

taken away by His enemies. In the first case, the apostles must be judged deceivers and impostors; in the second case, we ask how the enemies of Christ could permit the apostles to preach the resurrection without producing the dead body of the Crucified? The dilemma is surely obvious, and we cannot see how it can be escaped from. We are asked to believe that all Jerusalem was ringing with the story of the resurrection, that there were men living who had the simplest means of contradicting the story, and yet that the truth never leaked out.

We are glad that Dr. Huxley has ventured upon a field on which it is not difficult to meet him. If he had stuck to the matter of the "Galilean pigs," as he elegantly calls them, it might have been difficult to answer his "railing;" but in the case of the resurrection the case is quite different.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

THE Seventh Annual Meeting of the Royal Society of Canada took place in Ottawa on Tuesday, May 7th. Members and delegates registered themselves at the Office of the Secretary, Dr. Bourinot, in the House of Commons at ten o'clock, and at eleven the general meeting for business was held in the Railway Committee Room. The President, Mr. Sandford Fleming, occupied the chair; and the Secretary read the report for the year. The delay in the appearance of the "Transactions of the Society" was caused by the incomplete nature of many of the papers. Four vacancies were filled up during the year—three in the English section and one in the Mathematical. In 1887 a committee was appointed to consider the proposition of taking steps in the direction of an Imperial Union of the services of similar societies, in connection with the Imperial Institute, to co-operate in developing and illustrating the resources of the Empire. A favourable report having been returned, the committee was further instructed to communicate on the subject with the authorities of the Imperial Institute.

Delegates from affiliated societies were introduced, representing The Society of Canadian Literature, The Natural History Society, The Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, The Society for Historical Study, The Literature and History Society, The Geographical Society, The Quebec Institut Canadien, The Ottawa Institut Canadien, The Field Naturalist Club, The Entomological Society, The Toronto Canadian Institute and the Nova Scotia Historical Society.

At half-past one the society proceeded to Government House, and having registered, assembled in the drawing-room, where Mr. Sandford Fleming read an address to His Excellency, expressing the hope that he would be pleased to accept the position of Honorary President, which his predecessors had filled; giving a sketch of the origin and objects of the Society; referring to its basis as the same in principles of liberality and unity as that upon which our Confederation is founded; and concluding with complimentary allusions to His Excellency's illustrious father, who had won many academic honours in the study of the ancient poets and in his successful rendering of the Iliad into matchless English verse. The address was beautifully illuminated and bound in handsome red morocco. After receiving it His Excellency made a courteous and happy reply, one of those airy, fairy, self-adjusting utterances which constitute the first and foremost qualification for his position.

After some delay from dilatory Cabinet Ministers, the company, by special invitation, sat down to luncheon, one of the most superb and magnificently appointed entertainments that has ever graced Rideau Hall.

At half-past four the literary work of the Society commenced. His Excellency occupied the chair, and all the meetings being open to the public, Lady Stanley, as well as many distinguished ladies and gentlemen, were present. Mr. Sandford Fleming delivered his presidential address, which, touching on the fact that of the eighty original members seven had passed away, and that the Society had reason to congratulate itself upon the justification of all its elections, consisted of a learned examination and inquiry into the origin of the two great races which form our Dominion. L'Abbé Casgrain, one of the most scholarly and cultured of gentlemen, followed with an address on the objects of the several sections, after which His Excellency expressed the pleasure he had in listening to two such able representatives of the Society, and to the exhaustive and masterly discussions of such important topics.

Thereafter the various sections distributed themselves, and under their respective officers entered upon the duties of the season. The papers, though mostly by specialists, were not above the comprehension of the popular mind. But the popular mind in Ottawa is an indefinable quality as well as quantity, and the learned gentlemen were not too much disturbed in their scientific and literary flights by the repeated necessity of coming down to terrestrial explanations. The scope and sweep of the papers may be gathered from the following partial list:—

- The Study of Political Science in Canada.
- Trade and Commerce in the Stone Ages.
- The Cartography of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.
- Nematophytin.
- De Marseilles à Oran, Souvenirs d'Afrique.
- L'Empereur Maximilien du Mexique.
- The Historical Influence of Physical Geography.
- Canadian Pre-Railway Trans-Continental Journeys.

Trilinear Co-ordinates on the Sphere, and Oblique Co-ordinates in Geometry of three dimensions.

A Problem of Political Science.

Papers on Higher Mathematics.

The Ore Deposit of the Treadmill Mine, Alaska.

The Microscopical Character of the said Ore.

Fossil Sponges from Beds of the Quebec Group of Sir Wm. Logan at Little Metis.

Copper Deposits of the Sudbury District.

Geography and Geology of the Big Bend of the Columbia.

On Wednesday evening a public meeting of the French Section was held in the small chamber, and was attended by a free gathering of the society and some outsiders. His Excellency, having expressed a desire to hear L'Abbé Casgrain, presided. Principal Grant addressed the audience on "Who are Canadians?" L'Abbé gave an oration on "The Death of Montcalm;" several poems were recited, and His Excellency made a speech in French.

At a general meeting of the Society on Wednesday and another on Thursday, it was resolved that the Council select four members for three years from the past membership of the Council in order to ensure permanency; it was suggested that in future the meetings of the Society be inaugurated by a conversazione; the question of extending the term of Presidency from one, to three or to five years, was discussed and deferred till next session; a committee was appointed to welcome in the name of the Society the American Society of Mining Engineers in Ottawa in the autumn. A committee was nominated to meet the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Toronto; and the following officers for the ensuing year were elected:—L'Abbé Casgrain, President; Principal Grant, Vice-President; Dr. Bourinot, Secretary, and Dr. Selwyn, Treasurer.

Mr. Sandford Fleming entertained a select party of members at luncheon in the Rideau Club, and on Thursday afternoon the entire Society was invited to a garden party at Government House, where the lovely weather, the beautiful spring greens, music, and refreshments in the Tennis Court added to the charming hospitality of Their Excellencies.

The meeting is admitted to have been one of the most successful in the history of the Society. But it may be worth the consideration of the august body whether the papers are not too numerous, and the periods for discussion too limited; whether the advantages of meeting occasionally in Toronto or Montreal might not outweigh the disadvantages; and whether it may not be matter for especial enquiry and effort to induce a more enthusiastic attendance on the part of the public. The influence of a society of specialists meeting in every part of the country, discussing questions of vital and universal importance to the nation, in the broad, liberal, popular spirit which ought to characterize men of learning, and to audiences made up of all classes of the people, may be one of incalculable extent and value, and, aside from everything else, may well be set before the Royal Society of Canada as its chief *raison d'être*.  
RAMBLER.

Ottawa.

#### AT SEA.

BENEATH a moving canopy of blue,  
With sunny clouds slow drifting from the west,  
Or stars which strike their fires to ocean's floor,  
We cleave a shining path the waters through.  
Sometimes we see from out our gallant bark  
The great round sun drop to his crimsoned rest;  
Sometimes we see him, like a mighty spark  
Of opal fire, upflash from seas of grey,  
And through the chilly mists of dawn outpour  
His saffron splendours o'er the azure day.  
Great God, how glows Thy vesture in our sight!  
How throbs at touch of Thine the gladsome sea!  
These are the gleaming symbols of Thy might,  
And speak Thy presence from eternity.  
The sound of many waters soft and strong,  
Are Thy sweet whispers breaking into song.

THEODORE H. RAND.

#### LONDON LETTER.

THOUGH "Wealth" at the Haymarket cannot by any courtesy be called a success, it is not so much the fault of the author as it is that of Mr. Tree, a fact Mr. Tree ought clearly to understand, but which I am afraid will never enter that gentleman's mind. Given an adequate "Matthew Ruddock," and the play would have succeeded. It isn't the work of a genius by any means, but it is full of excellent commonplace stuff, and would have been most acceptable at the Adelphi, for instance, where any one of the actors of the older fashion would have pulled it triumphantly through. Pinero has spoilt many of us for the ordinary comedy or drama by his admirable dialogue, full of the unmistakable literary touch, by his skilful ingenious construction, but I think there are comparatively few in an audience who care to pull a play to pieces in order to find out why they like or dislike it, and I am sure there are a great many honest souls who prefer that language and action should be of such a character that they can understand both with the least possible effort. On the first night of "Wealth," then, when Mr. Jones began to unroll his neat little design, with his central figure sharply defined (no impressionist vagaries for him),

the colours painted very black, so that the stupidest of us couldn't make any mistake in his character, the hero very quiet, a pair of sportive lovers, and a pair of lackadaisical ones, we knew pretty well what we had to expect, and could have sketched a fairly correct outline of all that was to follow. We knew the young lady with the train-ante voice and the long skirts would be crossed in love, and would refuse to hold up her head till the end of the fourth act; we knew that the comic young gentleman with the crooked face and disordered black hair (who really was very comic indeed) was there to make us laugh, and nobly he fulfilled his mission; we liked, as it was intended we should, the good people, and despised the bad. So far all was right. But what Mr. Tree was trying to make out of his perfectly simple part none of us could discover. We forgave him his first extravagant entrance, and said to ourselves, "Were we actor-managers, doubtless we too should behave in the like conceited fashion;" we tried to forgive his absurd Lancashire accent, which he frequently forgot, but we could not forgive the manner in which he tortured us with those tremendous soliloquies (I believe he writes himself these soliloquies Haymarket frequenters have learnt to dread), with those wearisome ravings, and extravagant gestures, and when he died to slow music, a red light full on his face, and for all the world as if he were Mrs. Bernard Beere, I am sure we were very much relieved. That the man who acted "Captain Swift" so admirably could make as "Matthew Ruddock" such mistakes—mistakes in the worst taste—seems very odd. If he were an artist one would say he was attacked with colour-blindness; he uses the most flaming vermilion and cobalt-blue for the central figure, which should have been drawn in half-tones and which he has sketched out of all proportion to the rest of the picture.

"I must go to the city; it is Board Day," cried Tree at one period. "It's Bored Night," growled my yawning companion at which small joke some one near us looked so scandalized, I am afraid we were sitting by Mr. Tree's sister, or his cousin, or his aunt.

After all was over, and we had been thanked from the stage for our kindly reception of the play—your first night friends are sneaks and dare not speak their minds; each applauding critic, too, knew he meant to abuse everything next day in the papers—we turned in at the Café de l'Europe, one of the old comfortable supperhouses long ago put into the shade by the brilliant places that have sprung up everywhere. Nobody but cockneys know of this cheerful room with its lines of interesting portraits left by the company of French comedians over here in 1720 (under the patronage of His Grace, the Duke of Montagu) and who brought with the rest of their properties these excellent counterfeit presentations, amongst the best of which are Louis XIV., and Marie Teczinska, and the Old Pretender, and his wife. But not even a cockney can give you anything like a reliable history of the place, anyone with whom you may speak on the subject insisting that this large saloon was once the greenroom of the old Haymarket Theatre, pulled down nearly seventy years ago, whereas the whole of the Little Playhouse, as it was called, could hardly have exceeded the space on which the café stands. What is more probable is that when the new theatre was built in 1820 the café was erected on the site of the old theatre, and as the furniture of the demolished greenroom was all sold then these pieces were no doubt bought for the further adornment of the new coffee-house. It has been known as an actor's dining place through the reigns of George IV., William IV., and Victoria, and here the stage-struck young gentlemen in the old days would go for the sake of watching Liston, Robson, Wright, Keeley, or the elder Farran as they sat at dinner, just as in our own time they have foregathered here to have the pleasure of being in the same room as Buckstone, Sothorn, or old Webster. The boxes into which the place is divided in the fashion dear to the Londoner's heart are generally full whatever time one comes, full of the quiet middle class, who like to be in the touch with the respectable members of a racketty profession, who keep up the old tradition and stroll in for a chop at five, or a welsh-rabbit at eleven, as their fathers have done before them. Only one fracas has ever disturbed the elderly peace of mind of the café, and that was on the occasion when a certain newspaper, since dead, insulted an actor. After the impertinent paragraph appeared, the subject of it sent a polite note one afternoon (I fancy it was the Matinee of "Jim the Penman") to the editor of the paper, who was enjoying himself in the stalls, and who innocently accepting the invitation came in here between the acts, when he was promptly fallen upon and thrashed by the indignant actor. Beyond this noisy episode the place has no history (the happier for that, they say), and I am told that all through the rough times when the Charlies were gradually giving way for the Peelers, and this part of town was proverbially ill-governed, the Café de l'Europe kept up its character, never losing one of its respectable clients, though the way to their dinners and suppers lay through such disorder. In the heart of the Haymarket quarter the café stands, an interesting survival of the fittest old London coffee-houses, an admirable example of a side of life that is gradually slipping away from us in these days of French-decorated restaurants and glaring electric light.

Loitering home under the stars, along the famous way bordered on the right with fine historic houses, and on the left by the sloping lawns of the Green Park, I heard the following bare little anecdote, which I present to anyone with a turn for story-writing as a germ for a society novel. It has one merit: it is true.