

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."
—*Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

To enter upon a business career is looked upon by the Blue Bloods and the Blue Stockings as a prostitution of talents. At the risk of being considered almost sacrilegious, I shall venture to question the intellectual superiority of the successful author over the successful business man. In the complications of business, a retentive memory is no less serviceable, nor less frequently found, than in the labyrinths of literature. The rigid integrity, proverbially characteristic of the successful man of business, forms a strong contrast to the profligacy too often characteristic of the devotee's art. The business man requires, I think, a more accurate judgment than the author. The errors of the author are merely a matter for the critics; but the blunders of the business man mean ruin. And so, of stern necessity, the latter sees clearer and thinks straighter than the former; and, while the author is actuated by the unsubstantial consideration of a posthumous fame, the business man labours for the surer and more tangible object of ministering to the present necessities and luxuries of himself and those who may be dependent upon him.

The decrepitude and imbecility of age are generally denominated "second childhood." But the contrasts between age and childhood are more numerous than the points of resemblance. Maturity never, I think, approaches nearer to juvenility than in the sympathies of Christmas time. The model of a modern major-general waives his prowess for the time, and is easily vanquished by a boy with a tin sword; and the smiling labourer, whom one sees drawing home a cheap little sled on Christmas Eve, experiences no doubt as much pleasure from the toy as its prospective recipient. Christmas, in short, is like some youth-giving fountain of which the exhilarating waters bubble forth but once a year. And it is there that humanity enters upon its real second childhood.

The game of progressive euchre still continues to "progress." It has been disapproved of by some as being a mild form of gambling. But it lacks this characteristic of gambling, that nothing is forfeited by the player; the prize for which he plays is not the result of any deposit by him; he loses nothing anyway. Progressive euchre admits of some talking and considerable stir generally. For my own part I am such a restless spirit as to like the change of tables and of partners, and scores of other young hands at cards so far agree with me as to keep the game alive. Last session an elderly Senator expressed my views exactly. We were spending the evening at the house of a mutual friend, and the Senator was asked if he would like a game of whist. "Thank you," said he, "but I think I would rather talk."

In the temperance agitation, as in other agitations, the truth lies between extremes. The truth lies between the extremes of total abstinence on the one hand, and dipsomania on the other. The abomination of the liquor traffic is the outcome of the system of treating. Not long ago a gentleman, by no means averse to his glass, said that if I would start an anti-treating pledge he would be the first to sign it; and a prominent physician once said in my hearing that, in his opinion, treating should be made a penal offence. The opinion is gaining ground that the great evil of the liquor traffic is the outcome of treating. And along this line a new and, I think, a successful movement could be inaugurated. Any pledge for the personal abstinence of the inebriate is very likely to be broken; but a pledge simply to refrain from tempting others might, I think, be kept with comparative ease. When this is accomplished the cause of sobriety will have achieved a most signal triumph over a most formidable foe.

There are now three vacancies in the section of English Literature, which the Hon. Secretary, John G. Bourinot, has written to the members about, advising them to see to the choice of successors. The vacancies were caused by one death and two resignations.

MILITARY GENIUS.

We complete Lord Wolseley's estimate of the five greatest soldiers of history with Gen. Lee, of the Confederate Army, and give other bright observations of this keen student of the art of war. He says:

GENERAL LEE.—And lastly, let me glance at General Lee. Lee's strategy when he fought in defence of the Southern capital, and threatened and finally struck at that of the United States, marks him as one of the greatest captains of this or of any other age. No man has ever fought an up-hill and a losing game with greater firmness, or ever displayed a higher order of true military genius than did he when in command of the Confederate army. The knowledge of his profession displayed by Gen. McClellan was considerable, and his strategic conceptions were admirable, but he lacked one attribute as a General, without which no man can ever succeed in war—he was never able to estimate with any accuracy the numbers opposed to him. It was the presence in Lee of that intuitive genius which McClellan lacked which again and again gave him victory, even when he was altogether outmatched in numbers.

Small and large armies have each had their day. The present age is one of large masses of fairly trained soldiers, but it is by no means certain to me that the time may not yet come again when all nations will once more resort to small standing armies of the most highly trained and disciplined soldiers. We may find that the soldier, to be at his best, or to be even thoroughly efficient, will require such long and, above all things, such constant training, that an army consisting of a people in arms will be impossible. In fact, we may find out by and by that a comparatively small standing army of carefully selected men, the flower of the nation, highly skilled in all manly exercises, in all military arts, and kept in a constant state of perfect training, is a more effective weapon for fighting purposes than the slow-moving and more or less unweildy armies of the present day. It is only by a deep study of military history, of the military arts and sciences in all their phases, that heaven-born genius can be converted into the successful commander. Not even Jomini was more thoroughly conversant with all the great campaigns of Cæsar, Hannibal, Terence, Marlborough and Frederick the Great than Napoleon was. Yet what is the lesson the history of the American war teaches us? All those whose names will be forever remembered in connection with it by the English speaking race throughout the world were educated soldiers. Lee and Grant, Stonewall Jackson, Sherman, McClellan, Sheridan, Longstreet, Johnson, Hill, and a host of others whose names are and will long be household words in their own States, were all graduates of West Point, that most excellent of military colleges.

WONDERFUL VANCOUVER.

Less than four years ago the site of Vancouver, B.C., was a dense forest; to-day a flourishing city is located there, and it is rapidly becoming a place of commercial importance. The Customs returns of last month are indicative of Vancouver's prosperity. From the *News Advertiser* we learn that the value of the dutiable imports in November was \$32,537, against \$14,925 in November, 1887. The value of free imports in November last was \$15,317, against \$10,888 in November, 1887. The exports for last month were \$71,234, against \$54,305 for November, 1887, or an advance of over 31 per cent. The *Advertiser* points out that in the exports of last year there were included shipments of anthracite coal from the Banff mines to the value of \$15,000. There are no shipments of this coal being made at present, and, therefore, the general exports have really increased by \$15,000 more than appears by the returns, or at the rate of 81 per cent. The amount of the Customs receipts last month were \$13,094.43, against \$4,253.59 in November, 1887. These figures are indicative of Vancouver's commercial prosperity, and they are only part of the evidence that is forthcoming to show that the youngest city of the Dominion is making rapid strides in the highway of growth and progress.

shapes of the Isle of Orleans; and, on the far left, St. Anne's Mountain and Cape Tourmente. The third view, on the lower left, is drawn from the Parliament Buildings, with the Grande Allée sweeping beneath, and a row of palatial houses opposite, that of Mr. Shehyn being one; St. Louis Gate, spanning the street. On the right the scene is taken from an outer rampart of the Citadel, with old Dalhousie Gate opposite; the glacis and moats of the Citadel; the Barracks and the Officer's Quarters, with Notre Dame de Lévis, on the other side of the river. It would be impossible in such a small compass to see so many noble and historical sights.

BUFFALOES IN PRAIRIE FIRE.—This is another of Mr. Verner's spirited sketches of the Northwest. It represents the stampede of a herd of buffaloes before the overwhelming rush of a prairie fire, the noble herd seemingly swelling with fear; the eyes rolling red; the nostrils wide open; the huge hump rounded in muscular boundings, and the tufted tail swung high in air. We almost hear the thunder of their iron hoofs on the prairie grass and the roar of the flames sweeping onward like a whirlwind. It is a noble sketch, for which Mr. Verner deserves thanks, as it suggests to the Governments of the Dominion, Manitoba, and the N. W. Territories the propriety of keeping up the breed of the buffalo of our prairies, in ranches and public parks, so that the type of the grandest wild beast of America may not be wholly lost. While on this subject, we may reprint the hope, which we put forth editorially a few weeks ago, that the Hon. Mr. Dewdney may see his way to purchasing the last surviving whole herd of bison belonging to Major Bedson, for the National Park at Banff. The whole country would applaud the appropriation.

ON THE HUMBER RIVER.—The Humber is a river of considerable length, emptying into Lake Ontario about six miles west of Toronto, and in conjunction with the Holland River, which flows into Lake Simcoe, formed the great canoe route of the voyageurs from Fort Rouille to Lake Huron and the north in the old historic days. It forms one of the favourite holiday resorts, within easy distance, of the citizens of Toronto.

RECEPTION AT THE FRENCH ACADEMY.—This picture is given to show our readers the interior of the renowned institution called the French Academy, and how the proceedings of the reception of a new member are conducted. The speech of welcome is made by the Perpetual Secretary, and the "recipiendary" is the Count d'Haussonville, a member of the Legislative Assembly, and a writer on Social Economics.

We regret that, despite our best efforts made, we could not get any biographical notes of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Baldwin, Bishop of Huron, and Rev. Mr. Innes, of the same diocese, in time for this issue. But we shall publish them in our next number.

CANADIAN CAROLINE.

Mr. Thomas A. Gregg has been connected, at different times, with almost every newspaper published in Toronto, and has for some time been managing editor of the *Daily News*. He has recently published a poetical version of the legend of Caroline, the Algonquin maiden, and her murder in the Chateau-Bigot, near Quebec, which contains some very good descriptive lines. Mr. Gregg does not follow the legend, as told by Amedée Papineau, very closely, but supposes the murdered girl to be the daughter of Bigot's brother-in-law and friend by an Indian woman. Bigot discovers the relationship after he has won her heart, intending to ruin her pure young life, and that strange thing called "honour," which would not prevent his dishonouring an innocent girl, compels him now to abandon his marked design, because he promised his dying friend to find this half-breed girl and place her with her father's sister, his own neglected wife. His better nature having overcome his evil passion, he conducts the beautiful girl to the Chateau Bigot, intending to take her to his wife in the City of Quebec the following day. After bidding her good night, he sits by the fire, musing, until he falls asleep there. Meanwhile his jealous wife in the city, hearing stories of a new mistress brought into the chateau, rides swiftly to the place, murders the sleeping girl, and escapes, carrying with her the maiden's locket, containing the portrait of her brother. When Bigot, discovering his wife's crime, meets her and explains that she has murdered her brother's child, her reason almost forsakes her; but husband and wife seem to be drawn closer together by her crime, which is soon followed by his own political downfall, and they sail for France together, never reaching home, as the ship goes down at sea. Mr. Gregg's story is not historically accurate. Bigot was a bachelor, and his ship was not lost at sea. The first error may be pardoned, for it makes the story more interesting, but there seems to be no good excuse for the other.