

Advancement of Science, the "Journal" of the Canadian Institute (for some years edited by Dr. Wilson), and the "Transactions" of the Royal Society of Canada. Of this latter Society, to the Vice-presidency of the literature section of which Dr. Wilson was nominated by its founder, the Marquis of Lorne, the subject of this sketch has been the chief working supporter, and to it has contributed many valuable papers both in literature and in science. To the present (ninth); as well as to the earlier (eighth), edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Dr. Wilson has also been an extensive contributor. In the current edition, the articles on "Canada," "Confederation," and "Toronto" are from his pen, as are the biographical articles on "Ferguson" and "Chatterton;" while the article on "Edinburgh," it is understood, was written by him, and, oddly enough, was sent to Scotland from Toronto. Besides this mass of literary work, a number of contributions from the same source, on literary and historical subjects, with a good many reviews, art critiques, and academical addresses, have from time to time appeared in the pages of the *Canadian Monthly*, the *Canada Educational Monthly*, *THE WEEK*, and other native journals. These, with other important philanthropic and Christian labours in Toronto, covering the period of half a life-time, bear witness to Dr. Wilson's untiring industry and the force and range of his mental powers, as well as mark the nobleness of his personal character.

A sketch, however brief, of the life and work of Dr. Wilson would be singularly incomplete which contained no reference to his labours as an educationist, and to his onerous duties in University College, both as professor and since 1881, when he succeeded Dr. McCaul as its executive head. In some respects, and perhaps with truth, it may be said that Dr. Wilson would have done more justice to himself if he had made a choice in his life's work between literature and science rather than, as he has done, given the prose side of his mind to archaeological studies, and reserved its poetical side for literature. But the financial circumstances of the institution with which he has been so long connected made this from the first impossible, and compelled him, laboriously and ardently, to toil on in dual and somewhat incongruous fields of work. With the result, however, no one can reasonably quarrel, for in both fields it must be said he has acquitted himself well and won merited fame. He who would trace Dr. Wilson's life in the sphere of his academic labours must do so with real enthusiasm, with loving sympathy, and with hearty admiration for the scholar and the man. His life-long interest in Toronto University, the many sacrifices he has made for it, his devotion to the subjects he has so ably taught in the College, and his inspiring and elevating influence upon the students who have successively come under his care, are matters that require little dwelling upon by any local pen. Nor is there need to say a word, to any graduate of the College at any rate, of the learned Doctor's ever ready courtesy, of his kindness of heart, of his simplicity of character, or of his high moral worth. Testimony to these and other lovable qualities in the President of University College is I am sure as abundant as testimony is emphatic to the learning and genius of their gifted possessor. If the State, strangely enough, has done little to mark Dr. Wilson's services both to science and education throughout a long and unwearying life, he has at least this consolation that, among those who have had the honour of personally knowing him, appreciation of their number and worth lies deep in every breast.

Dr. Wilson has now reached the evening of his days, and as the lengthening shadows fall athwart him and his labours, the writer of this, with many who love him, may well wish that a life so singularly pure and worthy may be prolonged and continue for many years yet at the service of his adopted country. But when the line of the allotted span has been crossed, wishes we know must be vain; and the granite shaft in yonder cemetery, with its touchingly beautiful tribute "to the wife of his youth," who "was the bright sunshine of a long and happy life," is a monition which neither he nor any wise friend can disregard, however distant all may wish the day when the Master's summons shall come to one who has been eminently faithful, and the sombre curtain shall drop forever upon his work.

G. MERCER ADAM.

MONTREAL LETTER.

If one might really judge of the happiness of a city by the uneventfulness of its history, Montreal would certainly be considered an enviable place. We are sauntering along at the calm, the dreadfully calm, pace peculiar to us, and this dignity of gait has only been augmented by the veritable "pea-soup" fog-like smoke, that has also taken away our most popular distraction—view-gazing. At last, however, the pall is slowly lifting, and we may once more contemplate a fair portion of the town.

To save all confusion, I shall mention recent great events in strictly chronological order. A week ago yesterday the hunting season was opened by a delightful breakfast at Lachine. From the city to what might almost be called one of its suburbs, the drive skirting the river is rather picturesque. The "rapids," tree-covered island, and brightly tinted woods make quite a pretty scene, though the landscape is monotonously flat. From here we may catch a glimpse of the new Canadian Pacific Railway bridge, a structure, we trust, some degrees stronger than it appears.

There was a delicious Old World flavour about the cordial reception our host and hostess gave us. The former, with his genial face and scarlet jacket, might very easily have figured as an English squire. Though the house where we met is not a very remarkable one, its good cheer and bright fires, the pretty women and brightly clad men crowding its rooms and doorway, presented an *ensemble* any ancient hall might have envied. After a preliminary collation, carriages and horsemen departed in clouds of dust to a field some distance away, where the serious business of the day

was to begin. I hardly knew what we expected to see, but we were certainly not a little disappointed. In the first place, the three damsels who appeared so very serious, so very determined, and so very well mounted, and who, we had a right to expect, would perform some very graceful feat, if I mistake not disdained the whole performance, that is to say, scorned to risk their fair necks in leaping a Canadian fence. Then those of us who had no personal grudge against the unfortunate fox let loose a few hours before, grew melancholy at the thought of his inevitable fate. Suddenly there flashed across our minds the sad analogy which this sport bears to the yet more cruel parlour-hunting. Though you may not recognise the name, you most certainly know the game. The rules are much the same as for our inane pastime in the field. It is usually some solitary victim, pursued by a whole army of irate enthusiasts, and the simpering world looks on contented. But surely this is no place for moralising. The hunters have left us, and we return to infinitely more rational distraction, namely, that afforded by the most generous of boards.

SOME idea has been given of the works which are to compose our musical programme this year. Heaven knows what we should do without the Mendelssohn Choir and Philharmonic Society! It seems passing strange, however, that whenever the latter has given a concert, the leading soloists and players in the orchestra have been imported either from Boston or New York. In the name of music how many cycles shall have to pass ere Montreal can boast a complete corps of professionals, capable of supplying our needs, at least inasmuch as an orchestra is concerned? Though we would not continually indulge in wholesale fault-finding, some preacher seems required to stir our lukewarm hearts—dreadfully lukewarm when music is in question.

Well, from the choir we are to have some of the compositions of Brahms, Rubenstein, Gounod, and Mendelssohn in the first concert, and in the second, Gade's "Crusaders." Towards the end of December the Philharmonic will give, on two consecutive nights, Mozart's "Requiem," Barnby's "Rebekah," Hoffman's "Melusina," and Gade's "Christmas Eve."

YESTERDAY we saw the latest and, I trust, final manifestation of what might be called, with all due deference, the Jubilee Craze. An incredible number of children were to have met in the College grounds, and to have marched thence, with banners flying, to the Victoria Rink. But alas! it rained so persistently that a procession was out of the question. Nevertheless, the Sunday schools were more than fairly represented in the densely crowded building. Unfortunately the distribution of medals and mugs had to be postponed till to-day, but this disappointment was forgotten in the contemplation of delightfully-made tableaux, in which figured none but Indian boys and girls.

We trust no over-enthusiastic teacher or superintendent had the misfortune to behold the three small urchins who, after the performance was over, strutted along with Jubilee badges on their manly little breasts and cigarettes parting their rosy lips.

Montreal, October 2.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THREE GOOD GIANTS: Being a compilation from the French of François Rabelais. By John Dimitry, S.M., illustrated by Gustave Doré and S. Robida. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

Rabelais, the son of an inn-keeper at Chinon, is in these days very little to us beyond a name. The prototype of Rousseau, he was successively priest, doctor, author, and gray friar. His *Life of Gargantua and Pantagruel* was a ringing satire or burlesque on the men and manners of the sixteenth century, clever, incisive, and critical, but abandoned to the greatest license and folly; adorned it may be with turns of thought and words borrowed from the Greek, the Latin, and the Italian, enriched with many a *bon mot* and epigram, but none the less spoilt by the very riot of its imagery and the grossness of its pictures. So much for the dead Rabelais as we read him in our studies, spelling out laboriously the quaint *mieux* and *seroit* of the obsolete diction. *Three Good Giants*, on the contrary, is a story book for children, gorgeously and profusely illustrated by Doré and Robida, and presents a positively clear and instructive succession of pages which it has been the effort of the translator to arrange, so that the Augean stable of Rabelaisian profanity is conscientiously fumigated, and rendered acceptable to young and old readers of the present century. We remember at this point that Walter Besant has written his life, that his memory is still held lovingly by scores of the French, and that he is admitted into Mrs. Oliphant's *Foreign Classics for English Readers*. This all signifies a Rabelaisian revival, and the present beautiful edition of an amusing book cannot fail to amuse thousands of little ones, who perhaps in these *blasé* days are growing tired of *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and the *Arabian Nights*.

A PRINCESS OF JAVA. By Mrs. S. F. Higginson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Mrs. Higginson has given in this really very comprehensive and conscientious novel of over four hundred pages, small type, a clever picture of the people and customs of Java. It is to her credit that she has found and adapted new local colouring with which to enhance her story. The story itself is a very simple love-tale, but carries the reader along very fairly, with one drawback, which is, Mrs. Higginson's too profound acquaintance with the language of the country. The following is a specimen of what we undergo on nearly every page: "'Shall I bring the *dukun*?' asked Wagari, getting off the *bali-bali*, arranging her *sarong*, and