had demoralized our boat.

Before the projectile was launched the multitude was addressed by the Primess of Cinquus, who was the most learned scientist of all the erudite Cinquennes. Indeed, for her supreme knowledge had she been chosen chief ruler, predominance in learning being the one qualification for that honor.

She exhorted—translated into Terrestrial tongue—her fellows to remember how the volcano had cast up two Cinquian satellites in our year 1877; and she warned the courageous lady who would be carried off that her conveyance might also become a satellite. A projectile shot upward with a force insufficient to enable it to penetrate the entire Cinquian atmosphere, or exhausted on getting there, would of course return. If its momentum were much greater than enough to give it a circular orbit at the upper-air limit—or if its angle of projection very greatly exceeded a right angle—it would continue on and find for itself a too-eccentric or comet-like orbit. Were the projectile force at the air-limit to be just double or twice the square of the force required to retain the body in a circular orbit there, it would fly off in a parabola. A greater force of projection still and the trajectory of the body would take the form of the hyperbolic curve; so a good many things had to be taken into account. She was sure however, for mathematics cannot err, that the momentum would be sufficient, and the time chosen right, to accomplish the desired end.

When once the lady had arrived on Quatus she could devise means for coming back, perhaps. Nevertheless, they should bid her a solemn farewell. And they did so.

At a favorable opportunity the aerolite, freighted as has been shown, was fired from a big gun and dropped into the

erupting volcano. The crater vomited it forth, and proved the lady's theory correct by landing the projectile on Quatus ten days and ten hours later.

Aerene said that the projectile moon revolving nearest to Mars, which we call Phobos (terror,) was 5,000 miles only from its primary, and completed its orbit in seven hours and 39 minutes. The period of the outer satellite, Deismos (fear,) as Terrestrials know it, is 30 hours and eighteen minutes, and its distance from Mars is about 14,600 miles. Both moons are between ten and twenty miles in diameter.

Mars receives barely one-half the sunlight bestowed upon our earth, and a Terrestrial hundred-weight would on the ruddy planet weigh merely 38 pounds. The mean distance of Mars from the sun Aerene calculated as being 141,500,000 miles, as we do. Mars' sidereal period is 687 of our days, and his synodic time is 780 days. He rotates on his axis in twenty-four hours 37 minutes and 22 67 seconds, having an equatorial diameter of 4,200 miles. The inclination of his equator to the plane of his orbit is 24 degrees and 50 minutes, about the same as that of the earth.

The women of Mars, Aerene told us, had discovered long ago a planet nearer to the sun than Mercury. The Sun they called Alphomegas. Our planet names are, beginning next the Sun:—Vulcan (suspected,) Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune. The Cinquian people called them, in the same order: Unus, Deus, Troius, Quatus, Cinquus, Sextus, Septus, Octus, Neufus, Dixus,—which later we of earth have not discovered.

Jack Davis says the proper name for inhabitants of Mars is Marticoli.

To finish, Jack married Aerene; she did not go back to Mars.

The aerolite is still in the Caspian sea.

TORONTO, CANADA.

## AN ICE FAIRY.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS

Fairy queen of icy ring !  
Speeding on your silver-shining  
Little feet, that gaily fling  
Clear cut notes that set me pining  
For a time when I, too, skated,  
And my heart and hand were mated  
With a boy's love, strong and true,  
To a little girl like you !

Ideal of this gleaming ice !  
With your sky-clipt eyes, and glowing  
Cheeks, whose roses mock advice  
To be wary of the blowing  
Winter wind : O with thy power,  
If thou *art* a fairy, dower  
Me with feet to thread the maze  
Of the countless yesterdays !

Glide along, my little fay !  
Would that you could skate forever—  
Life just one long skating day.  
Would that your young heart might never  
Be o ergrown with weeds of longing  
To forget Time's ever thronging  
Swift gray hairs, that bar the way  
To the paths of yesterday !

Take my hand and lead me back,  
Blue-eyed fairy, to your realm.  
Age has set a hungry pack  
Of his years to overwhelm  
Heart and limb—but I won't mind him !  
With your flashing smile we'll blind him !  
Here's good bye to Age and Pain !  
*You* shall make me young again !

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

BY S. T. WOOD.

(*Uncle Thomas.*)

"There will be wars and rumours of wars to-morrow. The milliner has captured the star boarder, and Lizzie and the missus are mad as hornets. I'm going to take half a day to see the fun."

The extravagant sentences came in a jocular tone from the back parlor as Miss Plumington was wearily climbing the stairs; and they sent pleasant and troubled reflections chasing each other through her tired brain until they lost themselves in a much-needed sleep. She had come to the city from her home in Pineville to attend the fall opening of the milliners, and had received a genuine Pineville welcome from the impulsive Mrs. Morsels who had known her intimately in their native town since the days of their childhood. The hostess had at once introduced Mr. Easigo a young man who was supposed to be attending a Shorthand and Business College, and on the first opportunity confided to her guest that he was especially fond of her daughter Lizzie. The youth had busied himself all day in attempts to be entertaining, and seemed to have little else to busy himself with. He acted as guide among the leading business houses of the city, and had improved the opportunity by arranging for a visit to the fall opening of one of the theatres in the evening. All day she had walked among the tables heaped with new designs in the millinery art, and through the hurrying crowd along the busy streets—so strange and diverting that only the painful feeling of weariness told the length of her journeying. The strange wild scenes in the theatre, viewed from the cramped and narrow seat, had afforded no rest, and although it seemed strange that none of her old friends were waiting to welcome her after the play, she was too tired to think over the matter until the careless words

of the boarder in the back parlor gave her a clear appreciation of the whole affair. Although slightly annoyed at the intentional neglect of Mrs. Morsels and the liberal criticism that seemed to be circulating around among the boarders, she felt at first inclined to pardon both as boarding house peculiarities, and to so shape her conduct in the morning as to restore her old friend's confidence and relieve Lizzie's mind of all cause for jealousy. Then the many polite attentions of Mr. Easygo, that had passed almost unnoticed during the day, came back distinctly—perhaps slightly magnified—to her mind, and the thought that their acquaintance might amount to something important after all made her think better of the first impulsive determination, and she went to sleep with the intention of awaiting developments in the morning and doing nothing hasty or ill-considered.

Mrs. Morsels had been an able assistant to her husband, while they carried on a general grocery business in Pineville, and, in her moments of confidence, she was often heard to regret having sold out and invested their means in Toronto real estate when the boom was at its height. After the collapse she opened a boarding house on Church street in the hope of restoring the disordered finances, and her husband seemed to fall naturally into a subordinate position, peeling the potatoes, sifting the ashes, doing the chores and going messages with a docility that seemed quite unlike his former self. Their daughter Lizzie had developed into a well-formed and beautiful woman, and it was quite reasonable that Mrs. Morsels should look forward to what she called "a good match" as an important feature in her general scheme of financial restoration.

Early next morning one of the visiting

milliners called for Miss Plumington, and Charley Mandrake, who occupied the little room over the stairs, heard Mrs. Morsels say in acrimonious tones that she was not in. He could hear Miss Plumington walking about in the room over-head and with a boarder's acumen, in matters of domestic discord, at once grasped the situation. He was not a young man liable to rush out and denounce untruth and injustice at sight, and even if such had been his nature he felt a restraining interest in the affair. And if he had looked for an excuse for silence, the nature of his occupation made an appearance at that time impossible. He was inspecting his wardrobe and trying to hide the many evidences of the abraded influence of time. A glass ink-bottle stood on the wash-stand and he slowly inverted it, keeping his finger pressed tightly over the orifice. Then, wherever a grey thread appeared about the button-holes, or in the worn spots on braid or binding, he would touch it daintily with his inky finger. Charley, was a young man of a modest, unobtrusive and most obliging disposition, which in a great measure accounted for the fact that he was out of work and slightly in arrears. He never complained, as his room was gradually denuded of furniture to make a favorable impression on some of the later arrivals. If anyone was neglected in the distribution of soap or towels, he walked to Charley's room and took what he wanted. If Charley came home and found that his shoe-brush had been borrowed he quietly searched among the rooms until he found it, and never was known to grumble or make a complaint. His solitary chair had disappeared several days before, and he sat on the end of his trunk giving a few artistic touches to his clothing as a necessary preparation for his daily round in answer to the "situations vacant" advertisements. As he was giving the parting touches to the rim of his hat Lizzie Morsels timidly pushed open the door and entered, lugging along a large tin pail of water, from which she filled a cracked pitcher on the washstand. As an evidence of youth she was still wearing out the dresses of her school days,

and although on Sunday afternoons a fashionable train and shoulder puffs made her a stately woman, when attired for housework she was again a child. But her clothing seemed to have been uncomfortably outgrown. Buttons were strained so that they seemed liable to fly off at any time and break the windows or endanger the eyes of anyone in her vicinity. The slightest tear showed a tendency to enlarge, and the bulging lining was visible in many places. Her boots enclosed a pair of small, well shaped feet, and they wrinkled down in a yielding way between the buttons. But her appearance was so familiar to Charley that he scarcely raised his eyes.

"Aw! you're inking your hat," she said in a deprecating tone, after watching the operation in silence for a short time. Charley murmured something to the effect that it was all right, and if she interferred he would ink the point of her nose. The answer brought out a challenge, and he was then and there dared to carry out the threat; but he continued thoughtfully at his work. After a short interval of silence and inking she resumed in the reproachful tone: "I wouldn't try to fix up an old worn-out hat like that; I'd throw it out." Then, as if the words were not enough, she gave him a contemptuous push on the shoulder. Charley wiped his finger stiffly on the end of the trunk to remove the wet ink, and as he caught her by the wrist she immediately began to strain and struggle to free herself. There was no furniture in the room, and the scuffle proceeded without noise and interruption until Lizzie ceased all efforts to break away and clasped her hands tightly across her mouth, as if she feared he were a dentist about to pull a firmly-rooted tooth. Charley strove to pull her hands away, and in his excitement cruelly dug his thumbs and knuckles into the soft yielding flesh of her chin and face. She almost screamed with pain; but the thought that her mother was somewhere on the floor below, and the fear that a disclosure would bring down on her head a direful scolding and a recitation of past offences, gave her courage to endure the torture. Charley's strength at last prevailed, and as he was

dragging her hands from her mouth they were both startled by a shrill cry from the lower hallway. "Lizzie, I think you are a long time doing those rooms," came up in Mrs. Morsels' angry voice, and Lizzie and her pail disappeared through the doorway.

"Yes, ma, I'm coming" she answered from the head of the stairs, in a voice so free from emotion that Charley could scarcely recognize it. He felt reluctant to resume the inking operation, and as he sat looking into the small, crooked mirror, he heard Miss Bloomington laughing immoderately on the front steps. He felt that the laugh was forced, and it seemed intended to make the people in the house believe that she was greatly enjoying the conversation of her companion; and as he peeped over the window sill he saw her descending the front steps with Mr. Easigo. As he was about to turn away he felt a hand on his shoulder, and Lizzie, who had stolen into the room on tip-toe, peered angrily down through the half open-shutter.

"Now Lizzie," said Charley, in a serious tone, "you see it's all up with Easigo, and why won't you be reasonable with someone who isn't a flirt?"

"What do I care about Easigo?" Lizzie asked, in an assertive tone, still looking out through the shutters.

"But, Lizzie, I care a great deal about you," said Charley, taking her hand that was hanging loosely by her side.

"Are you going to be all day at those rooms," broke in the angry voice from below, and once more Lizzie and her ever present pail disappeared.

Charley completed the inking and other preparations with the usual care, and as he was going along the upper hall he heard his name called in a cautious whisper from a half-open door. It was Lizzie; and as he paused she hurriedly whispered: "Go right down and see ma. She's mad as a hatter, and will do anything to get even with Easigo." When Charley got his courage screwed up to the asking point, he found that Lizzie had rightly judged her mother's disposition. Two weeks afterwards he ceased to pay his board, the arrears were forgotten and he began to eat his meals in the rear basement and occupy a place in the family dormitory over the kitchen. And instead of the weary search for a situation he enjoys a recognised standing in the family circle helping Mr. Morsels to sift the ashes and lighten, in a general way, the work of the house. Mr. Easygo had a hard time in the boarding house after the wedding. Mrs. Morsels found countless ways to make him uncomfortable and to disturb the leisurely indolence of his life. When he discovered that he was being punished for unfaithfulness to Lizzie, he determined to improve the acquaintance that had been to him but a good-natured pastime. For a time letters bearing the Pineville postmark excited the anger and curiosity of Mrs. Morsels. They became more and more frequent: and in less than a year after Lizzie's wedding the good people of Pineville saw the sign over the door of their leading millinery establishment changed from Miss Plumington to Mrs. Easigo.



## THAT FRANCHISE QUESTION.

FROM A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT.

BY EDITH J. ARCHIBALD.

*President Maritime Woman's Christian Temperance Union.*

The learned Attorney General of Nova Scotia, in his article on Woman Suffrage in the November issue of this Magazine, has ridden forth, armed cap-a-pie, like the gallant knight he is, to do battle for the womanliness of woman, and to defend the sex from that which, in his opinion, would tend to degrade and demoralize it.

It is pleasant to realize that the days of chivalry are not yet over, and that even in this prosaic and common place age, and from a profession too, so little given to romance as that of the law, there should appear a champion who seeks to defend his ideal lady by every means in his power from contact with a rude and ungrateful world.

Mr. Longley's article from first to last, is written in a spirit of sincere esteem and respect for the sex whose right to political equality he challenges; and we believe also that he writes from honest conviction, and as a result of the life long habit of a somewhat conservative mind. In point of fact, it is his intense admiration for the weaker sex which disposes him to seek to "save it from its friends."

After freely conceding both the "intellectual ability" and the "moral superiority" of woman, he states that he questions whether her position in the world would be improved by the privilege of the ballot, and if the general interests of society would be promoted by such a step.

We pass over—or rather modestly acknowledge the eloquent eulogium upon the influence of Woman which follows—and which flows so melodiously from the writers' pen, to question certain assertions, which we cannot but think are, to say the least, doubtful.

Mr. Longley makes a very sweeping statement when he says that "upon the statute books of every civilized country, women receive even-handed justice, and their interests have been protected as fully as their brothers'."

So far as the right to hold personal property, or real-estate is concerned, there is no doubt that of late years improved legislation has been effected. Married as well as single women may now hold property and do business in their own right, exclusive of any interference on the part of the husband. It is worthy of note that in addition to the right to sue and be sued, they possess the privilege of contributing their due amount of taxes to the community, and are assessed to the full amount of their property, yet have no vote. They possess, in short, all the benefits of taxation without representation. This can hardly, we think, be termed even-handed justice.

In many instances too, not far to seek, the laws which relate to a woman's most precious possession, the rights of the mother over the child for whom she has gone down into the very jaws of death, are most unjust and unequal.

Mr. Longley admits, however, the existence of one flaw in our modern legislation—that which fixes what is called "the age of consent."

There are some of us of the weaker sex,—simple souls!—all unused to the intricate mental processes by which our stronger minded legislators work out these moral problems—to whom evil is evil, whether committed by man or woman. Such marvel that there should be any age fixed; after which, even by Act of Parliament, it becomes right to do wrong; or, perhaps we should say, permissible for one human

being to tempt another to the infringement of that Divine law which thunders forth its "*Thou shalt not*"—irrespective of age or sex. Human law, in its weakness, would make that a misdemeanor which the Creator has forever branded as a crime. And so, because of this—because we are told that there are dangers to society in legislating to protect the "comparatively few" child victims under fourteen, your daughter and mine, (unless by happy circumstances she should chance to be an heiress) at an age at which she could not legally contract a marriage may, still in the eyes of the law, consent to her own ruin.

At an age when the child of the middle class is often compelled to go out from her home, and away from her natural protectors into the world of toil to the factory or the shop: an age when she most needs the shielding tenderness of a loving mother and all the wise restraints of a well ordered home, it may be that stern necessity thrusts her forth defenceless to struggle on as best she may. In years and experience but a child, in the eyes of the law she is regarded as a being perfectly well able to look after herself and to be the guardian of her own honor. That is, unless she may have money. The possession of wealth, the fact of the almighty dollar, at once alters the position of affairs. Under these circumstances, the law itself becomes her guardian and up till the age of twenty-one, she is considered, from a legal point of view, an infant.

In the one case the daughter of poverty is a woman at fourteen, in the other the rich woman of twenty is but an "infant."

Is this even-handed justice?

Speaking of social laws, Mr. Longley makes a serious charge against the sex when he says that "The awful sentence which is pronounced upon the erring woman is by virtue of social laws which women make and women enforce." This is indeed the more serious, because there is a certain amount of truth in it; just the half truth which gives color to the statement that the "laws which govern society and which fix the status of individuals there are made, almost exclusively, by women." If by "society" is here meant

the arbitrary division of class or fashion within the fixed limits of a town or community, then we sadly and sorrowfully admit the indictment, and agree with him that often, indeed almost invariably it is true that the woman is stoned, while the man goes free! Too long has it been the case with those whose position, influence and culture would seem to have designated them specially by natural selection, as leaders, that, whilst they are deaf to all appeals for mercy from their erring sister, they have, as by common consent, agreed to ignore the guilt of her betrayer. Not for one moment would we excuse this hardness, nor condone this fatal indifference on the part, not only of fashionable "society" women, but too often of those whose upright and helpful lives are above all reproach of frivolity.

But while we believe that such indifference is inexcusable from one point of view it is at least conceivable; inasmuch as one at least of these two classes mentioned forms part of a circle who, as a rule, are more concerned about making themselves "charming" to the other sex, than they are with the solution of such grave social problems as we are at present discussing. It is quite true that such women as these are seldom concerned about ballot boxes; nor indeed, do they, as a rule, exercise themselves about any affairs outside of their little world of social engagements in which they live.

It might be better, perhaps, for themselves and their children, as it certainly would be better for others, if they *did*. Such women as these, whose lives are shielded and protected by all the safeguards of wealth, and hedged about with the various restrictions of fashionable custom; who are at ease, and leisure and who are seldom brought in contact with their sisters who toil along life's dusty pathway—these do not want to vote, and are willing to let their husbands and brothers do their political thinking for them, and contend with all these absurd and tiresome problems.

The remark made by Mr. Longley that the warmest advocates of Woman Suffrage are not always those whose power is acknowledged in the "social circle"—as



viewed from *his* definition of the "social circle" is entirely correct.

The women who to-day realize their right to be recognized as the political equals of men, and to stand side by side with them in the building up of the nation, as in the making of the home, are not the butterflies of fashion, the votaries who worship at the shrine of frivolity. They are, however, the true mother hearts, the *womanly* women of every nation where this movement is going on. If to-day womanhood is aroused as never before on this vital subject; if, as she looks out across the threshold of her sheltered home upon the great world as it rolls by, it is because there comes to her, borne on every breeze the exceeding bitter cry of the drunkard's wife in her desolate home; the weary sigh of her sister-women, prisoners of poverty and toil, standing all day at the loom and behind the counter; or stitching their lives away in damp cellar and lonely garret, while their hollow-eyed children clamor for bread. Because too, she sees fair young girls in the great cities, worsted in the unequal struggle to maintain their living and retain their virtue on the miserable pittance which alone stands between them and death,—sinking in despair into the abyss of crime; because the despairing wail of outraged childhood rings through her very soul; because every where and always, she sees sin licensed, and corruption stalking unreprieved and shameless through the land. For these reasons, if haply she may enter her protest and enforce it with her ballot, she fears not to go down into the mire of politics.

We are told that it is the present Temperance agitation which has been the most potent cause of the demand for woman's ballot. Does Mr. Longley seriously believe that women, if enfranchised, would vote on a *single issue only*? No doubt he is, to a certain extent misled in his ideas, by the fact that almost all Temperance women are Prohibitionists and would, if they possessed the right, vote for a prohibitory law; whether, as he asserts, it might be a failure or not. At any rate they would endeavor to add this one more experiment to the long list of those measures which the honorable gentleman

states to have been already attempted in the hope that even he is disposed to exercise, that the evils of strong drink "may" thus "ultimately disappear."

But it does not necessarily follow that all Suffragists are Prohibitionists. Mr. Longley must, we think, here refer to Canada alone, where, to a great extent, this is true.

The movement for equal rights to women is so world-wide, and in England no less than in the United States and Canada embraces so many issues which affect the national standing of women as well as men, that no one at all conversant with the matter, can limit the wish for the ballot to those only who are usually designated "temperance cranks."

When such thinkers as John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Charles Kingsley, Joseph Cook, James Freeman Clarke and Emerson; poets and statesmen, among whom are the names of Longfellow, Whittier, Lincoln, Sumner and John Quincy Adams; writers of such acknowledged penetration as George William Curtis, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson; and a host of the most distinguished divines of widely differing religious views can agree in a consensus of opinion on any point, surely this must be one of great and important significance. Each and all of these have been the advocates of political freedom for women. One, at least, of the United States has enfranchised its women; and if we may judge from the opinions expressed by its public men, the experiment has been attended with no disastrous results either to the state, the home, or the individual. Many of the States have given municipal and school suffrage to their women. At the late civic elections in the city of Boston out of a possible 10,000, 9,600 women exercised their privilege, thus showing that they knew how to prize the right accorded to them. It has thus come to pass that nearly every School Board has one or more ladies on it, and this is as it should be; for if there be one subject more than another on which a woman could be supposed to have an intelligent and deep-seated interest it is certainly on that which concerns the public.

schools, at which her boys and girls are being educated.

In England, the extension of full parliamentary suffrage to women is one of the foremost topics of the time. The present Liberal Parliament is remarkable for the number and prominence of those who are favorable to the franchise for women. Our English sisters already possess the right to vote at several different elections, which include school-boards, municipal and local government, poor law and parochial government etc., etc. The Primrose League, which Mr. Longley quotes, and the Liberal Federation, (which he does not quote) are educating the women of England for future political work, and not always, in our humble opinion, by the best methods; inasmuch as the "influence" which Mr. Longley considers perfectly legitimate and womanly on their part, is largely a system of personal "coaxing" and solicitation of votes, too nearly akin to some of the present objectionable "lobbying" methods, to commend it to the favorable consideration of any womanly woman. For, while we most thoroughly believe that "women have a right to influence the men chosen to rule and guide the country to sound, pure, and elevated principles," we question very decidedly whether the best way to do this is to allow oneself to be made a political cat's paw for the benefit of party triumphs. Better, in our estimation, seeing that the quiet home influence of women on those near and dear to them will never cease to be the most potent factor in forming the character of our public men,—to have the courage of one's convictions and exercise the undoubted right of every human being to freedom of thought and action, even supposing this should carry one to the length, the terrible length—of dropping a paper into a ballot-box!

Mr. Longley pays, unconsciously, a high tribute to the mental qualifications of woman when he is led to fear that she may enter the political arena, as the rival of man in the "spoils of office." He conjures up in undisguised terror the phantom of female legislators, cabinet ministers, governors etc. And if so—what next? is his query,—and he goes on to prove that the race will fail, in consequence.

This is indeed a terrible contingency: but granting that such were the case, the fact that any woman was elected to office could only be understood as the expression of the will of a *whole* people—not, as at present, of one half only—and therefore would be an action in which men, (unless politically disfranchised in their turn) would undoubtedly be *particeps criminis!*

But Mr. Longley fears for the maternal instinct, sees the children neglected and the home deserted, while he conjures up the horrific vision of an unnatural mother leaving her babe to "mount the hustings." Imagination may well be staggered under so dire a vision; but may we not venture to remind Mr. Longley that his loyalty might lead him to recall at least one illustrious example of a happy combination of legislative ability with the most unflinching and conscientious devotion to the duties of a wife and mother? The editor of the *Review of Reviews* in speaking lately of Her Majesty as a politician says—"She is a woman as womanly as any of her subjects, and she is the standing refutation of the silly falsehood that a lady cannot be a politician. . . . . Hence it is perhaps not very surprising, that the two prime ministers who have seen the most of the Queen of late years, Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, both voted for female suffrage."

It may be urged with truth, that the Queen's position and environment makes this illustration useless as applied to the ordinary house-mother. Still, there need be no alarm. Political equality will *not* unsex any woman. Some one, in writing of this lately says, "Sex is not the result of woman's disfranchisement. The mysterious act of voting does not make a good man bad, a refined man brutal, a sweet tempered man bearish, a loud man quiet, or a timid man bold. . . Why should a similar equality of legal status be expected to wipe out the natural differences of temperament and disposition between men and women?"

She who to-day deserts her children and neglects her home duties to plunge into the mad whirl of fashionable society is no less guilty than the unnatural mother who would leave her infant untended

while she "mounted the hustings." Both are equally guilty, and by their action show that they have not realized "the crowning gift of motherhood." It is not the mothers who are untrue to their trust, but those who love most wisely and devotedly the precious children committed to their care, who are anxious to have a voice in the making of those laws by which homes are governed.

And who better qualified for this than she who has given hostages to the nation in the sons and daughters who she is training for future citizenship?

As the years go on, and these changes surely come, they will come gradually, naturally, quietly. There will be no moral or political earthquake, no upheaval of natural law, no social revolution such as is now predicted by a few conservative minds who cling tenaciously to the mistakes of the past, and sigh for a return of the "good old times," which, if they could see, they would not recognize as such.

We are, we confess, somewhat surprised to find the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia laying lance in rest to tilt at such palpable windmills as these, and of his mistaking them for giants, in the light of present circumstances. It is too late in the day, even in his own Province by the sea, for him to protest against a movement which is progressing steadily—we were going to say, in spite of him,—but, remembering his position as a legislator, we are constrained to believe with, at least, his connivance if not his actual support. Are we to suppose that he regards the women of Nova Scotia who vote at the municipal elections to be thereby unsexed? What is the meaning of the yearly discussion on the suffrage question in the Provincial Parliament, which comes up pertinaciously, in spite of defeat and derision? All throughout the Dominion the leaven is working quietly, but effectually. In Ontario, the sight of women at the polls has ceased to be a nine days wonder, and they are everywhere placing themselves on record as the upholders of law and order, temperance, and reform in every line.

From municipal suffrage to full electoral franchise for women is but a step; and

we venture to say that within the next ten years the mists of befogged opinion, and narrow-minded prejudice will have cleared away from the horizon, not only of England and the United States, but of our beloved Dominion of Canada, and it will be just as much a matter of course to count the women *in* as it now is to count them *out* of the political arena.

We are proud of our record in Canada! proud of the fact that our institutions of learning have thrown open their doors to young women on an equality with young men, that we have our women physicians, as well as journalists, authors and poets, and that, (although grudgingly enough) the learned profession of the law has at last removed its veto to the right of any woman properly qualified to do so, to practice at the Canadian bar. It will not be long before the public conscience is aroused to the wrong done to these women, who, although they may expound and uphold the majesty of the law, have no power to say who shall legislate for them; or who may see every day the written and unwritten laws of hygiene violated on every side, and yet are powerless to help, because they have no voice in placing men in power who shall redress these grievances and uphold these laws.

No one need fear for the home-life of Canada!—for, although Mr. Longley's article deals with the question in general, we can but suppose that his patriotism would lead him to consider the matter from a national standpoint. The Canadian home of the future will be safer and dearer; the wife and mother no less devoted, when the laws which protect the home, and the institutions which make it possible, are upheld by the *two* whom God hath joined together. The home is but a microcosm of the state, and there is needed in *both* the strength of wise and loving counsels, of a full rounded humanity! The wife will not be the less charming because she takes intelligent interest in those questions, lying it is true outside of the home, but affecting it directly. It is idle and unworthy of any honest-minded person to take for granted that the mere conferring of the ballot on woman will revolutionize her whole nature. It is not so many years since the very same

objection was raised to women entering a literary career.

The tendency of the march of events is to equalization of all things. What proportion of men to-day, we should like to ask, who exercise their right of franchise, leave their legitimate occupation to fight their way to the chief seats in the political synagogue? Not one in a thousand even tries—only those succeed who show either by sheer force of will, or by brain power that they possess at least some qualification for office, be it beneficent or malefic. Carlyle has said that all true reforms work themselves out from the religious side of man's nature. I believe that it is from a deep religious sense of the need of her presence in politics, and not from mere desire of display or love of power for power's sake, that the woman of to-day seeks to be recognized in her true position in the *national* cosmos. Nominally, we are a Christian nation, nationally, we have disfranchised the Christ just as we have disfranchised woman. Is there any door

at which He has stood so long and so patiently waiting—knocking, with that hand once pierced for us,—as the door of legislative halls? Do we not say practically every day, we who are Christians in name, at least—"Lord I will follow Thee in the home, the church, the Sabbath-school," but when He would precede us into the political arena, men hold Him back, and say, as they say to us women, "Not there, dear Master! Thou mayest not enter lest Thou soil the whiteness of thy robe." And thrusting Him aside they enter in, and regard Him not—Him of whom it is said "that the government shall be upon His shoulders"! Alas! no wonder all these weary problems remain unsolved! When woman comes to her kingdom, when she steps out fearless into the turmoil of life outside her home, it will be because with a heart full of love to God, for Home, and Native Land, she has laid her hand in the pierced hand of the Counsellor, and follows where He leads, who is the best friend and only hope of our poor humanity.

---

## THE MIRAGE.

BY J. FRASER EVANS.

It spread before me as a dream.  
 A vision wondrous fair;  
 A landscape, white with shimmering sheen  
 In the misty morning air.

Tall and stately castles reared  
 Their glittering domes on high;  
 And mingling with the blue above,  
 They seemed to reach the sky.

A crystal sea, of compass vast,  
 With islets dotted o'er,  
 Like to the prophet Mirza's dream  
 Of the eternal shore.

But while I gazed with wonder,  
 And rapture and delight,  
 The sun broke through the misty cloud,  
 And it vanished from my sight.

[The Property of Col. Sweney.]



- PAINTED BY G. R. REID. -

© 1900 W. A. G. & Co. N.Y.

## A DEFENCE OF CAIN, WHO SLEW HIS BROTHER.

BY JOS. E. CLARK.

Possessing neither the inclination nor the strength to write anything heavier than the ordinary mind can lift, and carry away jauntily it may be well to preface this with the assurance that it is not a theological treatise in any respect. Ordinary people who have been put to flight by the threatening title of this paper, may now return and compose their fears. Confidentially, too, be it added, ministers of the gospel who pose as deep theologians, although they may hearken to each other in a spirit of loved courtesy when cornered, are among the most nimble in scampering away from theological dissertations in which they are denied a share. They, to, may return without fear of encountering hair splitting theories, and being half-smothered in an atmosphere of musty references, an experience as distasteful to them as, to a doctor, are medicines compounded for other people's ills.

The man who is so mentally misshapen as to be unorthodox, and who lacks the diplomacy to live a religious lie, is not treated as one who is imperfect in two places, but as one who is responsibly perverse and dishonest. Knowing this to be true I would avoid such a topic as mine, unless I could approach it along the prescribed path and with bared head. Among religious people the most harsh and unforgiving are those who confuse history with revelation and worship the mixture, asking pardon, but expecting a curse upon those who refuse to do the same. Genesis contains the only history of the creation, and in securing recognition of its truth, the creeds forfeit ownership and make it the possession of mankind. They tell us it is true, and we admit its truth; they tell us it is history, and as such it is accepted. Even though the Book of Genesis had been dictated to

Moses on the mountain it would only have been a divine recital of departed facts, and therefore plain history, as legitimately open to comment as any other chapter of human affairs. Accepting that recital as authoritative, science escapes the mystery of creation that would otherwise prove baffling, and thereupon reciprocates with corroborative evidence of the furnished fact. Science can never disprove a truth. Yet there are those who in mistaken piety destroy the historical standing of the Bible by treating it as delicately as though it were a volume of sanctified fiction, a relation of unrealities, that must not be looked at with the open eye. Those people go so far as to demand respect for every line and every name between cover and cover, and they salute the scriptures with such a broadside of awe that their worship scatters from the Messiah and the prophets to Saul and Jacob, and even to Potiphar's wife, that graceless woman. To illustrate this more strikingly it is considered profane for one to exhibit contempt for the devil, even. This is a lingering shadow of the old-time superstition that the venomous personality is so strong and active as to require propitiation. It resembles the heathenism, that requires peace offerings to the spirit of evil. I'll none of it! As for the devil he may go to his pit—I flout him and make faces at him. Goodness being the supreme force of the universe and Satan possessing none of it and mankind some, he is beneath man and is the lowest in all the tiers, that pile, one upon the other, from the sulphurous sloughs up, up to the Presence. It is not good orthodoxy to treat Satan with deference, and although he is almost divine in the wicked grandeur of his attributes, yet he merits Christian contempt through having sunk to the

lowest level in the whole economy of things created or eternal.

There are figures in the Bible that stand out with grim prominence like sentinels of an evil host, secreted now here, now there, at intervals from the creation to the redemption. They hold their places in that sacred and hence truthful history, but not that we may admire them. It would not be profane to compare the sociology of patriarchal days, as told in the scriptures, with that of our own days, as told in secular newspapers, even though the moderns should have the best of it.

Cain, then, is a figure in history, and surely the first-born of mankind is the most wonderful of all the race. Adam was created, Cain was generated. He had not the choice between good and evil which his parents misused. They were created pure, but by deliberate act acquired impurities, and these were bequeathed to the son. The portentous contest was over. The fate of mankind had been predetermined by the weakness of the first parents, and their seed forever must abide the settlement.

Adam was created exclusively the ward of Heaven, and Satan had no hand either in fashioning him or the globe for his habitation. This was an enterprise that outbid the creative genius of the fallen prince, yet he and his debased host must have watched with trepidation the splendid experiment. It was—is it not a forgivable presumption in poor human judgment to say it must have been—a cherished conception in the Soul of the Universe, such a distinct exercise of Omnipotence as had never thrilled the placid bliss of the eternal realms. The creation was the second episode of eternity, the rebellion being the first.

Satan could not create such a work, but he felt competent to deface it when created. No new impiety of defiance or of interference with the omnipotent could augment his disgrace or multiply his tortures, so he took on the semblance of a snake, and practiced his wiles.

When success was achieved and the irrevocable error committed on earth what an enormous applause must have echoed back and forth through all the

sooty caverns of Hell—what impious taunts must have been flung up towards the dim, far-off bank of light above; what sarcasms on the frailty of the latest creation, or defeat in the second contest, held on neutral ground.

Cain was born while Hell still rang with the boasts of victory. The wardship over him was claimed by the evil power that had entrapped the race. There being sin in the world it necessarily existed in this family, which alone occupied the globe, and if any living man was going to wrong his fellow, it had to be a member of his own family. Cain could not go abroad as Jacob did at a later day, and by placing fraud against fraud outswindle Laban. He could not go out and plunder the flocks of the Philistines, and casually smash a half-hundred heads as Samson did to his very particular credit. Nor could he force an opium trade upon China, nor carry a red sword through France as modern generals have done while endless prayers accosted heaven in their behalf. There was simply the household of Adam, and around that small group was drawn the circumference of mankind. When Cain had sinned by placing unacceptable offerings upon the altar, there was nothing except wrongs against his family to which evil could prompt him.

Meantime, in triumphing over the parents, Satan had accomplished more than a gratification of his rebellious spirit. These humans had to die in course of time! that was something new. In all eternity there had been no Death—though he had been violently cast down, and all his angels with him, yet none had died, nor here amid the tortures had any died.

And he had power to deal Death. What an unexpected and welcome toy in the restless hand that had wearied of impotently hurling frail thunderbolts against those everlasting heights above! What a relaxation for the seething heart that had become sated with the endless round of revels, and howlings and blasphemies! Why, if he could not clutch up a handful of matter from his brimstone lake and thereof make a new Hell, all peopled with choice furies, what of it?

Had he not perverted, if not utterly defeated, the purpose of the Almighty One, and was he therefore not greater than this great Father of failures?

He had shown his prowess on Adam and Eve, and Cain, but there was Abel who was punctual in his prayers and his offerings. Would it not be a fitting exercise of malicious cunning for him to drive Cain to murder Abel, thus at one stroke removing a man whose example might influence coming multitudes, making Cain absolutely his own, and best of all, witnessing this new thing, Death. Do it he would, and he found Cain in proper mood for incitement, being sore in spirit because of the Lord's displeasure at his offerings, which were the best that he, an agriculturist, had at his disposal. So Cain fell under the spell of Satan.

Then, when the tragedy was drawing near, what a vast uproar of expectancy, must have drawn all Hell to the promontories and capes and slimy headlands from whence a view of earth could be had. Strange unacquainted demons, attracted by the excitement from depths wherein they had dived and rolled since first they fell ever, seeking a nethermost bottom where they could repose alone in unwitnessed torture, now crossed each other in haste to see this new sight. The first human was to die, and by human violence. Was this not calculated to send an exquisite tremor through the essence of evil, and would not a triumphant Hell flout a defeated Heaven at the consummation?

Abel was weary and tired in the fields guiding his flocks, when under mastery of Satan, his brother cast himself upon him. His brow was bathed in sweat and he was leg-weary and sad with constant grief, because of divine displeasure with man. Yet when attacked he clung instinctively to life, he struggled desperately but to no purpose, for the merciless blows fell, and at each blow the repulsive multitudes who gazed agape at the strife belched

applause. 'Twas a delicious moment in Hell when Cain with red hands darted into the bushes to hide himself, and Satan withdrew the wicked courage that he had imparted for the occasion. He withdrew this courage, for he loved to see the familiar expression of remorse, and fear on this new face fresh from the creative hand. The demons gambolled in delight and undoubtedly some of them indulged in sneers and sarcasms, thanking Heaven for the diversion afforded on the devil's play-ground below. I think that Hell must be crowded with grim humorists, and caustic jokers and repulsively smart creatures generally.

But I conceive that the revelry ended speedily, being dispelled by an unusual brightness proceeding over the mouth of the pit—a brightness emanating from the soul of Abel, as it flew upwards clothed in radiance like a God. In dismay the demons fell down knowing now that they had witnessed no new thing—that Death there was none—that Cain's bludgeon imparted the only real life to his victim, and that Abel in struggling against attack resisted life, not death. And Satan was wroth, for his conspiracy had released Abel from his labor, his sweating and leg-weariness, and exalted him to a share in the glory in which he once moved. The remembrance of it imparted a pang such as demons only know.

Cain not only was possessed by Satan, but the prince of evil was in a state of eagerness to see the new thing Death, so that since that day no man has had such an importunate fiend at his heart. Sin came into the world ahead of Cain, and he found it part of the world, and he belonged to it by heredity, adoption and conquest. The family was apportioned and he fell to the lot of Satan. Satan used him, that is all. Cain was merchandise in that bargain, and was afterwards used as an automaton in the strategy of Hell against Heaven.



## MY GIRLHOOD DAYS.\*

BY BRUCE MUNRO.

I fear I was a saucy child,  
A joyous little madcap thing,  
In my abandon wholly wild  
As some glad bird upon the wing;  
My home, a quaint and lonely spot,  
Almost upon a river,  
Where wood-capped hills the landscape dot,  
While tall pines, that would shiver  
And murmur in the eddying wind,  
Stood near, and seemed so grand and kind.

The river leapt, scarce a bow-shot  
Beyond us, in a double fall ;  
Though busy mills its beauty blot,  
Yet man's work could not mar it all,  
For nature will assert herself,  
Despite the havoc man may work ;  
Despite his cunning plans for pelf  
There must a wayward beauty lurk  
In God's creations ; and so here  
A calm, weird charm drew artists near.

The drowsy cadence of the falls,  
Faint echoes of the city's noise,  
The plaintive whip-poor-will's far calls,  
The hearty shouts of gleeful boys—  
These came with ev'ning ; while the lights  
Of the great city, all about,  
Flashed brightly, save on misty nights  
They glimmered faintly, as in doubt,  
But ah ! how grand the river-scene,  
Illumined by the full moon keen !

I watched the quick trains come and go,  
Along the bridge, 'cross busy streets,  
Just past our door, when they would slow,  
The while the kindly driver greets  
This fearless maid, as home from school  
I laughing came, with bag of books,  
Amused, perhaps, I broke some rule ;  
At home from school, my rustic nooks  
I sought, to con my lessons o'er,  
Or o'er some wild romance to pore.

\* Written for a young lady who was too indolent—or too sensible—to make her own verses.—B. M.

A dual life was mine ; I knelt  
At nature's shrine, and then I strayed  
The busy streets along : I felt  
Both country lass and city maid ;  
While in the high-backed pew I sat  
Demurely with my mother,  
Or up and down the river-flat  
Romped madly with my brother,  
I knew the country's freedom wild,  
Yet felt a city-cultured child.

As many a golden afternoon  
I rowed adown my mystic stream,  
I thought the hours went by too soon  
For my fantastic girlhood dream  
Of greater cities, other lands,  
Where I should some day wander far ;  
The fall of night brought reprimands  
From parents who would fain debar  
The rapture that I felt to float  
On long excursions in my boat.

Through woods in autumn and in spring  
I wandered 'raptured, for a sense  
Of grandeur fired me, and did bring  
Their beauty to me, strong, intense.  
Alas ! all's changed, and changed am I,  
But still that buoyant feeling  
I caught from river, hill and sky,  
Quick over me comes stealing  
When with closed eyes I clearly see  
My moon-loved river flowing free.



## THE INTERIM.

BY HELEN A. HICKS.

The young mother lay with closed eyes on her bed. Her babe was by her side, but her arm was powerless to clasp it. All sight, all sense, all thought were concentrated on the grey figure standing at the foot of the bed, its face buried in the sleeve of its robe. Motionless, visible to none but herself, it had stood there since the dawn, and the shadow it cast upon her was the shadow of a great dread. As the last bar of light from the setting sun fell across the floor it lifted its head and turned a pale but beautiful face towards her. Its large dark eyes drew hers resistlessly. It raised its hand and beckoned, moving lightly away. Her spirit rose obedient to follow. The evening air was chill, the sky was filled with grey cloud. She paused to look back. There, on the bed surrounded by the familiar objects, lay her own white form. The burned-out logs in the grate fell together with a hollow crash, leaving a heap of ghostly grey ashes; a clock pulsed the seconds. She turned and laid her hand in that of her unknown guide.

"Who are you?" she said.

"I am the messenger of death," he replied. "Come and see the world you are about to leave."

As he spoke all the grim, threatening sky became suffused with a crimson light. The clouds were billows of red with purple hearts, and a glory of gold and amethyst was in the west. The tops of the high maples dipped themselves in the streaming colors, the cold, slowly-pacing waves of the lake were touched into warmth and color. A glamor was over the earth. Then all the hot color died, died; and beyond a rift in the clouds appeared the young moon hanging in the blue.

They floated lightly onward. The evening air was in her face, and there was intoxication in the sense of motion

without effort. The world was so little, so unimportant, so unnecessary since it rolled a few inches beneath her feet. Where now was the great dread? It had faded before the joy of breathing deep and free and bearing onward, onward. Remembrance of her pain, her doubts, her terror of the mysterious was drowned in the sudden passion of pressing on. The world beneath her feet and the worlds that glimmered above had no share in her attention. Her soul was on the wing.

They floated onward. The treetops stirred beneath them, a river gleamed mysteriously in the white dusk, uttering its hoarse murmur of complaint. Up from its banks were starting thin white phantoms, pale river-sprites, that have their life unseen with the flowers and the grasses and the wood, at the pleasure of the great sun. Out of the marsh came the scream of some night-bird, blood-curdling in the stillness. The wild ducks stirred among the rushes, a fish leaped above the surface of the water. The night-winds wasted and grew dumb over this lonely spot.

On over wheat-fields, over stretches of corn, that, whispering told its secret to the night. A great white moth soared, sank and settled tremulously on the broad leaf of a milk-weed. Cattle grazed peacefully, lambs in meadows rested without fear, birds in nests were still.

They passed over a great city, and the hot breath of its turmoil, of its countless strifes and toils, its victories and defeat, its fierce loves and bitter hates was wafted up to them like the scorching breath of a furnace. They saw everywhere the strong hand of the oppressor, merciless, grasping from the weak and the aged; and everywhere they heard the voice of the oppressed. The greed of gold shone from wolfish eyes, and the cry for

came from the mouths of babes. All worked at the treadmill of hopeless labor, and their despair was that there was no escape. They must on forever; chains, or the merciless whirlpool sucking them into lower depths.

With an indrawn breath of horror she clasped her guide and they rushed on. The twinkling lights of a village greeted them. Night rested peacefully. Fathers held their clambering little ones, wives wore happy smiles of contentment. Where a broad stream of light issued from the open doors the smith bent, a shower of sparks falling from his anvil into the darkness around. They would have passed on, but she drew near to a casement and looked in. It was only a mother who sat there, clasping her babe in her arms. The young mother turned to her guide; the touch of a baby hand was on her own bosom.

"Take me back," she implored. "I cannot leave this earth. I cannot leave my child."

The messenger of death smiled compassionately. "It is too late," he said. "It is too late to return, but for the human heart a rest remaineth. Come, and I will make you tired of life."

He took her hand and they drifted far out. They were borne on the great currents of the air—without guidance, without volition. Faster, faster! The wind whistled past them in the speed of their flight. She put her hands over her eyes and bowed her head in terror. On, on they rushed. Their flight seemed interminable. An icy blast struck them. Its chill was like death. Their speed slackened.

"Look up," said the messenger, "and see."

She raised her head. About them was a blue fluid, light, tenuous, radiant. Through it came faintly the beating of the pulses of eternity. She turned earthward. Her planet was cold, dark, enfolded in a dense white atmosphere. From it eddied little clouds of crimson vapor that were quickly sucked up and disappeared in the all-enfolding blue. Above her head hung the stars, cup-like. Beneath her feet lay earth, dull, cold, rolling on with its burden of eternal sor-

rows and transient delights; both the children of the spirit of unrest. What were these creatures that toiled and suffered and died that their dust might be the foundation of the habitations of others? How long since had she been one with them? They spread out in countless swarms over earth, building up and pulling down, struggling, striving, powerless to create or to destroy; and their works were less stable than the work of the waves with the sand. Each rushed madly, eagerly to the struggle, each sought some imagined good. Through the luminous chimera of his own hopes each looked on his labor.

"Dreams, only dreams," she sighed. "Why should men strive after what yields them so little pleasure?"

"For this reason," said the messenger of death: "Each loves and looks beyond. Can you not see that for each there is a guiding star?"

Then she saw that each beheld wavering before him a light as of a star, sometimes radiant, sometimes obscure, but ever present, beckoning onward, elusive, magnetic. They were led by these twinkling lights from pleasant shores into the perils of stormy seas, over deep morasses, where pale ghosts of pilgrims drowned beckoned them with luring eyes and shadowy fingers, over lone wastes, up rugged mountain-slopes, through driving storms and lightning-darts and deathly chill. And ever the star glimmered far in the distance, and ever the weary one stretched out his eager hand.

"This too is a dream," said the messenger of death. "Look up, look up!"

She raised her eyes. The starry spheres leaned towards her—Sirius, and the giant Orion, and those seven sisters the Pleiades. Her ears were filled with unearthly harmonies—the voices of their motion. A white path of light stretched from her to them. Celestial beings, bright like the motes in a sunbeam, moved towards her with outstretched hands and floating hair. They called to her in silvery tones. She stretched out her arms and floated upward, herself a golden mote in the brightness of her path. Grief and joy and all unrest lay already far behind. Winds that were like the

gentle vibration of a harp-string sighed. Luna, a curved bowl, glowed like a pale lantern beneath her feet.

But upward, upward as she sped, came following a sound that was unlike all others. It was an earthly sound, one of those she had unlearned. It pressed after her, eager, importunate, woful. Its slight but potent influence smote that ocean of blue and shook it into terror. Its alien presence made the planets reel. It was a voice of human suffering and

want—the voice of her babe. It held her powerless to advance, blind to heavenly light, deaf to heavenly melody till its anguish should be soothed. With closed eyes, with upraised hands, alone, she sank through the eternal spaces towards it. Once more she clasped in mortal arms the babe—the living, breathing object of a love that was too strong for death. Her white eyelids stirred, were lifted. The sun streamed, in his morning luxuriance, across the bed.

---

### UNCERTAIN.\*

BY F. E. GALBRAITH.

The boy stood on the slimy deck,  
 His face begrimed with tears,  
 How anxiously he watched the rail,  
 And many were his fears,  
 That ere the morrow's sun would set,  
 Poor him would be no more  
 Than food for fishes of the deep,  
 Or memory on shore.

The bow dipped down and then the stern  
 Sent forth a sea of foam ;  
 The starboard dip'd, the larb'rd dip'd,  
 The boy gave forth a groan ;  
 And straightway to the rail he hied,  
 And naught did say but " Oh !"  
 " Heave ho ! heave oh ! oh my ! dear me !  
 Heave ho ! heave ho ! heave ho !"

And now observe a change takes place :—  
 Before he feared to die,  
 But now he mourns the end don't come,  
 Oh my ! oh my ! oh my !  
 Heave ho ! heave ho ! Then down he goes  
 Stretched out upon the deck,  
 In one conglomerated mass,  
 A sad and mournful wreck.

The boy stood on the sunny deck,  
 A smile was on his face,  
 Ha ! ha ! haw, haw ! ha, ha ! he cried  
 Oh what a pleasant place ;  
 Ah there's the gong ! and down he goes  
 So happy, brave and bold—  
 " Me sick : your'e much mistaken friend,  
 I only had a cold."

---

\* Written on ship-board under very suggestive circumstances.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE THEORY OF ENERGY.

BY J. M. CLARK, M.A., LL.B.

Prof. Tait, the eminent natural philosopher says, that in the physical world, besides the inevitable time and space, there are but four elementary ideas, namely, matter, force, position, and motion. This statement seems open to very serious objections. Though time may from one point of view be regarded as one of the conceptual elements of motion, and as such has been justly denominated the great "independent variable," yet to the physicist it can not be regarded as by any means an elementary idea. This will be apparent if we remember the conventional measure of time universally employed.

That measure shows that time is recognized, not as a primordial idea, but as a very complex conception, involving motion, position and space.

Further, it seems utterly inconsistent with what is now known of the nature of force to regard it as an elementary idea. If matter be really inert, the only rational use of the word force is to denote certain mechanical facts of motion. We may therefore regard space, matter, position and motion, as the only elementary ideas in the physical world. In looking on these ideas as elementary, one must avoid the fallacy of regarding them as absolute and independent. This would be to run counter to the well-established principle of mental science, that all knowledge is relative. The nature of our mental constitution is such, that nothing in and by itself can possibly become an object of cognition.

Hastening to obey Newton's warning, "Beware of metaphysics," let us now proceed to analyse the idea of energy and to determine its place in reference to the four ideas above mentioned. Before doing this it is necessary to deal with the preliminary question, are these two essentially different kinds of energy, kinetic and potential? If potential energy be defined to be the energy of position, its existence

is utterly inconsistent with the proposition that matter is inert, a proposition the truth of which lies at the foundation of modern physics. Newton has justly said, "that one body may act upon another at a distance, through a *vacuum*, without the mediation of anything else by and through which their action may be conveyed from one to another, is so great an absurdity, that no man who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking can ever fall into it." From this it inevitably follows, that no body or system of bodies can possess energy merely by virtue of its position, or in other words, by virtue of the distances of its parts from other bodies. In this sense, therefore, potential energy involves a contradiction in terms. But if we regard potential energy as a convenient name for those kinds of energy whose nature is not yet understood, the term is convenient and admissible, though liable to create considerable confusion.

There are not therefore, two distinct kinds of energy—energy of motion and energy of position. The distinction can have no possible fundamental difference for its basis. But energy may be conveniently divided into two kinds, viz.: energy whose nature we in some measure understand, and called kinetic; and energy of whose nature we know comparatively little, but which we regard as dependent on position, not that this dependence is an ultimate physical part, but that it is a secondary or conventional mark, which in the absence of more definite knowledge it is convenient to adopt.

Promising this as to the nature of potential energy, let us now address ourselves to the problem of finding in what relation the idea of energy stands to the four elementary ideas of space, matter, position and motion. A very little reflection on the nature of energy, will make it

manifest that the idea of energy involves as its conceptual elements, *matter* and *motion* or to express the same thing mathematically, the energy of a body is a function of the quantity of matter or mass of the body and its motion, and is measured by the product of the mass and half the square of the velocity added to the quantity of energy generally called potential.

From what has preceded it will be seen that the all-pervading medium, unfortunately known as the luminiferous ether, is regarded as matter, since it necessarily possesses inertia, the distinguishing test of matter. An account of the important part played in modern physics by this medium, which pervades not only interstellar, but also inter-molecular and interatomic space, it is of the greatest moment that this part, which is so often disregarded with disastrous results, should be clearly realized. Its name, which is derived from its connection with the theory of light, does not at all suggest the varied functions which this mysterious ether is now supposed to fulfil. The recent investigations of natural philosophers tend very clearly to show that it acts as a medium for conveying not only light, but also various other forms of energy, such as radiant heat, magnetic and electrical disturbances, &c, and further, that it plays a very important part in transforming one kind of energy into the various other forms. The well-established fact, that light is capable of producing various chemical changes, shows that the vibrations of the ether particles in which consists light, may be transformed into motions of the atoms of bodies, since all chemical changes result from accelerations of these motions. So important are these properties of the all-pervading ether becoming that Tyndall predicts that the physics of the future, will be mainly occupied in their investigation.

Before proceeding to discuss the laws of energy, it is well to mention the differences in which it appears. There is first the only form of energy of which we become immediately cognizant by direct observation, namely, the energy which bodies possess by virtue of their translatory or rotational motions, or the energy of

mechanical motion. Next there is molecular energy, or the energy which bodies possess on account of the relative motions of these molecules. Then comes atomic energy, resulting from the relative motions of the atoms of a body. Speaking generally, it may be said that alterations in motions of the first kind produce *mechanical* changes in motions of the second kind *physical* changes, while variations in inter-atomic motions produce *chemical* changes. Besides these there is the vast amount of energy which consists in the various undulatory movements of the luminiferous ether. Then there is what is generally called potential energy, which is in all probability really kinetic in its nature, but whose nature is as yet very inadequately understood.

It is now proposed to trace very briefly the history of the principle of the Conservation of Energy, which is perhaps the most magnificent reward of the researches of modern science. There can be no doubt that the theoretical founder of the modern doctrine, was distinctly and clearly laid by Newton in his wonderful Scholium to his third law of motion. In this Scholium and the commentary on it, Newton not only states the law of the conservation of energy, so far as the state of experimental science in his day would permit, but also clearly anticipated the so-called modern principle of *vis viva* and D'Alembert's principle. No further advance of any moment seems to have been made till about a hundred years later. Davy proved by experiment that the production of heat did not involve the destruction of matter, and that heat was therefore not a peculiar *kind of matter*, but a *form of energy*. About the same time, Rumford effected an approximate calculation, based on experiment of the mechanical equivalent of heat.

These experiments conclusively established the immateriality of heat, and that since mechanical work and heat might be taken as the measures of each other, they must be species of the same genus and that genus we now know to be energy.

The next most important names in the history of the theory of energy, are those of Fournier and Carnot. The calculations and conclusions of these profound mathe

maticians were expressed, it is true, in terms which to a certain extent involved the now exploded corpuscular theories of heat and light, but their reasoning and results were to such an extent independent of any particular theory, that the elements involving the truth of these untenable hypothesis are capable of being almost entirely eliminated, leaving results which have proved of the greatest use in the development of the true theory of energy. To Clausius is principally due the credit of having thus utilized the brilliant investigations of these master minds, and in particular of having so modified the theorem of Carnot, as to make it consistent with the doctrine of the equivalence of heat and work. To Joule, the great English physicist is undoubtedly due, as has been conclusively shown by Prof. Tait, the credit of having placed the grand law of the conservation of energy, on a sure experimental foundation. Joule determined by means of some of the most ingenious experiments of modern times, that—772 foot-pounds of work if converted into heat, would raise 1 lb. of water  $1^{\circ}$  F., or that to produce a quantity of heat sufficient to raise 1 kilogramme of water through  $1^{\circ}$  C., work must be consumed to the extent of 424 kilogrammetres and thus placed the truth of the dynamical theory of heat beyond all manner of doubt.

In performing one of the experiments devised by him for the purpose of ascertaining the mechanical equivalent of heat, Joule discovered that current electricity was a form of energy and subject to the law of conservation. His results were extended by Helmholtz, Mayer, Clausius and Thomson, till the law of conservation has been shown to govern all natural forces. Sir Wm. Thomson demonstrated that Faradays discovery of the rotation of the plane of polarization of a polarised ray of light produced by media under the influence of a powerful magnet, involved the dependence of magnetism on motion, in the case of both magnetic and diamagnetic bodies.

To Helmholtz and Carpenter is principally due the credit of having intended the principles of the conservation, and transformation of energy to physiological

phenomena. There can be no doubt that Maxwell's electro magnetic theory of light is destined to play no unimportant part in the development of the true theory of energy. From data supplied by Weber Maxwell found that electro-magnetic disturbances, were propagated with the same velocity as light. The explanation of this he held to be that electricity, like light, was due to the undulatory vibrations of the medium which is beyond question necessary for the propagation of light. If this hypothesis be found to be a valid one, a very clear in-sight will be obtained into the real connection between light and electricity. The relation of heat to light is seen by considering the nature of radiant heat, but is best shown by considering certain experiments of Leslie, which prove that bodies are heated by absorbing light. The fact that heat, is developed in certain chemical transformations indicates the relations of the powers of chemical affinity to heat. Thus by considering in succession all the so-called natural powers it will be seen, that they are all simply manifestations of an unchangeable amount of indestructible energy. Every form of energy is capable of being transformed by suitable manifestations, into all its other forms without in any case involving any increase, or diminution in the total quantity of energy.

But while the quantity of energy in the universe is invariable, yet by virtue of laws of which we have a particular case in Clausius second main principle of the mechanical theory of heat, the amount of what may be termed available energy, is being constantly exhausted. The truth of this together with many very important consequences, which follow from it was first clearly pointed out by Sir W. Thomson in a remarkably able paper "On a universal tendency in nature to the dissipation of mechanical energy." It is simply another method of saying that no known natural processes, are perfectly reversible.

Having thus briefly discussed the conservation, transformation and dissipation of energy, we conclude by investigating the sources of energy available for man. A few moments reflection will suffice to show that these are (1) food, (2) fuel, (3)



water power, (4) wind. Of these food and fuel are of the same nature. Food being utilised by means of animal machines such as men, horses, etc., while fuel is converted into mechanical motion by means of engines of various kinds. The energy which is thus produced by means of *food* and *fuel* is evidently derived from the heat and light radiated from the sun. Water power and wind even more obviously obtain their energy from the same origin. Solar radiation is therefore the grand source whence nearly all the energy available for man is derived.

Various theories have been advanced to account for the enormous amount of energy in the form of heat and light annually sent forth by the sun, and of which the earth intercepts a very small portion. It was by some supposed that the sun's heat was produced by the combustion of its materials. A very few facts will show that this hypothesis is utterly untenable.

The mass of the sun is approx  $4 (10)^{30}$  pounds. The consumption of a pound of coal is known to produce an amount of heat equivalent to 9,200,000 foot-pounds. Combining these we see that if the materials of the sun were supposed to be capable of producing by their consumption as much heat as equal masses of coal an assumption eminently favorable to the hypothesis in question the total mass of the sun would be consumed in producing a quantity of heat whose mechanical equivalent is  $368 (10)^{85}$  foot pounds. Further according to the most accurate determinations of the amount of solar radiation it is found that the energy radiated from the sun is very nearly  $(10)^{34}$  foot pounds per annum. It follows therefore that if the theory of the origin of solar heat under examination were the true one the energy of the sun would be completely exhausted in 3680 years while we know that the quantity of heat radiated from

the sun has been nearly as great as at present for tens of thousands of years. The theory of combustion or chemical combination falls to the ground, and it is now generally supposed that the perennial fountain whence the enormous energies of the solar system are derived is the potential energy of gravitation.

Mathematical calculations shows that this hypothesis which is now almost universally accepted by scientific men predicts a cause amply capable of producing the results which it is supposed to explain, and that therefore it is not inconsistent with the axiom that the cause must be equal to its effect.

A contraction of one foot in the sun's radius produces sufficient energy to sustain the sun's heat at the present rate of radiation for about 2 days and 10 hours.

Further if the mass of the sun were uniformly distributed throughout a sphere of the same radius as Neptunes orbit, and were to contract to its present dimensions the amount of kinetic energy generated would be about  $152 (10)^{88}$  foot pounds. This amount would be materially increased by taking account of the masses of the other bodies of the solar system, and of the fact that the sun must become denser as the centre is approached.

This vast quantity is amply sufficient to account for the heat, which has been radiated into space by the sun, and the other bodies composing the solar system, for the thermal energy now possessed by all these bodies and for the kinetic energy they have on account of these revolutions in their orbits and on their axes.

We have then what is known to be a *vera causa*, shown to be capable of adequately accounting for certain facts, a result from which we may legitimately infer the relation of cause and effect.

## THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE.

BY BYRON R. NICHOLSON.

We are not apt at first sight to appreciate the powerful influence of the society we keep for good or for evil upon our conduct through life. There is a constant process of assimilation going on between associates, some meeting half way in the multitude of thought and disposition, and others gained over entirely to the mental habits of their fellows. The process frequently appears in the external customs of individuals; and the gait and gestures are completely assumed, and nothing is wanted to complete the transcript but the mere *personel*. In action, manner, and even thought, the youth are faithful copyists of their seniors or companions; their language and habits become entirely the same, whether correct or otherwise, whether good or bad. The old are not exempt from the same influence; it pervades society, all conditions and phases of life. Hence the great importance of choosing proper companions. One of the ancients said "A pleasant companion on the road is better than a coach;" and an apocryphal writer, "A faithful friend is the medicine of life." Those maxims hold equally good in the books we should read as in the companions we should associate with. Good books have a decided advantage over friends in the constancy of their affection, and the correctness of the information they impart. Langford beautifully points this virtue in books: "Books," he says "are friends, and what friends they are! Their love is deep and unchanging; their patience inexhaustible; their gentleness perennial; their forbearance unbounded; and their sympathy without selfishness. Strong as man, and tender as woman, they welcome you in every mood, and never turn from you in distress."

When the majority of those who once appeared to take an interest in our welfare have disappeared; when novelty has lost its charms; public opinion veered to

another point; or the clouds of adversity spread their ungainly mantle around our hopeless heads, and envelop us in their dark embraces; and when we "grapple to our souls, as if with hooks of steel, those friends we have and their adoption tried;" when, in short, our once sunshine friends turn from us or insult us, we may invariably hold sweet and profitable converse with our constant and unchanged friends, our books—a converse that leaves us better and wiser than before. They change not; no frown comes over their countenance; in morning, noon and night, in adversity as well as prosperity, our books are ever the same. They exhibit not the curbed lip of disdain at our humble condition; they knit not a supercilious brow at our seeking their society:—no, they show us the same condescension and readiness, and impart their salutary instructions under all circumstances, and ask not whether we can trace our pedigree to Julius Cæsar, or whether our "ancient but ignoble blood has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood." From books and periodical we derive all species of knowledge, from the pen of those whose position in society would preclude our access to them; we learn the unfavorable manners and habits of their ranks and lives, as well as if we had personal inspection of them—in fact, we take note of them better than they themselves without incurring the drudgery of the knick-nacks of etiquette, or becoming tainted with the vices which, in many instances, become the inheritance of those who move with the pomp and majesty of a high estate. Through literature we can hold communion with the greatest and best of every age of the world—the philosophers, moralists, and muses of ancient and modern times; we can from them gather what the different conditions of life were at different periods of the world's history,

and then trace the various shades of progress, mental and material; the convulsions of nations, their infancy, growth and decay,—their schemes of ambition and policy, and their seeds of dissolution; namely, the results of depravity and wickedness of human nature. From the rude attempts of the ancients we can trace the great perfection of art and science in our own day. In books we possess the best stores of knowledge, accumulated through all ages, ready at our hands; and if we do not profit by past experience, and the excellent lesson it teaches, our fault must be egregious, our minds obtuse, and our responsibility immense. In the present age, thanks to Lawrence Foster and Dr. Faust, the noble art of printing has placed within the reach of the extraordinary mortal, what four centuries ago, all the wealth of the world could not supply. The works of the ancient sages of the East, which had previously been locked up in the cloisters of the learned few, are now gathered in countless numbers, far and wide, over the civilized world. The numberless works of modern times find easy access to the millions through the same source; and with eager avidity meet with multitudes of readers ready to grasp them wherever issued from the press. Had Job lived in the present day it is more than probable that the special desire of his heart—that his enemy should write a book, would have been gratified. The magic power of steam yoked to locomotion, on sea and land, the wonderful electric current and the production of typography, have merged the civilized world into one gigantic community—have conveyed the remotest quarters of the globe into close neighborhood, so that all events transpiring from the merest gossip to the most engrossing topics, are known in every nook and corner in the space of a day or two. It is through the means of books that we are made familiar with the character and nature of various other books; their merits and demerits. The Standard Reviews, the “police of literature,” as they are called, after severely testing works of high pretensions, and passing them through the alembic of truth and experience, commend

to us the worthy and scourge out of existence those that are found wanting, and thus protect us from imposition and expense at the hands of literary quacks and nondescripts. The newspaper press, the Grips and Punchs of our times, expose by solid reason, admonition and vigilance, or by the “shafts of satire,” which pierce the thickest skin, the sinister motives of individuals, and the enormities of parties and factions, the wickedness of political potentates, and their high-handed injustice and oppression; and through their faithful vigilance, serve to stifle extravagance in the bud. From books and current literature people learn how to govern themselves, and how they ought to be governed; the duties they owe to themselves and their rulers; the privileges they enjoy as the denizens of free and untrammelled institutions; and how to appreciate their conditions as well as better them; how to assert their rights as free and enlightened citizens, and how to secure them. By this medium is spread all species of useful information; they apprize us of the blessings which they themselves contribute to promote; of the misery of tyranny and misrule,—its ravages over soul and body; of the melancholy condition of those nations who do not enjoy the liberty or privilege of possessing the invaluable means of enlightenment. In books our stores of knowledge are inexhaustible. We can turn at will to the rich treasures of literature, science and art. or to the varied beauties and inspirations of courtly poets of various ages, constitutions and climes. The importance of the newspaper press, even for the diffusion of knowledge, and the creation of a taste for reading in a family; not to speak of the infusion of independent feelings of political rights and privileges is incalculable, and more than people in general are apt to imagine. A good authority estimates a newspaper in a family, for a year, as equivalent to a quarter’s schooling under the best tuition; and as sarcastic Junius justly observed: “Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the public press is the palladium of your civil and religious liberty.”

## CO-EDUCATION OF THE SEXES IN RELATION TO EVOLUTION. 1

BY ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

In the *Educational Review* for September, is an article by Sir James Chrichton Browne, M.D., entitled "Sex in Education," in which after enumerating certain differences in the brains of men and women as regards weight, specific gravity of grey matter, respective development in each of the anterior and posterior lobes, and the vascular supply to such, he draws the conclusion that nature intended the functions of each to be different, and that the present educational methods for women are detrimental inasmuch as they interfere with the natural evolution of the sex.

With the result of his observations and investigation the present writer has nothing to do. Whether the brains of women are different in their development to those of men, and whether that difference indicates inferiority, or superiority, or as the writer himself says, neither the one nor the other, is a matter of no moment so far as this article is concerned. But he does more than point out the respective differences in the brain of each. He assumes those differences to be fundamental, not accidental, and asserts that any attempt on our part to modify such differences, will be detrimental in their results. He says:—"The attempt to educate young men and women on the same lines and in the same coaches, cannot but be injurious to both. The essential difference between male and female cannot be obliterated by a stroke of the pen, by a *senatus Academicus*. To essay such work is to fly in the face of evolution."

But if evolution teaches one lesson more than another, it teaches the modifiability of structure, the adaptability of an organism to new conditions.

To say that, because, in the past, the female brain has developed along different

lines from that of the male, therefore it should continue to be so developed, is as though one should have said in the primitive stages of man's development, that because the warrior instinct took precedence of the rational that therefore nature intended men to be great warriors and small thinkers.

It is difficult at the present stage of man's development, to say what nature intends either man or woman to become. But if we may judge by our more advanced types, by our geniuses of either sex, we should say that nature intends men to develop the spiritual (or what we are prone to think the womanly characteristics) without becoming less rational, and woman to develop the rational without becoming less spiritual, and that somewhere on a higher plane, they shall meet and be one.

Certain it is that our great artists, our poets, musicians, etc., have approximated to this. And a great poet is greater than a great logician, or a mathematician, or in fact than any specialist, because he is more universal. The answer of Herr Klesmer to Mr. Bult, "No man has too much talent to be a musician. Most men have too little," is true of all great artists. The specialist would isolate and exaggerate the part. But nature is no specialist. She works for universal ends. Sooner or later she weeds out all 'arrested developments,' that her progressive types may have wider room. Development is the law of life. Not along one line only but from one to many.

To quote Herbert Spencer:—"From the earliest traceable cosmical changes down to the latest results of civilization, we shall find that the transformation of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous, is that in which progress essentially consists."

All *living* things are progressing, though at unequal rates. The tallest pine tree of the forest is only what the smallest pine shrub may become if you give it room. That the mental characteristics of women and men are alike in kind and differ only in degree proves that either may reach the same development as the other. As I said before, one of the fundamental laws of evolution is the law of adaptability. We gradually change with our surroundings. This is true even of the lower animals, but it is especially so with man. We have a practical illustration of this law, on the physical plane, in the affect that an ill-ventilated room has on a person who is accustomed to pure air. Let such an one go into a 'close' room and in a very short time a headache is the result, and if the individual remains long in such vitiated air a severe 'cold' follows owing to the congested state of the pores unable to meet fast enough the extra demands of the poisoned blood. But a person accustomed to breathing such air continues in it for months without experiencing very much inconvenience in the matter of headaches or 'colds.' However a lowered vitality is the inevitable result.

What is true physically is even to a greater extent true of the mind. A man born with a special talent for writing poetry, if forced by circumstances to become a clerk in a store, count perche, quote prices, and show goods, for fifteen hours a day, to a hundred exacting customers, grows in time too prosaic to even read poetry. Uncongenial occupation is the great enemy of talent. The world is kept on a low plane mentally because in order to get a living people are forced to forego certain occupations for which they are adapted by nature for others that will pay. And in consequence the benefits from heredity are lost. Nature has to begin building a new foundation as it were. Slowly the old liking dies away, and a liking for the occupation engaged in, takes its place, until in middle life the person would not take up the occupation, even if opportunity offered, that he yielded up in youth with so much regret.

And if, on every hand, we see men

robbed of individuality in this way, how much more has it been woman's fate, to whom, until very recently, most avenues to mental development have been closed. To say that "the occipital lobes certainly sensory in their functions, are larger in the female than in the male," is only to say that women, restricted to those functions, have adapted themselves to such, to the detriment of other mental functions and no more proves that she was not "for contemplation and for valor formed" than the atrophied muscles of a man's arm kept in a "sling" proves that nature meant the man to use only one arm. And to say "the anterior region of the brain is comparatively more copiously irrigated with blood in men, and the posterior region in women" is only as if one said: The supply of blood is much less to the arm kept in the "sling" than to the other arm which is used continually.

Woman has been forced to accept, with wifehood and motherhood certain disabilities and restrictions, such for example as giving up her natural preference for an occupation and taking upon herself arduous, ill-paid, and often, to her, very disagreeable work. But that does not prove that she is more adapted by nature for such a life than for any other. At most it merely proves that her desire for sexual love is stronger than her dislike of such restrictions. But does it even prove that? When she makes her choice she is too inexperienced to know whether, she is paying too great a price for the gift she is to receive or not. And after she gains the experience it is too late to choose. But husbands and fathers, also take upon themselves certain restrictions and disabilities that dwarf their mental development in certain lines. Does it therefore follow that mental development in those particular lines are not good for them?

To hear certain men use as an argument against the higher education of women, the fact that a women's instincts cause her to desire matrimony, would lead one to suppose that women are the only ones who ever marry. But it would be rather difficult for women to marry unless men did so also: therefore if they will stop and consider a moment on a fact, so patent that it should hardly need to be

pointed out to them, they will see that as each time a woman marries, a man also marries, consequently his instincts must lead him equally to desire matrimony, and if that is an argument against the higher education of women, it is equally valid as an argument against the higher education of men.

The writer in question particularly condemns the high-school education of girls. He says:—

“Children have no business with headaches, nor with weak-eyes, nor with neuralgia, nor with any form of nervous exhaustion, and I am satisfied from careful inquiry that a large proportion of the girls in our high-schools suffer from all these complaints, and as a result of over-pressure.”

Now I am not here as an apologist for the system of education in our high-schools. No rational person, who has gone through a course of high-school instruction could conscientiously defend it. But why limit the condemnation to girls? Is it not equally as bad for boys? If they do not suffer quite as much from headaches etc., it is owing to the vigorous open-air exercise, such as foot-ball, baseball and cricket, that they engage in, (games that little girls are taught to consider rude and unlady-like,) and not at all to the fact that “over-pressure” is not as injurious to one sex as to the other. Our present educational methods, if we can call “cram” education, is admirably adapted for turning out both enfeebled *minds*, and enfeebled bodies. And one sex is not exempt from the injury any more than the other. The part of wisdom would seem to be, however, not to exclude the pupils from the schools, but to improve the method of instruction.

I see no argument brought forward against the higher education of women that will not equally apply to men, unless in fact it be the assumption, more or less perfectly expressed, that to develop the rational functions dwarfs the spiritual, or in other words the emotional: and the further assumption that men as a class are rational, but comparatively passive as far as the emotions, [or as they say the sensations], are concerned, and that women as a class are emotional. Fur-

thermore they maintain that the attraction of opposites' is the law of sexual attraction.

Of course we know as a matter of fact that men as a class are irrational, and that women as a class are not emotional but passive. And we might sum up the sexes *en masse* by saying Men are irrational and passive, and women are passive and irrational. But as those who hold such views always have an ideal type of humanity in mind, let us examine if their ideals are realizable; let us see if it is true, as Sir James Crichton says:—“With this divergent differentiation of the sexes has come reciprocal dependence and higher harmony.”

Do the sexes differentiate the higher we ascend in the scale of development? Or in other words do the reason or emotion develop in inverse ratios? Have not those, who assume such to be the case, been misled by the fact, so apparent and so seemingly conclusive, until we have begun to question the why and the wherefore of it, that when the reason is keenest and most active, the emotions are dormant, and that when the emotions are at the flood-tide the reason sleeps. But in this the emotions and the reason only follow the law of action and reaction, of motion and rest seen throughout all nature. One is the sleep of the other so to say, and enables it to waken with renewed strength. To attempt to cultivate the emotions and exclude the reason is like trying to cultivate the appetite by eating continuously. Every lover of poetry and fiction knows this to be so. And we are led to wonder if the reason why women are so passive in middle life is not because she is expected to feed the emotions continuously until her emotional nature cloy, grows feeble and sickly, and finally dies from excess of nourishment.

The very fact that great geniuses have been great both intellectually and emotionally, and that as we trace mankind downward through the different gradations of intelligence, we find feebler emotions joined invariably with less developed reasoning faculties, until as we reach the savage races we find passivity to the point of stoicism, lack a even of

the sensation of physical pain (See "Sociology" by Herbert Spencer) should lead one to infer that the emotional, or spiritual nature, has some connection with the reason and develops along with it. Nor is this merely an inference. We are enabled to trace the connection. What is emotion? It is complex sensation, or the union or differentiation of simpler feelings gained directly through the outward senses. And what is Reason? Is it not the power of tracing the relations existing between states of consciousness. What is Consciousness? Sir James Crichton Browne appealed to the Court of Evolution. Let evolution answer them. Herbert Spencer in "First Principles" discusses consciousness under the two headings Faint impressions and Vivid impressions. The latter gained directly through the outer senses, the former being representative rather than presentative, are gained indirectly through the outer senses. Furthermore in the "Principles of Psychology" he says:—"Mind consists of feelings and the relations among feelings. By compositions of the relations and ideas of relations, intelligence arises. By compositions of the feelings and ideas of feelings emotion arises. And other things equal, the evolution of either is great in proportion as the composition is great. One of the necessary implications is that cognition becomes higher in proportion as it is remoter from reflex action while

emotion becomes higher in proportion as it is remoter from sensation."

But what makes emotion higher in proportion as it is remote from sensation? From whence does it get its fuel? For if it depended merely on sensation, it would grow feebler in proportion as it was remote from its source; as the warmth that we experience from a fire lessens as we recede from the fire. Is it not because every function of the mind acts upon it in turn, reason uniting with ideality, ideality with memory, etc., and all together forming that complex experience that we call emotion. Emotion is merely the reflection of man's mental development, and includes all his faculties. And we can no more develop it in woman by restricting her mental horizon than we could develop an Emerson, or a Whitman, or a Shakespeare by confining them to a certain narrow range of ideas.

And as such a one-sided development is not attainable, we may assume that it would not result in 'reciprocal dependence and higher harmony' between the sexes if it were attainable. When I hear men arguing that higher harmony is the result of a union with one of unlike aims and tastes, I feel like referring them to George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, where, this great artist, in the home of Dr. Lydgate and Rosamond, portrays such harmony very graphically and very true to the experience of such unfortunate individuals everywhere.



## THE STUDY AND WORK OF MR. G. A. REID.

Mr. George Agnew Reid was born near Wingham, Ont., 1860, and although one of our younger artists is certainly in the front rank.

As a boy he shewed ability and fondness for drawing, and after studying a short time in Toronto, where he took a medal at the Art School, he went to Philadelphia and at the Academy of Fine Arts, one of the best equipped schools on this continent, was under Thomas Eakins. After his marriage he went to Europe with his wife, spending some time in France, Spain and Italy. They both continued their studies bringing home bits of many a continental city or grand interior.

On their return Mr. and Mrs. Reid settled in Toronto, and since then they have been constant contributors to the exhibitions in the different Canadian cities, as well as New York, Philadelphia and Boston. For four years his pictures have been accepted and well hung in the Salon, where individual merit always tells. These are "A Story," now the property of E. B. Osler of Toronto, "The Berry Pickers," and "The Lullaby" which was recently bought by Mr. James George of Toronto.

In 1888 Mr. and Mrs. Reid again went abroad, prepared for closer application to work than ever. Most of the time was spent in Paris where Mr. Reid was under Constant and Dagnan-Bonveret: the result has shown in his work.

One of his most realistic pictures is "The Other Side of the Question," a number of old men evidently discussing some knotty point, some of the faces eager and excited, all interested, we know—even the back of a head shows that. This is owned by a Brooklyn gentleman. "Drawing Lots," one of his earlier works, is out of doors in the strong sunlight; two boys drawing lots, one lying full length on a brick wall. This belongs to D. R. Wilkie of the Imperial Bank. Dr. Ross of Toronto owns "The Call to Din-

ner" and "Gossips;" and "Forbidden Fruit" was exhibited in Philadelphia and was there bought by Lewis A. Scott of that city. "Logging," a number of lumbermen at work on a rather hazy day loses much of its charm in black and white. This and "Leonie" belong to Col. Sweny of Toronto. "Dreaming" shows a French peasant woman looking wistfully into the fire: the color cast by the fire-light is warm and bright. This was purchased by the Royal Canadian Academy and is now at Ottawa. "The mortgaging of the Homestead" is also in Ottawa being Mr. Reid's gift as his diploma picture to the Academy. This and the "Foreclosure of the Mortgage," which, by the way, was not intended as a sequel to the other, are vivid representations of country life, though giving rather a sad phase of it. In the last mentioned, which is perhaps the greatest of Mr. Reid's pictures and is intended for the Chicago Exposition, the light is strong and vivid; the air is full of it. The care-worn, helpless looks of the sick father, the grief-stricken attitude of the mother, the grand mother's averted head, the innocent wonderment of the children all fix one's attention on the sheriff's business, and speak for themselves. "The visit of the Clock-Cleaner" is one of Mr. Reid's most recent works and was bought by Philip Jamieson of Toronto. This easily tells its story—"sings its song," William Hunt used to say—by the empty clock-case, the old man intent on his work and the curiosity of the children, who look so real one is tempted to pinch them.

In addition to these Mr. Reid has exhibited a good deal of landscape. His work is always vivid, realistic, individual with a true feeling for color while his drawing is strong and correct. The fact that both he and his wife are artists makes their position somewhat unique. Their helpful interest in all who are interested in art, as well as Mr. Reid's influence in his classes, have done much



to advance the cause of art and raise the standard of excellence. His time however is not so wholly given to his work, but that he has something to do with matters of advanced thought, social reform, or progress in any direction.

---

### SOCIALISM.

BY W. W. TURVER, M.D.

No haughty rich ! No pinching poor !  
 No begging bread from door to door !  
 No princely homes or cheerless hovels !  
 No idle wealth or labor evils !

The rich shall yield by fire and sword !  
 The poor shall reap a rich reward !  
 This is the creed of socialist,  
 And also of the anarchist.

Come ! listen to my creed says one,  
 A loving earnest Christian man ;  
 I love the Lord and all mankind  
 With all my strength and heart and mind.

I mourn the worldling's heartless pride,  
 And grieve that men should beg their bread,  
 Or wealth misused should press the poor ;  
 These I resist by God's great power.

And if you would believe on Him  
 Who showed His love for wicked men,  
 By giving His beloved Son  
 A sacrifice for every sin,

Then love, not hate, your heart would fill,  
 All socialists would do His will ;  
 Christ's kingdom here your soul's sweet haven,  
 Your peace and joy would reach to Heaven.

Heaven is the home of socialism,  
 All classes, castes and poor are even ;  
 No kingly pomp and pagentry,  
 No glittering liveries fair to see.

But those who help the struggling poor,  
 Fight with Christ's love oppression's power,  
 A rich reward to them be given,  
 For they are socialists of Heaven.

## ARTISTS' COLUMN.

*All communications to be addressed to the Editor, Art Department, who will be glad to receive any items of news interesting to lovers of Art.*

### L. ACADEMIE JULIAN, PARIS.

More than twenty years have elapsed since an unknown Artist of Jewish extraction named Julian, opened up in the world's gay capital an "Academie de Peinture." The Academy consisted of a large room well lighted and supplied with rows of stools, and to reach its lofty position one was obliged to mount many steps up a narrow dark and steep stairway. On arriving on the top flat the sign on the door was observable as above with the additional notice, "On est prie d'apporter le chevalet," so that the young artist did not even provide his expected pupils with easels. For four long weary months M. Julian worked in his academy alone, with the exception of his model and his thoughts, no doubt were fully occupied as to how he would pay the rent from month to month. At last a pupil came and then another, and so on until the school soon became known, and at the present day it holds a most prominent place among the world's art schools. Since the writer was at Julian's some of the studios have been removed, but otherwise there has been no change.

There are now branches of Julian's academy in six quarters of Paris, and the total attendance is upwards of twelve hundred pupils per annum. Amongst the professors are Bouguerean, Lefebvre, Constant, Doucet and Ferrier. In this account the writer refers more particularly to the head school, at No. 48 Rue du Faubourg, St. Denis, a minute's walk from the famous old Arc on the boulevard. The entrance is through a court yard, and the student on entering would imagine himself going into some sort of workshop, used by mechanics as there is nothing artistic apparent. At the entrance is a

small 7x9 box office, in which sits M. Chomenay the obliging secretary, who takes your money and issues to you a certificate, and after escorting you to a young man who supplies the charcoal, paper, &c. you are asked under whom do you wish to work. Most of the uninitiated choose Bouguerean, and a worse choice in my judgment could not be made because one does not get the same attention as from the younger members of the staff. I selected Doucet and found that he was the choice of those who were not looking for names, but merit as a teacher of art.

The rooms were the dirtiest and most disagreeable quarters one could conceive of for hundreds of young men to be cooped up in all day long. A Julian student thinks it is his privilege to be obnoxious, and I am sorry to have to relate that of all nations represented, the French and American students are the worst. It is the American who first learns to sing the filthy songs of the French student. He even does this before he is able to converse in the language. But I am digressing, let me return to my subject. The rooms are supplied only with stools and easels for which a charge is made, and woe unto the stranger who does not pay \$2.00 to treat the boys on entering. On looking around I observed next to me an American, then Williamson a fine clever Scotchman, Hyland an Englishman, a young Italian, and lastly an Egyptian. Nearly every nation under the sun is represented. On the walls which are besmeared with the cleanings of the palette I noticed the prize sketches. In the next room to me I observed a fine work by our own Reid, and much to me

gratification I learned that it was a prize winner.

Most of the student's work in black and white, and all study from the living model both draped and undraped. The noise is deafening and as the model only poses 40 minutes in every 60 there is ample time for the French student and his imitators to gallop around the rooms knock over easels, and paint pictures on the back of his fellow student's coat. Some very clever sketches are done on the dirty walls, but they are not creditable to the minds of the executor. Pitching sous is a favorite amusement between poses. The rooms are separated from each other by common swing doors, and just as bedlam is let loose, the smiling face of M. Chomenay may be seen entering. This is the signal for order. One of the professors has arrived, and is in the next room. The genial secretary hangs up his little notice, "Le professeur est la," and the students settle down to hard work. Now you could hear a fairy speak. Every one is as if in a Court of Justice when the professor enters. These professors attend but twice a week to criticize the work of the students, and I am informed but once a week to the ladies' classes. A new model being chosen every week the student must keep hard at work to accomplish anything. M. Julian gets nearly all the money, as the artists' compensation for teaching is merely nominal. There are no rules, no methods, no nothing. Come and go as you please, quite Bohemian. Everyone is encouraged to be original. It is permitted for the students to follow the professor as he makes his rounds, and frequently many droll sayings fall from the lips of Bouguerean.

The most of the American students

are obliged to get some one who knows the French language to interpret for them, as none of the professors can speak English. Being called upon to interpret for a fellow student friend of mine, I was much amused to hear Bouguerean say amongst other things, "Comfiture, Comfiture beaucoup de comfiture." It is impossible to render this so that it may appear so good in English, but it simply means, as I informed my friend, the mouth of your study looks as if she has been eating much jam, it is so red and smeared. I have noticed a professor pass by an easel with look of contempt on his face. This is a case where he knows the student is frolicsome, instead of being a worker as it can be seen at a glance the careless drawing. Once a year the students give a ball but recently times have changed, and the intervention of the police has quieted down these events. Another mode of amusement was to dress up one of the models in an outlandish costume, and start her off at the head of a procession of students who filled the air with shouts and songs, as they marched through the streets. There are no vacations at Julian's, but during the summer season most of the students leave for the country, so that not many are at work during July and August. The terms for gentlemen are \$10 per month, and strange to say ladies are charged more than double this amount, which seems to me unjust. There are separate schools for ladies, the nicest, I am informed, being at No. 5 Rue de Berri (Avenue des Champs-Elysees.)

[Since the above article was penned I have learned that all the new studios are up to the times and very comfortable.]

## RESPICE FINEM.

BY FR. HOLT.

In criticising anything in Canadian literature, one has to steer clear between a scylla of over-praise, and the charybdis of contempt, each simply because the effort is Canadian. While we have so many books and magazines supplied us by the older countries, where the writing is full of that learning, not the result of cramming, and of the repose which is a heritage of age, we are apt to turn aside from our domestic writing, and do not stint ourselves of that useful, all-round, condemnatory "crude." If the mottoes, "as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined," "spare the rod and spoil the child," are to be applied to infant literature, it is high time that our critics were bestirring themselves.

There is no dearth of native literature, such as it is; but the winnowing process is needed. Only the critic, and an intelligent public, can do the work. In the dozen or so of domestic weeklies and periodicals are generally found one, if not more, readable and soundly good articles; but outside of *The Week*, and a few others, how many are there which could take a place on the same table with English and American publications? As it is, most of them are speedily relegated to the waste paper basket.

When people set about writing articles on any subject, serious or otherwise, there is a definite something to be written about. There is study, method, and care brought to bear on the work; but anybody who can hold a pen, thinks he or she can write a story, and the tame twaddle we have to skim through in that winnowing process is enough to make us eschew all kinds of native publication.

In the January number of *THE LAKE*, the strongest and best article comes from the pen of a woman-worker. It is on the much-vexed subject of Woman Suffrage,

and although we cannot go entirely with her in all she says, there is much food for thought in her statements, and whether agreeable or not, they are clearly and cleverly put. The first impression given one by articles of this kind is, that there is primarily a conflict between the sexes; on one side Man, a brute; on the other Woman, hitherto defenceless, but awakening to a sense of her rights.

Many of the novels of the present day, and all articles from the Shrieking Sisterhood, adopt this tone, and when we meet with writing in the main as sensible and strongly expressed as Miss McKenzie's, every one at all on her side of the question must be glad. The greatest enemies so far that the "cause" has are many of those who are its self-constituted champions. The articles written, and the speeches made, by them, are of the nervous, hysterical sort; to avoid interjections, exclamation points, and the very suspicion of such a style should be the first aim of our Canadian Woman's Righter. Mr. Longley fares at Miss McKenzie's hands very much as did Mr. Frederick Harrison under Mrs. Fawcett's pen in the "Fortnightly" some months ago.

In "Edinburgh" lately, we have Miss Stevenson resigning her position as Vice-president of the Edinburgh West End Woman's Liberal Association, because "it is absolutely impossible to obtain just legislation for women and children, unless women have the parliamentary vote."

All governments, however constituted, must have a beginning. If a people without a government see fit to constitute one wherein only one half would engage, the other half taking no part, and the laws made used for all, it is surely a usurpation of authority. So long as the unconciliated part of law-abiders quietly acquiesce

there can be no question of the rights of the controlling half, but if the hitherto acquiescing half see fit to have a voice in their own government, should not they be heard? That is the question as I understand it. Then comes the assertion, that if women had the franchise, not one in ten would use it. That has nothing whatever to do with those who do wish for it. Let each speak for herself in action, or inaction. If the franchise were given, there would be no compulsion to vote; neither should the one who does not so wish, have any power to prevent her sister who would, having the chance. It is argued that the votes of women would be ruled by the Church. As electioneering is now carried on, how many are controlled by whiskey? Humanitarian sentiments are essentially feminine. If woman had this vote which she so longs for, of one thing we might be sure; all her influence would be given in favor of

absolute morality. "Law and Temperance" would be her motto. If she gets it, much honor will be due to these pioneers who so bravely step to the front in spite of the shrugs and feminine sarcasms of their sisters, who, for various reasons, have no such aspirations.

"I hear a sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, and they beat this way." "They are the feet of those that shall follow you. Lead on; make a track to the water's edge. Where you stand now, the ground will be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet. Have you seen the locusts, how they cross a stream? First one comes down to the water edge and is swept away, and another—and another, and at last with their bodies piled up a bridge is built, and the rest pass over." "Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will pass?" "The entire human race."



## THE KINGDOM OF ALCOR.

BY FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

A girl sat in an upper room weeping. All the world seemed dark and dreary. Her attitude and tears told of hopeless despair—of a young heart crushed by the cruelty of fate. Outside the birds sang, the locusts chirped, the poppies nodded their scarlet heads in the sun—for it was summer. Inside, Blanche Ascot told herself she hated the light, the sun, the singing birds; she could never love again. Never! She heard the tread of feet below as the bearers of the dead carried their silent burden out into the street—past the nodding poppies, the chirping locusts, through the gate where she had so often awaited his coming in the sweet gloaming hour.

“Harvey is dead, my Harvey!” moaned Blanche Ascot to her would-be comforters. “I can never, never be happy again!”

Representing earth, dust and ashes, the soil fell with three dismal thuds on Harvey Mallow's coffin. It was these muffled sounds, each a knell of death to the living occupant of the coffin, that awoke him from the terrible bonds of catalepsy, to the realization of his awful fate that awoke him from the trance which had held him speechless, senseless, motionless, for three unconscious days, defying the skill of more than one physician, who pronounced him dead. Harvey Mallow prayed as he had never prayed in the bright world above. He knew it was hopeless to fight against his fate. Quick sounds of falling earth had followed, after an interval, the three that awoke him. Now, a terrible silence told him no sound that he could make would avail him. Already his lungs seemed bursting with the close air. The narrow confines of his satin-lined prison, cramped his limbs. The awful darkness—the darkness of despair, cowed him. His head was bursting—his eyes springing from their sockets

—he tore the lining of his prison, and tried to turn. A noise! A guttural laugh! The struggle was over. Harvey Mallow lost consciousness.

Again the noise as of a person digging—again the laugh.

In a cave far down in the bowels of the earth Harvey Mallow again awoke to consciousness, and stared about him at the malachite walls and ceiling which were lighted by electric flashes, and jets that scintillated and shone from a thousand pinnacles and points of the unhewn green stone. Before him a grotesque dwarfish creature sat squatting on the uneven floor regarding him with inquiring eyes. Half skeleton, half endowed with flesh and blood, his head three times too large for his body, this creature failed to inspire Harvey with the fear one would imagine him capable of inspiring—so loathesome was he in appearance—for he seemed in keeping with the dismal green cavern, and the weird flickering light, and Mallow was stunned and bewildered by his sudden return to life in such strange quarters. “So Ho, Mortal! Dost know me?”

“No;” replied Mallow curtly.

The creature rose from his sitting position and drew nearer to his companion, who shrank away at his approach, then striking an attitude he began in a guttural voice to introduce himself to the man, waving alternately his skeleton hand, and his fleshy one, to give emphasis to his explanations.

“I am Foilworm the saviour of those who by cruelty or accident are buried alive. Since the flood have I plied my calling for my Master, the Prince of Alcor. Thousands have I saved from the grave worm at my Master's bidding.”

“For what have you saved me? Is this heaven or hell?”

“This, fool, is the cavern of Alcor.

You seem ungrateful. But wait. The Prince comes. He will enlighten thine ignorance.'

There was a rushing sound as of wings, a dazzling light that illuminated every corner and cranny of the cave. Mallow saw before him a being clad from head to heel in black armor, great black wings on his shoulders that touched the ground as he stood. His visor turned back displayed a pale girlish face framed by glossy raven curls. Soft black eyes—that Harvey found out later on could sparkle with anger like living coals, looked out from exquisitely pencilled eyebrows, and curled lashes, features like chiselled marble completed the picture.

"I am Alcor, Prince of the star of refuge. Foilworn, my slave has rescued you from the worm. I shelter you in my domain until the End of all comes. But on one condition only. You must never love, as mortals love. Listen! At night the falling stars wend their downward way, and cleave the sky to nothingness. They are the souls, who dared to love in Alcor. I, the Prince, cast them out. Such your fate if you break the law."

Perpetual day weighed in the aerial kingdom of Alcor. These, floral growth far surpassed that of the planet called the world. There, ever verdant hills and valleys resounded with the songs of myriad birds of tropical plumage. There, silvery streamlets rippled over beds of snowy pebbles, jewel studded. Exquisitely beautiful was the land where Harvey Mallow—awakening, as from a dream—found himself. People of every age of the World inhabited this, star kingdom. There, the stately citizen of Athens of old walked and talked with a son of Egypt, and a world-forgotten mandarin from the celestial empire; each wearing the national dress in vogue at the time of their exit from the World. There the much-tried Israelite, and the wily Hittite disputed their old feuds once more in friendly converse. The Greek maid lounged side by side with a modern beauty, comparing the merits of their respective centuries, enjoying the *dolce far niente* of the balmy kingdom.

The inhabitants of Alcor were all happy. Occasionally one or two individuals would disappear. Then it would be whispered that the law had been broken. Some one had dared to love as mortals love.

In Drusilla a beautiful Roman maiden, Harvey Mallow found a friend and guide. As they wandered hand in hand through the exquisite valleys of the star country, he listened to her world-story, the maiden to his.

"I lived, good Sir, in the time of Trajan. My father was a captain of the Emperor's Guard, and wore the Eagle on his breast-plate. How my father loved me—his only child—the gods only knew; and Tullus a young soldier whom the Emperor trusted, and sent away on a ten years' campaign, loved me also. He, parting from me, vowed fidelity upon his sword. I was his promised wife. Alas Sir! Ten years is a long weary time in the world. A maid is but a maid after all, and my father had a slave—a dusky captive that girded him for warfare, and bore his cup at feasts. Such speaking eyes he had! A figure like a god! I forgot Tullus—I forgot my honor—my father discovered! He was a true Roman, he could not brook disgrace. But O! The punishment that he devised for me—his erring daughter! Brick on brick they placed before the niche where I stood trembling, condemned to living death, my lover a loathsome corpse at my feet, slain by my father's hand. The very gods wept. Their tears in rain-drops splashed my face—then all was darkness."

"As in my case," said Harvey, "that Foilworm went to your rescue. Tell me did you ever long to go back to the world?"

"Ah yes. It may be that you do not know. We may go back once again. When the number of the century corresponds with your age at the time Foilworm rescued you, the Prince permits you to return, and visit the world."

"To remain there?"

"You will not wish to, you will long to return to Alcor."

"Did you go Drusilla?"

"In the middle of this present century I foolishly left this happy kingdom, and visited the world.'

"Why foolishly, Drusilla? Surely your heart dictated the step."

"Ah Sir! Rome—my Rome was gone! I wandered about in search of my old home. Fool that I was, I forgot the lapse of time. I only longed for the past glories of the city I remembered. Then one came to me. Her face, half-hidden by a black mantle, was old and wrinkled; her garments, ragged and moth-eaten, scarce covered her meagre frame. 'I am the past,' she said 'together you, and I will seek the lost glory of Rome.' She led me to the forum, to the coliseum, to the baths where all the maidens and youths once congregated to lave themselves in sweet steamy odors, and listen to dulcet music. All—all was ruin! I wept; I asked her for my father's house—my home. She shook her head and hid her face. It is as these are. Question me not. Marble steps we passed. I saw the bust of Tullus, I knew his features well. 'That man,' I said to my companion, 'loved me unto death; he kept his vows of fidelity to me, though I was false to him.' With a bony finger the Past pointed to the bust beside that of Tullus. I read the inscription—'The wife of Tullus.' Was it for that simpering face he forgot his Drusilla? Angrily I pushed my guide away from me. "Be-gone!" I cried, and turning my back on her, fled.

At last I came to a dear old Roman wall, and saw before me our prince. I laid my cheek against the mossy stones and begged him with tears to take me back to Alcor."

"Unfaithful Tullus!" exclaimed Harvey. "But Drusilla, my Blanche will never forget me."

"Listen friend. Even now she has forgotten you. You left her when the poppies bloomed. Before they cast their seed she will be comforted for your loss."

"You do not know her Drusilla," said Harvey.

"All mortals forget the dead. Time is a merciful master."

"She will never forget me;" insisted Harvey.

"Poor boy!" sighed the Roman, "your faith still clings to you, the year 2,400 will prove my words."

The golden days sped by in the kingdom of Alcor. Word was carried to the Prince, that his government was not without reproach—the modern youth dared to love as mortals love, and the Roman maiden returned his passion. The very birds made the love of the two the theme of their songs. Then, Prince Alcor came. Sternly he regarded the culprits, as with visor pushed back from his beautiful pale face he stood before them, his eyes flashing fire, his voice trembling with passion.

"At last thou hast fallen, O maid of ancient Rome! Thou hast withstood centuries of temptation, to cast thyself away for a mortal from a land that was not known when thy Rome was queen of the world! I have no words for *you*;" turning to Harvey, "a few short months, nay, weeks, have proved thy weakness. Thy fate like hers, is sealed. I pronounce you both null and void, formless, soulless, condemned to fall through space, a flash on the horizon, a streak of downward light—then, the end!"

Harvey drew the Roman to him in a passionate embrace. One long kiss sealed their everlasting parting.

\* \* \* \* \*

The poppies had lost their gay, flaunting petals, only seed-pods rustled in the evening breeze. Blanche Ascot stood on the verandah, the man to whom she had just plighted her troth beside her. "See!" she exclaimed, "two falling stars. Wish quickly dear!"

"I have wished—that you will always love me dearest."

"But you should not tell your wish; besides, you know I will always love you." Blanche laid her head on her lover's breast, and looked up into his eyes. The poppy seeds rustled angrily. Drusilla's words had come true, Harvey Mallow was forgotten. Blanche Ascot, like Tullus, had found a new love. Although ages had passed over the world, human nature was unchanged.



## THE FIREMAN.

BY E. J. T.

Clang ! clang ! the bell-notes go  
Fire ! fire ! you hear the cry ;  
Out with the engine, haste, our foe,  
The dread fire-fiend is nigh,  
See how the gleaming blood-red glow  
O'er spreads the murky sky.

The fighting fever comes to flush  
Each brow, thrills every vein,  
Hurry, my boys ! and on we rush  
Eager the field to gain ;  
Water is near, with panting gush  
Up-soars the stream again.

Crackle ! crackle ! loud resounds  
The roaring of the flame ;  
Clang ! clang ! the engine sounds  
Striving our foe to tame ;—  
With fiery tongues, with leaps and bounds  
It hastes its prey to claim.

Hark to that cry ! "A woman there!"  
"Oh ! save her ! save my wife !"  
What fireman is there would not dare  
His own to save a life ?  
A ladder soon is raised to bear,  
Succour, with danger rife.

He mounts and every voice is still  
From terror and alarm :  
Now he has reached the window sill,  
And has her in his arm,  
Down through the flames with dauntless skill  
He bears her safe from harm.

The red roof totters, totters—crash !  
The roof has fallen in,  
But still the waters steady plash  
Is heard above the din ;  
Upward the flames more fiercely flash,  
Fierce glows the fire within.

A dying flicker, quickly drowned ;  
And now our work is done ;  
Once more our dire foe we have downed,  
A life at stake have won ;  
We leave the scene with hearts that bound  
As gleams the morning sun.