

of what the brain and frame of man are capable of doing.

During the past three months have passed away four of England's literary personages—Eliza Cook, Martin F. Tupper, Wilkie Collins and Robert Browning. Many are asking who are going to take their places. In the estimation of the upper classes Tennyson and Browning occupy the first rank. Indeed Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson and Browning are often spoken of as the four great teachers of the nineteenth century. Whenever their works have been published, a few thousand aristocratic families and persons of a literary turn have bought up the editions; but if we go into the public libraries and ask the names of the authors of the books which the people mostly ask for, we need not be surprised to hear the names of Dickens and Irving, Burns and Charles Mackay, Longfellow and Whittier, William Morris and Will Carleton. Except among giggling girls and senseless fops the reign of sensuous fiction is passing away. Even among the so-called Christian sects it is perceived that the pulpit has lost its influence over the minds of the people. *The Christian Herald* (?), *The Christian World*, *The Christian Globe*, *The Christian Million*, and in fact nearly every religious journal now employs fiction for the dissemination of its doctrines.

This earnest, active, thinking age demands a religion that has life and power in it. Not a religion of cold formality and narrow sectarianism; but a religion that will satisfy the intellect with its truths, touch the heart with its love, sway the will with its persuasiveness, gratify the taste with its beauties and fill the imagination with its sublimities. A religion is wanted that will enlist upon its side the whole nature of man, and command his willing and devoted homage. These qualifications the religions of the world well know they do not possess. Hence they seek for the romances to dream a picture of what they wish they were and then the preachers try to fancy that the dream is real. *Mene, mene, tekel upharshin*—"Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting," is written over the portals of the churches, but the wise men of this age cannot decipher the inscription, though written in the plainest of characters.

The terrible epidemic known as the "Russian influenza" still continues to spread. Never, so far as history records, has there been so much sickness in almost all the countries of Europe as at the present time. Coming events cast their shadows before. There are many who look upon this pestilential visitation and sudden corruption of the atmosphere as a premonitory foreshadowing of the suddenness with which predicted pestilences will come upon the world in the latter days; and that the voice of God speaks by this influenza pestilence as distinctly to the nations as it spoke of yore by the plagues of Egypt, in the days of Pharaoh. But the greater number by far pay no heed to the divine voice of warn-

ing, and attribute this sudden outbreak of pestilence to natural causes.

In every capital of Continental Europe there is an amount of real sickness, of prostrated strength, and of business interrupted which people at a distance can but faintly realize. The progress of the epidemic has been unusually rapid. The disease fell almost simultaneously upon St. Petersburg and Paris, leaving Vienna, Berlin, Belgrade, Copenhagen, Frankfort, Brussels, Madrid and Lisbon to be overtaken a few days later. Compared with cholera, influenza is as the hare to the tortoise in the rapidity of its progress. A leading physician of Paris says that to all intents and purposes this seems to be a new disease, and that it presents such a variety of symptoms that it is difficult to determine what remedies to employ. In some cases there are fever, headache and severe gastric and lombar pains. When quinine is administered the patient gets no better, but often develops typhoid symptoms or inflammation of the lungs. When the influenza takes that turn fatal results follow very rapidly. In those cases where the patients already suffer from some organic disease, such as diabetes or liver complaint, the lowering of the vital power, which seems the one indubitable feature of the epidemic, makes them an easy prey to their organic malady. The Paris journals estimate that over twelve hundred thousand persons are now suffering from this mysterious and undefined disease in France. No such epidemic has ever visited Paris. Even in the worst visitations of cholera, although the mortality was greater, social life in Paris was never affected to the extent that it now is. The average mortality in Paris at this season of the year is one hundred and twenty, but in the last two weeks of the month just passed the average was nearly four hundred daily, and one day, viz., December 26, the death roll amounted to no less than five hundred and eighty-six.

In some scientific circles the exceeding mortality is attributed to the crowding together of so many millions at the great exposition. The wonderful show on the "Champs de Mars" was visited by more than thirty millions of human beings. When we consider that between May and November of the past year a population nearly equal to one half of the population of the United States encamped there for an average time of one week, on a space scarcely equal to four miles square, it needs not the genius of a sanitary engineer to perceive that the city of Paris is well fitted to become the hot-bed of pestilence. Unless steps are taken to cleanse the city before the warm weather comes, it is much to be feared that a worse epidemic than Influenza may set in.

There is something peculiarly sad in the circumstances attending the death of the ex-Empress of Brazil, whose demise took place on Dec. 28th. At first the ex-Emperor could not believe the news of her death. He immediately hastened to her bedside and seemed unable to com-

prehend the extent of the calamity that had befallen him. Since then he has had frequent attacks of hysterical weeping, and his deplorable condition inspires serious anxiety. His trials are indeed great, and cannot fail to tell upon a man aged and ill. "I regret that my children and grandchildren are not around me that I might bless them for the last time. Alas! Brazil, Brazil, that beautiful country, I cannot return there." These were the last words of the ex-Empress.

J. H. WARD.

EUROPE, January 6, 1890.

A BASE DEFAMER.

A NOTABLE omission has occurred in connection with the falling from a balcony of the celebrated Emin Pasha. That widely known gentleman is in a precarious condition as a result of the injuries he thus received. The marked feature of the incident is that the "Mormons" have not been accused of procuring it. This failure ought to be remedied at once, in case there should be a shadow of suspicion that any evil exists on this terrestrial ball that they have not perpetrated. These reflections are superinduced by the following dispatch:

"DENVER, JAN. 18.—A telegram from Fort Duchesne, Utah, brings the information that William Whitney Seymore, a prominent Gentile ranchman in Ashley Valley, was found dead in his bed, where he had evidently been shot while asleep. It is believed the murder was committed by Danites. Seymore went to Utah in 1882 and was post trader at old Fort Thornburg. J. C. W. Seymore, father of the murdered man, is now living here, but for many years was cashier of the old Farmers' and Merchants' Bank of Detroit."

There is no such class as Danites; neither is there any belief that "Mormons" committed the crime. We do not mean to state that the wretch who penned that scandalous dispatch committed the murder, but the fact that he has no scruples about defaming an abused community whose character is as high above their reputation as the heavens above the earth, gives some ground for the belief that he is capable of a good deal of infamy.

It is estimated that the sawmills in the Blue mountains will consume 30,000,000 feet of logs this year. There are now eleven mills at work cutting about 200,000 feet of lumber per day, and two others will be put in early in the spring. The first logging railway of that region will also be built.