

mother for a scientific school. History and recent events alike prove that science fails when dominated by theology. It is an open secret that the heterodox teaching of the professor of biology in the Toronto School of Science is one of the chief arguments of the Baptist theological professors who are advocating the withdrawal of McMaster Hall from its present connection with Toronto University. For the same reason strong objections were raised in the Methodist General Conference last summer against the federation of Victoria and Toronto Universities. Although this scientist is admittedly one of the ablest on the continent, it is quite safe to say that his official head would soon come off if these ecclesiastics had things in their own hands. Altogether, then, it is clear that this request of the authorities of Queen's College for the establishment of a School of Science under denominational control should not be favourably entertained by the Government.

THE death of Miss Isabella Valancy Crawford, which took place in Toronto on Saturday last, was very sudden, and—so far as we have been able to learn—altogether unexpected. It is little more than a fortnight since she was a visitor to the editorial sanctum of this journal. She was at that time apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health, and looking forward with hope and confidence to the future. She had several projects of authorship in contemplation, and appeared to be full of literary ambition and enthusiasm. Rightly or wrongly, Miss Crawford had brought herself to the conclusion that she had received scant justice at the hands of the conductors of Canadian journals, and on this subject she felt not a little sore. In a letter now lying on the editorial desk, dated the 17th ult., she expresses herself as follows:—"I feel that I should wish to introduce myself to your notice as a possible contributor to the pages of ARCTURUS. Of course the possibility is remote, as by some chance no contribution of mine has ever been accepted by any first-class Canadian literary journal. I have contributed to the *Mail* and *Globe*, and won some very kind words from eminent critics, but have been quietly 'sat upon' by the High Priests of Canadian periodical literature. I am not very seriously injured by the process, and indeed there have lately been signs of relenting on the part of the powers that be, as I was offered an extended notice of my book in the columns of the — and the —. This proposal I declined (I suppose injudiciously), as I think it might have been given at first, instead of coming in late in the day, and at the heels of warm words from higher literary authorities." Miss Crawford added further particulars during a personal interview, from which the Editor was led to infer that, like many another aspirant to poetic fame, she was perhaps a little over-sensitive as to the treatment she received at the hands of editors and publishers. Of her literary knowledge and ability, however, no one who spent an hour in conversation with her, and who took the time to read her best poems, could entertain any doubt. Her *Old Spookses' Pass* was favourably reviewed by some of the leading journals of Great Britain. The *Spectator* referred to it in flattering

terms, and the *Saturday Review*, the *Graphic*, and other recognized literary authorities sounded its praises with liberal appreciation. An examination of the volume will convince any capable critic that these commendations were not undeserved, and that Miss Crawford was endowed with a large share of the literary and poetic faculty. Her friends and relatives have our warmest sympathy in their bereavement.

THE study of political economy by all classes of the community is beginning to produce various whimsical and startling effects. Everybody is familiar with Canning's *Friend of Humanity and the Knifegrinder*. In that case the knifegrinder was ignorant of political economy, and had no story to tell. He would have had a very distinct account to render of himself and his wrongs if he had been a diligent student of Adam Smith. Most of us, again, have heard of the thief who, when placed on trial for stealing a watch from a jeweller's shop, pleaded in extenuation of his offence that his medical adviser had ordered him to "take something." Then, Mr. Phillips Thompson has introduced us to the political economist and the highwayman. Of course, political economy has its ludicrous side, and, like every other science, lends itself to the irreverent fancy of the joker. But this latest thing from New Jersey leaves all previous examples of this sort in the shade. A few nights ago the Jersey City post office was robbed. The robbers seized the postmaster and his wife, and tied them down in bed. The postmaster himself was gagged, but his wife's tongue was left at liberty, and with her the enterprising chevaliers of industry had a most interesting conversation. They informed her that it had not always been thus with them: that they had been brought up to a different course of life, but that they had been driven to robbery by the abuses prevalent in society. The driving seems to have been of a mental rather than a physical nature, and the incitement alleged was that property is unequally distributed in this world; that some have everything and that they, the robbers, had nothing. This sounds like burlesque, but it is simple and actual fact. The New York *Nation* grows witheringly sarcastic over the episode, and contrives to extract therefrom a grave remonstrance against the pension-raid on the surplus in the United States Treasury. "What a very solemn fact is this?" says the editorial writer. "We have heard often enough that society is responsible for the tramps who infest the country roads in the summer time, but we were really not prepared to hear that society was now driving men into robbing post offices. The only quick and sure remedy we can suggest is to place on the pension-list every man who says that dissatisfaction with the present division of property impels him to be a robber. We ought not to wait until he actually robs before we do this. We ought to take the poor fellow's word for it in advance, before his soul is stained with crime. Could there be a higher and holier use for the surplus than pensioning those who without pensions would become burglars?" All of which is genuinely humorous, and sounds very much like William L. Alden.