

not content with consigning his views upon Madagascar to a book of depth and weight, has just published an article on the African railways, from which *Le Gaulois* of yesterday published some interesting extracts. He ought to know better than anyone how our natural temperament needs altering, and how much easier it is for a Parisian to find a thousand louis to put in the bank than fifty to buy an explorer's kit.

"This must be changed if we don't want to be excluded from the new European concert, which is being prepared, and of which the interview between William II. and Cecil Rhodes seems to mark the approach. Is it not, in fact, the point of departure of a new international policy, this conversation between the chief of the German army and the man who recently pronounced, with a marked emphasis, the following words: 'I am for the construction of railways, however costly they may be, and against the extension of armaments. Is it not better to give £10,000,000 for a railway which will open up an entire continent, create new markets, and utilise a great amount of labour, than to grant £14,000,000 worth of ironclads, which will rust

in inaction and never return a penny.'

"Thus spoke recently he who is surnamed the 'Napoleon of the Cape.' The most curious thing in this case is to see this purely business man in accord with those whom the other Napoleon called the idealists. These know really, that in order for the mind to triumph, a material route must be traced for it. Alone, it can only climb by marvellous but barren effort the cold heights of the absolute. Confucius reflects; Buddha dreams; Socrates seeks and finds the soul. During this time what becomes of humanity? The Attilas of all the ages trample it beneath the feet of their horses.

To-day, enslaved matter lends wings to thought. Steam circulates knowledge. Electricity makes a thunderbolt of the voice. People speak to each other across the ocean; and by conversing with each other they will end by understanding each other. But you listen no longer, young Parisian. You look furtively at the clock. Tie your cravat then; but down there, between the acts, find a minute to ponder upon my 'razor-stroke,' and try that in speaking of us, the world may cease to say, 'A Frenchman—young or old—a traveller who never arrives!'"



Comes the New Year with its aims and aspirations,
 With its hope of joys unnumbered to record,
 May the harvest of your bright anticipations
 Give you stores of garnished pleasures for reward.

Dawns the New Year with its sorrow and its gladness,
 Calmly go ye out to meet it without fear;
 For our Father sends the joy, and knows the sadness,
 And His Angels count the cost of every tear.

Flies the New Year with a swift and sure progression,
 May it leave a hope with you which shall abide,
 And become a restful, sure and dear possession
 That will give you peace and joy at eventide.