

reverence for their creator, their conscious superiority makes them snobs. Osmond in "A Portrait of a Lady" is of a much later, more highly developed type than the "Autocrat." He is an American Grandcourt, more æsthetic than his ancestor in literature, but a true descendant.

If the Dutch merchants and Yankee traders of three generations ago were told by these their descendants that not to have eaten an ice-pudding, not to dine habitually in evening dress, not to play tennis or polo, not to have driven a four-in-hand, not to have gone to a theatre party, and to have done such other things as sell Limberger cheese or Holland gin, to have sat in one's shirt sleeves, to have smoked long pipes solemnly on the front door-step,—stamps them as irremediably vulgar, as objects to make one shiver, what would they say? Yet novelists assure us that there is a class in the United States who rank with rare china, old lace, pot pourri, not the children of "a thousand earls," but the grand-children or great-grand-children of those who—sold herrings we shall say. Truly, to have invented the electric telegraph, the reaping machine and an aristocracy is to be really great. But the republican simplicity is lost, and in the loss there is danger. It has been one of the boasts of this continent that a young lady if necessity demands it, may travel alone in safety from Labrador to San Francisco. As soon as people are taught to think that a young lady without an elderly attendant is low in the social scale or lacking in a sense of propriety, that true refinement without the accessories of wealth, does not make the gentleman or gentlewoman, then an evil influence has begun to exert itself which this superior class of individuals cannot counteract.

L. O'LOANE.

BURIED TALENTS.

"Sin attends
To occupy the fields by faith unfought."

From peaceless rambling through earth's devious ways,
By clinging memories and God's spirit led,
I turned within the house of prayer and praise,
And knelt heart-hungered. Courage long had fled
With its protégé innocence; but still
Faith came not: so, the two estates between,
I, hating, clung to self, while doubt did fill
My mind to hope's exclusion. I had seen
The vengeful sword—not the withholding hand—
And shrunk back trembling. O'er the throng did dwell
Silence; nay, more, a hush, tangible, grand,
Like passion checked; such as on Galilee fell
When, not hearing, it yet felt Christ's "peace, be still!"
Here mercy bids the wrath of justice cease,
No searching light, no storm with fear doth thrill
Within this harbour. O'er all a breath of peace
Forth venturing from the organ low begun—
The air scarce knew the burden of its tone,
Soft as the waft from passing wing of dawn
That turns the waking leaves to greet the sun,
And with it entering, my soul did feel
Waked from unrest, invited to repose
'Neath that soft, hallowed light that Christians feel,
And in that feeling solemnize their vows.
O, Christ! who through the storm my soul doth bring,
Through contrite tears thy promise-bow hath shone,
Until my soul, like opening bud of spring,
Yields to the wooing love-light of its sun.

With solemn circumstance one standing forth
Read God's great message of good will to men;
O, I have heard that story from my birth,
But never with such longing! Would that then
My ears 'gainst human converse had been sealed,
E'er he, of some man's hiring, and inspired
By Mammon, read the essay that doth yield
For fruit his weekly wage. In robes attired
Of holy office, stood he cold as stone,
With eye unlit and lip untouched by flame
From heaven's altar, lisping in listless tone,
As shameful of his task, that mighty name
That moves the universe. Hast thou the bread
Of life received, and in God's banquet hall
Before his bidden guests dost dare to spread
Thy empty platter? What living seed did fall
Into thy barren heart comes forth still-born
Form of a talent, whence the spirit fled,
Impatient of the napkin it had worn
In living burial. The spirit is not dead,
And, if thy heart unto its task were true,
Thy tongue, though palsied, would its fetters burst
To cry, Hosanna! Fearest thou not lest through
Unfaithful service thou aside be thrust
With all thy college-taught theology—
Thy reverend title in world's learning won—
To make way for the stones to testify,
In song that must be sung, to the great Son
Of God and Abraham? Art thou less stirred
By spirit of thy calling than are they

Of earth's ambition, bending each act and word
To earnest purpose? Though 't be but mimicry,
From idle audience to win applause
And earn his wage, a Hamlet sweltering pales
At his mock father's ghost. In that great cause
Which for eternal theme in Heaven avails
With angel choirs, Christ's pastors, bent with care
And toil, sweat heart and brow His straying sheep
To gather from each storm swept hill, and bear
Them to His fold. Whilst thou, soft clad, dost keep
Where vain Narcissi o'er smooth waters bend
In worship not of God, nor dares one stone
To cast their mirror to disturb, where blend
Thy countenance and theirs. Mid bowers o'ergrown
With vines and flowers, cultured the mind to charm
From serious thought to languor, sensuous, sweet,
And thence to death, thou'rt sent to sound alarm
In conscience echoing tones, and dost repeat
Christ's knocking with gloved hand. If holy light
Warms not thy frozen heart, what then to thee
If thou with chill some germ of faith dost blight
That hither came for sunshine? And what to me?

Winnipeg.

J. ST. LEGER MCGINN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

METHODS OF M'GILL.

MONTREAL, 24th Nov. 1888.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I have not, of course, been unaware of a correspondence which has been carried on at intervals for the past four or five months in the columns of THE WEEK, with reference to certain incidents in McGill College. Though the correspondence has unfortunately forced my name into an undesirable prominence, I have not hitherto thought it necessary, nor do I think it necessary now, to take any part in the controversy between your correspondents. But a letter from "Medicus" in the last number of THE WEEK makes an appeal to me, which I cannot ignore without exposing my silence to misinterpretation. The statements of "Medicus" in a former letter have been met by a denial from one of the Governors of McGill College in language which, I presume, few editors care to see recurring often in their pages, and which, therefore, I shall not repeat. Accordingly "Medicus" now calls upon the Board of Governors, as well as upon me, to prove or disprove his statements by publishing the whole of the correspondence which has passed between us.

I am pleased with this appeal in two respects. In the first place "Medicus" has the good taste to see that the publication of the correspondence in question does not rest with me alone. Except as a last resort of self-defence it is not desirable that I should assume the responsibility of publishing the communications of the Board, and it might be considered unfair to publish merely my part of the correspondence, even if it were intelligible without the other.

The good taste of "Medicus" is further shown by his not calling upon me for any mere statement of mine in reply to the assertions of his opponent. The question at issue is a question of facts, and is not to be settled by mere confidence of assertion on either side. The only way in which such a question can be set at rest is by an appeal to the facts involved. In the present case the facts are a series of communications which passed between the Board of Governors and myself. I have certainly nothing to fear from the facts being made fully known; and, therefore, the only answer I can make to the appeal of my unknown friend, and the best recognition I can give of his generous championship, is to authorize, as I now do, the publication of all my share of the correspondence. J. CLARK MURRAY.

THE FISHERIES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—One is at a loss at times to understand the drift of your leading paragraphs, especially when you touch on the question of the Fisheries, and the privilege of transit *in bond* of the cargoes of American fishermen through Canadian territory.

It must be presumed that you and all respectable Canadian journalists rejoice in the welfare of the Dominion, and that you would do nothing to weaken her interests. Such being the case, I would ask you in all sincerity, Have you given the question due consideration, and have you weighed well the evil results that must arise by granting such a concession?

You say, "American fishermen so much desire the privilege." Too well I know they do so, and they would use *every* means to attain it. Too well I know their insidious encroachments in the past. Foiled on one point they soon attack you on another, and the point now aimed at would, if pierced, virtually destroy that system that it has taken years to build up.

What! offer a premium to American fishermen to trespass on your fishing grounds, and to carry their ill gotten cargoes through your own territory? What! allow your neighbours to rob your richest orchards and then permit them to carry the fruits of their spoil through your own farm?

It is only those who have had practical experience of the wiles of American fishermen to capture cargoes of fish (legally or otherwise) who can fully understand the difficulties that surround the question; and there is no one thing that could be more injurious to the fishing interests of the Dominion than to open up such a "Pandora's box" of evil.

Ottawa, 24th Nov., 1888.

SPECTATOR.