

deniably deteriorating effect on good manners, in the case of most of those who indulge in it. Tolstoi says men would not think of making their neighbours uncomfortable by turning on currents of hot and cold air, or in any other way, as they unscrupulously do with their tobacco smoke. Indeed, it is to be feared that many of them finally reach the point of the "dude" who calmly declared, "The nuisance is not the cigar, but the woman who objects to it."

The Women's Municipal League of New York City has held its annual meeting. Though its membership is not large, it has every reason to be proud of its year's work. This includes eight drinking fountains put up, two miles of trees planted along the Tremont Drive, the paving of four sidewalks in one district, the maintenance of 500 window boxes in another, and the closing of shops in the Tremont neighbourhood at 10 p.m., instead of 11.30. Small parks have been reclaimed, playgrounds secured for the children of the poor, vacant lots cleared of rubbish, and city history clubs of school children formed. Miss Margaret Livingston Chanler was chosen president for the coming year.

The women of New York are earnestly working for car passengers' rights. Representative clubwomen have united in a new association to fight against the crowding and other abuses, and they propose to discover some definite means to alleviate car discomfort, and then, with the support of the women at large, to demand its adoption. The question which is to be considered is highly practical. It is said that during the rush hours, when passengers are packed like sardines, shop-girls and others are subjected not only to inconvenience, but to positive insult, and are helpless to defend themselves.—*Boston Woman's Journal.*

"Can't make Men Sober by Law."

Much is said about the impossibility of making men sober by law, and of the impropriety of attempting it. This kind of argument is supposed to have much force. But we submit that it is exactly the wrong way of putting the case. It is not a question of making men sober by law, but of making them drunkards by law; and that is a very different proposition. Men are sober;

they are born sober. Except those who inherit a taste for strong drink from drunken parents, they all incline to temperance. It takes the tempter and the dram-shop to make them drunkards. Without the dram-shop there would be few drunkards. It is the drunkard-maker. When it is established by law, then it is the making of people drunkards by law that is to be considered and not the making of men sober by law.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*



From "Life and the Morning."

Look you, it is to-day as at the first.
When Adam first was 'ware his new-made eyes
And opened them, behold the light! And
breath
Of God was misting yet about his mouth,
Whereof they had made his soul. Then he
looked forth
And was a part of light; also he saw
Beautiful life, and it could move. But Eve,
Eve was the child of midnight and of sleep.
Lo, in the dark God led her to his side;
It may be in the dark she heard him breathe
Before God woke him. And she knew not
light,
Nor life, but as a voice that left his lips,
A warmth that clasped her; but the stars
were out,
And she with wide child-eyes gazed up at
them.
Haply she thought that it was always night;
Haply he, whispering to her in that reach
Of beauteous darkness, gave her unworn heart
A rumour of the dawn, and wakened it
To a trembling and a wonder and a want
Kin to his own; and as he longed to gaze
On his new fate, the gracious mystery
His wife, she may have longed, and felt not
why,
After the light that never she had known.

So doth each age walk in the light beheld,
Nor think on light, if it be light or no;
Then comes the night to it, and in the night
Eve,
The God-given, the most beautiful
Eve. And she is not seen for darkness's sake;
Yet, when she makes her gracious presence
felt,
The age perceives how dark it is, and fain,
Fain would have daylight, fain would see her
well,
A beauty half revealed, a helpmeet sent
To draw the soul away from valley clods;
Made from itself, yet now a better self.

Were we not born to light?
Ay, and we saw the men and women as saints
Walk in a garden. All our thoughts were
fair:
Our simple hearts, as dovescotes full of doves,
Made home and nest for them. They fluttered
forth,
And flocks of them flew white about the world.
—JEAN INGELow.



THE HOME. VACCINATION.

By A. W.

The late small-pox scare affords an excellent opportunity to say a few words on the subject of vaccination. Now an operation that (according to Wallace, one of the greatest scientists of our age) "has never saved a single life, but has been the cause of so much disease, so many deaths, such a vast amount of utterly needless and altogether undeserved suffering," needs challenging at the outset by everyone who has the welfare of the race at heart.

The medical fraternity, or at least that part of it which favours vaccination, has had to surrender their once apparently impregnable position of "arm to arm" vaccination as fact after fact of the fearful results was marshalled against it, and has now entrenched behind the tottering support of "pure calf lymph."

Pure calf lymph! The phrase is a general muddle in itself. As Wallace says, it is utterly "misleading to apply this term to a product of disease, used to produce another disease, and now admitted to be capable of transmitting some of the most horrible diseases that afflict mankind." But since comparatively few people are aware of how the *vaccine pus* (pure lymph) is produced a little enlightenment may well make people consider before allowing their children to undergo this most loathsome operation.

Dr. Jenner, whose name will ever be associated with the introduction of vaccination into England, says, "There is a disease to which the horse is frequently subject—farriers term it the grease. It is an inflammation and swelling of the heel, from which issues matter possessing properties of a peculiar kind, which seems capable of

Generating Disease

in the human body which bears a strong resemblance to the small-pox, that I think it is highly probable may be the source of that disease. In this dairy county (Gloucester) the office of milking is done by men and women indiscriminately. One of the men, having applied dressings to the horse's heel afflicted with the grease, incau-