

clean white snow which covered the graves. Yet Mendelssohn died in Nov., 1847, forty years before, but still his ever mourning relatives and friends so remembered his greatness as to lay garlands of flowers on his tomb. Only those who are heroworshippers, or who are deeply impressed with the works and life of a great and noble artist, can realize the sensations which thrilled us, or the thoughts which passed rapidly through our minds, as we gazed at the name, the elevated mound, and all that remained of the once active and lovable Mendelssohn. But we have his works left, his splendid oratorios, lovely songs, overtures, concertos for both violin and piano, quartets, piano pieces, including the tender, languishing "songs without words," part songs, etc., which will keep his memory fresh in the minds of music lovers, for years and years to come. Truly a great legacy. We picked some ivy leaves—and have them now treasured in a little book along with many others—and came away. We had gone but a few steps, when we saw, carved on a neat but not costly monument, the magic name, Carl Tausig, the great and magnificent pianist, who went over Europe like a meteor, as Liszt did before him; who stood among all the younger pianists of his day, solitary and alone, a dazzling, brilliant, impassioned genius. The very name excites one. And so this great artist, whose tone was so superb and gorgeous, whose technic so fabulous, and whose touch so exquisite, and who was barely 30 years old when he died—"he, too, lies buried here"! We did not expect this, for at this time we did not know he was buried in Berlin, having thought his body had been taken to Warsaw, where he was born. "Poor Tausig," we murmured, as we walked away, and retraced our steps to the great throbbing city, "what a pity that he should die so soon!"

W. O. FORSYTH.

MOON-RISE AT COW BAY.

The tide is high, and thundering on the strand

The breakers crash. In the dim light

We sit in hushed expectancy. The night
Is filled with beauty; the long stretch of sand
Whence the salt wave recedes in motion
grand,

With iridescence glows upon the light;

And, while we watch, the seaward sky
grows bright,

And brooding darkness flees from off the land.

It comes! The full round glory of the moon!
She rises from the ocean like a queen

With royal pomp to hold her regal sway.

Over the rolling waters falls a sheen;

And all the wild and romping waves at play

Laugh as they catch the precious, golden boon.

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

July 20th, 1894.

Dr. Holmes, who passed away the other day at the age of eighty-five, was the teacher of a doctrine which is well worthy of every general acceptance. There was nothing of the sage in Dr. Holmes' manner; he was never oracular nor over wise; yet by example and precept he taught all his life-long and never with more effect than in his last few years the possibility of retaining something of the mental freshness and cheeriness of youth even to an extreme old age.—*Montreal Herald*.

PARIS LETTER.

"Doomed to death, but fated not to die"—immediately. That appears to be the situation of the poor Czar. There is deep personal sympathy felt for him, because it is felt the chain that has bound the world's peace is about to snap. Perhaps it may not be so, and it would be pitiful if the destinies of the world depended upon a single human will. It would be better to conclude that the Czar fully comprehended his epoch, and was convinced that peace, not war, was the guarantee for the prosperity and integrity of his own realm. It is the uncertainty about the policy of his successor that throws darkness and pain around the disappearance of Alexander III. The best gauge of this feeling is the sadness and depression of the French. They have no reason to conclude the end of the world is come because the Czar is dying; his death will not imply that any power is desirous to wipe out France. Indeed the bigness of modern nations, and the magnitude of their material interests, keep them in the paths of peace. There are no more worlds to conquer, and any power that started on that speculation would not be allowed to go far till pulled up. It is not the Czarevitch himself, so much as his advisers, that cause the apprehension of an unsettled future. The little that is known of the coming emperor is to his advantage; he leans to economic questions. I have been informed that he has a commendable "crank," that of a thorough belief in the alliances of peoples by means of trading; the more money they make by their mutual commercial transactions the more they will be inclined to keep together. The French have special grounds to be a little drooping, when contrasting the rejoicings last October in honor of Russia and the present gloom. But such is life.

Not any marked interest is taken in the reassembling of parliament. The chamber will have its usual ups and downs. The ministry is to be baited as a matter of course. By introducing its promised social reform bills it would give popular satisfaction, clear away much that is cloudy, and disarm a good deal that is turbulent. But it would do more, it would accelerate the recasting of political parties, and put an end to all serious cleavages and splits. It is the incoherences and repulsions existing, and the hesitation to grapple manfully the remedies, that produce all the mischief. The Belgian elections just concluded, are full of lessons; they show that Demos occupies himself less and less with liberal theories, and desires material amelioration through social progress. The masses now consider that liberty is not an end, but a means for arriving at lessening the burden of their daily labour. The childish restrictions placed upon universal suffrage in Belgium will soon be swept away. That arbiter of all politics is a master that can be guided and directed, but never muzzled; to attempt the latter, would be mopping up an intrusion of the Atlantic. In Belgium the liberals displayed fear of the public, and have been cleared away; there are only two parties now in evidence, the Catholic and the Socialist; both adopted the platform of bold social advance, but are diametrically opposed as to the measures for directing the evolution. But that will be accomplished without any revolution. Both agree to go ahead.

The municipality intends trying the Berlin plan of night omnibusses; a certain number of busses will continue on trunk lines to ply till three o'clock in the morning, to accommodate the play-house, ball going, club frequenting, and legitimately night working classes. The busses will start at intervals of twenty minutes. After midnight the cab fares are to be doubled, and in addition they are only to be found on the frequented thoroughfares. If the General Omnibus Co. declines to enter into the view of the Municipal Council, the latter will work the experiment itself; so that will be the shadow of the coming abolition of the Buss Company's monopoly, which is really at the mercy of its employees. A forty-eight hours strike by the latter, and the company's concession falls in.

Except the members of the Budget Commission, and even that is open to doubt, not a single unit of the population of France understands the Budget. It presents this extraordinary characteristic, every minister feels proud, in being able to have whittled down the estimates of his department, and yet the total amount of the budget is some millions in excess of that of last year! Call you that financial reform? That economy beats the seven Labours of Hercules rolled into one. But in the days of Hercules legerdmain was unknown. Despite the crushing expense France aims to have an army equal to that of Germany, and a fleet on a peer with that of England. The Minister of the Colonies has solemnly declared that all the colonies of France in Africa are in a state of prosperity. Even Dahomey is a pearl. But it costs 1,258 fr. to transport a ton of merchandise from Bordeaux to Timbuctoo. M. Cecil Rhodes had better look to his laurels. Delagoa Bay is accepted as destined to return to England; the Portuguese need money, cannot open up that region, and must economize. England now wants the splendid Bay for sentinel and scouring duty in the Indian Ocean.

The French Academy has been occupied since the days of Richelieu with the composition of an exhaustive Dictionary of the French language. Renan computed that it would require two hundred years to complete the task. Penelope could never finish her Berlin wool work, because what she achieved in the day, she undid in the night. Now the Academy is kept back by the flood of new matter. It has just admitted the word "Actualité" to be worthy of a classic niche—in column "A," where the Immortals still flounder. It may be news for the English to learn, that an English dictionary, unabridged, contains 36,619 words, while that of France has but 33,000. The writer boasts of this "find"; there are only "18 English words" in the English dictionary, while "100" appear in the French work. As a consolation for Saxons their dictionary has one Chinese word, and three Irish words, perhaps the three "F's," and eleven Scotch. Further, while the French dictionary contains twenty Americanisms, that of the English does not contain one. Here is a fact that will grieve that self-exiled anti-Israelite, Drumsat. In the French Dictionary there are 110 Semitic words, in the English but 40.

The depressed condition of trade will form a subject of early discussion in the Chamber. But *cui bono*? Since the voting of the ultra protectionist tariff three