

against this domination of party. And at the present time there is especial reason why the independent class should speak out. The fiat has gone forth on the Reform side, that politics shall be introduced into municipal affairs. Henceforth our Mayors and Aldermen are to be the nominees of the caucus. Allegiance to a political party and not individual merit is to be the necessary qualification of a representative at the council board. Toronto is the unfortunate municipality into which this party warfare is to be first introduced, but we may be assured that the example of the metropolis will be followed throughout the length and breadth of the province.

There are those who, without defending the principle of this innovation, support it on the ground of expediency. It is alleged that the Conservative majority of the Toronto City Council has for many years made a selfish and unprincipled use of its power. Even if this be true, a panacea is not to be found in the transformation of the Conservative majority into a majority of Reform partisans. If the real aim is not selfish party gain but municipal reform, it is evident that the proposed step is most inexpedient. An organization for municipal reform will be supported by large numbers of Reformers, Conservatives and independents, but if the political party warfare above referred to is to be introduced into our civic councils for the purpose of correcting abuses in municipal affairs, none but partisans can sympathize with the movement.

It has been maintained with strange perversity that the introduction of these political party distinctions into municipal matters is sound in principle. It is said that we will thus secure the purest administration, that a man as a member of a party will not do that which will bring discredit on his party, that loyalty to party will keep a man pure. Is not the very opposite the truth? Is not the individual conscience too apt to be controlled by party exigencies? Men as members of parties daily do acts that they would never do as individuals.

This is certainly not the right mode of proceeding about municipal reform. Our civic representatives should be men of intelligence, experience, and moral worth. The introduction of politics into municipal affairs will not secure such men for us. Rather let each citizen take that deep interest which he should in public matters and make a conscientious use of his individual judgment. And, above all, let our University men see that they do their duty.

H. L. DUNN.

## Literature.

### AUTUMN-END.

In Autumn when the leaves are sere,  
And mists blow moist across the lea,  
No summer-singing birds we hear,  
No song of Summer's jollity;  
Only the stubble-fields to see,  
Or wan sedge rustling by the wear,  
No sweet young life, or love or glee,  
In Autumn when the leaves are sere.

At Autumn-end that now draws near,  
I dwell and dream with memory,  
(The wan sky hangs on marshes drear;  
No sunset flame, no sapphire sea);  
And ghosts of dead hopes bring to me  
The heart-ache and the desolate tear,  
The burden of sad winds and sea  
Of Autumn when the leaves are sere.

FRED H. SYKES.

### CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.\*

IN our previous article on this author the position was taken that the writer who appeals in the strongest way to the highest and most universal feelings of human nature is justly entitled to be placed in the first rank of authors, and will attain to permanent popularity. It is our present object to show in some degree, and chiefly by means of quotations, that Charles Egbert Craddock has fulfilled these conditions in quite an unusual measure. Our remarks relate mainly to the series of tales entitled "In the Tennessee Mountains," but some of our illustrations are taken from the author's more recent story, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain," which first appeared as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly* a few months since.

We may remark here parenthetically that the greatest surprise which the literary world has experienced since the days of George Eliot was the disclosure recently made that "Charles Egbert Craddock" is really Miss Mary N. Murfree, of St. Louis. There is so much of what is called masculine vigor in her literary style, and her handwriting is so strong and firm, that even the acute editor of the *Atlantic* was completely deceived until it was the pleasure of the author to disclose her identity.

There is a strong feeling in most minds that the best and noblest, the most admirable and the most beneficent, attributes of human character are something entirely apart from all social forms and conventions, and all accidents of birth, wealth, social position or education. It is our author's greatest merit that she has made this eternal fact the basis of all her writings. Then the excellence of her literary workmanship is shown in the circumstance that she does not obtrude the idea formally on the reader, or in other words, she does not preach her high morality. She *assumes* it throughout, and then employs all her art, but artlessly withal, to bring us into sympathy with her assumption. Or probably it would be nearer the truth to say that she does not employ art at all, but rather that, being large-hearted and intensely sympathetic herself, she has through personal observation had a strong admiration and enthusiasm enkindled for the virtues of humble life, and simply by giving sincere expression to her own sympathy she wins ours.

In "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain" the heroine first appears ploughing with an ox in her father's cornfield, but before the story is done the reader forgets all about that. The mother of the "Prophet" is described in our second quotation, and in the third there is a transfiguration of a prayer-meeting in the mountains.

"She wore a dark blue homespun dress, and, despite her coarse garb and uncouth occupation and the gaunt, old ox, there was something impressive in her simple beauty, her youth, and her elastic vigor. As she drove the ploughsh re into the mould she might have seemed the type of a young civilization,—so fine a thing in itself, so roughly accoutred."

"The woman left her work and took off her bonnet, showing her grey hair drawn into a skimpy knot at the back of her head, and leaving in high relief her strong, honest, candid features, on which the refinements of all benign impulses had effaced the effects of poverty and ignorance."

"They all knelt down, huddled like sheep in the narrow spaces between the benches, and from among them went up the voice of supplication, that anywhere and anyhow has the commanding dignity of spiritual communion, the fervor and exaltation, and all the moving humility of the finite leaning upon the infinite. Ignorance was annihilated, so far as Brother Reuben Bates' prayer was concerned. It grasped the fact of immortality,—all worth knowing!—and humble humanity in its least worthy phase was presented as the intimate inherent principle of the splendid fruitions of eternity."

In these days of the worship of wealth, of intellect, and of position, there is urgent need of some influence that shall direct the

\* In the *Tennessee Mountains*, by Charles Egbert Craddock, cloth, 13th Edition, price ..... \$1.50  
The *Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain*, cloth, price ..... 1.50  
BOSTON: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. TORONTO: Williamson & Co.