

did not fail to touch him. Arrived at the mill, instead of entering the cottage, he stood looking about him.

Soon he saw the lovely picture opposite. Jean Marie had shrank from all women except his mother, and at first he gazed with a sort of adverse wonder at the fair creature standing there in such unconscious grace, holding the white muslin cap daintily between her fingers; but as he gazed it became more impossible to withdraw his eyes from Louise. Suddenly she turned her head, and he saw the soft pink on her cheeks deepen into rosy red, till even the delicate little ear, which he had been looking at, as at some marvellous fairy production, grew almost crimson against the rope of yellow hair which brushed it, as the girl turned her head to speak to Barba.

Then he too flushed, ashamed at having troubled this sweet unconscious picture, and forcing his eyes away, became conscious that the force needed gave him pain, and that a sudden fierce hunger had kindled within him to feast on that sight again.

But while he stood possessed and troubled, Louise had turned to Barba.

"Here, child, hold the cap one instant," and the golden braid was rolled round her head, the pins stuck deftly into it, and the cap placed on the top of all.

"Jump down, Barba."

"Thou hast neither kissed nor thanked me," said stolid Barba, and she looked aggrieved.

Louise kissed the child's forehead.

"Run home—or, stay, I will help thee over the stones."

The sight of Jean Marie had brought back to the girl's mind Mathurin's news about Christophe Mao. She did not feel shy of Jean Marie now that she had her cap on, indeed she was eager to make friends with him for the sake of Christophe, who was so good and handsome, for after supper, she had found Mathurin ready to answer questions about his favourite.

"This one is old enough to be my father," she thought, as she helped Barba across a difficult part of the river-bed. "I wonder if Christophe is really young, or does Mathurin call any man young who is not so old as himself."

Jean Marie had felt that she would come towards him, and now when he saw her on the slippery rock with the child, he moved towards her to help her. But it was only a momentary impulse, and he stood still ashamed of his own emotion.

Barba ran home as soon as she found herself on safe ground, and left Louise standing alone before the farmer.

He had never felt so tongue-tied and disconcerted, but his eyes fastened greedily on her face, and he was surprised at the transformation; the lovely glowing nymph among the rocks had changed into a demure, puritan-looking lass, his enchantment was broken, and his courage came back.

"You are the daughter of Widow Rusquec," he said so very seriously, that Louise felt mischievous at once.

"I am Louise Rusquec, at your service, Monsieur Mao; will you come and see my mother?"

She threw up her blue eyes with provoking sweetness. Jean Marie felt a strange thrill pass through his frame; he who so disliked and despised women that he shrank from any dealings with them—he, the staid Jean Marie Mao, longed to take the pretty smiling girl in his arms, and kiss those ripe cherry-tinted lips, that seemed to mock his longing.

Louise walked on to the cottage, and he followed. She looked over her shoulder and smiled; that last dumb gaze of his had been eloquent. Living in such complete isolation, with only old Mathurin and the crippled sabotier to see her on working-days, the admiration in the eyes of this stern-looking well-to-do farmer was pleasant to Louise.

"Is your mother within?" said the farmer, not knowing what else to say.

"Mother, mother! here is Monsieur Mao; he has come to visit thee."

The Widow Rusquec had heard a strange voice through the half-opened door, and she had come forward from her cookery, for it was too early in the day for spinning. Her tall figure filled up the arched opening.

"You are welcome, Monsieur Mao, but you are a stranger at the Cascades; enter and rest yourself. You will drink some cider."

She pointed to the bench beside the fire, and took a gaily-flowered mug from one of the black shelves.

"No, no." Jean Marie had bent his head stiffly in return for her greeting, but he did not seat himself. "I thank you, Madame Rusquec, but I drink only water at this time of day."

CORRESPONDENCE.

CANADIAN COMIC PAPERS.

SIR,—I find the following in your last number:—

Q. Can a satisfactory reason be assigned for the apparent inability of the American nation to maintain any humorous or comic journal to equal in good taste, refinement and genuine wit, the English *Punch*? Attempts have been made in this direction but they have utterly failed, and the specimens which are now struggling to take root in Canada are for the most part distinguished for their vulgarity and feebleness, and give no evidence of the possession of the smallest germ of wit.

A. The youth of the American nation is the best reason we can give. * * * As to Canada, the same thing applies—plus—our people do not read much. They have old world notions of Conservatism, and do not like to be laughed at. The comic papers are at a great disadvantage, just as high-class literary papers are, for the people do not require them. Change will happen here too let us hope.

I give you credit for including the *SPECTATOR* among the list of "high-class literary papers" that "the people do not require."

The reason the American people do not support a national comic paper seems, to me, plain enough. Because the weekly *Harper* and *Frank Leslie's* publications in part answer the purpose. The rest is supplied by the system of humorous "paragraphing" so popular among the daily papers.

The reasons why, in my humble opinion, comic papers have hitherto failed in Canada are:—

1. The difficulty of getting good contributors.

2. The difficulty of drawing the line between too high a class of humour on the one hand, and low, vulgar buffoonery on the other.

3. Want of thorough business energy and "push."

The number of those who would contribute to a *bona fide* Canadian *Punch* is small, and granted they would write, it would not pay to offer their efforts to the public at five cents a copy. The low, vulgar style of wit becomes monotonous even among those who like it best, for it must not be forgotten that there must be variety in this as in any other kind of literary venture.

To draw the line between the two is the object of the *Jester*, and so far it has been received with a fair measure of success. This success, it is hoped, may become permanent. To please everybody is a difficult thing, and even to please oneself in the matter of a new comic paper is not easy of accomplishment.

Another obstacle, the dearth of competent writers, is continually presenting itself. The best men the Montreal and Toronto Press have had are at present earning liberal salaries in the United States. One on the *New York Times*; another on the *Boston Traveller*; a third on the *Detroit News*; a fourth on the *Alta Californian*; a fifth on the *Chicago Tribune*, and so on. They would not stay in Canada at ten or twelve dollars a week when they can get twenty to thirty dollars in the States. And so long as newspaper proprietors don't choose to pay "quality" prices they cannot be expected to get good men to elevate the tone of Canadian journalism. And it is to these men the promoters of comic papers have had to look, principally, for literary matter.

Another reason why comic papers have not been successful, has hitherto been a want of that business faculty called "push." The two merits, literary and commercial, are inseparable if success is to be permanent.

Vulgarity has never yet sullied the pages of the *Jester*—and never will, and if it cannot get along without that commodity, the sooner it dies the better.

The public is not to blame so much as you appear to think. But without the essentials I have alluded to, it becomes only a question of how long the funds of the proprietors of any comic paper may last, before their journal and themselves pass away and are forgotten.

Yours obediently,

FRED. J. HAMILTON,

Editor of the *Jester*.

Montreal, March 30th, 1878.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY, or the growth and grades of Intelligence. By John Bascom, author of *Philosophy of Religion*, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 182 Fifth Avenue, 1878.

A book much needed. It is an examination of the phenomena of animal intelligence from the first dawn of consciousness up to its crowning manifestation in human reason. This has been done already by several authors of the materialist school, and, from the point of view of their philosophy, in a masterly manner. Mr. Herbert Spencer and Prof. Fiske have written admirably, so admirably indeed, that the excellence of their work has, it may be thought, lent factitious aid to their philosophical principles. Mr. Bascom belongs to the school of intuition as opposed to empiricism, and gives us, in this book, a very able construction of the facts of animal consciousness in their growth and varieties as they place themselves in the light of a spiritual philosophy. The book is full of vigour and insight. The earlier chapters on "Mind and Matter," and on the "Physical Forces as related to Vital Forces," are clearly conceived and most interestingly written, and the concluding chapter on "The Supreme Reason" is a powerful vindication of theism as the only intelligible theory of the universe. In the early part of the book the theory of unconscious mental modifications as held by Leibnitz and Hamilton is acutely criticised, as well as Dr. Carpenter's views on the process named by him "unconscious cerebration." We doubt, however, whether Dr. Carpenter has been fully understood. It may be true, as Mr. Bascom maintains, that mental processes are never absolutely unconscious, but it can scarcely be denied that consciousness exists in various degrees, and when it is so obscure as to leave no trace in the memory we do not see much harm in calling the states so conditioned unconscious, the word being used in a relative sense. Qualifying words as "mental," or even such designations as "cerebration," will save us from confounding the processes so described with the absolutely unconscious activities of mere matter, and we certainly want a word by which to distinguish them from the full consciousness of ordinary life. Apart, however, from minor criticism, Mr. Bascom's book is excellent, and will be found full of interest and instruction to those who care for psychological studies. We commend it especially to those who fancy that the development of animal intelligence can only be explained on materialist principles. Mr. Bascom is successful in showing that it is only by a totally different method that anything worth calling explanation can be given. He holds that the materialist solution of the problem is little more than a thimble-rig of words.

HISTORY OF OPINIONS ON THE SCRIPTURAL DOCTRINE OF RETRIBUTION. By Edward Beecher, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Dr. Beecher really helps us. His book is not a plea for any one of the several conflicting views on this *questio vexata*, but a complete though brief history of the doctrine in all its forms. He begins with the Old Testament doctrine of temporal rewards and punishments, then traces the growth of the belief in another life and a future judgment, and finally gives a careful account of the various opinions on future reward and punishment which have been and are now held in the Christian Church. Dr. Beecher finds that the three views of destruction, of restoration, and of endless suffering have each had numerous and illustrious defenders in Christians, but among Jews also, and shows that they all found advocates, not only among of cases leads to the conclusion that the word *aiônios*, translated in our version *eternal* and *everlasting*, does not refer to duration, but properly means *relating to the future or unseen world*, and he shows that it is so rendered in the Nicene Creed, where it is used to qualify the dogmatic opinions, nor for one-sided criticism of texts, but who desire to have in their hands the materials for making up an intelligent opinion of their own on what may perhaps be called the theological question of the day, cannot do better than read and study this little book.

Mr. Walt Whitman is preparing a new book containing prose and poetry, which, it is rumored, he intends to call "Far and Near at 59." He is now in his fifty-ninth year. It is stated, also that he is going to California, as a lecturer.

The *Illustrated London News* has published over 40,000 separate pictures since it was founded in 1842, one of its latest achievements, representing the sortie from Plevna, requiring 200 different pieces of wood in its engraving. It employs 12 draughtsmen and over 50 wood engravers.

A new edition of Thomas Moore's prose and verse, with suppressed passages from the "Memoirs of Lord Byron," is denounced by the *London Athenæum* as reprinting worthless juvenile effusions which Moore himself suppressed, while the passages about Byron are of no importance whatever.