

the sources of error in such experiments, I am confident that their results would have covered far fewer pages, but with a compensating value per page. Our knowledge of the endless methods of unconsciously suggesting an expected result, of the exalted sensibilities in special directions with which some persons are gifted or which they have cultivated, as well as of the incredibly clever means of deception (and the fondness for exercising them), is already so advanced and so constantly increasing as to make the proposition of an unscientific explanation, without the most crucial examination of the clues furnished by such knowledge, more than ever unwarranted.

This hasty action of the English Society is sure to set a precedent pernicious to the mental health of the community. Already a writer has announced that this society has shown the historical miracles to be no longer mysterious, and has found that the low morality exhibited by planchette writing is due to telepathy, that prayer is thought transference, and in short has set up a religious faith that is threatened to change by every new num-

ber of the proceedings of a Psychic Research Society. Men and women of good mental calibre become intensely interested in these topics, and seem to lose their characteristic reserve. All this is largely due to the ignoring of the technical aspect of these problems. The acceptance and application, by the laity, of ideas that are to be only provisionally and theoretically entertained by specialists is mischievous to the extreme. It shakes the foundations upon which are built the approaches to the higher intellectual life, and paves the way for superstition and charlatanry. Let the scientific students of this study record their observations and draw their conclusions with all the caution and deliberation characteristic of solid scientific advance. Let them give to the public only what is definitely established, and mindful of the special liability to abuse inherent in this study, let them accompany their statements with a caution in this regard. In this way will they at once promote the true progress of knowledge and secure the maintenance of that mental and moral health that makes for civilization and intellectual freedom.

LITAIRENE.

DEATH, come to me!
 Take this pain and striving
 Out of my brain.
 Take this gnawing misery
 Out from my heart.
 With your pale cold fingers
 Lay straight these bones
 That are weary!

Shut from my sight
 The azure and the green
 And the opaline splendor of nature,
 Ensnaring the soul with hope
 And visions of a life as splendid!

Benumb my ears that they hear not
 The wail of the thousands
 Who labor with bleeding hands
 Yet may not reap.
 Stop the ebb and the flow of life
 That brings force only for defeat,
 And quickens the heart only
 That it may bear its anguish.
 At least bring silence and peace,
 O tender and beautiful Death!



IN WINTER life in Montreal offers many brilliant and fascinating scenes.

What visitor, for example, can forget the toboggan slide on a gala night? The white obscurity of moonlight gives the snowy world a distant, visionary look: and the sky is strange, with a misty luminous atmosphere that puts out the stars and yet allows the moon to peer through shifting veils of ruddy smoke. A galaxy of lights and fires all down the mountain-side and over the plain tinges the snow with intense colors, and marks a stream of warm humanity running freely in the arctic night. The stream is of buxom young men and women, delusively light-some and fluffy in blanket suits, stepping quickly past you on the upward path toward the invisible summit; the sounds of their glad but decorous voices seem to be almost lost in the space and the silence of a winter night—a low babbling brook of confiding sounds. Presently the toboggans come swooping down as on the wing; the rush is breathless; the compact row of figures, the eager crouching steersman, the cloud of snow whirling up in their wake, all flash upon your sight like a magic picture, from the dimness of night into the vividness of a red light or a green, or the shadowy glow of a bonfire. The vision has gone into obscurity ere you saw it; and you follow it downward in wonder by the audible perspective, as it were, of vanishing shouts.

Then, again, you will recall that you seem to gaze into another world in seeing the ice palace. It is an opalescent castle intensely brilliant in the sunshine, with walls of translucent shadows edged with prismatic hues. One expects to meet Kubla Khan at every turn within those walls of light, faint, cool, pearly colors. Even when men come and storm it as an army of snow-shoers, it still remains an unearthly vision; it becomes an ice volcano shooting rockets and candles, and raining fire over winter snows; or a castle all incandescent in red or green lights. The snow-shoers with their torches then wind up the mountain and about its summit, while more pyrotechnics are shot from that height into the sky. The carnival on skates is still more memorable, a unique scene of great beauty. The rink is brilliant, with a floor of ice like a mirror, in the centre an ice fountain with marble statues, all about it rows of people sitting patiently in the cold, the great roof hung with flags, and the whole lighted with electricity. The band strikes up, and calls out two long lines of skilful skaters, youths and maidens, dressed in fancy costumes; they and their reflections in the ice mirror wind about the rink for a time in various figures, and then break up into a general mêlée, going round and round the rink by the hour, and offering a continual kaleidoscopic interchange of colors and costumes. The city is thus full of cheerful life and leisure, sports and gayeties. The bracing air lends a zest to all enjoyments.