

But it is when he applies his arguments to the mental, moral, and spiritual phenomena around him—when he is most really Carlyle—that he might as well be lamenting the changes of the early twentieth instead of the early nineteenth century. “Not the external and physical alone is now managed by machinery, but the internal and spiritual also.”

“Instruction, that mysterious communing of Wisdom with Ignorance, is no longer an indefinite tentative process, requiring a study of individual aptitudes, . . . but a secure, universal, straightforward business, to be conducted in the gross, by proper mechanism, with such intellect as comes to hand.”

It was the reawakening of the art of combination, of collectivism, and it appeared terrible, overwhelming to him—the end of the individual strong man, the hero-worship to which he was so devoted.

He grieves over the religious machines, as he calls the Bible Society and similar institutions—“a machine for converting the heathen.”

No one, he laments, now does things by his own strong right hand—“hopes to accomplish the poorest enterprise single-handed and without mechanical aids.” He views with suspicion all Royal Academies, Royal and Imperial Societies, Scientific Institutions, and so forth—in short, all combinations for mutual help and advancement and collective development. Away with them; he will have none of them. “Men are grown mechanical in head and heart, as well as in hand.”

He frankly laments the day when every man swept, or did not sweep, before his own doorstep, split his own wood, and saved his own soul. Government he deals with in equally sweeping terms. “It is no longer the moral, religious, spiritual condition of the people that is our concern, but their physical, practical, economical condition, as regulated by public laws.” Government is to both parties a machine: “to the discontented, a taxing machine; to the contented, a machine for securing property. Its duties and faults are not those of a father, but of an active parish constable.”

It has its faults, this article of Carlyle's: it is a bit heavy when you read it in bulk; it is didactic, and has a “Sir Oracle” ring about it; but it is very sincere, and describes most accurately the commencement of to-day's life. How truly we have developed along the lines the old philosopher of Chelsea foresaw: how every one of us relinquishes more and more his individual independence, and willingly becomes one bolt,

one nut or screw of some piece of machinery that shall further the interest or lessen the difficulties of some section of the community. Interchange of ideas—the broadening of interests—the fact that human entities have learnt, and are still learning, the power that lies in combination, the virtue hidden in mutual confidence that collectively a body of men and women have a force and power that is denied to the isolated individual. Carlyle was right and he was wrong. This is the mechanical age, but the age of higher and living mechanism. Humanity has not disdained to weld itself into a machine—a machine that runs faultily at present and perhaps with a few uncomfortable jerks, but that has for its aim the betterment and easement of the whole race. Whether the wheels and cogs will ever run quite smoothly who knows? but the spirit that sacrifices its individual perfection for the sake of a perfect whole is true and good and wise.

M. MOLLETT.

Miss J. C. Child reminds us that she was trained at St. Thomas' Hospital, London, and not at the Royal Sussex County Hospital. She was a Sister at the latter institution. The mistake occurred in transcribing her letter of last week.

On Thursday in last week, members of the Ulster Branch of the Irish Nurses' Association drove in brakes from Belfast to Craigdarragh, Helen's Bay, Co. Down, where a picnic tea was provided by the Amusements Committee. The day was perfect, and the drive and picnic voted most enjoyable.

### BOND'S MARKING INK.

The selection of a good marking ink which will neither burn a hole in linen nor wash out, is a matter of great importance to the thrifty housewife. Those who purchase John Bond's “Crystal Palace” Marking Ink may rest content that they have secured a marking ink which is most satisfactory in use, and which has stood the test of time. In addition it has been awarded no less than forty-five gold medals for superiority, and is supplied to the Royal households. Those who have once used it, if they try some other brand, as a rule return to “Bond's” with even greater satisfaction than before. Enclosed with every 6d. and 1s. bottle is a voucher entitling purchasers to their name (or monogram) rubber stamp with a pad and brush. Purchasers of the shilling size are also entitled to a linen stretcher and pen. John Bond's Marking Ink may be obtained from all stationers, chemists and stores, and if our readers do not already use it we advise them to begin to do so.

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